


The BRETHREN
HYMNODY

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THE

BRETHREN HYMNODY

WITH TUNES.

FOR THE

SANCTUARY, SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

PRAYER-MEETING,

AND

HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY

J. C. EWING.

WILMINGTON, OHIO:

J. C. EWING, PUBLISHER.

1884.

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INTRODUCTION.

AT the convention held at Dayton, Ohio, June 6th and 7th, A. D. 1883, the undersigned were appointed a committee to compile a new hymn book to be used in the worship of God by the Brethren. The committee afterward met in Dayton, and after due consideration, concluded to publish a Hymnody, such as is now before you; and its compilation and publication were intrusted to J. C. Ewing, the other members agreeing to render such assistance as they could give. Brother Ewing at once set about the work, and by diligence and close application has succeeded in its completion, as it now goes forth on its mission of praise in the worship of God. Of the divisions and character of the work, the publisher will speak in his Preface; but we wish to say something to our fellow-worshippers with reference to its proper use in the service of God, without offering either apology or plea for the appearance and use of this new book.

Singing is an impressive and pleasing part of divine service, when properly done, but great care is necessary to make it both agreeable and effective. Paul sang aright when he sang "with the spirit and with the understanding also;" and if we would sing as we should, we must sing in the same way. It is very desirable, and, in fact, necessary, to have frequent meetings of the congregations to learn to sing, for we can not sing without learning. And to succeed it is necessary to have a good leader or teacher. In this there has been a pitiable, if not a shameful neglect among us in many places; but it is fondly hoped that there will be a wonderful reformation in the near future. There is a power in good music which we can not afford to lose. It is not only delightful to the ear, but it affects the heart, and assists in molding the character. In singing, we should not be satisfied with a tolerable carrying of one or two of the parts, but all the parts should be sung, and well sung. We should remember that we are serving and praising God, and we ought to do it as well as we can—with the ability that God has given us.

But when we have learned to sing, and, in fact, while we are learning, we must not suppose that the power and virtue are in the harmony and melody which strike the ear. There ought to be a *kardiaphone* within—"singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Eph. v: 19. The hymn may have in it the treasures of wisdom and piety, of devotion and praise, and

the music may be enrapturing, but unless God sees that the sentiments and emotions are yours, and hears the "melody in your heart," he is not worshipped. "The Lord looketh on the heart," and can not be pleased or honored with merely outward performances, however skillful, beautiful, or appropriate they may be. It is the heart-harmony, heart-melody, heart-measure, heart-sentiments, and heart-emotions that constitute the real singing with the Lord.

In this respect it is with singing as with any other religious ordinance or service. Hypocrites may give alms, or make long and fluent prayers to be seen and to have praise of men, and the Saviour says "they have their reward," but it is not the reward of a true-hearted disciple. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." I. Cor. xiii: 1-3. In the same way *all* the ordinances might be observed with the greatest exactness as to their outward form, but if the inward graces and preparation of the heart are wanting it is, at best, but a powerless and empty form. So with singing, it may be in strict accordance with the principles of music as taught in our best schools, but if it is heartless, it has no more God-service in it than the moaning of the wind, the babbling of a brook, or roaring of a cataract, and less than the warbling of the feathered songsters in their leafy sanctuaries.

In the compilation of the BROTHERN HYMNODY a faithful effort has been made to adapt it to the wants of the Brotherhood in worship, public and private. Standard hymns and tunes have been selected and arranged in convenient form; and every thing has been done that is necessary to help the devout Christian in this delightful and inspiring part of the service of God; and now it is hoped that our brethren and sisters will appreciate the work, and that God will direct and help his devoted children to use it in sounding his high praises here unto divine acceptance, and thus assist in preparing them to sing the song of redeeming love in heaven. If this grand service shall be encouraged, even a little, your committee will rejoice and be thankful, and to God be given all the gratitude and praise. Amen.

J. W. BEER,	} Committee.
J. C. EWING,	
H. G. ULLERY,	

PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this volume, the editor has endeavored to collect from the vast realm of Sacred Song, that *only*, which is of *practical value* in the worship of God.

For convenience, the book is divided into three parts, as follows:

PART I. is a compilation of the old standard metrical hymns and tunes, which are arranged so that pages facing contain hymns and tunes of the same meter and character. This arrangement necessarily discards the usual plan of placing hymns on kindred subjects consecutively. It is believed that this method will meet with approval; since, by the aid of the Index of Subjects, a hymn on a certain subject can be readily found.

PART II. contains many favorites of the later variety, which have become universally popular in the service of the Sanctuary as well as in the Sabbath School and Prayer-meeting.

PART III. consists of a selection of Hymn-tunes, Anthems, and Chants, which are *not intended for congregational use*.

Place has been given to a few new hymns and tunes, which have been written expressly for this work. It is hoped these will add to the usefulness of the Hymnody on its mission of praise.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to MESSRS. C. C. CONVERSE, J. H. FILLMORE, D. B. TOWNER, and R. C. WARD for gratuitous use of valuable compositions.

I would recommend that the songs used in the Sunday School be frequently sung in Church service, and *vice versa*. This plan would greatly improve congregational singing, by a happy blending of the voices of both young and old in the same service. This would be a step toward removing the distance that now exists between the Sunday School and the Church. There surely can be no objection to singing such hymns as "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," "Rock of Ages," "There is a land of pure delight," etc., in the Sunday School, or such songs as "Over There," "I Love to Tell the Story," "Triumph By and By," etc., in public worship.

That this book may be an instrument in bringing souls to Christ, and perfecting the praise of our heavenly Father, is my earnest prayer.

J. C. EWING.

WILMINGTON, OHIO, *December, 1883.*

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THE BRETHREN HYMNODY.

PART I.

1

Crown Him Lord of All.

CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sacred throng, We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all majes - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ever - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

2

General Invitation to Praise the Redeemer.

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!--the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

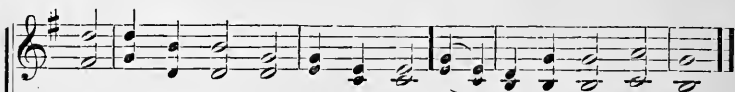
AZMON. C. M.

WESLEY.

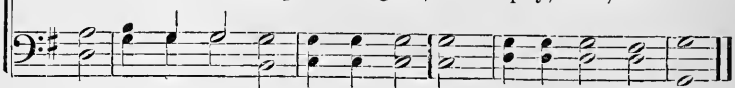
C. G. GLASER.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne;
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Be-liev - ing, true, and clean;
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;



- A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly shed for me.
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone.
 Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine.



4 God's Service Delightful.

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

LYTE.

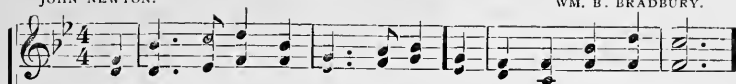
5 Dedication Hymn.

- 1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee!
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwell-eth without end,
Serenely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earthborn passion dies.

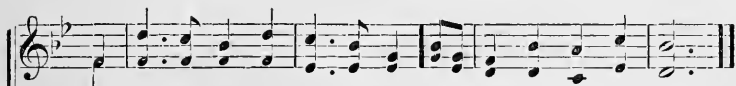
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

JOHN NEWTON.

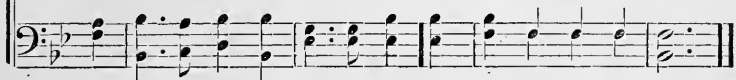
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place;
4. I would thy boundless love proclaim With every fleet-ing breath;



- It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
 My nev-er-failing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace.
 So shall the mu-sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.



7

The Name of Jesus.

- 1 There is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

8

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.

WATTS.

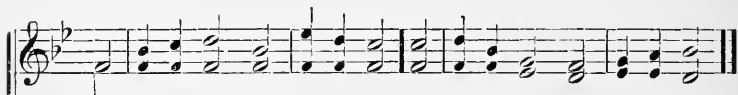
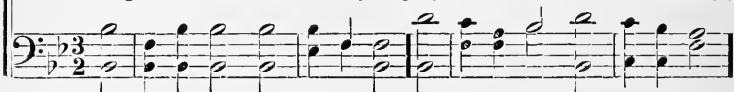
HEBRON. L. M.

UNKNOWN.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Be thou ex-alt-ed, O my God! Above the heavens where angels dwell;
2. My heart is fixed; my song shall raise Immortal honors to thy name;
3. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost sky;



Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.
 Awake my tongue to sound his praise, My tongue, his glory to proclaim.
 His truth to endless years remains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.



10 Evening: Memorials of his Grace.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—
 Thus far his power prolongs my
 days;

And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to
 come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, 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 round.

WATTS.

11 God in the Midst of her.

1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace,
 Thine holy courts are his abode,
 Thou art the palace of our God.

2 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

WATTS.

12 Dismissal.

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

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
 Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

JOS. HART.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

RALPH WARDLAW.

LOWELL MASON.

1. King Je-sus, reign for ev-er-more, Unrival'd in thy courts above,
 2. No other Lord but thee we'll know, No other power but thine confess;
 3. We'll sing along the heavenly road That leads us to thy blest abode;
 4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,

While we, with all thy saints adore The wonders of redeeming love.
 We'll spread thine honors while below, And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.
 Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng, We join in heaven's triumphant song.
 And sing of ev - er - lasting love, In ev - er-lasting strains a-bove.

14 Delights 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.

WATTS.

15 Christian Sympathy.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In sweet communion, kindred minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
 What tender love, what holy fear!
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
 For human guilt and mortal woe;
 Their ardent prayers together rise
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above;
 A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

A. L. BARBAULD.

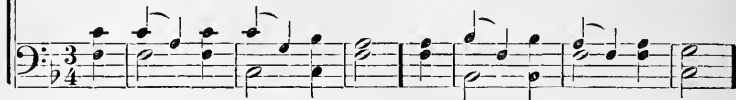
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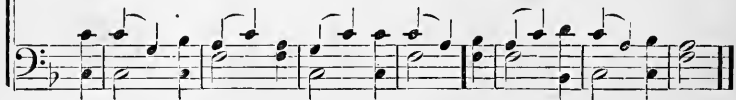
H. G. NAGELI.



1. Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart
2. Peace to our brethren give; Fill all our hearts with love;



- Up - on thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.
In faith and pa-tience may we live, And seek our rest a - bove.



17 Sympathy and Mutual Love.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

J. FAWCET.

18 God's Gentleness.

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

UNKNOWN.

LOWELL MASON.

1. God is the fount-ain whence Ten thousand blessings flow;
 2. The com-forts he af-fords Are neither few nor small;
 3. He fills my heart with joy, My lips at-tunes for praise;

To him my life, my health, and friends, And ev-'ry good I owe.
 He is the source of fresh de-lights, My por-tion and my all.
 And to his glo-ry I'll de-vote The remnant of my days.

20

Diligence.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 O may it all my pow'rs engage
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

C. WESLEY.

21

Jesus our Guide.

- 1 While my Redeemer's near,
 My Shepherd and my Guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious 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;
 To thy fair pastures guide my way,
 And let me rove no more.
- 4 Unworthy, as I am,
 Of thy protecting care,
 Jesus, I plead thy gracious name;
 For all my hopes are there.

ANNA STEELE.

NUREMBERG. 7.

UNKNOWN.

J. R. AHLE.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give Sweetest pleasure while we live;
2. Aft - er death its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty!

'Tis re - lig - ion must sup ply Sol - id com - fort when we die.
Be the liv - ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall nev - er end.

23 Earnest of Endless Rest.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

JOHN STOCKER.

24 The Sanctuary.

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 pray'r.

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.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

NATHAN STRONG.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Praises to our God be - long;
 2. Bless-ings from his liberal hand Flow around this hap-py land;
 3. Hark! the voice of nature sings Praises to the King of kings;

Saints and au-gels join to sing Prais-es to the heavenly King.
 Kept by him, no foes an - noy; Peace and freedom we en - joy.
 Let us join the cho-ral song, And the grateful tones pro - long.

26

Blessings Implored.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 O do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 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.

HAMMOND.

27

Redeeming Love.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme;
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 Hither, then, your music bring;
 Strike aloud each cheerful string;
 Mortals, join the host above—
 Join to praise redeeming love.

MARTIN MADAN.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7. D.

UNKNOWN.

J. J. ROSSEAU.

Fine.

{ Praise the God of all creation, Praise the Father's boundless love; }
 { Praise the Lamb, our expiation—Priest and King enthroned above; }
 D. C. Un - di - vid - ed ad - o - ra - tion To the one Je - ho - vah give.

Praise the Fountain of sal - va - tion—Him by whom our spirits live; D. C.

29 Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

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

2 Here I'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,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

30 Leaving Earthly Cares.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
 Here our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming,
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
 Lord, with favor still attend us;
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;
 Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
 All our hope is from above.

J. TAYLOR.

31 The Apostolic Benediction.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 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 can not afford.

JOHN NEWTON.

H. F. LYTE.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D.

MOZART.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;

Fine.
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-dition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue;
D. S. Foes may hate, and friends may slun me; Show thy-face, and all is bright.

D. S.
Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,

33 God in the Midst of her.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
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.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

JOHN NEWTON.

34

Worship.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join thy goodness to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As the angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

EDWARD OSLER.

WEBB. 7, 6. D.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
2. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion Pur-sue thine on-ward way;

F. The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
D. S. Of na-tions in cont-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.
Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay;
D. S. Stay not till all the ho-ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"

D. S. Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tid-ings from a-far,
Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-umphant reach their home:

36

Stand up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

37

Praise Him.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings.
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

UNKNOWN.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, G. D.

JAMES EDMESTON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean, And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of
2. O thou eternal Ruler, Who holdest in thine arm The tempests of the

mer - cy To every land be-low. Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe
o-cean, Protect them from all harm ! Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wher-

to the destined shore ; That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade no more.
ev-er they may be ; Tho' far from us who love them, Still let them be with thee.

39

Missionary Hymn.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 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 learned 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.

REGINALD HEBER.

BETHANY. 6, 4.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beekon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony gricfs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky—
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

6 Christ alone beareth me
Where thou dost shine;
Joint-heir he maketh me
Of the Divine.
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

UNITY. 6, 5.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er?
2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er?

When will peace wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er?
When shall sweet friend-ship glow Changeless for - ev - er?

Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
Where joys ee - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,

In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er—no, nev - er!
And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er—no, nev - er!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
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 shall peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

WESLEY.

T. A. ARNE.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No other help I know:
2. Au-thor of faith! to thee I lift My weary, long - ing eyes:

If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
O let me now receive that gift,—My soul without it dies.

43 Blessing on Worshipers.

- 1 Once more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
- 2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

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

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

JOSEPH HART.

44 Invoking Divine Blessings.

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 realms beyond the skies.

UNKNOWN.

45 Choosing a Minister.

1 Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence now;
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed.

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness!
Such may thy servants ever be;
With such thy people bless.

G. B. IDE.

EVAN. C. M.

TATE AND BRADY.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase,
2. For thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;

So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Majes - ty Di - vine?

47

Protection Invoked.

- 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.

JOHN F. HERZOG.

48

The Sacred Feast.

- 1 In memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.
- 2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
The cup, in token of his blood,
That was for sinners shed.
- 3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

UNKNOWN.

49

Faith Sees the Final Triumph.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
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 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

Joy to the World.
ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her

King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room,

And heav'n and nat - ure sing, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and nat - ure

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat-ure sing.
sing.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing. | 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found. |
| 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy. | 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. |

ISAAC WATTS.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made. He calls the hours his own;
2. To - day he rose and left the dead, And Satan's em - pire fell;

Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
To-day the saints his triumphs spread, And all his wonders tell.

52

Glory of the Scriptures.

- 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 hand that gives it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER.

- 3 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

ISAAC WATTS.

54

Entire Purification.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MARTYN. 7. D.

WESLEY.

MARSH.
Fine.

1 { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
D. C. Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to 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.

56

Early at the Tomb.

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
 Hastened at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise;
 Trembling while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
 Though too often unperceived,
 Came her drooping heart to cheer,
 Kindly asking why she grieved:
 Though at first she knew him not,
 When he called her by her name,
 She her heavy griefs forgot,
 For she found him still the same.

3 And her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice:
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

JOHN NEWTON.

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest-home: All is safely
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit unto his praise to yield; Wheat and tares to-

gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin: God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to
gether sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown; First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn

be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home.
shall appear: Lord of harvest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his fields shall in that day
All offenses purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

58

God Incarnate.

1 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

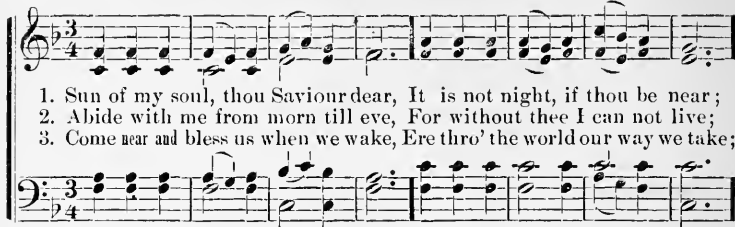
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

CHARLES WESLEY.

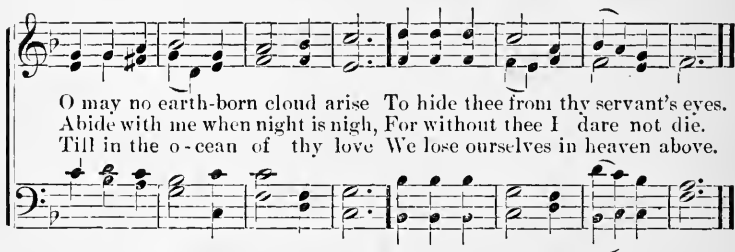
HURSLEY. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE.

W. H. MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night, if thou be near ;
2. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live ;
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take ;



O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o-ccean of thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.

60 Christ's All-Embracing Empire.

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 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

WATTS.

61

Invitation.

1 Come, weary souls with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a heavy 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 !

ANNE STEELE.

62 Praise to the Saviour.

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

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

WELTON. L. M.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

C. MALAN.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 2. So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 3. A ho-ly qui-et reigns around,—A calm which life nor death destroys;

How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently leaves th'expiring breast!
 So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.
 And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

64 Christ the Shepherd.

1 Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thy little flock in safety keep;
 These lambs within thine arms now take,
 Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
 And lead them to the living stream;
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

3 O teach them to discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice;
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but thee.

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
 And let their number be complete;
 Then let the flock from earth remove,
 And reach the heavenly fold above.

W. B. COLLYER.

65 The Lord Exalted.

1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King;
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.

2 Thy throne, O Lord, forever stands;
 Grace is the scepter in thy hands;
 Thy laws and words are just and right,
 But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
 Let every age thy praises spread;
 Let all the nations know thy word,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

UNKNOWN.

66 Unity.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
 The friends of Jesus all agree
 To sit around the sacred board,
 As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss;
 Here we behold the Saviour's grace;
 Here we behold His precious blood,
 Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

3 While here we sit, we would implore
 That love may spread from shore to shore,
 Till all the saints, like us, combine
 To praise the Lord in songs divine.

JOHN DOBELL.

ASHLAND. L. M.

UNKNOWN.

J. C. EWING.

1. Almighty Sov'reign of the skies, To thee let songs of gladness rise ;
2. From thee our choicest blessings flow, Life, health and strength thy hands bestow ;
3. Let every power of heart and tongue, Unite to swell the grateful song ;

Each grateful heart its tribute bring, And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.
 The daily good thy creatures share, Springs from thy providential care.
 While age and youth in chorus join, And praise thy Majesty di-vine.

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68

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

ISAAC WATTS, ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

69

National Blessings.

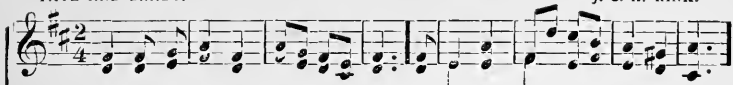
- 1 Great God of nations, now to thee
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
 With humble heart and bended knee
 We offer thee our songs of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
 For all the kindness thou hast shown
 To this fair land the pilgrims trod, —
 This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
 And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
 Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
 In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
 Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
 Dispers the shades of error's night,
 And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

UNKNOWN.

OVERBERG. L. M.

TATE AND BRADY.

J. C. H. RINK.



1. O render thanks to God above, The fountain of e - ternal love,
2. Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless ?
3. Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to thy ches - en dost af - ford ;



Whose mercy firm for ages past Hath stood and shall forever last.
 What mortal eloquence can raise His tri - bute of immortal praise?
 When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy salvation vis - it me.



71 Go Ye into all the World.

1 Ye christian heralds! go, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
 When we shall meet to part no more,
 Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
 And crown our Saviour—Lord of all.
 ANON.

72 Glorifying in the Cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice 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.
 ISAAC WATTS.

73 How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles.

1 Great God, attend while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs ;
 To spend one day with thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 No tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all the assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.

WATTS.

WESLEY.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-lemn sound!

Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-somed

sin-ners, home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest:
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed 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.

75

Abba, Father.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

WESLEY.

LISCHER. H. M.

THOS. COTTERILL.

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. { A-wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day; }
 { In loftiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom-age pay; } Come,

bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.

The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.
 The type of heav'n's

2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose,
 And 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;
 All earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

77

Sabbath Morning.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest!
 I hail thy kind return:
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

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

HAYWARD.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,

Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast did for me, O may my

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and chang - less be, — A liv - ing 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 Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, —
A ransomed soul.

79 Praise to the God of Harvest.

1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

AMERICA. 6, 4.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the

pilgrims' pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

81

Our Native Land.

1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise,
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh,
God save the State.

3 Bless thou our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Thro' storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

J. S. DWIGHT.

TOPLADY. 7. 6 lines.

TOPLADY.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.

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

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

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.

83 For the Extension of the Church.

1 On thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

HARRIET AUBER.

84

Chief of Sinners.

1 Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought,
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me:
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

Doxology.

MC'COMB.

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.

UNKNOWN.

1. Safely through anoth - er week God has brought us on our way ;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day ;

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

Day of all the week the best. Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

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

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

86

Jesus is Risen.

1 Glory, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath his head !
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead :
Jesus, Victor of the grave ;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned
God of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King.

THOS. KELLY.

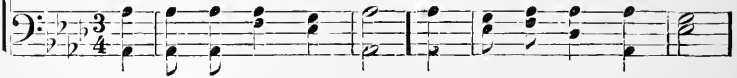
LISBON. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS,

DANIEL READ.



1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
2. The King him-self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;
3. One day in such a place, Where thou, my God, art seen,
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,



Wel-come to this re - viving breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes.
 Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleas-ur - a - ble sin.
 And sit and sing her-self a - way To ev - er - lasting bliss.



88

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 the 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.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

89

The Sacrifice of Praise.

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

THOMAS JERVIS.

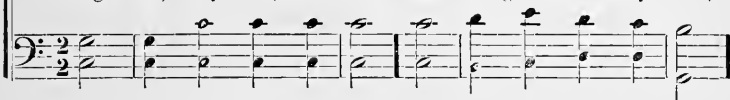
LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

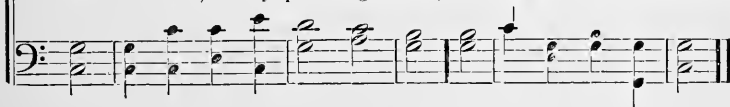
LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help, di - vine, im - plore.
 The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.



91 The Joyful Sound.

- 1 How beautiful are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

WATTS.

92 Confidence in God's Grace.

- 1 The Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade
My shepherd's with me there.

WATTS.

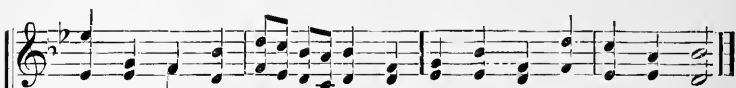
WILMOT. 8, 7.

J. KEMPTHORNE.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Praise the Lord; ye heaven's adore him, Praise him, angels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken, Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Nev-er shall his promise fail;
4. Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high, his power proclaim;



- Sun and moon, re-joyce before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
 Laws, which never can be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
 God hath made his saints victorious, Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Heaven and earth, and all creation, Praise and mag-ni-fy his name.



94 Unchanging Wisdom and Love.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

95 Glorifying in the Cross.

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

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

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

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

J. BOWRING.

SICILY. 8, 7.

CAWOOD.

MOZART.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
 2. Hear them tell the wondrous story; Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
 3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven. Reaching far as man is found,
 4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth his praises sing;

Lo! th'angel-ic host re-joic-es; Heavenly halle-lujahs rise.
 "Glory in the high-est-glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God, most high!
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven," Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 O receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

97 God of our Salvation.

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
 Praise be thine from every tongue;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
 Free, unbounded grace is thine:
 Hail the God of our salvation;
 Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise;
 There, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. FAWCET.

98 Christ the Friend of Sinners.

- 1 One there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend,
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth, abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

J. NEWTON.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

THOMAS MOORE.

S. WEBBEE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er you languish; Come, at the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

shrine of God fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-forter,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love—

here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.
 come, ev-er knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

*(Tune on opposite page.)**(Tune on opposite page.)***100** The Time to Favor Zion.

1 Sovereign of worlds! display thy power!
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
 O bid the morning star arise,
 O point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds and eastern plains;
 Far let the gospel's sound be known;
 Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
 Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
 Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
 Bid every nation hail the light.

MRS. VOKE.

101 That Glorious Anthem.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies;
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 Till not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

MRS. VOKE.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

NAHUM TATE.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his favors past;

For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.
To him address, in joy-ful songs The praise that to his name belongs.

103

The Lord is King.

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth! and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring—
"The Lord omnipotent is King."

2 The Lord is King! who, then, shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! let all bow down,
Nor dare provoke his awful frown;
Ere justice blaze, his scepter kiss,
And sate thy soul with heavenly bliss.

JOSIAH CONDER.

104

The Light Yoke.

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 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

C. WESLEY.

105

The Redeemer's loving Kindness.

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

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.

THOMAS KEN.

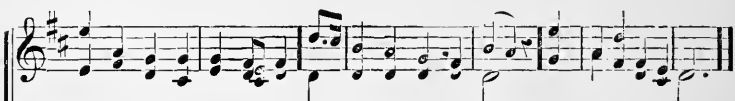
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

HANDEL.



1. Sal-va-tion! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A
2. Sal-va-tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth around, While
3. Sal-va-tion! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Sal-



Sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears,
all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound,
vation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues, And dwell upon our tongues.



107

Good Tidings of Great Joy.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe, you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

TATE AND BRADY.

108

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O all ye nations, Praise the Lord;
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fullness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

2 His love is great, his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord.

UNKNOWN.

AVON. C. M.

REED.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Spirit Divine, at-tend our pray'r, And make our hearts thy home;
2. Come as the light, to us re-veal Our sin-ful-ness and woe;

Descend with all thy gracious pow'r, Come! Ho - ly Spir-it come.
And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righteous go.

110

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 defense 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.

WATTS.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

WATTS.

112

Thy Word is a Lamp.

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

J. FAWCET.

111

Value of the Scriptures.

- 1 Laden with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH. 10, 11, 12.

WARE.

J. C. EWING.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Jesus hath risen and
2. Glo-ry to God, in full anthems of joy; The being he gave us, death

man shall not die; Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And
can not destroy; Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow, If

short the dominion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of
ars were our birthright, and death were our end; But Jesus hath cheered the dark

darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glory to live and to save. Loud was the
valley of sorrow, And bade us immortal to heaven ascend; Lift, then, your

chorus of angels on high—The Saviour hath risen and man shall not die.
voices in triumph on high—For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die.

HENLEY. 11, 10.

UNKNOWN.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is
D. S. Come un-to me, and

Fine. weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father,
 I will give you rest. *D. S.*

- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken;
 When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
 When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
 Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.
- 3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

115

A Little While.

- 1 O for the peace that floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
 O for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
 Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!
- 2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
 To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
 A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.
- 3 A little while to wear the veil of sadness,
 To toil with weary step through miry ways,
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise!

UNKNOWN.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
 { E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; }
 { So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. }

There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er - with'ring flowers;
 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
 And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

117 The Promised Land.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the Son, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay:
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

JOHN NEWTON.

I. PLEVEL.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!

F. I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
D. S. How precious did that grace appear The hour I first be-*lieved!*

D. S. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

119 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 saints' 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 antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

C. WESLEY.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

EDWARD NEEDHAM.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
 2. How vast his knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our thoughts are drowned;
 3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand, thousand charms unfold;
 4. But in redemption, O what grace! Its wonders, O what thought can trace!

Praise him who is all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.
 The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.
 Earth, air and mighty seas combine To speak his wisdom all divine.
 Here, wisdom shines forever bright; Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

121 Fight the good Fight of Faith.

- 1 Stand up, my soul, shake of thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus, the great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign;
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS

122 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,
 Does 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 listening 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.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL. L. M.

WATTS.

C. M. VON WEBER. ARR.

1. E-ternal are . . . thy mercies, Lord, E-ternal truth . . .
E-ternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth

attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

CHORUS.

Till suns shall rise and set no more. From all that dwell below the
Till suns shall rise and set no more. From all that dwell

skies, Let the Crea - - - tor's praise arise; Let the Re-
be-low the skies, Let the Creator's praise a-rise;

deem - er's name be sung, Thro' every land by every tongue.
Let the Red-ee-mer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by every tongue.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
Salvation free, aloud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
From all that dwell, etc.

3 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.
From all that dwell, etc.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his
2. Je - sus, my God! I know his name; His name is all my
cause; Maintain the hon - or of his word, The
trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor
glo - ry of his cross, The glo - ry of his cross.
let my hope be lost, Nor let my hope be lost.

125

Majestic Sweetness.

- 1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

S. STENNETT.

126

Thy Will Be Done.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy one;
With filial love and trust to say,
"O God, thy will be done."
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 O let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 O, could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

UNKNOWN.

MASON.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Now from the altar of our hearts, Let warmest thanks arise;
 2. This day God was our sun and shield, Our keeper and our guide;
 3. Minutes and mercies multiplied, Have made up all this day;

Assist us, Lord, to offer up Our evening sacrifice.
 His care was on our weakness shown, His mercies multiplied.
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were More swift and free than they.

128 Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

129 His Quickening Power.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of 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 quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

C. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Glo - ry to God on high, Let heaven and earth re - p v ;
2. Ye who sur - round the throne, Join cheer - ful - ly in one,

Praise ye his name; His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
Prais - ing his name; Ye who have felt his blood, Seal - ing your

sor - rows bore; And sing for ev - er - more, "Worthy the Lamb."
peace with God, Sound his dear name abroad, "Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

131 Shepherd of Tender Youth.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;
Hither our childr:n bring
To sing thy praise.

2 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

CLEMENT.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

UNKNOWN.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy Name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

133

Let us awake our Joys.

1 Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing:
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame!
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

UNKNOWN.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

HANDEL.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,

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.

135 Whosoever Will.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. ONDERDONK.

136 Infinite Compassion.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

WATTS.

WM. HAMMOND.

LUTHER. S. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
 2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing pow'r;
 3. Sing on your heaven - ly way, Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Wake, ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To
 Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove For
 Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - ery day In

praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
 those whose sins he bore, For those whose sins he bore.
 Christ, th'et - er - nal King, In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.

138

For a Revival.

- 1 O Lord, thy work revive,
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.
- 2 O let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer;
 Their covenant again renew,
 And walk in filial 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.

HASTINGS.

139

Joy from the Certainty of His Resurrection.

- 1 The Lord is risen indeed;
 The grave hath lost its prey;
 With him shall rise the ransomed 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.

KELLY.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

W. E. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep!
 2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
 3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest!
 4. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;

A calm and undisturbed repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
 With holy confidence to sing, That Death hath lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
 But thine is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wakes to weep.

141 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, enfolded 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.

BATHURST.

142 I will Praise Thee Forever.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of my tongue.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
 Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds;
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast and immortal is thy praise.

WATTS.

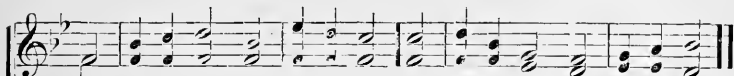
HEBRON. L. M.

JAMES HUTTON.

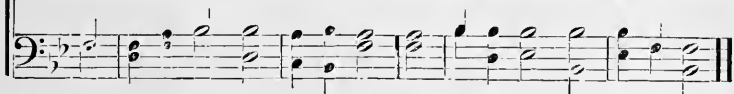
LOWELL MASON.



1. My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of thy re-turn-ing day;
2. I yield my heart to thee a-lone, Nor would receive an-oth-er guest :
3. O bid this trifling world retire, And drive each carnal thought a-way;
4. Then, to thy courts when I repair, My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—



My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, Write thus my ear-ly vows I pay.
 E - ter-nal King, erect thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.
 Nor let me feel one vain desire, One sin-ful thought, through all the day.
 The wonders of thy love declare, And join the strains which angels sing.



144 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 Saviour, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—
 I know that my Redemer lives.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

145 The Grave shall Restore its trust.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 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.

WATTS.

RETREAT. L. M.

STOWELL.

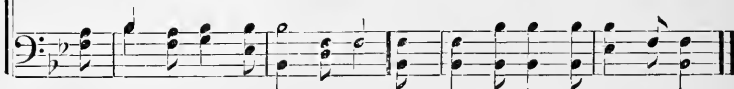
DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?



There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
 Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet, Around one com-mon mercy-seat.
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?



147 Serve the Lord with Gladness.

- 1 Ye nations round the earth rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
 With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath and being give;
 We are his work and not our own;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
 With praises to his courts repair;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 And the whole race of men shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

WATTS.

148 The Great Shepherd with His Flock.

- 1 Jesus, wher'er thy people meet,
 There they behold the 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.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HAMBURG. L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glo-ry like a garment wears;

But O, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To form a robe of light di-vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

150 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 crowned,
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.

REGINEOTHAM.

151 Mariner's Hymn.

1 Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call!
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

4 In ocean caves still safe with thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD.

152 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 laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

DODDRIDGE.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long,
2. Then from the craggy mountains The sa - cred shout shall fly;

When hill and val - ley, ring - ing With one tri - umphant song,
And shad - y vales and fountains Shall ch - o the re - ply.

Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And him who once was slain,
High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the cho - rus round,

A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In righteous - ness to reign?
All hal - le - lu - jahs swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound!

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154

Strangers and Pilgrims.

1 We have no home but heaven;
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewn with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation;
By varied ills oppressed;
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven;
We want no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father,
Our footsteps thither guide!
Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship,
Its angel-like employ.

UNKNOWN.

WEBB. 7, 6. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Ho! reap-ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rusted blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick - le, And gath-er in the grain:

Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
The night is fast approach-ing, And soon will come a - gain.

Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap-ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall he call in vain?

The gold - en morn is pass-ing: Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste up-on the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no word of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

HOME, SWEET HOME. 11.

DAVID DENHAM.

H. R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-

munion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,

f And feel in the presence of Jesus at home! Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
D. S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.—CHO.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.—CHO.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.—CHO.

157

Prayer.

1 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name:
May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the same;
O give to us daily our portion of bread—
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever. Amen.

S. J. HALE.

HINTON. 11.

J. MONTGOMERY.

GERMAN.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my

pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy

still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redcems when opprest.
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall me, when Je - sus is near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With pertume and oil thou annointest 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 kindgom of love.

159

Delay Not.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased—salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

F. And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains ;

Fine.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

D. S.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

161 Heavenly Rest Anticipated.

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.

IRIS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. C. EWING.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy wak-ing eyes ;
 2. Night unto night his name repeats, The day renews the sound,
 3. 'T is he supports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise;
 4. Great God, let all my hours be thine, Whilst I enjoy the light ;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits To turn the seasons round.
 My sins might rouse his wrath to flame, But yet his wrath delays.
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

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163

The Heavenly City.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace in thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

UNKNOWN.

164

Encouraging Saints.

- 1 Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing:
 Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye
 While lab'ring up the hill.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

T. SHEPHERD.

G. N. ALLEN.

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-crat-ed 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 unmingled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

166

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.

MRS. PHEBE H. BROWN.

167

The Golden Chain.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part!
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow,
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

JOHN CENNICK.

R. SIMPSON.

1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy-ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee;
 2. O let me ev - er hear thy voice In mer-cy to me speak;
 3. My Je - sus shall be still my theme, While in this world I stay;
 4. When I ap - pear in yon-der cloud, With all thy favored throng,

No mu-sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.
 In thee, my Priest, will I re-joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek.
 I'll sing my Je - sus' love-ly name When all things else de-cay.
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.

169

The Wanderer Recalled.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, now return,
 And seek thy Father's face:
 Those new desires which in thee burn
 Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return:
 He hears thy humble sigh;
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return:
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:
 Go to his feet, and grateful learn
 How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
 And wipe the falling tear:
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
 'Tis love invites thee near.

W. B. COLLYER.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are filled 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.

COWPER.

171 God's Presence is Light in
Darkness.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 The 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.

WATTS.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
 2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow;
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious tears subside;

I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy
 Let the fier-y, clond-y pil-lar, Lead me all my
 Bear me through the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on

powerful hand: Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, Feed me till I
 journey through: Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer, Be thou still my
 Canaan's side; Songs of praises, songs of prais-es, I will ev - er

want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.
 give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

173 For the Fullness of Peace and Joy.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 ||: O refresh us, :||
 ||: Traveling through this wilderness. :||

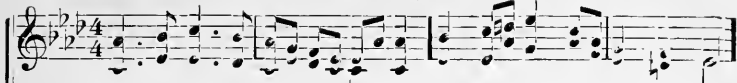
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 ||: May thy presence, :||
 ||: With us evermore be found. :||

BURDER.

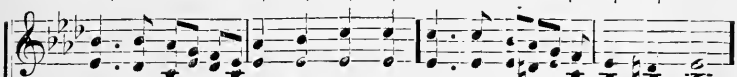
JONATHAN EVANS.

CALVARY. 8, 7, 4.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



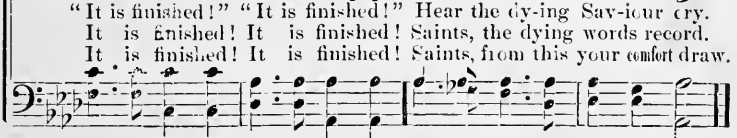
1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Cal-vary;
2. It is finished! O what pleasure Do these precious words af-ford!
3. Finished all the types and shadows Of the cer - e - mon-ial law!



See! it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth, and rolls the sky;
 Heavenly blessings without measure Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
 Finished all that God had promised; Death and hell no more shall awe;



"It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.
 It is finished! It is finished! Saints, the dying words record.
 It is finished! It is finished! Saints, from this your comfort draw.



175

God in his Temple.

- 1 God is in his holy temple:
 All the earth keep silence here;
 Worship him in truth and spirit,
 Reverence him with godly fear.
 ||: Holy, holy, ||
 Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.
- 2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
 Throned upon the mercy-seat:
 Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
 Each prepare his God to meet;
 ||: Lowly, lowly, ||
 Bow adoring at his feet.
- 3 Hail him here with songs of praises;
 Him with prayers of faith surround;
 Harken to his glorious gospel,
 While the preacher's lips expound:
 ||: Blessed, blessed, ||
 They who know the joyful sound.

J. MONTGOMERY.

176

Living Waters.

- 1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain
 Streams of living water flow;
 God has opened there a fountain
 That supplies the world below:
 ||: They are blessed: ||
 Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way:
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Waking beauty from decay.
 ||: O ye nations, ||
 Hail the long-expected day!
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
 All en-riching as it goes,
 Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose;
 ||: Lo! the desert: ||
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

KELLY.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my path your choice: I will guide you
2. Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever

to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come, Weary pilgrim, hither come.
shall endure, Rest eter-nal, sa-cred, sure, Rest e-ter-nal, sacred, sure.

178

God Every-where.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every-where.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our wants or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every-where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every-where.

UNKNOWN.

179

The Christian's Assurance.

- 1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'er spread,
With thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.

ANON.

180

Thanksgiving Hymn.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky.
- 3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.
- 4 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 5 Should thine altered hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy.
- 6 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, ALT.

MONTGOMERY.

WARNER. 7.

J. C. EWING.

1. To thy tem-ple we re-pair; Lord, we love to worship there;
2. While thy glorious name is sung, Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;

There, within the vail, we meet Christ up-on the mer - ey-seat.
Then our joyful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord, our Righteousness.

182

He First Loved Me.

1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace;
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

UNKNOWN.

183

Sabbath Evening.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

184

Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Lean thou only on his word;
Ever will he be thy stay,
Tho' the heavens shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid,
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 He will gird thee by his power,
In the weary, fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving, on his word,
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

UNKNOWN.

GUIDE. 7. D.

ANON.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side, }
 { Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des-ert land. }

Weary souls, for-e'er re-joyce, While they hear that sweetest voice,

Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near thine aid to lend;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Gropping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

186

Guide us, Lord.

1 Guide us, Lord, while hand in hand,
 Journeying toward the better land;
 Foes we know are to be met,
 Snare's the pilgrim's path beset;
 Clouds upon the valley rest,
 Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
 And our home can not be gained,
 Save through trials well sustained.

2 Guide us while we onward move,
 Linked in closest bonds of love,
 Striving for the holy mind,
 And the soul from sense refined;
 That when life no longer burns,
 And the dust to dust returns;
 With the strength which thou hast given,
 We may rise to thee and heaven.

ANON.

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,
2. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme unbounded sway;

Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away;

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
Then the end; — beneath his rod, Man's last en - e - my shall fall;

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the world and main.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.

188 Saints and Angels praising God.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

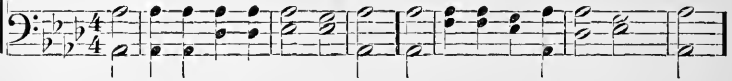
OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

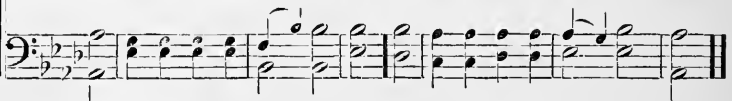
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know;



'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
 E'en that disciple whom he loved heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not for-sa-ken by his God.
 Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly sooth the Saviour's woe.



190

The Last Scenes.

- 1 'T was on the night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;
- 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:
- 3 My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends: take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

UNKNOWN.

191

'Tis Finished.

- 1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "'Tis finished!"—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.
- 3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled,
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

S. STENNETT.

WINDHAM. L. M.

UNKNOWN.

DANIEL READ.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heavenly way:
 2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wand'rings heal, our footsteps keep:
 3. Teach us to know and love thy way, And grant, to life's re-mot-est day,

The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee our God.
 We seek thy sheltering fold again, Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.
 By thine unerring guidance led, Our willing feet thy paths to tread.

193

The Emblems.

1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread and blessed, and brake:
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup, and blest the wine;
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying Friend;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

194

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

3 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.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains:

5 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?"

ISAAC WATTS, ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

S. MEDLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the
 2. P'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ran-som from the
 3. P'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of

glo-ries forth, Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch
 dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di-vine; P'd sing his glo-
 love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs

the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
 rious right-ous-ness, In which all-per-fect heaven-ly dress
 of sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo-ries known.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Let all on earth their voices raise, To sing the great Je-ho-vah's
 2. He framed the globe; he built the sky; He made the shining worlds on
 3. Come the great day, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his sav-ing

praise, And bless his ho - ly name: His glo-ry let the heathen know,
 high, And reigns in glo - ry there: His beams are maj-es-ty and light;
 power, All na - tions fear his name: Then shall the race of men confess

His won-ders to the na-tions show, His saving grace proclaim.
 His beau-ties how di-vine - ly bright! His dwelling-place how fair.
 The beau-ty of his ho - li - nsss, His saving grace proclaim.

197

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes,
 The lilies grow and thrive;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flow to every vine,
 Which make the dead revive.

2 O, that this dry and barren ground,
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become:
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 While Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.

UNKNOWN.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot—
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 5. Just as I am—thy love unknown. Has bro-ken every barrier down;

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 With fears within, and foes without—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be- cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

199 They shall behold the land that
is very far off.

- 1 There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

GURDON ROBINS.

200

"Come to Me."

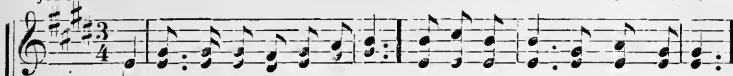
- 1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."
- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

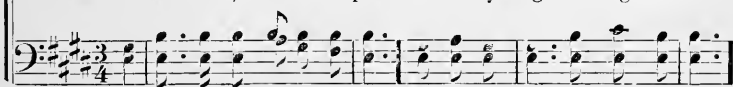
HARTEL. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

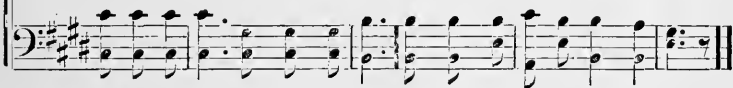
DR. L. MASON.



1. Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,
2. O love - ly attitude! he stands With melting heart and op-en hands:
3. Admit him ere his anger burn—His feet departed ne'er re-tur-n:
4. O welcome him, the Prince of peace! Now may his gentle reign increase!



Has waited long, is waiting still,—You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re-ject-ed stand.
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind, And be his empire all mankind.



202

Bless God.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
 His favors claim thy highest praise;
 Let not the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
 Let all the earth adore his grace;
 My heart and tongue with rapture join
 In work and worship so divine.

ISAAC WATTS.

203

Sabbath Evening.

1 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
 For these blest hours the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time—how lovely and how still;
 Peace shines and smiles on all below,
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Seasons of rest! the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
 And while these sacred moments roll,
 Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
 And we shall join the ceaseless song,
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

JAMES EDMESTON.

C. WESLEY.

FROM MARECHIO.

1. Come, thou long-expected Je - sus, Born to set thy people free:
2. Born thy peo-ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King,

From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in thee.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

Israel's Strength and Consola-tion, Hope of all the earth thou art;
By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

Dear De - sire of ev - 'ry na-tion, Joy of ev - 'ry longing heart.
By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to thy glorious throne.

205

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us.
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of thy grace;
Then shall praises never ceasing,
Echo through thy dwelling-place.

THOS. HASTINGS.

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

C. WESLEY.

ANON.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In-to ev-'ry troubled breast;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.
D. S. Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest.
D. S. End the work of thy be-gin-ning, Bring us to e-ter-nal day.

D. S.
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Take a-way the love of sin-ning, Take our load of guilt a-way;

207

The Invitation.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
 : He is able, :
He is willing: doubt no more.</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>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 rising beam.</p> <p>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.</p> |
|---|---|

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11. 10.

THOS. HASTINGS.

ANON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning;
 2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning;
 3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are springing,
 4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—

Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain,
 Long by the proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told,
 Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
 Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;

Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning;
 Hail to the mill - ions from bond - age re - turn - ing;
 Loud from the mountain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing,
 Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,

Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
 Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vis - ion be - hold.
 Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
 Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

HANOVER. 11, 10.

REGINALD HEBER.

MOZART.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
 2. Cold, on his cra - dle, the dew-drops are shin - ing,
 3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion,

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 O - dors of E - den and off' - rings di - vine?
 Vain - ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
 An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
 Gems of the mount - ain, and pearls of the o - cean,
 Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion;

Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all.
 Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine.
 Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

PURER IN HEART. 6, 4. D.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pu - rer in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-
2. Pu - rer in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to

vote my life Whol - ly to thee. Watch thou my wayward feet,
do thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be thou my Friend and Guide,

Guide me with counsel sweet; Pu-rer in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with thee a-bide; Pu-rer in heart, Help me to be.

From Songs of Gratitude, by per.

3 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I thy holy face
One day may see.
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign thou my soul within;
Purer in heart,
Help me to be.

2 Once earthly joy I craved—
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek;
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee;
||: More love to thee !:|

211 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, 'O Christ to thee!
||: More love to thee !:|

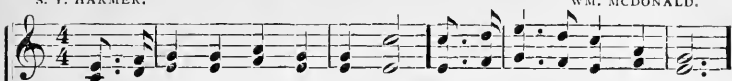
3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee!
||: More love to thee !:|

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8, 7, with Chorus.

S. V. HARMER.

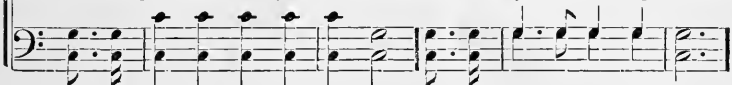
WM. McDONALD.



1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit-ting up my mansion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand,
3. Pain or sickness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn:



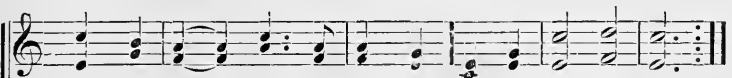
There my Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
 But in that ce-les-tial cen-ter I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed; Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.



CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
 { On the other side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,



There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you. }
 Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }



GO TO THY REST IN PEACE. 6, 8.

ANON.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy
 2. Go to thy peaceful rest; For thee we need not weep, Since
 3. Go to thy rest; and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore, One

toils are o'er, thy troubles cease; From earthly cares, in sweet release,
 thou art now a-mong the blest—No more by sin and sorrow press'd,
 thought our sor-row shall beguile; For soon, with a ce - les-tial smile,

pp *Ad lib.*
 Thine eye-lids gently close, gently close, Thine eyelids gently close.
 But hush'd in qui - et sleep, quiet sleep, But hush'd in quiet sleep.
 We meet to part no more, part no more, We meet to part no more.

(Tune on opposite page.)

(Tune on opposite page.)

214

Come, Holy Spirit.

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

ANON.

215

The Divine Teacher.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way,
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

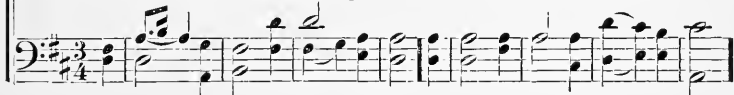
STONEFIELD. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

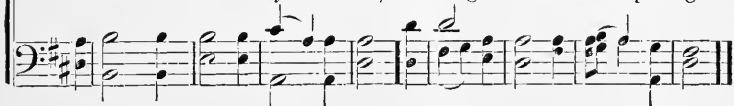
SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! Awake, my soul, Awake my tongue,
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,--The brightest image of his grace:
3. Grace! 'tis a sweet and charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
4. O may I reach the happy place, Where he un-veils his lovely face,



- Ho - san - na to th' eter-nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
 God, in the per-son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.
 Ye an - gels dwell upon the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
 His beau-ties there may I be-hold, And sing his name to harps of gold.



217 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! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 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.

4 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.

JOS. GRIGG.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES. C. M.. with Chorus.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Saviour's side; No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on his breast, Till he con-duct me home.
 With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heaven-ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
 We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work

WOODLAND. C. M. 5 lines.

W. B. TAPPAN.

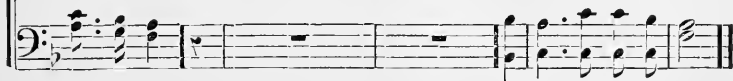
N. D. GOULD.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a tear for
 2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven; When tossed on life tem-
 3. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine dis-



- souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found above—in heaven.
 pestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heaven.
 perse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.



221

Desiring Nearness.

- 1 O could I find from day to day,
 A nearness to my God!
 :: Then would my hours glide sweet away, ::
 While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 :: In joys the world can never give, ::
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 :: That I may never more depart, ::
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND.

222

Baptism.

- 1 While in this sacred rite of thine,
 We yield our spirits now,
 :: Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine, ::
 And seal the cheerful vow.
- 2 All glory be to him whose life
 For ours was freely given,
 :: Who aids us in the Spirit's strife, ::
 And makes us meet for heaven.
- 3 To thee we gladly now resign
 Our life and all our powers;
 :: Accept us in this rite divine, ::
 And bless these hallowed hours.

S. F. SMITH.

W. T. MOORE.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Thy kingdom, gra-cious Lord, Shall nev-er pass a-way ;
 2. Thy peo-ple here have found, Thro' ma-ny wea-ry years,
 3. And now while in thy courts, Do thou our love in-crease;

Firm as thy truth it still shall stand, When earthly thrones decay.
 The sweet com-mu-nion, joy, and peace, To ban-ish all their fears.
 Give us the food our spir-its need, And fill our hearts with peace.

224

Death of a Pastor.

- 1 Rest from thy labor, rest,
 Soul of the just, set free!
 Blest be thy memory, and blest
 Thy bright example be!
- 2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
 Go, take with saints thy place
 But go, as each has gone before,
 A sinner saved by grace.
- 3 Saviour, into thy hands
 Our pastor we resign,
 And now we wait thine own commands;
 We were not his but thine.
- 4 Thou art thy Church's Head;
 And when the members die,
 Thou raisest others in their stead;
 To thee we lift our eye.
- 5 On thee our hopes depend,
 We gather round our Rock;
 Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
 Thyself to feed the flock.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

225

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.

ANNE STEELE.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

JOHN LELAND.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap-pear ;
 2. We lay our gar-ments by, Up-on our beds to rest :
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears ;
 4. And when our days are passed, And we from time re-move,

O may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.
 So death will soon dis-robe us all Of what we've here possessed.
 May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap-pears.
 O may we in thy bo-som rest, The bo-som of thy love.

227 Joy at the Mercy-Seat.

1 How charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer, God,
 Unveils the beauty of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad !

2 Not the fair palaces,
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compared with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit
 And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

228 Active Effort to Do Good.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed ;
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garner in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, shall come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

229 After Communion.

1 A parting hymn we sing
 Around thy table, Lord ;
 Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
 And felt thy presence here ;
 So may the savor of thy grace
 In word and life appear.

A. R. WOLF.

ROWLEY. 11, 9.

WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How happy are they who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their

treasures a-bove! Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace

Of a soul in its ear-li-est love, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.

- 2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb.
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've received,
||: What a heaven in Jesus' blest name! :||
- 3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know ;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall a' his feet, and the story repeat,
||: And the Lover of sinners adore. :||
- 4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song ;
O that all to his refuge may fly !
He has loved me, I cried ; he has suffered and died
||: To redeem such a rebel as I ! :||
- 5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain ;
O why should I grieve, while on him I believe ?
||: O why should I sorrow again ? :||

HEAVENLY SHORE. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR.

REV. E. W. DUNBAR. ARR.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And
 CHO.—Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O,

D. C. Cho.

we shall be with those that rest, A-sleep with-in the tomb.
 wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

2 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.—CHO.

3 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath-day.—CHO.

4 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him might reign.—CHO.

232 The Goodly Land.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of joy and pure delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there,
 There'll be no sorrow there;
 In heaven above, where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrow there.

2 No cloud those regions know—
 Realms ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.—CHO.

3 O, may the prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.—CHO.

STEELE.

233 Sing of Heaven.

1 O, sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die,
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.
 CHO.—There'll be— &c.

2 Then to my raptured soul
 Let one sweet song be given,
 Let music cheer me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.—CHO.

3 Then round my senseless clay,
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
 My glorious home above.—CHO.

NEARER MY HOME. 6.

PHOEBE CAREY.

JOHN M. EVANS. ARR.

1. One sweet-ly sol-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
 2. Near-er my Father's house, Where ma-n-y man-sions be;
 3. For e - ven now my feet May stand up - on its brink;
 4. Father, per - feet my trust; Sup - port my fee - ble frame;

I'm near-er home to-day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the jas - per sea.
 I may be near - er home, Near-er than now I think.
 Keep me be - neath thy care, My trembling hope sus - tain.

CHORUS.

I'm near-er my home, nearer my home, Nearer my home to - day;

Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been be - fore.

T. F. TAYLOR.

LOWELL MASON. ALT.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tempest rage! Heaven is my home; Short is my

des - ert drear, Heaven is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand
pil - grim - age, Heaven is my home, And time's wild win - try blast

Round me on every hand; Heaven is my father-land—Heaven is my home.
Soon will be over-past; I shall reach home at last—Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There, with the good and blest.
Those I loved most and best,
I shall forever rest—
Heaven is my home.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

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Jesus is Mine.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

SCOTLAND. 13, 12, 11.

REGINALD HEBER.

DR. THOS. CLARK.

1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de-plore thee, Tho'
 2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no long-er be-hold thee, Nor
 3. Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion for-sak-ing, Per-
 4. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de-plore thee, Since

sor - rows and darkness en-com- pass the tomb; The Saviour has
 tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms
 chance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long; But the sun-shine
 God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide; He gave thee, he

passed thro' its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy
 of mercy are so real to enfold thee, And sinners may hope, since the
 of heaven beamed bright on thy waking, And the sound thou didst hear was the
 took thee, and he will restore thee; And death has no sting, since the

guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
 Saviour hath died, And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.
 ser - a - phim's song, And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
 Saviour hath died, And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

THE BRETHERN HYMNODY.

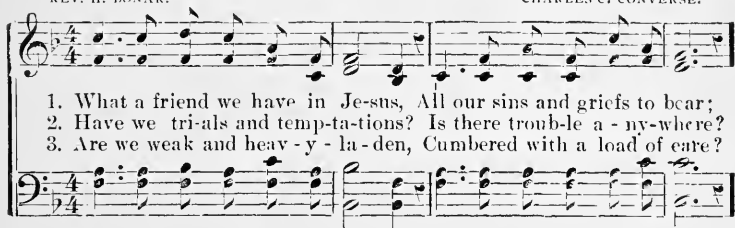
PART II.

238 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

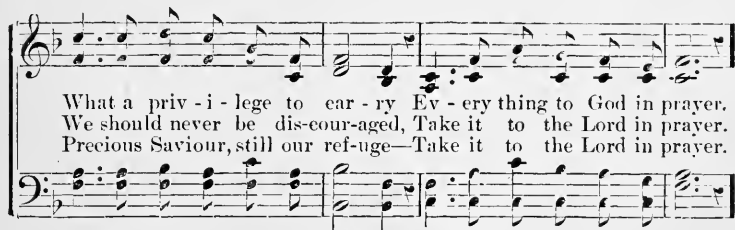
"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

REV. H. BONAR.

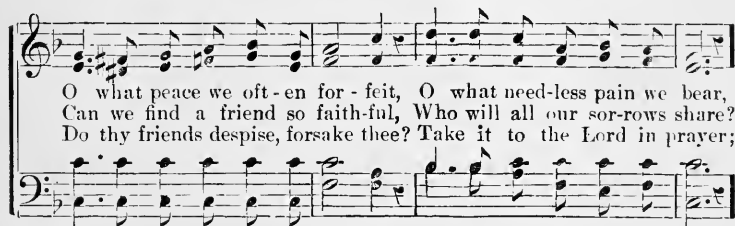
CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



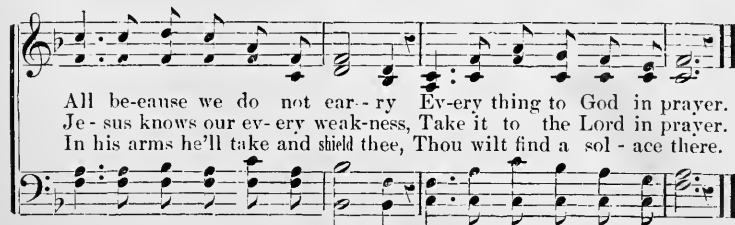
1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri-als and temp-tations? Is there troub-le a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to ear - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.
We should never be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Saviour, still our ref-uge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be-cause we do not ear - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

By permission.

"O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Psalm 55: 6.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1 Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the riv - er of

light! (Over there,) Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are

REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white. (Over there.) Over there, (Over there,) Over

there, (Over there,) Oh, think of the home over there, (Over there,) Over

there, (Over there.) Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home over there.

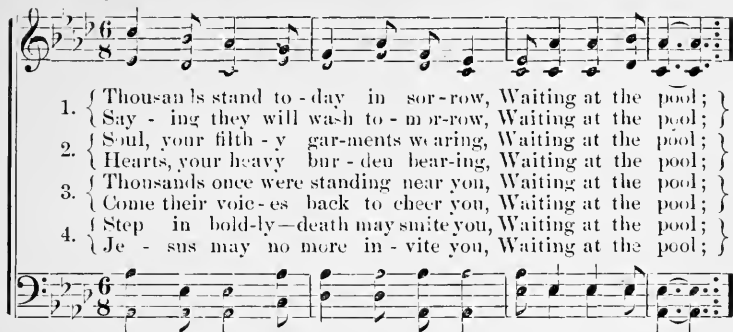
2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod!
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there!

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at
rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

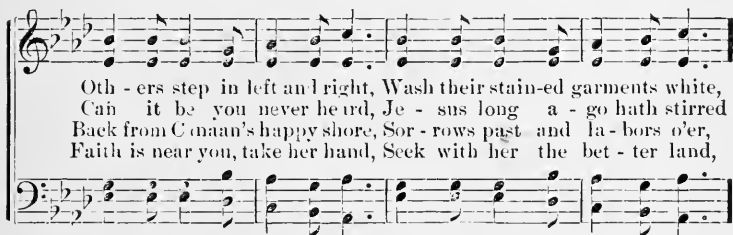
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REV. A. J. HOUGH.

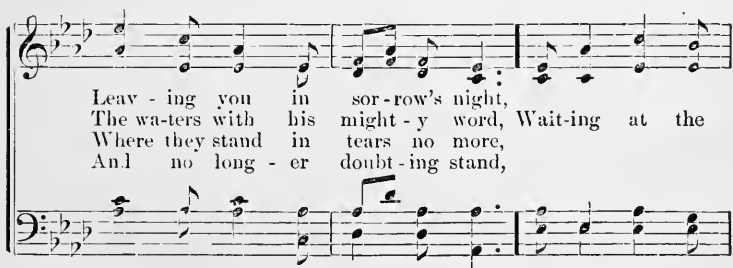
WM. G. FISCHER.



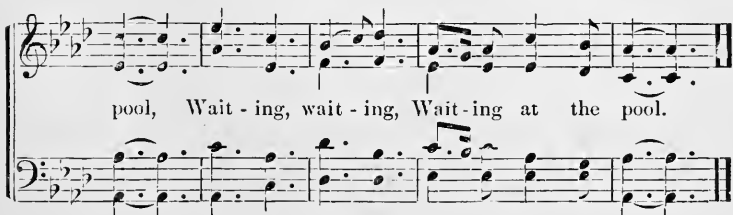
1. { Thousand's stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Say-ing they will wash to-mor-row, Waiting at the pool; }
 2. { Soul, your filth-y gar-ments wearing, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Hearts, your heavy bur-den bear-ing, Waiting at the pool; }
 3. { Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Come their voic-es back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; }
 4. { Step in bold-ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Je-sus may no more in-vite you, Waiting at the pool; }



Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed garments white,
 Can it be you never heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirred
 Back from Cnaan's happy shore, Sor-rows past and la-bors o'er,
 Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet-ter land,



Leav-ing you in sor-row's night,
 The wa-ters with his might-y word, Wait-ing at the
 Where they stand in tears no more,
 And no long-er doubt-ing stand,



pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, Wait-ing at the pool.

By permission.

"Christ's Power over Nature."—Mark 4: 35-41.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Master, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are toss-ing high!
 2. Master, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Master, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'ershadow'd with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled, O wak-en and save I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirror'd, And heaven's within my breast;

"Carest thou not that we per-ish?" How canst thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning, A grave in the angry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Master, O hasten and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

By permission.

PEACE BE STILL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The winds and the waves shall o-bey my will, Peace . . be still . . .

Peace be still! peace be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or demons or men, or what-

ev - er it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of

ocean, and earth and skies ; They all shall sweetly obey my will, Peace, be still !

Peace, be still ! They all shall sweetly obey my will, Peace, peace be still.

"Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

J. C. EWING.

Smooth and flowing.

1. "Come, ye weary, heavy la - den, Faint and wounded in the strife;
 2. "Are you vanquished in the conflict With the myriad host of sin?
 3. "Does the way seem long and dreary, Leading to the mansions blest?
 4. "Learn of me, for I am low-ly; Follow in the path I trod;

I will bear a - new your burdens, I will give you light and life."
 I have borne the heat of bat-tle, That the vict'ry ye might win."
 Soon, beside the liv - ing wa-ters, Ye shall find the promised rest."
 For it leads to joy im-mor-tal, In the cit - y of our God."

m CHORUS. *Cres.*
 Still from heaven the Saviour pleadeth, As of old in Gal - i - lee;

m *Dim.*
 "O ye wea-ry, heavy-lad - en, Weak and wounded, come to me.

MRS. E. M. HALL. ALT.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength in-deed is small,
 2. For noth - ing good have I Where-by thy grace to claim—
 3. When from my dy - ing bed My ransom'd soul shall rise,
 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in him com-plete,

Come to me—I'll be thy stay; Find in me thine all in all.
 Je - sus died my soul to save, And bless - ed be his name.
 "Je - sus died my soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
 "Je - sus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for me, All to him I owe—

Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the vail, and see
 2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears;
 3. I ask them, whence their vict'ry came: They, with u-nit-ed breath,

The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
 They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 As-cribe their conquest to the Lamb,—Their triumph to his death.

CHORUS.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,

Many are the voices calling us away, To join their glo-ri-ous band;

Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.

Rep. pp.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each viet'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil compan-ions, Bad language disdaim, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown; Thro' faith weshall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark passions subdue, Look ev-er to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
 Kind hearted and true, Look ev-er to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

By permission.

MRS. CORNELIA SNYDER.

R. C. WARD.

1. How sweet to be . . . a child of grace . . . From sin and guilt . . . set
 How sweet to be a child of grace, From sin and guilt set

free Our on-ly hope in Jesus' blood . . . He shed on
 free, guilt set free, Our only hope in Jesus' blood.

Cal - - va - ry Dear Saviour help . . . us day by
 Cal-va-ry,
 He shed on Cal-va - ry Dear Saviour help

day . . . To show to fall - - en men . . . That we are
 us day by day, To show to fallen men, fallen men

thine . . . and still will trust . . . And serve thee to the en l. . . .
 to the end.
 That we are thine and still will trust And serve thee to the end. . . .

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.

How joy - ful the meeting when saints shall unite, No more to be parted, no sor-row, no night

But there with our Saviour we'll dwell ev - er - a - more, For great are the treasures our Lord has in store.

Copyright 1883, by J. C. Ewing.

2 How Christians love to hail the day
Of joy when life shall end,
Our troubles o'er, at home we'll rest
With Christ our dearest friend,
Who died that all may come to him,
And in his arms find rest;
With all the loved ones round his throne,
Dwell ever with the blest.

3 May we now bear our every cross,
In patience and in peace,
More prayerful live, more faithful be,
God's blessings will increase.
Now, Saviour, take our little band
Into thy sacred care,
And finally, when life shall end,
We'll meet each other there.

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S. F. SMITH.

MOUNT VERNON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen-tle as the summer breeze,
2. Peaceful be thy sil-ent slumber—Peaceful in the grave so low.

Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a-mong the trees,
Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath breft 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.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kind - n - ess,
 2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
 3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noontide and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the harvest,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest,
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it often grieves: When our weeping's over,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 he - will bid us welcome, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS

bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
 bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoic - (Omit.) ing, bringing in the sheaves,

Words from "Songs of Glory," by permission.

249 SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

HORACE L. HASTINGS.

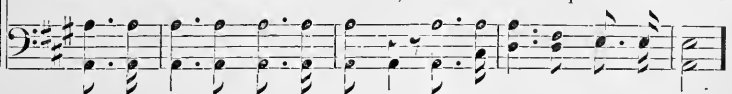
ELIHU S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv er, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?



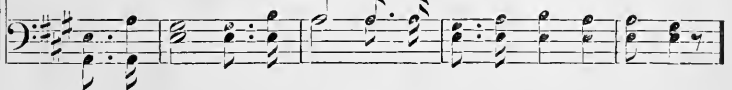
Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship divine?—
 Shall we know his bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up-on his throne?



CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?



Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surges cease to roll.



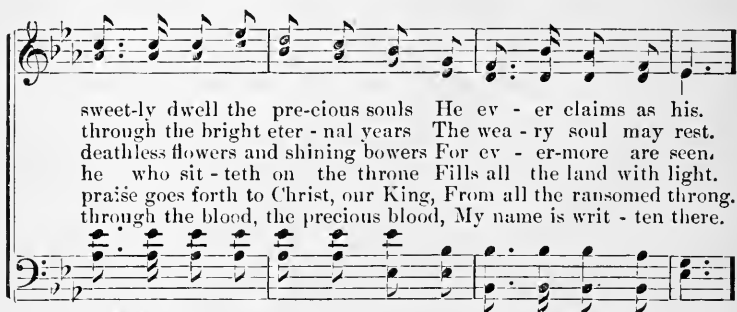
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

J. C. EWING.



1. I love to think of heaven, The home where Jesus is; Where
 2. I love to think of heaven, The E - den of the blest; Where
 3. I love to think of heaven, The land of fadeless green; Where
 4. I love to think of heaven, The home without a night; Where
 5. I love to think of heaven, The land of ceaseless song; Where
 6. I love to think of heaven, Where I its joys may share, If



sweet-ly dwell the pre-cious souls He ev - er claims as his.
 through the bright eter - nal years The wea - ry soul may rest.
 deathless flowers and shining bowers For ev - er-more are seen,
 he who sit - teth on the throne Fills all the land with light.
 praise goes forth to Christ, our King, From all the ransomed throng.
 through the blood, the precious blood, My name is writ - ten there.

CHORUS.



O beau-ti-ful home of love, O beau-ti-ful home of love, O



land of bliss, where Jesus is, O beau-ti-ful home of love.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come! Go look on his
 2. Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! The clouds have de-
 3. Rejoice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Redemption is

CHORUS.

era - dle, his cross, and his tomb.
 part - ed, the sha-dows are past. Sound his prais - es, tell the
 fin - ished, the price hath been paid,

sto - ry, Of him that was slain; Sound his

prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.

- 4 Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free!
 The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
 5 Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain
 O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
 6 Rejoice and be glad! For our King is on high,
 He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.
 7 Rejoice and be glad! For he cometh again,
 He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain,

"Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?"—Jer. 8: 22

REV. WM. HUNTER.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, ARR.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiven, O hear the voice of
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in
 4. The children, too, both great and small, Who love the name of
 5. And when to that bright world a - bove We rise to see our

Je - sus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of
 Je - sus; Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with
 Je - sus; I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of
 Je - sus, May now accept the gracious call To work and live for
 Je - sus, We'll sing around the throne of love His name, the name of

CHORUS.

Je - sus. "Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on

mortal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

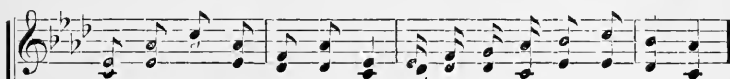
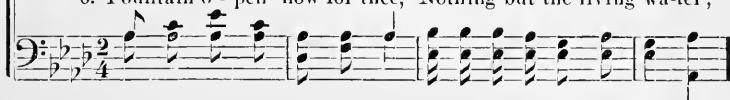
John 4: 14.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

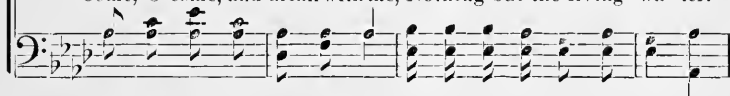
D. B. TOWNER. BY PER.



1. What can sweetly fill my soul? Nothing but the living wa-ter;
2. Clear as crystal from the throue, Nothing but the living wa-ter;
3. Noth-ing can so sat - is - fy, Nothing but the living wa-ter;
4. Pure and brimming to the brink, Nothing but the living wa-ter;
5. Come, my brother, and partake, Nothing but the living wa-ter;
6. Fountain o - pen now for thee, Nothing but the living wa-ter;



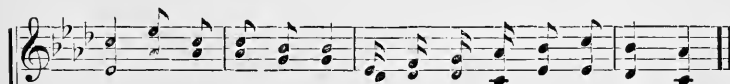
What can all my thirst con-trol? Nothing but the living wa-ter.
 Sweet-ly fill-ing all his own, Nothing but the living wa-ter.
 On - ly fountain, nev-er dry, Nothing but the living wa-ter.
 Who - so - ev - er will, may drink, Nothing but the living wa-ter.
 Drink, O drink, for Je-sus' sake, Nothing but the living wa-ter.
 Come, O come, and drink with me, Nothing but the living wa-ter.



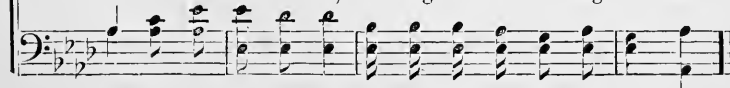
CHORUS.



O foun - tain full and free, All, all may drink of thee;



No oth - er fount for me, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.



ANON.

Matt. 21 : 28.

T. C. O'KANE.

In moderate time.

1. "Go work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do; The harvest is
 2. "Go work in my vineyard," I claim thee as mine; With blood did I
 3. "Go work in my vineyard," O, "work while 'tis day;" The bright hours of

great and the la - b'ers are few;" There's weeding, and fencing, and
 buy thee, and all that is thine, Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy
 sunshine are hast'ning a - way, And night's gloomy shadows are

clearing of roots, And plowing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits.
 lof - ti - est pow'rs, Thy warmest af-fec-tions, thy sun - ni - est hours,
 gath-er-ing fast; Then the time for our la-bor shall ev - er be past.

There are fox - es to take, there are wolves to de - stroy; All
 I wil - ling - ly yield - ed my king - dom for thee, The
 Be - gin in the morn-ing, and toil all the day, Thy

By permission.

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD. Concluded.

a - ges and ranks I can fully employ; I've sheep to be tended and
 song of arch-angels—to hang on the tree; In pain and temptation, in
 strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay; And blessed, thrice blessed the

lambs to be fed, The lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led.
 an-guish and shame, I paid thy full ran-som, my purchase I claim.
 dil - i - gent few, Who'll fin-ish the la - bor I've giv'n them to do.

CHORUS.

Go work, Go work, Go
 Go work in my vine-yard, Go work in my vineyard, Go

work in my vineyard, there's plen-ty to do; Go work, work, Go

work, work, The har-vest is great And the la - b'rrers are few.

W. G. IRVIN.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
 2. I am waiting, worn and weary With the battle and the strife,
 3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ev-er, For a home of boundless love;
 4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the "many mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
 Hoping, when the warfare's o-ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pilgrim, looking for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
 List'-ning for the hap-py wel-come Of my Saviour calling me.

CHORUS.

I am wait - - ing, on-ly waiting, Till this
 I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on-ly waiting, on-ly waiting

wea - - ry life is o'er; On-ly wait - - ing
 weary, weary, weary—till this weary life is o'er; Only waiting, waiting, waiting

"From Songs of Glory," by per.

ONLY WAITING. Concluded.

for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth-er shore.
for my welcome, for my welcome,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

256

THE SABBATH CHIME.

F. A. BENSON.

NAGELI.

1. Bright and bless-ed morn-ing, How I love thy dawn-ing,
2. Wea - ry wand'rer weep-ing, God, the Fa - ther seek - ing,
3. While the tones are peal - ing, In the tem - ple kneel - ing,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/8 time signature. It contains a melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

Hark! the sound-ing bells; Deep tones, is the call - ing,
Hith - er, hith - er come; O'er the heart is steal - ing,
Join the Sab - bath chime. Em - blem to us giv - en,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/8 time signature. It contains a melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

On the ear 'tis fall - ing, Love and peace it tells.
Love's de - vot - ed feel - ing, To the heavenly One.
Of the voice of heav - en, Mel - o - dy di - vine.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/8 time signature. It contains a melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

ENGLISH.

1. I left it all with Je-sus Long a-go; All my sins I brought him,
 2. I leave it all with Jesus, For he knows How to steal the bit-ter
 3. I leave it all with Jesus, Day by day; Faith can firmly trust him
 4. O leave it *all* with Jesus, Drooping soul! Tell not *half* thy story,

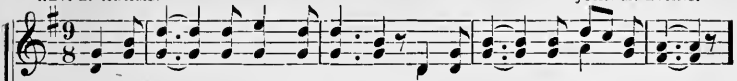
And my woe. When by faith I saw him On the tree, Heard his small, still
 From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With his smile, Make the desert
 Come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest In the calm, sure
 But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hanging On his hand, Life and death are

whisper, "T is for thee," From my heart the bur-den Rolled a-way—
 gar-den Bloom a-while; When my weakness leaneth On his might,
 ha - ven Of his breast: Love esteems it heav - en To a - bide
 wait-ing His command; Yet his ten-der bo - som Makes *thee* room—

Cres. Happy day! From my heart the burden Rolled away—Happy day!
 All seems light. When my weakness leaneth On his might, All seems light,
 At his side. Love esteems it heav-en To a - bide At his side.
 O come home! Yet his tender bosom Makes *thee* room—O come home!

REV. E. ADAMS.

JOHN M. EVANS.



1. "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hauds;
3. There, let go the anchor, rid-ing On this calm and silvery bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation; All the storms of life are past;



And the living waters laving Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands.
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch a - way.
 Praise the Rock of our salvation, We are safe at home at last.

**CHORUS.**

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter - nal shore;



Drop the anchor, furl the sail, I am safe within the veil.

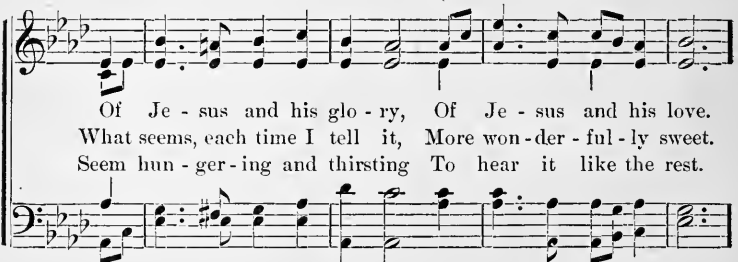


KATE HANKEY.

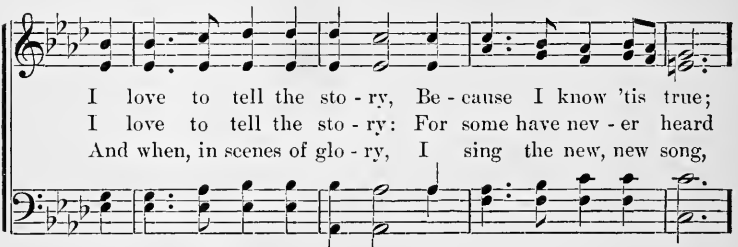
WM. G. FISCHER.



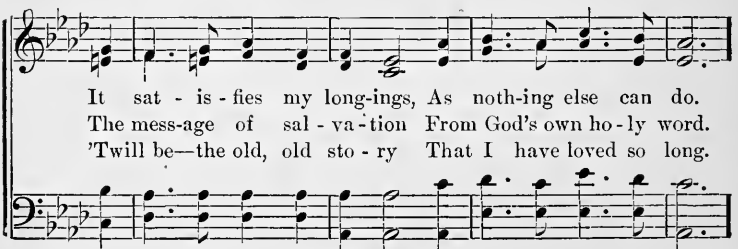
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things above,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat,
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best



Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
 Seem hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else can do.
 The mess - age of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

By permission.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

260

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

AMOY.

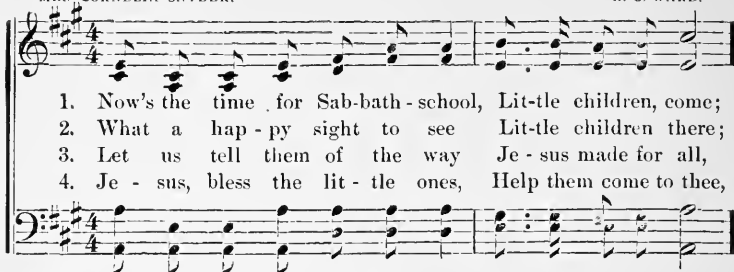
L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wan-d'rers, come;
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls: O, hear him now;
3. To - day the Sav - iour calls: For ref - uge fly;
4. The Sav - iour calls to - day: Yield to his power;

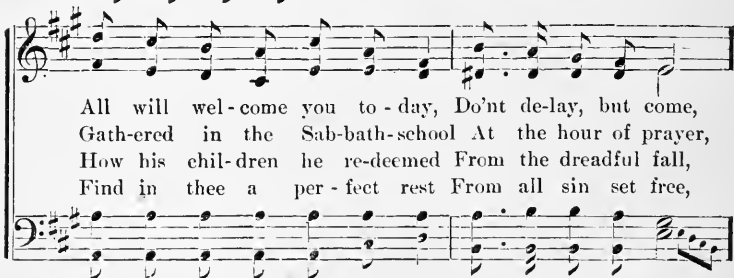
O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
The storm of ven - geance falls, And death is nigh.
O, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

MRS. CORNELIA SNYDER.

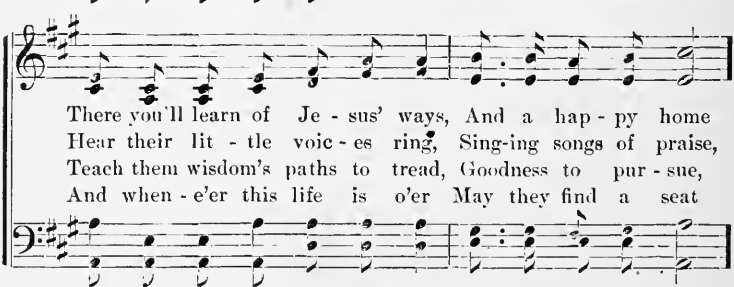
R. C. WARD.



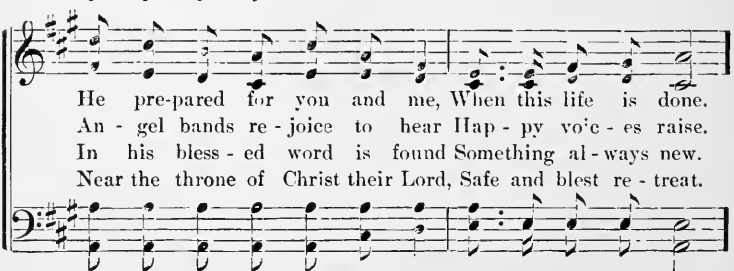
1. Now's the time for Sab-bath - school, Lit-tle children, come;
 2. What a hap - py sight to see Lit-tle children there;
 3. Let us tell them of the way Je - sus made for all,
 4. Je - sus, bless the lit - tle ones, Help them come to thee,



All will wel - come you to - day, Do'n't de - lay, but come,
 Gath - ered in the Sab - bath - school At the hour of prayer,
 How his chil - dren he re - deemed From the dreadful fall,
 Find in thee a per - fect rest From all sin set free,



There you'll learn of Je - sus' ways, And a hap - py home
 Hear their lit - tle voic - es ring, Sing - ing songs of praise,
 Teach them wisdom's paths to tread, Goodness to pur - sue,
 And when - e'er this life is o'er May they find a seat



He pre - pared for you and me, When this life is done.
 An - gel bands re - joice to hear Hap - py voic - es raise.
 In his bless - ed word is found Something al - ways new.
 Near the throne of Christ their Lord, Safe and blest re - treat.

COME TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come and learn of him to - day; He's the straight and narrow way;

Ev - er read - y to re - ceive Lit - tle children who be - lieve.

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FAR, FAR AT SEA.

MRS. J. C. B. SIMPSON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Star of peace, to wand'ers wea-ry, Bright the beams that smile on me;
2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow; Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking At his toil, he flies to thee;

Cheer the pi - lot's visions dreary, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
Save him on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

"Jesus walked in Galilee."—John 7: 1.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Each e oing dove and sighing bough, That makes the
2. Each flowery glen and mossy dell, Where hap - py
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who

eye so blest to me, Has something far di - vin - er
birds in song a - gree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
walked up - on the sea, I long, O, how I long once

now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
more To follow him in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O

Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!

By permission.

1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Tribute to your Heavenly King!

Lay it on the al - tar high While your songs as - cend the sky.

CHORUS.

Grateful trib - ute will I bring Un - to Christ, my Sav - iour King;

Je - sus gave his life for me;—Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free.

2 Little givers! do your part
With a glad and willing heart,
For the angel voices say,
“Little givers! give to-day.”

3 Give to all the darkened earth
Tidings of a heavenly birth,
Till the youth in every land
Learn the Saviour's sweet command.

4 Little givers! come and pay
Willing tribute while you may:
Many offerings, though but small,
Make a large one from you all.

5 Give your heart, with holy love;
Give your praise like that above;
Life and all to Jesus give,
And in glory you shall live.

S. F. BENNET.

JOS. P. WEBSTER. ARR.

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it a-far ;
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The me-lo-dious songs of the blest ;

For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful
by and by, by and by,

shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall
by and by, by and by, In the sweet by and by,

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days,
meet on that beautiful shore.
4 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign.
In that land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

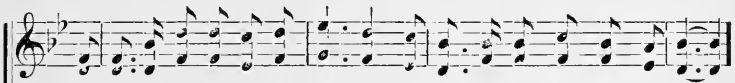
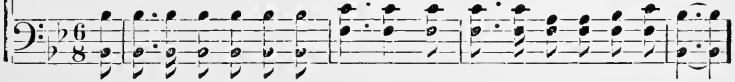
"Thou hast done wonderful things."—Isaiah 25: 1.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

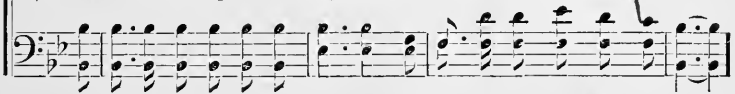
D. B. TOWNER, BY PER.



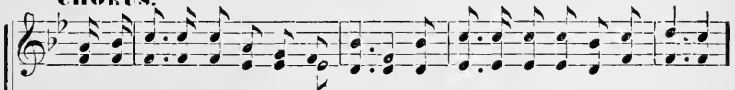
1. O wonderful, wonderful sto - ry, Be-liev-ers so love to re-peat,
2. O wonderful, wonderful Saviour, O boundless his mercy and love;
3. O wonderful, wonderful mansions, Dear Jesus has gone to prepare;
4. O wonderful crowns for the blood-washed, Within the sweet Eden of light;



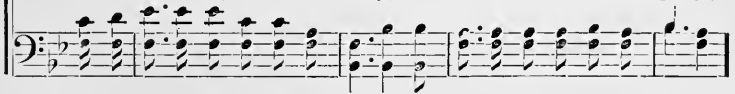
How Jesus came down from bright Glory, To make our redemption com-plete.
 To offer transgressors his fa-vor, And crown them his children above.
 Throughout all bright Glory's expansion, For those that shall dwell with him there.
 And wonderful harps that are golden, For those in the raiments of white.



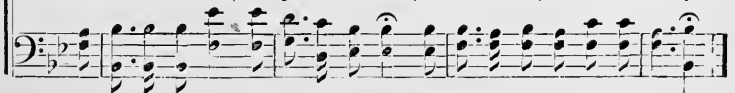
CHORUS.



'Tis a wonderful, wonderful story, The ransomed repeat it in glory;



He comes to redeem, O rapturous theme, O wonderful, wonderful story.



MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Mark 1: 9-11. John 3: 5.

J. C. EWING.

Slowly.

1. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, our might - y ex - am - plar,
 2. Com - ing by faith, in its full - est as - sur - ance,
 3. God, in his mer - cy, has sent his be - lov - ed,
 4. O when this life of pro - ba - tion is end - ed,

Ev - er o - bey - ing his bless - ed com - mand,
 In - to the mys - tic - al wash - ing of sin,
 Guide to our foot - steps and light to our way;
 When the deep wa - ters of death we have passed;

E - ven like him at the riv - er of Jor - dan,
 Robed in the gar - ments of praise and thanks - giv - ing,
 Bur - ied with him, we will rise from the dark - ness
 Man - sions of glo - ry and glad - ness a - wait us,

Now by the wa - ters of cleans - ing we stand.
 Joy - ful in hope, life e - ter - nal we win.
 In - to the glo - ry of in - fi - nite day.
 We shall be crowned with his bless - ings at last.

BAPTISMAL HYMN. Concluded.

p **CHORUS.** *Cres.*

Bur - ied with Christ, in his mis sion be - liev-ing, Dy - ing to sin,

p

we are liv - ing a - gain; Bur - ied with Christ, and the

m *f*

spir - it re - ceiving, Heirs of the king:dom, with him we will reign.

268

SHINING SHORE.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

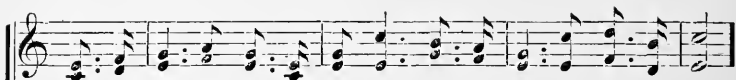
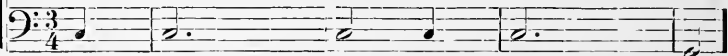
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

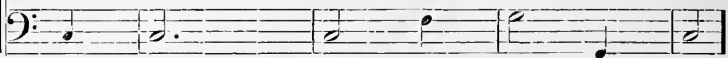
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our
Forever! Ó, forever! [home,



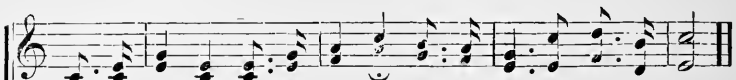
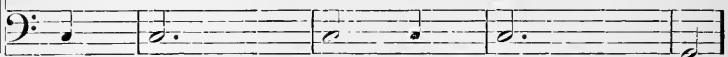
1. Little hearts, O Lord, may love thee, Little minds may learn thy ways:
2. Lo! the Lord's day comes to cheer us; Truth and love our teachers bring;
3. Small, as now we stand before thee, Lar-ger shall we year-ly grow :



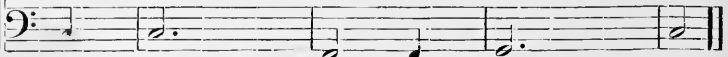
Lit-tle hands and feet may serve thee, Lit-tle voic-es sing thy praise.
 Great Re-deem-er! be thou near us, Make us grateful while we sing.
 Help us ev - er to a - dore thee, All thro' life thy grace to show.

**CHORUS.**

Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us; Bless us while this hymn we raise;



Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us; Bless us while this hymn we raise.



MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its por-tals gleaming,
 2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
 3. Press onward then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen;
 4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra - diance from the Cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - vealing.
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion.
 Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
 And bear the crown of life a - way, And love him more in heaven.

REFRAIN.

O, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me?

From "Hallowed Songs."

H. R. TRICKETT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my broth - ers?
 2. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my broth - ers?
 3. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my broth - ers?
 4. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my broth - ers?

Are you keep - ers of the say - ings of the
 Are you walk - ing in the foot - steps of the
 Are you keep - ing the com - mand - ments of the
 Are you look - ing for the com - ing of the

Lord? All in vain are your pro - fes - sions, O my
 Lord? You are build - ing on the quick - sand, O my
 Lord? Do not tell me of your feel - ings, O my
 Lord? All in vain your ex - pect - a - tions, O my

broth - ers, If you be not do - ers of the Word.
 broth - ers, If you be not do - ers of the Word.
 broth - ers, If you be not do - ers of the Word.
 broth - ers, If you be not do - ers of the Word.

ARE YOU DOERS OF THE WORD? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are you do-ers (of the Word?) Are you doers (of the Word?) For our

hear-ing without do-ing is in vain! Christ has told us and has

warned us, O my brothers, We must do if the blessing we would gain.

272

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours:
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;

Fill brightest hours with labor.
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing;
Work for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the summit of the hills,
 2. If we err in hu - man blind-ness, And for-get that we are dust;
 3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa-ther knows his own,
 4. When the sil-very mists have veiled us From the fac-es of our own,

And the sunshine, warm and ten - der Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kind-ness When we struggle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known,
 Oft we think their love has fail'd us, And we tread our path alone;

We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray;
 Snow-y wings of love shall cov-er All the faults that hide away,
 Lo! be-yond the o-rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day;
 We should love them well and truly, We should trust them day by day;

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.
 When the weary watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows Till the mists have cleared away.
 Nei-ther hate nor love un - du - ly, If the mists were cleared away.

From "The Welcome," and used by per. S. Brainard's Sons, owners of copyright.

WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known, Nev - er -
We shall know as we are known,

more to walk a - lone, In the dawn - ing
Nevermore to walk a - lone, In the dawn - ing

of the morn - ing, When the mists have clear'd a -
When the mists

way; In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing,
have clear'd a - way; In the dawn - ing

When the mists have clear'd a - way. **Rit.**
When the mists have clear'd a - way.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

J. C. EWING.

1. O pre-cious, pre-cious Je - sus, Thou ev - er - present friend;
 2. When earthly friends forsake me, When all the way seems drear,
 3. When sorrow's waves roll o'er me, And fear my heart doth fill,
 4. When sick and sad and wea - ry, Be - neath a weight of woe,
 5. O Sav-iour, ev - er faith-ful, Com-pas-sion - ate and kind,
 6. I'll trust thee, love thee, serve thee, Till I life's storms out-ride;

Thy mer-cy is ex - haust-less, Thy love, all loves transcend.
 I find thee ev - er read - y My lone - ly heart to cheer.
 At thy command, O Sav-iour, The an - gry waves are still.
 Thou dost, O great Phy - si - cian, A soothing balm be - stow.
 Though all the world forsake me, A joy in thee I find.
 Then, waking in thy like - ness, I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

O bless-ed, bless-ed Je - sus, All praise belongs to thee!

No oth - er friend so pre-cious, No oth - er friend like thee.

MRS. J. W. SAMPSON,

MENDEL.

1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our heavenly King;
 2. Far a-way, far a-way, We in sin's dark val-ley lay,
 3. Now we know, now we know We to heaven must short-ly go;

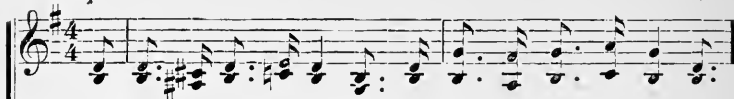
Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise.
 Je - sus - came, Je - sus came, Bless - ed be his name!
 Soon the call, soon the call Comes to one and all.

Praise to him whose name is Love, Praise to him who reigns a-bove;
 He redeemed us by his grace, Then prepared in heaven a place
 Saviour! when *our* time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home,

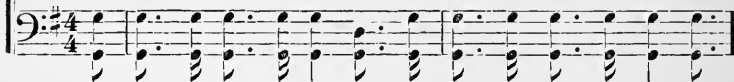
Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues.
 To re-ceive, to re-ceive All who will be-lieve.
 There we'll raise notes of praise, Through un-end-ing days.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.



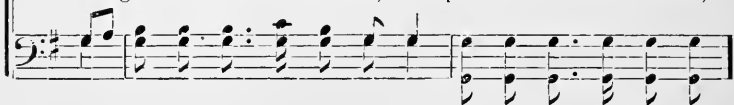
1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, his words im-plore us,
2. We'll fol - low where he leadeth, We'll pasture where he feed-eth,
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us,



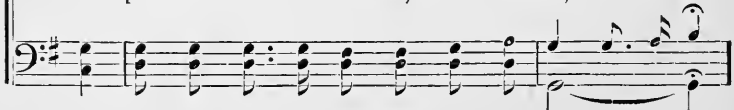
The eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high;
 We'll yield to him who plead-eth From on high, from on high;
 But Je - sus dear to love us There on high, there on high;



His lov - ing tones are call - ing, While sin is dark, ap - palling,
 Then naught from him shall sever, Our hope shall brighten ev - er,
 We'll give him best en - deavor, And praise his name for - ev - er,



'Tis Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, he is nigh.
 And faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, he is nigh.
 His pre - cious words can nev - er, Nev - er die, nev - er die.



By permission.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him,

And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by;

By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him,

And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

ANON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Je-sus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy little lamb to-night;
 2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care;
 3. May my sins be all for-giv-en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
 Thon hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me, Listen to my even-ing prayer!
 Take me, when I die, to heav-en; Happy there with thee to dwell.

From "Songs of Glory," by permission.

278 Children's Hymn.

- 1 Lord, a little band, and lowly;
 We are come to sing to thee,
 Thou art great, and high, and holy,
 O how solemn we should be!
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heav'n, where he is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.
- 4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong
 Lead us on our way to heaven;
 There to sing a nobler song.

UNKNOWN.

279 For a Blessing on Children.

- 1 Holy Father, send thy blessing
 On thy children gathered here;
 Let them all, thy name confessing,
 Be to thee forever dear.
- 2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be;
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,
 Bless, and make them like to thee.
- 3 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,
 In thine arms and at thy breast:
 Through life's desert dark and dreary
 Bring them to thy heavenly rest.
- 4 Spread thy wings of blessing o'er them,
 Holy Spirit, from above;
 Guide, and lead, and go before them,
 Give them peace, and joy, and love.

UNKNOWN.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.

2d Cor. 2: 14.

J. C. EWING.

1. O! lift up your voices in song, Ye warriors who strive for the right,
 2. The stars in ex-ult-ant re-frain, Shall lift up their voices in praise,
 3. The foe in his strength may assail, But God looketh down from above,

Life's battle though weary and long, God wins by the power of his might.
 While woodland and mountain and plain Proclaim him the ancient of days.
 And ne'er shall the evil pre-vail 'Gainst those who rely on his love.

CHORUS.

Let shouts of re-joic-ing as-cend Till heavcn to earth shall re-ply,

For we who have God for our friend, Are sure that our triumph is nigh.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

"The Lord is my defense, and the rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 2.

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. O, some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path
 2. O, some-times how long seems the day, And some-times how wea-
 3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-

to the goal, And sor - rows, how oft - ten they sweep Like
 ry my feet; But, toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The
 rows pre-vail, Or, climb - ing the mount - ain - way steep, Or,

CHORUS.

tem-pests down o - ver the soul.
 Rock's blessed shad-ow how sweet. O, then to the Rock let me
 walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than is

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER. *Concluded.*

I; O, then to the Rock let me
high-er than I;

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

282

The Beautiful River.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod:
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

ROBERT LOWRY.

283

Precious Name.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptation round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

LYDIA BAXTER.

ANDREW YOUNG.

HINDOSTAN AIR.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in
 2. Come to this hap-py land, Come, come a-way, Why will ye
 3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a

glory stand, Bright, bright as day. O how they sweetly sing, Worthy
 doubtingstand, Why still de-lay? O we shall hap-py be, When from
 Father's hand, Love can not die. O, then to glo-ry run, Be a

is our Saviour, King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 crown and kingdom won; And bright above the sun, Reign, reign for aye.

285

Jesus is Mine.

1 Now I have found a Friend,
 Jesus is mine;
 Whose love shall never end,
 Jesus is mine;
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace,
 Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine;
 He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine;
 He shall my wants supply,
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine.

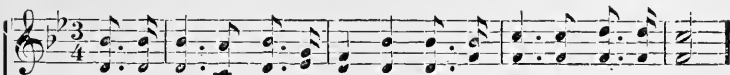
3 When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine;
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine;
 O what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuncful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless,
 Jesus is mine;
 Thine was the sovereign grace,
 Jesus is mine;
 Spirit of holiness,
 Seeking the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine.

H. J. M'CRACKEN HOPE.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

J. C. EWING.



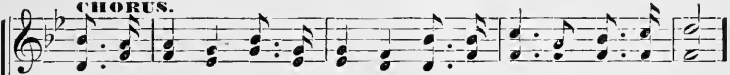
1. O the matchless love and mercy Of the Lamb for sinners slain!
2. Can you view the shameful crowning, Nail-pierced hands and riven side,
3. Hear him cry a - mid his anguish, E - ven then to sinners true:
4. Come to Je - sus—he is pleading, Come, my brother, while you may;
5. Come, ye burdened, sad and weary, Mercy's door stands o - pen wide;



Can you slight a friend so lov - ing? Can you blush to own his name?
 And re - ject a friend so precious, Who, for you, has groined and died?
 "O forgive them, righteous Father, For they know not what they do."
 Though your' sins be great and many, He will wash them all a - way.
 Come this moment—do not tar - ry—O, ac - cept the Cru - ci - fied!



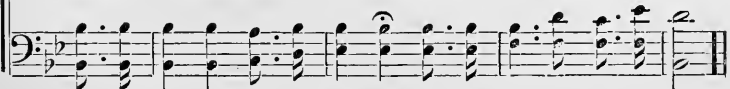
CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus! come to Je - sus! On the cross his life he gave;



Come to Je - sus! come to Je - sus! He is wait - ing now to save!



MRS. E. MILLS.

J. C. EWING.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glo-ries confessed: But what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there O what must it be to be there!

To be there, to be there,

To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be there.

To be there, to be there,

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

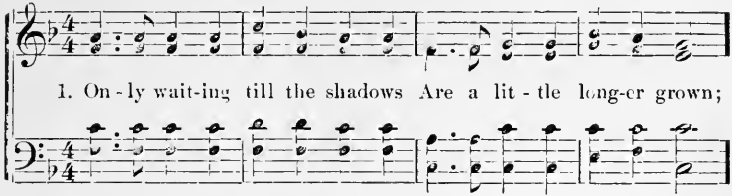
4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there!

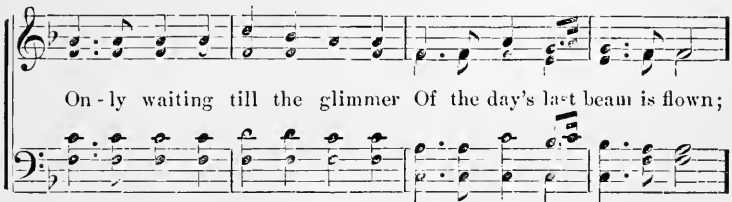
5 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

FRANCIS L. MACE.

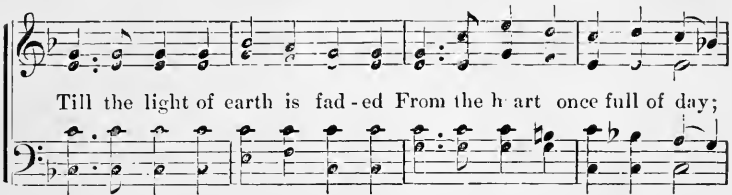
BLUMENTHAL. ARR.



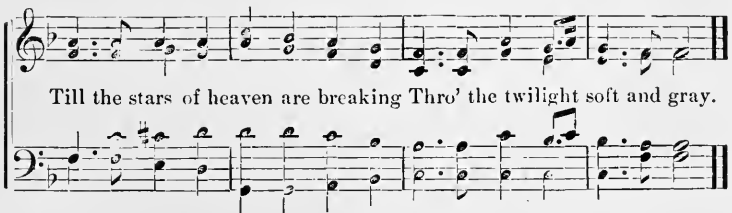
1. On-ly wait-ing till the shadows Are a lit-tle long-er grown;



On-ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown;



Till the light of earth is fad-ed From the heart once full of day;



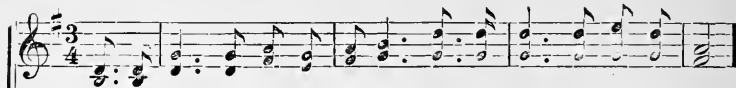
Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is ended,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

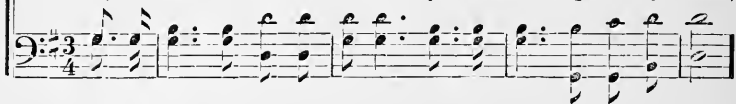
3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise.
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Wing its passage to the skies.

H. F. HIXON.

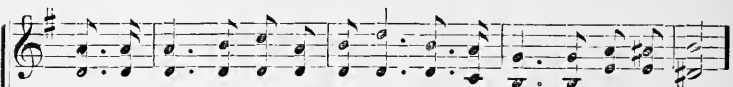
R. C. WARD.



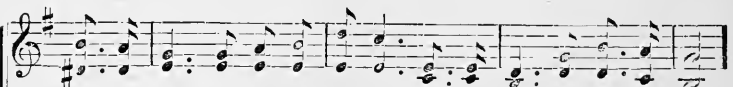
1. Slow-ly down life's si-lent riv-er We are float-ing with the tide;
2. While we on life's journey travel, We should lend a helping hand,
3. May we then for our dear Saviour Spread the tidings ev-'ry-where;



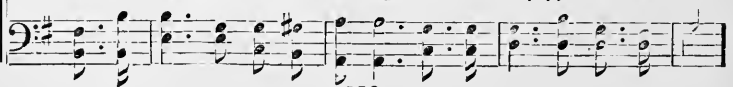
Shall we safe in heaven's portals Rest at last by Je-sus' side?
 Try to make the way more pleasant To that hap-py, heav'nly land.
 That will make the world the better, And each home a place of pray'r.



Shall we hear him gen-tly say-ing, Come, dear children, un-to me,
 We should speak sweet words of comfort, And to those who need a friend,
 If we do our du-ty ev-er, And to oth-ers pleasures give,



Dur-ing life I found you faith-ful, Rest thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
 Give as-sistance that will aid them All their sin-ful ways to mend.
 We shall share the double blessing, And be hap-py while we live.



THE TIDE OF LIFE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Keep us, Je - sus, ev - er faithful, Draw us clos - er un - to thee ;
 That we soon may rest in heav - en, From all care and sin made free.

290

The Christian Child.

SILOAM. C.M.

R. HEBER.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the lil - y grows !
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose !

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

291

A Christian Home.

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
 And love fills every breast;
 Where one their wish, and one their pray'r,
 And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home, where Jesus' name
 Is sweet to every ear;
 Where children early lisp his fame,
 And parents hold him dear.

UNKNOWN.

"A fountain opened for sin."—Zech. 13: 1.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER. BY PER.

Andante.

1. O come to the bright crystal fountain, Its waters, tho' priceless, are
 2. Draw near, tho' thy sins are as scarlet, Their stain it will quickly re-
 3. O thou who art thirsting for pardon, And faint with the turmoil and

free; O wea-ry and heav-i-ly lad-en, 'Tis flow-ing with
 move; Draw near to the pit-y-ing Sav-iour, The fountain of
 strife; Now, now is the day of sal-va-tion, Come, drink from the

CHORUS.

mer-cy for thee. Flowing for thee, . . . Flow - ing for thee,
 in - fi-nite love.
 fountain of life. Flowing, yes, flowing for thee, Evermore flowing for thee,

The bright crystal fountain of mercy, so free, Is flowing for thee. . . .
 Is flowing for thee.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

"Lo! I am with you alway."—Matt. 28: 20.

ANON.

ARR. FROM THE ENGLISH.

1. I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake;
 2. When the storm is raging round thee, Call on me in humble prayer,
 3. When the sky above is glowing, And around thee all is bright;

I will guard, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mercy's sake.
 I will fold my arms about thee, Guard thee with the tend'rest care.
 Pleas-ure like a riv-er flow-ing, All things tending to de-light,

Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On-ly all my counsel take,
 In the tri - al, in the tri - al, I will make thy pathway clear,
 I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps aright.

For I'll never, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake.

4 When the soul is dark and clouded,
 Filled with doubt, and grief, and care;
 Thro' the mist by which 'tis shrouded,
 I will make a light appear,
 And the banners, and the banners
 Of my love I will uprear,
 For I'll never, never leave thee,
 I will never thee forsake.

5 When thy feeble frame is dying,
 And thy soul about to soar,
 To that land where pain and sighing
 Shall be heard and known no more;
 I will teach thee, I will teach thee,
 To rejoice that life is o'er,
 For I'll never, never leave thee,
 I will never thee forsake.

H. L. FRISBIE.

H. L. FRISBIE.

1. We are out on the wide storm-y o - cean, Toss'd and
 2. Tho' we rude-ly are torn by the tem - pest, Beat a-
 3. See the bea - con his great love has light - ed, As it

rent by the fierce chill-ing blast; But each roll of the wave
 bout by the wild, an - gry wave; We can trust, in the storm,
 shin - eth our frail bark to guide; Just be-yond there is rest

bears us on - ward To the safe heav'nly har - bor at last.
 to the Pi - lot, For we know he is might - y to save.
 sure and bless - ed, For the har - bor is close by its side.

CHORUS.

In the har - - bor, in the har - - bor, We shall
 In the har - bor, the sweet, heav'nly har - bor of rest,

SAFE HARBOR. Concluded.

an-chor by and by; We will brave the wild storm, There is
by and by;

light in the west, We shall an-chor there by and by, (by and by.)

295

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place, O! I would rath-er stay
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sin-ners such as I;
CHO.—The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, O! 'tis the place I love,

With-in its walls a child of grace Than spend my hours in play.
O! what has all the world be-side, That I should prize so high.
For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.

4 And welcome then the Sunday-school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.

"Arise, he calleth thee.—Mark 10: 49.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O, why do you tar - ry so
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de -
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striving with -
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har - vest is pass - ing a -

long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to give you A
 lay? There's no one to save you but Jes - sus, There's
 in? O, why not ac - cept his sal - va - tion, And
 way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you, There's

place in his sanc - ti - fied through.
 no oth - er way but his way. Why not, why not, Why not
 throw off thy bur - den of sin.
 dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

come to him now? Why not, why not, Why not come to him now?

By permission of John Church & Co.

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad;
 2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer;
 3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand,
 4. There with hap - py chil - dren Robed in snow - y white,

He will give me pleas - ure, When my heart is sad.
 He will love me dear - ly — He my sins did bear.
 He will kind - ly lead me To a bet - ter land.
 I shall see my Sav - iour, In that world so bright.

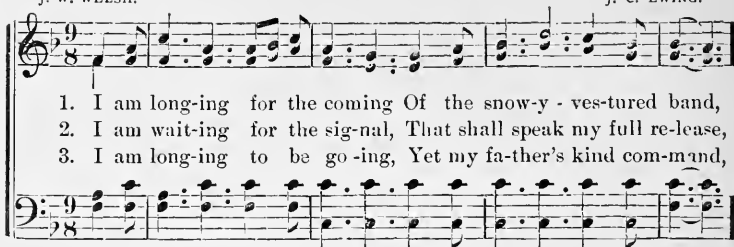
CHORUS.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py I shall be;

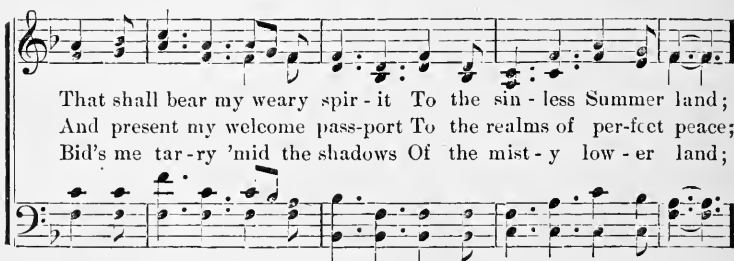
He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

J. W. WELSH.

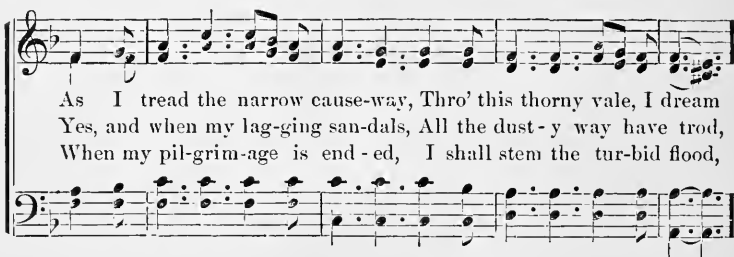
J. C. EWING.



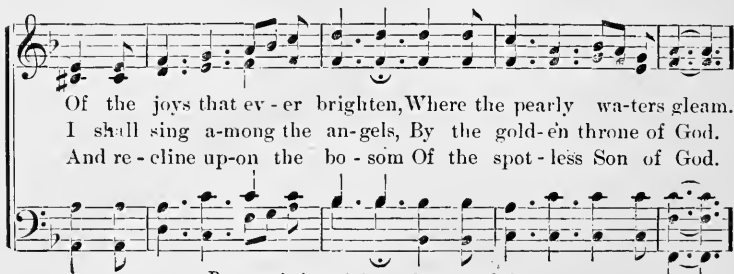
1. I am long-ing for the coming Of the snow-y - ves-tured band,
 2. I am wait-ing for the sig-nal, That shall speak my full re-lease,
 3. I am long-ing to be go-ing, Yet my fa-ther's kind com-mand,



That shall bear my weary spir-it To the sin-less Summer land;
 And present my welcome pass-port To the realms of per-fect peace;
 Bid's me tar-ry 'mid the shadows Of the mist-y low-er land;



As I tread the narrow cause-way, Thro' this thorny vale, I dream
 Yes, and when my lag-ging san-dals, All the dust-y way have trod,
 When my pil-grim-age is end-ed, I shall stem the tur-bid flood,



Of the joys that ev-er brighten, Where the pearly wa-ters gleam.
 I shall sing a-mong the an-gels, By the gold-én throne of God.
 And re-cline up-on the bo-som Of the spot-less Son of God.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

LONGING FOR HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am long - ing for the coming Of the snow - y-vestured band,
I am longing for the coming Of the snowy-vestured band,

That shall bear my weary spir-it To the sin - less Summer-land.
That shall bear my weary spirit To the sinless Summer-land.

299 Home of the Soul.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,

Its bright, jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes

Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great Tree of Life in its beauty doth grow.

And the River of Life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,

And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,

So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,

To meet one another again!

MRS. E. H. GATES.

300 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return sweet hour of prayer.:

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share:

Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;

And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.:

W. W. WALFORD.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

R. C. WARD.

1. Down the wonder-ful tide of the riv-er of time The
 2. For the Sav-iour of men is as dear to our hearts, As
 - 3. For he came from the throne of his glo-ry di-vine, To

ti-dings of gladness are rolled; And we listen with joy to the
 once in the a-ges of old; And his blessing and grace still to
 gather the lambs to the fold; And he dwells in the hearts that his

sto-ry sub-lime, Whose beauty can nev-er be told.
 us he im-parts, His good-ness can nev-er be told.
 im-age en-shrine, His mer-cy can nev-er be told.

CHORUS.

O the height and the depth of his won-der-ful love Can

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IT CAN NEVER BE TOLD. C ncluded.

nev - er, no, nev - er be told! For he came from the joy of his

king - dom a - bove, To gath - er the lambs to the fold.

302

HIXON. C. M.

H. DONAR.

R. C. WARD.

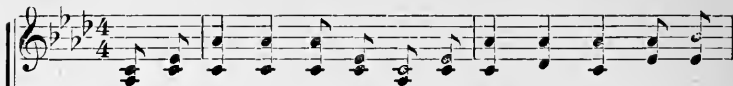
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Behold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
 I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.
 The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.

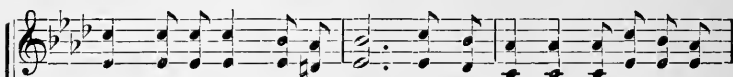
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REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

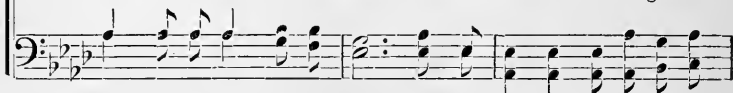
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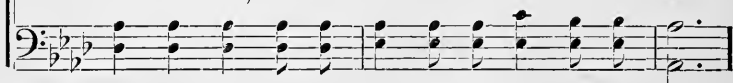
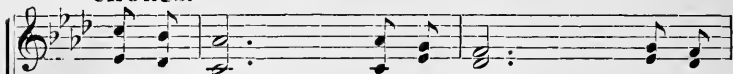
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the



grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

**CHORUS.**

Are you washed in the blood, In the
 Are you washed in the blood,



By permission.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Concluded.

soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?

Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

304

BRADFORD. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; He lives, who once was dead;
2. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave, At God's right hand on high,
3. He lives, that I may al - so live, And now his grace proclaim;
4. Let strains of heavenly music rise, While all their an-them sing

To me in grief he comfort gives; With peace he crowns my head.
My ransomed soul to keep and save, To bless and glo - ri - fy.
He lives, that I may hon-or give To his most ho - ly name.
To Christ, my precious sac-ri - fice, And ev - er - liv - ing King.

M. E. SERVOSS.

J. C. EWING.

Subdued.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus hears Each simple, earnest,
 2. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus cheers The troubled soul by
 3. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus guides Tho' dark the night and
 4. 'Tis sweet to know that in that home, That grand e - ter - nal

trust-ing prayer, And feel in' ev - ry hour of need His
 sin op-pressed, For-gives re - pent - ant hearts that ask, And
 long the way, And that no harm can come to me, Or
 rest - ing-place, Our souls shall dwell in per - fect peace, When

CHORUS.
 tender, loving, watchful care.
 bids the wea-ry seek his rest. 'Tis sweet to know that he is
 aught my trusting heart dismay. 'Tis sweet to know
 we shall see him face to face.

near, And sweeter still that he will
 that he is near, And sweeter still

'TIS SWEET TO KNOW. Concluded.

hear, . . . 'Tis sweet to know . . . that he is near, . . .
 that he will hear, 'Tis sweet to know that he is near,

Rit.
 And sweeter still that he will hear.
 And sweeter still that he will hear.

306

Anointing.

HENDON. 7.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

MALAN.

1. Trusting in the promise, Lord, Of thy never - failing word, To the
 2. Fountain of all tender - ness! In our hour of deep distress, Let the
 3. O thou great Physician! bring Comfort to the sorrow-ing; Heal the
 4. Grace and faith and hope impart To the faint and failing heart, While the

throne of grace we bear All our grief and pain and care, All our grief and pain and care.
 beams of light divine On our darkened pathway shine, On our darkened pathway shine.
 sick, and ever shed Oil of gladness on his head, Oil of gladness on his head.
 clouds of anguish lower, Lord, display thy matchless power, Lord, display thy matchless power.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Deut. 11: 31. 8: 7, 8.

J. R. MURRAY.

Not too fast, but earnestly.

1. With his dear and lov-ing care, Will Je - ho - vah lead us on,
 2. Through the rocky wilder-ness, Will Je - ho - vah lead us on,
 3. With his strong and mighty hand, Will Jeho - vah lead us on,
 4. In the Promised Land to be, Will Je - ho - vah lead us on,

To the hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor - dan?
 To the land we shall pos - sess, O - ver Jor - dan?
 To that good and pleas - ant land, O - ver Jor - dan?
 Till fair Ca - naan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan?

Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet,
 Yes, by night the wondrous ray, Cloud - y pil - lar by the day,
 Yes! where vine and olive grow, And the brooks and fountains flow,
 Yes! to dwell with thee, at last, Guide and lead us, as thou hast,

When the peace - ful shore we greet, O - ver Jor - dan.
 They shall guide us on our way, O - ver Jor - dan.
 Thirst nor hun - ger shall we know, O - ver Jor - dan.
 Till the part - ed wave be passed, O - ver Jor - dan.

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OVER JORDAN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll rest our weary feet,

By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan, O - ver

Jor - dan, When the peaceful shore we greet, O - ver Jor - dan.

308

NEAR THE CROSS.

1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

1. The fields are white with the ripened grain, O, where are the reapers?
 2. O, who will now for the Master glean, O, where are the reapers?
 3. Sure you must work if a crown you gain, O, where are the reapers?
 4. O, would you sheaves to the store-house bear? O, join with the reapers!

There's work to do on the o - pen plain—O, where are the reap-ers?
 O, who will reap where the grain is seen? O, where are the reap-ers?
 Sure you must reap if with Christ you reign—O, where are the reap-ers?
 O, would you stand with the reapers there? O, join with the reap-ers!

CHORUS.

O, where are the reapers to - day, O, where are the reapers to -

day? O, who is read - y to gar - ner the grain, Now

ripe and waiting all o - ver the plain? O, where are the reapers?

THE BRETHREN HYMNODY.

PART III.

310

Praise the Lord, ye Heavens adore Him

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

PEREZ.

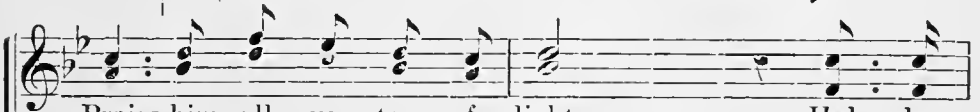
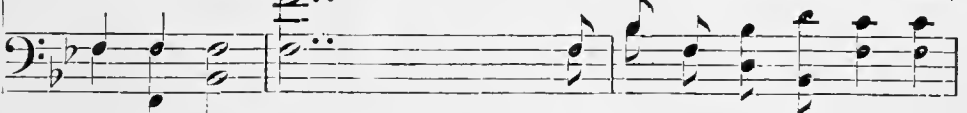
ANON.



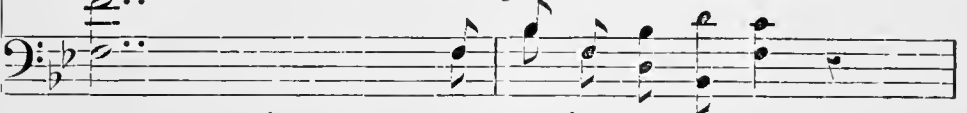
1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens a - dore him! Praise him, an - gels
2. Praise the Lord! for he hath spo - ken, Worlds his might - y



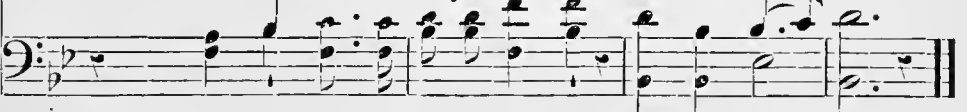
in the height! Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Sun and moon re-joice be - fore him;
voice obeyed; Laws, which never shall be bro - ken,
Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken,



Praise him all ye stars of light. Hal - le -
Praise him all ye stars of light.
For their guidance he hath made.
For their guidance he hath made.



lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men, A - men, A - men.



3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

311 LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING.

SUITABLE FOR THANKSGIVING AND HARVEST HOME.

GEO. J. WEBB.

Maestoso.

1. { Let every heart rejoice and sing, Let cho - ral anthems rise; }
 { Ye rev'rend men and children, bring To God your sac - ri - fice; }
 2. { He bids the sun to rise and set, In heaven his power is known; }
 { And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne. }

For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways;

With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise,

While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING. Concluded.

glo-rious anthem raise: Let each pro-long The grateful song, And the

God of our fa-thers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

312

O Speed Thee, Christian.

CLARENDON. C. M.

ANON.

ISAAC TUCKER,

1. O speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor cling;
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An upward race to run,
3. The shield of faith re-pels the dart That Satan's hand may throw;
4. The glowing lamp of prayer will light Thee on thy anx-ious road;

With gird-ed loins the call o - bey That grace and mer-cy bring.
A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won.
His ar-row can not reach thy heart, If Christ con - trol the bow.
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight, And guide thee to thy God.

"He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.—John 15: 5.

A. L. WARING.

MENDELSSOHN. ARR. BY J. H. F.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
 2. Wherev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

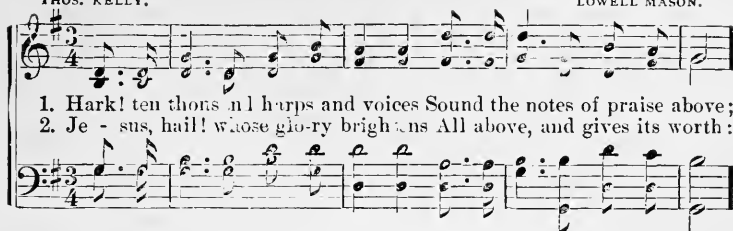
And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
 My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
 My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free,

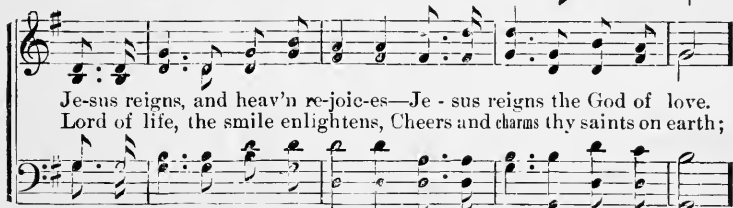
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
 He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.
 My Sav - iour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

THOS. KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark! ten thous and harps and voices Sound the notes of praise above;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry brightens All above, and gives its worth:



Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es—Je - sus reigns the God of love.
Lord of life, the smile enlightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;



See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
See, he sits Jesus rules the world alone.
When we think of love like thine; Lord, we own it love di-vine.
When we think Lord, we own it love di-vine.



Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory, glory to our King!

"As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

S. B. COULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
 3. On-ward, then, ye people; Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one body we;
 In the triumph-song. Glory, laud, and hon-or, Unto Christ, the King,

CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See his banners go.
 One in hope and doctrine, One in ehar-i - ty. Onward, Christian soldiers!
 This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ARR. FROM HAYDN'S "CREATION."

1. The heav'ns de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry
 2. Sun, moon, and stars con - vey thy praise Round the whole
 3. Nor shall thy spreading gos - pel rest, Till through the
 4. Great Sun of Rightous - ness a - rise, Bless the dark

star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word,
 earth, and nev - er stand; So when thy truth be - gan its race,
 world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the na - tions blest
 world with heav'nly light; Thy gos - pel makes the sim - ple wise,

We read thy name in fair - er lines; But when our
 It touched and glanced on ev - 'ry land; So when thy
 That see the light, or feel the sun; Till Christ has
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right; Thy gos - pel

eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
 truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev'ry land.
 all the na - tions blest That see the light, or feel the sun.
 makes the sim - ple wise, Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Allegretto.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to

me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end,

In joy, . . . In joy and peace, In joy, . . . In joy and peace,

joy, . . . and peace with thee. Oh, when, thou

cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend:
Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy court as -

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. Continued.

Where con-gre-gations ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no
 cend: Oh, when shall I thy courts,

end? There hap - pier bowers, than E - den's
 thy courts as - cend? There hap-pier bowers,

bloom, No sin nor sor - row know:
 than E - den's bloom, nor sor - row know:

Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on-ward press to
 I onward press to

you, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you. Je-
 you, I onward press

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. Continued.

ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to

me. . . Why should I shrink at pain and

woe, Or feel at death, dis - may? I've Ca - naan's
I've Ca -

good - ly land . . in view, And realms of end - less
naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of endless day

day. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! My soul still pants for
My

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. Concluded.

soul still pants for thee; Then, then shall my la- bors have an end,
thee; Then,

When I . . . thy joys . . . When
When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When

I thy joys shall see, thy thy
thy joys . .

joys shall see. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name

ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

SENTENCE.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

The time should be kept steady and without change throughout this piece.

Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly is the Lord Ho - ly! Ho - ly is the

Lord of Sa - ba - oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo - ry—

Heaven and earth are full of his glory, Blessed is he that cometh in the

name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest!

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-

HOLY-IS THE LORD. Concluded.

san-na, Ho-san-na, in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-

san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, in the

highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na,

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Ho-san-na, Hosan-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-

Bless-ed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,

san na, Ho-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na in the high-est.

f

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be

prais - ed, and great - ly to be prais-ed,

DUET.

In the cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our

God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness, In the mountain of his

f **CHORUS.**

ho - li-ness. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed,
Great is the

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed,

GREAT IS THE LORD. Continued.

DUET.

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed. In the Lord,

Great is the Lord,

cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the

mountain of his ho - li-ness, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness.

f

Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed,

Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the

GREAT IS THE LORD. Concluded.

DUET.

cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the

CHORUS.

mountain of his ho - li - ness, In the mountain of his

ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be

prais - ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the

mountain of his ho - li - ness. A - men, A - men.

320

GLORY TO THE FATHER. Chant.

1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men.

321

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name:
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread:
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a-against us;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - men.

322

COME UNTO ME. Chant.

Matt. 11: 28-30. Rev. 22: 17.

RICHARD FARRANT.

A - men.

- 1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden, || and | I will |
give you | rest.
- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly "
in | heart: || and ye shall find | rest " unto | your— | souls.
- 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden " is | light, || for my yoke is easy, |
and my | burden " is | light.
- 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth "
say, | Come. || And let him that is athirst, Come; and whosoever will, let
him take the | waters " of | life— | freely. | A - | men.

Psalm 23.

LOWELL MASON.



A - men.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. || Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. || Amen.

Psalm 121.

L. V. BEETHOVEN.



- 1 I will lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills, || from whence | com-eth | my— | help.
- 2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || who | made— | heaven and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy | foot " to be | moved; || he that | keepeth " thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep.
- 5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right— | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not | smite thee " by | day, || nor the | moon— | by— | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— | evil; || he | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | com-ing | in || from this time forth, and | even " for | ev-er- | more.

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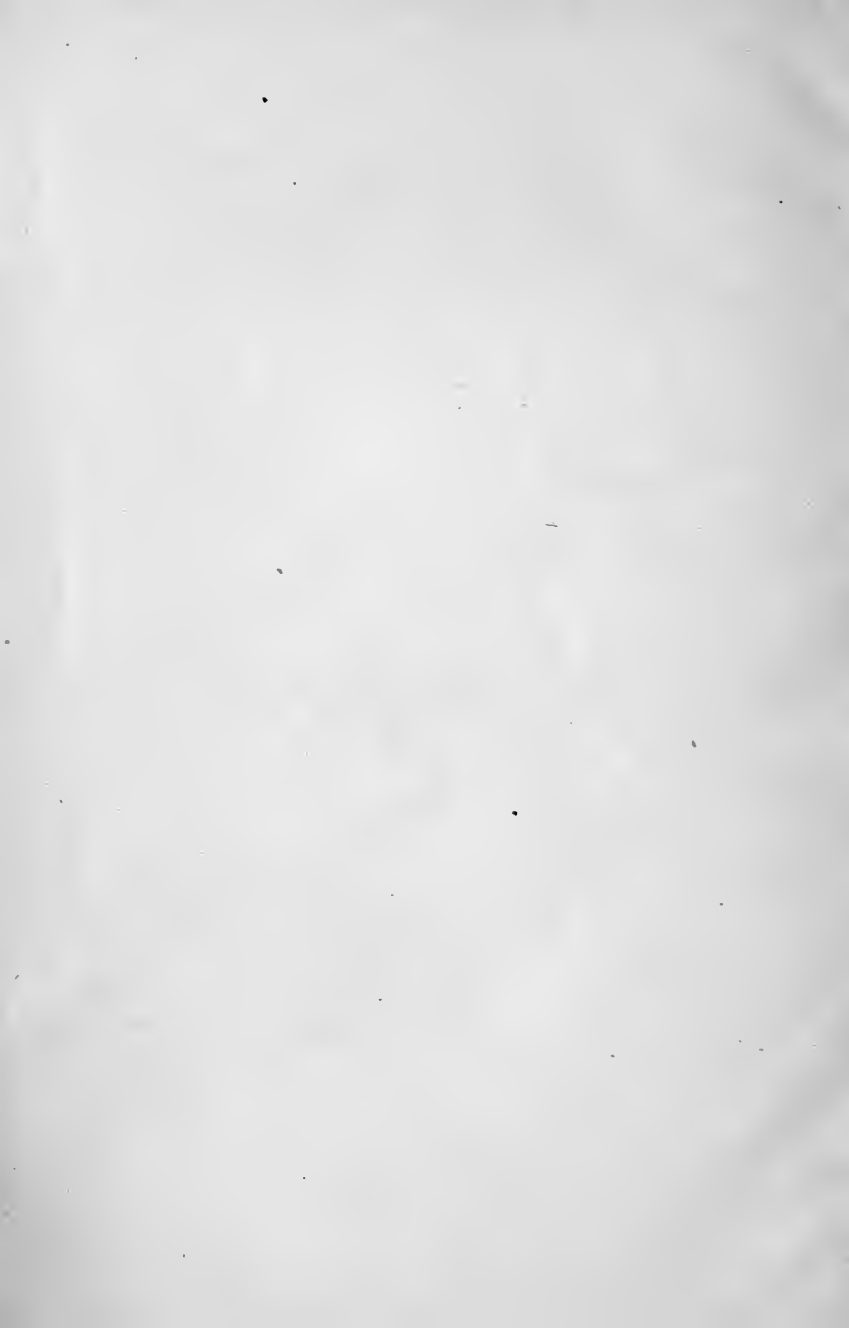
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