

# Chapel Melodies:

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES,

(BOTH OLD AND NEW.)

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

Prayer and Social Meetings and Family Devotion.

Containing, in addition to New Music, Selections from the most Popular Compositions of the late WILLIAM B. BRADBURY and others.

S. J. YAIL AND REV. ROBT LOWRY,  
EDITORS.

New York:

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*W. J. Vail*  
S. J. VAIL and Rev. ROBT LOWRY, Editors.

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NEW YORK:  
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WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

PREFACE.

THIS Book is intended to contribute, in some humble measure, to the spiritual profit of the worshiper in the service of sacred song. It offers, within convenient limits, a choice collection of Christian Melodies, "both old and new." It affords material for the praise spirit of the conference meeting, and the less formal exercises of the home circle. It touches the various phases of spiritual experience, and leads the mind to contemplate truth and duty. It seeks to avoid sterile trivialities, and does not descend to anything that is objectionable. Without overloading its pages with the dead weight of mere typography, it presents a well chosen compilation which, even in protracted use, will not exhaust. While it does not hold in its contracted compass everything that Christians love to sing, it contains no old song that has not won for itself a lodgment among the Lord's people. Its long tested favorites will find a ready welcome, while the new candidates for favor will prove themselves worthy of their companionship. The blessing of the Head of the Church is invoked on this effort to aid the people in their offerings of praise. Both to those who would "sing unto the Lord a new song," and those who "teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," this little book is commended.

# CHAPEL MELODIES.

*John Newton*

MORRIS. 7s.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare; Je- sus loves to answer prayer;  
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos- ses- sion of my breast;

He him- self in- vites thee near,—Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.  
There, thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a ri- val reign.

## No. 1.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,—  
Let me die thy people's death.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Weep - ing will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears,  
2. Work - ing will not save me— Pur - est deeds that I can do,

That could not al - lay my fears Could not wash the sins of years—  
Ho - liest thought and feel - ings too. Can - not form my soul a - new—

## CHORUS.

Weeping will not save me. Je - sus wept and died for me ; Jesus suffered  
Working will not save me.

on the tree ; Je - sus waits to make me free ; He alone can save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—  
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie ;  
In my ear is mercy's cry ;  
If I wait I can but die—  
Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—  
Let me trust thy weeping Son,  
Trust the work that he has done ;  
To his arms, Lord, help me run—  
Faith in Christ will save me.

1. I have heard of a place o - ver there, Where Jesus, my Saviour doth  
2. I have friends that have gone over there, And I hope to rejoin them a -

reign; There will be no more death, over there, Neither sighing, nor sorrow, nor gain; How delightful to meet o - ver there, And with loved ones forever re -

## CHORUS.

pain. O, I have a home over there, over there, Where Jesus my Saviour doth  
main.

reign, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful place ov - er there, ov - er there, ov - er

there, over there, ov - er there.

beau - ti - ful place ov - er there.

- 3 There are angels that sing over there—  
How pleasant their singing must be;  
There are crowns for the faithful to wear,  
And I trust there's a bright one for me. *Cho.*
- 4 There are mansions for all over there  
For the poor and the homeless below;  
There is room for the world over there,  
And my Saviour invites all to go. *Cho.*

## I AM THINKING OF HOME.

Words by MARY F. KIBBY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."—John xiv. 2.

*Not too fast.*

1. I am think-ing of home, of my Fa-ther's house, Where the

ma - ny bright man-sions be; Of the cit - y whose streets are all

cov-er'd with gold, Of its jas - per walls pure and fair to be-hold, Which the

righteous a-lone ev-er see. Oh, home! sweet home! sweet home! I am  
Oh, home, sweet home!

think-ing and long-ing for home; Be - yond the pearl-y gate, Man - y



# I AM THINKING OF HOME. Concluded.

7

man - sions wait For the wear - y ones who jour - ney home.

4.

2. I am thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there,  
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King,

Dearest friends who have gone before;  
And of mercy so costly, so free.

With whom we went down to the death-river's side,  
4. I am thinking of home! yes, of "home, sweet home;"

And so sadly thought as we watch'd by the tide,  
May we all in that home unite  
Of the thrice happy mornings of yore.  
With the white-covered throng, and exultingly raise

3. I am thinking of home; I am homesick  
To the triune God, sweetest anthems of praise,  
And my spirit doth long to be [now,  
Singing glory, and honor, and might.

In the far better land, where the saints ever sing

# LET ME BE THINE. Words and Music by W. BENNETT.

1st.

2d.

FINE.

5 1. { Thine, Lord, O may I be, Teach me Thy will,  
Draw my cold heart to Thee, [omr. ....] With rapt-ure thrill,  
My troubled spir - it cheer, ..... Say, "Peace, be still."

D. C.

Ban - ish my guilt - y fear, Dry ev - ery bit - ter tear,

2. Keep me in danger's hour  
Near to Thy side,  
On me Thy spirit pour,  
With me abide,  
Bid every doubt depart,  
Fully possess my heart,  
Mine be that better part,  
In Thee to hide.

3. Thus shall I sweetly prove,  
While here below,  
Thy tender dying love,  
Thee truly know.  
And when my work is done,  
When I the race have run,  
May glory's crown be won,  
Sweet rest with Thee.

1st ending 2d ending.

**G.**

1. { We shall meet no more to sever, By-and-by, by-and-by;  
And the darkness will be over, (OMN.)..... By-and-by, by-and-by. }

2. { Done with all of earth's delusion, By-and-by, by-and-by;  
War, and strife, and sin's confusion, (OMN.)..... By-and-by, by-and-by. }

With the toil-some journey done, And the glorious battle won, We shall shine forth  
We shall rest our pilgrim feet On the shores where loved ones meet, There to dwell in

CHORUS.

as the sun, By- and-by, by- and-by, We shall meet no more to sever  
bliss complete, By- and-by, by- and-by. We shall meet, &c.

By-and-by, by-and-by; And the darkness will be over, By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus.  
 By-and-by, by-and-by:  
 He a crown of life will give us,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.  
 And the angels who fulfil  
 All the mandates of his will,  
 Shall attend and love us still,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.  
 We shall meet, &c.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 And with crowns of dazling brightness,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.  
 There our storms and perils passed,  
 And with glory ours at last,  
 We'll possess the kingdom vast,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.  
 We shall meet, &c.

## SAVE ME.

7. 1. { Prostrate, dear Je - sus, at thy feet A guil - ty re - bel lies  
 And up - ward to the mer - cy - seat Presumes to lift his eyes.  
 2. { If tears of sor - row would suffice To pay the debt I owe,  
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes In ceaseless tor - rents flow,

## CHORUS.

Cry - ing save me, save me! Blessed Je - sus save me! Crying save me,

3. But no such sacrifice I plead  
 To expiate my guilt;  
 No tears but those which thou hast shed—  
 No blood, but thou hast spilt. *Chorus.*  
 4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
 And all my sins forgive!  
 Justice will well approve the word  
 That bids the sinner live. *Chorus.*

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

8. 1. Above the waves of earthly strife, Above the ills and cares of  
2. Where living foun - tains sweetly flow, Where buds and flowers im - mor - tal

life, Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair; My home is there, my home is there.  
grow, Where trees their fruits celestial bear; My home is there, my home is there.

## CHORUS.

My beau - ti - ful home, . . . . My beau - ti - ful home, . . . . In the  
My beauti - ful home, . . . . My beauti - ful home In the

land, Where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels  
land, Where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels,

bright, .. wear crowns of light, ... My home is there, my home is there.

angels bright, Wear crowns, wear crowns of light,

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,  
 Away from worldly loss and gain,  
 From all temptation, tears and care;  
 My home is there, my home is there.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,  
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour waits,  
 Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;  
 My home is there, my home is there.

STEPHENS. C. M.

W. JONES.

9. 1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;  
 2. My dy - ing Sa - viour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,

This all my hope and all my plea,—For me the Saviour died.  
 Sprinkle me ev - er 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 Th' atonement of thy blood apply.  
 Till faith to sight improve;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

G. W.

10 1. There is a realm where Je - sus reigns, A home of grace and love, Where  
2. There sons of earth will join to bless The precious Saviour's name. Clothed

CHORUS.

angels wait with sweetest strains, To greet the saints above. They'll sing their welcome  
in his perfect righteousness. And saved from sin and shame.

home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me, The angels will stand on the

FINE D. S.

heavenly strand, And sing their welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home! The

3 Yet all, alas! may not be there,  
For some will slight his grace,  
Though now he calls, they do not care  
To turn and seek his face. *Cho.*

4 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,  
And I will give you rest;"  
The angels wait their melody,  
To greet you with the blest. *Ch*

11.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree ; To  
2. Did' Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pi - ty me? Pi - ty me? And

ev - ery nation he is cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me ; He  
did he snatch my soul from ru - in? Can it be? Can it be? Oh,

bids the guil - ty now draw near, Re - pent, believe, dis - miss their fear. Hark !  
yes, he did sal - va - tion bring ; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King ; And

hark ! what precious words I hear, Mer - cy's free, Mer - cy's free !  
now my hap - py soul can sing, Mer - cy's free, Mer - cy's free !

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes ;  
Mercy's free ! Mercy's free !  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, Unto me.  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While thro' this wilderness I rove,  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free ! Mercy's free !

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
"Mercy's free ! Mercy's free !"  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
"Mercy's free ! Mercy's free !"  
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
"Mercy's free ! Mercy's free !"

W. U. BUTCHER. By permission.

1. 2. 1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly,  
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and by.

When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown, In that beautiful land on high.  
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land, &c.

CHORUS.— *Cheerfully.*

In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be, From earth and its caresses free; My

Je - sus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Then why should I fear to die,  
When death is the way, to the realms of  
day.  
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

4 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;  
And methinks I now see them waiting  
for me,  
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*



# BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH. Concluded. 15

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>5 There's a beautiful land on high,<br/>Where I never shall weep or sigh ;<br/>For my Father hath said no tear shall be<br/>shed<br/>In that beautiful land on high. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>6 There's a beautiful land on high,<br/>Where we never shall say "good bye ;"<br/>Where the righteous shall sing, and their<br/>chorus will ring<br/>In that beautiful land on high. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|

## COME THOU FOUNT.

Arranged by WM. B. BRADBURY.

13.1 { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace. }  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }

**CHORUS.**

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah, I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love

Je - sus, he's my Sa - viour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,<br/>Sung by flaming tongues above ;<br/>Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it ;<br/>Mount of thy redeeming love. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,<br/>Wand'ring from the fold of God ;<br/>He, to rescue me from danger,<br/>Interposed his precious blood. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 O! to grace how great a debtor<br/>Daily I'm constrained to be !<br/>Let thy goodness like a fetter,<br/>Bind my wand'ring heart to thee : <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—<br/>Prone to leave the God I love ;<br/>Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;<br/>Seal it for thy courts above. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

Robert Robinson.

Words by WM. O. CUSHING.

DR. T. HASTINGS. Arranged by S. J. VAIL.

1-4. 1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long; Now I

think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gels welcome song, Oh, I

see the dawn is breaking On the hill - tops of the blest, "Where the

wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest.

2 Far away beyond the shadows  
Of this weary vale of tears,  
There the tide of bliss is sweeping  
Thro' the bright and changeless years;  
O! I long to be with Jesus,  
In the mansions of the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,  
From the calm and quiet shore,  
And they soon will bear my spirit  
Where the weary sigh no more;  
For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
And I long to greet the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest."

# ON THE OTHER SHORE.

17

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise—God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect, Heb. x. chap. 39 & 40 verses.

Words by DR. A. HILL.

S. J. VAIL.

15. 1. On the oth - er shore they're waiting, 'Till the last be - liev - er comes,  
2. Waiting thro' the dim long a - ges, With in - creas - ing joy and love,

In ex - pec - tan - cy their wait - ing, In their bright ce - les - tial homes.  
Ho - ly Prophets, christian sa - ges, In their bless - ed homes a - bove.  
They are waiting—yes, they're waiting Till the last be - liev - er comes.

FINE.

CHORUS.

They are waiting—yes, they're waiting, In their bright ce - les - tial homes,

D. S.

3.

Waiting for the new creation,  
And the coronation day,  
And the final consummation,  
And the universal sway.  
They are waiting, &c.

4.

O, what rapture—O, what singing!  
When these blissful spirits meet,  
As most tenderly they're clinging,  
To the dear Redeemer's feet.  
They are waiting, &c.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

Music by J. P. ORDWAY.

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me; I love to think the time will

come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bi-ding cit-y here; I

seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrimage be drear, I know there's rest at home.

16.

2.

3.

Heavenly home! heavenly home!  
 There no clouds arise,  
 No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim  
 Thy ever-smiling skies.  
 This earthly home is fair and bright,  
 Yet clouds will often come;  
 And oh! I long to see the light  
 That gilds my heavenly home.

Heavenly home! heavenly home!  
 Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,  
 Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,  
 For all is peace at home.  
 I know I ne'er shall worthy be  
 To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;  
 But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,  
 And now he calls me home.

# WHERE DO YOU JOURNEY?

19

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

S. J. VAIL.

1st time SOLO, 2d time DUETT.



1. { Oh! where do you journey my brother, Oh! where do you journey I pray? And  
 { We're journeying onward to Ca-naan, Through suff'ring and trial and care, And



where do you journey my sis - ter, For storm-y and dark is the way? }  
 when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, Oh! say shall we meet you all there? }

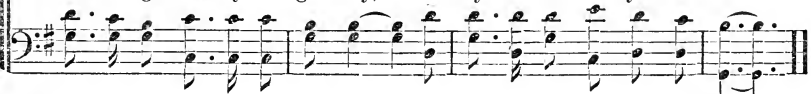
CHORUS.



Oh! say shall we meet you all there? Oh! say shall we meet you all there? And



when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, Oh! say shall we meet you all there?



17.

2.

3.

Oh! what is your mission, my brother,

Oh! what is your mission below?

And what is your mission, my sister,

As journeying onward you go?

Our mission is practicing mercy,

Sweet charity, patience, and love,

And following the footsteps of Jesus

That lead to the mansions above!

Cho.—Oh! say shall we, &c.

Oh! yes, you will meet us, my brother,

God keep us from weakness and sin,

And bearing the cross, we, my sister,

The crown we'll endeavor to win.

We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,

Through suffering, and trials, and care,

And when you get safely to glory

You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!

Cho.—Oh! yes, you will meet, &c.

S. J. VAIL.

18. 1. Sin - ful wanderer! cease to roam, Hark! thy Fa - ther calls thee home!

Je - sus waits thy soul to save, Now He bids thee mer - cy crave,  
d. s. Wilt thou not with so - lemn vow, Yield to God, thy Saviour Now?

Now the Spirit's help is given Thee to draw from earth to heaven;

2.

Tho' repulsed so oft before,  
Still he knocketh at the door,  
Bearing gifts untold divine:  
Treasures which may now be thine."  
Wilt thou rudely from thee send  
Such a generous patient Friend?  
Still he waiteth—wilt not thou  
Welcome, worship, serve him. Now?

3.

Be thy guilt however great,  
Now be saved—'tis not too late;  
Yet beware! for mercy's day  
Soon, ah, soon will pass away.  
Time will bear thee swiftly o'er  
Life's receding, fading shore;  
Now secure the promised rest,  
Be in Christ forever blest.

## 19. SELF-DISTRUST.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,—  
 Off it causes anxious thought,—  
 Do I love the Lord, or no?  
 Am I his, or am I not?  
 If I love, why am I thus?  
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
 Who have never heard his name.
- 2 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mixed with all I do;  
 You that love the Lord indeed,  
 Tell me, is it thus with you?

- Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
 Should I grieve for what I feel,  
 If I did not love at all?
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case;  
 Thou, who art thy people's sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.  
 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray;  
 If I have not loved before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON

## BE STILL MY HEART. L. M.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares; They  
 2. Brought safely by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear? How  
 cast dis-hon-or on thy Lord, And contra-dict his gracious word.  
 canst thou want if he provide, Or lose thy way with such a guide.

20. 3 Did ever trouble yet befall  
 And he refuse to hear thy call?  
 And has he not his promise past  
 That thou shalt overcome at last.


- 4 He who has helped thee hitherto,  
 Will help thee all thy journey through,  
 And give thee daily cause to raise  
 New Ebenezers to his praise.

# 22 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. REV. R. LOWRY.

*Cheerfully.*

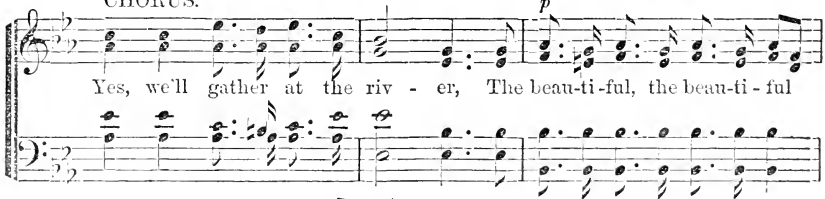


21. 1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have  
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver

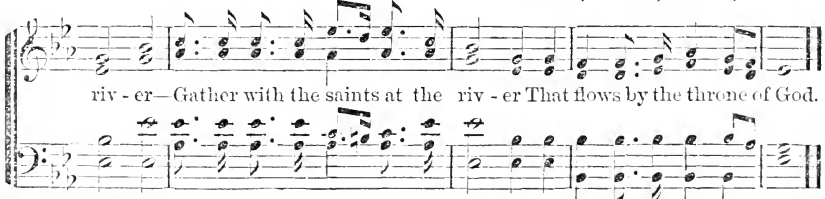


trod; With its crystal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?  
spray, We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.

## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful



riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,  
Where the Saviour-king we own,  
We shall meet, and sorrow never  
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,  
Rippling with the Saviour's face,  
Saints, whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,  
Soon our happy hours will quiet  
With the melody of Peace.



# THE FARTHER SHORE.

S. J. VAIL.

23

1. When we pass through yon-der riv - er, When we reach the far-ther shore,

There's an end of war for - ev - er; We shall see our foes no more:

All our con - flicts then shall cease, All our con - flicts then shall cease,

*Rit.*  
Fol - low'd by e - ter - nal peace.

22.

2.

After warfare, rest is pleasant:  
O how sweet the prospect is!  
Though we toil and strive at present,  
Let us not repine at this;  
||:Toil, and pain, and conflict past, :||  
All endear repose at last.

3.

When we gain the heavenly regions,  
When we touch the heavenly shore—  
Blessed thought—no hostile legions  
Can alarm or trouble more:  
||:Far beyond the reach of foes, :||  
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4.

O that hope; how bright, how glorious!  
'Tis his people's blest reward;  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord:  
||:In his kingdom they shall rest, :||  
In his love be fully blest.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

23. 1. Oh, Jesus, precious bleeding Lamb, My spir - it longs for thee; My waiting  
2. In that bright world of love and light, That cit - y of our God; I know a

## CHORUS.

in the  
soul on wings of love, From this vain world would flee. Oh! I'm glad there's a mansion  
glo-rious welcome waits, Each lov-er of the Lord!

sky, Where my soul may be happy when I die, I'm glad, I'm glad, Oh, I'm  
I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad,

glad there's a mansion in the sky.

- 3 The vain pursuits of this short life,  
How weak and frail they seem;  
When from my blessed home above,  
I catch one shining gleam! *Cho.*
- 4 If I'm a lover of the Lord,  
And to his footstool come;  
I know He'll send his angels down,  
To guide me safely home. *Cho.*



24.

- 1 If to Jesus for relief  
My soul has fled by prayer,  
Why should I give way to grief,  
Or heart-consuming care?  
Are not all things in his hand?  
And has he not his promise passed?  
Will he then regardless stand,  
And let me sink at last?
- 2 While I know his providence  
Disposes each event,  
Shall I judge by feeble sense,  
And yield to discontent?  
Sparrows if he kindly feed,  
And verdure, clothe in rich array,  
Can he see a child in need,  
And turn his eyes away?
- 3 When his name was quite unknown,  
And sin my life employed;  
Then he watched me as his own,  
Or I had been destroyed;  
Now his mercy-seat I know,  
And now, by grace, am reconciled;  
Would he spare me while a foe,  
To leave me when a child?
- 4 If he shed his precious blood  
To bring me to his fold,  
Can I think that meaner good  
He ever will withhold?  
Vain the tempter's dark device!

For here my hope rests well assured,  
In that great redemption price  
I see the whole secured.

25. *Humility and Contrition.*

- 1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wand'ring sheep;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain like Peter weep.  
Let me be by grace restored;  
On me be all long suffering shown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love.  
The humble, contrite heart:  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of thy grief unknown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,  
The gracious wonder show;  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow;  
If thy bowels now are stir'd,  
If now I do myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

26.

1. The Lord of the house has made a feast, And his ta - ble is rich - ly spread,
2. His house is not full, he calls a - gain, And his servants are sent for more ;
3. "Compel them to come," he cries to - day, For his pal - ace is o - pen still ;

His vi - ands are sweet, and sav - ors rise, While his ban - ner is 'ov - er - head ;  
 They come with a pressing call for you, And their knocking is at your door ;  
 He looks on the wear - y, lone, and lost, And he tells of his own good - will ;

He calls to the sons of men to come, From the streets and the lanes between ;  
 There's room enough yet for all to come, For the Mas - ter is still se - re - ne ;  
 "If any man thirst, come in and drink," Is the mes - sage where men are seen ;

And he wants us arrayed in shining robes, Like the purified, white and clean.

# WEDDING GARMENT. Concluded. 27

CHORUS.

His guests must appear in wedding dress, Their garments no spot be - fall ; Their

words and their walk must ev - er con - fess The Lord is their all in all.

J. P. ELLIS.

## ALWAYS WITH US.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Always with us, always with us— Words of cheer and words of love ;  
2. With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow - ing much and reaping none ;

Thus the ris - en Sav - iour whispers, From His dwelling - place a - bove.  
Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture Gol - den har - vests shall be sown.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream ;  
Lighting up the steps to glory,  
With salvation's radiant beam.

1. { O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, And  
When shall I be de - liv-ered, From this vain world of sin, And

CHORUS.

from the flowing fountain Drink ev - er - last-ing love! }  
with my blessed Je - sus Drink end-less pleasure in? } Then palms of

vic - to - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry we shall wear.

28.

2. But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders,  
And bids me not give o'er;  
And, if I hold out faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Shall ever with him live.
- 3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer, though I die;  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I fly,

Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu:  
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

- 4 Where'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love;  
And when the combat's ended,  
You'll reign with him above.

# THE HEAVENLY LAND.

29

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY"—*Hebrews XI, 16.*

29. 1. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed angels are;  
 2. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where my Redeem-er reigns,  
 3. I love to think of the heavenly land, The saints e - ter - nal home,

Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and care.  
 Where rapturous songs of tri-umph rise In end - less, joy - ous strains.  
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.

## REFRAIN.

There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting, There'll

be no part - ing there.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 The greetings there we'll meet,  
 The harps—the songs forever ours—  
 The walks—the golden streets.  
 There'll be no, &c.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 That promised land so fair,  
 O, how my raptured spirit longs  
 To be forever there!  
 There'll be no &c.

1st. ....

1. { I'm bound for the land of the liv-ing, O hin-der me not on my  
The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me, (OMIT. ....)

..... | 2d. .... | CHORUS.  
way ; } That her-alds e - ter - ni - ty's day. There's a hap-py home be-

yond this world of care; A home a - bove, where all is love,

And the good shall all meet there; A home a - bove, where

all is love, And the good shall all meet there.



30. 2.  
The flowers that bloom in my pathway  
Breathe odors that waft me right on;  
They lure me no longer to tarry,  
But welcome earth's time to be gone.

3.  
I'm waiting the summons that bids me  
No longer a pilgrim to roam,  
But, leaving the past in this death-land,  
Make the land of the living my home.

4.  
The land of the living is yonder;  
There life to its fullness has grown;  
There sin and temptation and sorrow,  
And sickness and death are unknown.

5.  
There the songs of redemption are chanted,  
By a holy, harmonious band;  
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,  
And fly to my home in that land?

JESUS PAID IT ALL. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Nothing, eith-er great or small, Remains for me to do; Je - sus  
2. When he from his lof-ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev - ery  
3. Wear-y, work-ing, plodding on, Oh, wherefore toil you so? Cease your

CHORUS.  
died and paid it all,—Yes, all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all, . . .  
thing was fully done; "Tis finished!" was his cry.  
do-ing, all was done; Yes, a - ges long a - go.

Je - sus paid it, paid it all.

All the debt I owe, Jesus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

31. 4.  
Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
Your "doing" ends in death. *Cho.*

5.  
Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
All glorious and complete. *Cho*

1. Dark is many a day be-low, Thick the clouds that hover; Sad is many a  
 2. How the flitting hopes of earth, Hold us in de - ri - sion, When they draw us  
 3. In-ward rolls the bit-ter surge, Drenching hearts with sorrow; Moanful flies the

bosom's throe, 'Neath its sackcloth cov - er; Wintry blasts with cru - el doom,  
 thro' the dearth, To their false E - ly - sian! How the scenes in worldly glare,  
 night-ly dirge Ov - er each to-mor-row; Low the plaint that sad-ly steals

Nip the plants we cher - ish, Buds of rare and sweet perfume  
 Lure to dis - ap - point us, Tempt our steps with vi - sions fair,  
 Ov - er joys en - tomb - ing; Drear the soul that nev - er feels

CHORUS.

Bloom awhile and pe - rish. But, beyond the Jordan's ford, Shines the heavenly  
 And with tears anoint us!  
 Flowers of glo - ry blooming.

por - tal, Where the ransomed of the Lord Pass in joys im - mor - tal.

Musical score for 'Jordan's Ford' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'por - tal, Where the ransomed of the Lord Pass in joys im - mor - tal.'

EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; }  
 { Show'r's the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me. }

Musical score for 'Even Me' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are: '1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; } { Show'r's the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me. }'

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

Musical score for 'Even Me' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are: 'E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.'

33.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
 Sinful though my heart may be;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,  
 Let thy mercy light on me,—  
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
 Let me live and cling to thee;  
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
 Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—  
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou can'st make the blind to see:

Witnesses of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me—  
 Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me,—  
 Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,—  
 Even me.

**3-4.** 1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm wear-y, faint and sore; I'm  
 2. A wear-y path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife, While  
 3. The friends that started with me have en-tered long a-go, For  
 4. They ga-ther with the an-gels that know no grief nor sin; I

wait-ing for the dawn-ing, the open-ing of the door; I'm  
 bear-ing many a bur-den and struggling for my life; But  
 one by one they left me to strug-gle with the foe; Their  
 see them by the por-tals, pre-pared to let me in; O,

wait-ing till the Mas-ter shall bid me rise and come To the  
 now the morn is break-ing, my toil will soon be o'er; I'm  
 pil-grim-age was short-er, their tri-umph soon-er won; How  
 Lord, I wait Thy pleas-ure, Thy time and way are best; I am

CHORUS.

glo-ry of His presence, the glad-ness of His home. O, soon the  
 kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.  
 lov-ing-ly they'll hail me when my earth-toil is done!  
 wast-ed, worn and wear-y; O, Fa-ther, bid me rest!

## WAITING AT THE DOOR. Concluded. 35

door will o - pen and the dawning come! I'm wait-ing at the threshold

of my heaven - ly home; Loved ones be - fore me now

walk the shin-ing floor, And I am wait-ing, wait-ing at the door.

## CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

**35.**

1.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No: there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

2.

How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here;

But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home my crown to wear—  
For there's a crown for me.

36.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan?

What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear!—  
On my pierc - ed bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid;

Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and welcome, sin - ner, come.  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son; Come and welcome, sin - ner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from his house to roam,  
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end,  
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day,  
Up to My eternal home;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

## 37.

1 Blessed are the sons of God;  
They are bought with Jesus' blood;  
They are ransomed from the grave;—  
Life eternal they shall have:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;  
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;  
All their sins are washed away;  
They shall stand in God's great day:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness ;  
They are harmless, meek and mild,  
Holy, blameless, undefiled :  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth, —  
Children of a heavenly birth, —  
One with God, with Jesus one ;  
Glory is in them begun :  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

## ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Weeping soul, no long-er mourn, Je - sus all thy griefs hath borne ; }  
{ View him bleeding on the tree ; Pouring out his life for thee ; }

There thy ev - ery sin he bore, Weeping soul, la - ment no more.

## 38.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid :  
See upon his blameless head  
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,  
Due to my offence and yours ;  
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,  
Find him mighty to redeem ;  
At his feet thy burden lay,  
Look thy doubts and fears away ;  
Now by faith the Son embrace,  
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

## 39.

*Consecration to the Trinity.*

1 Now, O God, thine own I am !  
Now I give thee back thine own :  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
Consecrate to thee alone :  
Thine I live, thrice happy I !  
Happier still if thine I die.

All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think, or speak, or do—  
Take my soul and make it new !

2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers ;  
Take my mind, and heart, and will ;  
All my goods, and all my hours,

3 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done :  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,

Would not detain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger,  
D. S. just be - fore, the shining shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing ov - er. And  
D. S.

## -10-

*Chorus.*

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

For oh! &c.

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

For oh! &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, Come and there's our home,  
For ever, oh! for ever!

For oh! &c.

## -11-

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,  
The name before his wondrous birth  
To Christ, the Saviour, given.

We love to sing of Christ, our King,  
And hail him blessed Jesus;  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,  
When Abram's son they seal'd him;  
The name that still by God's good will,  
Deliverer revealed him.

We love to sing, &c.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,  
They wrote his name above him;  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love him.

We love to sing, &c.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

We love to sing, &c.



## 42. NEW YEAR.

1 We meet you here, our comrades dear,  
With ne'er a shade of sorrow;  
The old year gone, the new comes on,  
With many a glad To-morrow.

*Chorus.*

But when we stand on Canaan's land,  
And glory shines before us,  
To God we'll bring, and ever sing  
Our Hallelujah Chorus.

2 We meet you here, our friends, with cheer,  
A joyous welcome singing;  
With prayer and praise our hearts we raise,  
With all the joy bells ringing.  
But, when we stand, &c.

3 We meet you here, old dying year,  
Thy solemn voice comes o'er us;  
But from thy dust, we humbly trust,  
A better year's before us.  
But when we stand, &c. R. L.

## COME, COME TO JESUS.

Words by Dr. GEO. B. PECK.

H. P. MAIN.

*Tenderly.*

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,  
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,

O wand'-rer ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!  
O slave! e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

## 43.

3 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to lighten thee,  
O burdened! graciously;  
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to give to thee,  
O blind! a vision free;  
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to shelter thee,  
O weary! blessedly;  
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to carry thee,  
O Lamb! so lovingly,  
Come, come to Jesus!

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." John x, 28.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Clouds and darkness round about Thee, For a sea - son veil Thy face ;  
2. O ! re-buke me not in an - ger ; Suf - fer not my faith to fail ;

Still I trust and can - not doubt Thee, Je - sus full of truth and grace ;  
Let not pain, temp - ta - tion, languor, O'er my strug - gling heart prevail ;

Rest - ing on Thy word I stand, None shall pluck me from Thy hand.  
Hold - ing fast Thy word I stand, None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

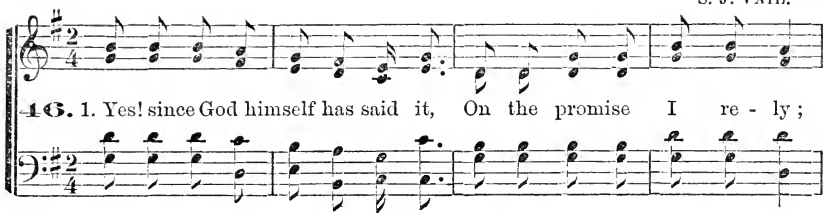
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## THE HEALING FOUNTAIN.

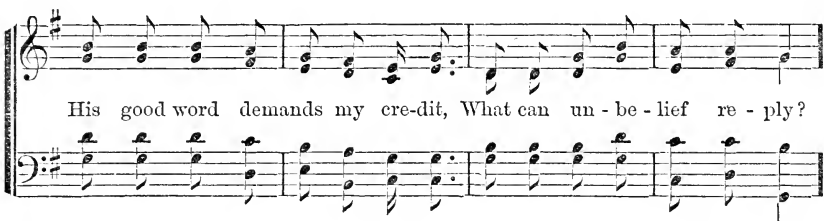
- 1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruin'd by the fall ;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows for every thirsty soul,  
In a full perpetual tide,  
Open'd when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;  
Here the guilty, free remission,

- Here the lost, a refuge find.  
Health, this fountain will restore ;  
He that drinks need thirst no more.
- 3 Come, ye dying, live forever ;  
'Tis a soul-reviving flood ;  
God is faithful ; he will never  
Break his covenant seal'd in blood ;  
Sign'd when our Redeemer died ;  
By the Spirit ratified.

S. J. VAIL.

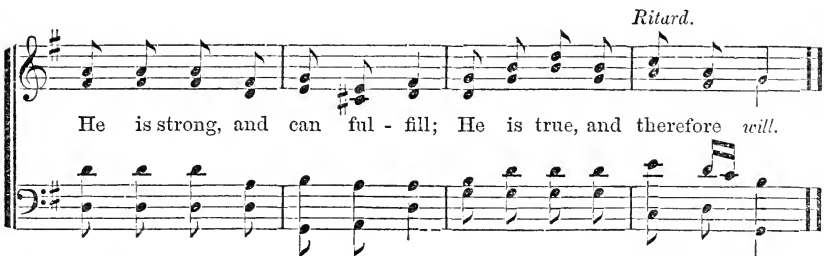


1. Yes! since God himself has said it, On the promise I re-ly;



His good word demands my cre-dit, What can un-be-lief re-ply?

*Ritard.*



He is strong, and can ful-fill; He is true, and therefore will.

- 2 As to all the doubts and questions  
Which my spirit often grieve,  
These are Satan's sly suggestions,  
And I need no answer give ;  
He would fain destroy my hope,  
But the promise bears it up.
- 3 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me  
By his watchful tender care ;  
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me

- How to seek his face by prayer.  
After so much mercy past,  
Will he give me up at last ?
- 4 In my Saviour's intercession,  
Therefore I will still confide ;  
Lord, accept my free confession.  
I have sinn'd, but thou hast died.  
This is all I have to plead,  
This is all the plea I need.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-

flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My

## CHORUS.

hope, my sal-va-tion, my all. O roll the clouds a-way, And bring the brighter

day; O lead my soul where Je-sus found me; Let the cross ap-pear, And

scat-ter all my fear, And let Thy ho-ly pre-sence shine a-round me.

# ROLL THE CLOUDS AWAY. Concluded. 43

47.

2.

Oh, why should I wander an alien from  
Or cry in the desert for bread? [Thee,  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they  
And smile at the tears I have shed. [see,

3.

Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of Thy  
Thy soul-cheering favor impart; [face,  
And let Thy sweet tokens of pardoning  
Bring joy to my desolate heart. [grace

## WHY SHOULD I FEAR.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Why should I fear the darkest hour, Or tremble at the tempest's power? Je-  
2. When creature-comforts fade and die, Worldlings may weep, but why should I? Je-

sus vouchsafes to be my tower—Je-sus my all, Je-sus my all.  
sus still lives, and still is nigh—Je-sus my all, Je-sus my all.

48.

3.

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide—  
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

4.

Tho' sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address;  
For Jesus is my righteousness—  
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

5.

Tho' faint my prayers, and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above—  
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

6.

Against me earth and hell combine,  
But on my side is power divine;  
Jesus is all, and he is mine—  
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

1. The people of the Lord Are on the way to heaven; There  
2. 'Tis con-flict here be-low; 'Tis vict-ry there, and peace: On

they ob-tain their great re-ward; The prize will there be given.  
earth we wres-tle with the foe; In heav'n our conflicts cease.

## CHORUS.

Then praise the Lord, Praise the Lord Who hath our sins for-given; We

shall ob-tain the great re-ward, We soon shall rest in heaven.

49.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;  
'Tis light and joy above;  
There all is pure, and all is clear;  
There all is peace and love. *Cho.*

4 There rest shall follow toil,  
And ease succeed to care:  
The victors there divide the spoil;  
They sing and triumph there. *Cho.*

# I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

45

From "PRAISES OF JESUS."

1. { Christians I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea,  
I would tell the wondrous sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me. }

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Tho' a stranger here I roam,

I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.

50.

2.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,  
Taught my heart to seek his face ;  
From a wild and lonely desert,  
Brought me to His fold of grace.  
Glory, glory, &c.

3.

Now my soul with rapture glowing,  
Sings aloud His pard'ning love ;

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,  
To the pilgrims home above.  
Glory, glory, &c.

4.

I shall yet behold my Saviour,  
When the day of life is o'er ;  
I shall cast my crown before Him,  
I shall praise Him evermore.  
Glory, glory, &c.

Words by MRS. A. R. COUSIN.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

51. 1. While we wave the palm of glo - ry Thro' the long e - ter - nal years,  
2. O, this rest will be the dear-er, When we think on wear - y ways,

Shall we e'er for - get the sto - ry Of our human griefs and fears?  
And His light will be the clear-er As we muse on cloud-y days;

Shall we e'er for - get the sad - ness, Or the clouds that hung so  
O, 'twill be a glorious mor - row To a dark and storm-y

dim, When our hearts are filled with gladness, And our tears are dried by Him?  
day; We shall re - col - lect our sor - row As the streams that pass a - way.



# WE SHALL NOT FORGET THE STORY. Concluded. 47

CHORUS.

We shall not for - get the sto - ry, When we wave the palm in

glo - ry, Who it was our sor - rows bore, Brought us joy for - ev - er - more.

HINTON. 11s.

Arr. by S. J. VAILL.

FINE.

D. C.  $\text{C}$

52.

1.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2.

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?

A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleaned in his pardoning blood?

3.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted may take its sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

1. The well is a flow from a life-giving spring, And the

thirst-y its wa-ters may share, And drink at the fount till their

spir-its re-vive, For a Sa-viour is sit-ting there.

## CHORUS.

Then traveler drink at the o'erflowing brink, Nor longer the draught for-bear,

There's life in the water, and comfort and peace, And a Saviour is sitting there.

- 2 The homes of the needy, afflicted and lone,  
And the laden once sinking with care,  
Are fountains where kindness may look and discern,  
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho.*
- 3 The bed of the sick, and the dying and dead,  
And the hovels of want and despair,  
Uncover the well, and the yearning may prove  
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho.*
- 4 The prison, though dark, may be darker in men,  
And its comforts be barren and bare;

- But he that can cherish the fallen will find  
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho*
- 5 He drinks who will give to the thirsty a drink;  
And he gains who a kindness will spare;  
The heart is refreshed that diffuses its love,  
For a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho.*
- 6 The deserts of life may be gardens of peace,  
And their jewels be precious and rare,  
For angels are waiting approaches to tell  
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho*

HESTON. L. M.



1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - ery soul be Je - sus' guest;  
cho.—O, come, and go a - long with me, A - long with me, Along with me;



There need not one be left behind, For God hath hidden all mankind.  
O, come, and go a - long with me, A - way un - to the heavenly land.



- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all;  
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now. *Cho.*
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest;  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find. *Cho.*

- 4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain. *Cho.*
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice;  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace. *Cho.*

1. We shall meet on the shore in a few days more, Where the rescued rejoice and their

captain adore; The storm will abate and the danger be o'er, And

wearies rest in a few days more, Tho' the voyage seem dark, and the

loud wind blow, And the tem - pest beat down on our bark as we go, We'll

trust in the strength of the Un - seen Hand, To bring us at last to our

IN A FEW DAYS MORE. Concluded. 51

CHORUS.

own bet - ter land. In a few days more, we shall meet, as before, The

friends who have left and are waiting on shore; Our hearts will rejoice,

And the per - il be o'er, And all be at home in a few days more.

55.

2.

3.

Should the night gather darker when near-  
 er the morn,  
 We'll cheerfully toil and our labor adorn ;  
 What matters the surge or the wild waves  
 roar,  
 When we know we shall rest in a few days  
 more ?  
 Let the vessel ride onward, nor heed the  
 blast ;  
 Keep straight on the course and we'll an-  
 chor at last ;  
 Our pilot is true, and his word shall stand,  
 A guide o'er the main to our own better  
 land.

The morn will appear, and the mists on  
 the deep,  
 Will roll from the billows, forever to  
 sleep ;  
 And over the waves we shall see on the  
 shore  
 A haven of rest in a few days more ;  
 And the day will be long in the realms of  
 light ;  
 Bright morning will follow the pathway of  
 night ;  
 We'll sing a new song on the silvery strand,  
 That borders the plains of our own better  
 land.

56. 1. A - wake, awake the morning dawns, Behold the opening day; A -

rise and haste with courage bold, To run the heavenly way; For wea-ry souls a  
cho. — We'll work and wait till

rest remains, The end of toils, the end of pains, We soon shall break these  
Jesus comes, We'll work and wait till Je - sus comes, We'll work and wait till

1st D. S. 2d

earth - ly chains, Thro' grace we'll soon be there.  
Je - sus comes, And then [Omr. ....] be gathered home.

2 Rejoice in hope, O trembling soul,  
Lift up thy tearful eyes,  
And in the strength of Christ, the Lord,  
Press onward to the prize.  
A crown of gold, a robe of white.  
A victor palm of glory bright,  
Are waiting in that world of light,  
Thro' grace we'll soon be there. *Cho.*

3 O may the fruits of joy and peace  
Within our souls abound,  
And in the vinyard of the Lord  
His children still be found;  
Then safely on the other shore,  
Our trials past our journey o'er,  
We'll sing with dear ones gone before,  
Praise God! we're home at last. *Cho.*

# SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

53

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, pilgrims, don't grow wea - ry, But let us jour - ney on, The

moments will not tar - ry, This life will soon be gone.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is

There is sweet rest in heaven,.....  
sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

57.

- 2 We've listed for the army,  
We've listed for the war;  
We'll fight until we conquer,  
By faith and humble prayer. *Cho.*
- 3 Our Captain's gone before us,  
He bids us all to come;  
High up in endless glory,  
He's fitted up our home. *Cho.*

- 4 And Jesus will be with us,  
E'en to our journey's end;  
In every sore affliction  
His "present help" to lend. *Cho.*
- 5 Then glory be to Jesus,  
Who bought us with his blood,  
And glory be to Jesus,  
Who gives us every good. *Cho.*

1. Why not learn to conquer sorrow? Why not learn to smile at pain?

Why should ev-ery storm-y mor-row Shroud our way in gloom a - gain?

Why not lift the soul im - mor-tal Up to its an - gel - ic height -

Bid it pass the ra-diant por-tal Of the world of faith and light.

58.

2.

O! there is another being  
 All about us, all above,  
 Hid from mortal sense or seeing  
 Save the nameless sense of love.  
 Not the love that dies like roses,  
 When the frost-fire scathes the sod,  
 But the eternal rest that closes  
 Round the soul that dwells in God.

3.

Into this great habitation  
 Never tear or sorrow came,  
 Oh! it is the new creation,  
 God its light, his love its flame.  
 Up, O soul! and dwell forever,  
 On this hidden, glorious shore;  
 Chilled by cloud-shade never, never,  
 Up and dwell forevermore.



# LET ME DIE WITH JESUS NEAR ME.

55

Words by W. BENNETT.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Let me die with Je - sus near me, Let me feel Him at my side,

Let His smil - ing presence cheer me, When I stem the dark - some tide,

Let me hear His sweet voice say - ing: "Fear ye not death's chill - ing wave,

All who trust my grace when dy - ing, They shall tri - umph o'er the grave."

59.

2.

Let the angels hover round me,  
On bright pinions let them come,  
When the shadows close around me,  
Let them bear my spirit home:  
Bear me safe beyond the river,  
To the heavenly land so fair,  
There to dwell with Christ forever,  
His eternal rest to share.

3.

There, with all the shining legions,  
Bright amid the radiant throng,  
Ranging o'er the blissful regions,  
There I'll raise my highest song.  
To the Lamb whose blood redeem'd me,  
Let the strain of rapture swell,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
For He doeth all things well.

S. J. VAIL.

60. 1. There is no night in heaven; In that blest world a - bove : Work  
 2. There is no grief in heaven; For life is one glad day, And

nev - er can bring wear - i - ness, For work it - self is love.  
 tears are of those form - er things Which all have passed a - way.

## CHORUS.

No night, no grief, no care, No want, no sin, no pain; And

with the Lord, for - ev - er there The righteous shall re - main.

# NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN. Concluded. 57

3.

There is no want in heaven ;  
The Lamb of God supplies  
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,  
Life's spring which never dries.  
No night, &c.

4.

There is no sin in heaven ;  
Behold that blessed throng !  
All holy is their spotless robes,  
All holy is their song.  
No night, &c.

5.

There is no death in heaven ;  
For they who gain the shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.  
No night, &c.

6.

There is no death in heaven ;  
But when the christian dies,  
The angels wait his parted soul,  
And waft it to the skies !  
No night, &c.

## THE HEAVENLY VISITANT.

WM. BENNETT.

1. Behold the Saviour at thy door, With gentle knock off heard before; With

low - ly at - ti - tude He stands, En-treating thee with outstretch'd hands.

**61.**                    2.

His locks with nightly dews are wet,  
But though so late He lingers yet;  
No earthly friend would tarry so,  
If once denied he'd quickly go.

3.

But Jesus is a friend indeed,  
Yes, sinner, just the friend you need;  
So patient and so kind is He,  
That man of grief from Calvary.

4.

Rise, sinner, open wide the door,  
Nor grieve His gentle spirit more;  
Expel the foul usuper sin,  
And bid the Prince of life come in.

5.

He'll sup with thee and thou shalt prove  
The fullness of His dying love;  
The Father too, shall be thy guest,  
And freed from sin, thy soul shall rest.

W. B.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1st. ....

1. Pre - cious to me the name of Je - sus Dear - er than all the  
He is my life, my hope, and com - fort [OMIT.....

..... 2d. .... CHORUS.

world be - side;  
.....] Light of my soul, my shield and guide. Glo - ry to God in

him ex - ult - ing I will tread the heavenly way Up to the gates of

joy e - ter - nal Up to the realms of end - less day.

62.

2.

Trials may come, and cares oppress me,  
Still to the Saviour's cross I'll flee—  
Sheltered by him in every danger,  
Jesus the Lord who died for me. *Cho.*

3.

Grant me thy blessing, O my Father,  
Closer to thee, my soul unite,  
Soon I shall pass the vale of sorrow—  
Soon will my faith be lost in sig<sup>nat</sup>. *Ch.*

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned;

These are the palms that we shall bear On yon-der ho-ly ground.

CHORUS.

Come, crown, and throne, come, robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace!

Come, ho-ly ci-ti of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of right-eous-ness!

63.

2.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white  
Which we shall then put on,  
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,  
We sit on yonder throne.

3.

That is the city of the saints,  
Where we so soon shall stand,

When we shall strike these desert-tents,  
And quit this desert-land.

4.

Then welcome toil and care and pain!  
And welcome sorrow too!  
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view. BONAR.

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So mer - ci - ful and true,

His blood from sin doth free us, His love is ev - er new; No

earthly friend can give such aid, Nor from our foes de - liv - er,

The trusting heart He ne'er betrayed, He bids us hope for - ev - er.

2 O sinner, come to Jesus,  
Give now thy wand'rings o'er,  
And never, never, never  
Grieve His spirit more.  
Put far away vile unbelief,  
From guilty passions sever,  
And though thou art of sinners chief,  
He'll give thee joy forever.

3 Come weary, heavy laden,  
He will thy burden bear,  
Cheer all thy lonely pathway,  
And all thy sorrows share,  
He'll take thee at life's parting breath,  
When earthly friendships sever,  
He'll make thee conqueror over death,  
And crown thee His forever.

1. Turn thee, O wan - der - er, why wilt thou die, Mer - cy with plead - ing voice

calls from the sky, Haste to her gen - tle arms, ban - ish thy fear,

Rest thee, O wear - y one, Je - sus is near.

*p Ritard.*  
Rest thee, O wear - y one, Je - sus is near.

**65.**

2.

Lonely and desolate, far from thy home,  
Why from thy Father's house, why wilt  
thou roam,

Lovingly, tenderly falls on thy ear,  
Rest thee, O weary one, Jesus is near.

3.

Life is a morning dream, passing away,  
Come to the Lamb of God, why, why delay,

Come to the precious fold, watched by his  
care,  
Rest thee, O weary one, Jesus is there.

4.

Life is a desert wild mantled in woe,  
Earth has no joy for thee, where wilt thou  
go?  
Lift up thy drooping heart, banish thy fear,  
Rest thee, O weary one, Jesus is near.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name:

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

66.

2.

When darkness seems to veil his face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3.

His oath, his Covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood:  
Where all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.



# I COME TO THEE.

63

S. MAIN.

1. I come to thee, I come to thee! Thou precious Lamb who died for me,

I rest con-fid-ing in thy word, And "cast my bur-den on the Lord."

I come to thee with all my grief, Dear Saviour, help my un-be-lief;

Thy blessed name, my on-ly plea, With this, O Lord, I come to thee!

67.

2.

3.

I come to thee, whose sovereign power  
Can cheer me in the darkest hour,  
I come to thee, thro' storm and shade—  
For thou hast said, "be not afraid."  
I come to thee with all my tears,  
My pain and sorrow, doubts and fears;  
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,  
I come to thee, I come to thee!

To thee my trembling spirit flies,  
When faith grows weak, and comfort dies,  
I bow adoring at thy feet,  
And hold with thee communion sweet—  
O wondrous love! O joy divine!  
'To feel thee near and call thee mine!  
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,  
I come to thee, I come to thee!

Words by S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

"WHAT SHALL I DO THEN WITH JESUS WHICH IS CALLED CHRIST?"—MATT. XXVII. 22.

1st.

1. What shall I do with Je - sus, The Christ who may be mine?  
Ac - cept him as my Sa - viour, Or (omit . . . . .)

2d.  
spurn the gift di - vine? His on - ly Son God gave me— I

must, I do de - cide; And Christ I take to save me, Or

## CHORUS.

Christ is now de-nied. "What shall I do with Je - sus?" I'll give my heart to

Je - sus! Up - on the tree of Cal - va - ry He gave his life for me.

# WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS? Concluded. 65

68.

2.

What shall I do with Jesus,  
The precious Lamb of God?  
I cast my soul upon him—  
He bathes it in his blood;  
I'll gratefully confess him  
Before the vile and just;  
My ransomed powers shall bless him,  
My sure and only trust.

3.

What shall I do with Jesus?  
For him the cross I'll take;  
All earthly losses suffer,  
Ere I the Lord forsake.

In scenes of joy and sighing  
His love shall be the same;  
While living and in dying  
I'll glory in his name.

4.

What now I do with Jesus,  
When this brief life is past,  
With me will be remembered  
Before his bar at last.  
He will not then disown me  
With those who hate and scoff;  
At his right hand he'll crown me —  
He will not cast me off.

## THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

Words by W. BENNETT.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

69. 1. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Pur-chas'd by blood divine, Res - cued and  
2. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trust - ing con-  
3. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Cheered by Thy precious word, Thro' dark - ness,

saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.  
fi - ding-ly, I am Thy child.  
doubts and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord.

4.

Thine, Lord, forever,  
Tho' death shall lay me low,  
E'en in that dreadful hour  
Thine, Lord, I know.

5.

Thine, Lord, forever,  
When safe before Thy throne  
I stand, forevermore  
Thine, thine alone.

70. 1. My home is in Heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I  
 2. It is not for thee to be seek-ing thy bliss, And build-ing thy  
 3. The thorn and the this-tle a-round me may grow, I would not re-

mur-mur when tri - als ap - pear? Be hushed, my dark spir - it, the  
 hopes in a re - gion like this; I look for a cit - y which  
 cline up - on ro - ses be - low; I ask not my por - tion, I

worst that can come, But short-ens thy jour-ney and last-ens thee home.  
 hands have not piled. I pant for a coun-try by sins un - de - filed.  
 seek not my rest, 'Till I find them for-ev-er on Je - sus' own breast.

CHORUS.

Then the an-gels will come, with their mu-sic will come, With mu - sic, sweet

# ANGEL'S WELCOME. Concluded. 67

mu - sic to wel - come me home; In the bright gates of crys - tal the

shining ones will stand, And sing me a welcome to their own native land.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

## TRUSTING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I will not be a - fraid at night, When all a - lone I lie,

And dark - ness takes the place of light; For God is nigh.

71.

2. His shelt'ring arm supports my head,  
And lovingly he keeps  
A constant watch around my bed;  
God never sleeps.
3. I will not be afraid to hear  
The rolling tempest wild,

- If Jesus whisper in my ear,  
I am his child.
4. I will not be afraid to tread  
The portals of the tomb,  
For Jesus there a light will shed  
To cheer the gloom.

Words and Music by W. BENNETT.

72. 1. We have friends beyond the riv - er Ma - ny friends that wait us there,

They have gone from earth for - ev - er, We no long - er meet them here.

But we'll meet them, yes, we'll meet them, Where all sor - row is forgot ;  
 shorts. Hap - py meet - ing, joy - ful greet - ing Friends and lov'd ones gone before ;

*Ritard. D. S. for Chorus.*

In that land of joy we'll greet them, Partners of their happy lot.  
 Now their hap - py spir - its wait - ing, Waiting on the oth - er shore.

2 In that land of fadeless glory,  
 Far beyond each mortal care,  
 There we'll chant salvation's story,  
 Safe from every sinful snare.  
 O the prospect!—'tis so cheering,  
 How it thrills our hearts with love,  
 Whilst our heavenly home we're nearing,  
 There to greet our friends above. *Cho.*

3 But our dearest friend is Jesus,  
 He who died our souls to win,  
 Died from bondage to release us,  
 Died to set us free from sin:  
 There we'll see Him, and be like Him,  
 'Mid the shining hosts above,  
 There we'll worship and adore Him,  
 Seated on His throne of love. *Cho.*

# IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

69

HUBERT. P. MAIN.

73. 1. Mansions are prepared a - bove, By the gracious God of love ;  
2. Crowns that dazzle lu - man eye, Wait for those who reach the sky ;

Ma - ny will those mansions see— Is there one prepared for me?  
Ma - ny there those crowns will see, Is there one prepared for me?

*ff* CHORUS. *pp* *m*

Is there one for me? Is there one for me? Ma - ny will those mansions see,

Is there one prepared for me?

3 Robes of spotless white are given,  
By the glorious King of heaven;  
All can have them, they are free,—  
Is there one prepared for me? *Cho.*

4 Harps of joyful sound above,  
Swell the praise of Jesus' love:  
Oh! how sweet their strains will be,—  
Is there, Lord, a harp for me? *Cho.*

1. There is light in the val - ley once shrouded in darkness, Hope  
2. O'er the dark realm of death shines a ha - lo of glo - ry, The

sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom of the grave, A Sa - viour as -  
ty - rant no long - er ex - erts his dread sway; His dark reign is

ending fills earth with his brightness, 'Tis Je - sus, the Mighty, to save.  
end - ed, his seep - ter is bro - ken, Henceforth all his subjects are free.

## CHORUS.

Mighty to save, mighty to save, 'Tis Je - sus, the mighty to save.

7-1.

3 Shout aloud ye redeemed ones, repeat! There, O there, on the banks of the  
the glad story, beautiful river,  
And sing all ye ransomed from death's Will anthems of rapture unceasingly rise,  
dismal thrall. While angels and saints reunited for ever,  
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory, Shall chant the glad chorus of praise.  
For ever restored from the fall. Cho. Cho.



# FAREWELL, O FLEETING WORLD.

71

Words and Music by W. BENNETT.

75. 1. Farewell, O fleeting world farewell! I bid thy pleasures all a - dieu;

My home is where the angels dwell, A rest un - seen by mor - tal view.

A place where ransom'd spirits live, Un-burdened of this earthly clod;

A man-sion which the Lord will give, To all who love his faith - ful word.

2 Farewell ye scenes of toil and strife,  
 Since Jesus calls me I must go,  
 I go to seek that happier life,  
 Which none but true believers know;  
 Hinder me not, I may not stay,  
 Amid the cares and ills of time,  
 My Saviour calls, I must away,  
 My home is in a purer clime.

3 O who will go my rest to share,  
 That bliss immortal souls shall prove  
 To taste the pleasures flowing there,  
 From fountains of exhaustless love;  
 My longing heart leaps at the thought  
 Of joys that wait-me on that shore,  
 That treasure which my Saviour bought,  
 It shall be mine forevermore.

1. We shall part but not for - ev - er Bless-ed hope of rest a - bove,

We shall meet no more to sev - er In a per - fect world of love;

We shall see the King of Glo - ry In his like - ness we shall rise,

There, re - peat the joy - ful sto - ry, Far be - yond these fad - ing skies.

CHORUS. *p*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;

*cresc.*

# WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER. Concluded. 73

We shall meet to part, no, nev-er! On the re-sur-rec-tion morn!

76.   2.  
While we mingle thought and feeling  
While each others grief we share,  
Faith, sublimer things revealing  
Consecrates this hour of prayer—  
Prayer, the lamp, the star of pleasure  
To the Christian here below,  
Prayer the key of endless treasure  
In the home to which we go. *Cho.*

3.  
O, the sacred bond of union  
By our precious Saviour given  
Here with him to hold communion  
Seems an antepast of Heaven.  
Let the parting word be spoken  
If our faith in God be strong,  
Though our dearest ties are broken  
We can say, 'twill not be long. *Cho.*

## BEATITUDE.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Lord, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet—Calm

in the clo - set's so - li - tude, Calm in the bust - ling street,—

77.   2.  
Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in the hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain,—  
3.  
Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,

Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate thy Holy name.

4.  
Calm me, my Saviour, keep me calm,  
Reclining on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

J. P. ELLIS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

CHORUS.

78. The angels are singing to me, From harps ev - er tuneful and

free; And mu - sic rings sweet, And mel - o - dies meet, While

an - gels are singing to me.

1. I hear them in breezes at
2. I hear them in songs of the
3. I hear them in moments of
4. I hear them when sor-row is

morn, In warbles from leaflet and lea; And all the day long Comes  
 night, When troubles and murmurings flee; When deep in my breast Sweet  
 joy, When pleasure ad-van-ces her plea; When hap-pi-ness thrills and  
 nigh, When grief and afflic-tions a - rise, When high o'er my soul The

# THE ANGELS ARE SINGING. Concluded. 75

*End with Chorus.*

rap - tur - ous song, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.  
 pro - mis - es rest, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.  
 all my heart fills, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.  
 dark wa - ters roll, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.

5 I hear them in silence and sorrow,  
 Tho' noiseless their winglets may be;  
 In friendships that form  
 In calm and in storm,  
 The angels are singing to me.  
 The angels, &c.

6 I hear them when lowly in prayer,  
 When o'er the dark valley I see;  
 Then comes a small voice  
 That tells me rejoice,  
 For angels are singing to me.  
 The angels, &c.

## LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

S. MAIN.

79. 1. Je - sus, Saviour! hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be;  
 2. Lone-ly in a stranger land, Cast me not a - way from thee;

Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 Lead me by thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.

3. Thou hast died the lost to save,  
 Died to set the captive free;  
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
 Lord, abide with me.  
 4. Fill me with Thy love divine,  
 Consecrate my life to thee;  
 Bend my stubborn will to thine,  
 Lord, abide with me.

5. When the shades of death prevail,  
 Father, let me cling to thee;  
 When I pass the gloomy veil,  
 Lord, abide with me.  
 6. Then, oh, then, my raptured soul  
 Heaven's eternal rest shall see;  
 There, while endless ages roll,  
 Live and reign with me.

1. I am wea - ry, I am wea - ry Of the toils and cares of life,

I am wea - ry of its sor - rows, I am wea - ry of its strife;

I am wea - ry of its flow - ers, Flowers that bloom so soon to die,

And th'im - mor - tal spir - it pineth For its home beyond the sky.

NO.

2 I am weary of the trifles,  
Senseless things that fill my days;  
I am weary of this longing,  
Seeking human love and praise;  
I am weary of the passions,  
Ever turning unto earth.  
And my spirit pants for freedom,  
From its idle joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither,  
I have seen the loved ones die;  
I have seen the clouds of sorrow  
Overcast youth's summer sky;  
I am pining, I am pining  
For my home among the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

# JESUS CARES FOR ME. REV. R. LOWRY. 77

1st 2d

1. { Care for me, O, my Saviour—There is no arm but Thine,  
 { In this, my life's dread bat-tle Can help this arm of mine. } { Thy

1st 2d

for me, O, thou Loved One,—Thine eye hath felt the tear,  
 heart hath mourn'd in sorrow, In [OMIT.....] thy short journey

CHORUS.

here. The blessed Je - sus cares for me, He cares for ev - en

me, And boldly there I cast my care, For Je - sus cares for me.

### 81.

2 Care for me, my Redeemer,  
 In this mine hour of woe,  
 If Thine eye will not pity,  
 O, whither shall I go?  
 Once, Thou, in deepest anguish,  
 Did'st mourn Thy Father's face,  
 By clouds and darkness hidden;  
 O, grant me now Thy grace.

3 Care for me, O, my Saviour,—  
 In Thee may I be strong,  
 Beset by fierce temptation,  
 Help me against the wrong;  
 Then shall this weak one praise Thee,  
 Praise Thee, the weak one's friend,  
 And give Thee thanks rejoicing,  
 With songs that ne'er shall end.

By permission. T. F. SEWARD.

1. There's an eas - ier way of go ing, There's a light - er load to bear

Than the hea - vy grievous bur - den That so ma - ny of us wear.

## CHORUS.

Cast your care on Je - sus, Cast on him your ev - ery care ;

He in - vites you, he entreats you, All your burdens he will bear.

82.

2.

There's a voice forever sounding  
 In the weary pilgrims ear,  
 Voice of tenderest compassion  
 Framing sweetest words of cheer.  
 Cast your care, &c.

3.

"Cast on me your heavy burdens,  
 Cast on me your load of care,  
 I invite you, I entreat you,  
 All your burdens I will bear.  
 Cast your care," &c.



# THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

79

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, Nei-ther let them be a - fraid,  
2. Let me drink sweet draughts of mer-cy From the fountain flow-ing free,

For be - hold the bridegroom cometh In his wedding robes ar - rayed,  
Let me drink and live for - ev - er Where my Sa - viour I may see.

## CHORUS.

There is joy for the ran-somed, There is joy for the

ransomed, There is joy for the ransomed, There is joy for you.

83.

3.

Tell me not ye weary laden,  
There is nought but sorrow here,  
For the Lord hath sent his angels  
And his chosen need not fear.

4.

Keep your lamps well trimmed and burning  
And the wedding garments on,  
For there's none that know the moment  
Of the coming of the Son.

1. { It is not with the mul - ti - tude, I feel my heart re - vive; }  
 { It is not with the gid - dy throng, My soul is kept a - live; }

'Tis in the si - lent sa - cred hour, When none but God is near,

My heart is fill'd with sa - cred love, And rev - e - ren - tial fear.

## CHORUS.

Not with the mul - ti - tude, Not with the mul - ti - tude, No

place is so sweet as the mer - cy - seat, When none but God is near.

# NOT WITH THE MULTITUDE. Concluded. 81

2 It is not with the multitude,  
I hear the still, small voice,  
Which whispers messages of love,  
And bids my heart rejoice ;  
Oh, no; 'tis when withdrawn from earth,  
And every earth-bound tie,  
I hear Thy kind parental voice,  
And "Abba, Father," cry. *Cho.*

3 It is not with the multitude,  
My sweetest joys arise ;  
Nor even with the saints on earth,  
Tho' bound by sacred ties ;  
The fellowship of saints is sweet,  
But sweeter, better far,  
Is fellowship with Christ, my Lord,  
The bright and Morning Star. *Cho.*

## "FAR AWAY."

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1st.

1 { There is a home where all is bright, Far a - way, far a - way,  
{ There is no dark and stormy night, Far a - way, far a - [Omit....

2nd.

way. For Je - sus said, I will pre - pare The child of God a mansion

fair; Oh, may I have a dwelling there, Far a - way, far - a - way.

2.

Then let the storm be wild and long,  
Jesus loves; Jesus loves;  
And this shall be my daily song,  
Jesus loves; Jesus loves;  
He loves, he loves; I know, I feel,  
Young as I am, he loves me still;  
Oh, may I do his blessed will ;  
Jesus loves; Jesus loves.

3.

And then at home I soon shall be,  
Far away, far away ;  
From care and pain shall soon be free,  
Far away, far away ;  
For tears of grief are never known  
In that bright world I call my own ;  
And swiftly I am passing on,  
Far away, far away.

Gently.

1st

1. { How sweetly the voice of the Saviour is call - ing, In accents of  
Thro' fear and tempta - tion so pa - tiently lead - ing, [Omit.....

kind - ness its music is fall - ing  
..... So gently persuad - ing and earnestly

CHORUS.  
pleading. O Je - sus is calling us home,.....

Je - sus is call - ing us  
Jesus is calling us home,..... Je - sus is call - ing, is  
home,..... Je - sus is call - ing us home, Je - sus is call - ing

2 He died from the burden of sin to relieve us,  
And now He is waiting with joy to receive us,  
How blest are the words of the pure and the holy,  
Come hither and learn of the meek and the lowly.  
calling his children home. *Cho.*

3 The Bride and the Spirit, our souls are inviting,  
The angels in glory their songs are uniting;  
O drink of its waters, that beautiful river,  
That flows at the feet of the Saviour forever. *Cho.*

# BLESSED REFUGE.

83

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

A. VAN ALSTYNE.

1. Gentle Sa - viour, yes, I love thee, Thou art more than life to me,  
 chor. Gentle Sa - viour, yes, I love thee, Thou art more than life to me,

Let me on thy strength rely - ing, Take my cross and fol - low thee ;  
 Let me on thy strength rely - ing, Take my cross and fol - low thee.

Thou wilt lead me thro' the wa - ters, Where the bil - lows o'er me roll ;

Thou wilt hide me in thy mer - cy, Blessed re - fuge of my soul.

2 Earthly friendship's may deceive me,  
 Human hearts are weak and frail,  
 But my Saviour will not leave me,  
 Love like thine can never fail.  
 Patient will I bear affliction  
 If thy tender voice I hear,  
 Grief will make a brighter sunshine,  
 Rain is bliss, if Thou art near. *Cho.*

3 Thou wilt soothe my dying pillow,  
 When these fleeting scenes are past,  
 Thou my hope in every trial  
 Be my comfort in the last.  
 On celestial pinions wafted,  
 Shall my raptured spirit soar,  
 Shouting with the saints in glory,  
 Where the weary sigh no more. *Cho.*

# 84 I SHALL KNOW THEE IN THE MORNING. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. I shall know thee in the morning, When the Sav-iour calls His own,

In the re-sur-rec-tion morn-ing, When our heavenly joys are won;

On the right hand where they gath-er, Who are fit-ted for the prize—

I shall know thee in the morning, When the righteous all a-rise.

CHORUS.

Oh, bright will be that morn-ing! The beau-ti-ful, the wel-come

# I SHALL KNOW THEE IN THE MORNING. Concluded. 85

morn - ing! When the scat - tered saints shall come To their

heavenly Fa-ther's home, And the Sa - viour greet us in the morn-ing.

88.

2.

I shall see thee in the morning  
Of the heavens' eternal light,  
Where the saints of every nation  
Gather robed in changeless white;  
With the Saviour and His angels,  
All the glad hosts of the skies,  
I shall see thee in the morning,  
When the ransomed saints arise.

3.

I shall know thee in the morning,  
With the waking sainted dead,  
Gladdened by the shining presence  
Of the Lord, our living Head;  
When, arrayed in robes of brightness,  
All the sons of God arise,  
I shall know thee in the morning,  
With the saints above the skies.

Words by C. E. POND,

## HELP AND RELIEVE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. { Fa-ther, the storm is high, }  
{ Dark clouds shut out the sky; } Trembling to Thee I fly: Com - fort and save!  
2. { Hark to the tempest's roar! }  
{ O - pen to me the door; } My con-fi-dence re-store: Com - fort and save!

89.

3.

O God! temptation's nigh;  
Sin clouds the azure sky;  
To thee for aid I fly:  
Help and relieve!

4.

Hear, Father! hear my cry;  
And if I live or die,  
Saviour, be ever nigh:  
Help and relieve.

1. O, come to bright Zi-on with songs and with gladness, Re-joic-ing, come,

join the sweet cho-rus with-in; The anthems of praise in her

courts have no sadness, To chasten the wear-y, and lad-en with sin.

## CHORUS.

Come, haste to her banquet, bright an-gels will greet you, Come, stranger, and

pilgrim, the Bride bids you come, Is call-ing, is wait-ing, is



coming to meet you, To joy in your welcome to Zi - on, your home.

90.

- 2 O, come to life's fountain, drink blessing forever,  
While Love at the festal crowns millions that come;  
Come, sinner, e'er death meet thee at the dark river,  
And evermore darken the light of thy home.
- 3 O, stay not, with doubting thy spirit to weary,  
Nor bury thy hope in this valley of gloom;  
For all things are ready: no longer, then, tarry,  
While Jesus is waiting, poor wanderer, come.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. **JESUS HELP ME.**

HENRY TUCKER.

From "NEW SHOWER." FINE.

*Moderato.*

91. 1. { Je - sus help me I am wea - ry, Let me hold thy hand in mine, }  
{ For the stream of liv - ing wa - ter, In a thirsty land I pine, }  
D. C. Fold me in Thy arms of mer - cy, Keep me from the tempter's power.

O! my Fa - ther, do not leave me, In this dark and dreadful hour,

D. C.

- 2 Jesus help me, I am fainting,  
'Neath the deserts burning sky,  
Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,  
There my every want supply;  
Shade me with thy wings eternal,  
Let me feel Thee ever near,  
Thou canst whisper words of comfort,  
Thou canst dry the falling tear.

- 3 Jesus help me, I am sinking  
In the cold and chilly wave,  
Give me strength, my faith increasing,  
Thou alone hast power to save,  
Let my soul be filled with rapture,  
Let my hope be stayed in Thee,  
Let me bear my cross with patience,  
Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

From "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission.

1. I will sing for Je - sus,      With his blood he bought me; And  
 2. Can there o - ver - take me,      An - y dark dis - as - ter,

all a - long my pilgrim way, His lov - ing hand has brought me.  
 While I sing for Je - sus, My bless - ed, bless - ed Mas - ter?

## CHORUS.

O! help me sing for Je - sus,      Help me tell the sto - ry Of

him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

# I WILL SING FOR JESUS. Concluded. 89

3 I will sing for Jesus!

His name alone prevailing,  
Shall be my sweetest music,  
When heart and flesh are failing. *Cho.*

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!

O! how I will adore him,  
Among the cloud of witnesses,  
Who cast their crowns before him. *Cho.*

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Slow.*

93.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And  
d.c. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And

END.

bids me at my Fath-er's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known:  
oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

D.C.

In sea - sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care.  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

1. 1. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a home beyond the skies,  
 d. c. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a home beyond the skies,

Where the fields are robed in beau - ty, And the sun - light nev - er dies.  
 Where the fields are robed in beau - ty, And the sun - light nev - er dies.

Where the fount of joy is flow - ing In the val - ley green and fair,

We shall dwell in love to - geth - er, There will be no parting there.

2 We are going, we are going,  
 And the music we have heard  
 Like the echo of the wildwood,  
 Or the carol of a bird;  
 With the rosy light of morning  
 On the calm and fragrant air,  
 Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,  
 There will be no parting there.  
 We are going, &c.

3 We are going, we are going,  
 When the day of life is o'er—  
 To that pure and happy region  
 Where our friends have gone before;  
 They are singing with the angels  
 In that land so bright and fair;  
 We shall dwell with them forever,  
 There will be no parting there.  
 We are going, &c.

# WHAT SHALL I DO?

91

WM. B. BRADBURY.

95. 1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that bur-den my  
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all  
 3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall sub-

soul? Like the waves in the storm when the winds are at war, Chil-ling  
 fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-moved, And I  
 due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-way, And e-

floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O!  
 weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O!  
 ter-ni-ty o-pens to view. What shall I do? what shall I do? O!

4.  
 O! Lord look in mercy on me,  
 Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;  
 Unto whom shall I flee,  
 Dearest Lord, but to thee,  
 Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.  
 That will I do! that will I do!  
 To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

1st.

1. { When clouds hang dark-ly o'er my way And earth-ly com-fort dies, }  
 { On thee my Sa- viour and my God, My [Omit.....] }

2d.

ev-ery hope re- lies. I hear thy spir-its gen-tle voice, Thy cross by faith I

see,— Thy precious blood O, dy- ing Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I

am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

945.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,  
 Can rest securely there,  
 And feel at peace in every storm,  
 Beneath thy watchful care;  
 A sinner lost, but saved by grace  
 Be this my only plea:  
 Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,  
 Redeems and makes me what I am,  
 For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,  
 And rise to worlds of light;  
 Then shall I see thee as thou art  
 Arrayed in glory bright:  
 There by the living stream divine,  
 My raptured song shall be;  
 Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,  
 Redeems and makes me what I am,  
 For thou hast died for me.

# GO AND TELL JESUS.

S. J. VAIL. 93

97. 1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea-ry, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy

bur-den, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He on - ly can forgive, Be -

CHORUS.

lieve on Him and thou shalt surely live. Go and tell Je - sus, on

Him a - lone believe, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise  
 Like mountains of deep guilt before  
 your eyes:  
 His blood was spilt, His precious life  
 He gave,  
 That mercy, peace, and pardon you might  
 have. *Cho.*

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,  
 Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy  
 tears:  
 He'll take thee in His arm, and on His  
 breast  
 Thou mayst be happy, and for ever  
 rest. *Cho.*

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This ex-ult-ing happy throng, Round the  
2. These thro' fie-ry tri-als trod, These from great afflictions came; Now be-

al-tar night and day, Sing-ing one tri-umphant song?  
fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al-migh-ty name.

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are wait-ing for me!

Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3.  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,  
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand. *Cho.*

4.  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fears;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears, *Cho.*



# HE LEADETH ME. WM. B. BRADBURY. 95

"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."

1. He lead-eth me! O, blessed tho't O, words with heavenly comfort fraught,  
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!  
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me!

*f* REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! He lead-eth me! By his own hand He leadeth me; His

faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

99.

3.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Cho.*

4.

And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me. *Cho.*

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

From "Pilgrim Songs," by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the man-sions of the blest,

CHORUS. Let me go, 'tis Je-sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day,

FINE.

Let me go where my Re-deem-er has pre-pared his peo-ple's rest.

Bear me o-ver, an-gel pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a-way.

I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for ev-er-more,

D. C.

I would join the friends that wait me, Ov-er on the oth-er shore.

100.

2 Let me go where none are weary,  
Where is raised no wail of wee.  
Let me go and bathe my spirit,  
In the raptures angels know.  
Let me go, for bliss eternal,  
Lures my soul away, away,  
And the victor's song triumphant,  
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?  
What has earth to bind me here?  
What but cares and toils and sorrows?  
What but death and pain and fear?  
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,  
Blasted round me often lie.  
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,  
But to see them fade and die.

# THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

97

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }  
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }

REFRAIN. *f*

O come, an - gel band, come, and a - round me stand, O

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

## 101.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,  
 Of friends and kindred dear,  
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,  
 The crossing must be near.—*Cho.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
 My spirit loudly sings;

The holy ones, behold, they come!  
 I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him  
 Who bled and died for me;  
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
 And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

Words by W. BENNETT.

C. G. ALLEN.

1. Far be - yond this mor - tal shore, Lies a land all fair and bright,

There are pleas-ures ev - er - more, There is seen no gloom-y night,

Shall we reach that bliss - ful land, When life's toil-some strife is o'er?

Shall we join the lov - ing band, Where they sigh and weep no more?

102.

2.

Yes, we'll gain that happy place,  
 There shall be our final home,  
 When we've won the Christian race,  
 When our pilgrim work is done,  
 There, with Saints and Angels bright,  
 Round the great white throne we'll stand,  
 Basking in th'effulgent light,  
 Of that pure celestial land.

3.

Who will go along with me?  
 Who will seek that blest abode?  
 There the Saviour's face to see,  
 There to taste the love of God?  
 Come, poor sinner, haste away,  
 Leave the world and all behind,  
 Cast your sins and follies by,  
 Peace and consolation find.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—And shall I fear to own his
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While others fought to win the
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord, I'll bear the toil, endure the

CHORUS

cause Or blush to speak his name? You must be a lover of the Lord, You  
prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?  
grace, To help me on to God?  
pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

must be a lover of the Lord, Yes you must be a lover of the Lord, If

you would go to heav'n, If you would go to heav'n.

- 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. *Cho.*
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine. *Cho.*

1 On - ly waiting 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 night of death is fad - ed From the heart once full of day;

Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.  
And I'm trusting, sole-ly trusting In almighty power to save.

FINE.

CHORUS.

I am waiting, on - ly waiting For the summons to the grave;

D. S.

104

2 Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;  
For the summer-time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly,  
All the ripe hours of my heart;  
For the bloom of life is wither'd,  
And I hasten to depart. *Cho.*

3 Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate;

Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away ;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

4 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 gathering darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies. *Cho.*

## BUCKLEY. C. M.

S. J. VAIL.



1. Op-press'd with noon-days scorching heat, To yon - der cross I flee ; Be -  
2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst— A foun-tain sparkling free ; And



neath its shel - ter take my rest, No shade like this for me !  
there I quench my de - sert thirst,— No spring like this for me !



105

3.

A stranger here I pitch my tent,  
Beneath this spreading tree ;  
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,  
No home like this for me !

4.

For burdened ones a resting place,  
Beside that cross I see ;  
I here cast off my weariness,  
No rest like this for me !

106. 1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,  
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band;

When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing Glad - ly bid us wel - come home,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land?

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,  
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us, as in days of yore?

In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know . . . . each oth - er there?  
Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fond - ly round . . . . us as be - fore?  
Shall we know each oth - er there?  
Fond - ly round us as be - fore?



# SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE? Concluded. 103

CHORUS.

Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know..... each  
 Shall we know each oth - er?

Shall we know, &c.

other? Shall we know..... each other? Shall we know.. each other there?

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
 And my weary heart grows light,  
 For the thrilling angel voices,  
 And the angel faces bright,  
 That shall welcome us in heaven,  
 Are the lov'd of long ago,  
 And to them 'tis kindly given  
 Thus their mortal friends to know.  
 Shall we know, &c.

4. Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,  
 Droop not, faint not, by the way;  
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones  
 In the land of perfect day!  
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,  
 Murmured in my raptured ear,  
 Evermore their sweet song lingers,  
 "We shall know each other there!  
 We shall know, &c.

## JESUS LOVES ME.

R. L.

107.

1. Let the shadows round me gather, And the day Pass a - way—Jesus loves me.  
 2. Tho' the tide of sorrow whelm me, In the flow This I know—Jesus loves me.  
 3. Dearest earthly friends may leave me; He, my own, Stays alone Jesus loves me.  
 4. Neither sin nor death can fright me; Jesus died, He'll provide— Jesus loves me.

CHORUS. Je-sus loves me, always loves me; You may have All the world; Jesus loves me.

108.

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'er -
2. When Sa - tan, the tempter, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor
3. And when I have fin - ished my pil - grim - age here Com - plete in Christ's

whelm - ed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to  
 right - eous - ness I shall ap - pear, I will pray to the Lord, who for  
 In the swell - ings of Jor - dan all

Thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.  
 sin - ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.  
 dan - ger de - fy, And look to the Rock that is high - er than I.

## REFRAIN.

Higher than I, Higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

# 0, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

Arranged. 105

1. Je - sus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain  
2. Yes, thou art pre-cious to my soul, My treas-ure and my trust: The

would I sound it out so loud, That heaven and earth might hear.  
world com-pared with thee is naught, And all its treas-ure dust.

CHORUS.

O, who's like Je - sus! O, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord! There's

none like Je - sus! O, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and serve the Lord.

109.

3. All my loftiest thoughts can wish  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there,—  
The noblest balm of all my wounds,  
The cordial of my care.

110. 1. When Life's la - bor song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung,

O'er the shad - ed couch of death so still, Then the Lord will light the scene

With the angel's starry sleet, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill.

CHORUS.—*Steady time.*

We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there, With the

angels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each other there; We'll meet each other there,

Musical notation for the first system of 'Angels in the Air'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a triplet of eighth notes at the beginning and end. The bass staff has a simple accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the angels, with the angels in the air.

2 Dark the shadows in the vale,  
Fierce the howling of the gale,  
But the shining ones are near our door:  
With our robes as bright as they,  
We will tread the starry way,  
With the shadow and the storm no more.  
We'll meet, &c.

3 Flood the heart with parting tears,  
Frost the head with passing years,  
Mingle want and woe together here,—  
But the Lord will lift the cloud  
That enwraps the shining shroud,  
And we'll never know a sorrow there.  
We'll meet, &c.

FANNY CROSBY.

SURE REST.

WM. HORTON.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Sure Rest'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a triplet of eighth notes at the beginning. The bass staff has a simple accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

1. There is rest for our pilgrim feet, When the journey of life is o'er; On the  
2. There's a home for the pure in heart, And its portals are bright and fair; There are

Musical notation for the second system of 'Sure Rest'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a triplet of eighth notes at the beginning. The bass staff has a simple accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

mountain of God where his people shall stand, And praise him fore-er more.  
garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, And a crown for the cross we bear.

3 We must work "till the Master comes," 4 There is rest, and that rest is sure,  
We must watch for the hour draws near; 'Tis promised, 'twill soon be ours;  
We must pray, and not faint, rejoicing in  
hope, In a beautiful land by the River of Life,  
And wait till his voice we hear. A garden of fadeless flowers.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When  
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome, This

I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home?  
world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.

## CHORUS.

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

We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

112.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side.  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.

# WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. Concluded. 109

113.

- 1 Come let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize;  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise.—*Cho.*
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven are one.—*Cho.*
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,

- Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death.—*Cho.*
- 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of his host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.—*Cho.*
- 5 His militant embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.—*Cho.*

## JACOB'S PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st.

1. { All night long till break of day, Ja - cob wept his bit - ter prayer,  
Till the An - gel on his way, Christ, the [Omit.....]

2d.

Angel, blest him there. I'm a nee - dy sinner too, Torn with anguish, guilt and  
fear, I to Je - sus too will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

114.

2.

Jesus at Thy cross I lie  
All the night till break of day,  
Do not spurn my humble cry,  
Saviour cast me not away.  
Till thou bless and make me Thine,  
Till Thy pard'ning love I know,  
Till the light of mercy shine,  
"Lord, I will not let Thee go!"

3.

Now Thy gentle words I hear,  
"Go in peace" thy sins forgiven.  
Thou hast dried the mourners tear,  
Help me follow Thee to heaven.  
Jesus, I Thy goodness bless,  
Still with wondering love adore;  
Let me never love Thee less.  
Let me love Thee more and more.

115.  
1. Why should I doubt thy prom - ise Lord, Or yield to i - dle fears,

When thou hast led me safe - ly on Thro' all my days and years; There's

not a wish or se - cret tho't But thou, my God, hast known,

By ev - ery sor - row thou hast come And made my grief thine own.

2.  
Why should I doubt thy mercy Lord,  
Is not each passing hour  
A living witness to my heart  
Of thy protecting power?  
If thus afflictions weigh me down,  
To thee my soul would fly;  
Tho' long delayed the boon I ask,  
'Tis but my faith to try.

3.  
I would not doubt thy goodness Lord,  
O give me strength divine,  
Now help me consecrate to thee,  
My life, and all that's mine;  
Thus cheerful will I journey on  
Till all my trials past,  
I reach the pearly gates of light,  
And dwell with thee at last.



# OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

111

S. C. FOSTER.



1. { Oh! how sweet when we min-gle with kin-dred spir-its here, And  
 When by faith we can see him, and feel his pre-sence near, It  
 d. c. We shall dwell with the an - gels and join their cho-ral song, Our



FINE. CHORUS.



tell of Je - sus and his love; } We shall meet on the banks of the  
 lifts our long-ing souls a - bove. }  
 loved ones, loved ones gone be-fore.



riv - er, Hap - py, hap - py there for ev - er - more. D. C.



**116.** 2.  
 Hark the words of our Master, be faithful,  
 watch and pray,  
 Press on where joys eternal flow;  
 Let us journey together along the shining  
 way,  
 And sing rejoicing as we go. — *Cho.*

3.  
 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we  
 must bear.  
 We'll count them blessings in disguise;

Though the cross may be heavy, the crown  
 we soon shall wear,  
 In heaven, where pleasure never dies. *Cho.*

4.  
 When we walk thro' the valley and shadow  
 of the tomb,  
 Dear Saviour thou wilt be our guide;  
 Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light be-  
 yond the gloom,  
 And keep the ransomed at thy side. *Cho.*

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care; }  
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. }

Bles-sed Je - sus, Bles-sed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Bles-sed Je-sus, Bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

117.

2.

We are thine, do thou befriend us  
 Be the Guardian of our way;  
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3.

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free,  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to thee.

4.

Early let us seek thy favor,  
 Early let us do thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
 With thy love our bosoms fill.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

# HOSANNA TO OUR GLORIOUS KING!

113

C. G. ALLEN.

118. 1. A - dor - ing saints lift up your heads Be - hold the King of Kings,

Your great de - liver - er and your God Whose word sal - va - tion brings,  
CHORUS.—Ho - san - na to our glorious King, Ho - san - na to His name.

In loud tri - umph - ant songs of joy His wondrous works pro - claim: D. C.

2.

The mighty Lord, the Prince of peace  
He reigns victorious now,  
And all the nations of the earth  
Shall to his scepter bow;  
From wave to wave, from clime to clime  
Let every tongue proclaim:  
Hosanna to our glorious King,  
Hosanna to His name.

3.

Ye souls redeemed from sin and death,  
Ye bright celestial band  
That shout and praise Him day and night  
As 'round His throne ye stand,  
With you we'll strike our golden harps  
In heaven we'll soon proclaim:  
Hosanna to our glorious King  
Hosanna to His name.

1. Singing, singing, ev - er, ev - er singing, From the fullness of our hearts;  
 2. Praying, praying, ev - er, ev - er praying, Dai - ly will we seek God's face;  
 3. Giv - ing, giv - ing, ev - er, ev - er giv - ing Time and talents, wealth and all;

Grateful hymns to Je - sus we are chanting, For the joy his love im - parts.  
 Vain, oh! vain will be our greatest pleasure, If we live with - out his grace  
 For the good of oth - ers we are liv - ing, Let us heed the humblest call.

CHORUS.

While sing - ing and pray - ing, while giv - ing and work - ing, We'll hap - py, hap - py

be, We'll hap - py, hap - py be; By faith our hap - py, hap - py home we see.

119.

4.

Working, working, ever, ever working,  
 For the blessed Jesus' sake;  
 We will never, never cease our toiling,  
 Till we're called our rest to take. *Cho.*

5.

Welcome, welcome, joyful, joyful welcome,  
 When we reach the shining shore;  
 Christ himself will bid his children welcome  
 To our home for evermore. *Cho.*

Rev. R. LOWRY.

*Tender.*

1. Christ in His heavenly gar-den walks all day, And calls to souls up-  
D. S. Christ at the gate stands

FINE.

D. S.

on the worlds high way, Wear-ied with tri - fles maimed and sick with sin,  
and in - vites them in.

120

2.

How long unwise will ye pursue your woe The sun is falling and the night is nigh,  
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go, Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?  
Here the white lilies shine like stars above,  
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

4.

3.

Look on my hands and side for I am He,  
None to the Father cometh but by me,  
Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray, For you I died, once more I call you home,  
Turn your steps hither, am not I the way? I live again for you—my children come!

## NONE LIKE JESUS.

R. L.

1. Cast your care on Jesus; He will share it, He will bear it—There is none like Jesus.  
2. Cast your sin on Jesus; He will take it, Now forsake it—There is none like Jesus.  
3. Cast your heart on Jesus; Do not grieve him, Just believe him—There is none like Jesus.

Words and music by P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1. Our Saviour when wea - ry sat down by a well, How sweet from his

lips was the mes - sage that fell, "Who - ev - er shall drink of the wa - ter I

give, Shall nev - er be thirs - ty so long as they live.

## CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus then, thirs - ty one, Make no de - lay, O slight not his

message— Accept it to - day, Accept Him to - day, Accept Him to - day.

2.	Oh! stop, thoughtless soul, and consider who spake, Such words of sweet promise, to those who will take; "The Water of Life," he so freely will give, Then drink it poor sinner, O drink it and live.— <i>Cho.</i>	4.	How pure is the fountain from Jesus, that flows, Its life-giving waters will heal all thy woes, Then come heavy-laden now sighing for rest, The Saviour invites thee, come, drink and be blest.— <i>Cho.</i>
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## LIGHT BEYOND.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. HORTON.

1 { Onward let us nev - er wea - ry, An - gel guards our path attend ; }  
 { Thro' the vale of clouds and darkness, Christian, there is light beyond. }

CHORUS.

We shall meet when life is o - ver, On its banks—the crys - tal

River—There with parted ones for - ev - er, Sing and praise the Lamb of God.

## 123.

2 Lo, the Saviour walks before us,  
He our never changing friend;  
Bids us when the tempest rages,  
Lift our eyes, there's light beyond. *Cho*

3 Tho' He chasten, 'tis in mercy  
To his rod in meekness bend,

Tho' the night may close around us,  
Blessed hope, there's light beyond. *Cho.*

4 Onward, let us never weary,  
They who now our path attend,  
Soon will bear our spirit's upward,  
Thank's to God, there's light beyond.

Words by REV. SIDNEY DYER.

R. LOWRY.

"LET US LABOR THEREFORE TO ENTER INTO THAT REST."—Heb. iv. 11.

1. { When faint and wear-y toil-ing The sweat-drops on my brow, I  
 { There comes a gen-tle chid-ing To quell each mourning sigh: "Work

1st. }  
 long to rest from la-bor, to drop the bur-den now— }  
 [Omit.....] } while the day is

2d.

CHORUS.

shining, There's resting by and by." Resting by and by, There's resting by and

• • • We shall not al-ways la-bor, We shall not al-ways cry; The  
 by; we

end is draw-ing near-er, The end for which we sigh; We'll



lay our heav - y bur - dens down, There's rest - ing by and by.

124.

- 2 This life to toil is given,  
 And he improves it best  
 Who seeks by patient labor  
 To enter into rest;  
 Then pilgrim, worn and weary,  
 Press on, the goal is nigh;  
 The prize is straight before thee,  
 There's resting by and by.
- 3 Nor ask when overburdened,  
 You long for friendly aid,  
 "Why idle stands my brother,  
 No yoke upon him laid?"

- The Master bids him tarry;  
 And dare you ask him why.  
 "Go labor in my vineyard,"  
 There's resting by and by.
- 4 Wan reaper in the harvest,  
 Let this thy strength sustain,  
 Each sheaf that fills the garner  
 Brings you eternal gain;  
 Then bear the cross with patience,  
 To fields of duty hie;  
 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus —  
 There's resting by and by.

GIVE THYSELF TO ME.

GEO. LEACH,

1. Melt the cold - ness from my heart; Je - sus help me, I be - lieve:  
 2. All my fol - lies I re - sign; From my ev - il self I flee.

Bid me wel - come where Thou art; And ne'er my spir - it leave.  
 Je - sus own my heart for Thine, And give Thy - self to me.

125.

- 5 Dreary is the desert land;  
 Friends depart and foes betray;  
 Jesus lead my trembling hand,—  
 Thou Life and Truth and Way.

- 4 Clasp me in Thy faithful arms:  
 Soothe me on Thy tender breast,—  
 This the sting of death disarms,  
 And brings internal rest.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

126.1. We know not what's before us, What tri - als are to come: But

each day passing o'er us, Brings us still nearer home. We're nearer, nearer,

home, Our blessed, happy home, Where grief and sin can nev - er come, We're

REFRAIN.

near - er, nearer, home. Nearer home, Nearer home, Near - er to our

*Repeat pp*

hap - py home, Nearer home, Nearer home, Our bles - sed, hap - py home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,  
And clouds our sky o'ercast,  
Let us remember only,  
That it will soon be past.  
Nearer home, &c.

3 What'er of gloom or anguish  
Life to our hearts may bring,  
In doubt we will not languish.  
But cheerfully we'll sing.  
Nearer home, &c.

COMFORT ME.

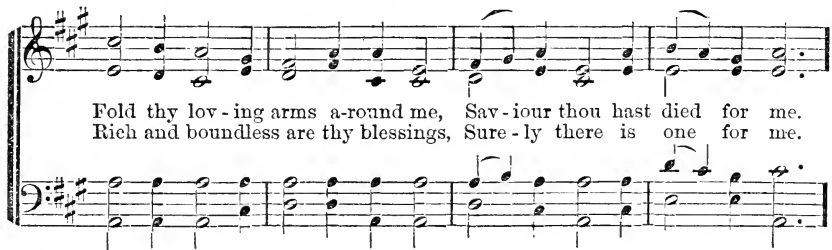
Music by W. H. PETTIBONE.



1. Weak and sin - ful, O my Fa - ther, Hop - ing, trust - ing, on - ly thee,  
2. Stand - ing at the door of mer - cy, Lord, I wait a smile from thee,



Fold thy lov - ing arms a - round me, Sav - iour thou hast died for me.  
Rich and boundless are thy blessings, Sure - ly there is one for me.



Com - fort me, Com - fort me, Bles - sed Sa - viour com - fort me.



127.

3.

Thou my life, my only treasure,  
Let me give myself to thee,  
Let me drink the healing fountain,  
There is comfort still for me. *Cho.*

4.

Thou hast rolled away the burden,  
Praise forever, praise to thee;  
Blessed pardon, now I feel it,  
Thou hast spoken, Lord, to me. *Cho.*

## OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

128.

1. Joy-ful away to Pisgah's mountain, Borne on the wings of faith we  
 2. Christians, behold the hill of Zi-on, See where our purest treasure

soar, Sweetly we hear the e-cho ring-ing, Happy voices on the  
 lies, Work for the Lord whate'er our tri-als, O be faithful, we shall

oth-er shore. Hark! they sing in the bright vales of E-den,  
 win the prize. Crown'd with light in a man-sion of beau-ty,  
 CHORUS. Would you sit by the banks of the riv-er

Songs of praise to the Lamb that was slain; Round his throne with the  
 We shall dwell with the pure and the blest, We shall sing with the  
 With the friends you have loved by your side, Would you join in the

mar - tyrs they gath - er There u - ni - ted for - ev - er to reign.  
 faith - ful in glo - ry, Where the wear - y for - ev - er shall rest.  
*songs of the an - gels, Then be rea - dy to fol - low your guide.*

3 We're pressing on with eager longing,  
 Pressing toward the swelling tide;  
 Jesus will bear us safely over,  
 We shall anchor on the other side.  
 Saved by grace to his kingdom exalted,

When the billows of Jordan are pass'd,  
 We shall sing with the friends we have  
 cherished,  
 Glory, glory, we're home, home at last.  
 Would you sit, &c.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time,

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head su - blime.

129.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me,  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds new lustre to the day.

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

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

A. VAN ALSTYNE.

1. Here is not my rest, Je-sus knoweth best The path of life for me:  
2. Here is not my home, Yet con-tent I roam This de-sert wild be-low;

With my faith se-cure I can all en-dure If still His hand I see.  
'Tis my Fa-ther's voice, Bids my heart re-joice And tells me where to go.

## 130.

3 Though temptation's power  
Chill the brightest hour,  
I lift my soul above,  
With my Saviour near  
What have I to fear  
Protected by his love.

4 Pilgrim of a day  
I shall pass away,  
Where endless joys are given;  
Lord, at home with thee  
Sweet my rest will be,  
Eternal rest in Heaven.

## ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From J. M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of

CHORUS.

light Prepared for me. I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to-

day; Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day, Than ever I've been be-fore.

131.

2 O may I faithful prove,  
 And keep the crown in view,  
 And through the storms of life  
 My way pursue.  
 3 Jesus be thou my guide,  
 And all my steps attend,

O keep me near thy side,  
 Be thou my friend.  
 4 Be thou my shield and sun,  
 My Saviour and my guard,  
 And when my work is done,  
 My great reward.

HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O, to be there, Where nev-er tears of sor-row Shall dim the eye, nor  
 2. O, love-ly home, Thy fragrant thornless flowers, Droop not nor die, but

ach-ing pain nor care Shall ov-er-cloud our mor-row! O, to be  
 ev-er-last-ing bloom Crowns all thy gold-en hours; O, love-ly

132. 3 O, let me go!  
 Death shall not there dis sever  
 Our loving hearts. Where streams of pleasure flow  
 At God's right hand forever:  
 O, let me go!  
 4 For Thou art there,  
 Who to my soul has given  
 Eternal life, that makes me pure and fair;  
 And this to me in Heaven,  
 For Thou art there.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,  
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And hellish darts be hurled;  
 chorvs. O, the place, the hap - py place! The place where Je - sus reigns;

I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.  
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.  
 The place where christians all shall meet, And nev - er part a - gain.

133.

3.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall;  
 So I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all.  
 O, the place, &c.

4.

There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.  
 O, the place, &c.

## BELIEVER. C. M.

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus 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 hid - ing place;



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 'Tis manna to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.  
 My nev - er - fail - ing - treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.

134.

4.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

5.

I would thy boundless love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 So shall the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

Arr. by R. L.

1 } O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee : }  
 2 } In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, O, Lord, re - mem - ber me. }  
 2 } When, with an ach - ing burdened heart I seek re - lief of thee, }  
 } Thy par - don grant, new peace impart, O, Lord, re - mem - ber me. }

d. c. Re - mem - ber Lord, thy dying groans, And then remem - ber me.

CHORUS. D. c.  
 I know I'm weak, I know I'm vile, But mercy's all my plea.

135.

3.

When trials sore abstract my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee,  
 O let my strength be as my day,  
 O, Lord, remember me. *Cho.*

4.

When in the solemn hour of death,  
 I wait thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
 O, Lord, Remember me. *Cho.*

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break every ten - der tie, ...  
D. S. Je - sus a - lone can bless.

FINE. D. S.

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place,  
Je - sus is mine!

## 136. 2 Tempt not my soul away,

Jesus is mine!

Here would I ever stay,

Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,

Born but for one brief day,

Pass from my heart away,

Jesus is mine!

## 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,

Jesus is mine!

Lost in this dawning light,

Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried,

Left but a dismal void,

Jesus has satisfied,

Jesus is mine!

## 4 Farewell, mortality,

Jesus is mine!

Welcome, eternity,

Jesus is mine!

Welcome, O loved and blest,

Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,

Welcome, my Saviour's breast.

Jesus is mine!

## NEARER TO THEE.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Near - er my God, to thee, - Near - er to thee! E'en though it  
be a cross that rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be

Musical score for 'Nearer to Thee' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Near-er, my God to thee, Near-er, Near-er, Near-er to thee!'.

137.

2.

Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3.

There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;

All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

4.

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

5.

And when 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!

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

S. J. VAIL.

Musical score for 'The Pilgrim's Home' in D major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Je-sus I long for thee, Friendless I roam, [Omit.....]Earth has no d. c. { Up to its na-tive skies, [Omit.....]Heaven is my home.' The score includes first and second endings and a 'FINE.' marking.

Musical score for 'The Pilgrim's Home' in D major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'joy for me, Heaven is my home; When shall my soul arise Joyful with glad surprise, D. C.'

138.

2 Grant me a light divine  
While here I roam,  
O'er my dark path to shine,  
Heaven is my home.  
O my sad heart be still,  
Patient in every ill,  
Thine be a father's will,  
Heaven is my home;

3 There shall I see his face,  
No more to roam,  
Clasped in his dear embrace,  
Heaven is my home;  
Soon shall my spirit rise,  
Joyful with glad surprise,  
Up to its native skies,  
Heaven is my home.

1 { Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }  
 { Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }  
 2 { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }  
 { Leave us not, to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear, }

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,  
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come ! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.  
 Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come ! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

## 139.

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

## 140.

- 1 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?  
 God, who did your being give,

Made you with himself to live;  
 He the fatal cause demands ;  
 He the work of his own hands, —  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?

2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?  
 He, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself, that you might live.  
 Will ye let him die in vain ?  
 Crucify your Lord again ?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

S. B. MARSH.  
FINE.

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

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

## 141.

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
 Leave, O leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;  
 And my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :  
 More than all in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 False, and full of sin I am ;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found, —  
 Grace to cover all my sin :  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art ;  
 Freely let me take of thee :  
 Spring thou up within my heart ;  
 Rise to all eternity.

## 142.

- 1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,  
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
 One that loves us to the end ;  
 Forward, then, with courage go,  
 Long we shall not dwell below ;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls, come home."
- 2 In our way a thousand snares  
 Lie to take us unawares ;  
 Satan with malicious art,  
 Watches each unguarded heart ;  
 But from Satan's malice free,  
 Saints shall soon in glory be ;  
 Soon the joyful news shall come,  
 "Child, your Father calls, come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
 None so oft mislead our feet,  
 None betray us into sin,  
 Like the foes that dwell within ;  
 Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,  
 Christ shall also conquer these ;  
 Then the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls, come home."

1. How happy ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven; This  
2. A country far from mortal sight; Yet, oh! by faith I see The

CHORUS.  
earth. he says, is not my place, I seek my home in heaven. Oh, heaven,  
land of rest, the saints delight, The heaven prepared for me.

dear heaven, home of the blest, How I long to be there in its

glo - ries to share, And to lean on Je - sus' breast.

## 1-43.

3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!

While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day. *Cho.*

4 We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled. *Cho.*

5 O, would he more of heaven bestow;  
And let the vessels break;  
And let our ransomed spirits go,  
To grasp the God we seek? *Cho.*

6 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout the wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity. *Cho.* C. WESLEY.



## 144.

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art !  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee ?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,—  
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;  
Its riches are unsearchable ;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see ;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart :  
For this I sigh, for this I pine ;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;  
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet !  
Be this my happy choice ;

My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

## 145.

- 1 O Lord ! how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee—  
If we from self could rest ;  
And feel at heart, that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life !  
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden, wild alarms ;  
Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thy almighty arms !
- 3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer—  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear, in that we fear !

146.

- 1 Jesus I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shall be:  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition!  
 God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue:  
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;  
 Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 And shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

147.

- 1 "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!"  
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,  
 "Others by the word are saved;  
 Now to me afford thine aid."  
 Many, for his crying, chid him,  
 But he cried the louder still;  
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him:  
 Come, and ask me what you will.
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,  
 Though by begging used to live;  
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,  
 Alms which none but He could give.  
 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
 Let my eyes behold the day!"  
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
 Followed Jesus in the way.
- 3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,  
 Publishing to all around:  
 "Friends, is not my case amazing!  
 What a Saviour I have found!  
 O that all the blind but knew Him,  
 And would be advised by me!  
 Surely they would hasten to Him,  
 He would cause them all to see."



*Very spirited.*

1. { Hear the roy-al proc-la-ma-tion, The glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion, }  
 { Pub-lish-ing to ev-ery crea-ture, To the ru-ined sons of na-ture; }

CHORUS. *f*

Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, he

reigns vic-tor-ious, O-ver heaven and earth most glor-ious, Je - sus reigns,

Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,  
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,  
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor  
 Now is offered by the Saviour:"

3 "Here is wine, and milk and honey,  
 Come and purchase without money;  
 Mercy flowing from the fountain,  
 Streaming from the holy mountain."

148.

4 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,  
 To the bound of the creation:  
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,  
 The Almighty Prince of Zion. *Cho.*

5 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,  
 Christ hath purchased our redemption;  
 Angels, shout the pleasing story,  
 Through the brighter worlds of glory. *Cho.*

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour, I  
D. S. But how much I love thee I

love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;  
nev - er can show.

## 149.

- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy,  
O wondrous account!  
My joys are immortal;  
I stand on the mount!  
I gaze on my treasure,  
And long to be there,  
With Jesus and angels,  
My kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour,  
With thee I am blest!  
My life and salvation,  
My joy and my rest!  
Thy name be my theme,  
And thy love be my song,  
Thy grace shall inspire  
Both my heart and my tongue.
- 5 O, who's like my Saviour?  
He's Salem's bright king;  
He smiles, and he loves me,  
He helps me to sing;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him,  
With notes loud and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure  
My spirit doth fill.

150. TUNE.—*Christ within.*

- 1 My God, I am thine;  
What a comfort divine,  
What a blessing, to know  
That my Jesus is mine!  
In the heavenly Lamb  
Thrice happy I am;  
And my heart doth rejoice  
At the sound of his name.
- 2 True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound,  
And whoever has found it,  
Hath paradise found;  
My Redeemer to know,  
To feel his blood flow,  
This is life everlasting—  
'Tis heaven below.
- 3 Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast;  
That indeed is the fullness,  
But this is the taste;  
And this I shall prove,  
Till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens  
In Jesus's love.



1. { O tell me no more of this world's vain store, }  
 { The time for such trifles with me now is o'er; } A country I've found where



true joys a-bound, To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on the hap-py ground.



## 151.

2.

The souls that believe, in paradise live,  
 And me in that number will Jesus receive;  
 My soul, don't delay, he calls me away,  
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad  
 day.

3.

No mortal doth know what He can bestow,  
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after  
 him, go;  
 Lo, onward I move to a city above,  
 None guesses how wond'rous my journey  
 will prove.

4.

Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,  
 and sin,  
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ  
 within;

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell  
 why.

5.

But this I do find, we two are so joined.  
 He'll not live in glory and leave me be-  
 hind;  
 So this is the race I'm running through  
 grace,  
 Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's  
 face.

6.

And now I'm in care, my neighbors may  
 share  
 These blessings: to seek them will none of  
 you dare?  
 In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,  
 When one here assures you free grace is so  
 nigh?

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee ;  
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fect - ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side! a heal - ing flood,  
 This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone :  
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of fear and sin the cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

## TOPLADY. 7s., 6 lines.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 Happy Saviour, would I be,  
 If I could but trust in thee,  
 Trust Thy wisdom me to guide,

Trust Thy goodness to provide;  
 Trust Thy saving love and power;  
 Trust Thee every day and hour.

2 Trust Thee as the only light,  
In the darkest hour of night ;  
Trust in sickness, trust in health,  
Trust in poverty and wealth ;  
Trust in joy, and trust in grief,  
Trust Thy promise for relief.

3 Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;  
Trust Thy grace to make me whole;  
Trust Thee living, dying too ;  
Trust Thee all my journey through;  
Trust Thee till my feet shall be  
Planted on the crystal sea.

CHRISTMAS.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass line in the lower staff starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, Bb3, and C4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The melody in the upper staff continues from the first system, starting with a quarter note D5. The bass line continues with quarter notes D4, E4, and F4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

154.

- 1 A glory glids the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun :  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but sorrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat :  
Its truths upon the nations rise ;  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a word of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

155.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour ! introduced by thee,  
Our race have we begun ;  
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet,  
We'll lay our trophies down.

## 156.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall;

- Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at his feet may fall;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

157.

- 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, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;

- 'Tis music in the sinners ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'n'er free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

## LOOKING HOME.

WM. B. BRADEBURY.

1. Ah! this heart so void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging, For my Father's  
2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bringing: Night will be ex-  
3. Oh! to be at home a - gain, All for which we're sighing, From all earthly

REFRAIN.

man-sions still Ear - nest-ly is long - ing, Looking home, Looking home.  
changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing - ing. Looking home, &c.  
want and pain To be swift - ly fly - ing. Looking home, &c.

Toward the heavenly mansions Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

158.

- 4 With this load of sin and care,  
Then no longer bending,  
Waiting angels meet us there  
On our soul attending.

- 5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,  
For whose courts we're sighing,  
Soon our Lord will bid us come  
To our Father's kingdom.



## 159.

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

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe  
 That Jesus died for me ;  
 And through his blood, his precious  
 I shall from sin be free. [blood,

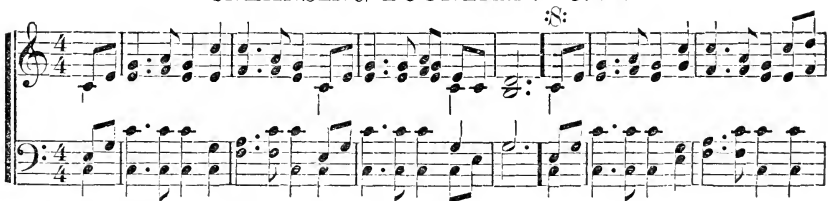
2 What did thine only Son endure  
 Before I drew my breath !  
 What pain, what labor, to secure  
 My soul from endless death. *Cho.*

3 Author of faith to thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes ;  
 O, may I now receive that gift ;  
 My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

4 Surely thou canst not let me die ;  
 O speak, and I shall live ;  
 And here I will unwearied lie,  
 Till thou thy Spirit give. *Cho.*

5 How would my fainting soul rejoice,  
 Could I but see thy face ;  
 Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
 And taste thy pard'ning grace. *Cho.*

## CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



FINE.

D. S.



## 160.

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

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

3 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  
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,



1. Far from these scenes of night Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,  
d. c. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,

And realms of joy and pure de - light, Unknown to mor - tal eyes.  
In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

D. C. Chorus.

FIN.

**161.**

- 2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more.—*Cho.*
- 3 No cloud those regions know—  
Realms ever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.—*Cho.*
- 4 O may the prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire,  
Bear every thought above.—*Cho.*

**162.**

- 1 And may I still get there ?  
Still reach the heavenly shore ?  
The land forever bright and fair,  
Where sorrow reigns no more ?  
*Cho.*—I'm glad salvation's free,  
I'm glad salvation's free,  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free.
- 2 Shall I, unworthy I,  
To fear and doubt be given,  
Mount up at last, and happy fly  
On angel's wings to heaven.—*Cho.*

- 3 Hail, love divine and pure,  
Hail, mercy from the skies !  
My hopes are bright, and now secure,  
Upborne by faith I rise.—*Cho.*
- 4 I part with earth and sin,  
And shout the danger's past,  
My Saviour takes me fully in,  
And I am his at last.—*Cho.*

**163.**

- 1 O, sing to me of heaven,  
When I am called to die,  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high.
- 2 When the last moment comes,  
O, watch my dying face,  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,  
Which o'er my features plays.
- 3 Then to my raptured soul,  
Let one sweet song be given,  
Let music cheer me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.
- 4 Then round my senseless clay,  
Assemble those I love,  
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.

164. 1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet, In com-ing to a mer-cy seat;  
 2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Ja-cob saw,  
 3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be of - ten there?  
 Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings ev-ery blessing from a - bove.  
 And Sa - tan trembles when he sees The weakest saint up-on his knees.

## CHORUS.

The worth of prayer, The worth of prayer, Teach us, O Lord, the worth of prayer.

## 165.

## DESIGN OF PRAYER.

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

2.  
 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
 If guilt deject; if sin distress;  
 In every case, still watch and pray.

3.  
 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;  
 Though thought be broken, language lame,  
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;  
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4.  
 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;  
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
 Fear not; his merits must prevail:  
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swelling tide of woes, There

is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-fore the mer-cy seat.

## 166.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet.—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of thee! A-  
2. Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No!

shamed of thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!  
when I blush be this my shame—That I no more re - vere his name.

## 167.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;  
And, O, may this my glory be—  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Words by W. BENNETT.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

1. Oft - en wea - ry and worn in the bat - tle of life, Yet we

pause not, nor lin - ger, nor shrink from the strife, But 'tis sweet to re -

flect when the con - flict is o'er, There re-main-eth a rest on the

## CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful shore. On that beau - ti - ful shore, there is sweet rest for

me, When from earth's weary toil and con-flict set free, A home where the

# REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE. Concluded. 147

ransom'd host shall dwell In bliss, which no mor - tal tongue can tell.

168

- 2 Oh, that blissful abode! sweet home of the soul,  
There we'll rest with our Lord whilst the ages  
shall roll,  
We will drink from the fountain of joy ever-  
more,  
And bask in the light of the beautiful shore. *Cho.*
- 3 But the joy of that home no mortal doth know,  
For between us and it, a dark river doth flow,
- But the Saviour hath promised to guide us safe  
o'er,  
And land us in peace on the beautiful shore. *Cho.*
- 4 Then be faithful, my soul, a few weary years,  
In thy wilderness journey of sorrow and tears,  
Till the Master shall say: Thy warfare is o'er,  
Then away to thy rest on the beautiful shore. *Cho.*

## THE REALMS OF THE BLEST. REV. R. LOWRY.

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!

169.

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels most rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
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!
- 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!
- 5 O Lord, in the valley of wo,  
Our spirits for heaven prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there!

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

170. 1 { Mid Christians hosannas, O'er conquer - ing banners, There breaks on our  
With pi - ti - ful moaning, With sorrow - ful groaning, The guilt - y im -

shouting a des - o - late cry; }  
[Omit.....] } plore us for help ere they die.

CHORUS. *f*

O, work while 'tis day, For the light flees a - way, And the hand of the

toil - er will soon work no more; But the faith - ful will rise To the

Lord in the skies, With the plaudit, "Well done," when the toiling is o'er.

# O, WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY. Concluded. 149

<p>2 O, up and be doing, Our duty pursuing, Nor down with rejoicing the wailing of woe ; Our hearts will be lighter, Our path will be brighter, The nearer our Master's own foot-prints we go.—<i>Cho.</i></p>	<p>3 With watching and praying, No longer delaying. We'll follow with gladness the voice of our Lord ; The field is before us, The crown is just o'er us, And working for Jesus brings precious re- ward.—<i>Cho.</i></p>
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May 5th, 1859.

## LONELY TRAVELER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Wea-ry oppress'd; But my journey's end is near,  
2. I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near,

Soon I shall rest! Dark and dreary is the way, Toil - ing I've come ;  
I must be gone; Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me a - way ;

171. 3  
I'm a traveler to a land  
Where all is fair ;  
Where is seen no broken  
All, all are there. [band,  
Where no tear shall ever  
Nor heart be sad; [fall,  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go  
Where all is fair ;  
Farewell, all I've loved below—  
I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,  
All I resign;  
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,  
If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—  
Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I can not stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam;  
Hail me not—in vain you call—  
Yonder's my home.

172. 1. I'll sing of Je - sus cru - ci - fied, The Lamb of God who bled and died,  
 2. He sought me in the wil - derness And found me there in deep distress,  
 3. For what the Lord has done for me, For boundless grace, so rich and free ;

A heal - ing balm, a crim - son tide, Flow'd from his head, his feet, his side.  
 He changed and washed this heart of mine, And fill'd it with his love di - vine.  
 For all his mercies that are past I'll praise him while my life shall last.

CHORUS.

A - bove the rest, this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well, My

Je - sus hath done all things well.

4 When sorrow's waves arond me roll,  
 His promises my mind console;  
 When earth and hell my soul assail,  
 His grace and mercy never fail. *Cho.*

5 When death shall steal upon my  
 frame,  
 To damp and quench the vital flame,  
 I'll turn me to my Saviour's breast,  
 And then recline and sweetly rest.  
*Cho.*



1. Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, I would fol - low thee; Meek and pure and  
 ho - ly, Thy dis - ci - ple be. Free from sin and fol - ly,  
 Free from worldly strife, Trusting in thy mer - it For e - ter - nal life.

**173.** 2 Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Keep me near thy side;  
 Lest the world's allurements  
 Cause my feet to slide.  
 On the rock of ages,  
 Firmly let me stand,  
 Yielding strict obedience,  
 To my Lord's command.

3 Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Thus through life's dark maze,  
 May I seek thy glory,  
 May I live thy praise.  
 Looking for that mansion  
 Of the pure and blest,  
 Where the meek and lowly  
 Enter into rest.

**174.** 1 Purer yet and purer  
 I would be in mind,  
 Dearer yet and dearer  
 Every duty find.  
 Hoping still and trusting  
 God without a fear,  
 Patiently believing  
 He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet, and calmer  
 Trial bear and pain,  
 Surer yet and surer  
 Peace at last to gain.  
 Suffering still and doing,  
 To His will resigned,  
 And to God subduing  
 Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher  
 Out of clouds and night,  
 Nearer yet and nearer  
 Rising to the light—  
 Light, serene and holy,  
 Where my soul may rest,  
 Purified and lowly,  
 Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker  
 Ever onward press,  
 Firmer yet and firmer  
 Step as I progress:  
 Oft these earnest longings  
 Swell within my breast;  
 Yet their inner meaning  
 Ne'er can be expressed.

174.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given : There  
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and sor - row driven, When

is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis  
toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and o - cean rolls, And

found a - lone in heaven.  
all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## 175.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of Thee ;  
No music's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice,  
In mercy to us speak ;  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Saviour shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay ;  
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all the favored throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

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

bove; His heart is made of ten - derness, His heart is made of

ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

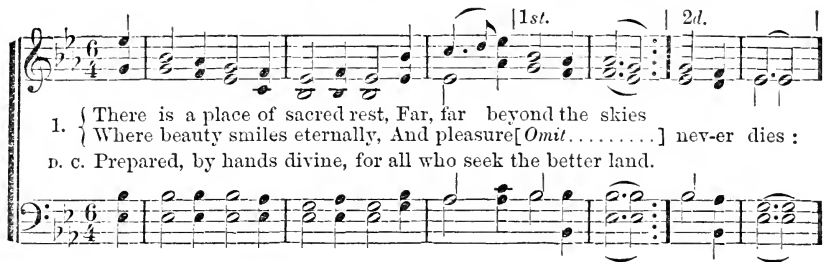
## 176.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
||: He knows what sore temptations mean, :||  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
||: And in his measure feels afresh :||  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
||: The bruised reed he never breaks, :||  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 The let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
||: We shall obtain deliv'ring grace :||  
In every trying hour.

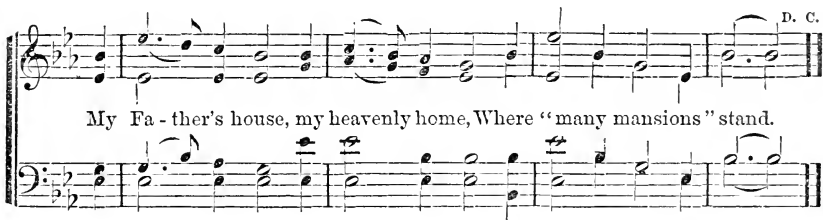
## 177.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though press'd by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe ;

- 2 That will not murmur or complain,  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
But, in the hour of grief and pain,  
Will lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread  
Nor heeds its scornful smile ; [frown,  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Or Satan's arts beguile ;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.



1. { There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies  
Where beauty smiles eternally, And pleasure [Omit. . . . .] nev-er dies :  
d. c. Prepared, by hands divine, for all who seek the better land.



My Fa - ther's house, my heavenly home, Where "many mansions" stand.

## 178.

- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side,—  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide,—  
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,  
When death shall seize its prey,  
And from the place that knows us now,  
Shall hurry us away,—  
The vision of that heavenly home  
Shall cheer the parting soul,  
And o'er it mounting to the skies,  
A tide of rapture roll.
- 4 In that pure home of tearless joy  
Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
With smiles of love that never fade,  
And blessedness complete;

There, there adieus are sounds unknown;  
Death frowns not on that scene,  
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,  
Untroubled and serene.

## 179.

- 1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,  
For those with cares oppressed,  
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,  
And all be hushed to rest:—  
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
And doubts which here annoy;  
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,  
Shall reap again in joy.
- 2 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows,  
On that celestial shore:  
There, purity with love appears,  
And bliss without alloy;  
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,  
Shall reap again in joy.

1. Let world-ly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me: Once

I ad-mired its tri-fles too, But grace hath set me free.

**180.**

- 2 Its pleasures can no longer please,  
Nor happiness afford:  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;  
I bid them all depart:  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.

**181.**

- 1 We meet upon this lonely shore,  
Those whom we dearly love:  
When shall we meet to part no more,  
When shall we meet above?
- 3 We meet to bid the sad farewell;  
To love, to sigh, to part;  
Alas, how soon the sweetest spell  
Is driven from the heart!
- 3 The fairest flowers we fondly love,  
How soon their beauty dies!  
But purer they will bloom above,  
In bowers of paradise.
- 4 In that bright, happy land afar  
We'll find, the loved, the lost;

- And nought our happiness can mar,  
When life's rough sea is crossed.
- 5 There love, so pure, so rich, so deep  
Fills every heart with joy;  
Faith shall its full fruition reap,  
For doubt can ne'er alloy.
- 6 We'll meet again when storms are o'er,  
The ills of life are past;  
When partings rend the heart no more,  
We'll meet, we'll meet at last.

**182.**

- 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.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And when my frame dissolves in death  
My soul shall love thee more.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in.



*d. c.* Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal - vation's free.



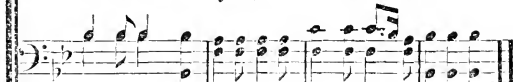
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ the migh - ty Ma - ker died For man the creature's sin.



## CHORUS.

*d. c. in Chorus.*

Jesus died for you, And Jesus died for me.



for you, for you. And Jesus died for me, for me.

4 Thus might I hide my blush -  
 ing face,  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankful -  
 ness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er re -  
 pay  
 The debt of love I owe .  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
 'Tis all that I can do. *Cho.*

## 184.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O what amazing words of grace<br/>         Are in the gospel found!<br/>         Suited to every sinner's case,<br/>         Who knows the joyful sound.</p> <p>2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,<br/>         Are freely welcome here;<br/>         Salvation, like a river, rolls,<br/>         Abundant, free, and clear.</p> | <p>3 Come, then, with all your wants and<br/>         Your every burden bring; [wounds;<br/>         Here love, unchanging love, abounds, —<br/>         A deep, celestial spring.</p> <p>4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,<br/>         Have here found life and peace;<br/>         Come, then, and prove its virtues too,<br/>         And drink, adore, and bless.</p> |
|--|--|

# O, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

157

Arranged by H. P. MAIN.

1. Blest Je - sus! when my soaring tho'ts O'er all thy graces rove, How

is my soul in transport lost,—In won - der, joy, and love!

CHORUS.

{ O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, O how I love  
How can I for - get thee, How can I for - get thee, Lord, How can I for -

Je - sus, Because he first loved me.  
get thee, Dear Lord remem - ber me.

2 Not softest strains can charm my  
Like thy beloved name; [ears,  
Nor ought beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame. *Cho.*

3 Where'er I look, my wondering  
Unnumbered blessing see; [eyes  
But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared with thee. *Cho.*

185.

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well. *Cho.*

5 No : thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy :  
Forever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ. *Cho.*

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; }  
 { E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. }

CHORUS.

Oh, the land, the love - ly land, The land o'er the Jordan's foam; On the

gold - en strand wait the hap - py, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.

## 186.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never with'ring flowers:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours. *Cho.*
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between. *Cho.*
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold  
 Should fright us from the shore. *Cho.*

## 187.

- 1 O Mother, dear, Jerusalem,  
 When shall I come to thee ?

When shall my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys, when shall I see? *Cho.*

- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!  
 O sweet and pleasant soil!  
 In thee no sorrows can be found,  
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. *Cho.*

- 3 No dimly cloud o'er shadows thee,  
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
 But every soul shines like the sun,  
 For God himself gives light. *Cho.*

- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl—  
 O God! if I were there. *Cho. F. QUARLES.*



Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and

hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

**188.**

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow,  
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling wind, or pois'nous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay:  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

**189.**

- 1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,  
In fellowship of love!  
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know  
The good shall meet above.  
*Cho.* The good, &c.
- 2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free  
From earthly grief and pain;  
In heaven we shall each other see  
And never part again.  
*Cho.* And never part, &c.
- 3 Then let us each, in strength divine,  
Still walk in wisdom's ways,  
That we with those we love may join  
In never-ending praise.  
*Cho.* In never-ending, &c.

1. { We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; }  
 { We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide. }

CHORUS. *Cres.*

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor;

*f*

We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home be - yond the tide,

We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

## 190.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed,  
 Over on the golden shore;  
 Millions more are on their journey,  
 Yet there's room for millions more. *Cho.*  
 3 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes  
 Gently waft our vessel on;

- All on board are sweetly singing—  
 Free salvation is the song. *Cho.*  
 4 When we all are safely anchored,  
 We will shout—our trials o'er;  
 We will walk about the city,  
 And we'll sing for evermore. *Cho.*

# JESUS, DEAR, I COME TO THEE.

161

Words and Music by FANNY CROSBY.

1. { Je - sus, dear, I come to thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my  
 Je - sus, dear, I learn of thee, In thy word di - vine, Ev - 'ry promise

## CHORUS.

life should be, Take my sins a - way. }  
 there I see, May I call it mine. } Je - sus, hear my humble song,

I am weak, but thou art strong, Gently lead my soul along, Help me come to thee.

191.

2.

Jesus, dear, I long for thee,  
 Long thy peace to know,  
 Grant those purer joys to me,  
 Earth can ne'er bestow;  
 Jesus, dear, I cling to thee;  
 When my heart is sad,  
 Thou wilt kindly speak to me,  
 Thou wilt make me glad.  
*Cho.* Jesus, hear, &c.

3.

Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,  
 Trust thy tender love,  
 There's a happy home for me,  
 With thy saints above;  
 Jesus, I would come to thee,  
 Thou hast said I may,  
 Tell me what my life should be,  
 Take my sins away.  
*Cho.* Jesus, hear, &c.

192.

1. Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon ;

Be - yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the

reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home ! Sweet, sweet home !

O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting,  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home !  
 Sweet, sweet home !  
 ||: O how sweet it will be there to meet  
 The dear ones all at home. :||

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
 I shall be soon :  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !  
 Sweet, sweet home !  
 ||: O how sweet it will be there to meet  
 The dear ones all at home. :||

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
 I shall be soon :  
 Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
 Beyond the ever and the never,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home !  
 Sweet, sweet home !  
 ||: O how sweet it will be there to meet  
 The dear ones all at home. :||

FLY SWIFTLY ROUND.

Arranged.

1. From high - est heav'n where God resides, That ho - ly, hap - py place; The  
 chorus.—O, dear Je - sus, O, how long Have I on earth to stay? Fly

New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shin - ing grace.  
 swift - ly round, ye wheels of time, And bear my soul a - way.

193.

2.

The God of glory down to men,  
 Removes his blest abode—  
 To men, the object of his grace,  
 And he the living God.  
 O, dear Jesus, &c.

3.

His own kind hand will wipe the tears  
 From every weeping eye ;

And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
 And death itself, shall die. [fears,  
 O, dear Jesus, &c.

4.

How long, dear Saviour, O, how long  
 Shall this bright hour delay?  
 Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, °  
 And bring the welcome day.  
 O, dear Jesus, &c.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright  
 { An - gel - ic chor - ist - ers sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spir - its a - bove; }  
 haste to thy home! } Soon with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low,

Home to the land of bright spir - its I'll go; Pil - grim and stran - ger no

more shall I roam; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

## 194.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before; Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore; Singing to cheer me through death's chill - ing gloom, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home. Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome, — Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.	3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low, Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow; Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb! Joyfully, joyfully will I go home. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn, Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone: Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom, Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
--	--

Arranged by Rev. CH. BEECHER.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

What comfort this sweet sentence gives, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!  
D. S. He lives, my ev-er-liv-ing Head, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

He lives, He lives, who once was dead, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

## 195.

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 to silence all my fears.  
He lives to wipe away my tears,

He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives all blessings to impart.

4.

He lives, all glory to His name!  
He lives, my Jesus, still the same,  
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives!

FINE.

1. How tedious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!  
 D. C. But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

2. His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice;  
 D. C. No mor-tal so hap-py as I,— My summer would last all the year.

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;—  
 His pre-sence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;

D. C.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 I should, were he always thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;

196.

3.

Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind:  
 While blest with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4.

My Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If Thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky;  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me to thee, up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.



WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Look to Je - sus! youthful christian, Just be - gun the heavenly race:  
2. Look to Je - sus! strong in manhood, Who art pressing on thy race:

Let no dream of strength or wis - dom Make thee turn from Him thy face:  
Slight the snares the world is spreading, Onward, up - ward speed thy pace:

He, thy righteousness, shall be Wisdom, ho - li - ness to thee.  
Poor and mean earth's brightest toys, Weigh'd with heav'n's e - ter - nal joys.

## CHORUS.

Look to Je - sus! look to Je - sus! Ev - er trust in His dear name.

3 Look to Jesus! aged traveler  
On life's long and changeful road:  
See'st thou not? 'tis almost ended,  
Soon thou'lt be *at home* with God:  
Lean upon Him as you go,  
Age and weakness stronger grow. *Cho.*

4 Look to Jesus! steadfast ever  
Let us on his glory gaze;  
Though revealed here but dimly,  
Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze.  
If by looking here below,  
Like to Him our spirits grow. *Cho.*

**198.**

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 2 Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come !

**199.**

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be thou our guardian, Thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In His enjoyment to be bless'd ;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

**200.**

- 1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares,  
While in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?  
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue ;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart ;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

**201.**

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

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in 2/2 time and features a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the piece.

**202.**

- 1 Return, O, wand'rer, now return,  
And seek an injured Father's face ;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O, wand'rer, now return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O, wand'rer, now return,  
And wipe away the falling tear ;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

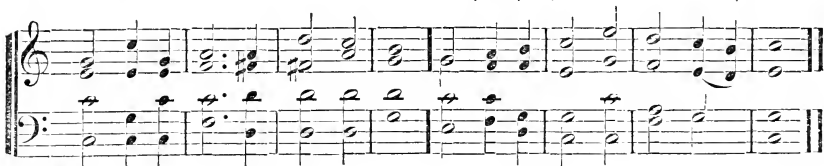
**203.**

- 1 Behold a Stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;  
Has waited long—is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh ! lovely attitude— He stands  
With melting heart, and loaded hands :  
Oh ! matchless kindness—and He shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?  
He will—the very Friend you need ;  
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine.

- That soul-destroying monster, sin,—  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—  
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;  
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,  
You'll at His door rejected stand.

**204.**

- 1 God calling yet !—shall I not hear ?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumbers lie ?
- 2 God calling yet !—shall I not rise ?  
Can I his loving voice despise,  
And basely his kind care repay ?  
He calls me still : can I delay ?
- 3 God calling yet !—and shall he knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock ?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?
- 4 God calling yet !—and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live ?  
I wait, but he does not forsake ;  
He calls me still !—my heart, awake !
- 5 God calleth yet !—I cannot stay ;  
My heart I yield without delay :  
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart !

*Gently.***205.**

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
 Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !  
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound !  
 Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,  
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
 Shall death command you to the grave,—  
 Before his bar your spirits bring,  
 And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—  
 No God regard your bitter prayer,  
 No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !  
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound !  
 Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,  
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

**206.**

- 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'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.

**207.**

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;  
 To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain  
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
 Forever closed to all but thee ;  
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
 That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !  
 Who thence their life and strength derive,  
 And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
 That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;  
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
 Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow  
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,  
 Nor will we think of aught beside,—  
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

**208.**

- 1 O for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn heart away ;  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt :  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 But power divine can do the deed ;  
And, Lord, that power I greatly need :  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

**209.**

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone ;  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
'Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,—  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
Thy light and easy burden prove ;  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.

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

**210.**

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine ,  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live—thine would I die ;  
Be thine through all eternity ;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,—  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform ;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.



211.

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,  
 He gives me strength for days to come.

3.

I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;

While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4.

Thus, when the night of death shall come  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

212.

1.

Come, weary souls ! with sins distress'd,  
 Come, and accept the promised rest ;  
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

2.

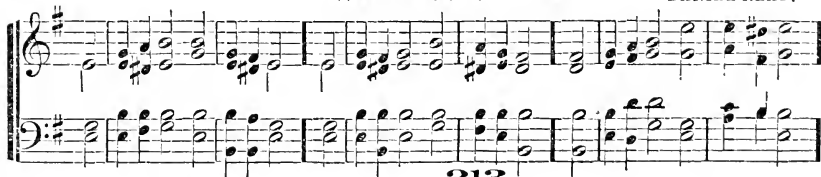
Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;  
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace, —  
 How rich the gift, how free the grace !

3.

Dear Saviour ! let Thy powerful love  
 Confirm our faith, — our fears remove ;  
 Oh ! sweetly reign in every breast,  
 And guide us to eternal rest.

## WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



213.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
 Let a repenting rebel live.  
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
 The power and glory of thy grace ;  
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3.

O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

4.

My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5.

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

214.

1.

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;

Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2.

Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears,  
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years:

3.

Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4.

Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

SPENCER. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Devotional.*

1. We gath - er in thy tem - ple, Lord, On this thy ho - ly day,  
2. O con - se - crate this sa - cred hour, And help us all to feel

To learn our du - ty from the word, To sing, and praise, and pray.  
A calm re - pose, a tran - quil peace, The world can ne'er re - veal.

215.

3.

We thank thee, Lord, that we were born  
Beneath the light of truth,  
We thank thee, Lord, for christian friends,  
To guide us in our youth.

4.

O wash us in thy cleansing blood,  
Our sinful thoughts remove;  
Dear Shepherd, lead thy tender lambs,  
And keep us in thy love.

## 216.

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

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

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;

Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

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

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

## DUANE ST. L. M.

Rev. G. COLES.



## 217.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,—  
He, whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,—  
The road that leads from banishment,—  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—  
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee, as I am :  
Nothing but sin have I to give,—  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say,—Behold the way to God.

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



## 218.

- 1 Jesus, our best beloved friend,  
Draw out our souls in sweet desire  
Jesus, in love to us descend.—  
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,  
To fear and follow thy commands ;  
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine ;  
Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,  
Our Master's voice we will obey ;  
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear  
The heat and burden of the day.
- 4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,  
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare ;  
And till we see thee face to face,  
Be all our conversation there.

## 219.

- 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.

1. O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent  
2. See, low before thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me

wipes the tears From sorrows weeping eye.  
seek thy face? Hast thou not said, Return?

220.

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet!  
O let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.  
4 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine!  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

221.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve:—

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.  
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sov'reign grace.  
4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.  
5 I can but perish if I go—  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

## BALERMA. C. M.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Un-ut-tered or ex-press'd;

The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trembles in the breast.

**222.**

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh.—  
The falling of a tear,—  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
The watchword at the gates of death,—  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:—  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

**223.** *Tune. Balerna.*

- 1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat  
My soul for shelter flies:  
'Tis here I find a safe retreat  
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,  
If thou, my God, art near;  
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,  
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector and my Lord,  
Thy constant aid impart;  
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word  
Sustain my trembling heart!
- 4 O, never let my soul remove  
From this divine retreat!  
Still let me trust thy power and love,  
And dwell beneath thy feet.

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 quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**224.**

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;



## 225.

- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all, resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,—  
Thy only love to know;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,—  
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou;  
Thou all-sufficient art:  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

## 226.

- 1 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis called to-day;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.
- 2 Soon will the harvest close,  
The summer soon be o'er;  
And soon your injured, angry God  
Will hear your prayers no more.
- 3 Then while 'tis called to-day,  
O, hear the gospel's sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While pardon may be found!

## 227.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,—  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

## 228.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wond'ring angels see;  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we may weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

**229.**

- 1 The praying spirit breathe !  
The watching power impart ;  
From all entanglements beneath,  
Call off my peaceful heart ;
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppress'd ;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize ;  
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace :
- 4 Suffer'd no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

**230.**

- 1 Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,—  
To his sure trust and tender care  
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey :  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So, safe, shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To him commend thy cause,—his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

**231.**

- 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.

**232.**

- 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 powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live ;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.



## 233.

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He sees, he hears, and from on high  
Will make our cause his care.

## 234.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismay'd;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears  
God shall lift up thy head;
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.
- 4 Leave to his sov'reign sway  
To choose and to command:  
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,  
How wise, how strong his hand!

## 235.

- 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 join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.



236.

1.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,—  
The house of thine abode,—  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

2.

I love thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

3.

For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4.

Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways;  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5.

Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*Doxology.*

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

237.

1.

How tender is thy hand,  
O thou most gracious Lord!  
Afflictions came at thy command,  
And left us at thy word.

2.

How gentle was the rod  
That chasten'd us for sin!  
How soon we found a smiling God  
Where deep distress had been!

3.

A Father's hand we felt,  
A Father's love we knew:  
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,  
And found his promise true.

4.

Now will we bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide:  
Jehovah ever be adored,  
There is no God beside.

238.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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



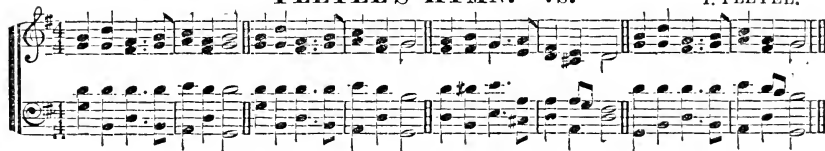
## 239.

- 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 and our health,  
In our want, in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present every where.

- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present every where.
- 4 Then, my soul in every strait,  
To Thy Father come, and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer :  
God is present every where.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.



## 240.

- 1 Depth of mercy ! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God His wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace ;  
Long provoked Him to His face ;  
Would not hearken to His calls ;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled His relentings are ;  
Me He now delights to spare ;  
Cries, how shall I give thee up ?—  
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands ;  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His  
God is love ! I know, I feel : [hands,  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

## 241.

- 1 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep ;  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;  
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep ; arise from death ;  
See the bright and living path ;  
Watchful, tread that path ; be wise ;  
Leave thy folly ; seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay ;  
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep ;  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
Jesus calls from death and night ;  
Jesus waits to shed his light.



# CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING. 183

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly king, As we jour-ney, sweetly sing:  
2. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land;

CHORUS.  
for each verse. *Chil-dren of the heav-en-ly king, As we jour-ney, sweet-ly sing:*

Sing our Sav-our's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.  
Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.

FINE.

*Sing our Sav-our's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.*

We are traveling home to God, In the way our Fa-thers trod;  
Lord! o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low;

They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.  
On-ly Thou; our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.

D. C.



## 243.

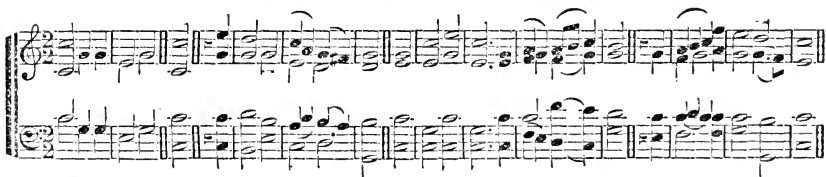
- 1 With joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before thy throne we bow,  
O thou almighty King ;  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in thy house we kneel,  
With trust and holy 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.

## 244.

- 1 And is there, Lord, a rest  
For weary souls designed,  
Where not a care shall stir the breast  
Or sorrow entrance find ?
- 2 Is there a blissful home,  
Where kindred minds shall meet,  
And live, and love, nor ever roam  
From that serene retreat ?
- 3 Forever blessed they,  
Whose joyful feet shall stand,  
While endless ages waste away,  
Amid that glorious land !
- 4 My soul would thither tend,  
While toilsome years are given ;  
Then let me, gracious God ascend  
To sweet repose in heaven.

## SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



## 245.

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



**246.**

- 1 Come, peace divine—celestial Dove !  
And make the notes of sacred love :  
Now let our earthly cares depart,  
And Jesus dwell in every heart.
- 2 Come ! Blessed Hope—Eternal Spring !  
Whence all our purest joys we bring ;  
Here may thy tranquil waters flow  
Till every soul with rapture glow.
- 3 Come ! Faith in God! with mighty pow'r  
And crown with light this hallow'd hour;  
Remove the clouds that veil our skies  
And bid the sun of glory rise !

**247.**

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense :  
One sovereign word can draw me thence :

I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone :  
In secret silence of the mind.  
My heaven, and there my God I find.

**248.**

- 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 does the generous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and human woe !  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
When dimly burns fair nature's fire;  
Then shall they meet in realms above—  
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love.

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The year of Ju - bi -

year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - - som'd sin - ners, home.

## 249.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, 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.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,

- And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
  - 6 The gospel trumpet hear,—  
The news of heavenly grace,  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## 250.

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

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

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Received on Calvary ;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for me :  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,  
 His dear anointed One :  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son :  
 His spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled :  
 His pard'ning voice I hear :  
 He owns me for his child ;  
 I can no longer fear :  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

MELODY. C. M.

A. CHAPIN.

251.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights :—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
 And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To see and praise my Lord.

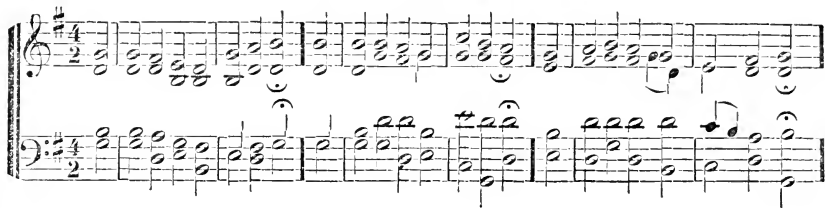
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe ;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Would bear me conqueror through.

252.

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.



253.

1.

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

2.

His sovereign power without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed  
He brought us to his fold again.

3.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
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.

254.

1.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,

So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2.

O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent  
Its thankful tribute to present  
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise,  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

255.

1.

Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love;  
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy God-like power be known.

2.

O, let a holy flock await  
In crowds around thy temple gate;  
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.

256.

*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.

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