

The Church And Home Hymnal.

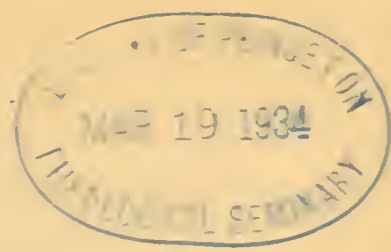
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THE
Church • and • Home • Hymnal.

CONTAINING

• • Hymns • and • Tunes • •

FOR CHURCH SERVICE,
FOR PRAYER MEETINGS,
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
FOR PRAISE SERVICE,
FOR HOME CIRCLES,
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE,
CHILDREN AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY

SAMUEL M. BIXBY,

NEW YORK.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

As they are Written in the Twentieth Chapter of the Book of Exodus.

GOD SPAKE ALL THESE WORDS, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep my commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbors.

The Summary of the Law by our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Matthew, xxii: 37-40.

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord;

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell;

The third day He rose again from the dead;

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost:

The Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints:

The forgiveness of sins:

The resurrection of the body:

And the life everlasting. Amen

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.


Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

— Preface. —

“HE CHURCH AND HOME HYMNAL” is designed as a book of GENERAL PRAISE ; words and music being selected from the BEST AUTHORS and COMPOSERS ; eliminating, as far as possible, everything that is denominational, and securing a book of GEMS of SACRED MUSIC, suited to the church at large, with the hope of stimulating a WIDER ACTIVITY in CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

It is a noticeable fact that not even TEN PER CENT of the Hymns and Tunes, bound in our best church hymnals, are used with such frequency as to render them familiar.

This volume forms a SELECT LIBRARY of the best of the old and familiar hymns and tunes, such as the whole congregation may sing with pleasure and profit in Church, Sunday School and Praise Service.

This book contains over 500 Hymns and Tunes, exclusive of Chants, Glorias, and Prayers. There are 390 pages of music, each page of which is equal in convenience to a piece of sheet music in the hands of a singer, because of the words being printed between the braces and so divided as to render both words and music easy to read.

It is a mistake to suppose that children cannot sing good music as well as that which is LIGHT and FRIVOLOUS. Much depends, however, upon the RHYTHM, or movement of the TUNE. The fact of its being well harmonized and difficult to perform in parts, does not militate against its use by young people, who mainly SING THE MELODY. The difficulty lies in its having NO MELODY OR TUNE of sufficient STRENGTH and CHARACTER to make it successful in CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The best church tunes are too simple as MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS to become STUMBLING BLOCKS to either old or young, and sufficient attention has never been paid in this country to the introduction into the SPECIAL SERVICES of young people and children of such CHURCH MUSIC as will always INTEREST them and secure their SWEET VOICES in the regular SERVICES of the church.

The book contains about 150 new Tunes, most of which were written for the purpose of doubling LONG, COMMON, or SHORT METRES, and the introduction of ODD METRES in place of so many old-time LONG, COMMON, and SHORT METRES, and the addition of CAROLS, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR and other music, for special occasions. The book will be found invaluable to CHOIRS, for short pieces, which may be used as VOLUNTARIES or OFFERTORIES.

I acknowledge, gratefully, the valuable services of Mr. F. N. Shepperd, Organist of St. James' Church, Fordham, N. Y., in the musical arrangement of this work, and of Rev. W. F. Anderson, Pastor of the Reformed Church of Fordham, in the adjustment of topics and other details. Thanks are also due to Mr. H. P. Main, Albert J. Holden, and Dr. H. R. Palmer, all of whom are contributors to the work, for valuable services rendered.

Special thanks are due to Rev. Dr. Tucker for the use of hymns and tunes selected from his book entitled “HYMNS OLD AND NEW,” also to A. S. Barnes & Co. and others, from whose works selections have been made.

Samuel M. Bixby.

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Come, let us Gladly Sing

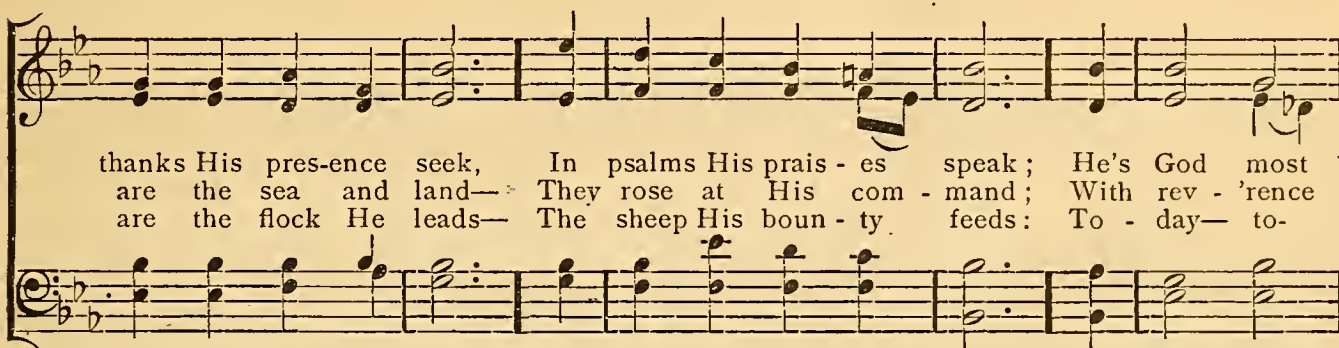
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Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D.

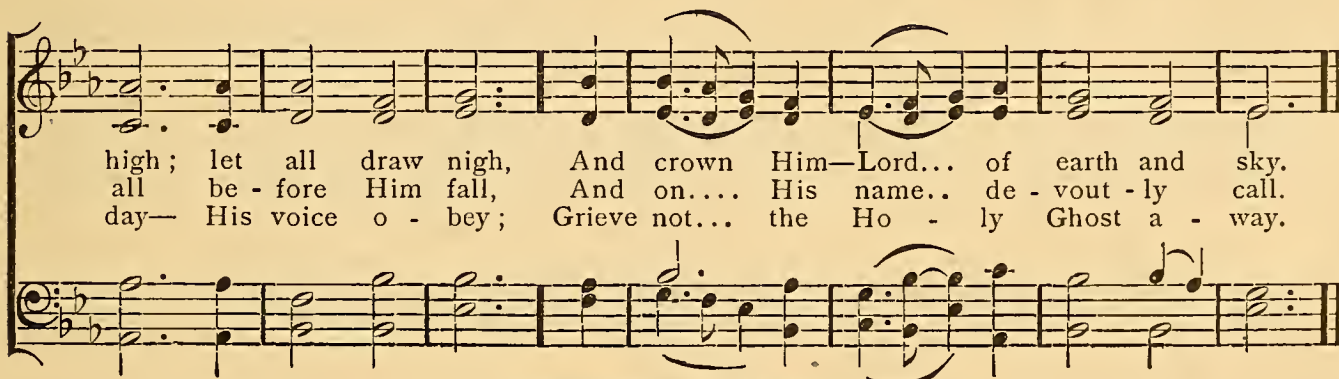
S. M. Bixby



1. Come, let us glad - ly sing To God, our Sav - iour - King; With
2. He gave the moun-tains birth, He made this spa - cious earth; His
3. Come, kneel be - fore His throne, For He is God a - lone; We



thanks His pres-ence seek, In psalms His prais - es speak; He's God most
are the sea and land— They rose at His com - mand; With rev - 'rence
are the flock He leads— The sheep His boun - ty feeds: To - day— to -

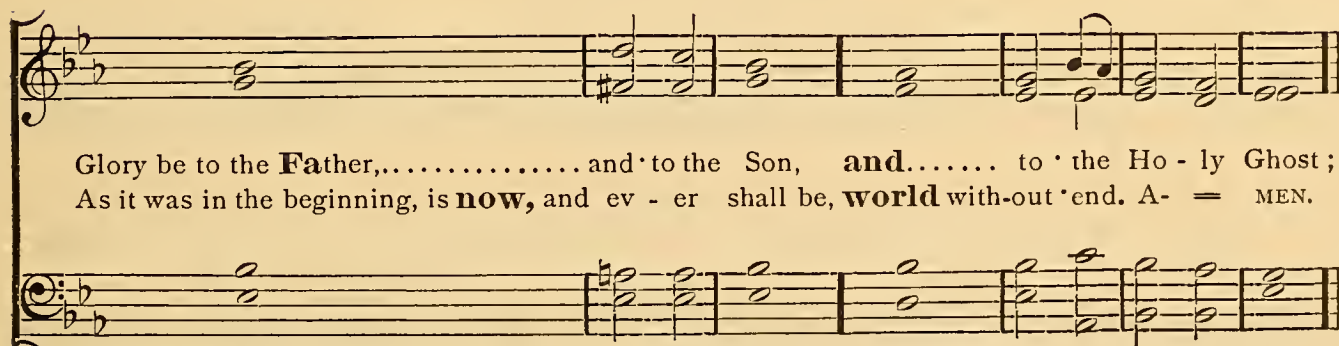


high; let all draw nigh, And crown Him—Lord... of earth and sky.
all be - fore Him fall, And on.... His name.. de - vout - ly call.
day— His voice o - bey; Grieve not... the Ho - ly Ghost a - way.

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Gloria Patri

S. M. Bixby



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out 'end. A - = MEN.

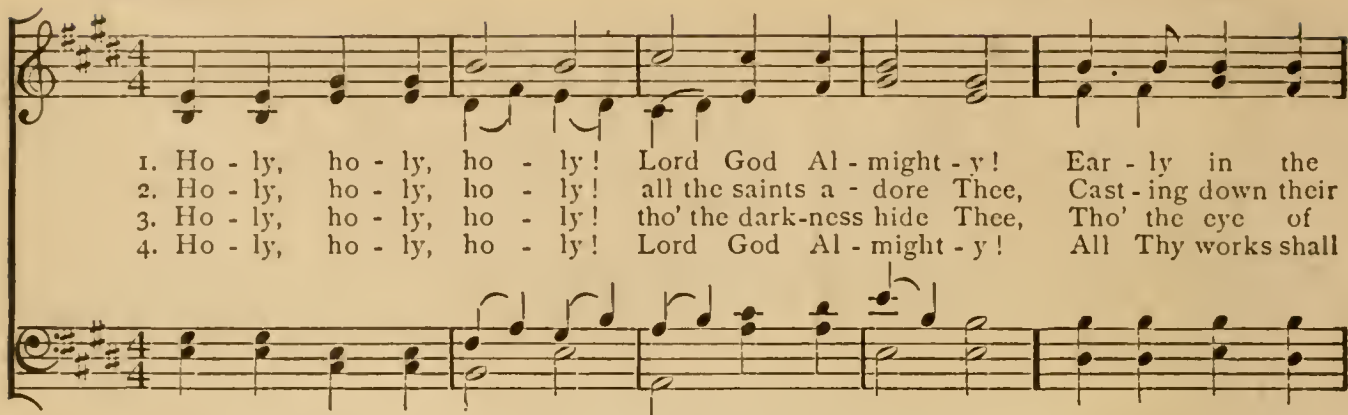
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GENERAL PRAISE

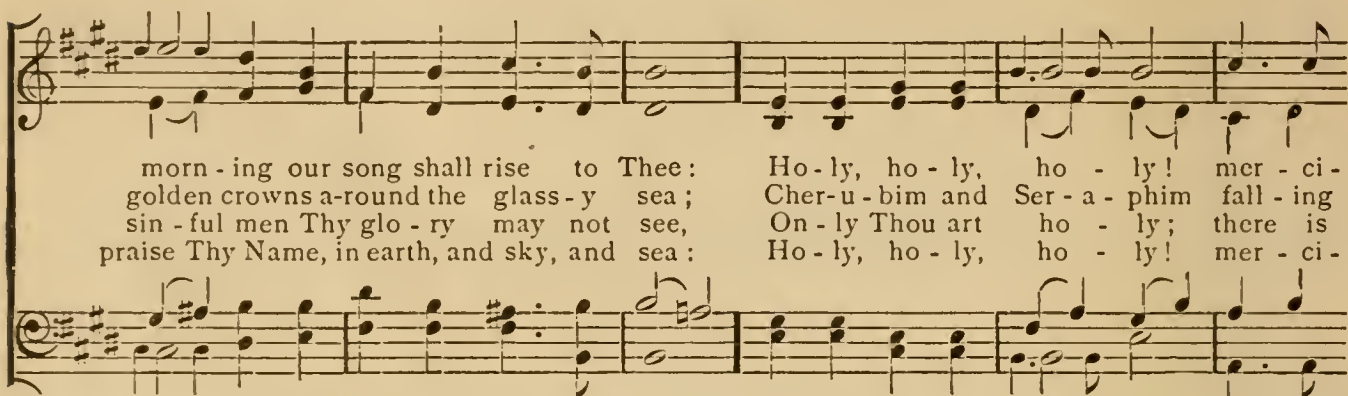
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

Bp. Heber, 1827

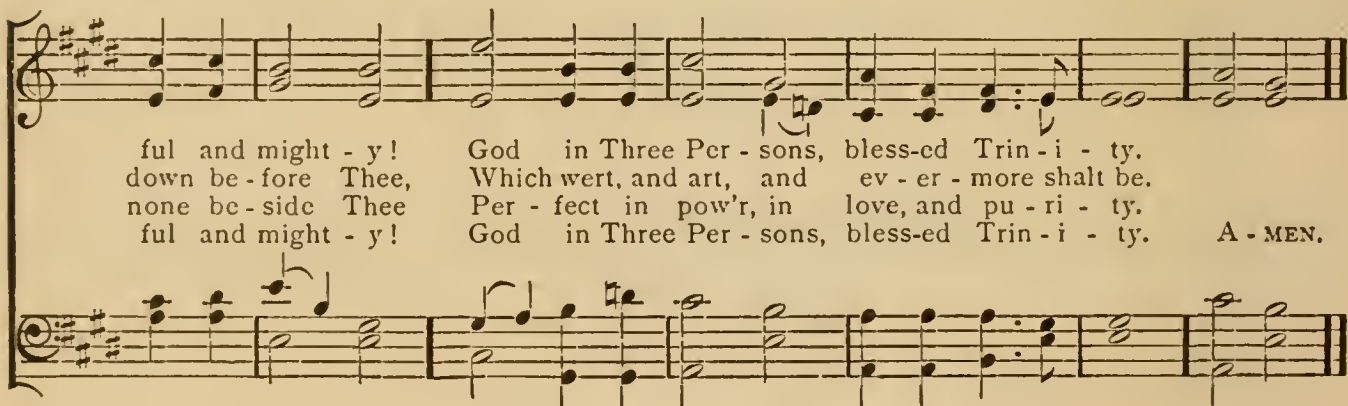
Rev. Dr. Dykes



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall



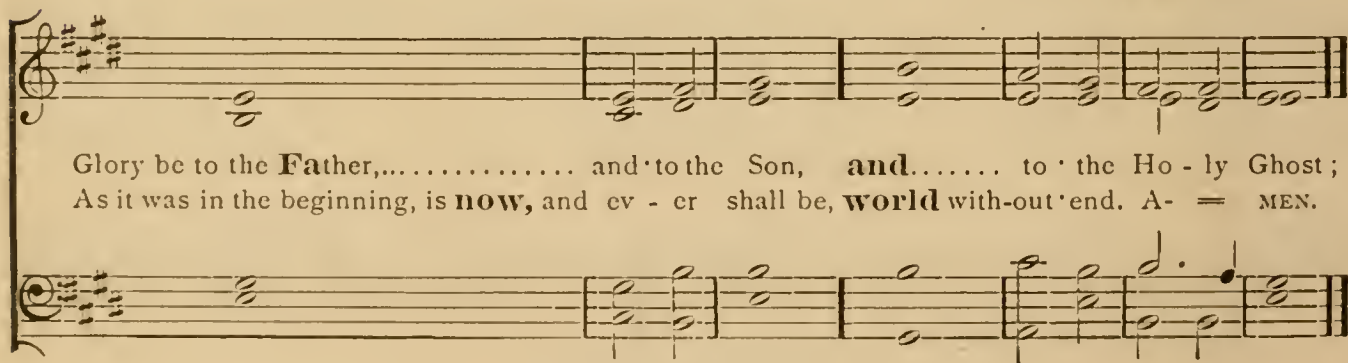
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci -
 golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing
 sin - ful men Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is
 praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci -



ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
 down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

Gloria Patri

Richard Farrant, 1570

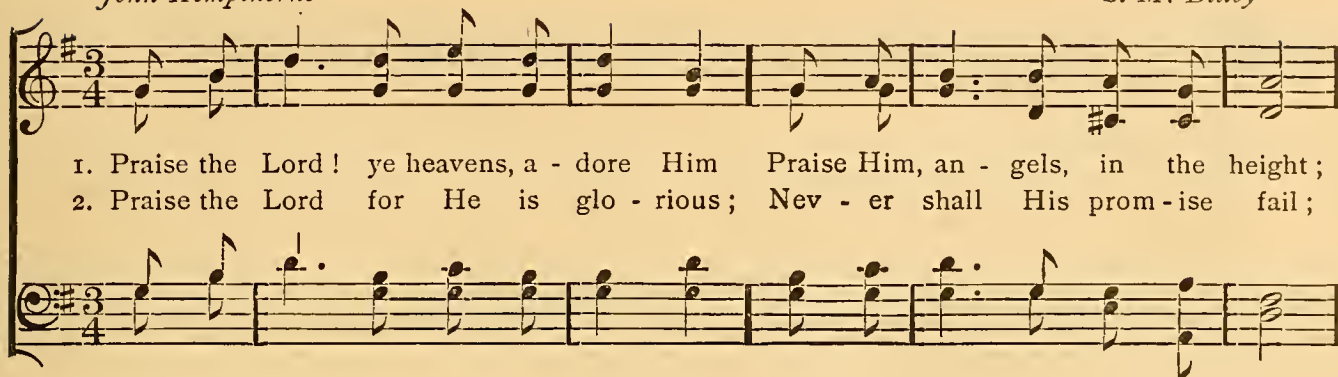


Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with-out 'end. A - MEN.

GENERAL PRAISE

Praise the Lord! ye Heavens, adore Him

3

*John Kemphorne**S. M. Bixby*

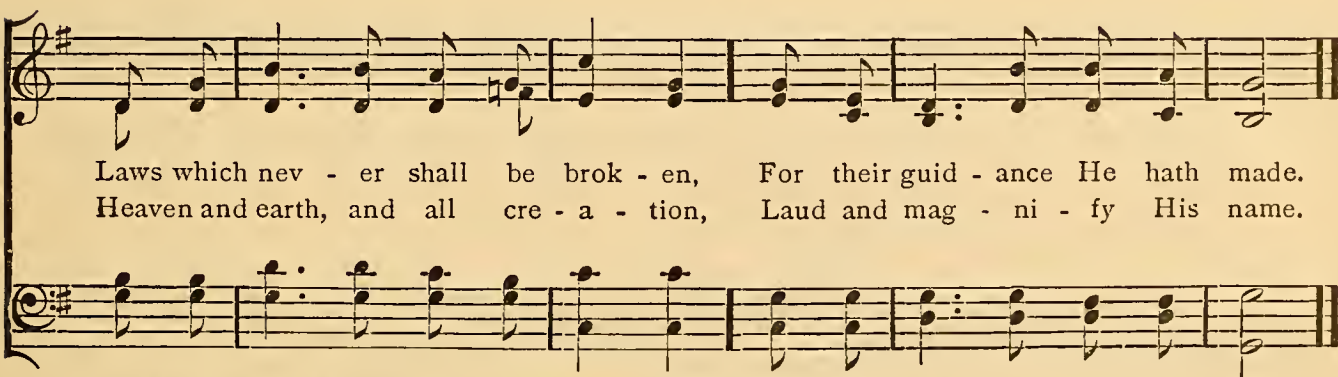
1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.



Praise the Lord, for He hath spok - en; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His power pro - claim;



Laws which nev - er shall be brok - en, For their guid - ance He hath made.
Heaven and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

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GENERAL PRAISE

O come, Loud Anthems let us Sing

Metrical Psalm

F. M. A. Venua

1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al -
 2. In - to His pres - ence let us haste To thank Him for His
 3. For God the Lord, en - thron'd in state, Is with un - ri - val'd
 4. O let us to His courts re - pair, And bow with ad - o -

might - y King, And high our grate - ful voic - es raise, As our sal -
 fav - ors past; To Him ad - dress, in joy - ful songs, The praise that
 glo - ry great: The depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret
 ra - tion there; Low on our knees with reverence fall, And on the

va - tion's Rock we praise; As our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.
 to His Name be - longs; The praise that to His Name be - longs.
 wealth at His com - mand; Her se - cret wealth at His com - mand.
 Lord our Mak - er call; And on the Lord our Mak - er call. A - MEN.

Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord

Salsbury Coll

F. Mendelssohn

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, sov - 'reign Lord, Be Thy glo - rious name a - dor'd!
 2. Tho' un - wor - thy, Lord, Thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;
 3. While on earth or - dain'd to stay, Guide our foot - steps in Thy way,
 4. Then with an - gel - harps a - gain, We will wake a no - bler strain;

GENERAL PRAISE

Lord, Thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good-ness, hail!
 Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a - round Thy throne we sing.
 Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all Thy glo - ry see.
 There, in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - umph - ant voic - es raise.

Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley, 1757

Felice Giardini, 1769

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy Name to sing;
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word! Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To Thee, great One in Three The high - est prais - es be,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence, ev - er - more! His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

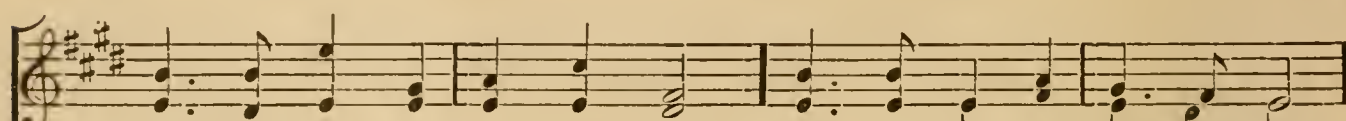
Holy, holy, holy, Lord

Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1853


J. H. Shepherd



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, e - - ter - nal King,
2. Thou-sands, tens of thou-sands, stand, Spir - its blest, be - - fore Thy throne,



By the heav'n's and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Speed-ing thence at Thy com - mand; And when Thy com-mand is done,



Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly, To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly, To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee:
Thee the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity. AMEN.

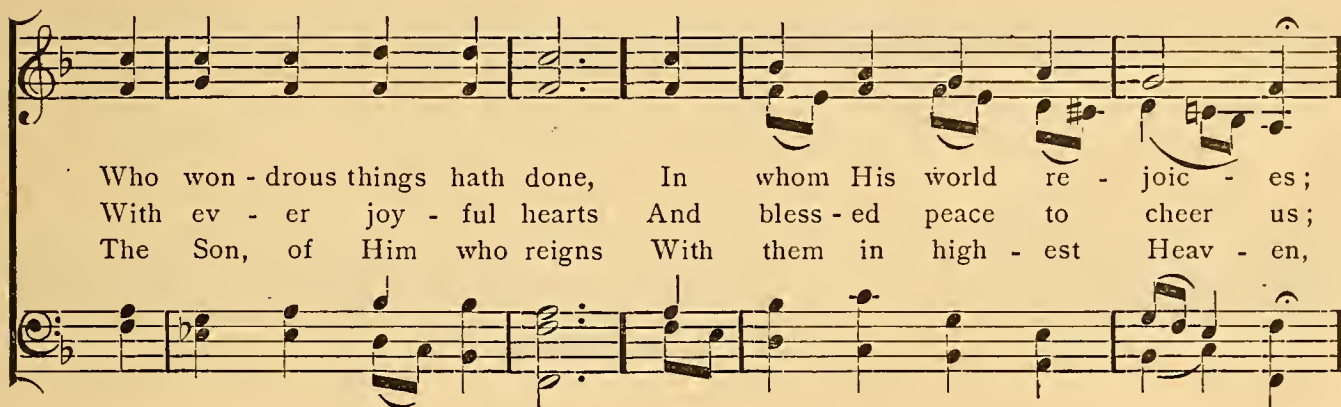
GENERAL PRAISE

Now Thank we all our God

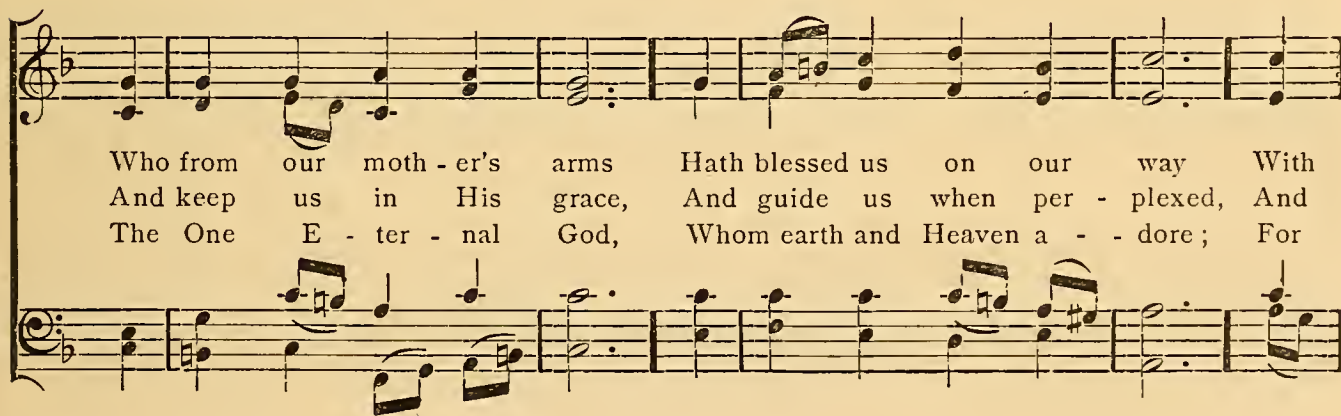
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*Rev. Martin Rinkart. Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth**Rev. Johann Crüger?*

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voice - es,
2. O may this boun - teous God Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,



Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, of Him who reigns With them in high - est Heav - en,



Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way With
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed, And
The One E - ter - nal God, Whom earth and Heaven a - - dore; For



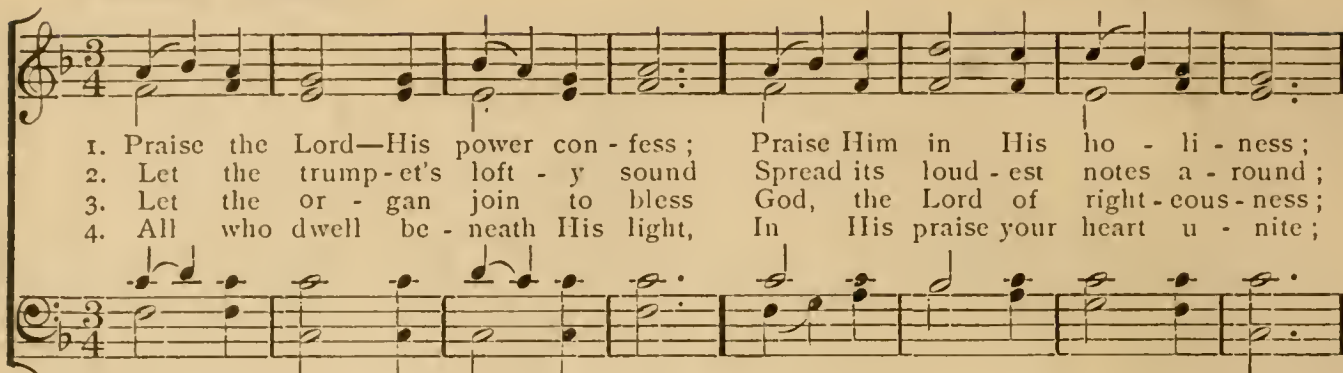
count - less gifts of love And still is ours to - day.
free us from all ills In this world and the next.
thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A - MEN.

GENERAL PRAISE

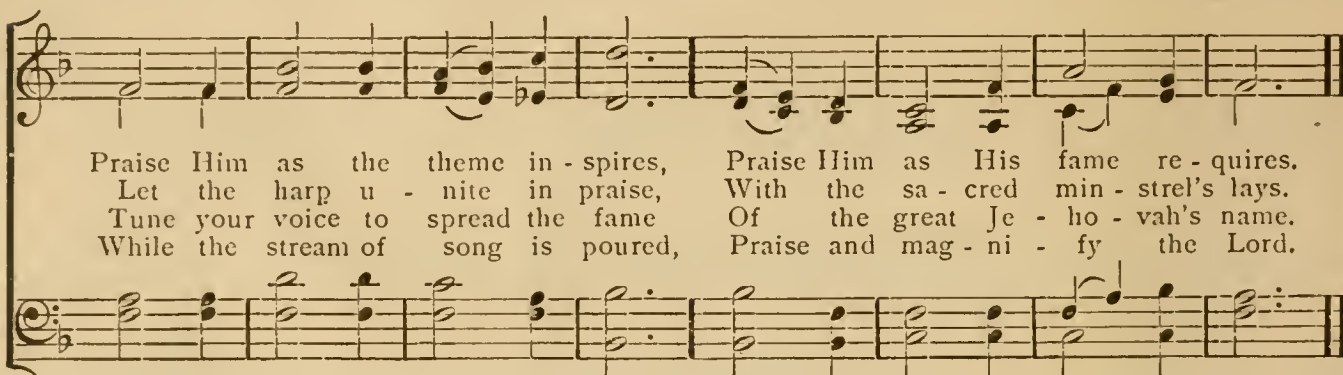
Praise the Lord! His Power confess

William Wrangham

S. M. Bixby



1. Praise the Lord—His power con - fess ; Praise Him in His ho - li - ness ;
 2. Let the trump-et's loft - y sound Spread its loud - est notes a - round ;
 3. Let the or - gan join to bless God, the Lord of right - eous - ness ;
 4. All who dwell be - neath His light, In His praise your heart u - nite ;



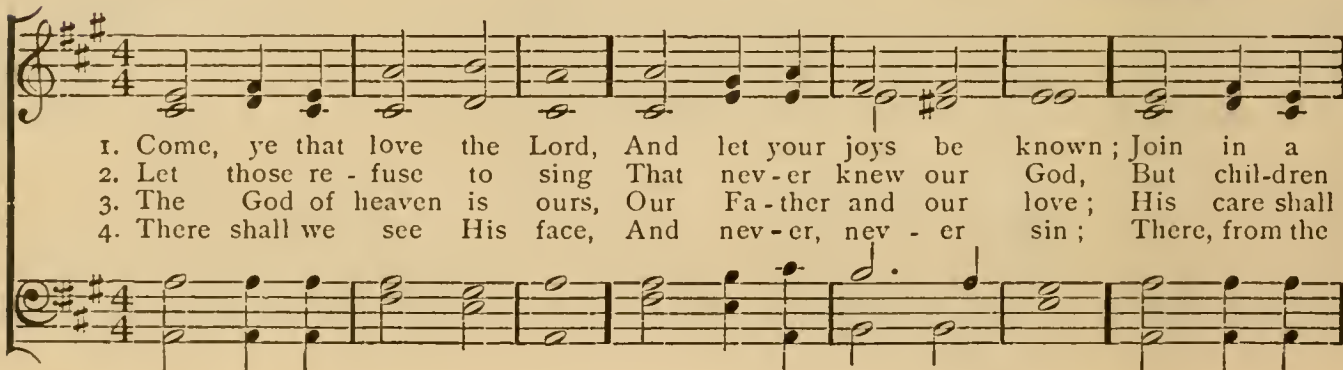
Praise Him as the theme in - spires, Praise Him as His fame re - quires.
 Let the harp u - nite in praise, With the sa - cred min - strel's lays.
 Tune your voice to spread the fame Of the great Je - ho - vah's name.
 While the stream of song is poured, Praise and mag - ni - fy the Lord.

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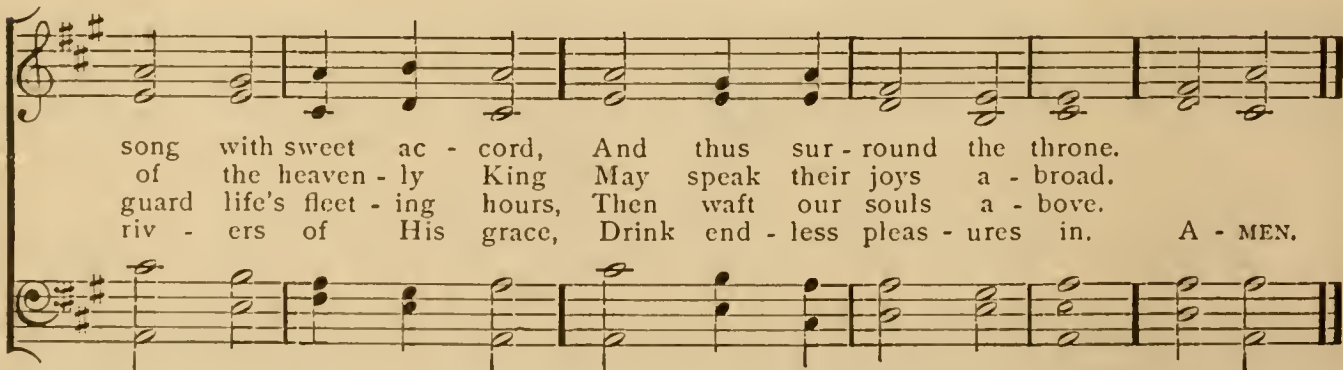
Come, ye that Love the Lord

Dr. Watts, 1709

Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known ; Join in a
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God, But chil - dren
 3. The God of heaven is ours, Our Fa - ther and our love ; His care shall
 4. There shall we see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin ; There, from the



song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
 of the heaven - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
 guard life's fleet - ing hours, Then waft our souls a - bove.
 riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleas - ures in. A - MEN.

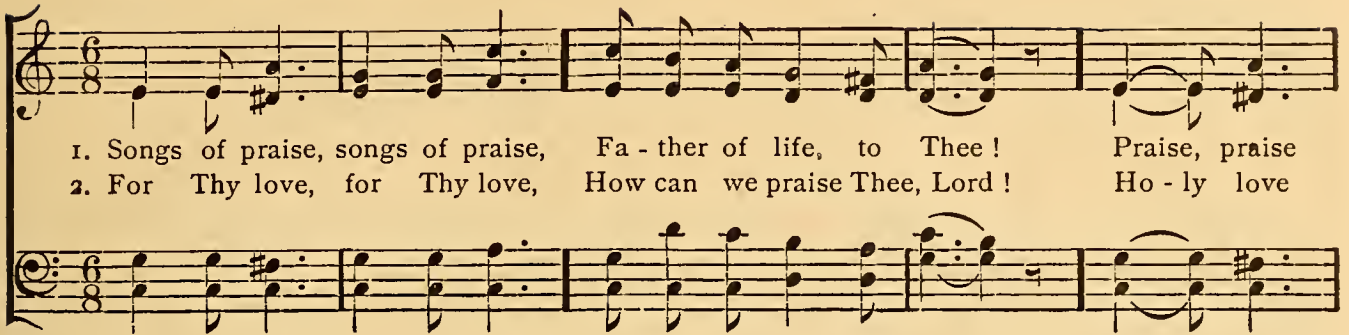
GENERAL PRAISE

Songs of Praise

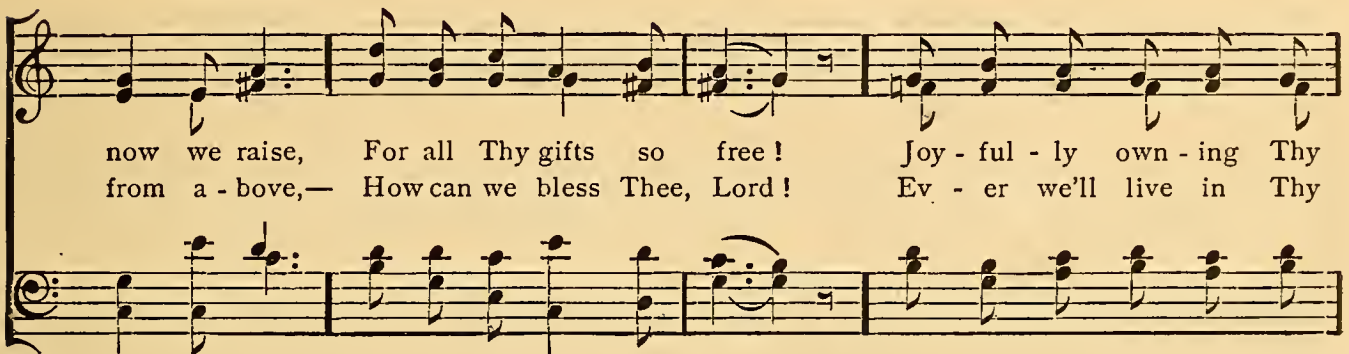
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Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

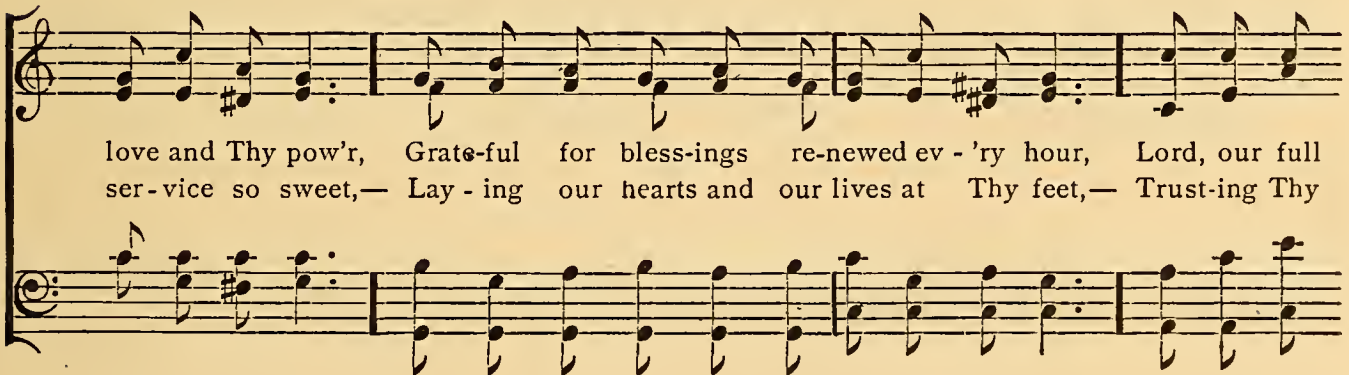
J. Barnby



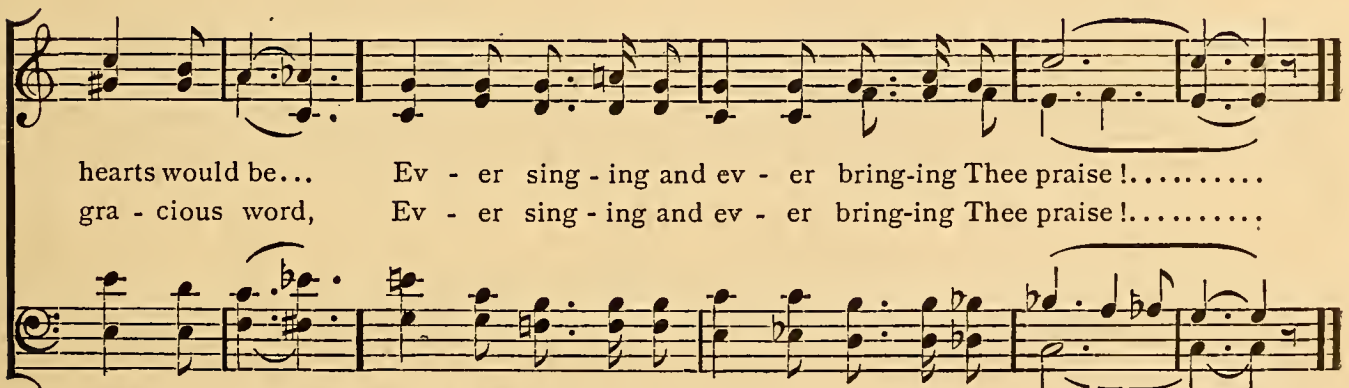
1. Songs of praise, songs of praise, Fa - ther of life, to Thee ! Praise, praise
2. For Thy love, for Thy love, How can we praise Thee, Lord ! Ho - ly love



now we raise, For all Thy gifts so free ! Joy - ful - ly own - ing Thy
from a - bove, — How can we bless Thee, Lord ! Ev - er we'll live in Thy



love and Thy pow'r, Grate - ful for bless - ings re - newed ev - 'ry hour, Lord, our full
ser - vice so sweet, — Lay - ing our hearts and our lives at Thy feet, — Trust - ing Thy



hearts would be... Ev - er sing - ing and ev - er bring - ing Thee praise !.....
gra - cious word, Ev - er sing - ing and ev - er bring - ing Thee praise !.....

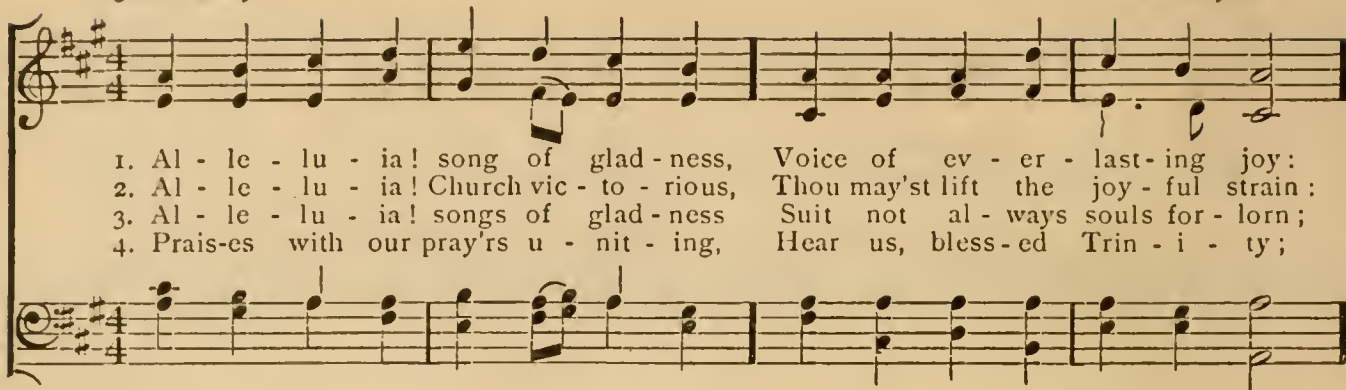
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GENERAL PRAISE

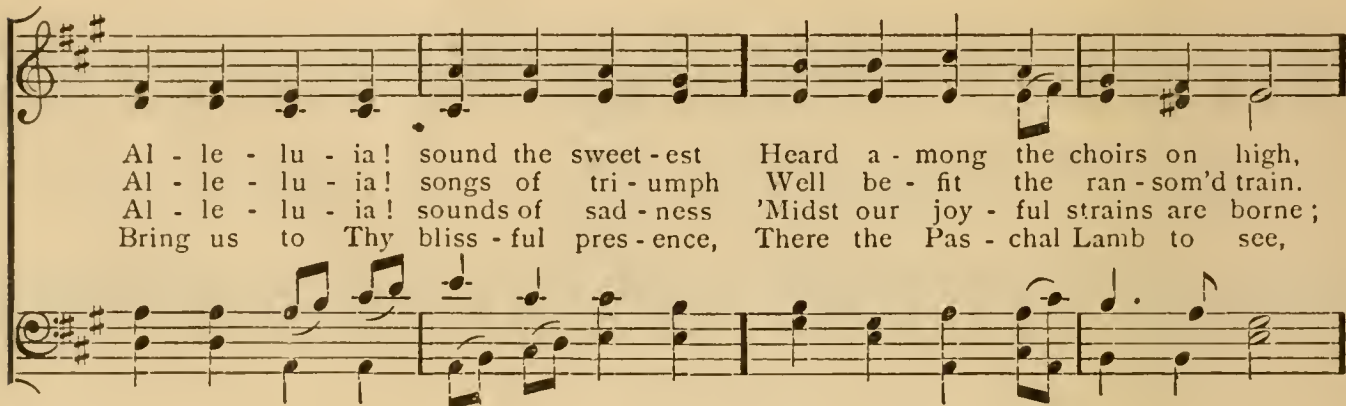
Alleluia! Song of Gladness

13th Century

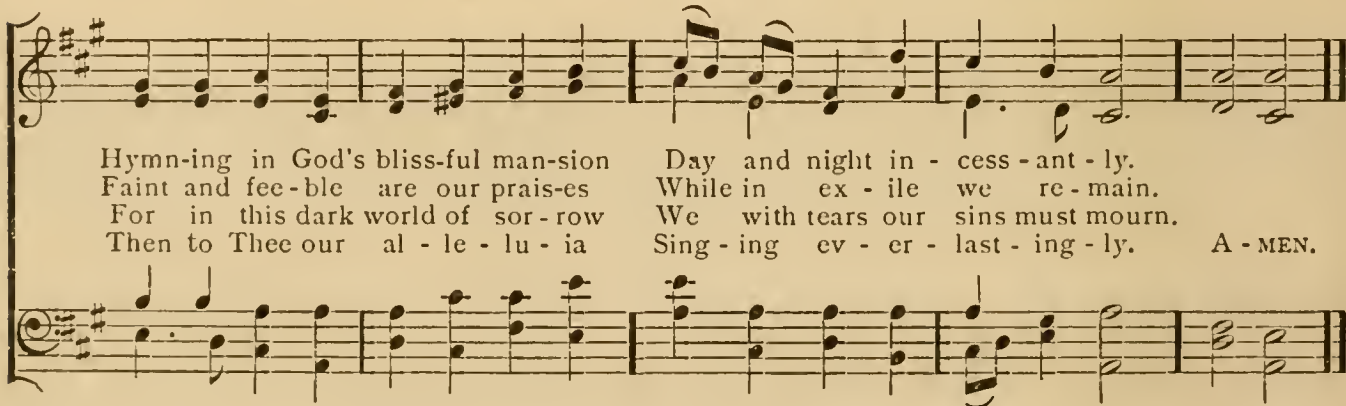
M. Haydn



1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad - ness, Voice of ev - er - last - ing joy:
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Church vic - to - rious, Thou may'st lift the joy - ful strain:
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! songs of glad - ness, Suit not al - ways souls for - lorn;
 4. Prais - es with our pray'rs u - nit - ing, Hear us, bless - ed Trin - i - ty;



Al - le - lu - ia! sound the sweet - est Heard a - mong the choirs on high,
 Al - le - lu - ia! songs of tri - umph Well be - fit the ran - som'd train.
 Al - le - lu - ia! sounds of sad - ness 'Midst our joy - ful strains are borne;
 Bring us to Thy bliss - ful pres - ence, There the Pas - chal Lamb to see,



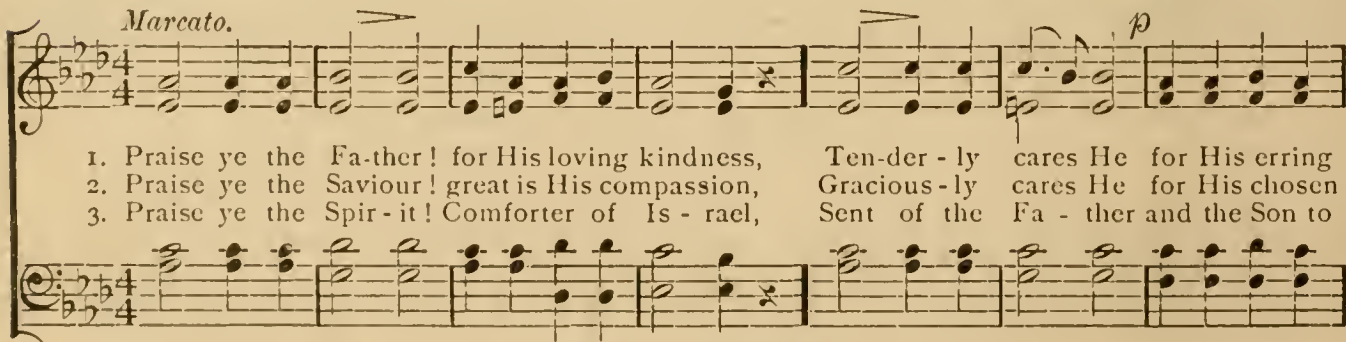
Hymn - ing in God's bliss - ful man - sion Day and night in - cess - ant - ly.
 Faint and fee - ble are our prais - es While in ex - ile we re - main.
 For in this dark world of sor - row We with tears our sins must mourn.
 Then to Thee our al - le - lu - ia Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - MEN.

Praise ye the Father! for His Loving Kindness

Anon

- F. F. Flemming, 1810

Marcato.



1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His loving kindness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His erring
 2. Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion, Gracious - ly cares He for His chosen
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Comforter of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

GENERAL PRAISE

chil-dren ; Praise Him, ye an-gels, praise Him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah !
 peo - ple ; Young men and maidens, ye old men and chil-dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour !
 bless us ; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God.

When all Thy Mercies, O my God

Joseph Addison

Wm. Gardiner, 1812

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,...
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
 Transport - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
 Be - fore my in - fant heart conceived From whom those com-forts flowed. A - MEN.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts of joy.

5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

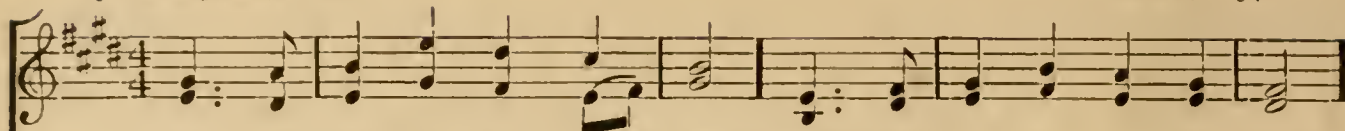
6 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For O, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise. AMEN.

GENERAL PRAISE

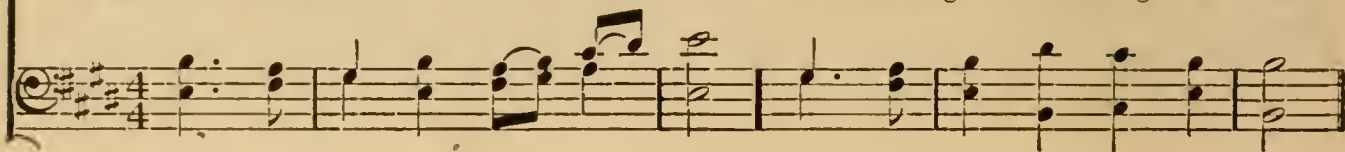
Songs of Praise the Angels sang

J. Montgomery, 1825

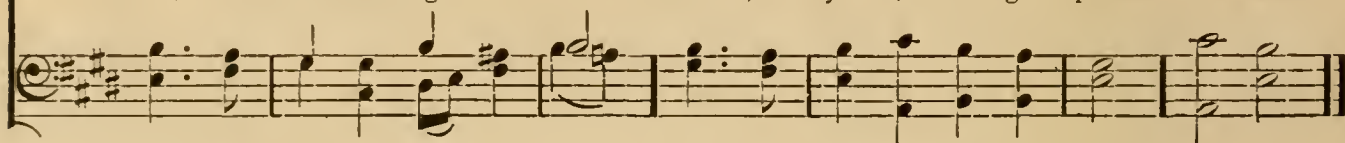
Thibaut, 1254



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
3. Heaven and earth must pass a - way; Songs of praise shall crown that day:
4. And shall men a - lone be dumb Till that glo - rious king - dom come?



When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.
 Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 God will make new heavens and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 No; the Church de - lights to raise Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise. A - MEN.



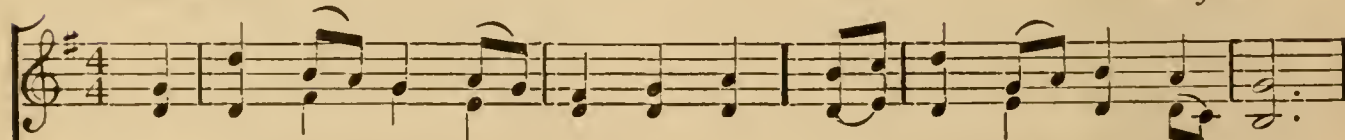
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ. AMEN.

I sing th' Almighty Power of God

Isaac Watts

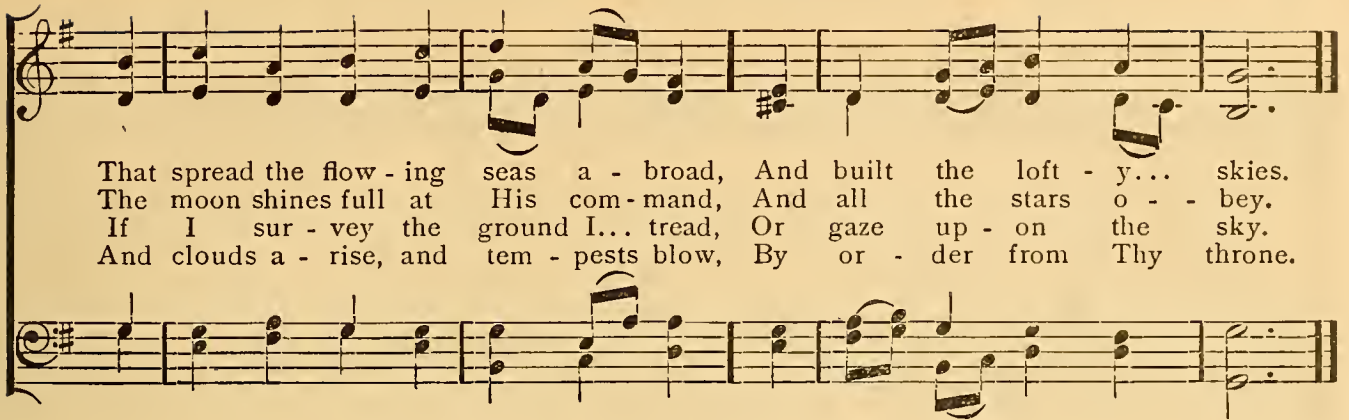
Rev. W. Jones



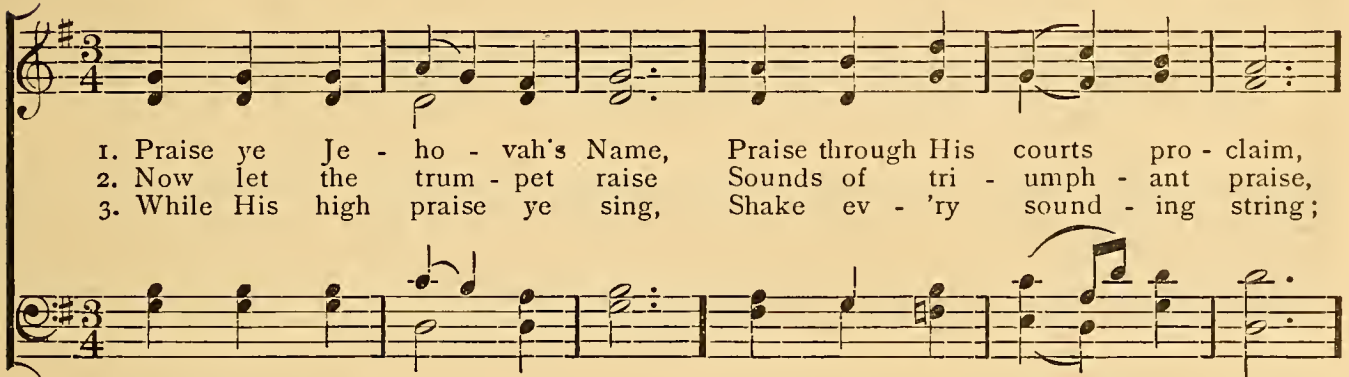
1. I sing th' al - might - y power of God, That made the moun - tains rise,
2. I sing the wis - dom that or - dain'd The sun to rule the day;
3. Lord! how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - e'er I turn mine eye,
4. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries known;



GENERAL PRAISE



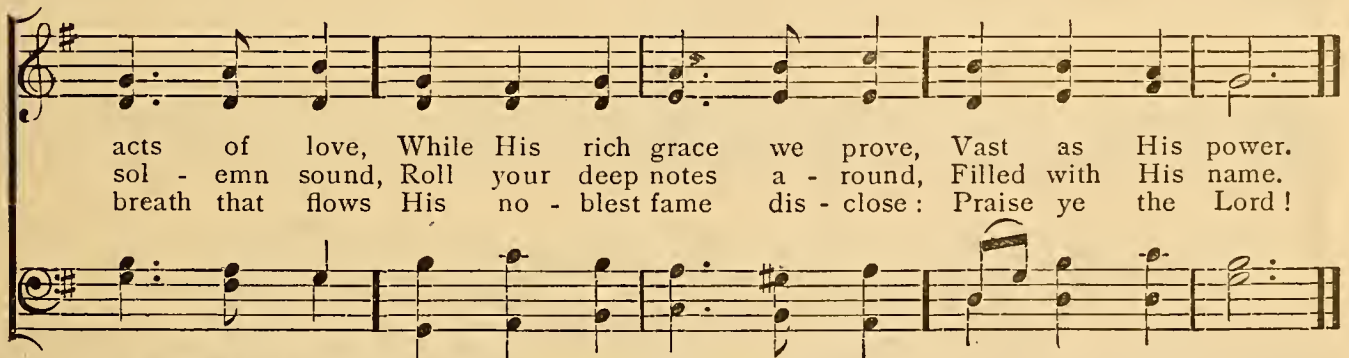
That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y... skies.
 The moon shines full at His com - mand, And all the stars o - - bey.
 If I sur - vey the ground I... tread, Or gaze up - on the sky.
 And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.

*Praise ye Jehovah's Name**Rev. William Goode**S. M. Bixby*


1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah's Name, Praise through His courts pro - claim,
 2. Now let the trum - pet raise Sounds of tri - umph - ant praise,
 3. While His high praise ye sing, Shake ev - 'ry sound - ing string;



Rise and a - dore: High o'er the heavens a - bove, Sound His great
 Wide as His fame: There let the harp be found; Or - gans, with
 Sweet the ac - cord! He vi - tal breath be - stows; Let ev - 'ry

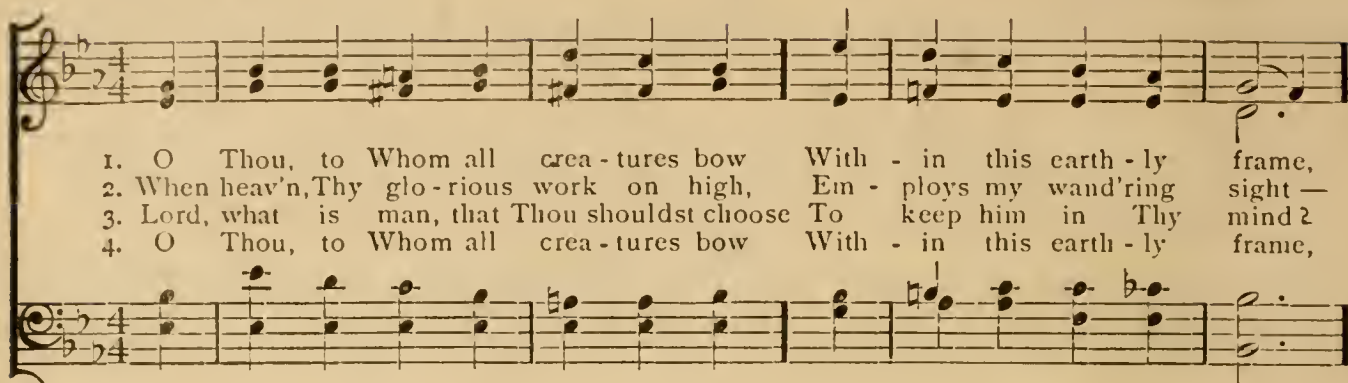


acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His power.
 sol - emn sound, Roll your deep notes a - round, Filled with His name.
 breath that flows His no - blest fame dis - close: Praise ye the Lord!

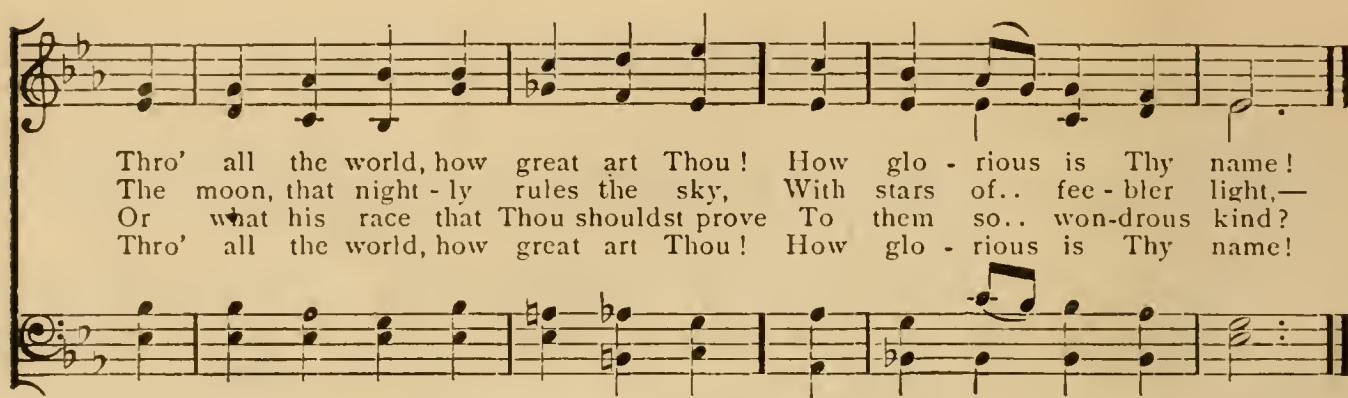
O Thou, to Whom all Creatures bow

Tate and Brady

F. N. Shepperd, 1892



1. O Thou, to Whom all crea - tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame,
 2. When heav'n, Thy glo - rious work on high, Em - ploys my wand'ring sight —
 3. Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst choose To keep him in Thy mind & frame,
 4. O Thou, to Whom all crea - tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame,



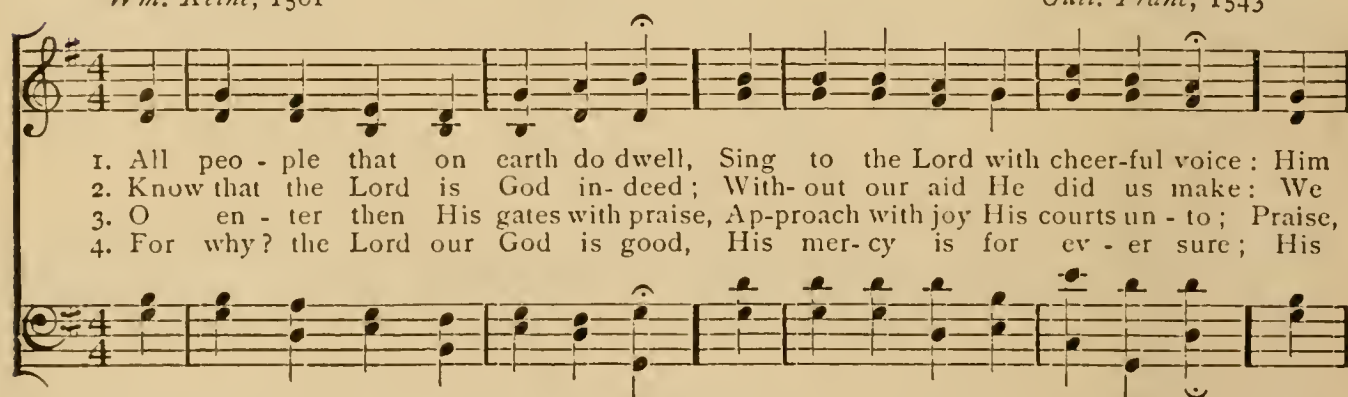
Thro' all the world, how great art Thou! How glo - rious is Thy name!
 The moon, that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of.. fee - bler light,—
 Or what his race that Thou shouldst prove To them so.. won - drous kind?
 Thro' all the world, how great art Thou! How glo - rious is Thy name!

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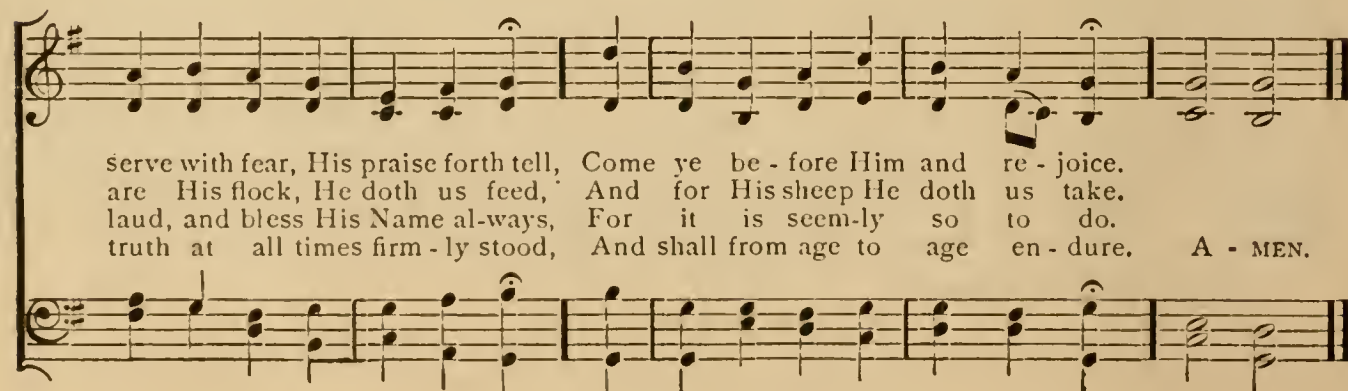
All People that on Earth do Dwell

Wm. Kethe, 1561

Guil. Franc, 1543



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice: Him
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make: We
 3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to; Praise,
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure; His



serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 laud, and bless His Name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
 truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure. A - MEN.

GENERAL PRAISE

Keep Silence, all Created Things

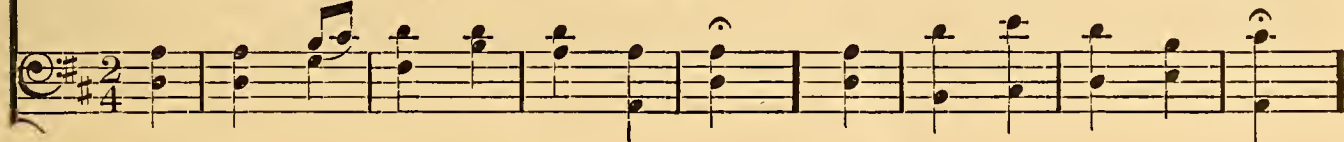
15

Isaac Watts

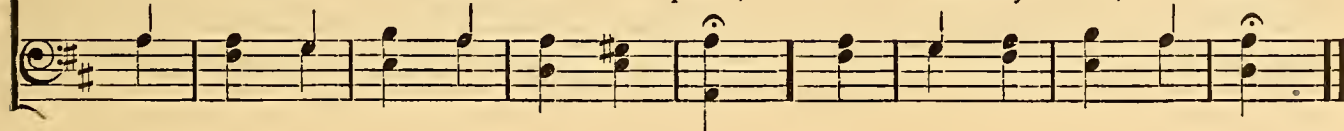
W. Croft



1. Keep si - lence, all cre - at - ed things! And wait your Mak - er's nod ;
2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds un - known, Hang on His firm de - cree ;
3. His prov - i - dence un - folds the book, And makes His coun - sels shine ;
4. My God ! I would not long to see My fate with cu - rious eyes—
5. In Thy fair book of life and grace, Oh, may I find my name



My soul stands trembling, while she sings The hon - ors of her God.
 He sits on no pre - ca - rious throne, Nor bor - rows leave to be.
 Each op - 'ning leaf, and ev - 'ry stroke, Ful - fills some deep de - sign.
 What gloom - y lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes may rise.
 Re - cord - ed in some hum - ble place, Be - neath my Lord, the Lamb.



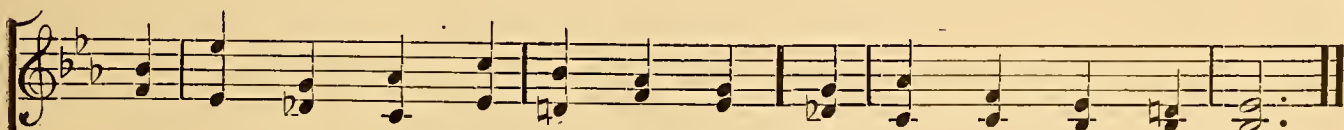
Lord, when my Raptured Thought surveys

Anne Steele, 1760

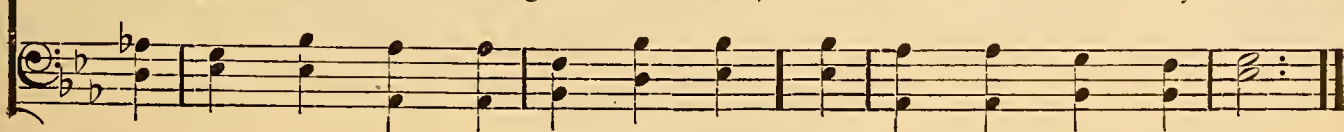
G. A. Löhr, 1866



1. Lord, when my rap - tured thought sur - veys Cre - a - tion's beau - ties o'er,
2. Wher - e'er I turn my gaz - ing eyes, Thy ra - diant foot - steps shine ;
3. All - bounteous Lord ! Thy grace im - part ; Oh ! teach me to im - prove,



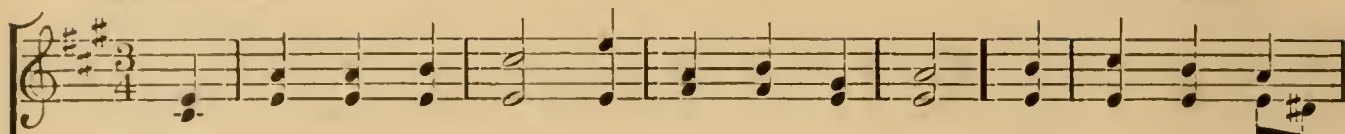
All na - ture joins to teach Thy praise, And bid my soul a - dore.
 Ten thou - sand pleas - ing won - ders rise, And speak their source di - vine.
 Thy gifts, with ev - er - grate - ful heart, And crown them with Thy love.



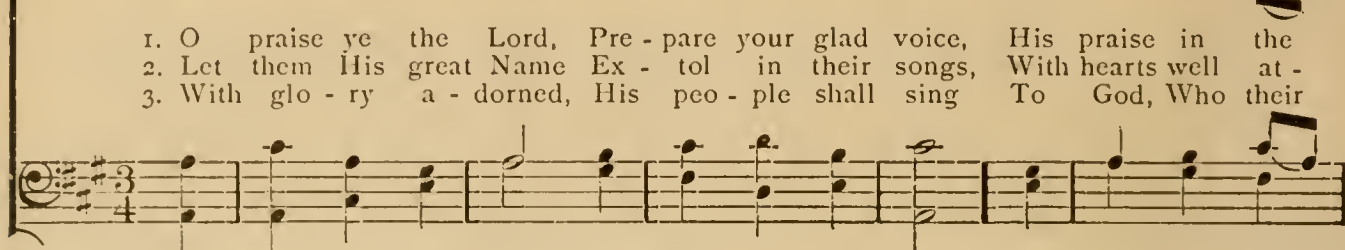
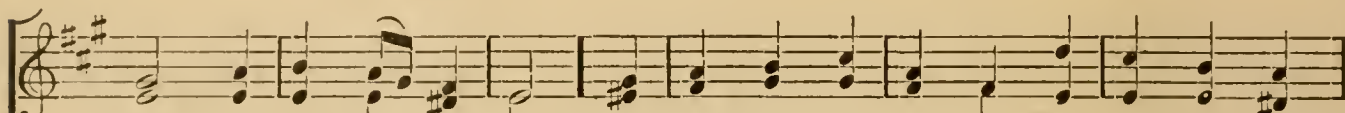
O Praise ye the Lord

Metrical Psalm

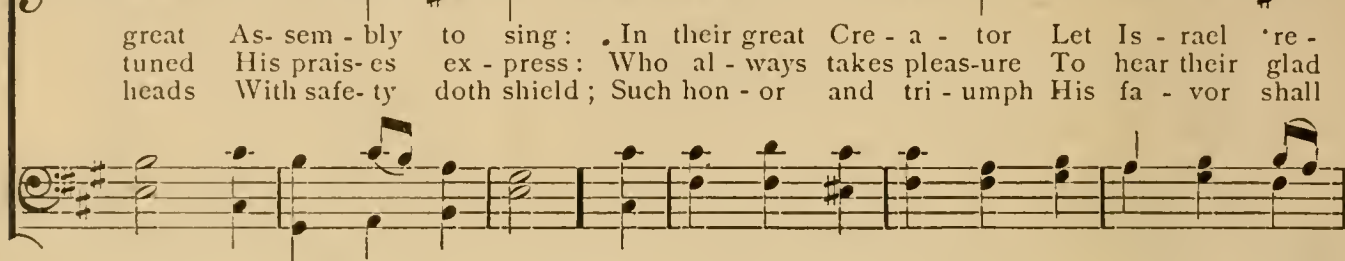
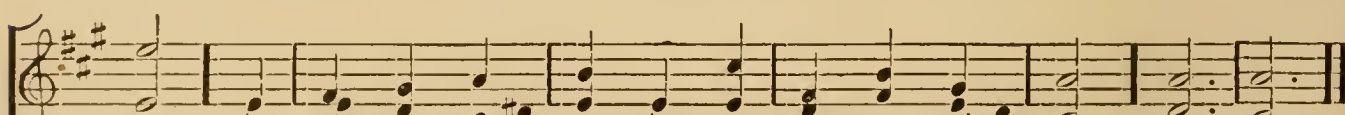
G. F. Handel



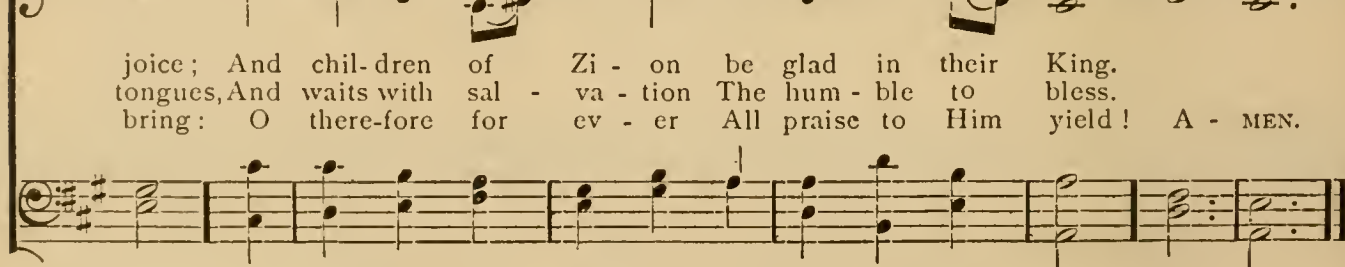
1. O praise ye the Lord, Pre - pare your glad voice, His praise in the
 2. Let them His great Name Ex - tol in their songs, With hearts well at -
 3. With glo - ry a - dorned, His peo - ple shall sing To God, Who their

great As - sem - bly to sing: In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael 're -
 tuned His prais - es ex - press: Who al - ways takes pleas - ure To hear their glad
 heads With safe - ty doth shield; Such hon - or and tri - umph His fa - vor shall





joice; And chil - dren of Zi - on be glad in their King.
 tongues, And waits with sal - va - tion The hum - ble to bless.
 bring: O there - fore for ev - er All praise to Him yield! A - MEN.

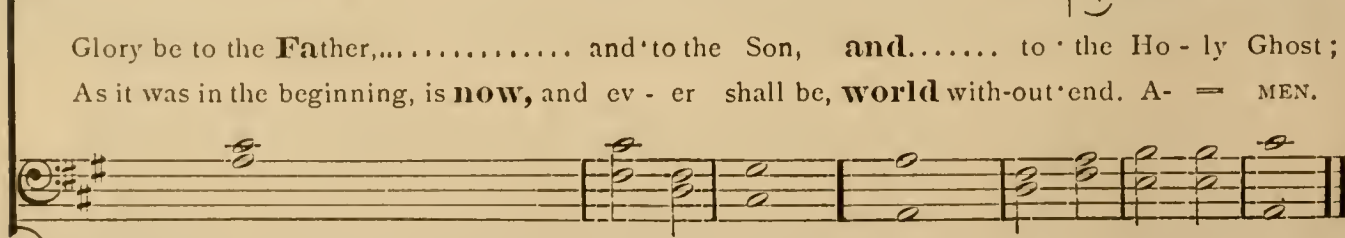


Gloria Patri

V. Novello



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and 'to the Son, **and**..... to ' the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with - out 'end. A - MEN.



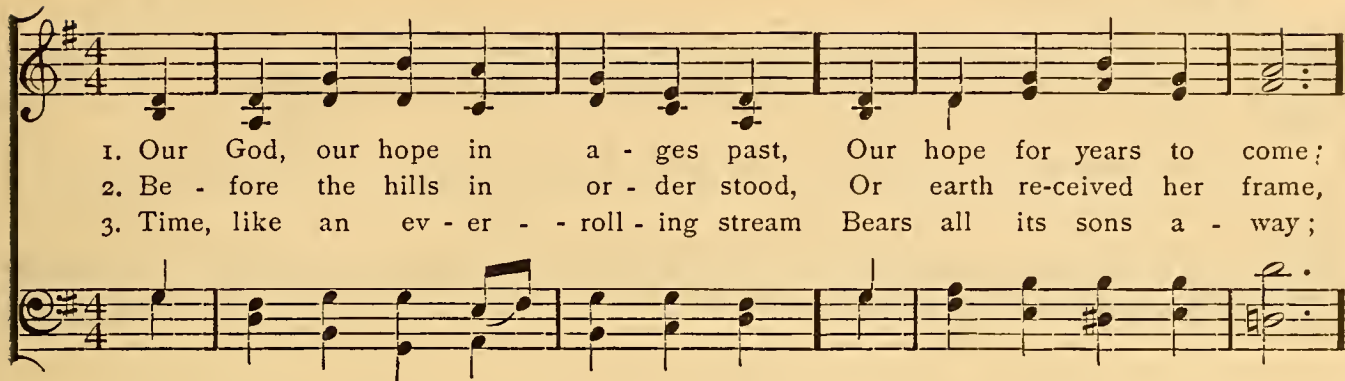
GENERAL PRAISE

Our God, our Hope in Ages past

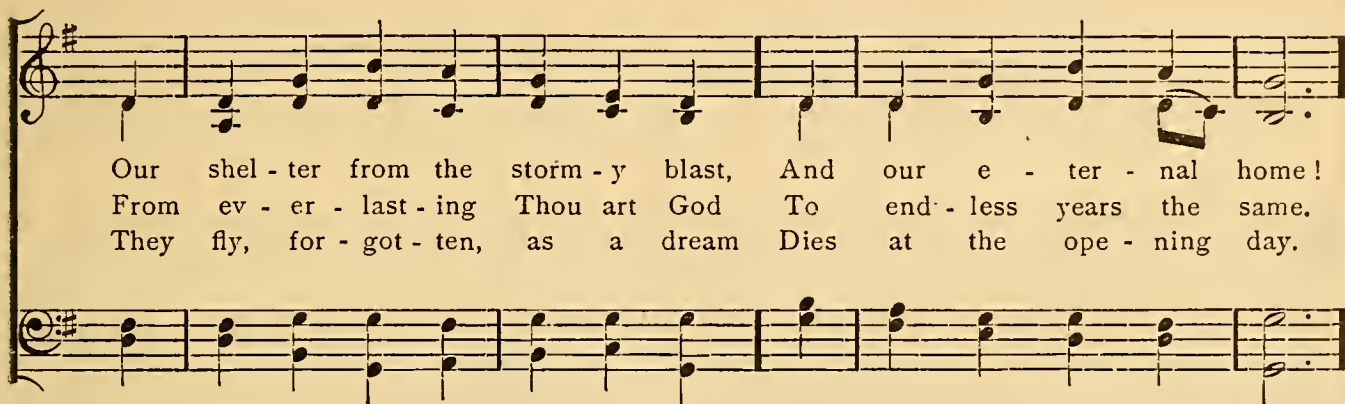
17

Isaac Watts

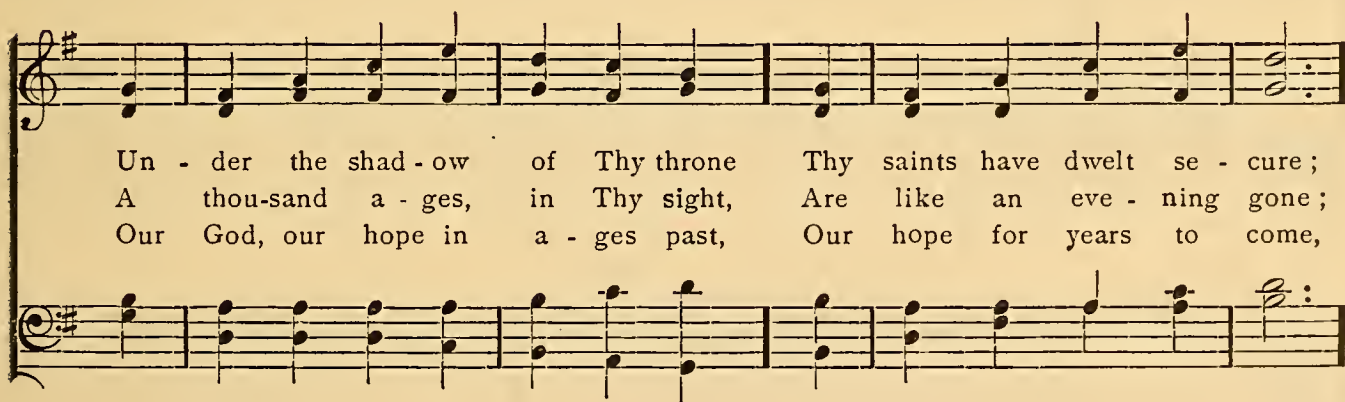
W. H. Havergal



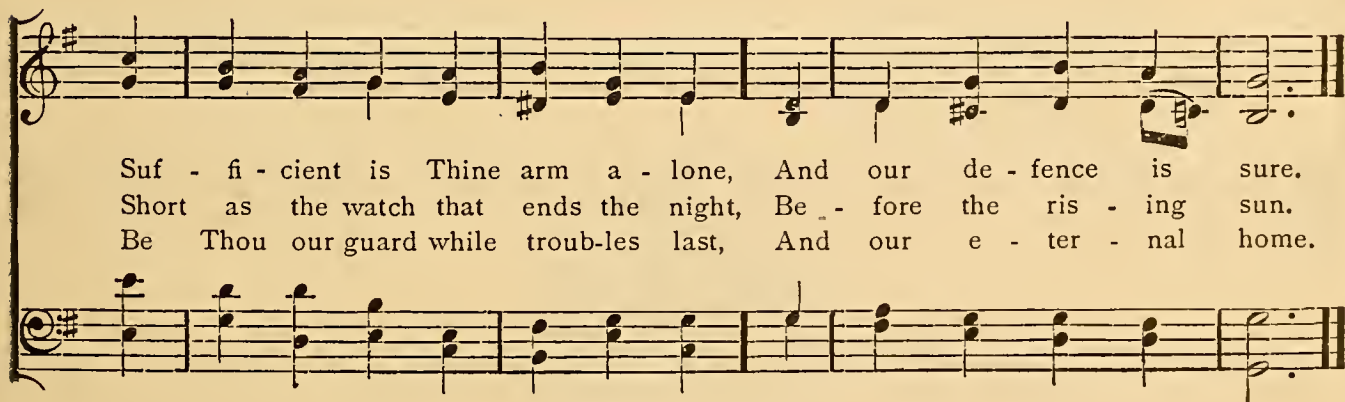
1. Our God, our hope in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come ;
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
3. Time, like an ev - er - - roll - ing stream Bears all its sons a - way ;



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home !
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God To end - less years the same.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.



Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure ;
A thou - sand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone ;
Our God, our hope in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



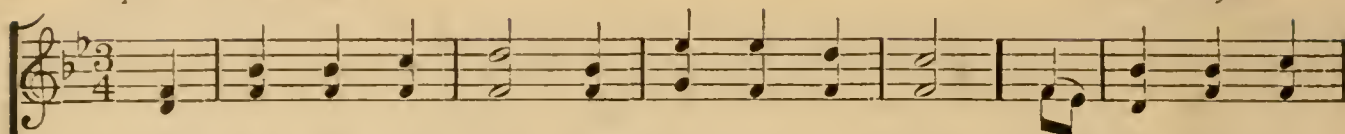
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
Be Thou our guard while troub - les last, And our e - ter - nal home.

GENERAL PRAISE

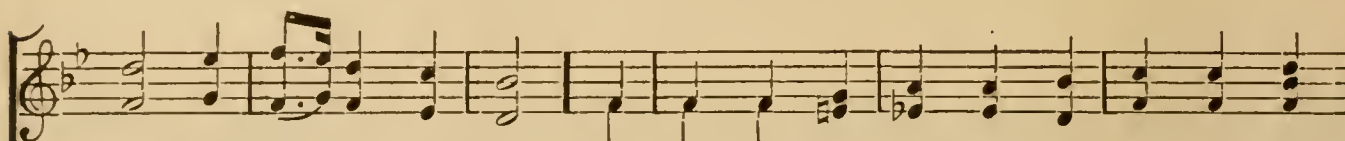
How Wondrous and Great

Bp. H. U. Onderdonk

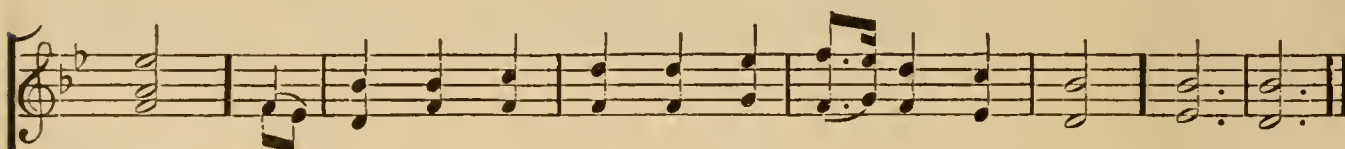
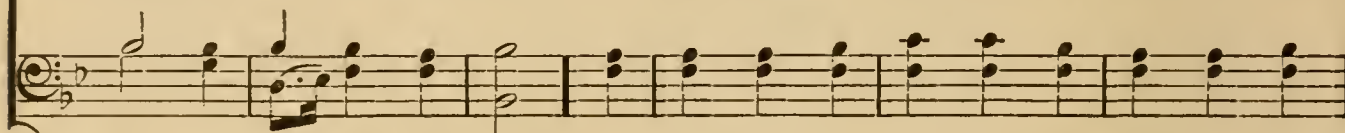
From Haydn



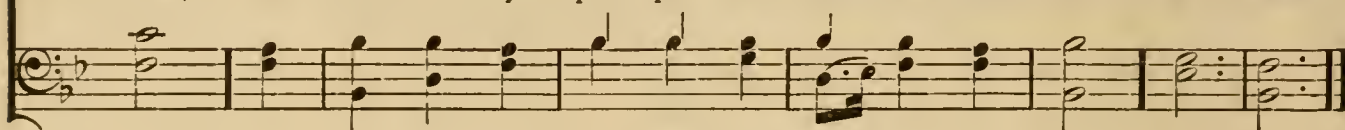
1. How wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise! How just, King of
 2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be shown; Their wor - ship and



saints, And true are Thy ways! O who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy
 vows Shall come to Thy throne: Thy truth and Thy judgments Shall spread all a -



Name! Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.
 broad, Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess Thee their God. A - MEN.

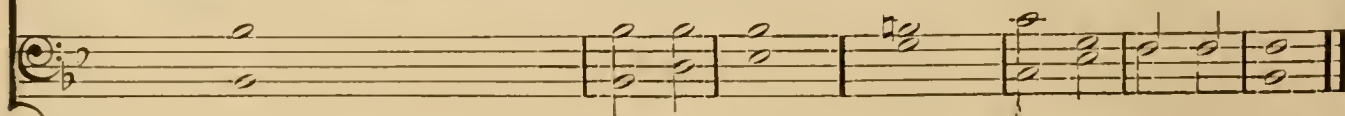


Gloria Patri

Sir G. J. Elvey



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with-out end. A - MEN.



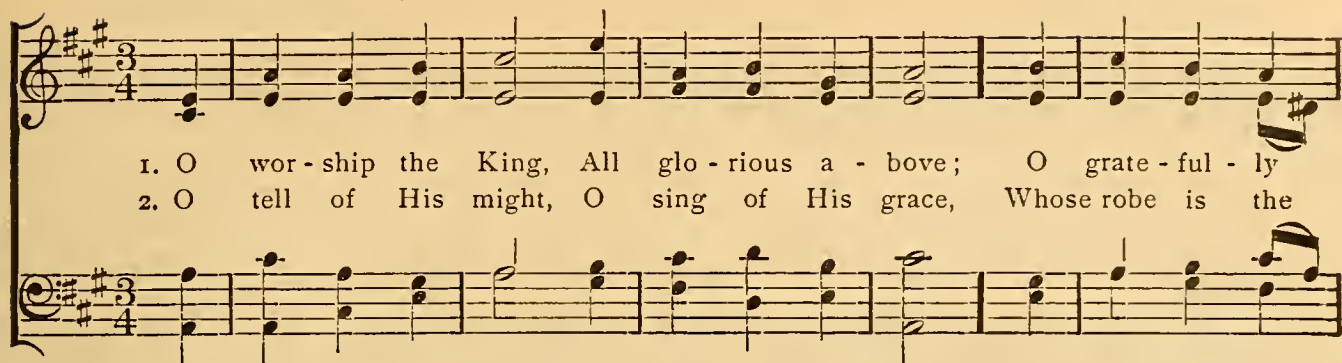
PRAISE TO GOD

O Worship the King

19

Sir Robert Grant

Handel



1. O wor - ship the King, All glo - rious a - bove; O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the



sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, The An - cient of
light; Whose can - o - py, space; His char - i - ots of wrath Deep thun - der - clouds



days, Pa - vil - ion'd in splen - dor, And gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark in His path On the wings of the storm. A - MEN.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

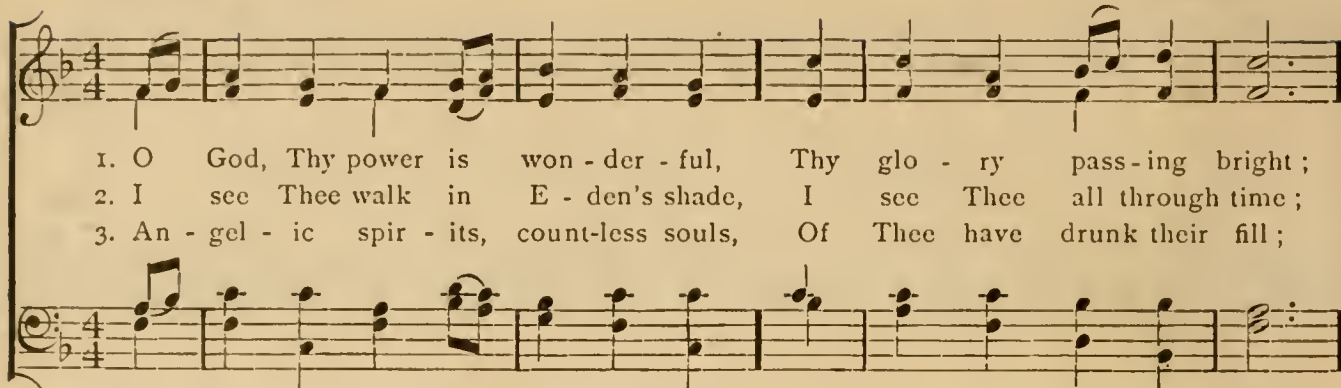
4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends from the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall list to Thy praise. AMEN.

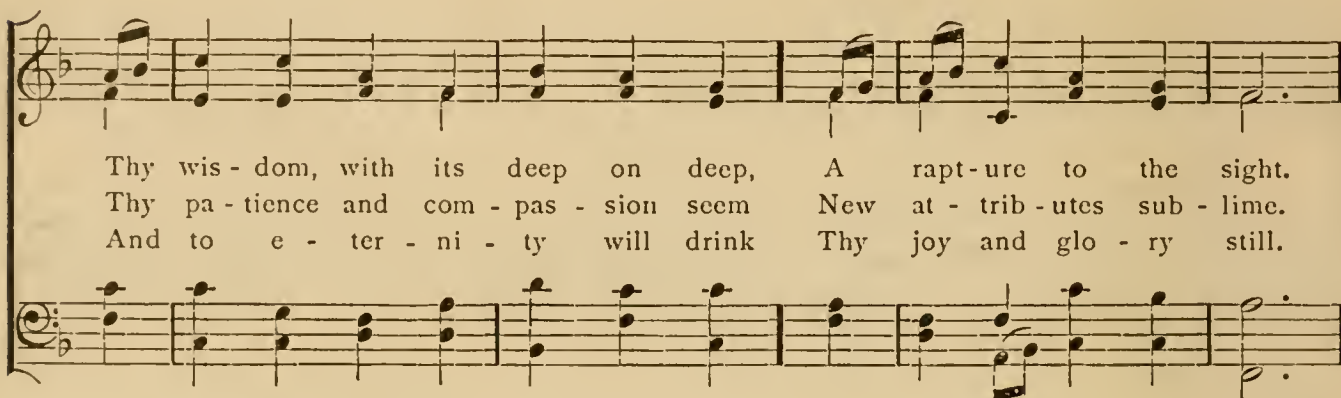
O God, Thy Power is Wonderful

Frederick W. Faber

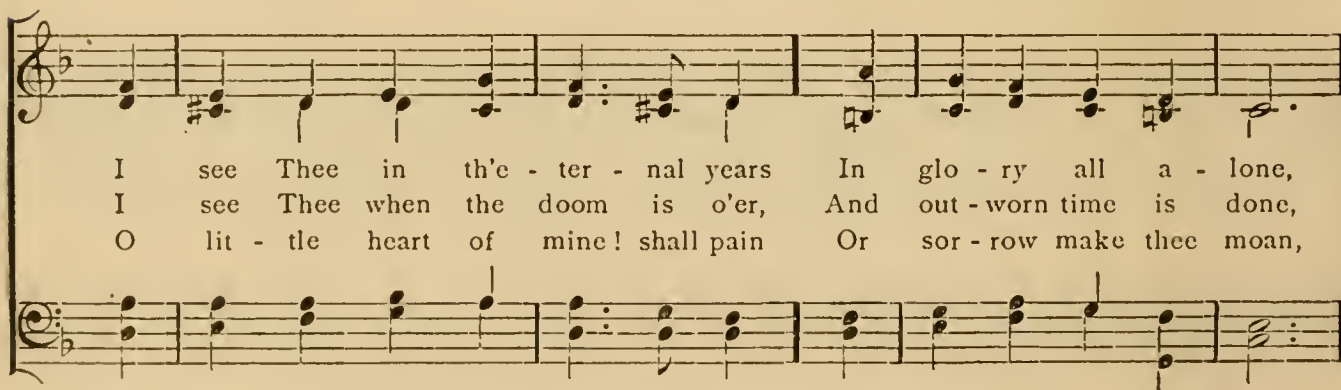
Arr. by A. S. Sullivan



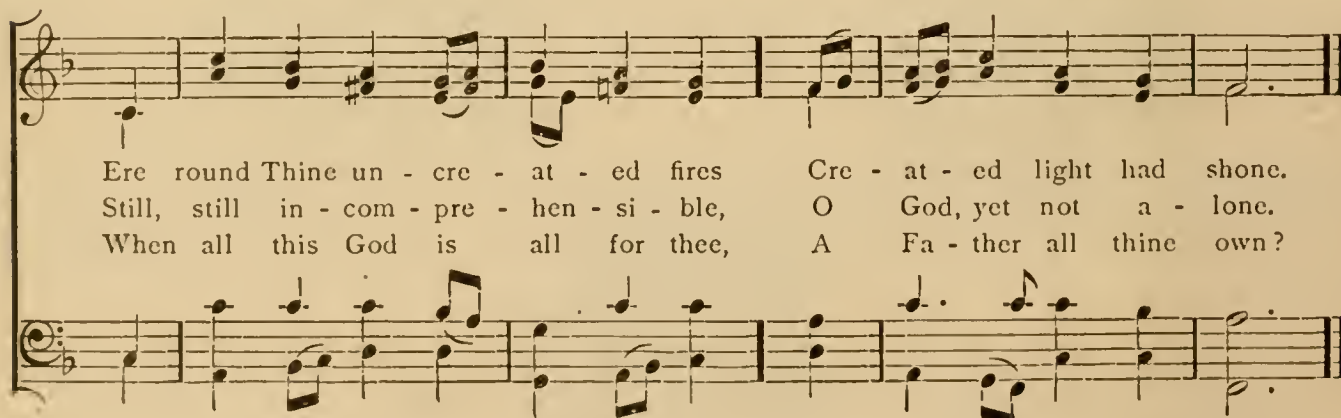
1. O God, Thy power is won - der - ful, Thy glo - ry pass - ing bright ;
 2. I see Thee walk in E - den's shade, I see Thee all through time ;
 3. An - gel - ic spir - its, count - less souls, Of Thee have drunk their fill ;



Thy wis - dom, with its deep on deep, A rapt - ure to the sight.
 Thy pa - tience and com - pas - sion seem New at - trib - utes sub - lime.
 And to e - ter - ni - ty will drink Thy joy and glo - ry still.



I see Thee in th'e - ter - nal years In glo - ry all a - lone,
 I see Thee when the doom is o'er, And out - worn time is done,
 O lit - tle heart of mine ! shall pain Or sor - row make thee moan,



Ere round Thine un - cre - at - ed fires Cre - at - ed light had shone.
 Still, still in - com - pre - hen - si - ble, O God, yet not a - lone.
 When all this God is all for thee, A Fa - ther all thine own ?

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

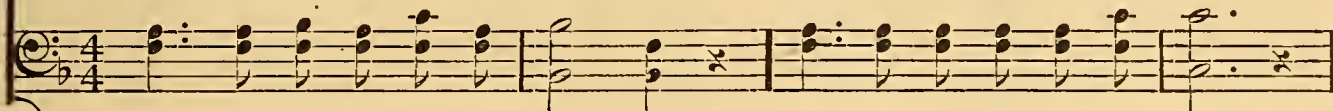
21

Frederick W. Faber

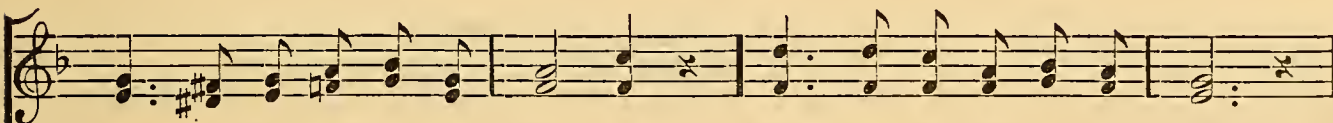
Copyright, 1892, by C. C. Converse, used by per.



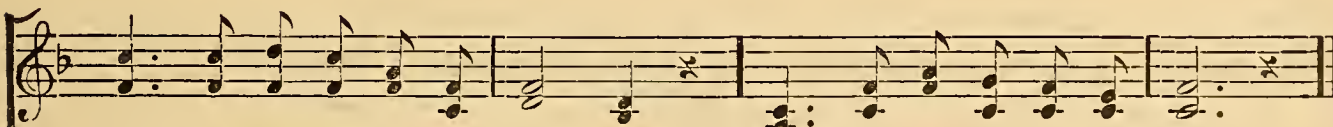
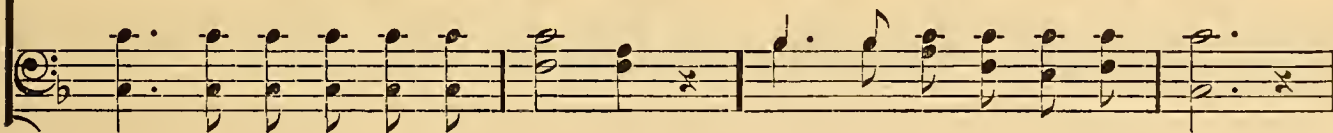
- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, | Like the wide-ness of the sea : |
| 2. There is no place where earth's sor-rows | Are more felt than up in heaven ; |
| 3. For the love of God is broad - er | Than the meas-ure of man's mind ; |



There's a kindness in His jus - tice,	Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is no place where earth's fail-ings	Have such kind-ly judgment given.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal	Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.



There is wel-come for the sin - ner,	And more gra-ces for the good ;
There is plen - ti - ful re - demp-tion	In the blood that has been shed ;
If our love were but more sim - ple,	We should take Him at His word ;



There is mer-cy with the Sav - iour ;	There is heal-ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem - bers	In the sor-rows of the Head.
And our lives would be all sun - shine	In the sweetness of our Lord.

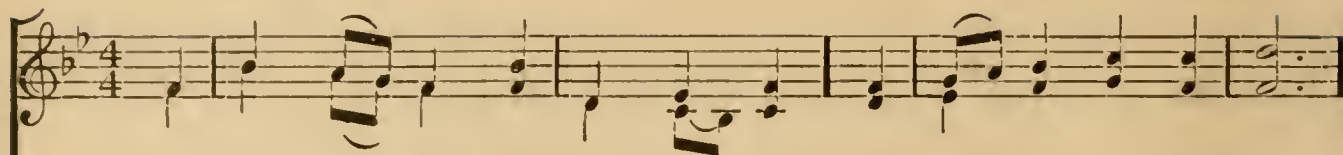


PRAISE TO GOD

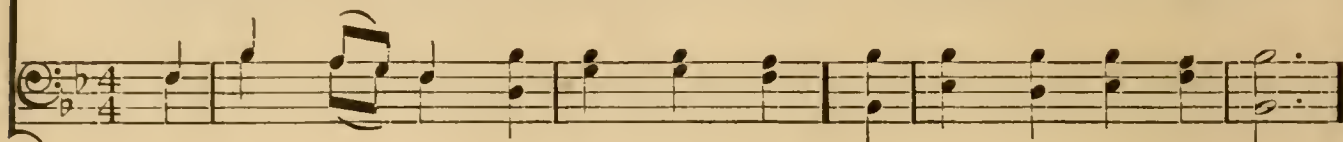
Jehovah God! Thy gracious Power

John Thomson

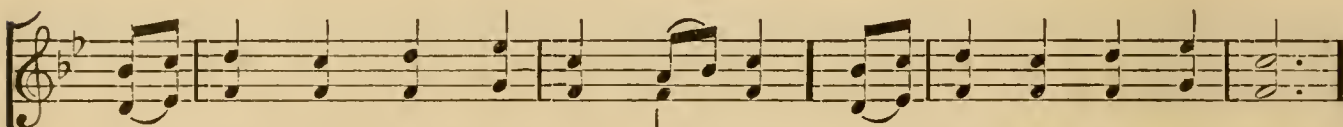
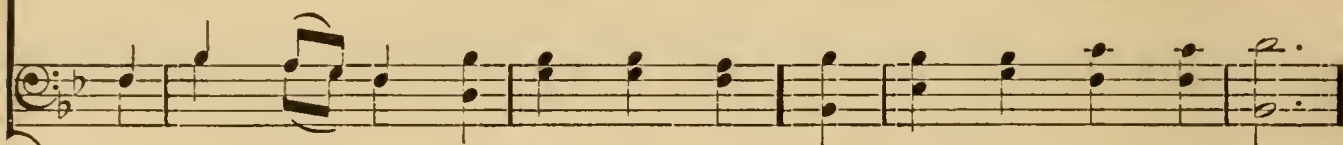
St. Gall's Collection



1. Je - ho - vah, God! Thy gra - cious power On ev - ery hand we see;
2. From morn till noon, till lat - est eve, The hand of God we see;



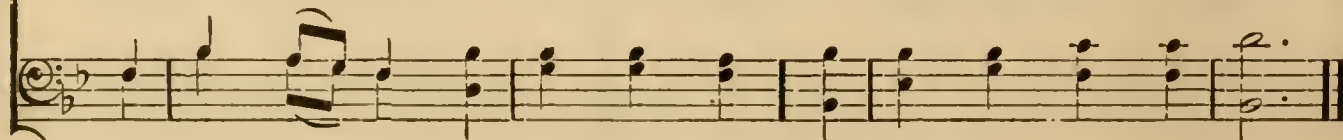
Oh, may the bless - ings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to Thee.
And all the bless - ings we re - ceive, Cease - less pro - ceed from Thee.



Thy power is in the o - cean deeps, And reach - es to the skies;
In all the vary - ing scenes of time, On Thee our hopes de - pend;



Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy good - ness nev - er dies.
In ev - ery age, in ev - ery clime, Our Fa - ther and our Friend.



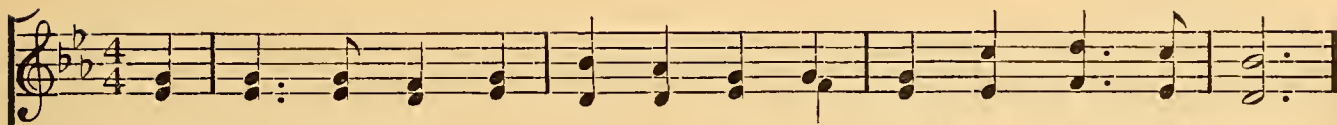
PRAISE TO GOD

O Father, kindly deign to Hear

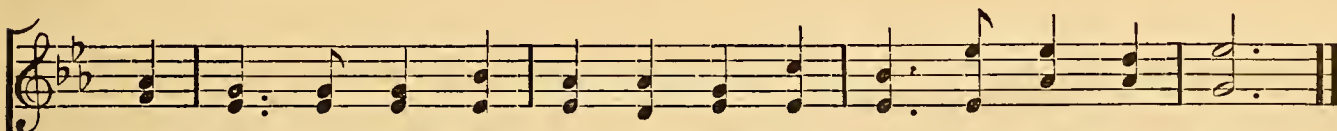
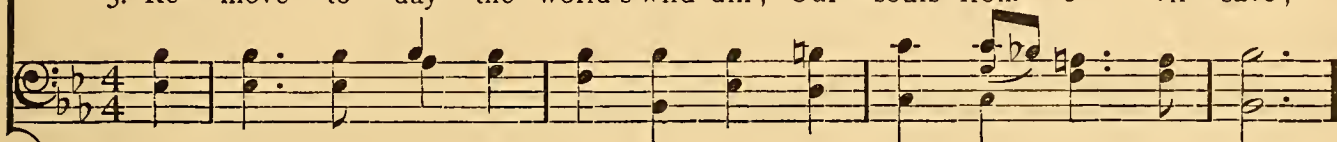
23

W. R. Alger

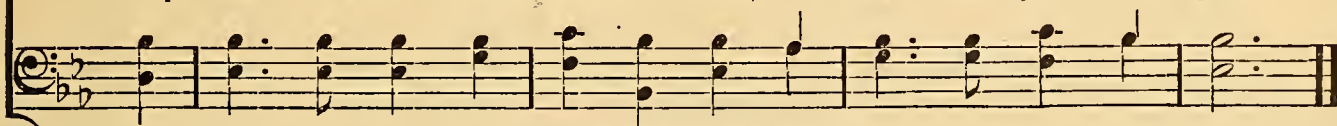
S. M. Bixby



1. O Fa - ther, kind - ly deign to hear, The thanks Thy chil - dren bring;
2. And while be - fore Thy throne we bow, Come Thou to ev - 'ry heart;
3. Re - move to - day the world's wild din; Our souls from e - vil save;



Help us with love and rev - 'rent fear Thy loft - y praise to sing.
From sin, O pu - ri - fy us now; Give us that bet - ter part.
Help us life's no - blest crown to win; Guide us be - yond the grave.

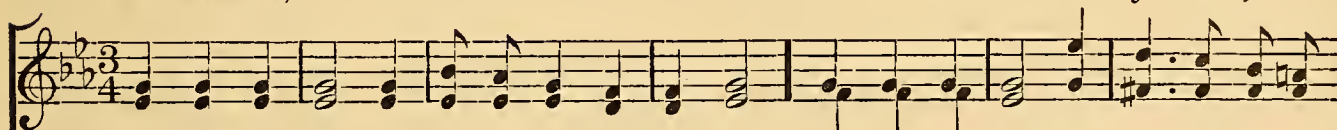


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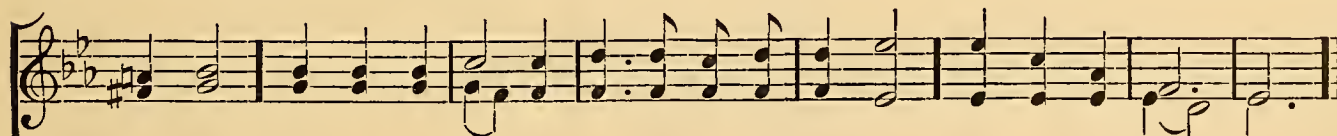
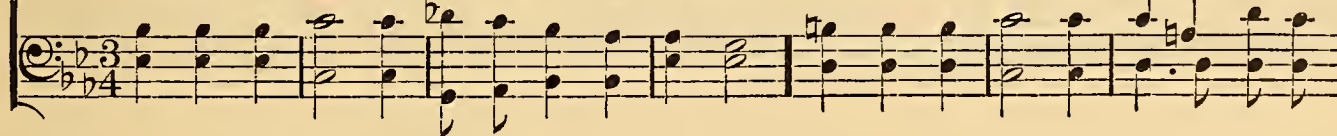
Father, Thy Name be Praised

C. Winkworth, tr.

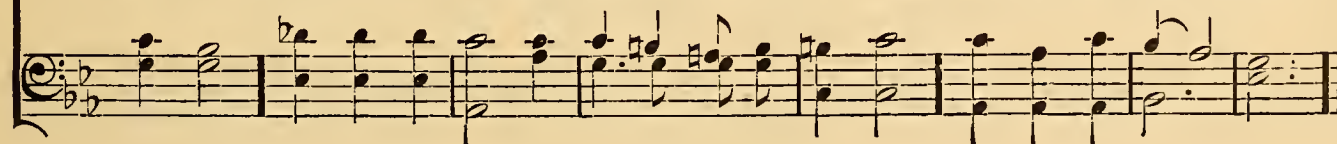
J. Barnby



1. Fa - ther, Thy name be prais'd, Thy kingdom given; Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in
2. Praise be to Thee thro' Je - sus our sal - va - tion, God, three in one, the Rul - er of cre -



heav - en; Keep us in life; for-give our sins; de - liv - er Us now and ev - er.
a - tion, High thron'd, o'er all Thine eye of mer - cy cast - ing, Lord ev - er - last - ing!

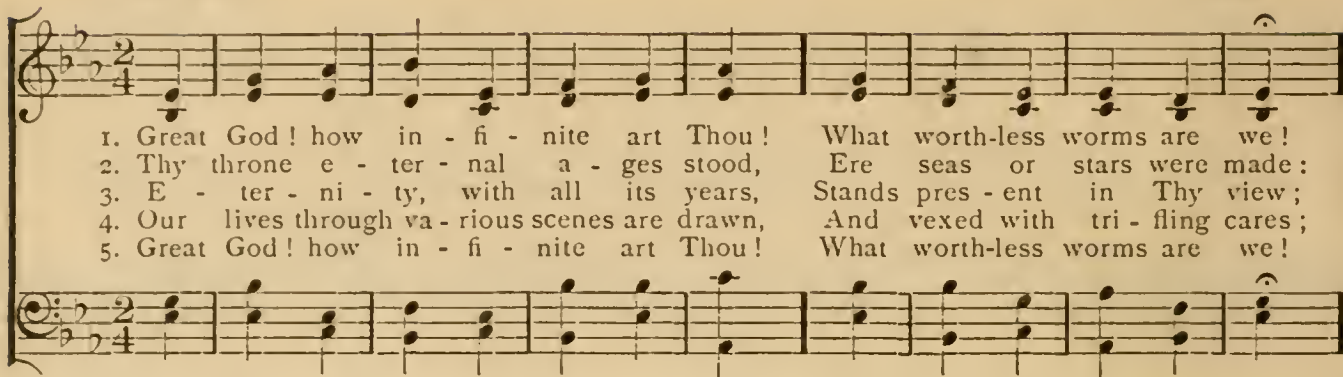


PRAISE TO GOD

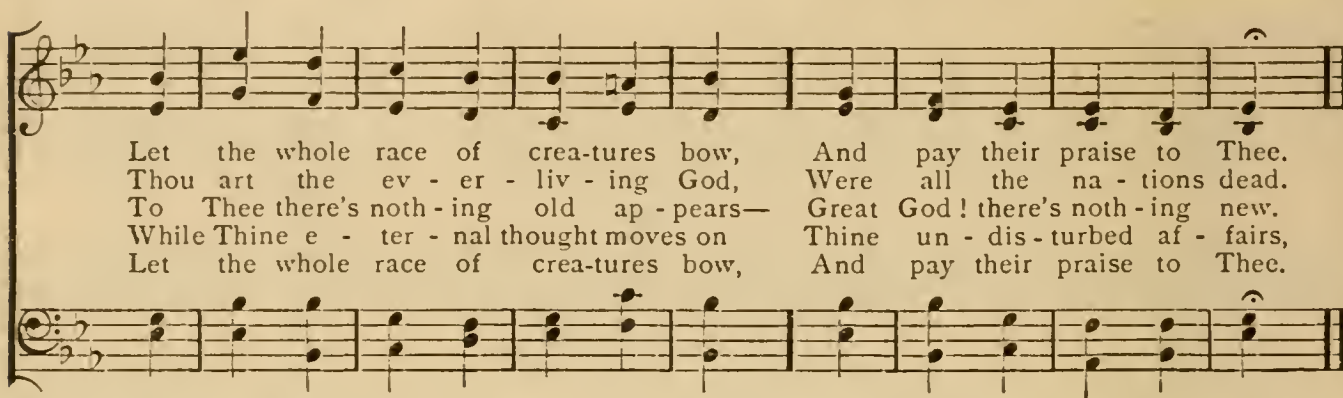
Great God! how Infinite art Thou

Isaac Watts

G. Franc



1. Great God! how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made:
 3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres - ent in Thy view;
 4. Our lives through va - rious scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fling cares;
 5. Great God! how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!

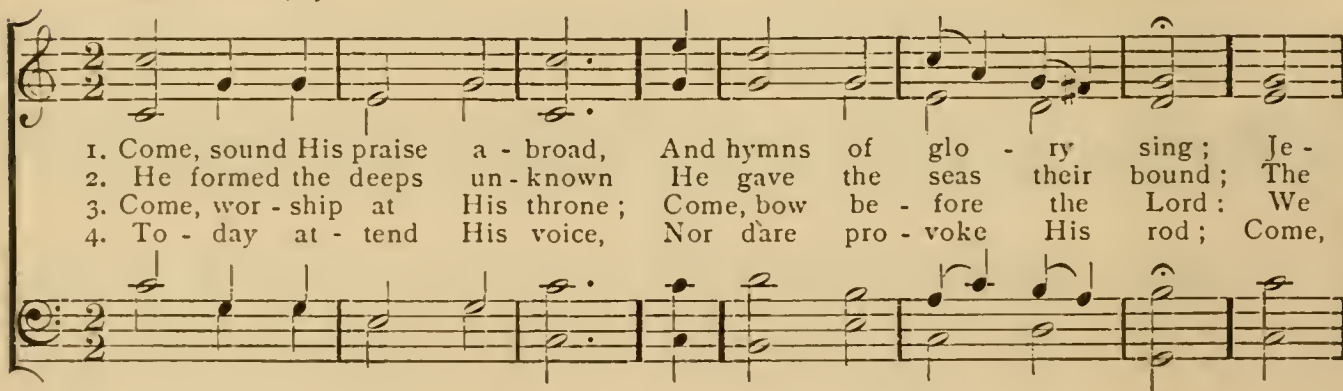


Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.
 Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
 To Thee there's noth - ing old ap - pears— Great God! there's noth - ing new.
 While Thine e - ter - nal thought moves on Thine un - dis - turbed af - fairs,
 Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.

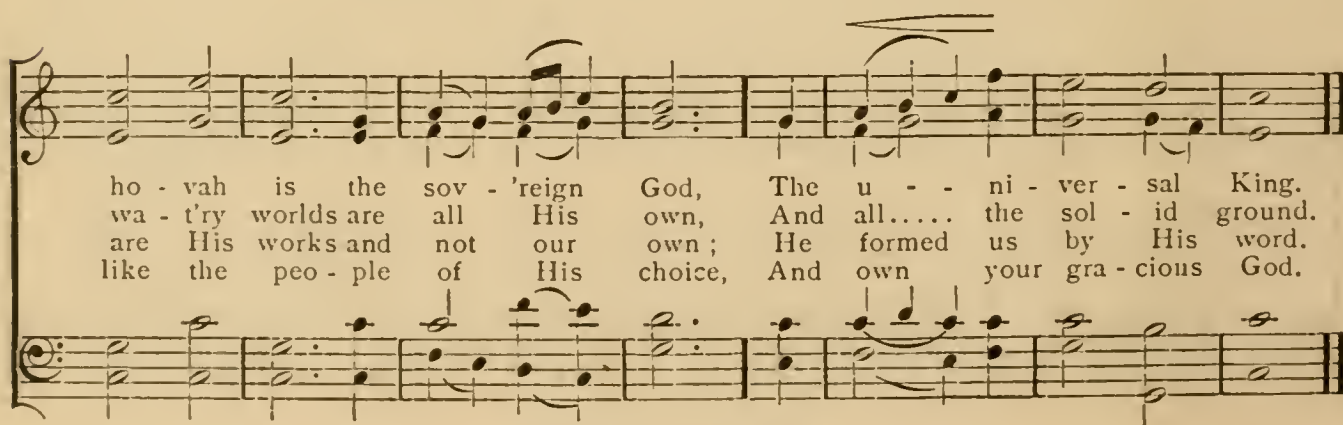
Come, sound His Praise abroad

Isaac Watts, 1719

Isaac Smith, 1770




1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -
 2. He formed the deeps un - known He gave the seas their bound; The
 3. Come, wor - ship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord: We
 4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,



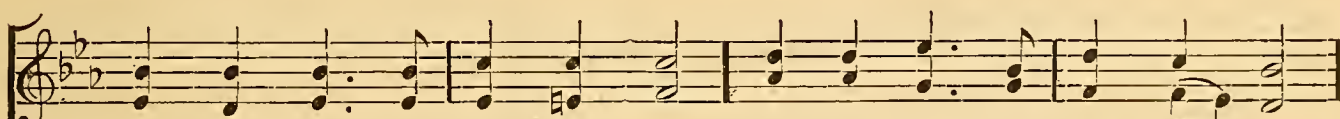
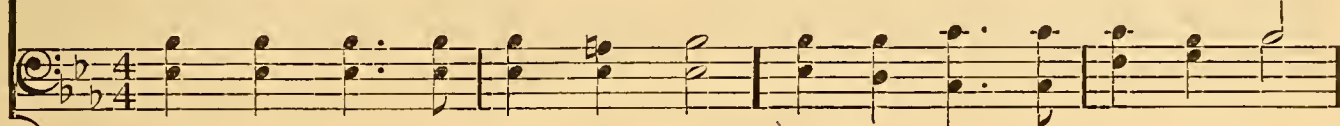
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.
 wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all.... the sol - id ground.
 are His works and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God.

Lord of Earth, Thy forming Hand

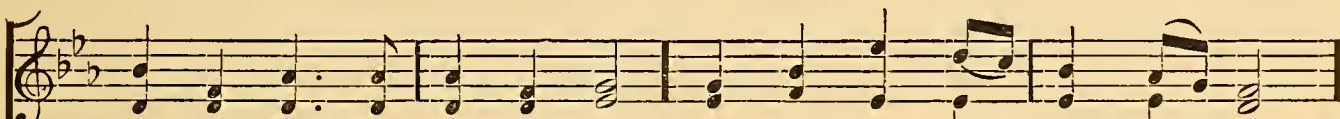
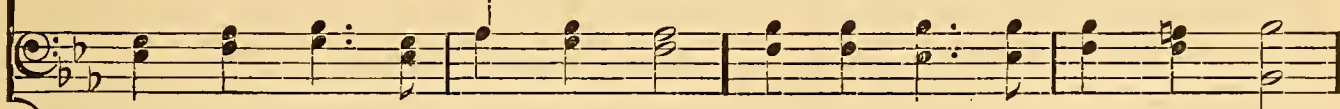
25

*Sir Robert Grant**S. M. Bixby*


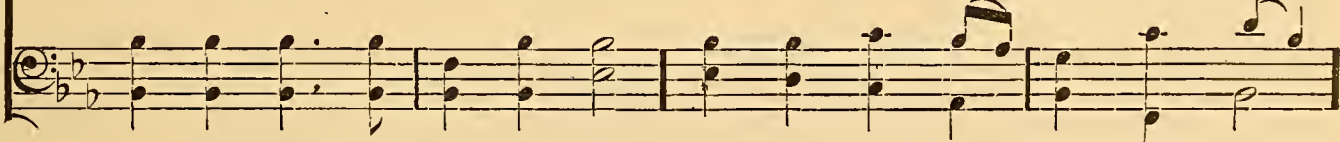
1. Lord of earth! Thy form - ing hand Well this beau - teous frame hath planned ;
2. Lord of heav'n! be - yond our sight Shines a world of pur - er light ;
3. Lord of earth and heav'n! my breast Seeks in Thee its on - ly rest :



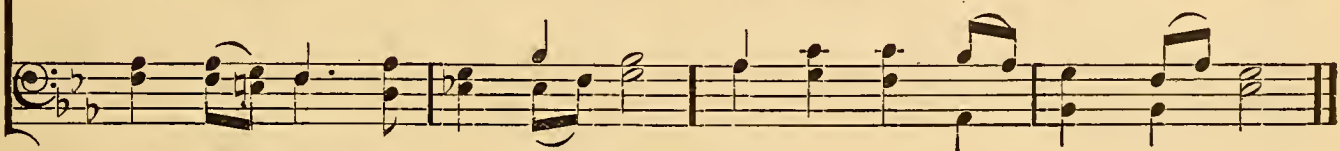
Woods that wave, and hills that tower, O - cean roll - ing in His power :
There in love's un - cloud - ed reign Part - ed hands shall meet a - gain :
I was lost ; Thy ac - cents mild Home - ward lured Thy wan - d'ring child :—



Yet, a - mid the scenes so fair, Shall I cease Thy smile to share,
Oh, that world is pass - ing fair ! Yet, if Thou wert ab - sent there,
Oh ! should once Thy smile di - vine Cease up - on my soul to shine,



What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on - earth but Thee?
What were all its joys to me? Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
What were earth or heav'n to me? Whom have I in each but Thee?



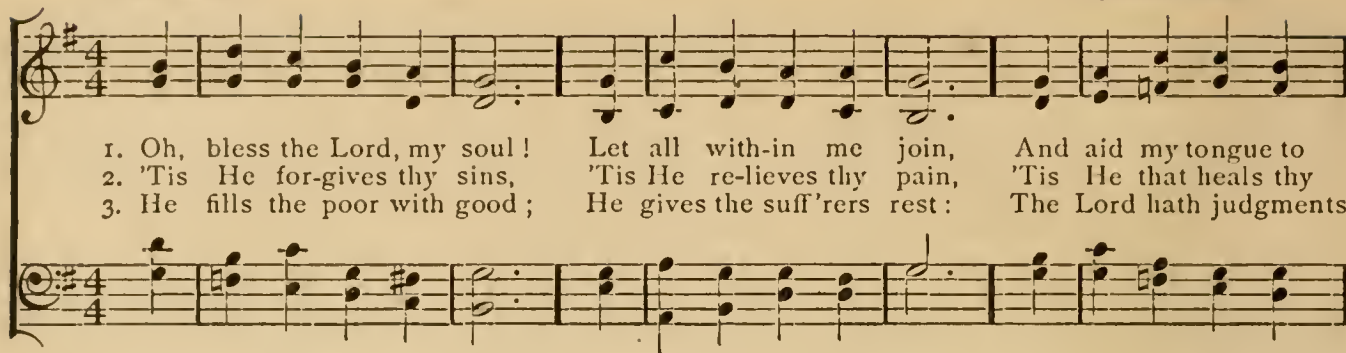
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PRAISE TO GOD

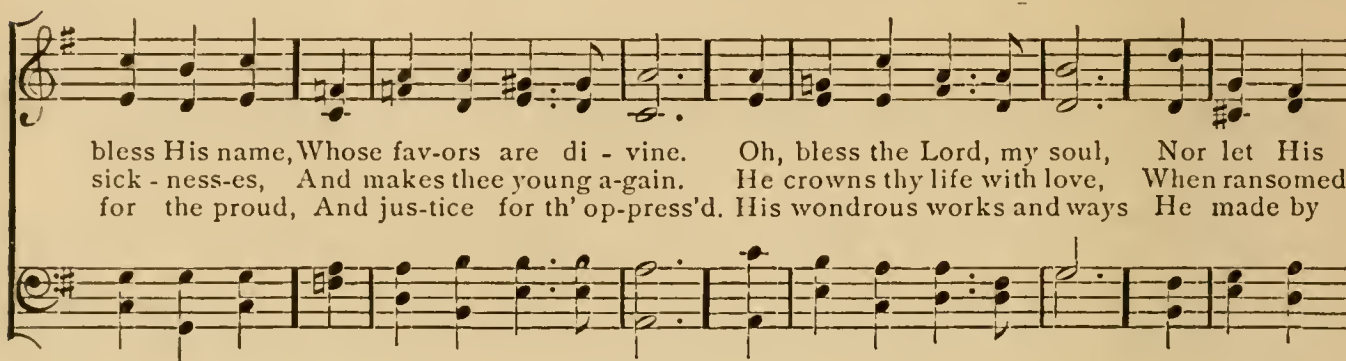
Oh, Bless the Lord, my Soul.

Isaac Watts

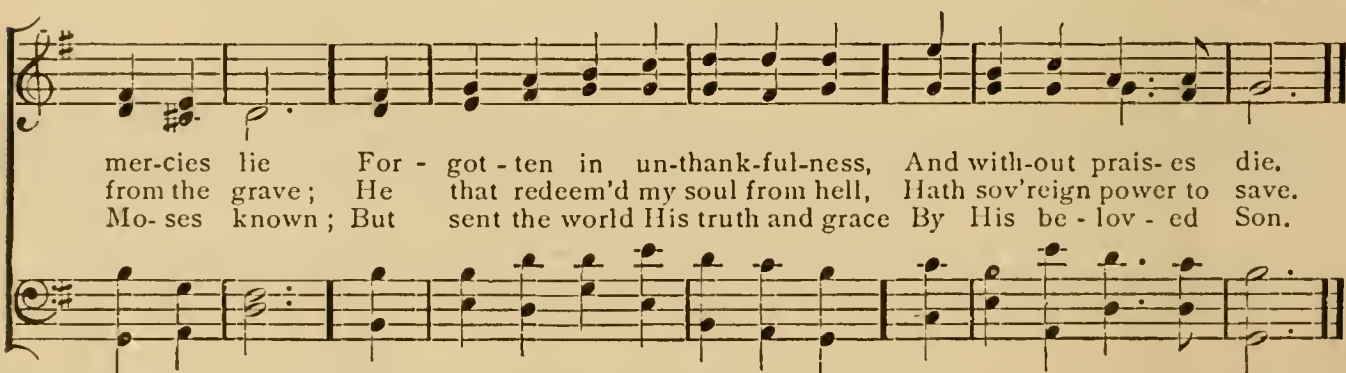
Arr. from Gounod



1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to
 2. 'Tis He for-gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain, 'Tis He that heals thy
 3. He fills the poor with good; He gives the suff'ers rest: The Lord hath judgments



bless His name, Whose fav-ors are di-vine. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His
 sick-ness-es, And makes thee young a-gain. He crowns thy life with love, When ransomed
 for the proud, And jus-tice for th'op-press'd. His wondrous works and ways He made by

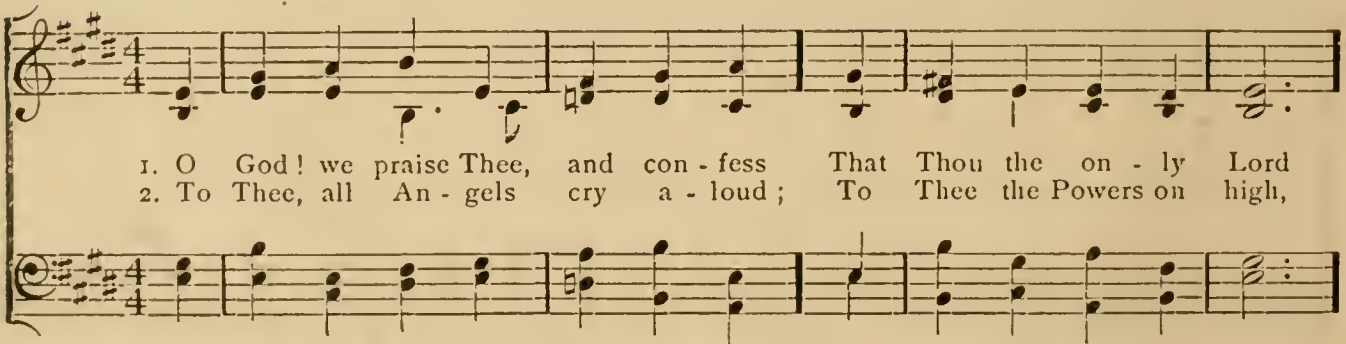


mer-cies lie For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die.
 from the grave; He that redeem'd my soul from hell, Hath sov'reign power to save.
 Mo-ses known; But sent the world His truth and grace By His be-lov-ed Son.

O God! we Praise Thee, and Confess

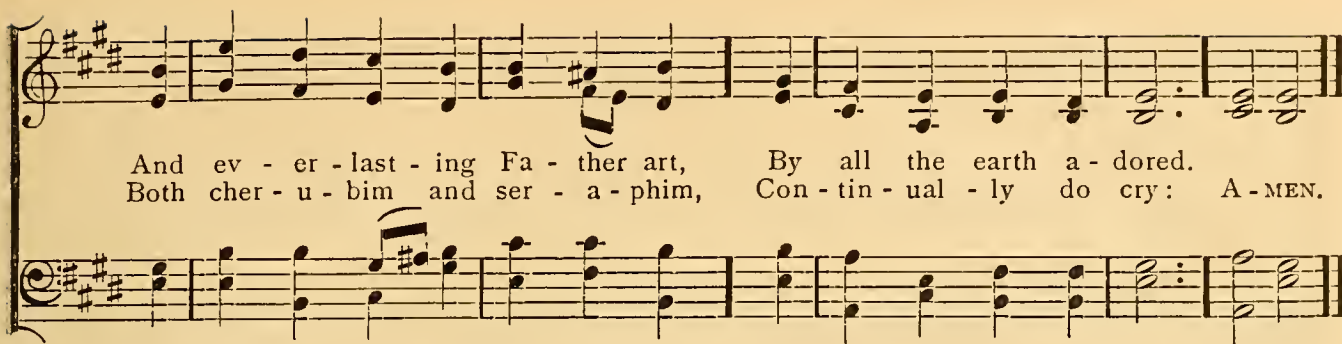
Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., and Nahum Tate

From the Scotch Psalter, 1615



1. O God! we praise Thee, and con-fess That Thou the on-ly Lord
 2. To Thee, all An-gels cry a-loud; To Thee the Powers on high,

PRAISE TO GOD



And ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.
Both cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Con - tin - ual - ly do cry: A - MEN.

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

5 The Holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

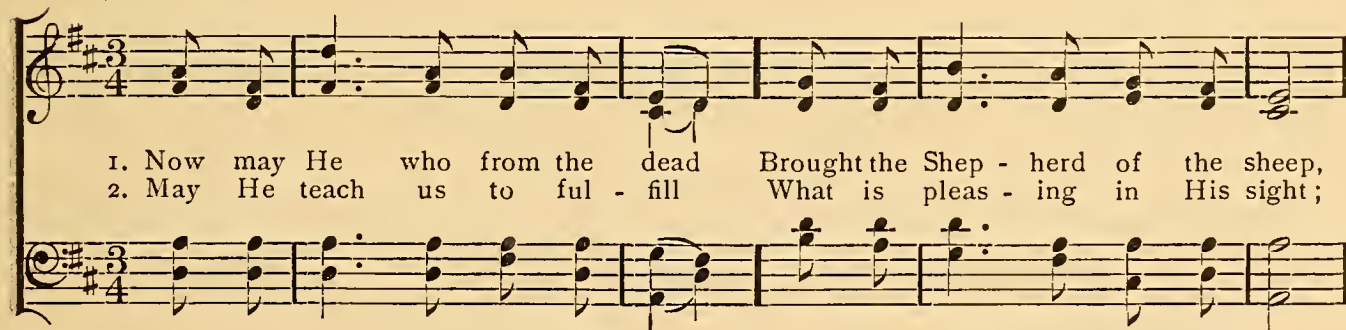
4 The Apostles' glorious company,
And Prophets crowned with light,
With all the Martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ
Of glory Thou art King. AMEN.

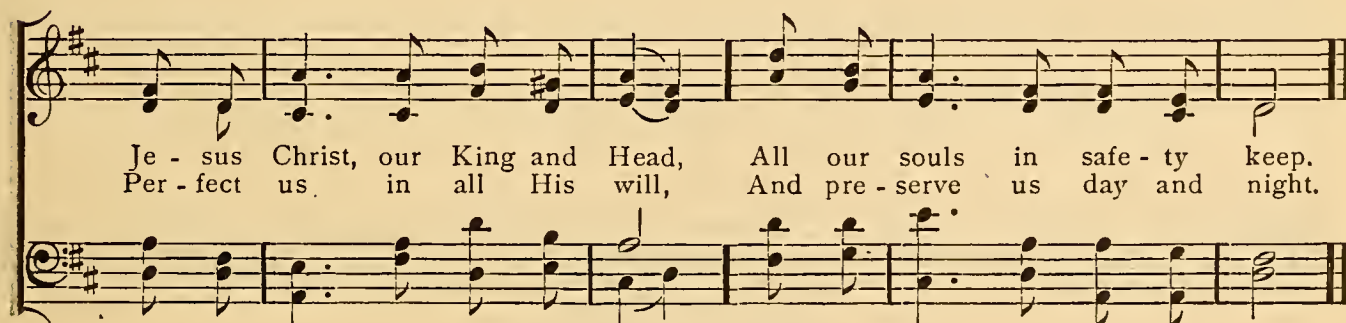
Now may He Who from the Dead

Josiah Conder

Bristol Collection



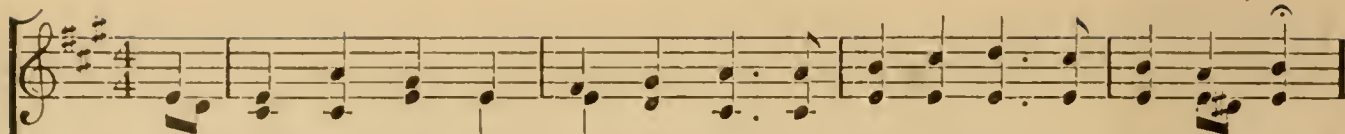
1. Now may He who from the dead Brought the Shep - herd of the sheep,
2. May He teach us to ful - fill What is pleas - ing in His sight;



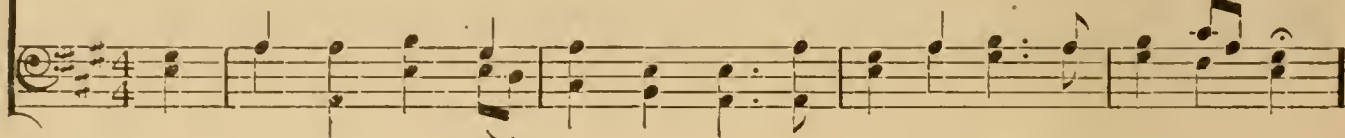
Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep.
Per - fect us in all His will, And pre - serve us day and night.

With Psalms and Hymns

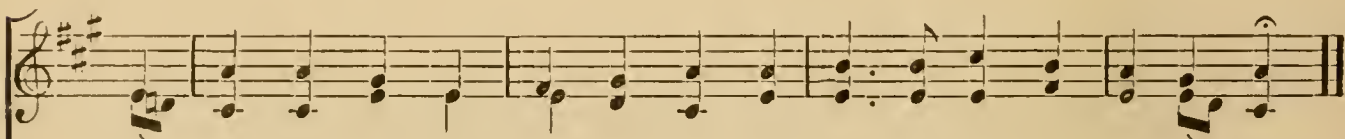
S. M. Bixby



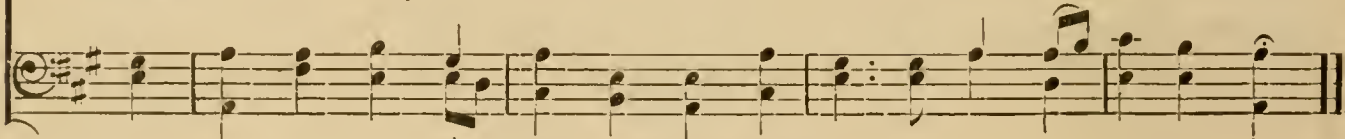
1. With psalms and hymns and ho - ly song, Lift up your hearts un - to the Lord,
2. By Him we in thanks - giv - ing raise The of - f'ring from our har - vest store,
3. In Him and in His love a - lone, That brought Him from the high - est down,



To His great Name all power be - longs, Thro' Him the Fa - ther is a - dored.
Thro' Him speeds down the Spir - it's grace, His Light Di - vine here - in to pour.
Is wis - dom true for aye forth - shewn, Doth love re - ceive its high - est crown.



Lord, as we wor - ship, make us see God man - i - fest on earth in Thee!
Grant, Lord, when - e'er Thy death we shew, We may Thy sa - cred Pres - ence know!
Grant, Lord, we may that wis - dom know, A love like Thine to all to shew!

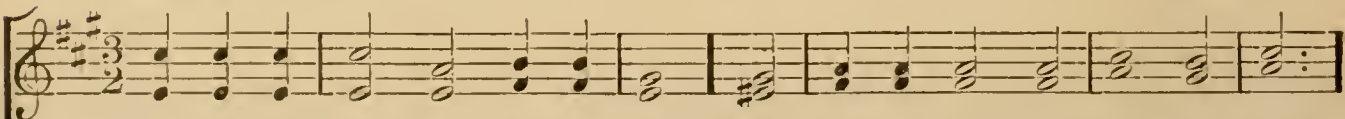


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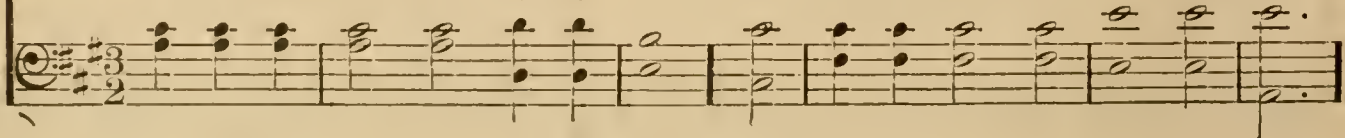
Awake, my Soul, to Joyful Lays

Samuel Medley, 1780

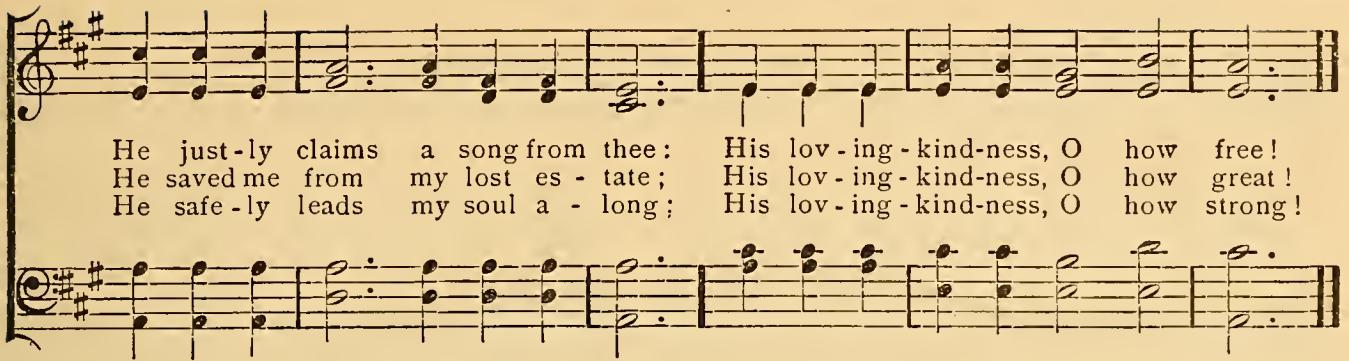
C. Zeuner



1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise:
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,



PRAISE TO CHRIST



He just-ly claims a song from thee: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!

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

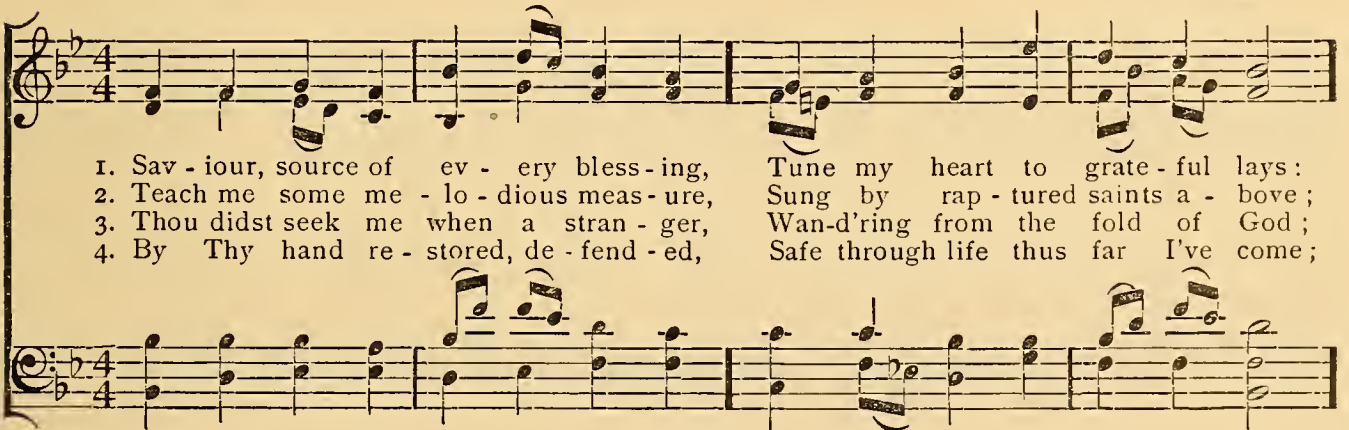
5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart,
 But though I oft have Him forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not!

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

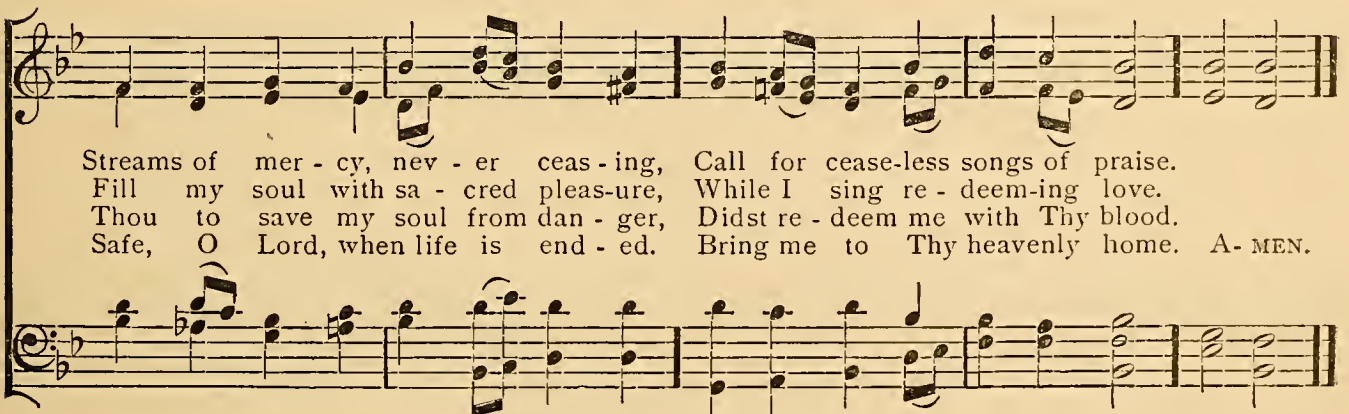
Saviour, Source of every Blessing

R. Robinson

Mendelssohn



1. Sav-iour, source of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:
 2. Teach me some me-lo-dious meas-ure, Sung by rap-tured saints a-bove;
 3. Thou didst seek me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 4. By Thy hand re-stored, de-fend-ed, Safe through life thus far I've come;

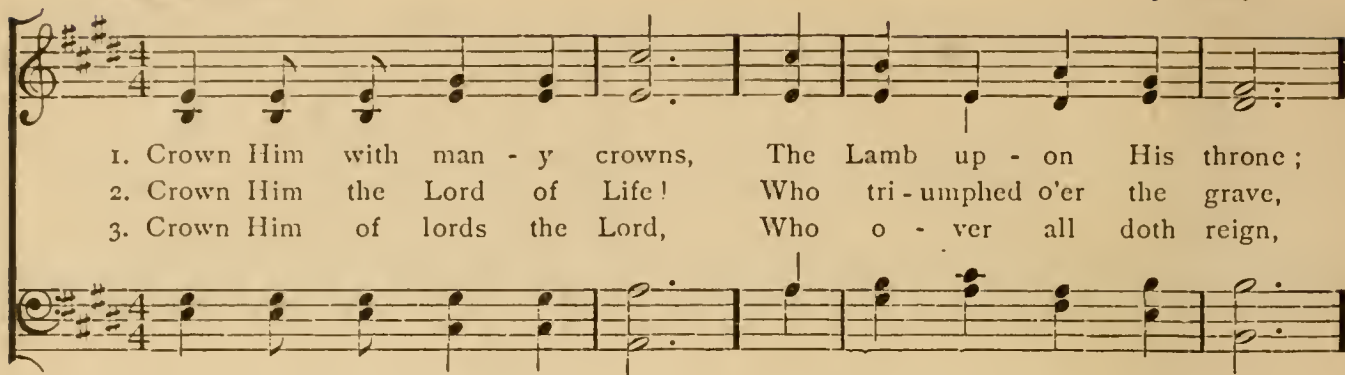


Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.
 Fill my soul with sa-cred pleas-ure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.
 Thou to save my soul from dan-ger, Didst re-deem me with Thy blood.
 Safe, O Lord, when life is end-ed. Bring me to Thy heavenly home. A-MEN.

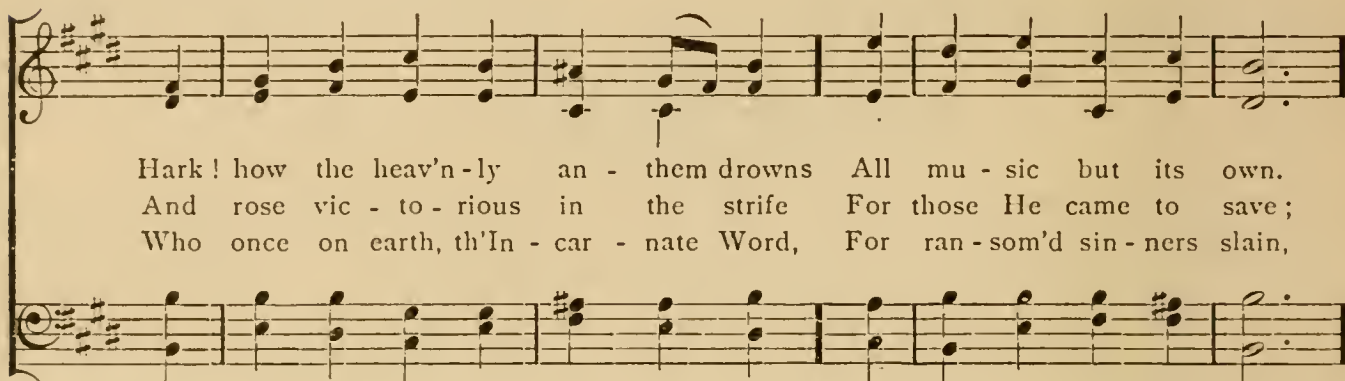
Crown Him with many Crowns

Mathew Bridges

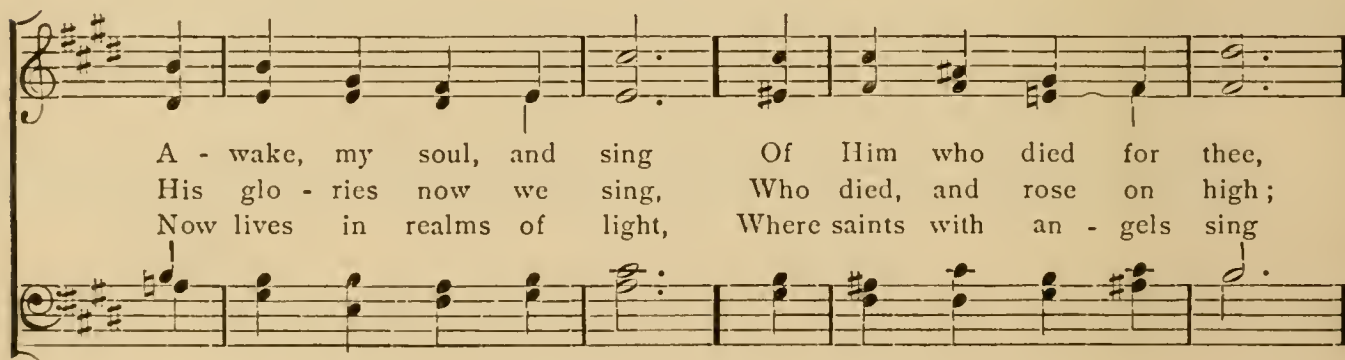
G. J. Elvey



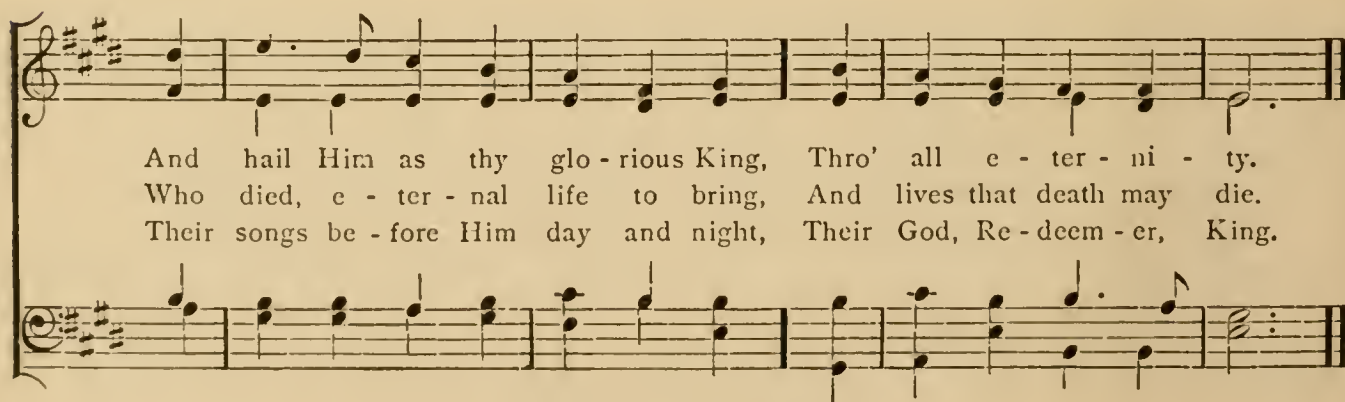
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne ;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of Life ! Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
 3. Crown Him of lords the Lord, Who o - ver all doth reign,



Hark ! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
 And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save ;
 Who once on earth, th'In - car - nate Word, For ran - som'd sin - ners slain,



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high ;
 Now lives in realms of light, Where saints with an - gels sing



And hail Him as thy glo - rious King, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Their songs be - fore Him day and night, Their God, Re - deem - er, King.

Crown Him with many Crowns

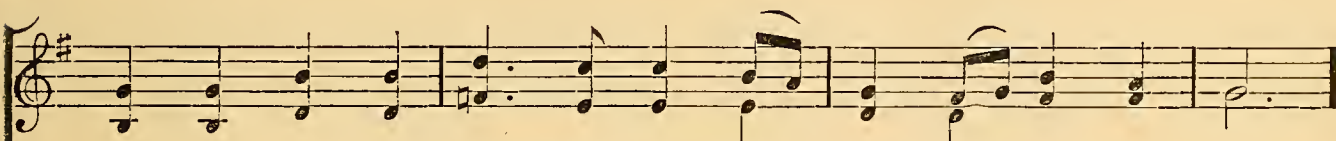
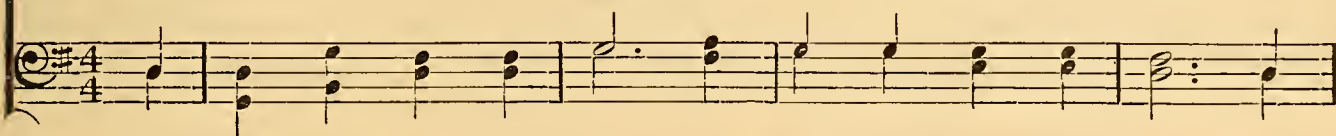
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Matthew Bridges

S. M. Bixby



1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne : Hark,
2. Crown Him the Lord of love : Be - hold His hands and side, Rich
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways, From
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n, One with the Fa - ther known, One



how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own !
wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied :
pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise :
with the Spir - it thro' Him given From yon - der ra - diant throne !



With His most pre - cious blood From sin He set us free : We
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet Fair
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died : Be



hail Him as our match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - te - ries so bright.
flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dor'd and mag - ni - fied.



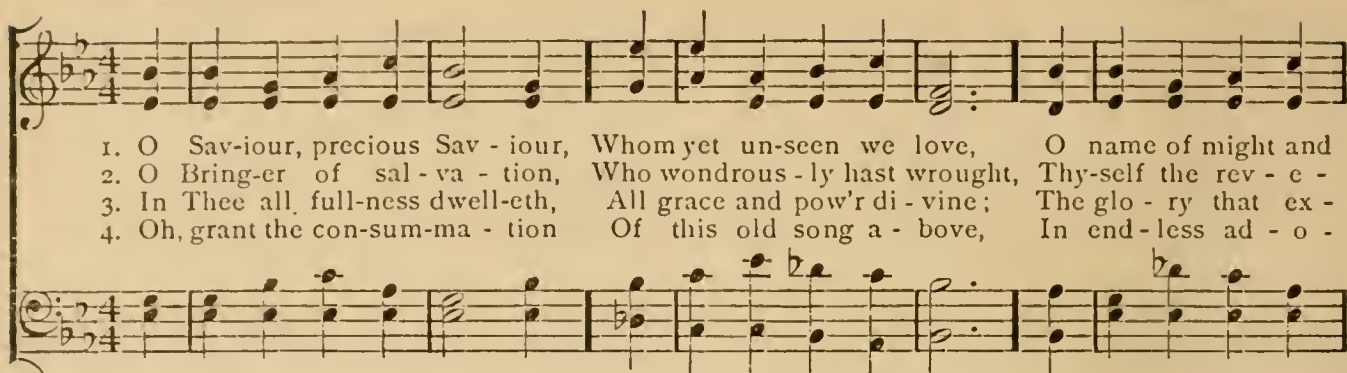
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PRAISE TO CHRIST

O Saviour, Precious Saviour

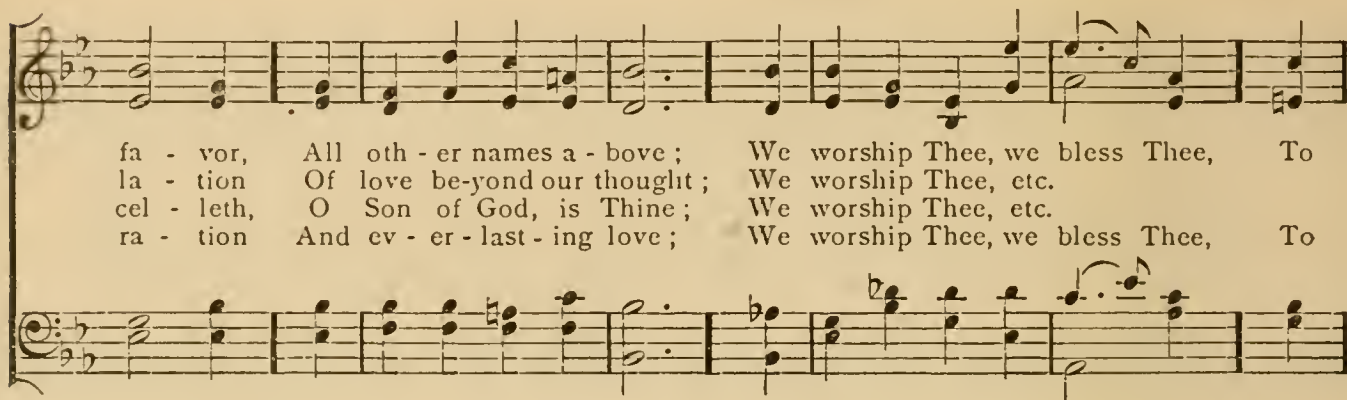
Frances R. Havergal

H. Smart

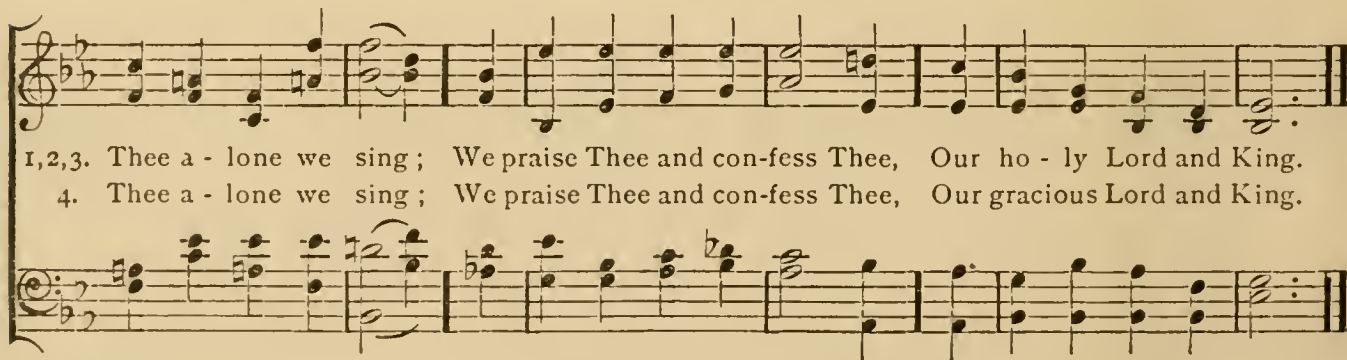


1. O Sav-iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom yet un-seen we love, O name of might and
 2. O Bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrous - ly hast wrought, Thy-self the rev - e -
 3. In Thee all full-ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine; The glo - ry that ex -
 4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma - tion Of this old song a - bove, In end-less ad - o -

CHORUS.



fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To
 la - tion Of love be-yond our thought; We worship Thee, etc.
 cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine; We worship Thee, etc.
 ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To

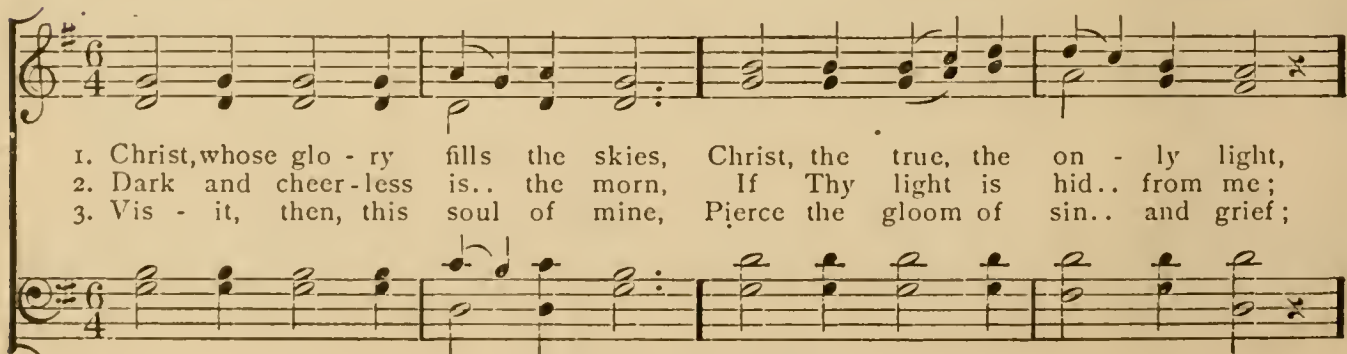


1, 2, 3. Thee a - lone we sing; We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
 4. Thee a - lone we sing; We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our gracious Lord and King.

Christ, whose Glory fills the Skies

Charles Wesley

Peter Ritter, Arr. by T. Hastings




1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
 2. Dark and cheer-less is.. the morn, If Thy light is hid.. from me;
 3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin.. and grief;

PRAISE TO CHRIST



Sun of Righ-teous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
 Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see;
 Fill me, ra - diant Sun di - vine! Scat - ter all.. my un - be - lief;

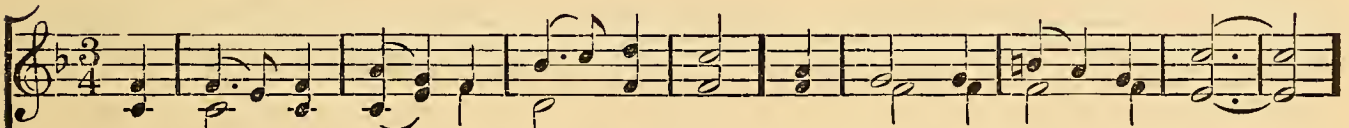
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day - star in.. my heart ap - pear.
 Till they in - ward light im - part, Warmth and glad-ness to.. my heart.
 More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to.. the per - fect day.



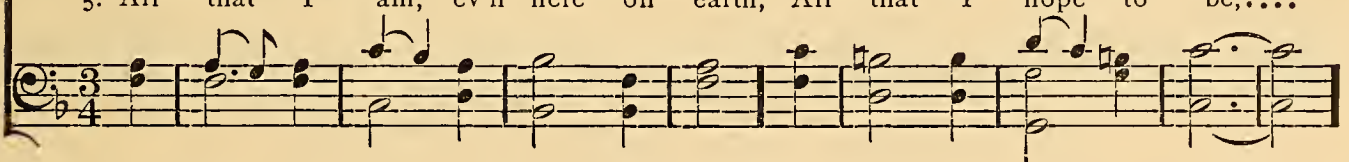
All that I was—my Sin, my Guilt

Horatius Bonar


S. M. Bixby



1. All that I was—my sin, my guilt, My death was all my own;
 2. The e - vil of my for - mer state Was mine and on - ly mine;
 3. The dark - ness of my for - mer state, The bond - age all was mine;
 4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin, It taught me to be - lieve;
 5. All that I am, ev'n here on earth, All that I hope to be,....



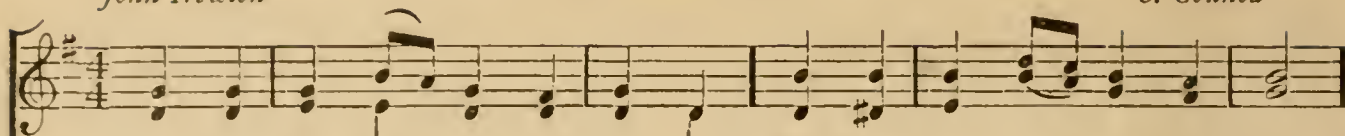

All that I am, I owe to Thee, My gra - cious God, a - lone....
 The good in which I now re - joice Is Thine and on - ly Thine....
 The light of life in which I walk, The lib - er - ty is Thine....
 Then, in be - liev - ing peace I found, And now I live, I live....
 When Je - sus comes and glo - ry dawns, I owe it, Lord, to Thee....



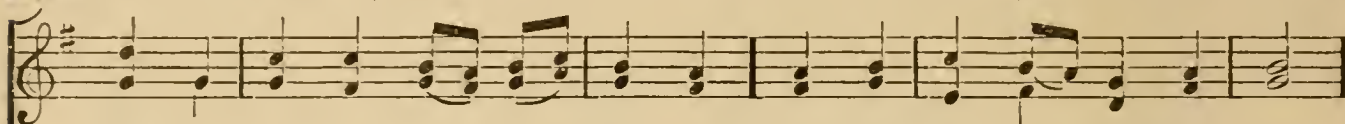
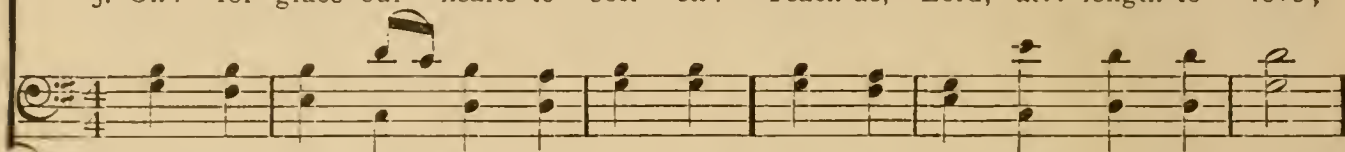
One there is above All Others

John Newton

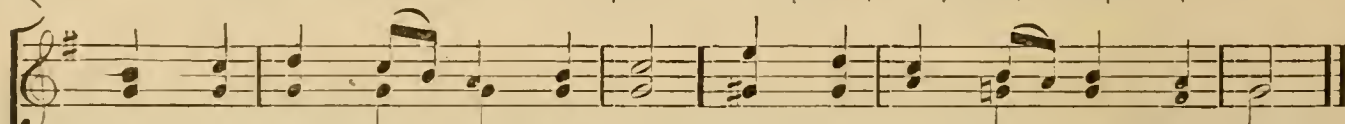
C. Gounod



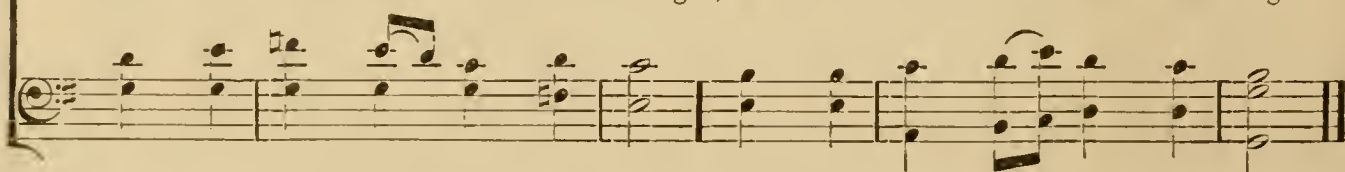
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend ;
2. Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood ?
3. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, " Friend of sin - ners," was His name ;
4. Could we bear from one an - oth - er What He dai - ly.. bears from us ?
5. Oh ! for grace our hearts to soft - en ! Teach us, Lord, at.. length to love ;



His is love be - yond a... broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end :
 But our Je - sus died to.. have us Re - con - ciled in.. Him to God :
 Now a - bove all glo - ries rais - ed, He re - joic - es.. in the same ;
 Yet this glo - rious Friend and Broth - er Loves us though we.. treat Him thus :
 We, a - las ! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we.. have a - bove :



They who once His kind - ness prove Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
 This was bound - less love in - deed ! Je - sus is a friend in need.
 Still He calls them breth - ren, friends, And to all their wants at - tends.
 Tho' for good we ren - der ill, He ac - counts us breth - ren still.
 But when home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought.



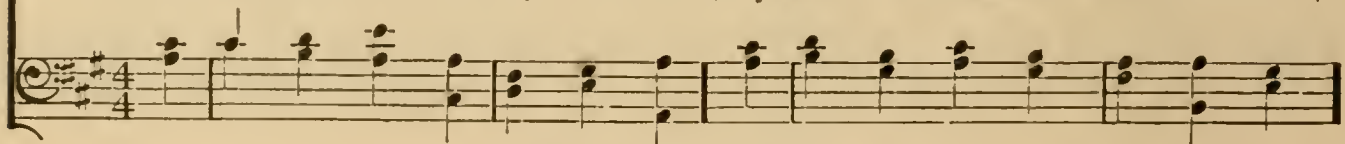
O Christ, the Lord of Heaven

Ray Palmer

Rev. J. B. Dykes



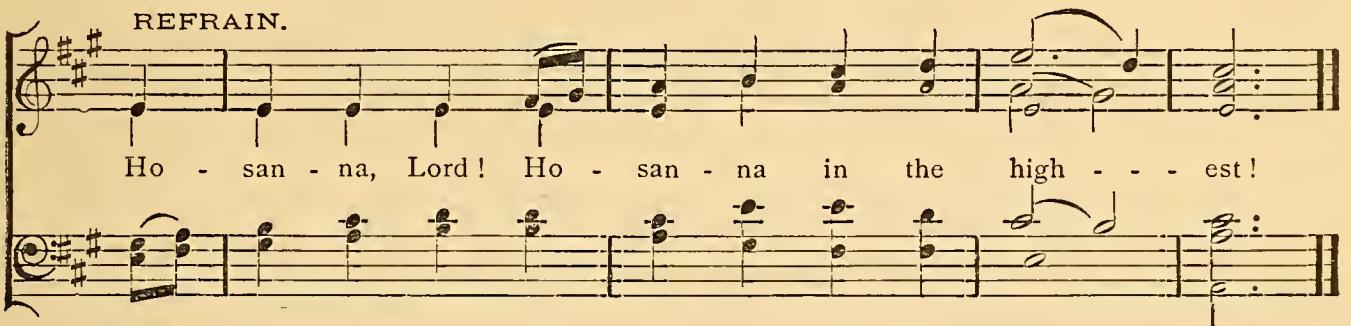
1. O Christ, the Lord of heav'n ! to Thee, Clothed with all maj - es - ty di - vine,
2. Reign, Prince of Life ! that once Thy brow Didst yield to wear the wound - ing thorn ;
3. From an - gel hosts that round Thee stand, With forms more pure than spot - less snow,
4. To Thee, the Lamb, our mor - tal songs, Born of deep fer - vent love, shall rise ;
5. " Je - sus ! "—all earth shall speak the word ; " Je - sus ! "—all heaven re - sound it still ;





E - ter - nal pow'r and glo - ry be! E - ter - nal praise of right is Thine.
 Reign, throned be-side the Fa - ther now, A - dored the Son of God first-born.
 From the bright burn-ing ser - aph band, Let praise in lof - tiest num - bers flow.
 All hon - or to Thy name be - longs, Our lips would sound it to the skies.
 Im - man - uel, Sav - iour, Conqueror, Lord! Thy praise the u - ni - verse shall fill.

REFRAIN.

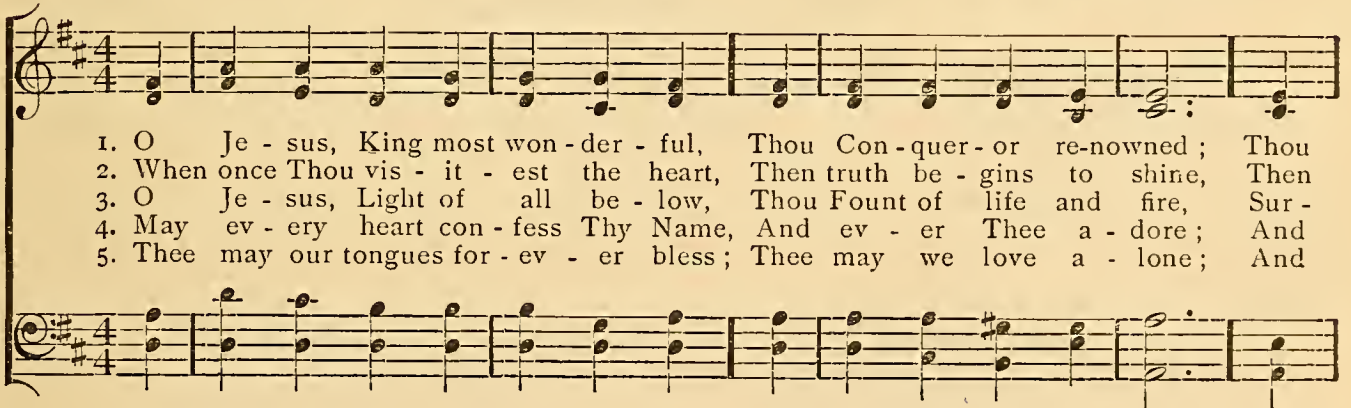


Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - - est!

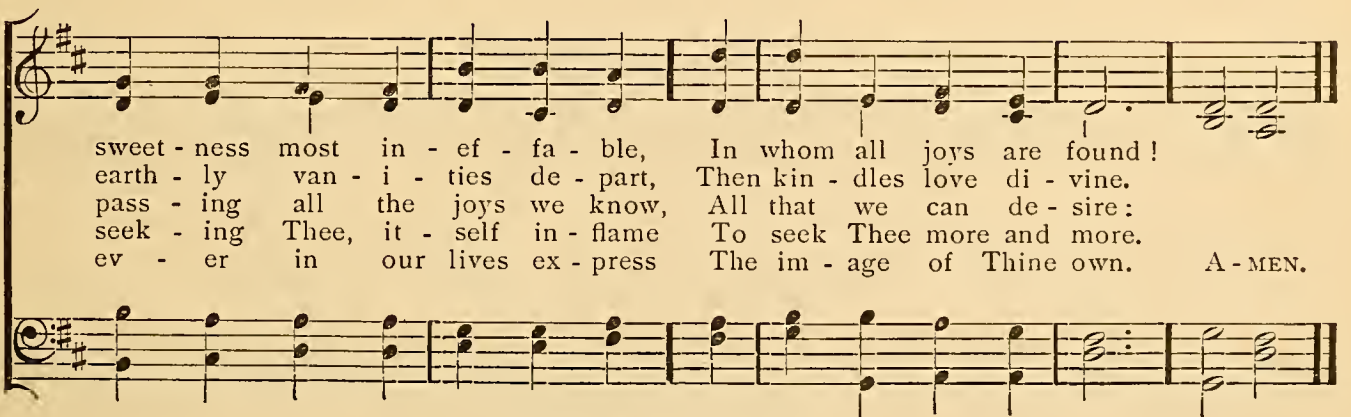
O Jesus, King Most Wonderful

Bernard of Clairvaux, Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall

Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. D.



1. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned; Thou
 2. When once Thou vis - it - est the heart, Then truth be - gins to shine, Then
 3. O Je - sus, Light of all be - low, Thou Fount of life and fire, Sur -
 4. May ev - ery heart con - fess Thy Name, And ev - er Thee a - dore; And
 5. Thee may our tongues for - ev - er bless; Thee may we love a - lone; And

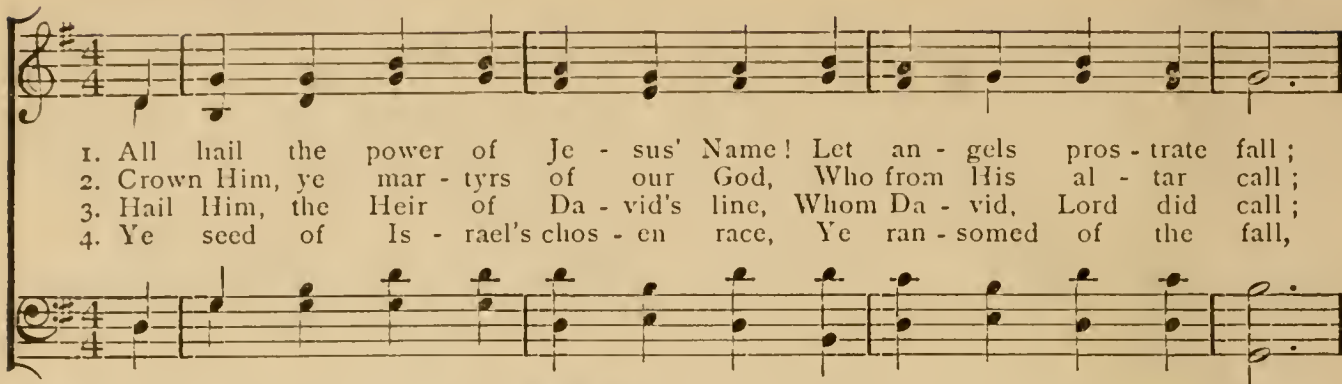


sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!
 earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.
 pass - ing all the joys we know, All that we can de - sire:
 seek - ing Thee, it - self in - flame To seek Thee more and more.
 ev - er in our lives ex - press The im - age of Thine own. A - MEN.

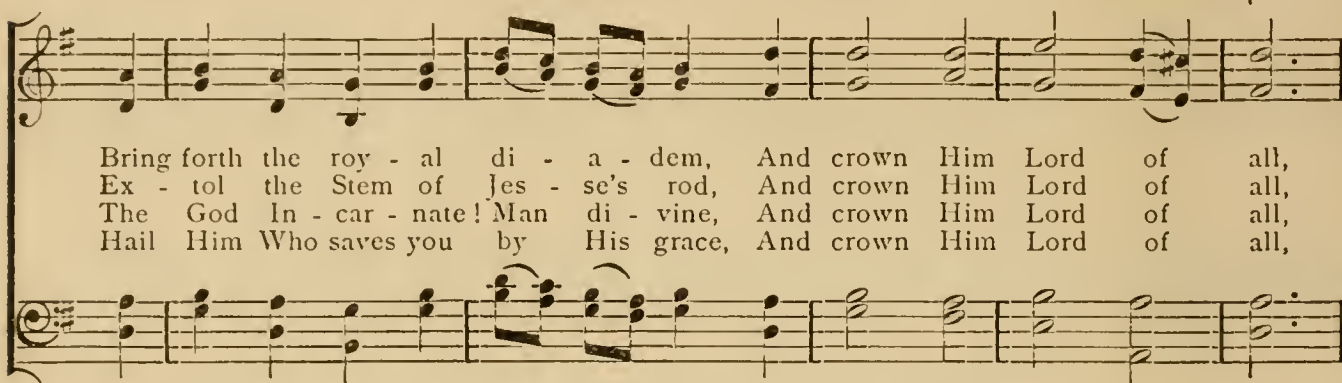
All hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edw. Perronet, 1780

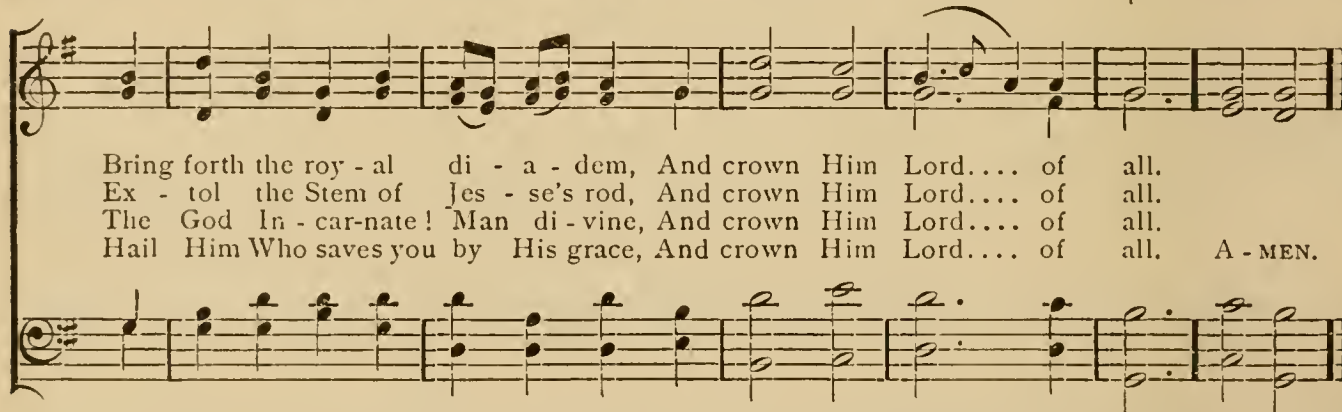
O. Holden



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Hail Him, the Heir of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid, Lord did call;
 4. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - somed of the fall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all,
 The God In - car - nate! Man di - vine, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,

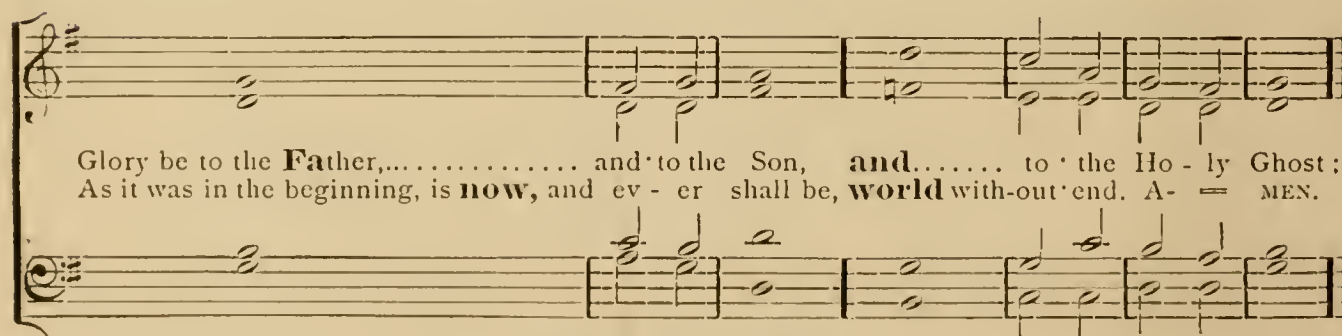


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 The God In - car - nate! Man di - vine, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord.... of all. A - MEN.

5 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.:||

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ¶: To Him all Majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all:|| AMEN.

Gloria Patri



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the **S**on, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - MEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Earth has Nothing sweet or fair

37

Johann Scheffler, tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
2. When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the gold - en sun-beams rise,
3. When the star - beams pierce the night, Oft I think of Je - sus' light;
4. Come, Lord Je - sus! and dis - pel This dark cloud in which I dwell,

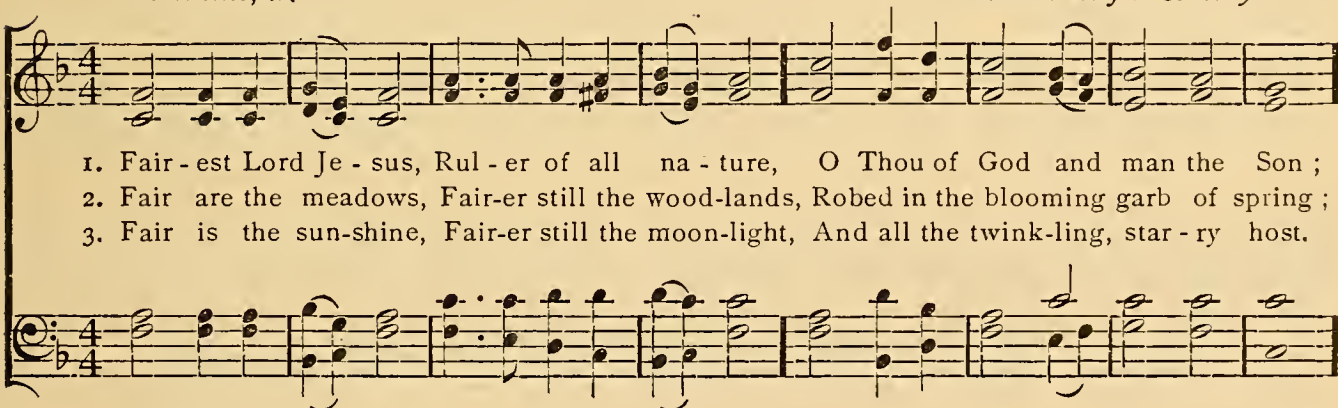


But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.
Then my Sav - iour's form I find Bright - ly im - aged on my mind.
Think how bright that light will be, Shin - ing through e - - ter - ni - ty.
And to me the power im - part To be - hold Thee as Thou art.

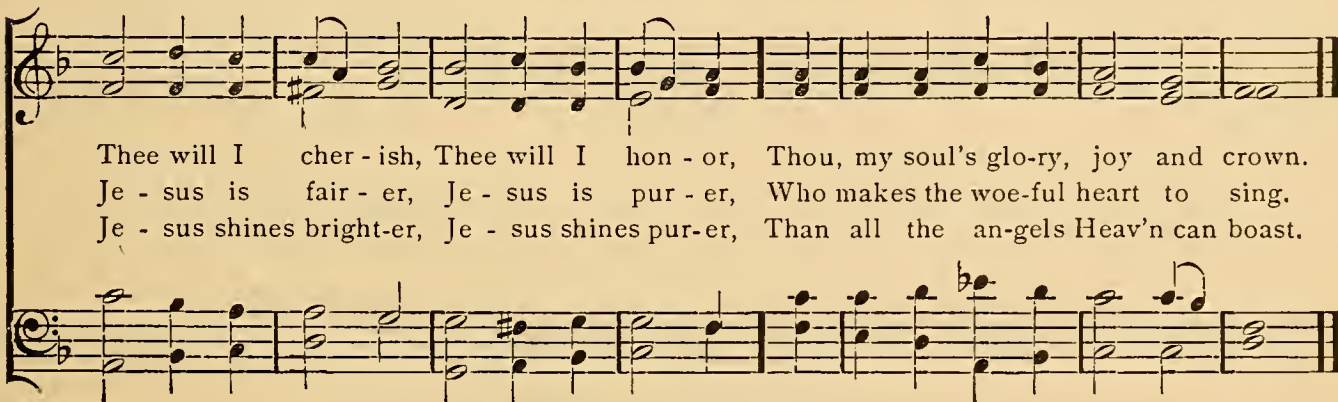
Fairest Lord Jesus

R. S. Willis, tr.

The Twelfth Century



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er still the wood-lands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the twink-ling, star - ry host.



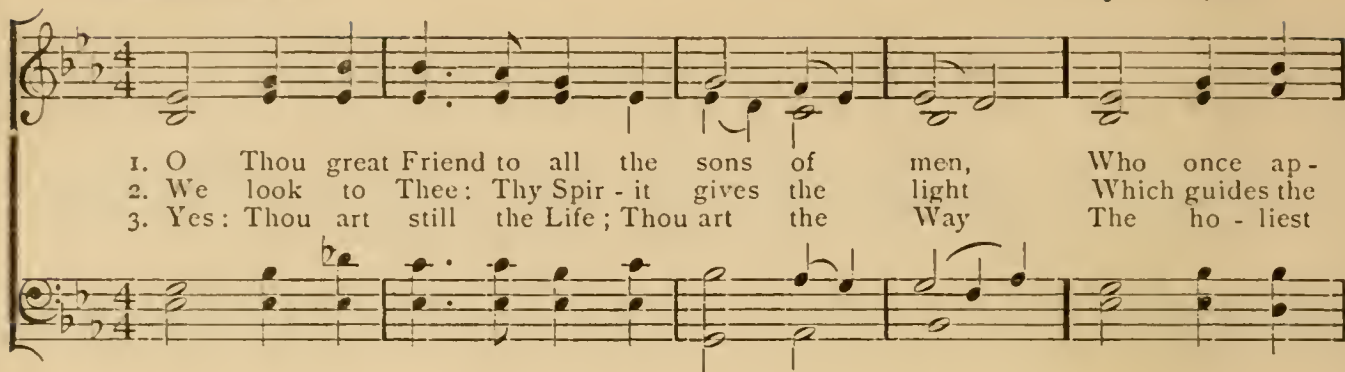
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines bright-er, Je - sus shines pur-er, Than all the an-gels Heav'n can boast.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

O Thou great Friend

Theodore Parker

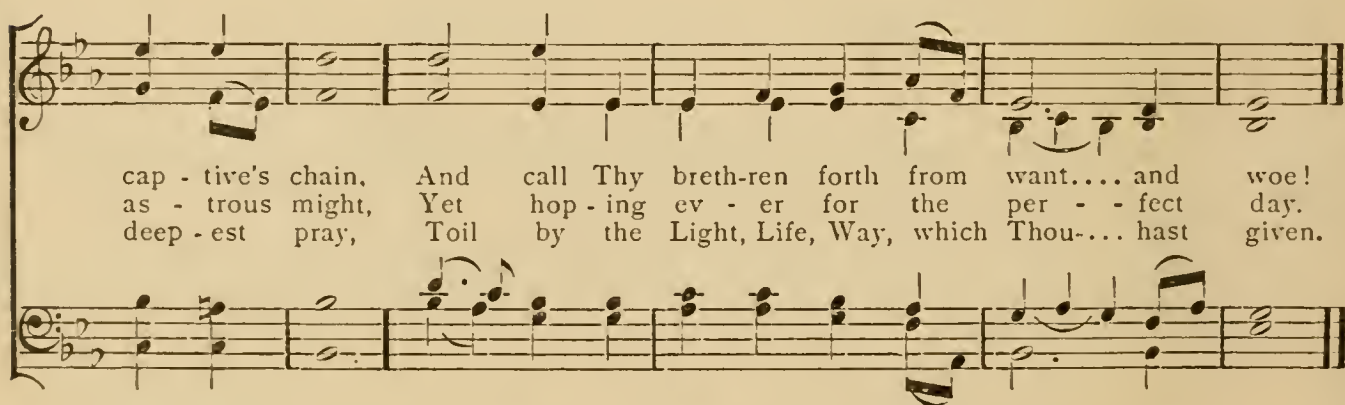
Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-
 2. We look to Thee: Thy Spir - it gives the light Which guides the
 3. Yes: Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way The ho - liest



peared in hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the
 na - tions, grop - ing on their way, Stumbling and fall - ing in dis -
 know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven; And they who dear - est hope, and

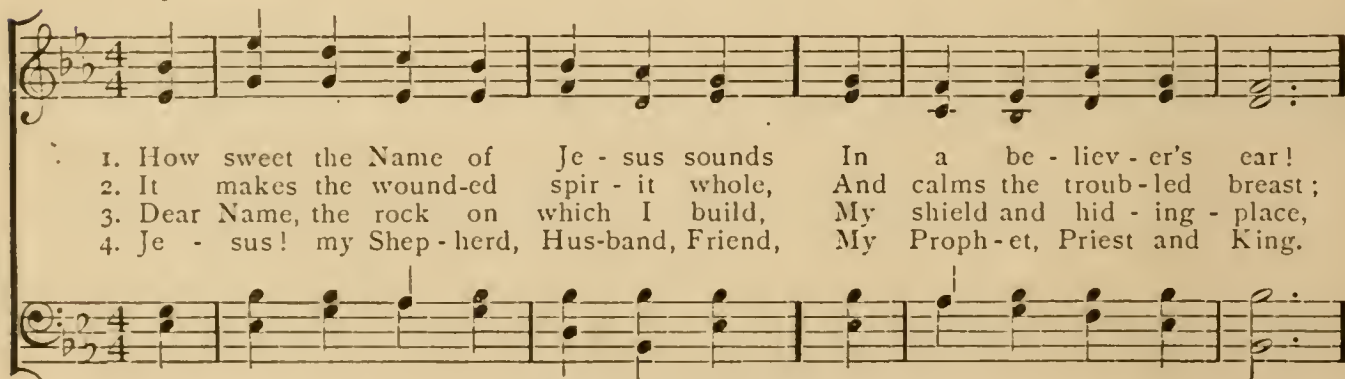


cap - tive's chain, And call Thy breth-ren forth from want.... and woe!
 as - trous might, Yet hop - ing ev - er for the per - - fect day.
 deep - est pray, Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou... hast given.

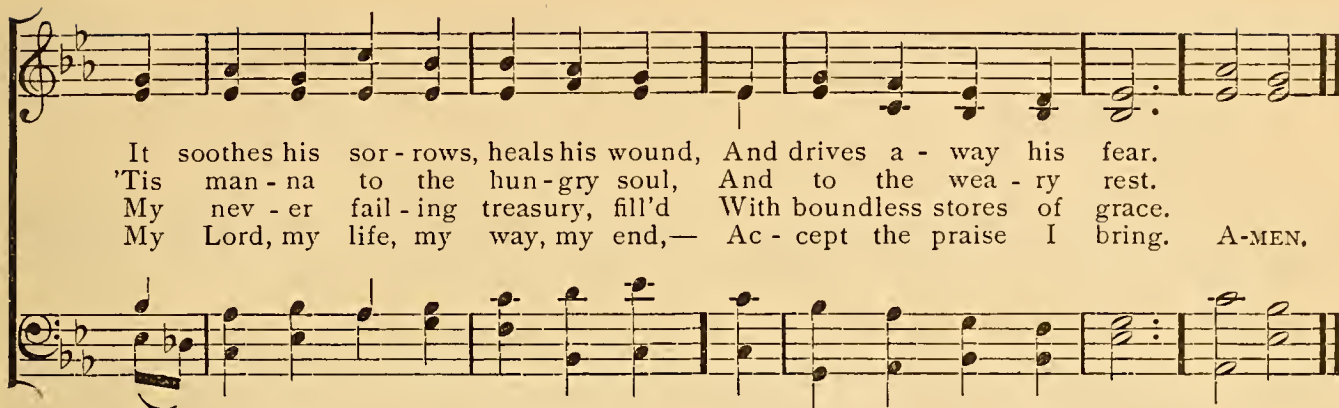
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

Rev. J. Newton

A. R. Reinagle



1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
 3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place,
 4. Je - sus! my Shep - herd, Hus-band, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King.



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wound, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My nev - er fail - ing treasury, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end, — Ac - cept the praise I bring. A-MEN.

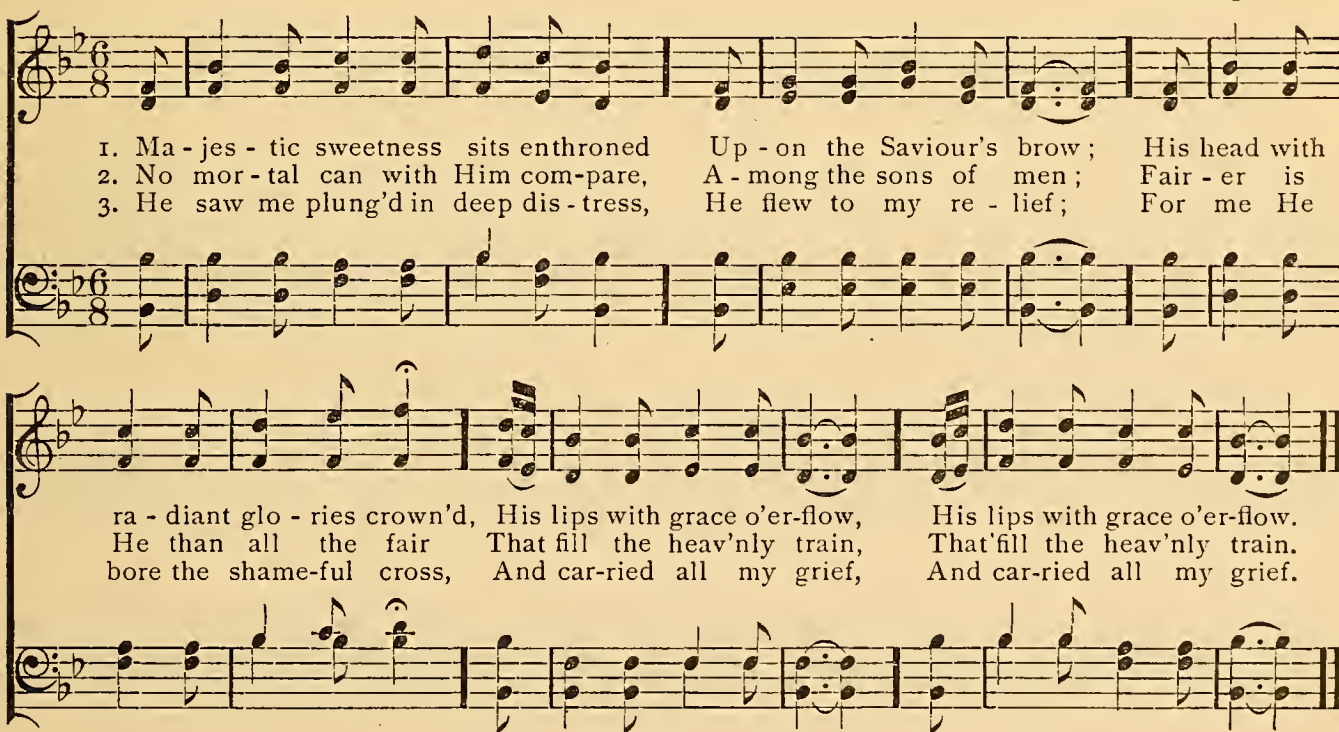
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought:
 But when I see Thee as Thou art
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death. AMEN.

Majestic Sweetness sits Enthroned

Samuel Stennett

T. Hastings



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He

ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 ||: He saves me from the grave. :||

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 ||: And makes my joy complete. :||

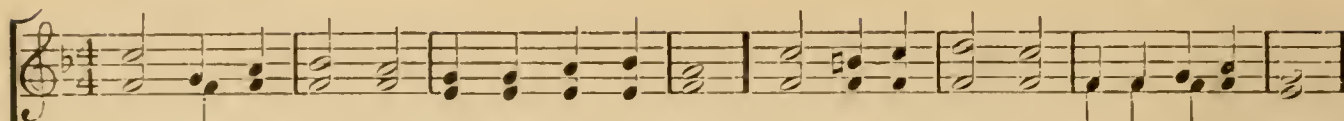
6 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 ||: Lord, they should all be Thine. :||

PRAISE TO CHRIST

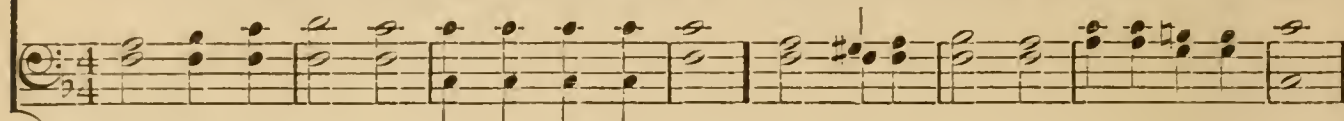
40 *Hail, Holy Spirit, Bright Immortal Dove*

T. Hewlett

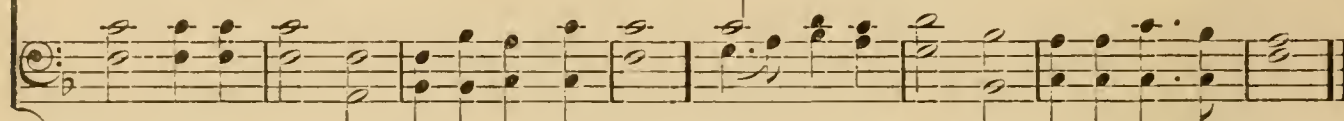
S. M. Bixby



1. Hail, Ho - ly Spir - it, bright im - mor - tal Dove ! Great spring of light, of pu - ri - ty and love ;
2. O Lord, from Thee one kind and quick'ning ray Will pierce the gloom and re-en-kin-dle day ;
3. Oh, shed Thine influence, and Thy power ex-ert ; Clear my dark mind, and thaw my i - cy heart ;



Pro-ceed-ing from the Fa-ther and the Son, Dis-tinct from both, and yet with both but one.
Will warm the froz-en heart with love di-vine, And with its Mak-er's im-age make it shine.
Pour on my drow-sy soul ce-les-tial day, And heav'nly life to all its pow'rs con-vey.

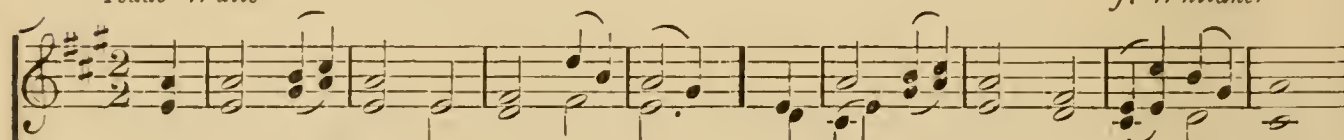


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Eternal Spirit, we Confess

Isaac Watts

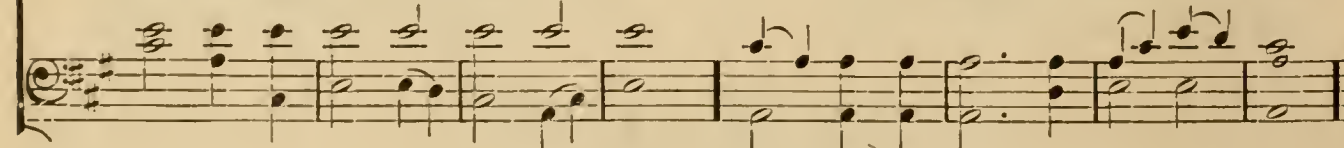
J. Whitaker



1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of Thy grace :
2. En - ligh - ten'd by Thy heav'n - ly ray, Our shades and dark - ness turn to - day ;
3. Thy pow'r and glo - ry work with - in, And break the chains of reign-ing sin ;



Thy pow'r con-veys our bless-ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.
Thine in-ward teach-ings make us know Our dan-ger and our ref-uge too.
All our im - pe - rious lusts sub - due, And form our wretch-ed hearts a - new.

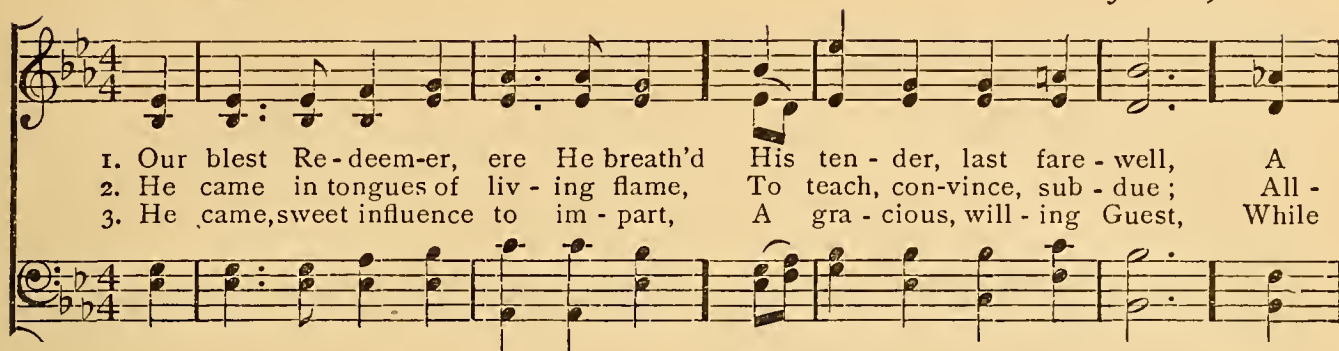


Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed

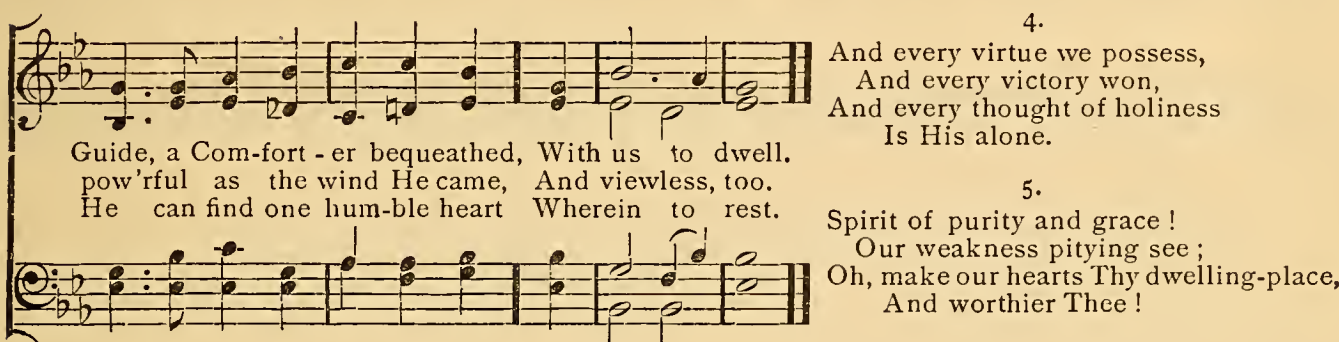
41

Harriet Auber

J. B. Dykes



1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breath'd His ten-der, last fare-well, A
 2. He came in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due; All-
 3. He came, sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest, While



4. And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Is His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace!
 Our weakness pitying see;
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee!

Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed, With us to dwell.
 pow'ful as the wind He came, And viewless, too.
 He can find one hum-bles heart Wherein to rest.

Why should the Children of a King

Isaac Watts

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourn-ing all their days?
 2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven?
 3. As-sure my con-science of her part In the Re-deem-er's blood;
 4. Thou art the ear-nest of His love, The pledge of joy to come;



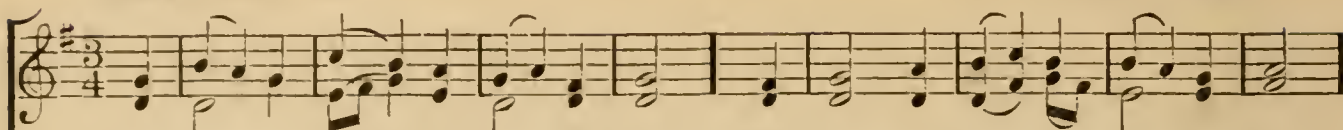
Great Com-fort-er, de-scend, and bring Some to-kens of Thy grace.
 When wilt Thou ban-ish my com-plaints, And show my sins for-given?
 And bear Thy wit-ness with my heart, That I am born of God.
 And Thy soft wings, ce-les-tial Dove, Will safe con-vey me home.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

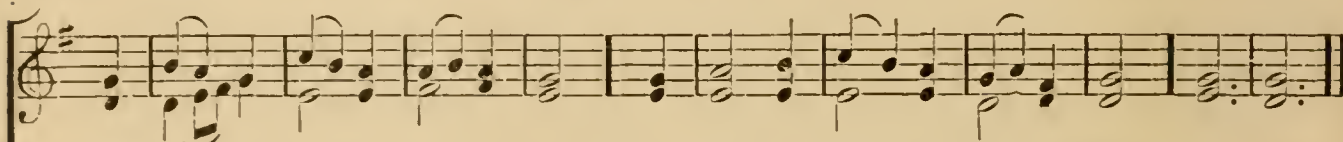
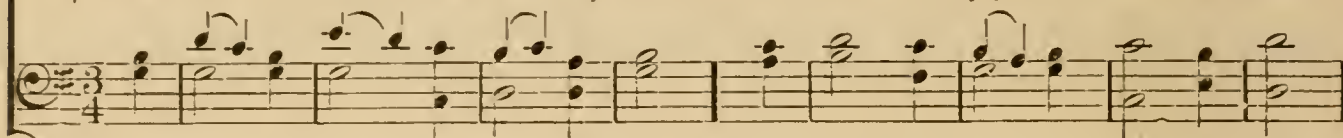
Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Simon Broome, 1720

Arr. by Rev. Dr. Dykes



1. Come, gra-cious Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
 2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
 3. Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray;
 4. Lead us to heav'n, that we may share Full - ness of joy for - ev - er there:



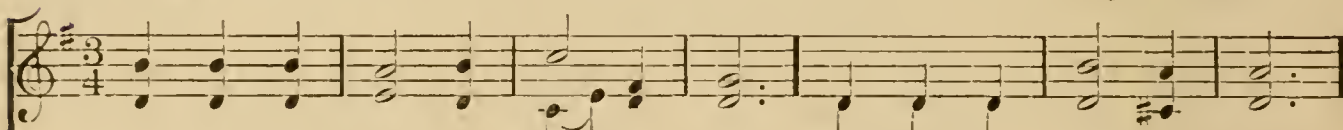
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre-side.
 Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from Thee may ne'er de-part.
 Lead us to ho - li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God.
 Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for - ev - er blest. A - MEN.



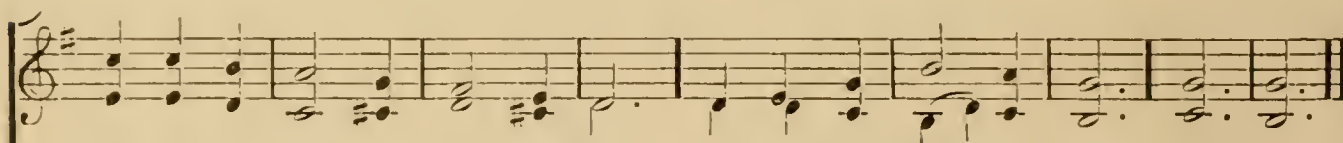
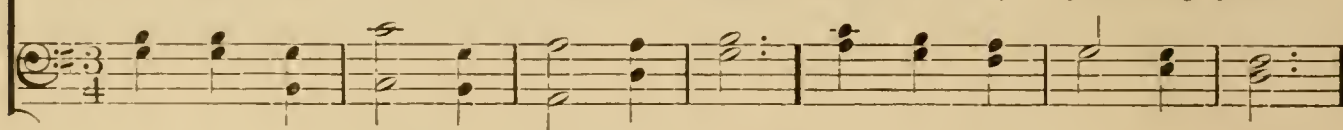
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Dr. Watts

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;



Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.



Stay, Thou Long-suffering Spirit, Stay

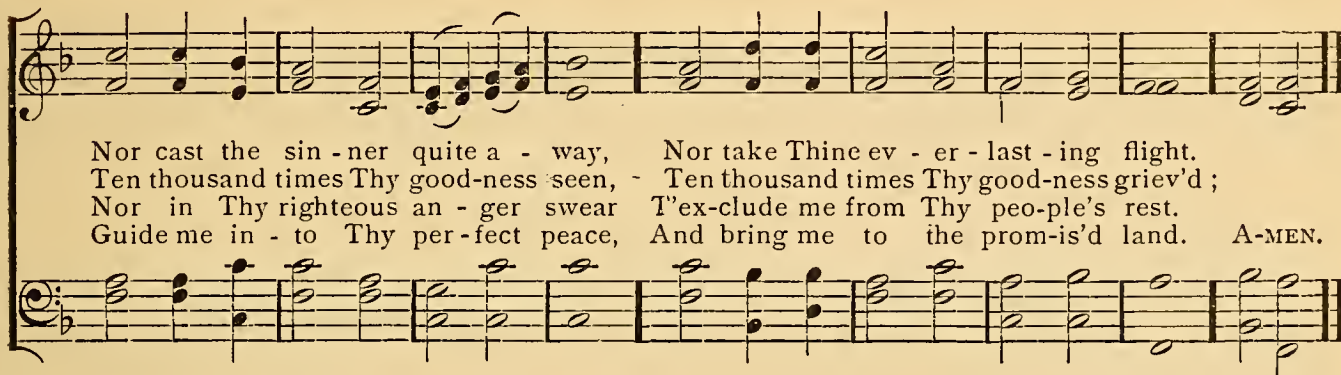
43

Rev. C. Wesley

Gen. H. K. Oliver



1. Stay, Thou long-suf - f'ring Spir - it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de - spite;
 2. Tho' I have most un - faith - ful been, And long in vain Thy grace re - ceiv'd;
 3. Yet O the mourn-ing sin - ner spare, In hon - or of my great High-Priest;
 4. My wea - ry soul, O God, re - lease; Up - hold me with Thy gra - cious hand;

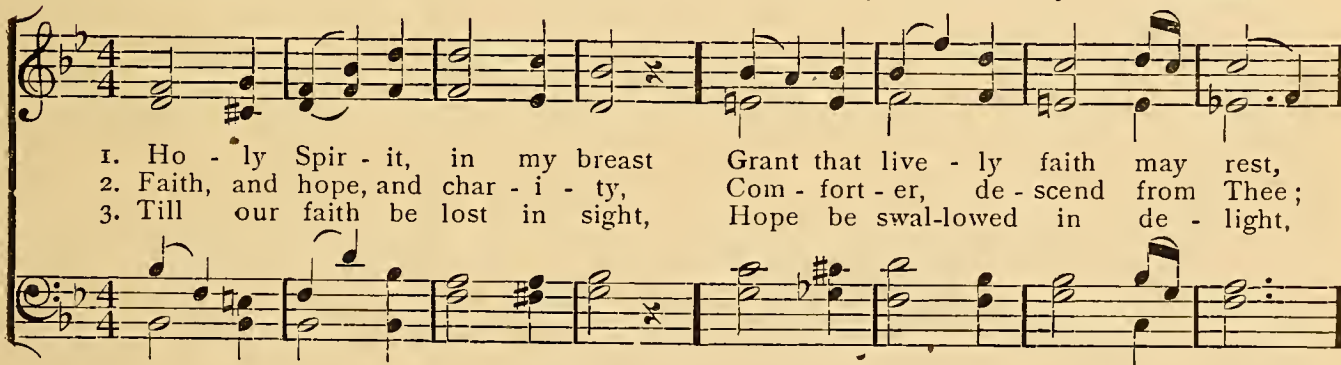


Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last - ing flight.
 Ten thousand times Thy good-ness seen, - Ten thousand times Thy good-ness griev'd;
 Nor in Thy righteous an - ger swear T'ex-clude me from Thy peo-ple's rest.
 Guide me in - to Thy per-fect peace, And bring me to the prom-is'd land. A-MEN.

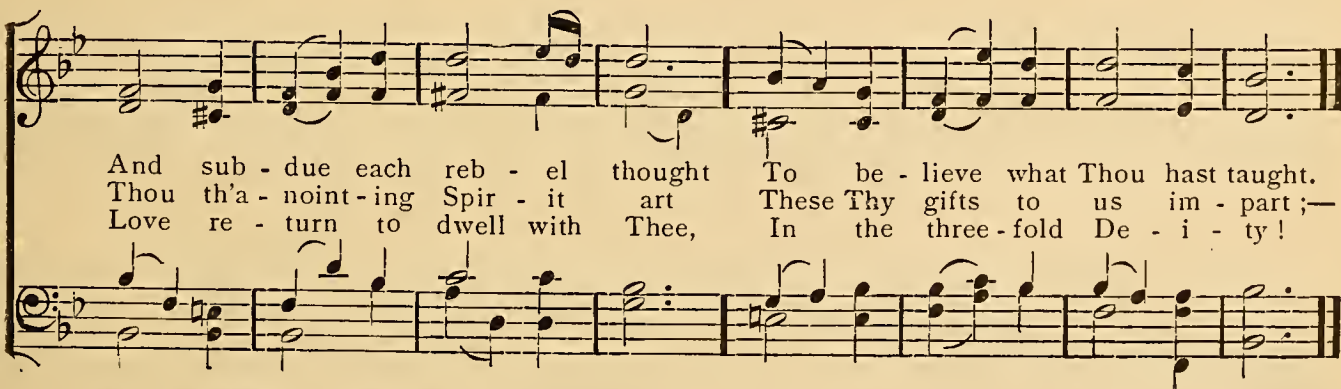
Holy Spirit in my Breast

Richard Mant

Arr. by H. P. Main from Gottschalk



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, in my breast Grant that live - ly faith may rest,
 2. Faith, and hope, and char - i - ty, Com - fort - er, de - scend from Thee;
 3. Till our faith be lost in sight, Hope be swal-low'd in de - light,



And sub - due each reb - el thought To be - lieve what Thou hast taught.
 Thou th'a - noint-ing Spir - it art These Thy gifts to us im - part;—
 Love re - turn to dwell with Thee, In the three - fold De - i - ty!

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

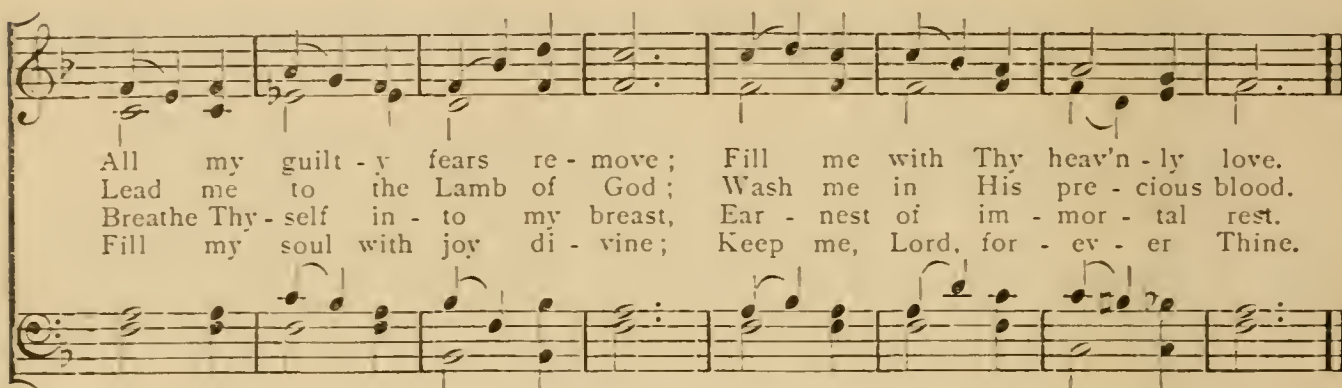
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine

John Stecker

S. M. Bixby



1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine!
 2. Speak Thy pard - ning grace to me; Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free:
 3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
 4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;



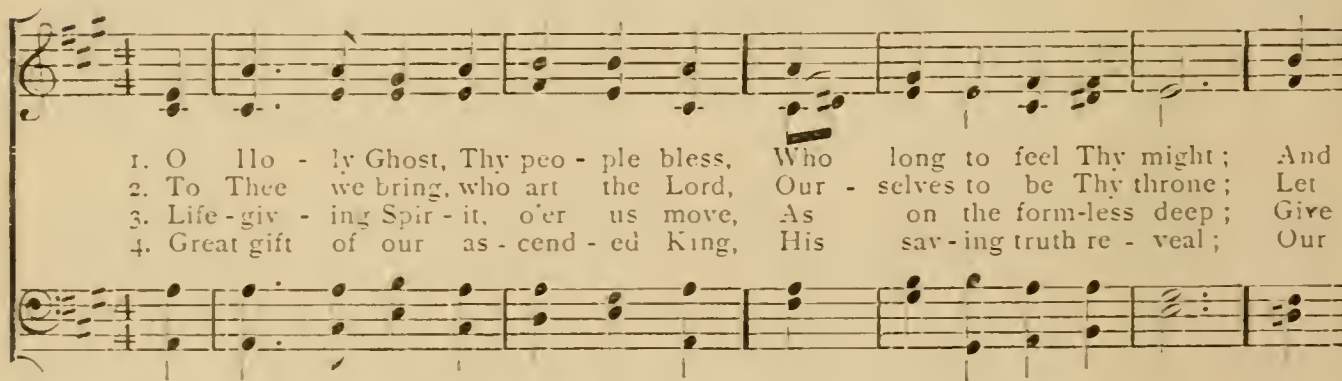
All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heav'n - ly love.
 Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre - cious blood.
 Breathe Thy - self in - to my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
 Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

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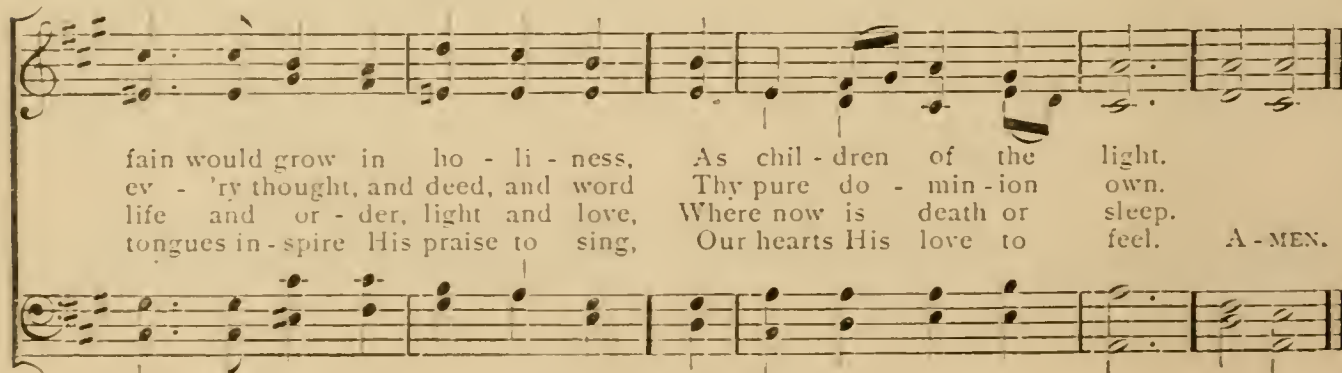
O Holy Ghost, Thy People bless

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker. Harm. by W. H. Monk



1. O llo - ly Ghost, Thy peo - ple bless, Who long to feel Thy might; And
 2. To Thee we bring, who art the Lord, Our - selves to be Thy throne; Let
 3. Life - giv - ing Spir - it, o'er us move, As on the form - less deep; Give
 4. Great gift of our as - cend - ed King, His sav - ing truth re - veal; Our



fain would grow in ho - li - ness, As chil - dren of the light.
 ev - 'ry thought, and deed, and word Thy pure do - min - ion own.
 life and or - der, light and love, Where now is death or sleep.
 tongues in - spire His praise to sing, Our hearts His love to feel. A - MEN.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Spirit of God! descend upon my Heart 45

George Croly, 1830

S. M. Bixby



1. Spir - it of God! de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
 2. Hast Thou not bid me love Thee, Lord and King? All, all Thine
 3. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love; One ho - ly



earth,... thro' all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
 own,... soul, heart, and strength, and mind, I see Thy cross, then
 pas - - sion fill - ing all my frame; The bap - tism of the

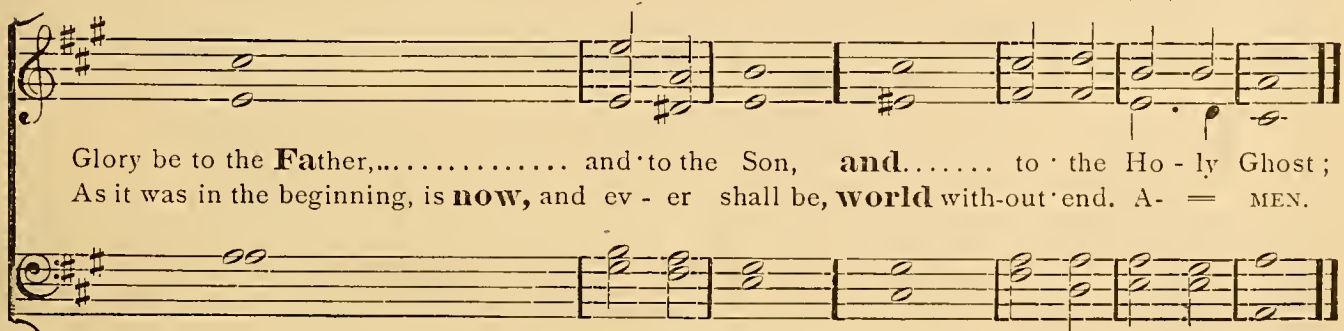


might - y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 teach my heart to cling! Oh! let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find!
 heav'n-de-scend - ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame!

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

Gloria Patri

E. G. Monk



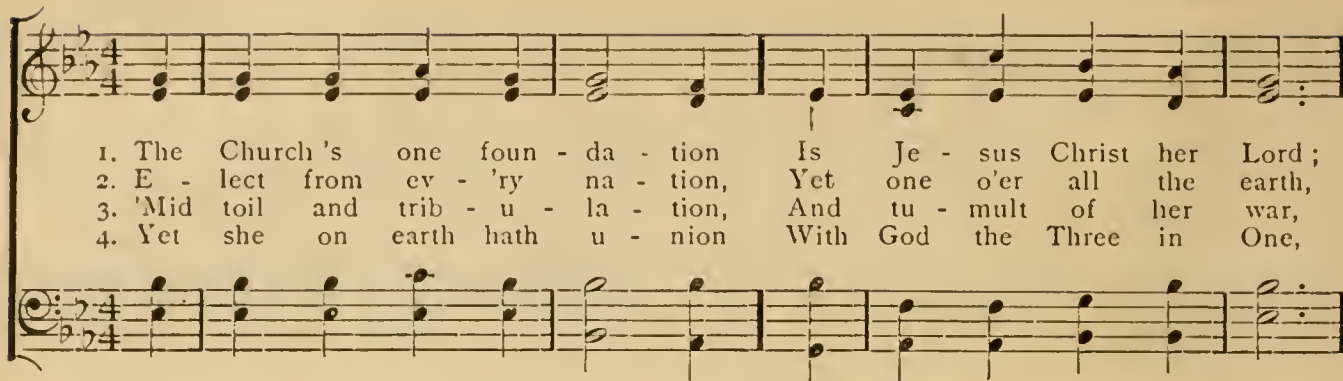
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out'end. A - = MEN.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

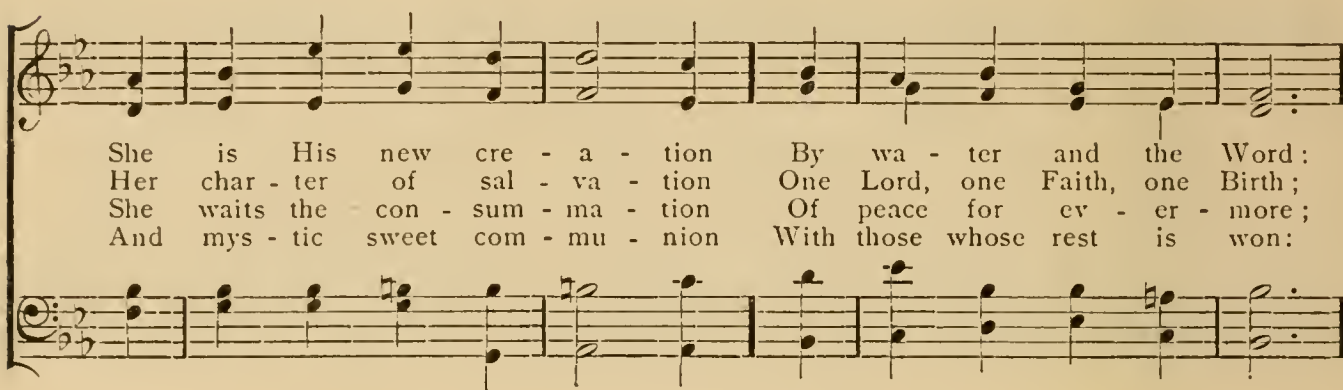
The Church's One Foundation

Rev. S. J. Stone

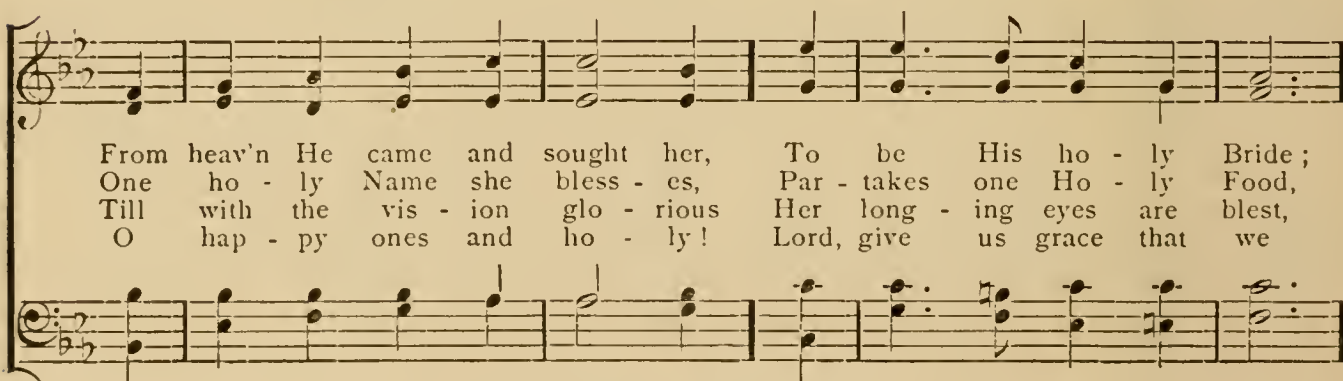
Dr. S. S. Wesley



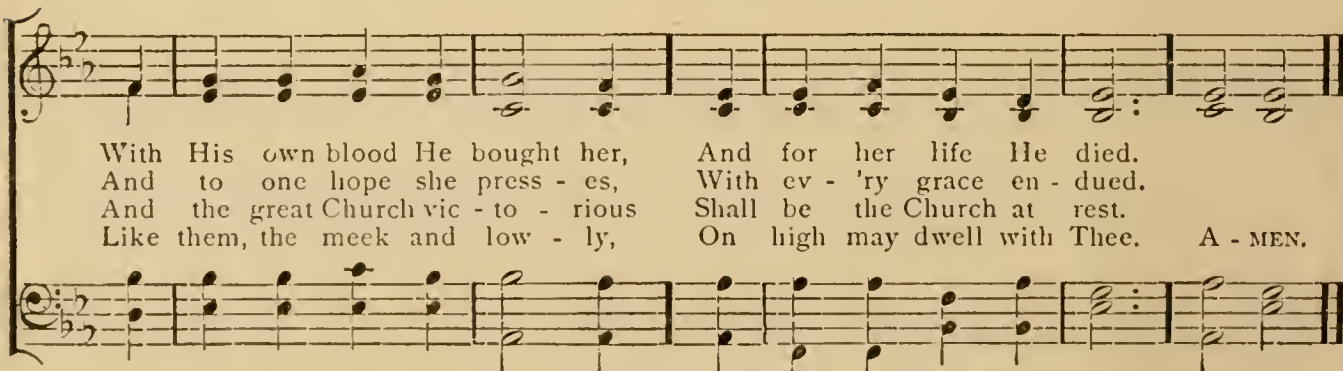
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word :
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more ;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won :



From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly Bride ;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one Ho - ly Food,
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly ! Lord, give us grace that we



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

THE CHURCH

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

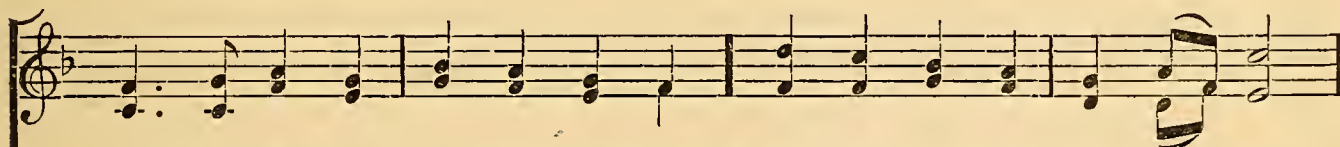
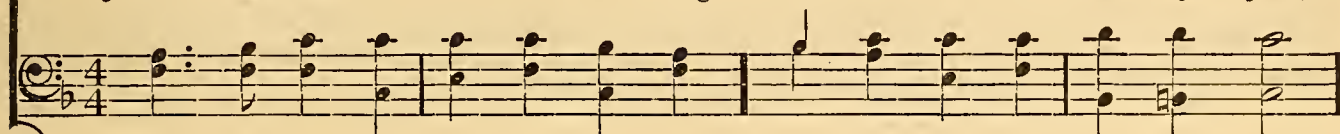
47

Rev. J. Newton, 1779

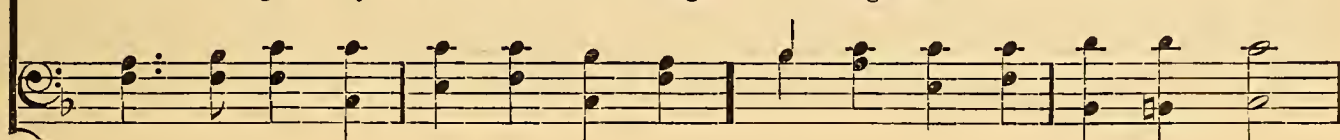
Haydn



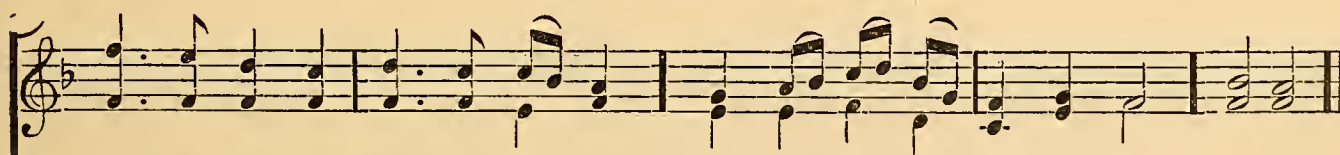
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God ;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. 'Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring. See the cloud and fire ap - pear,



He, Whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode ;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move ;
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose ?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage ?
Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood !



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Je - sus, Whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God. A - MEN.

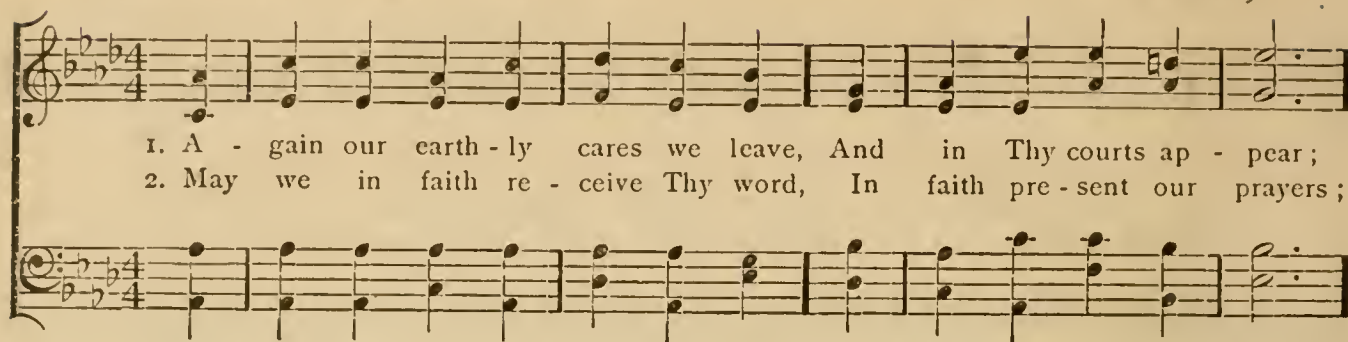


THE CHURCH

Again our Earthly Cares we leave

John Newton, 1779, Stz. 1. Thomas Cotterill, 1819

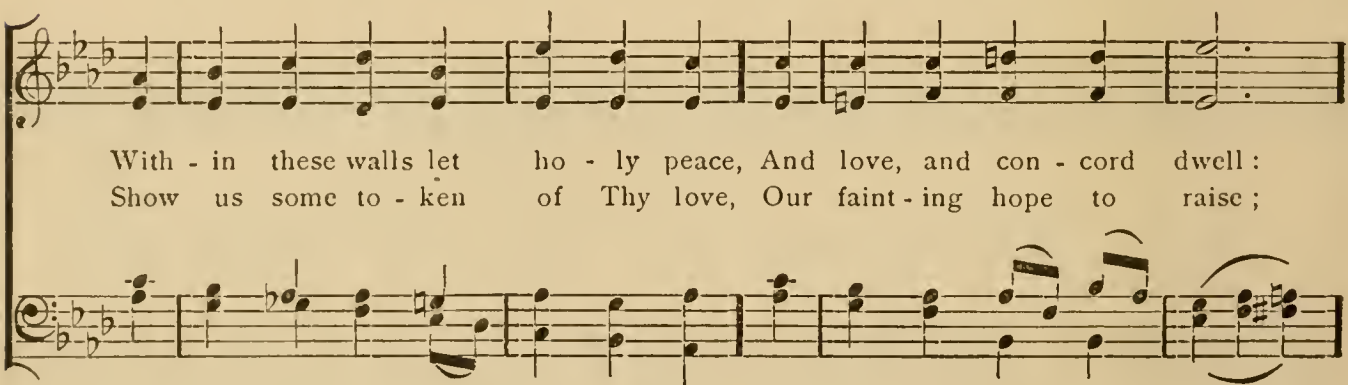
S. M. Bixby



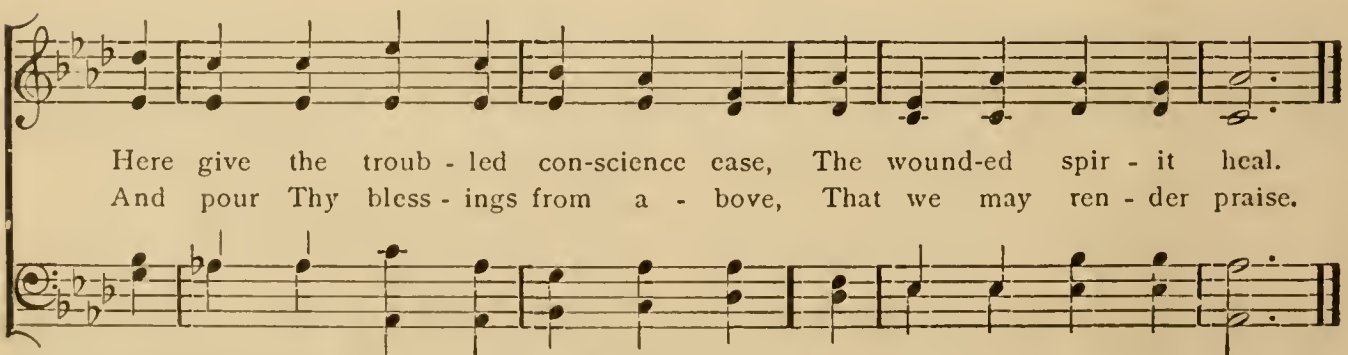
1. A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And in Thy courts ap - pear ;
2. May we in faith re - ceive Thy word, In faith pre - sent our prayers ;



A - gain, with joy - ful feet, we come To meet our Sav - iour here.
And, in the pres - ence of our Lord, Un - bo - som all our cares.



With - in these walls let ho - ly peace, And love, and con - cord dwell :
Show us some to - ken of Thy love, Our faint - ing hope to raise ;



Here give the troub - led con - science ease, The wound - ed spir - it heal.
And pour Thy bless - ings from a - bove, That we may ren - der praise.

Let me with Light and Truth be Bless'd

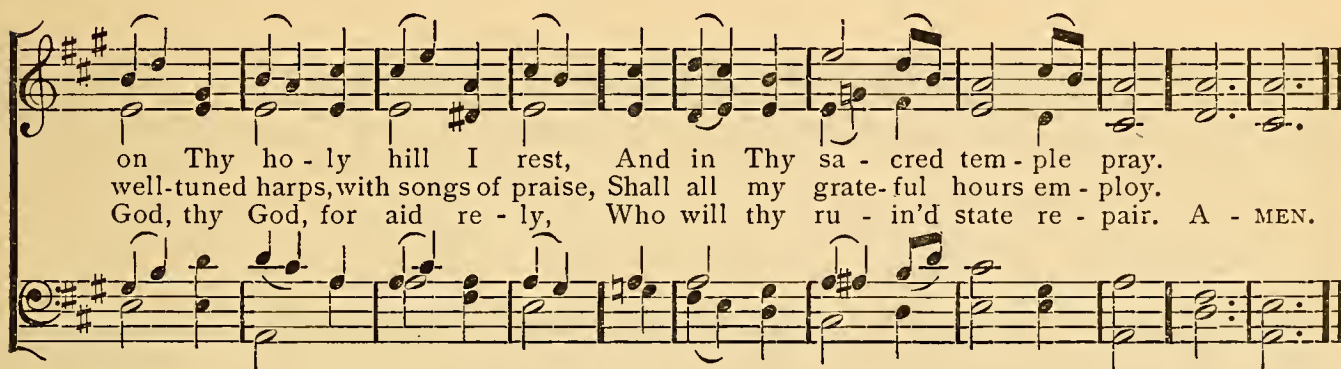
49

Motrical Psalm

Mozart



1. Let me with light and truth be bless'd ; Be these my guides to lead the way, Till
 2. Then will I there fresh al - tars raise To God, who is my on - ly joy ; And
 3. Why then cast down, my soul ? and why So much op-press'd with anxious care ? On



on Thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in Thy sa - cred tem - ple pray.
 well-tuned harps, with songs of praise, Shall all my grate-ful hours em - ploy.
 God, thy God, for aid re - ly, Who will thy ru - in'd state re - pair. A - MEN.

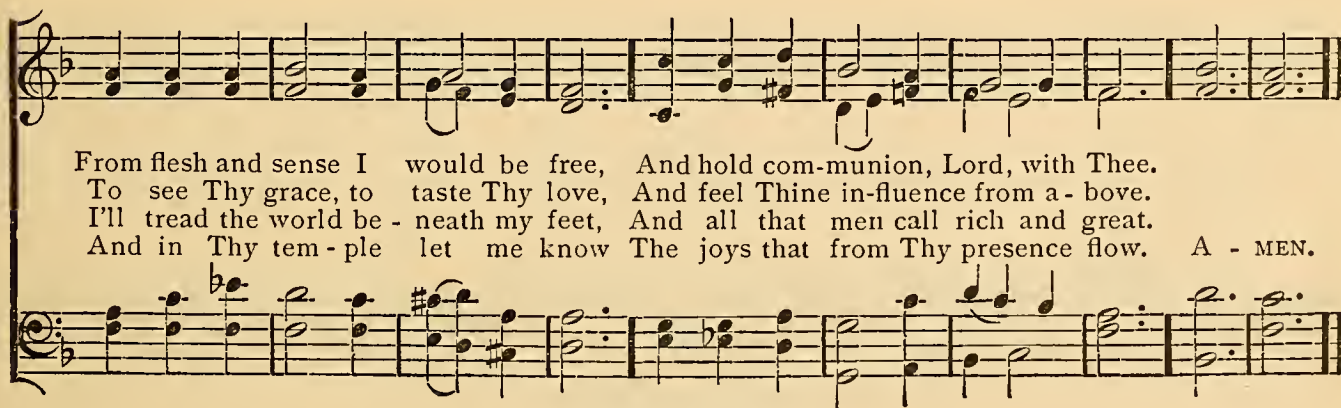
Far from my Thoughts, vain World

Dr. Watts

St. Albans' Tune-book



1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ; Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone :
 2. My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire
 3. When I can say that God is mine, When I can see Thy glo - ries shine,
 4. Send comfort down from Thy right hand, To cheer me in this bar - ren land ;

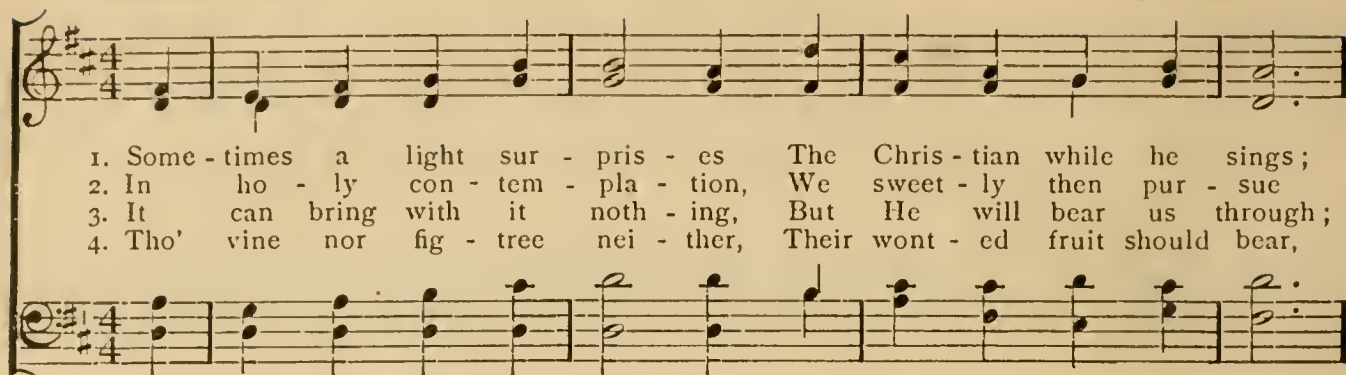


From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold com-munion, Lord, with Thee.
 To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love, And feel Thine in-fluence from a - bove.
 I'll tread the world be - neath my feet, And all that men call rich and great.
 And in Thy tem - ple let me know The joys that from Thy presence flow. A - MEN.

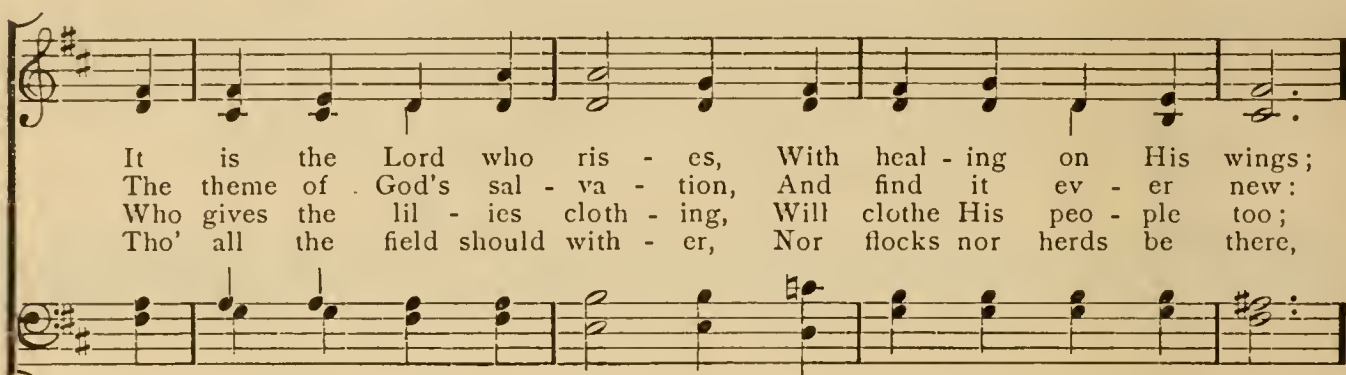
Sometimes a Light surprises

William Cowper

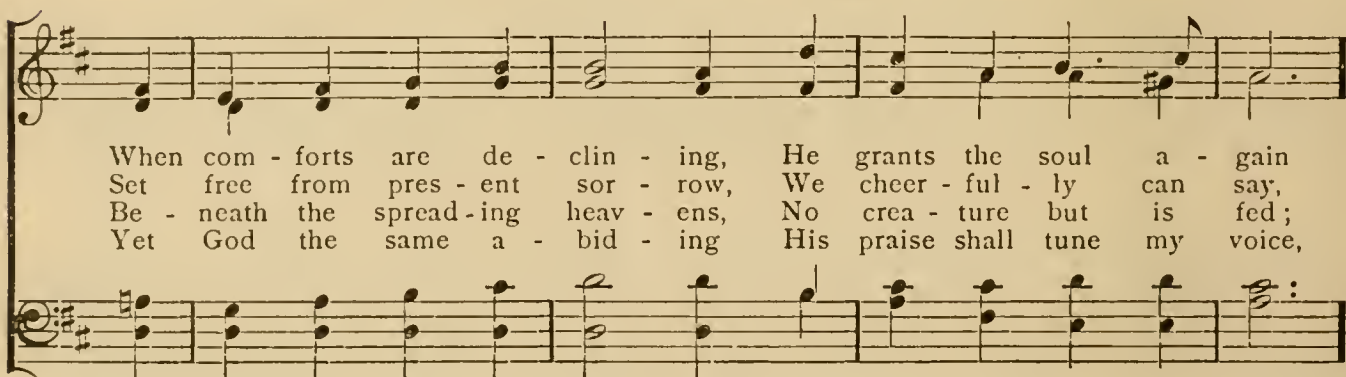
J. Hullah



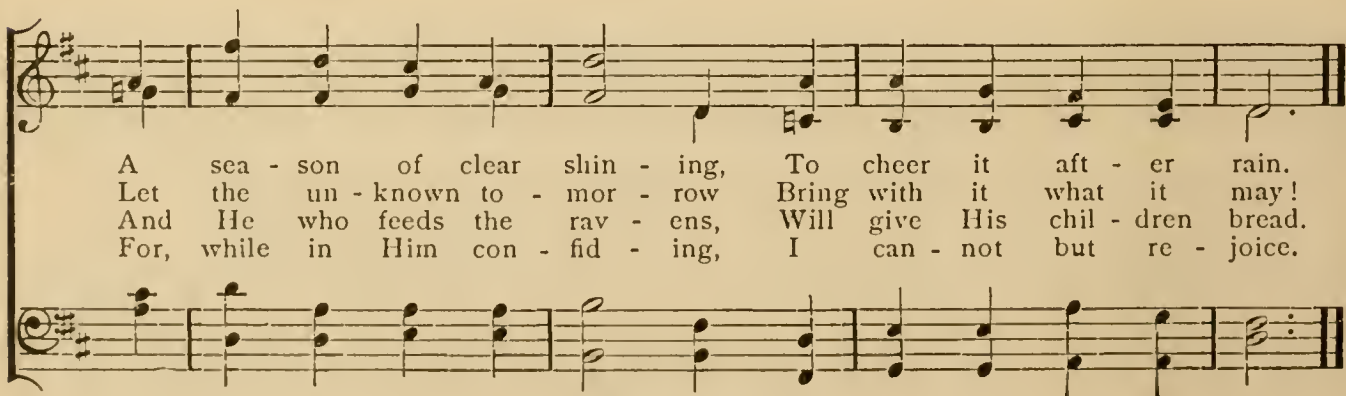
1. Some - times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through;
 4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther, Their wont - ed fruit should bear,



It is the Lord who ris - es, With heal - ing on His wings;
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
 Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too;
 Tho' all the field should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there,



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Be - neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing His praise shall tune my voice,



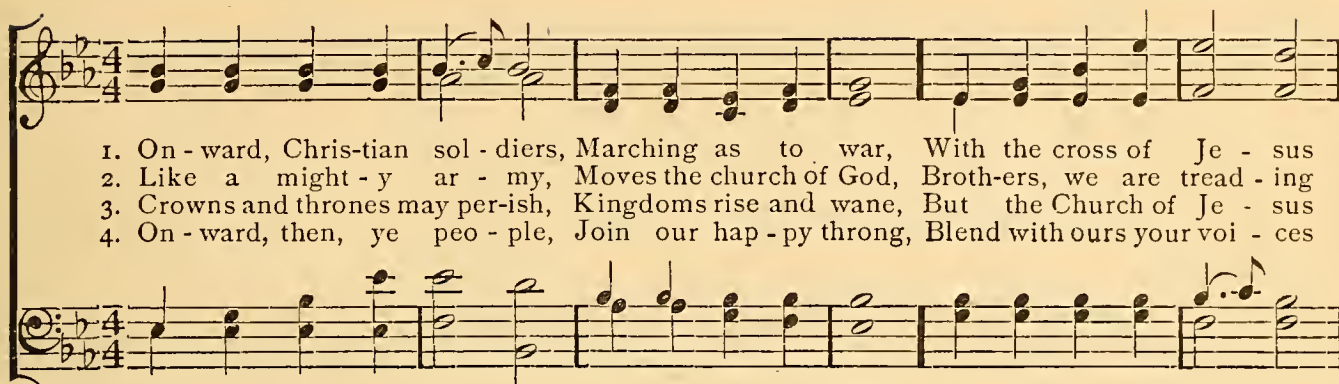
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
 Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may!
 And He who feeds the rav - ens, Will give His chil - dren bread.
 For, while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

51

S. Baring-Gould

Arthur S. Sullivan

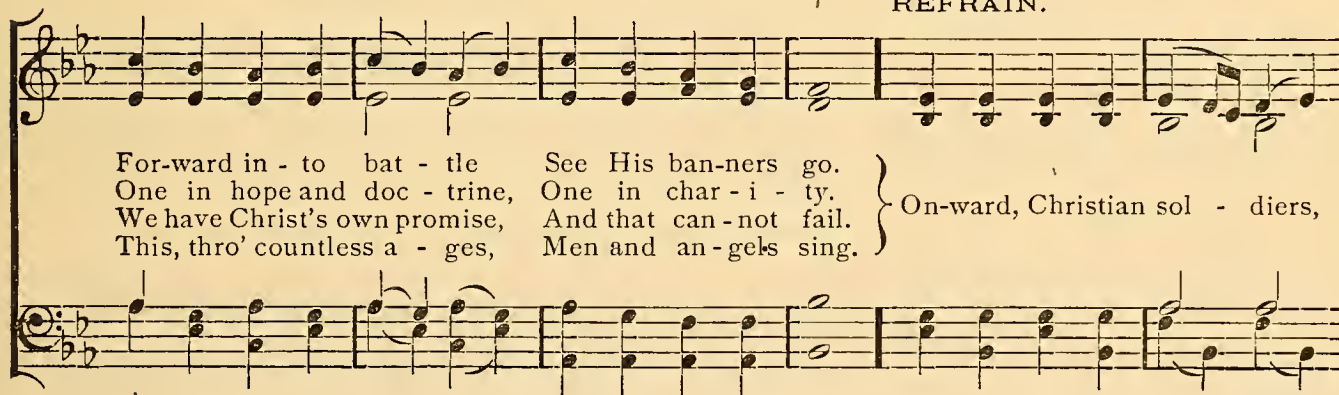


1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the church of God, Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces

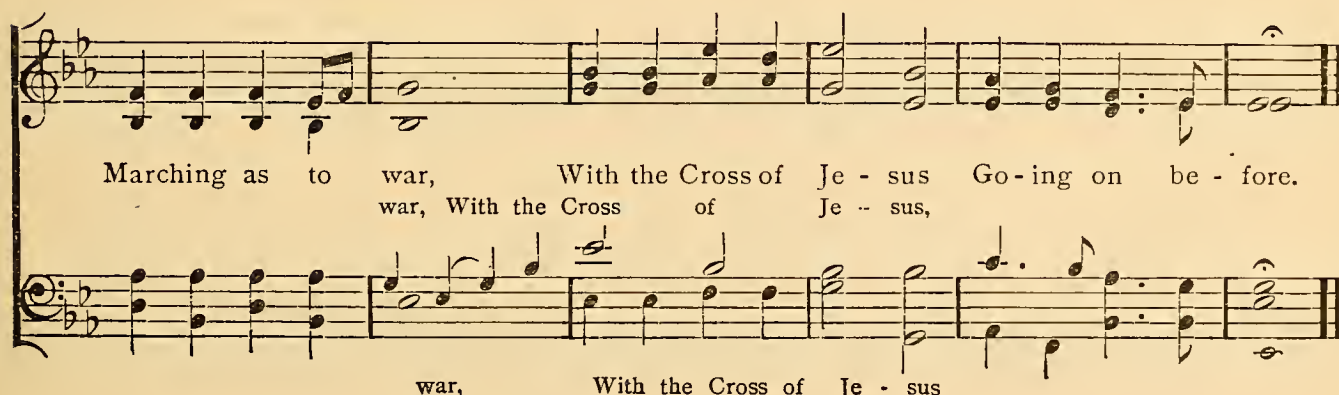


Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre - vail,
 In the tri - umph song—Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,

REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail. } On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



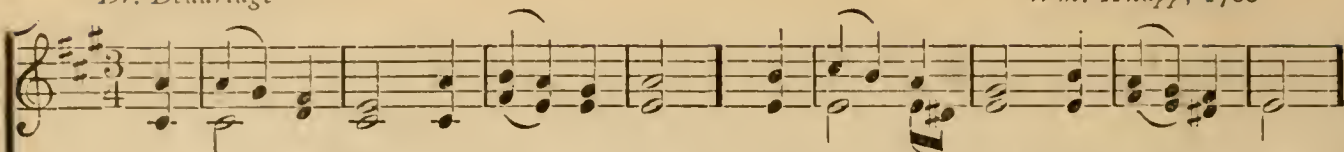
Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 war, With the Cross of Je - sus

THE CHURCH

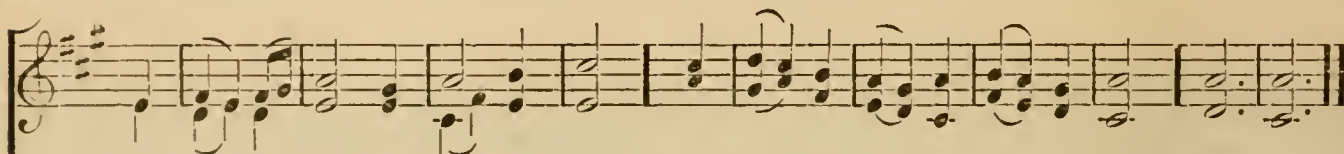
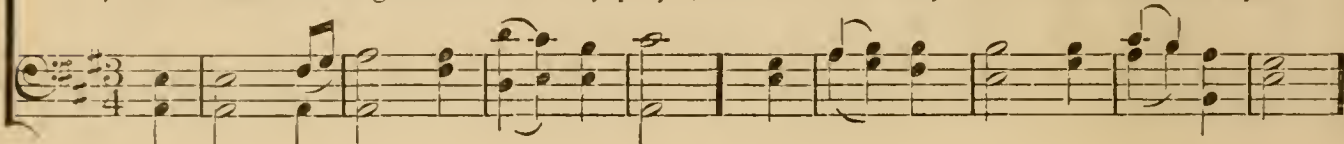
Triumphant Zion! Lift thy Head

Dr. Doddridge

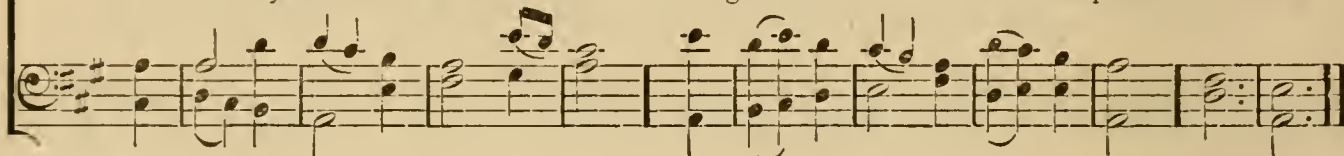
Wm. Knapp, 1760



1. Tri - umph - ant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead :
 2. Put all thy beauteous gar - ments on, And let thy ex - cel - lence be known :
 3. No more shall foes un - clean in - vade, And fill thy hal - low'd walls with dread ;
 4. God from on high has heard thy pray'r, His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair :



- Tho' hum - bled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
 Deck'd in the robes of righteous - ness, The world thy glo - ries shall con - fess.
 No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - t'ry and thy sorrows boast.
 Nor will thy watch - ful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.



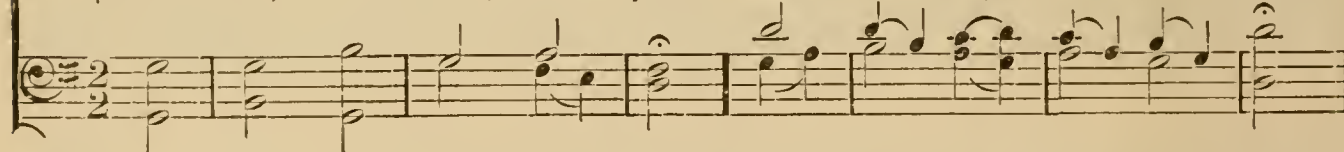
How Charming is the Place

S. Stennett

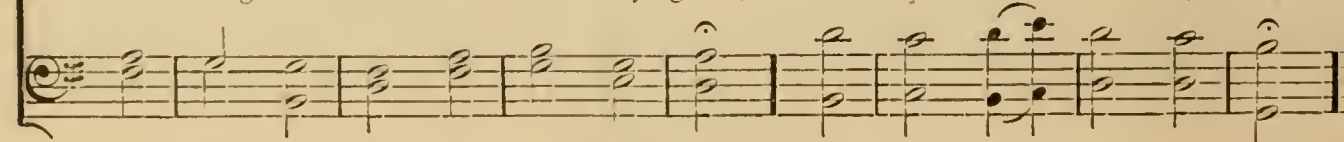
Handel. A. Williams' Coll



1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,
 2. Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re - sort,
 3. Here on the mer - cy - seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crown'd,
 4. Give me, O Lord, a place With - in Thy blest a - bode,



- Un - veils the beau - ty of His face, And sheds His love a - broad !
 Are once to be com - pared with this, Where Je - sus holds His court.
 Our joy - ful eyes be - hold Him sit And smile on all a - round.
 A - mong the chil - dren of Thy grace, The ser - vants of my God.



Co-Laborers

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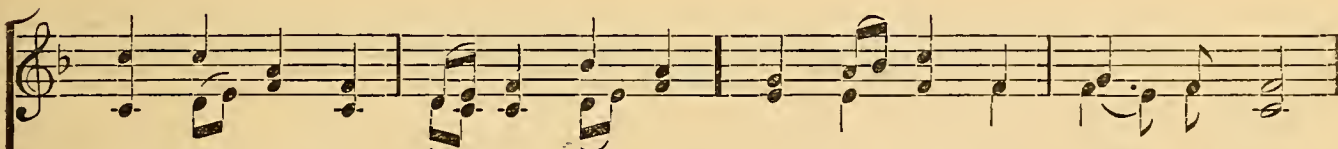
Rev. W. J. Harsha

C. B. Rutenber

mf



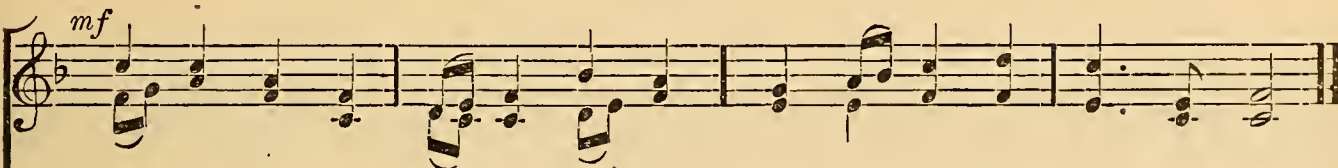
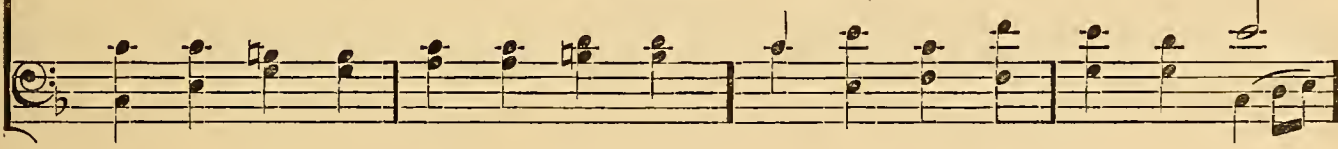
1. As "to - geth - er with Thee" work-ing, Lord, we would Thy bless-ing have,
2. Grant us ho - ly love and pa - tience, Give us true hu - mil - i - ty,
3. No - bler than our du - ty grow-ing, Sweet - er still will wor - ship be,



Long - ing for Thy hand to stay us, For Thy cheer to make us brave;
That of self we may be emp - tied And our hearts be full of Thee;
Thou in all our life ap - pear - ing, All our hid - den life in Thee.



We would wit - ness of Thy gos - pel, We would tell of Thy great might,
Lead us, Lord, by Thy good Spir - it, As we have been called to lead,
Ser - vice ren - dered thus in weak - ness, Thou wilt here ac - cept and own,



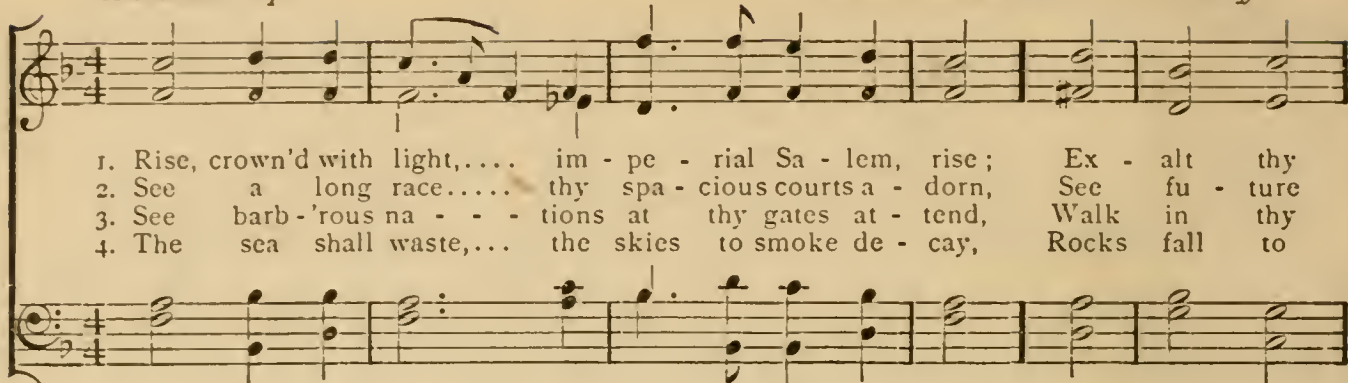
Hop - ing to pre - sent our peo - ple, "Each one per - fect in Thy sight."
Feed us first on heav - en - ly man - na, That our peo - ple we may feed.
And re - ward with end - less glo - ry When we see Thee on Thy throne.



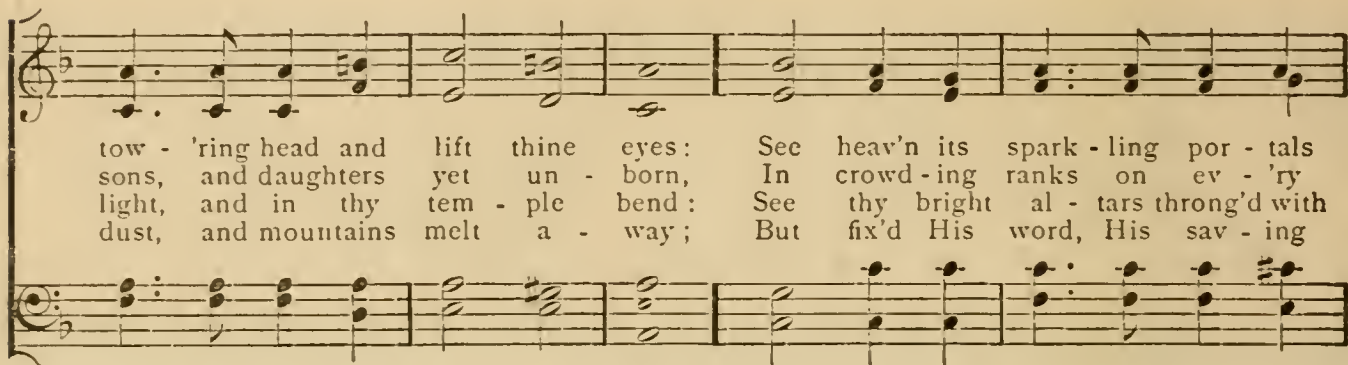
Rise, Crowned with Light

Alexander Pope

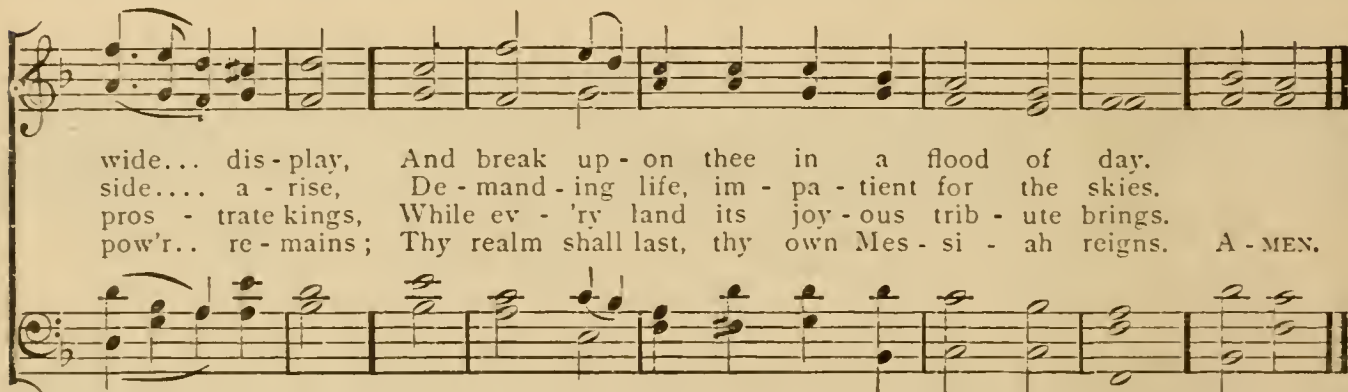
Russian National Air. Alex. Lvoff



1. Rise, crown'd with light,.... im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy
 2. See a long race..... thy spa - cious courts a - dorn, See fu - ture
 3. See barb-'rous na - - - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy
 4. The sea shall waste,... the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks fall to



tow - 'ring head and lift thine eyes: See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals
 sons, and daughters yet un - born, In crowd - ing ranks on ev - 'ry
 light, and in thy tem - ple bend: See thy bright al - tars throng'd with
 dust, and mountains melt a - way; But fix'd His word, His sav - ing

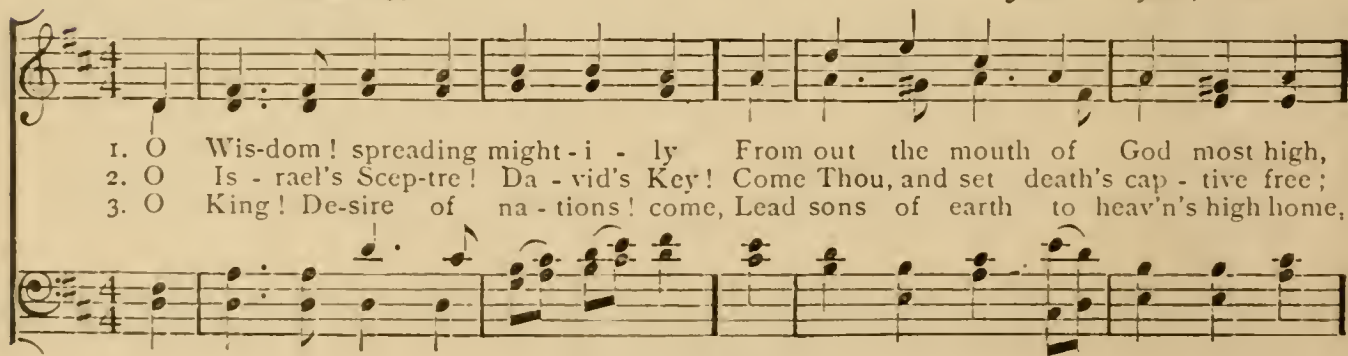


wide... dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
 side.... a - rise, De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.
 pros - trate kings, While ev - 'ry land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.
 pow'r.. re - mains; Thy realm shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns. A - MEN.

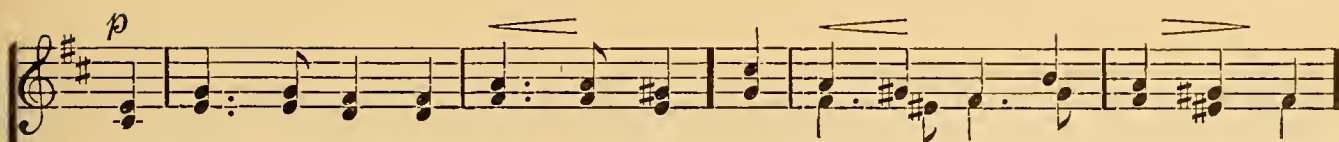
O Wisdom! spreading Mightily

Fr. Horatio Nelson, 1857.

John B. Dykes, 1861



1. O Wis - dom! spreading might - i - ly From out the mouth of God most high,
 2. O Is - rael's Scep - tre! Da - vid's Key! Come Thou, and set death's cap - tive free;
 3. O King! De - sire of na - tions! come, Lead sons of earth to heav'n's high home,



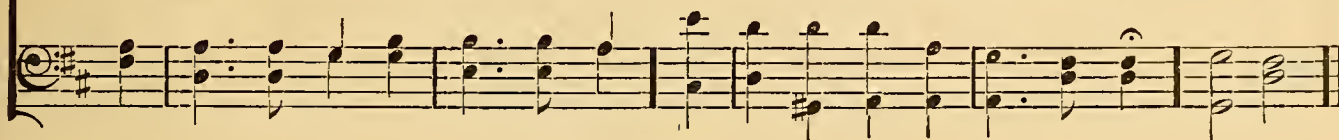
All na - ture sweet-ly or - der - ing, With - in Thy paths Thy chil-dren bring.
Un - lock the gate that bars their road, And lead them to the throne of God.
Thou chief and pre - cious Cor - ner - stone, Bind - ing the sev - er'd in - to one.



REFRAIN.



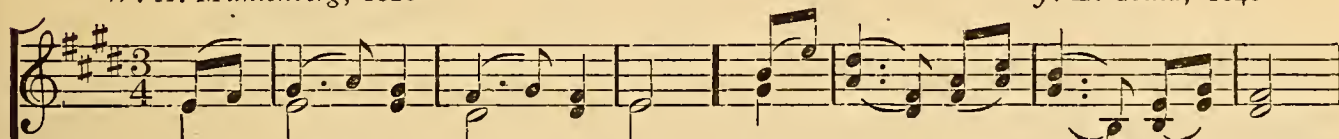
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mer - cy save Thine Is - ra - el. A - MEN.



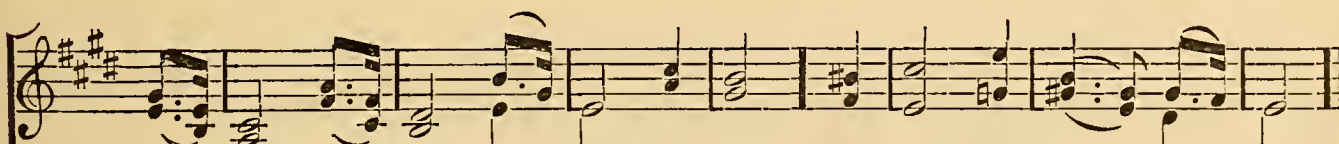
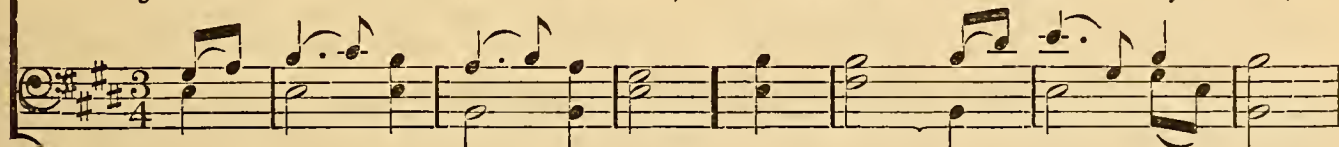
Oh, cease, my Wand'ring Soul

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

J. E. Gould, 1846



1. Oh, cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - - pen door!
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;



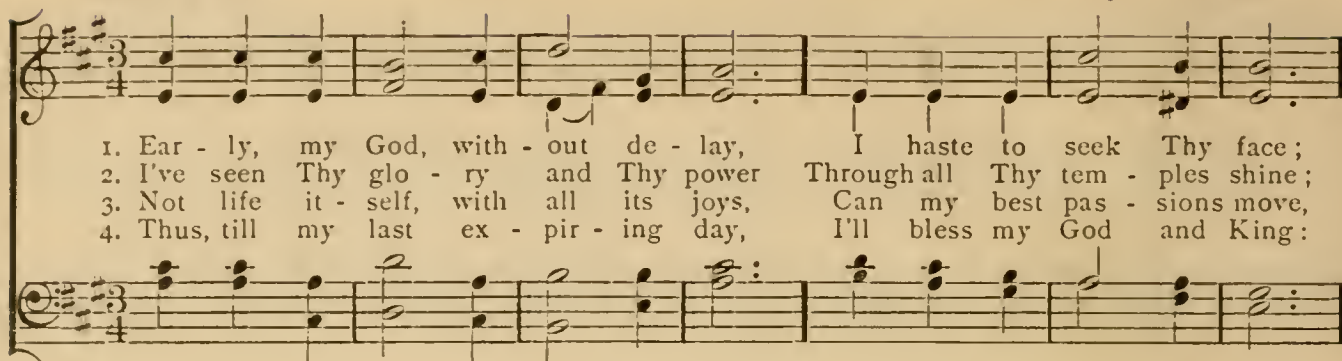
All this wide world, to eith - er pole, Hath not for thee a home.
Oh, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.



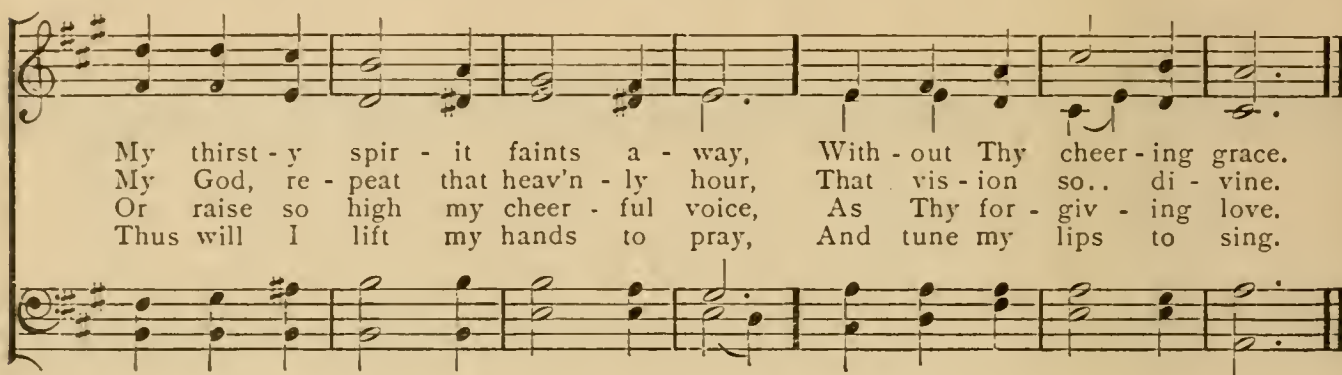
Early, my God, without Delay

Isaac Watts

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face ;
 2. I've seen Thy glo - ry and Thy power Through all Thy tem - ples shine ;
 3. Not life it - self, with all its joys, Can my best pas - sions move,
 4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing day, I'll bless my God and King :

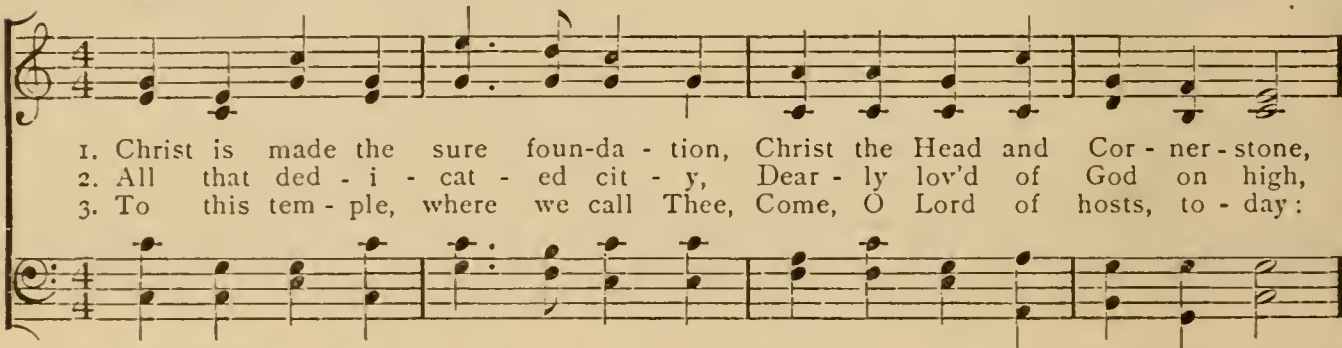


My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out Thy cheer - ing grace.
 My God, re - peat that heav'n - ly hour, That vis - ion so di - vine.
 Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice, As Thy for - giv - ing love.
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

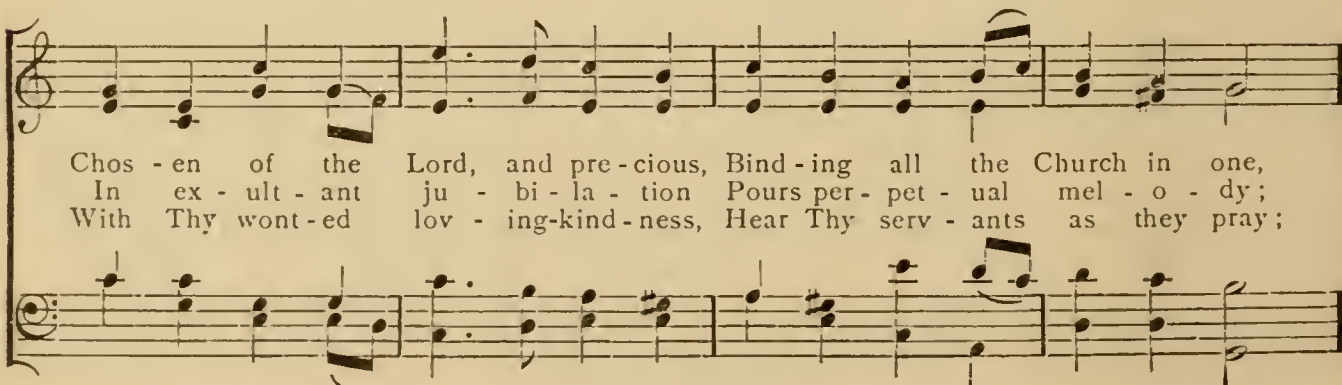
Christ is made the sure Foundation

Sarum Brev. Tr. Bp. Neale

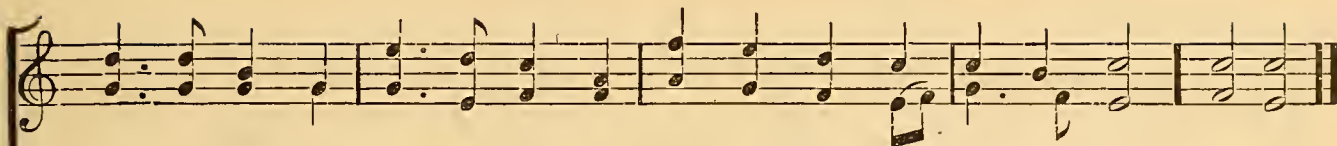
Henry Smart



1. Christ is made the sure foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor - ner - stone,
 2. All that ded - i - cat - ed cit - y, Dear - ly lov'd of God on high,
 3. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to - day :



Chos - en of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one,
 In ex - ult - ant ju - bi - la - tion Pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy ;
 With Thy wont - ed lov - ing - kind - ness, Hear Thy serv - ants as they pray ;



Ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.
God the One in Three a - dor - ing In glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.
And Thy full - est ben - e - dic - tion Sheds with - in its walls al - way. A-MEN.



4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign

5 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. AMEN.

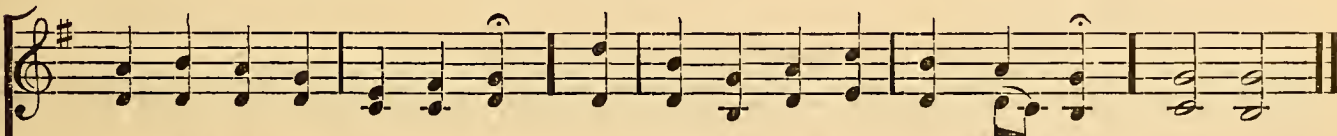
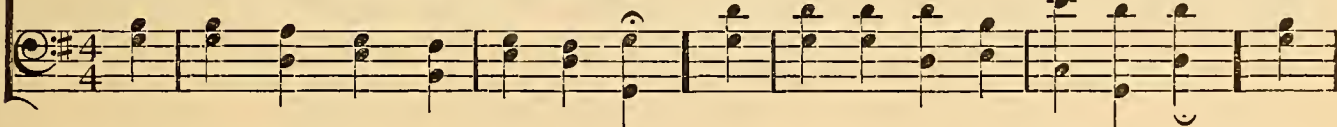
With one Consent let all the Earth

Metrical Psalm

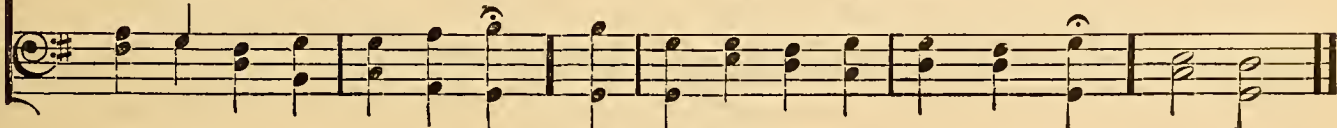
Guil. Franc, 1543



1. With one con - sent let all the earth To God their cheerful voic - es raise ; Glad
2. Con - vinced that He is God a - lone From Whom both we and all pro - ceed ; We,
3. O en - ter then His tem - ple gate, Thence to His courts de - vout - ly press ; And
4. For He's the Lord, su - preme - ly good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure : His



hom - age pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore Him songs of praise.
whom He chooses for His own, The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
still your grateful hymns re - peat, And still His Name with prais - es bless.
truth, which always firm - ly stood, To end - less a - ges shall en - dure. A - MEN.

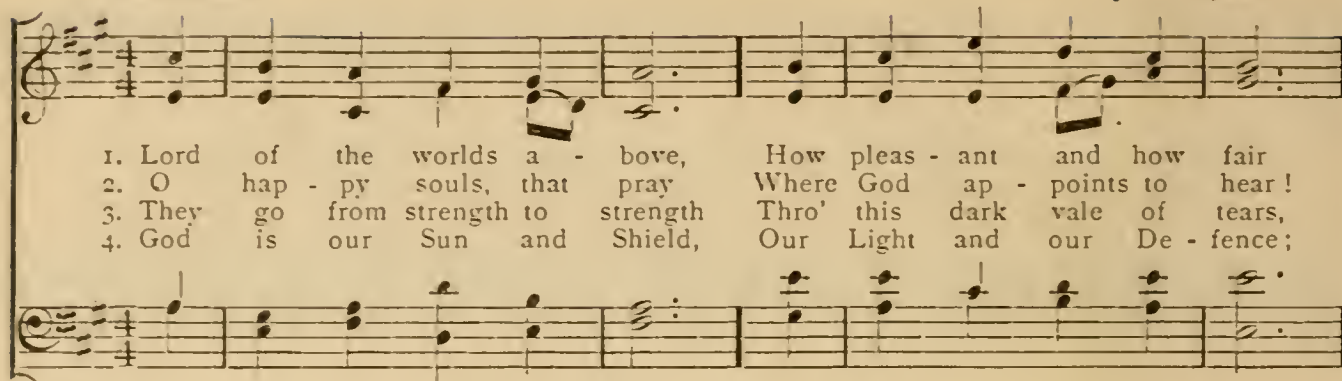


THE CHURCH

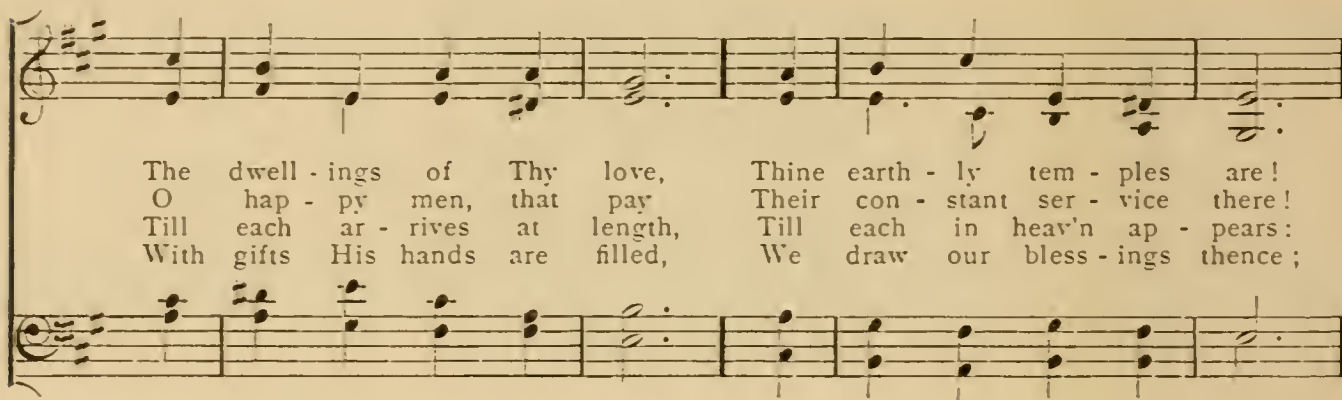
Lord of the Worlds above

Isaac Watts

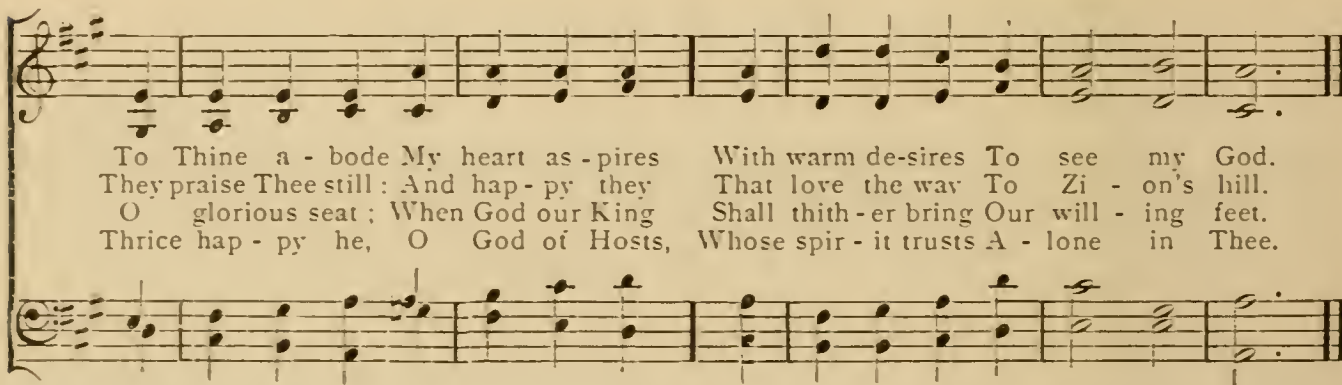
J. B. Dykes



1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair
 2. O hap - py souls, that pray Where God ap - points to hear!
 3. They go from strength to strength Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 4. God is our Sun and Shield, Our Light and our De - fence;



The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are!
 O hap - py men, that pay Their con - stant ser - vice there!
 Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pears:
 With gifts His hands are filled, We draw our bless - ings thence;

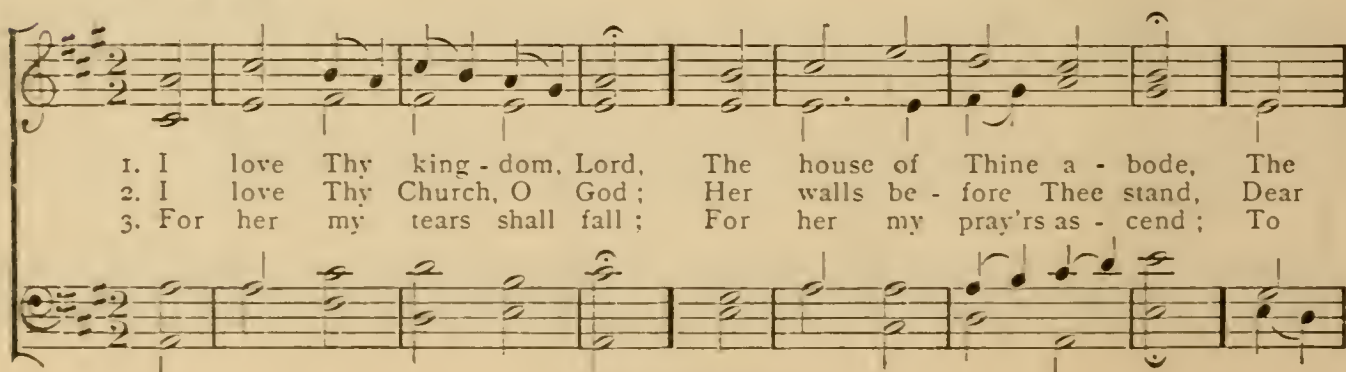


To Thine a - bode My heart as - pires With warm de - sires To see my God.
 They praise Thee still: And hap - py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill.
 O glorious seat; When God our King Shall thith - er bring Our will - ing feet.
 Thrice hap - py he, O God of Hosts, Whose spir - it trusts A - lone in Thee.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

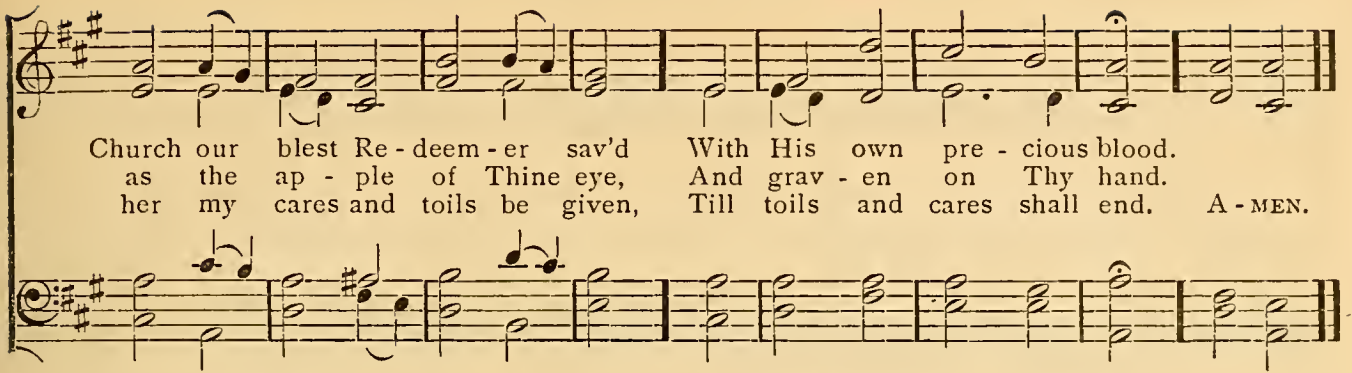
Dr. Dwight, 1800

Rev. R. Harrison



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
 2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend; To

THE CHURCH



Church our blest Re-deem-er sav'd With His own pre-cious blood.
 as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. A-MEN.

4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

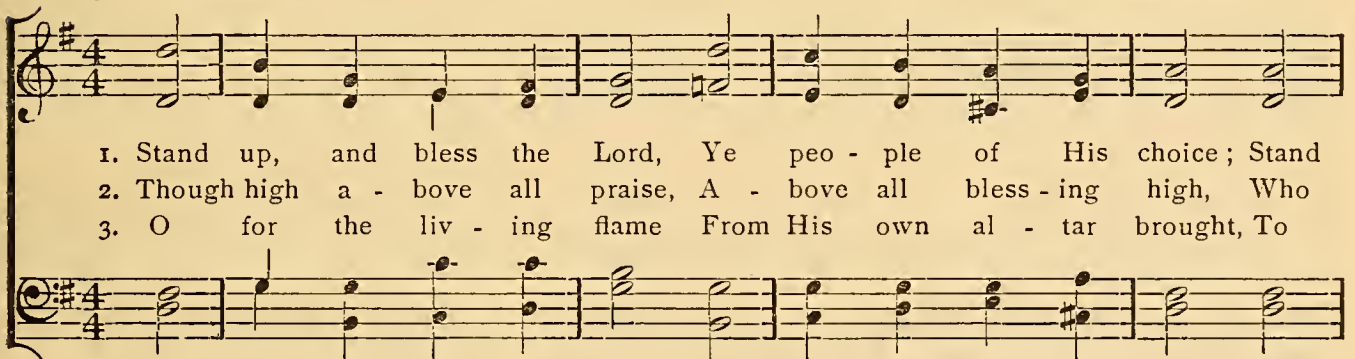
5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

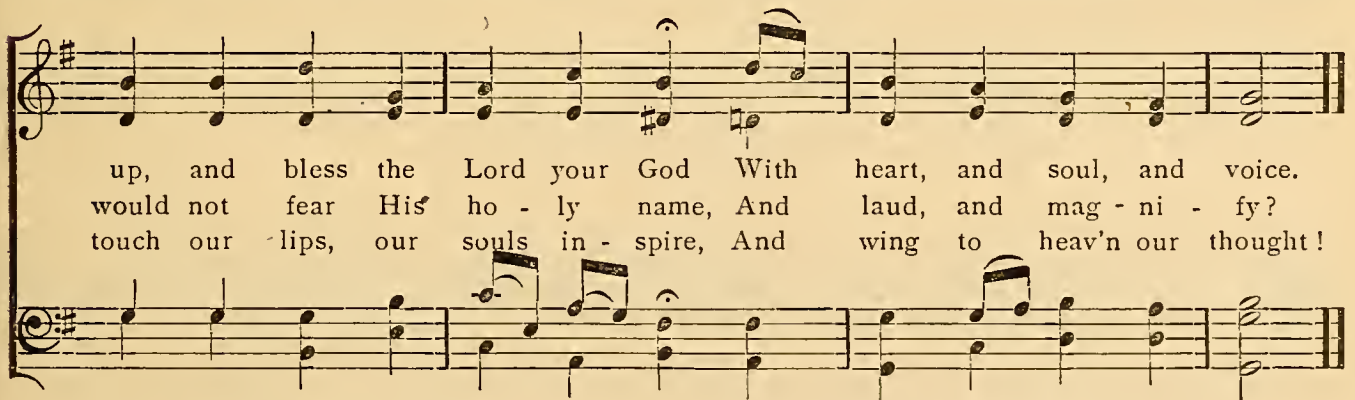
Stand up, and bless the Lord

Jas. Montgomery

S. M. Bixby



1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of His choice; Stand
 2. Though high a-bove all praise, A-bove all bless-ing high, Who
 3. O for the liv-ing flame From His own al-tar brought, To



up, and bless the Lord your God With heart, and soul, and voice.
 would not fear His ho-ly name, And laud, and mag-ni-fy?
 touch our lips, our souls in-spire, And wing to heav'n our thought!

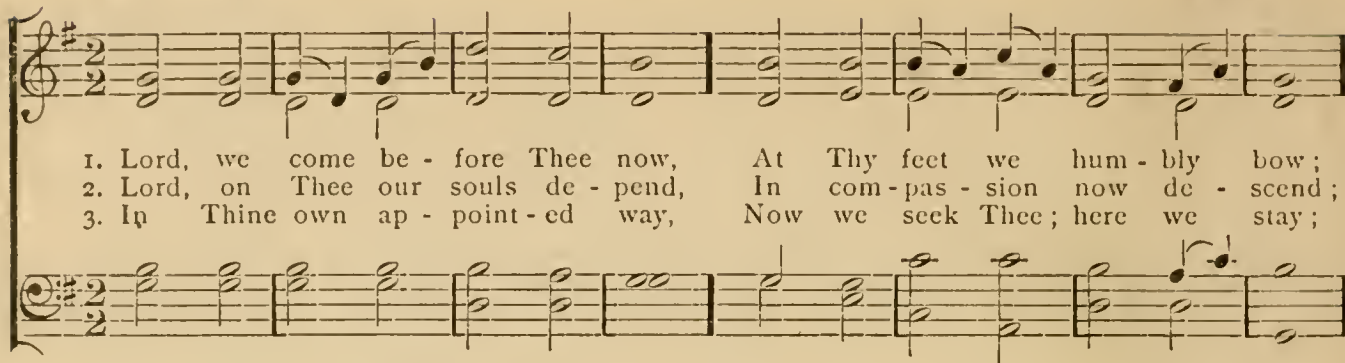
4 God is our strength and song,
 And His salvation ours;
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
 With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
 Henceforth, for evermore.

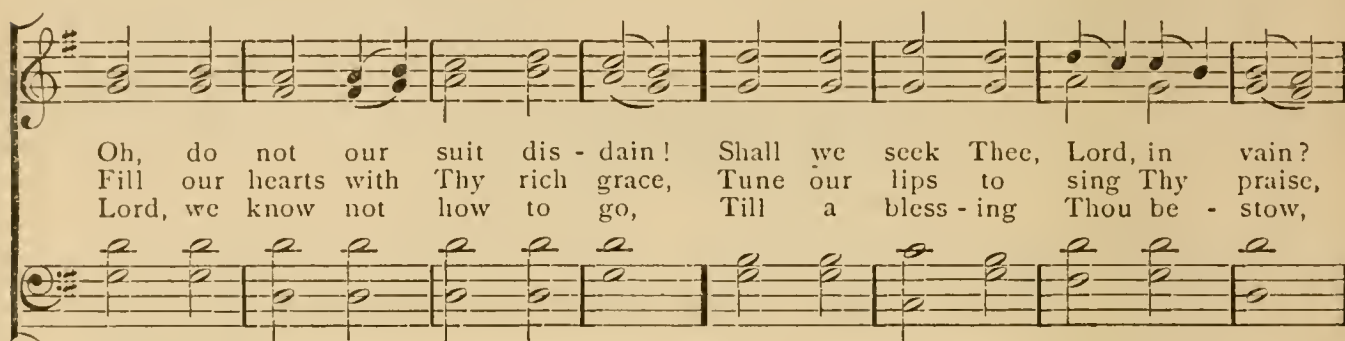
Lord, we come before Thee now

W. Hammond

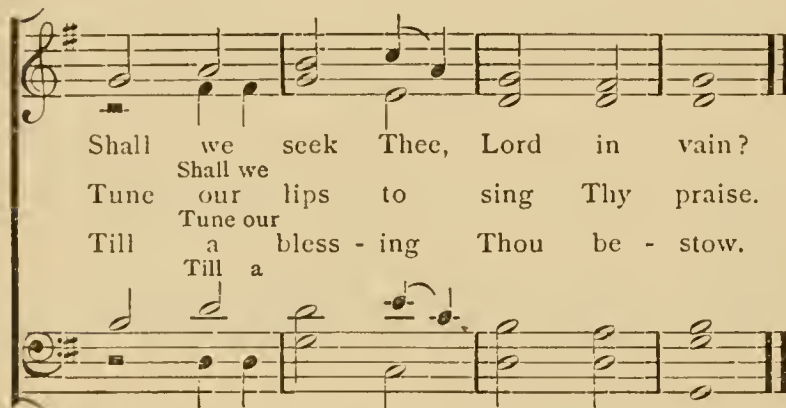
C. H. A. Malan



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow ;
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend, In com - pas - sion now de - scend ;
 3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee ; here we stay ;



Oh, do not our suit dis - dain ! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise,
 Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow,



Shall we seek Thee, Lord in vain ?
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.

4.

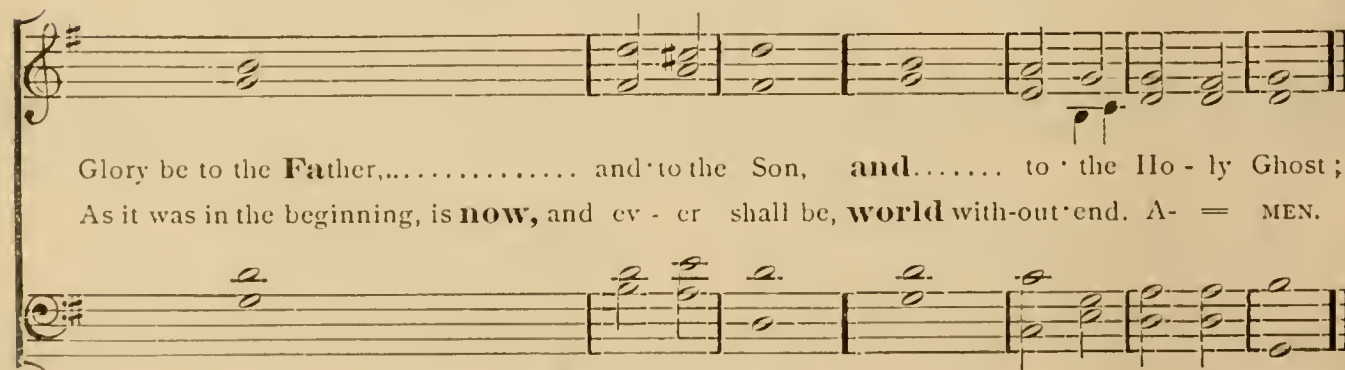
Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
 Let the time of joy return ;
 Those that are cast down lift up ;
 ||: Make them strong in faith and hope. :||

5.

Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind ;
 Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
 ||: Let us all rejoice in Thee. :||

Gloria Patri

W. Dyce



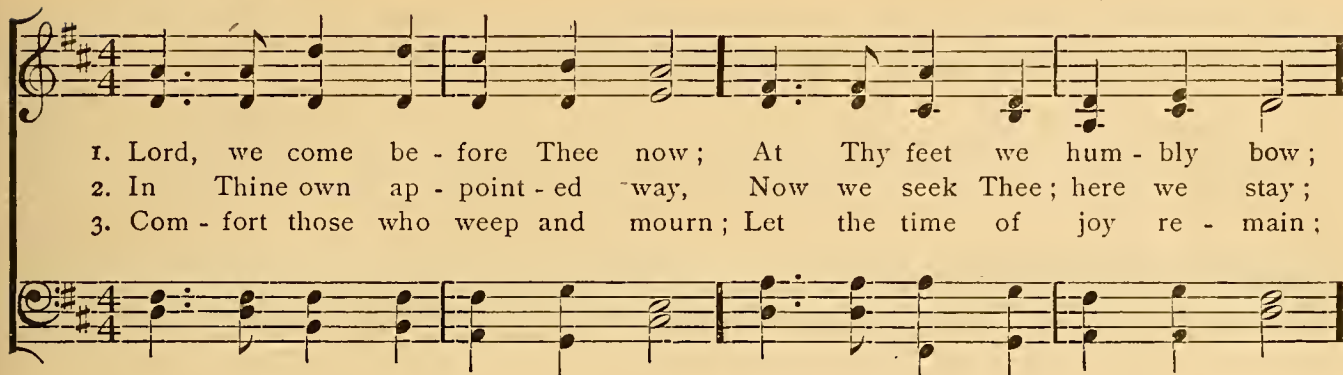
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with - out end. A - = MEN.

Lord, we come before Thee now

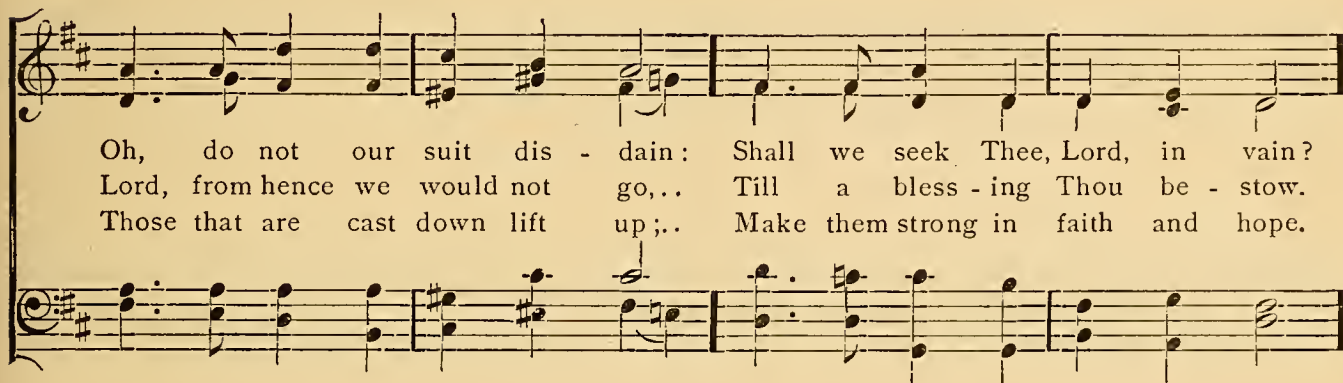
61

Wm. Hammond

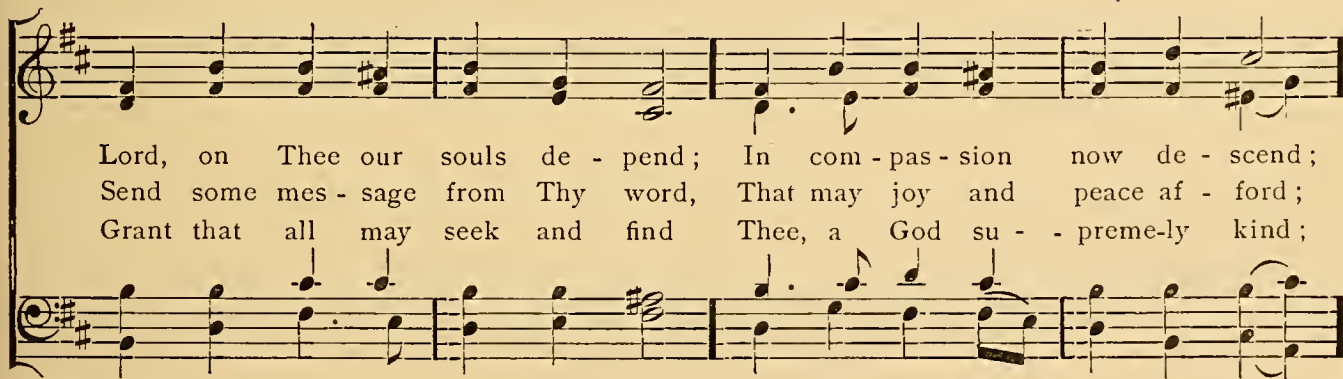
J. B. Calkin



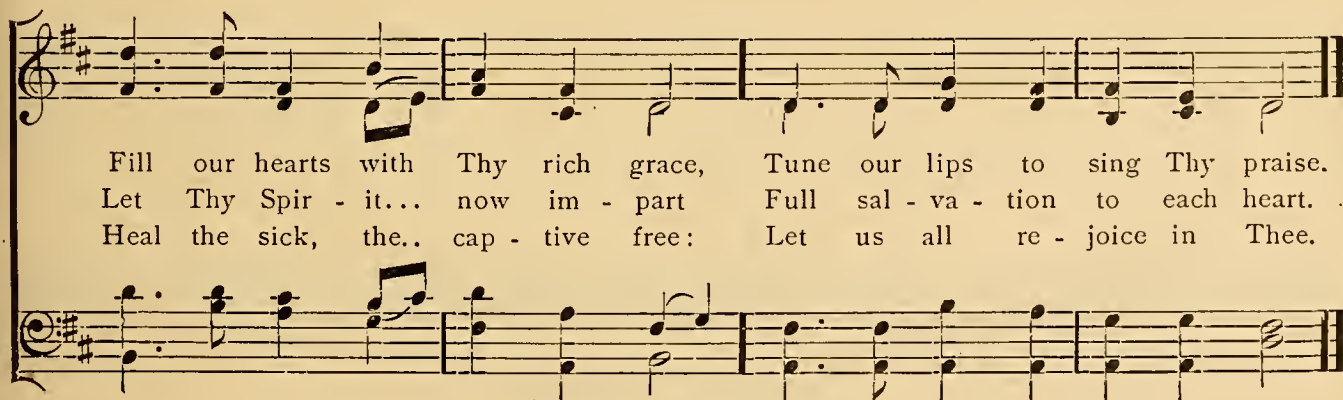
1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
3. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - main;



Oh, do not our suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, from hence we would not go,.. Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
Those that are cast down lift up;.. Make them strong in faith and hope.



Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;
Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a God su - preme - ly kind;

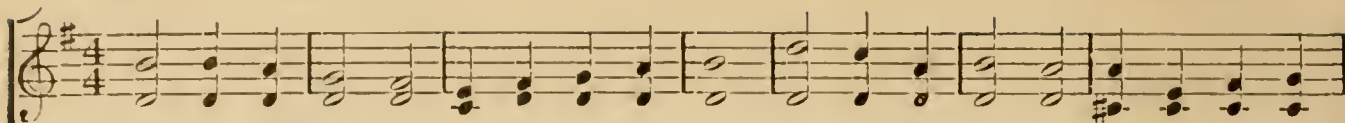


Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
Let Thy Spir - it... now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
Heal the sick, the.. cap - tive free: Let us all re - joice in Thee.

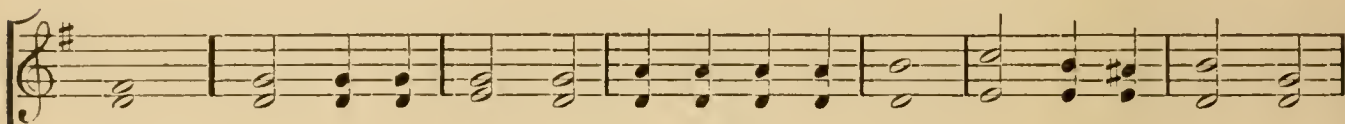
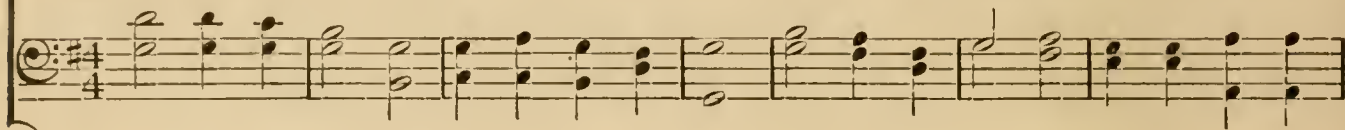
The Day is spent

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

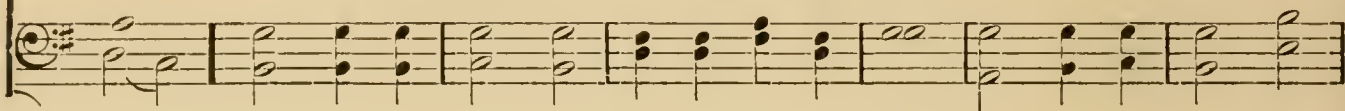
S. M. Bixby



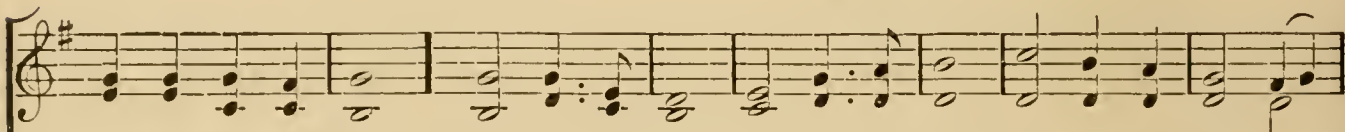
1. The day is spent, and evening shadows fall, Our wearied souls for sweet re-fresh-ment
2. We drop the cares and sor-rows of the day, And come with Thee a - part, to rest and
3. How blest the hour that heart to heart we spend, In ten - der con-verse with our heav'nly



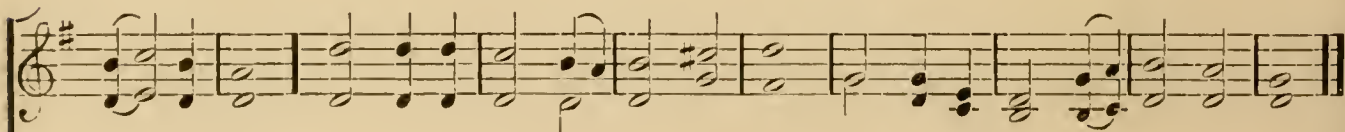
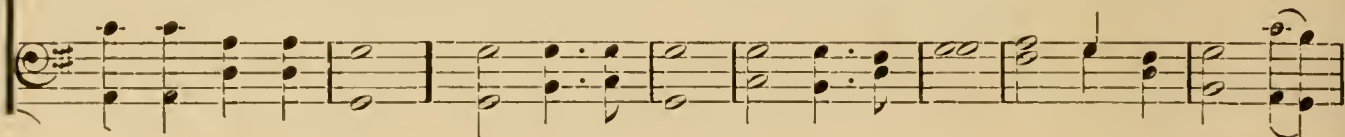
call ; Far from the world, Lord, in Thy house we meet, And lay our bur - dens
 pray ; Lord, in our midst be Thou, we hum - bly plead, And grant the bless - ing
 Friend ; When gath-er'd here to - geth - er in His name, The prom - ise of His



CHORUS.



at Thy bless-ed feet.
 that our spir - its need. } Lord, meet with us, with us a - bide, While soft - ly falls the
 ho - ly word we claim.



e - ven-tide ; Make Thou our hearts with-in us glow, Till all Thy ho - ly will we know !

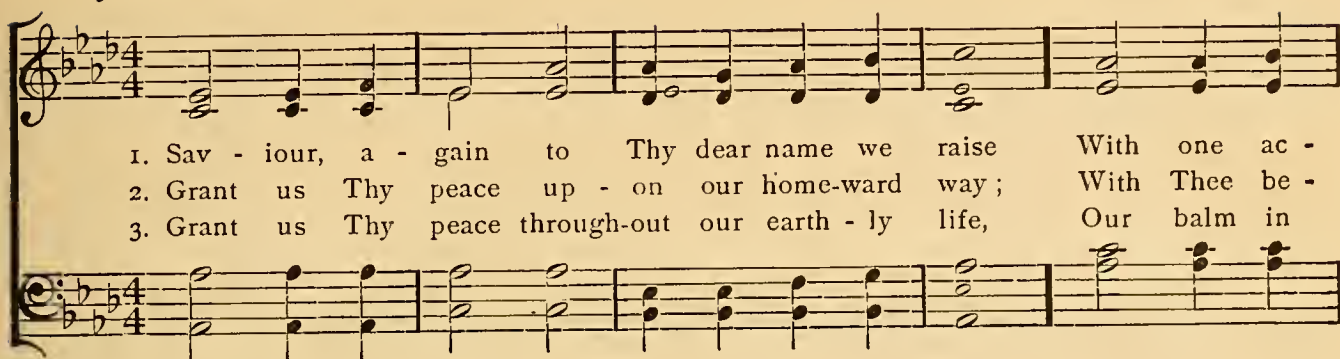


Saviour, again to Thy dear Name

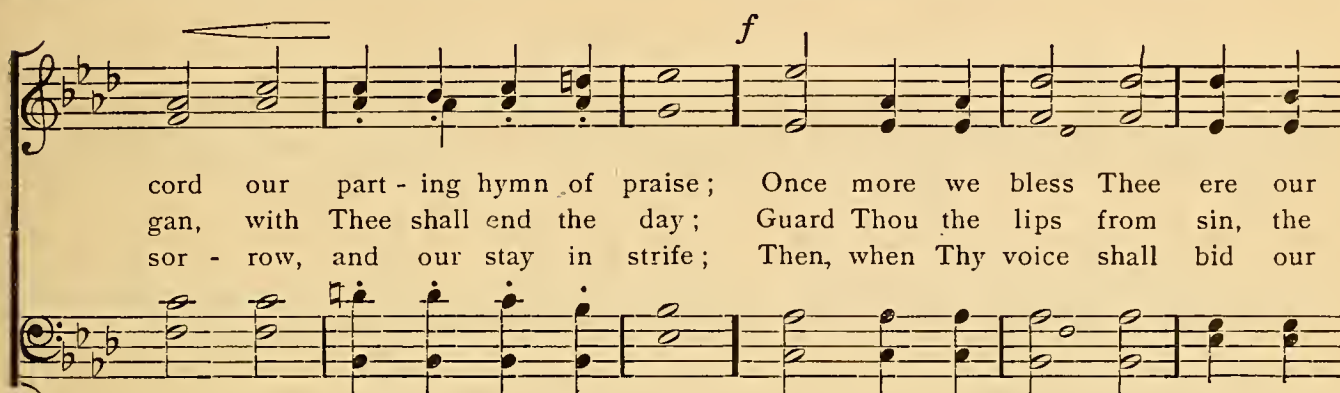
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John Ellerton, 1866

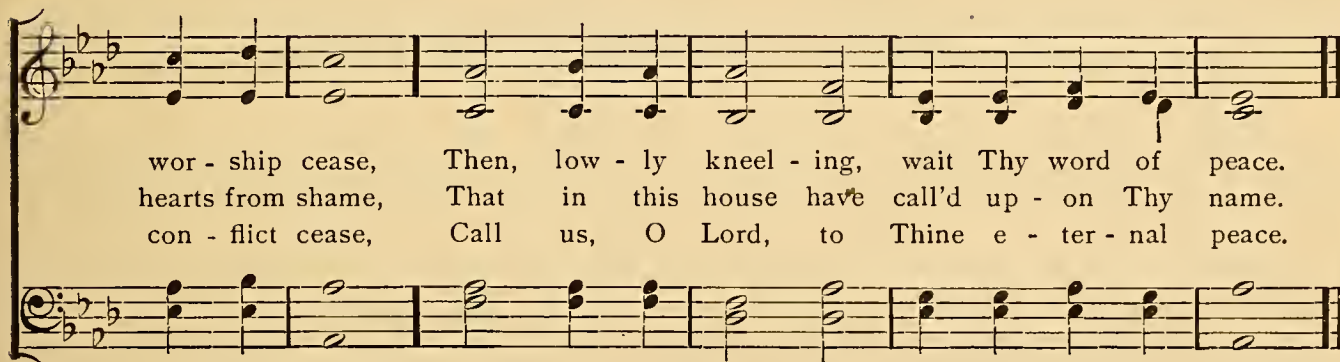
E. J. Hopkins, 1866



1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in



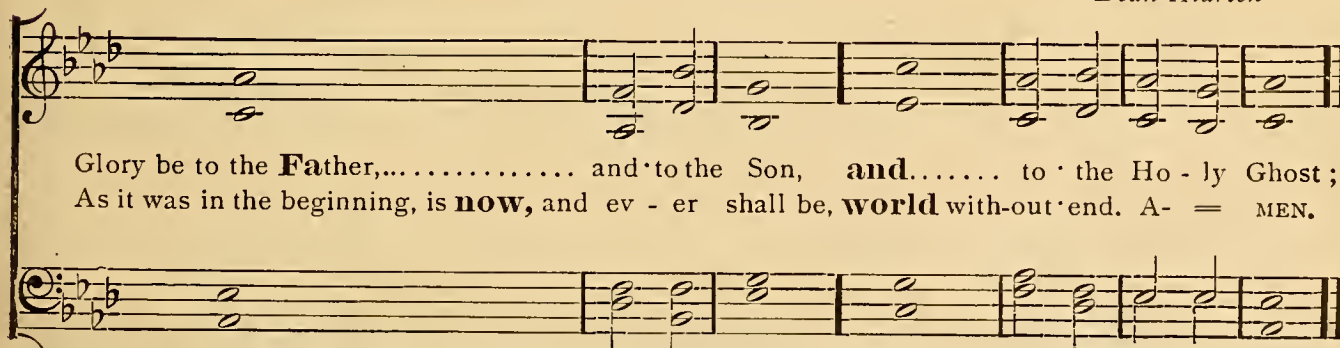
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our



wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

Gloria Patri

Dean Aldrich

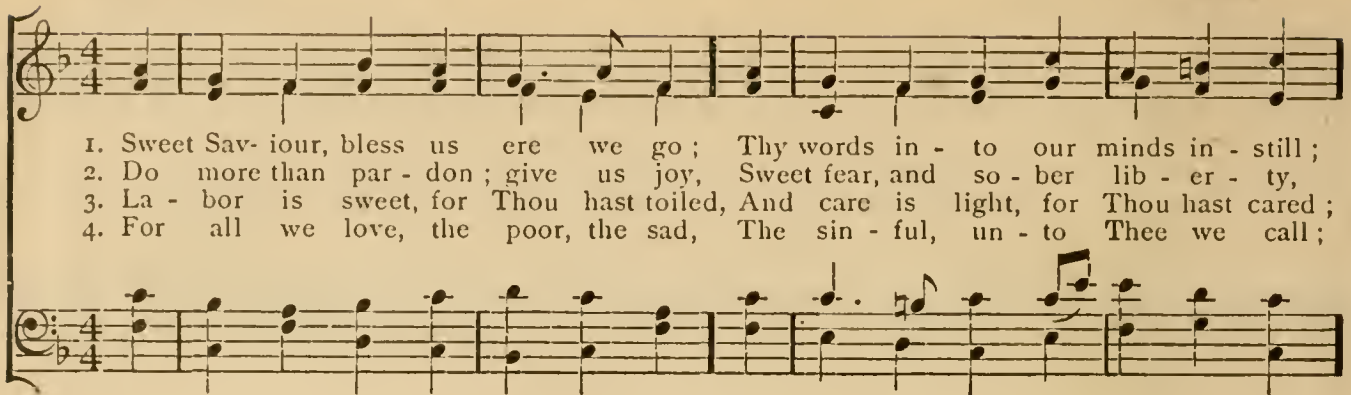


Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - = MEN.

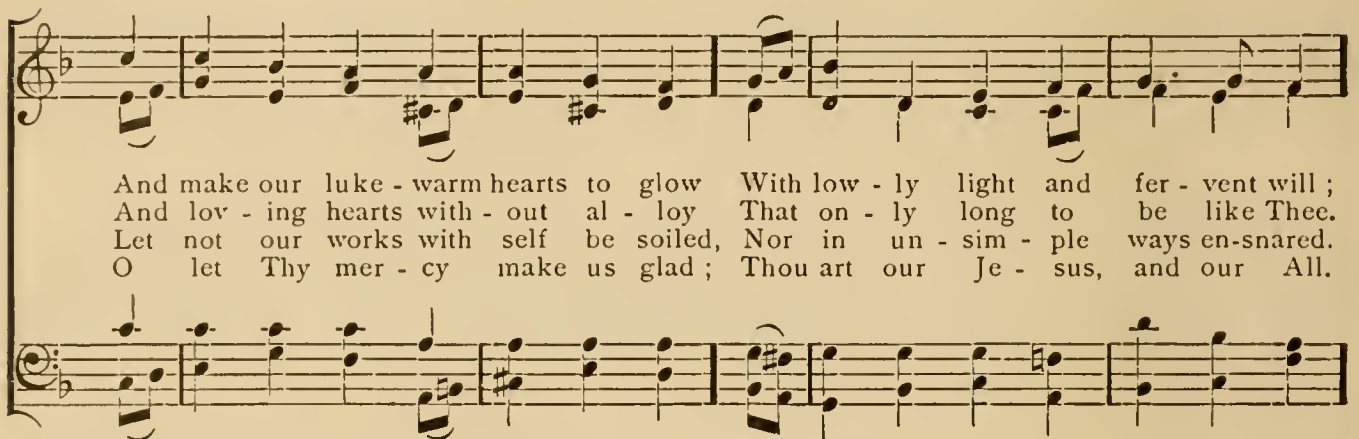
Sweet Saviour, Bless us ere we go

F. W. Faber

W. H. Monk

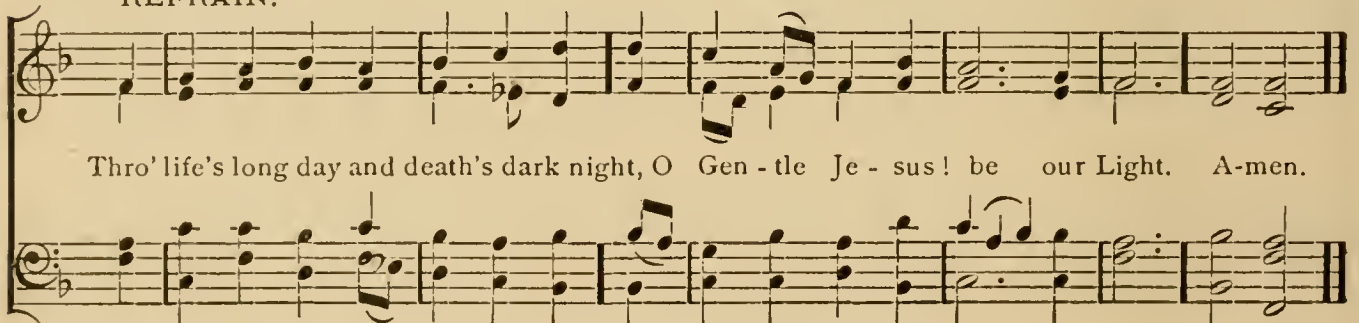


1. Sweet Sav- iour, bless us ere we go ; Thy words in - to our minds in - still ;
 2. Do more than par - don ; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber lib - er - ty,
 3. La - bor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled, And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 4. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful, un - to Thee we call ;



And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly light and fer - vent will ;
 And lov - ing hearts with - out al - loy That on - ly long to be like Thee.
 Let not our works with self be soiled, Nor in un - sim - ple ways en - snared.
 O let Thy mer - cy make us glad ; Thou art our Je - sus, and our All.

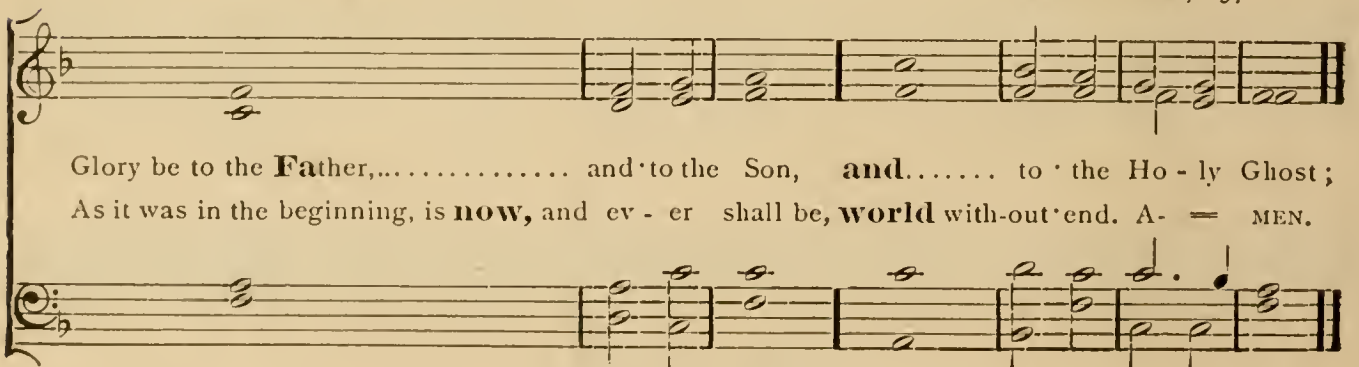
REFRAIN.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O Gen - tle Je - sus ! be our Light. A - men.

Gloria Patri

Richard Farrant, 1570



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with - out end. A - = MEN.

Sweet Saviour, Bless us ere we go

65

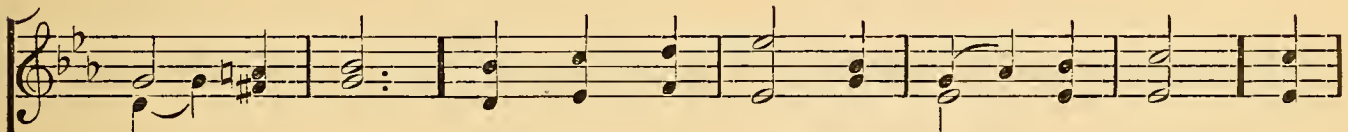
H. Collins

BENEDICTION

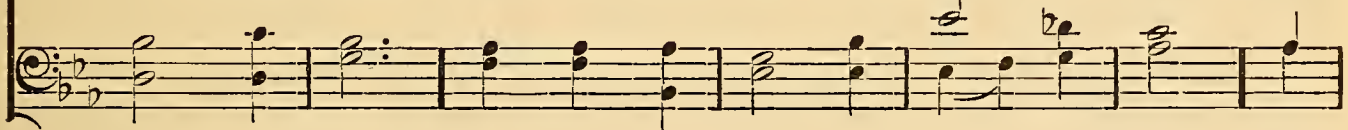
J. Barnby



1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go ; Thy word in - to our
2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion
3. Do more than par - don ; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber
4. La - bor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ; And care is light, for



minds in - still ; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With
and re - lease ; And bless us, more than in past days, With
lib - - er - ty, And sim - ple hearts with - out al - loy That
Thou hast cared ; Ah ! nev - er let our works be soiled With

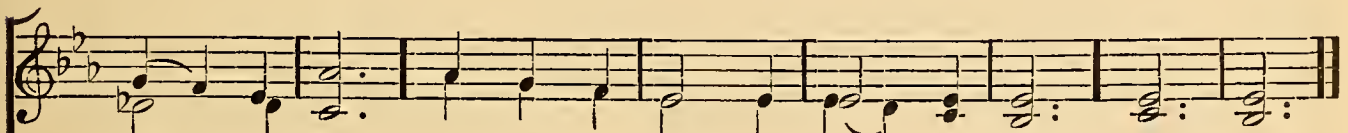


REFRAIN.

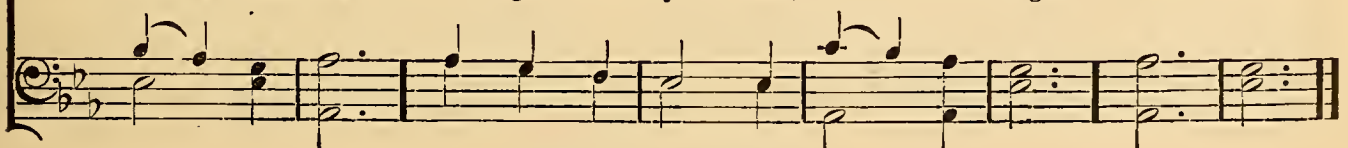


low - ly love and fer - vent will.
pur - i - ty and in - ward peace.
on - - ly long to be like Thee.
strife, or by de - ceit en - snared.

Thro' life's long day and



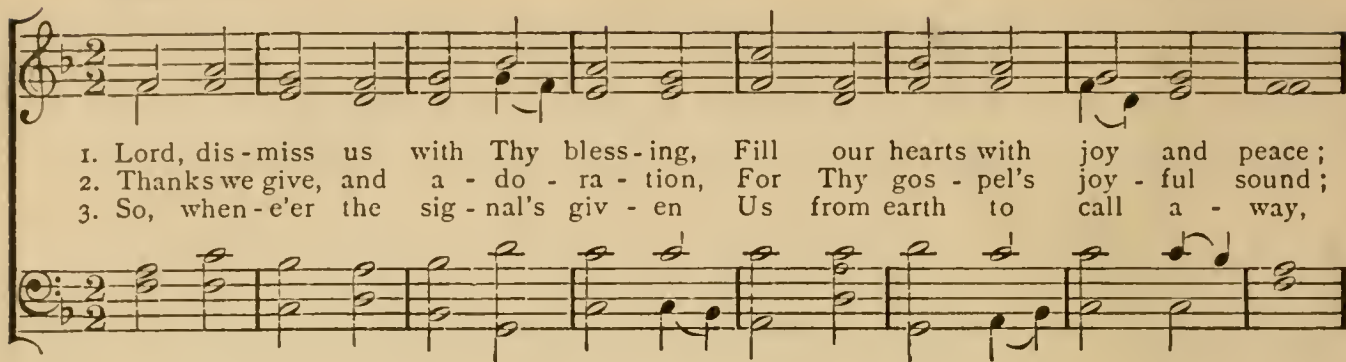
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - MEN.



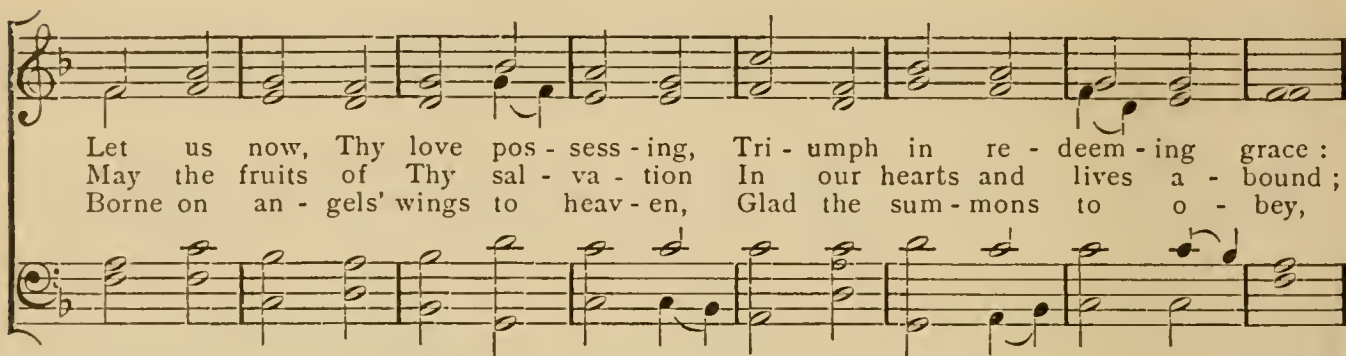
Lord, dismiss us with Thy Blessing

Walter Shirley, 1774

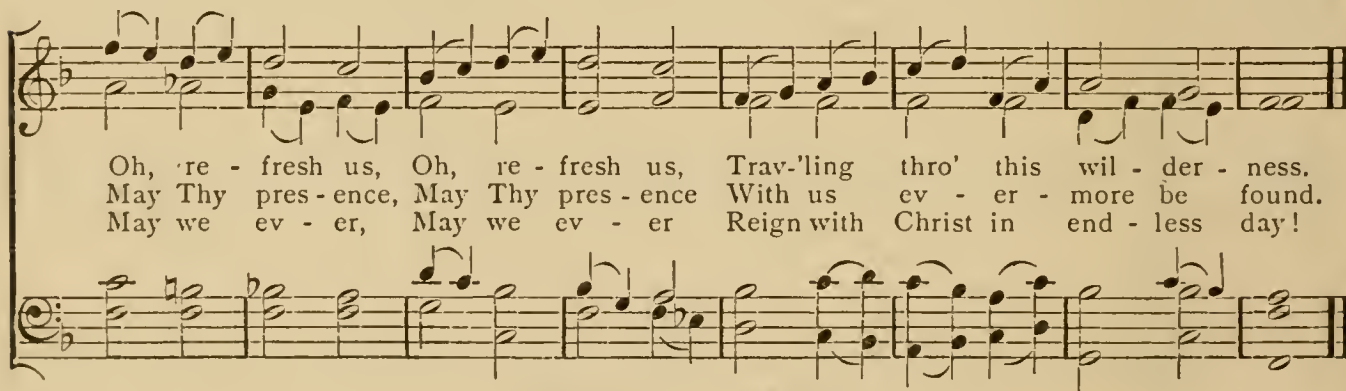
S. M. Bixby



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give, and a-do-ra-tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,



Let us now, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace:
 May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound;
 Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o-bey,



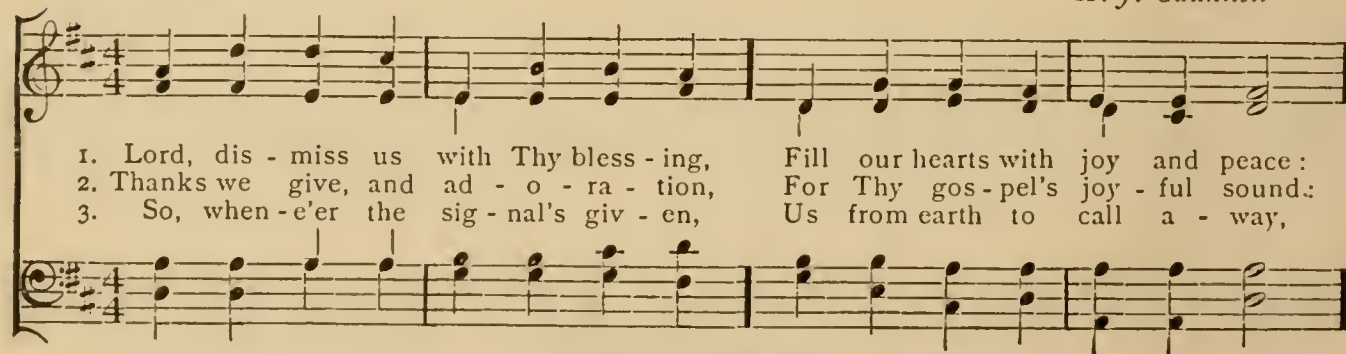
Oh, re-fresh us, Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'-ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
 May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev-er-more be found.
 May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day!

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Lord, dismiss us with Thy Blessing

W. Shirley

H. J. Gauntlett

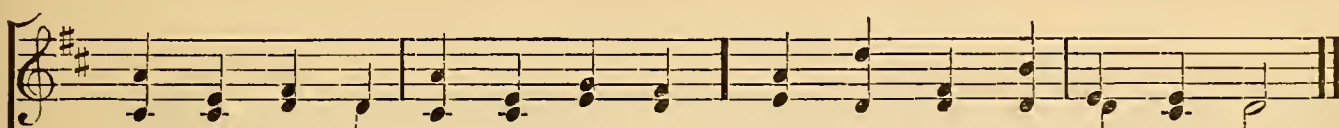


1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
 2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound:
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en, Us from earth to call a-way,

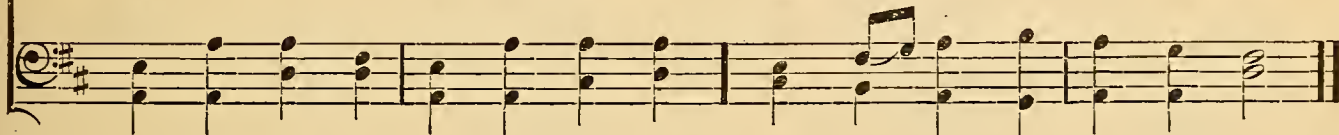
CLOSING HYMNS



Let us all, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace :
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound,
 Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,


Oh re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
 May Thy pres - ence, May Thy pres - ence, With us ev - er - more be found.
 May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day.



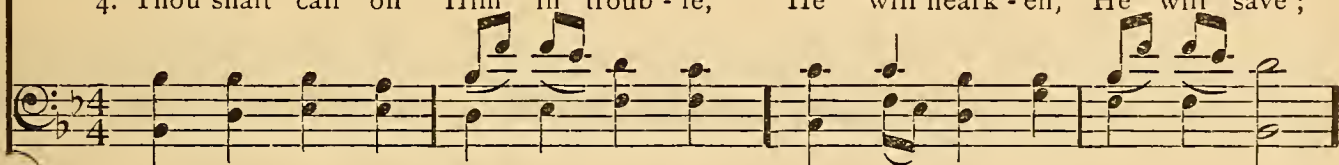
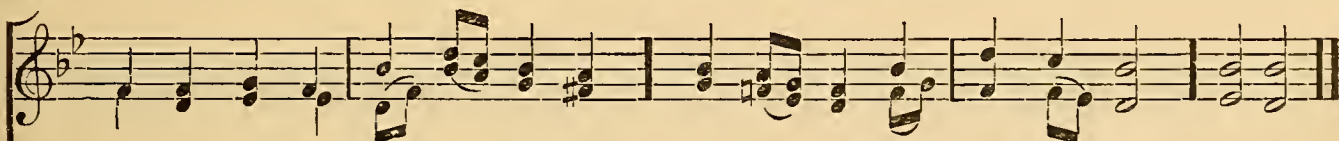
God shall Charge His Angel-Legions

J. Montgomery

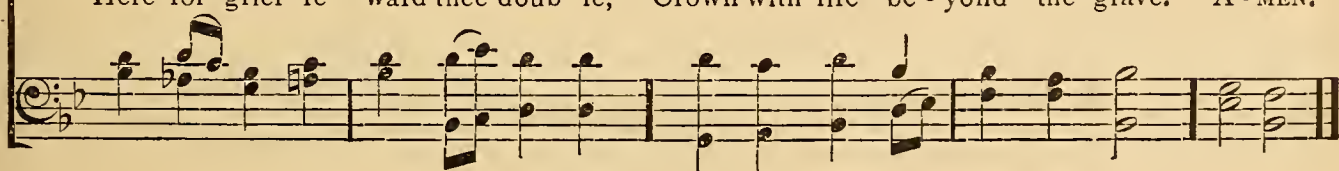
Mendelssohn



1. God shall charge His an - gel - le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
 2. On the li - on vain - ly roar - ing, On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
 3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God has set thy love,
 4. Thou shalt call on Him in troub - le, He will heark - en, He will save ;

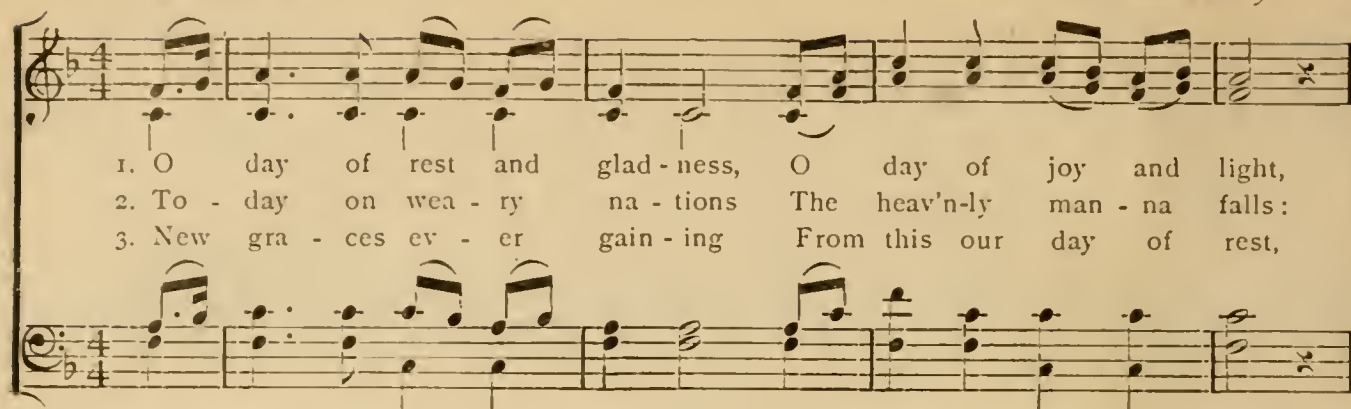
Tho' thou walk thro' hos - tile re - gions, Tho' in des - ert wilds thou sleep.
 And, the dra - gon's den ex - plor - ing, Thou shalt bruise the ser - pent's head.
 With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove.
 Here for grief re - ward thee doub - le, Crown with life be - yond the grave. A - MEN.



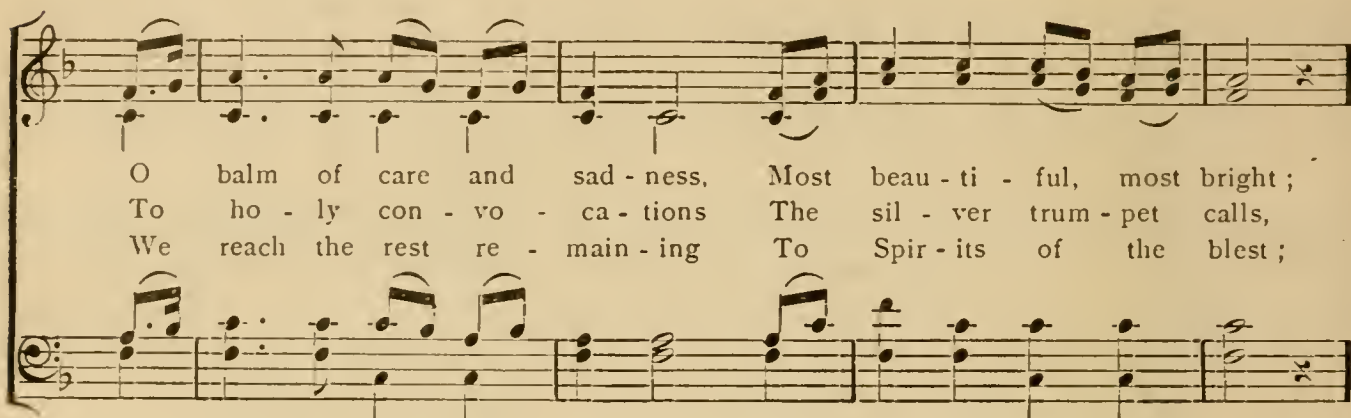
O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. Wordsworth

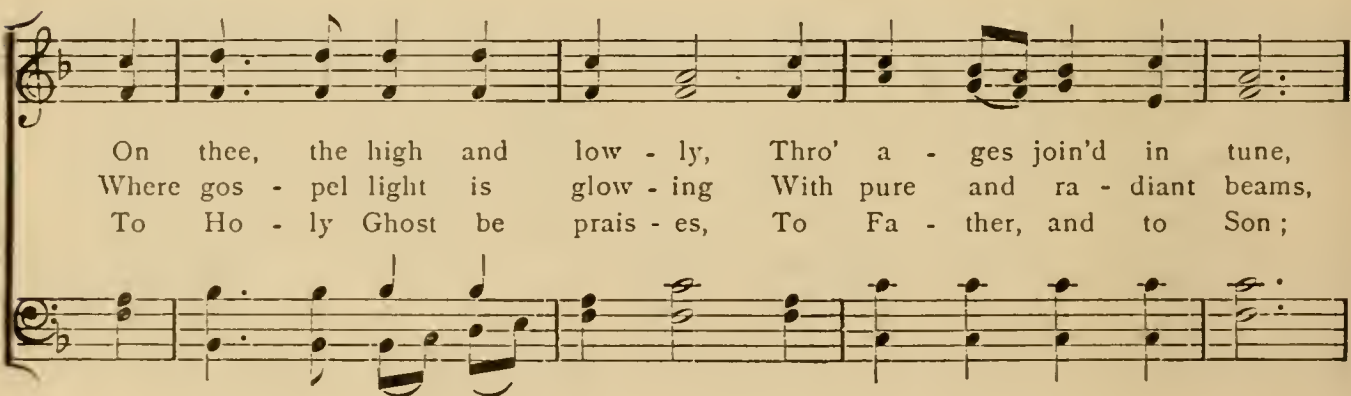
German Melody



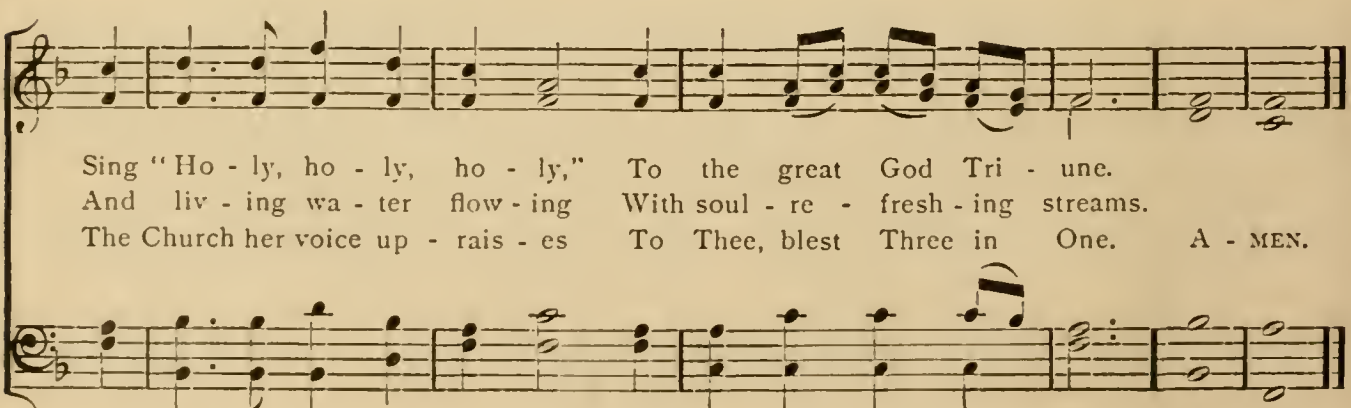
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls:
 3. New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,



O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trum-pet calls,
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To Spir-its of the blest;



On thee, the high and low-ly, Thro' a-ges join'd in tune,
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams,
 To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther, and to Son;

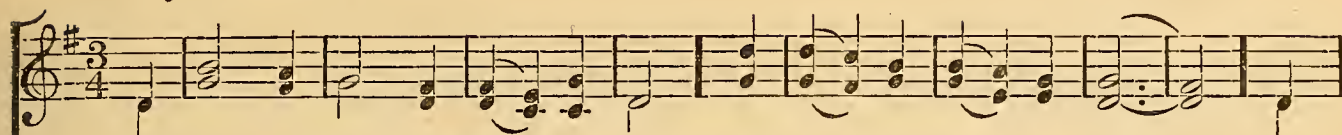


Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
 And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.
 The Church her voice up-rai-s-es To Thee, blest Three in One. A-MEN.

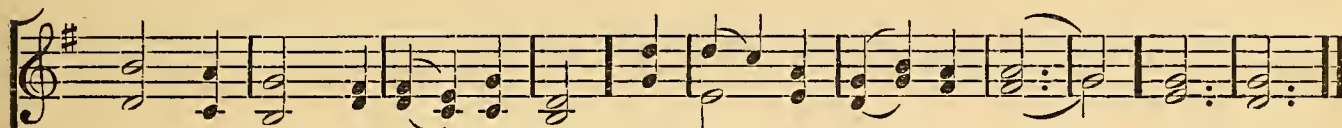
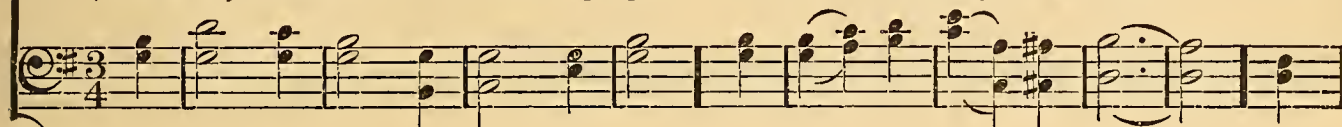
Blest Day of God! most Calm, most Bright 69

Rev. J. Mason, 1683

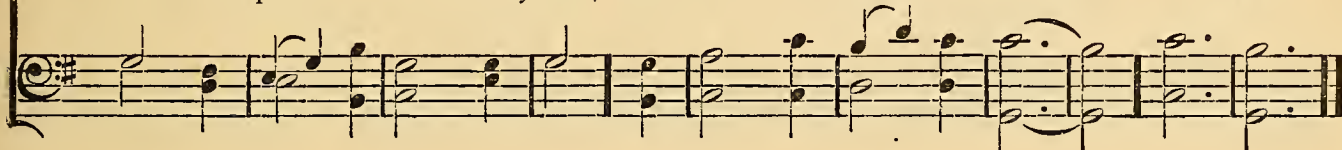
Wm. Gardiner, 1812.



1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The
2. My Sav-iour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise, And
3. The first - fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind; And
4. This day with God I must ap - pear; For, Lord, the day is Thine; Help



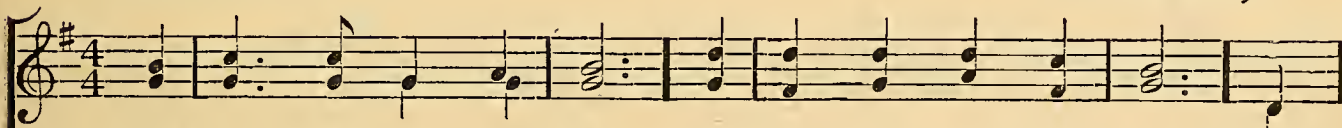
la - b'rer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise.
made thee heaven-ly and di-vine Be - yond all oth - er days.
they the day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.
me to spend it in... Thy fear, And thus to make it mine. A - MEN.



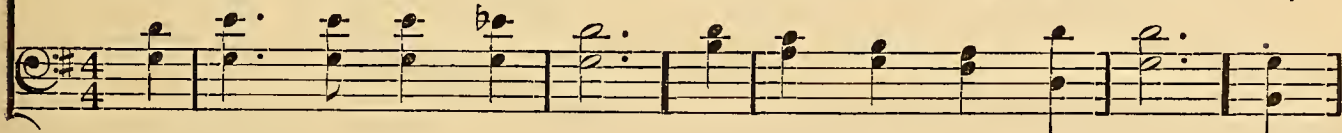
This is the Sabbath Day

Thos. H. Gill, 1867. Alt.

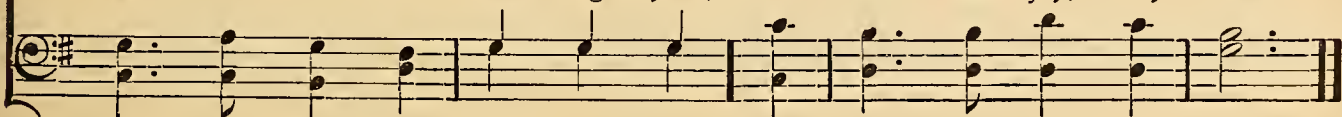
S. M. Bixby



1. This is the Sab - bath day, Day of di - vine de - light! We
2. Dear Lord! the day was bright, Be - cause the day was Thine; This
3. Re - peat the glad - ness here! Ful - fill the bliss a - bove! Thy



hailed thy glad - some morn - ing ray; We bless thine eve - ning bright.
full, this man - i - fold de - light, Was it not all di - vine?
day, the ev - er - last - ing year, Th'e - ter - nal joy, Thy love.



Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

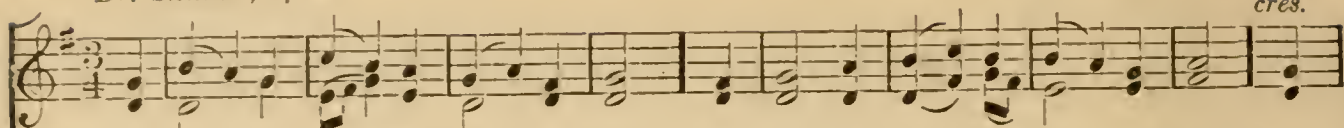
THE SABBATH

Another Six Days' Work is done

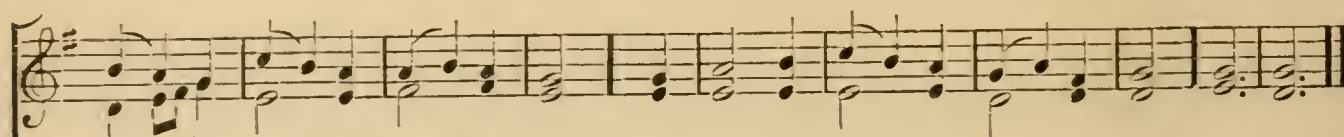
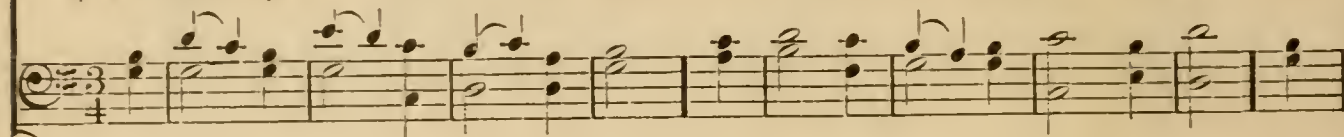
Dr. Stennett, 1712

Arr. Rev. Dr. Dykes

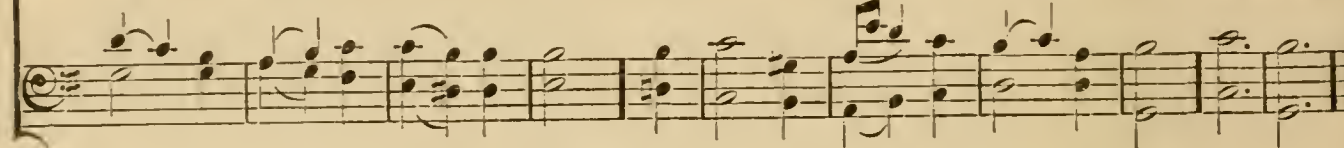
cres.



1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun; Re -
 2. This day may our de - vo - tions rise, As grate - ful in - cense to the skies; And
 3. This peace - ful calm with - in the breast Is the sure pledge of heav'n - ly rest, Which
 4. In ho - ly du - ties, let the day, In ho - ly pleasures pass a - way; How



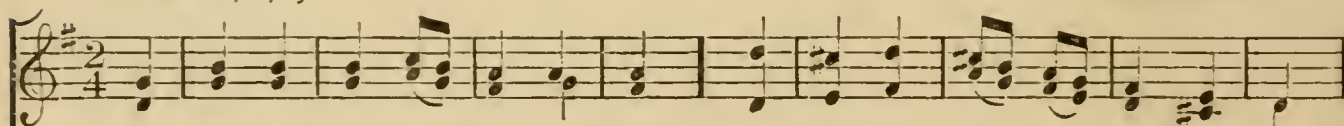
turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest.
 heav'n that sweet re - pose be - stow, Which none but they who feel it know!
 for the Church of God re - mains, The end of cares, the end of pains.
 sweet a sab - bath thus to spend In hope of one that ne'er shall end. A - MEN.



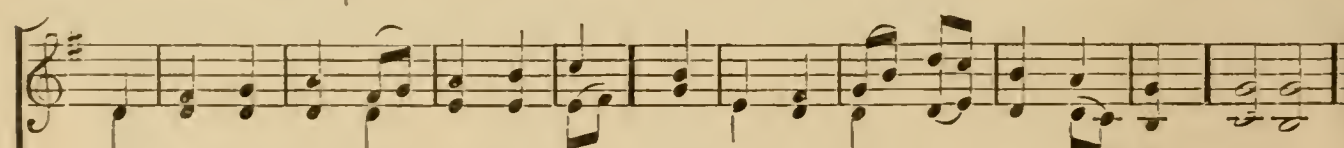
Sweet is the Work, my God, my King

Dr. Watts, 1719

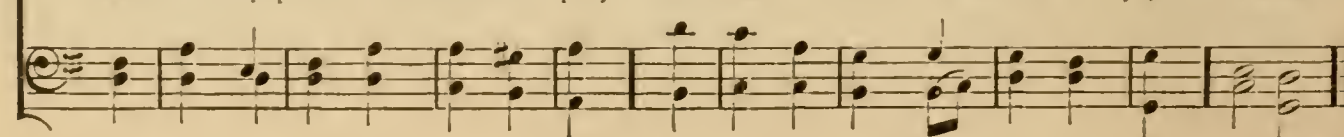
Bartholemon



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing:
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
 4. I.. then shall share a glo - rious part, When grace hath well re - fined my heart,
 5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de - sired or wished be - low;



To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night,
 O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound
 His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep His coun - sels, how di - vine!
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
 And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em - ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy. A - MEN.



My Opening Eyes with Rapture See

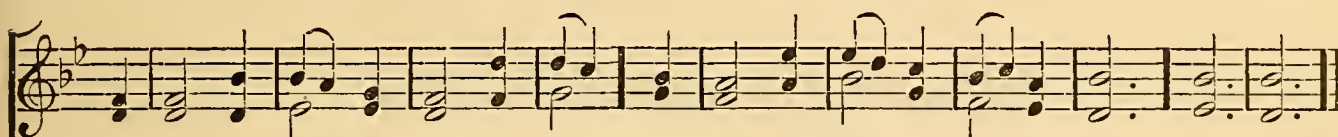
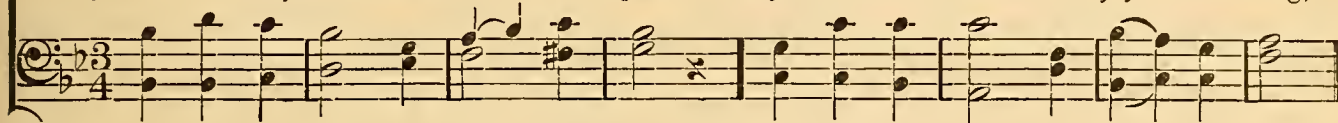
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Dr. Watts

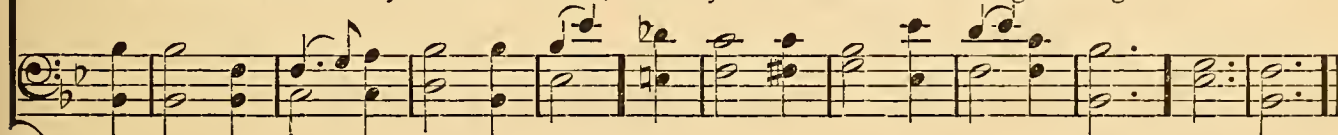
From Beethoven



1. My opening eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of Thy re - turn - ing day ;
2. I yield my heart to Thee a - lone, Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest ;
3. O bid this trif - ling world re - tire, And drive each car - nal tho't a - way ;
4. Then, to Thy courts when I... re - pair, My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,



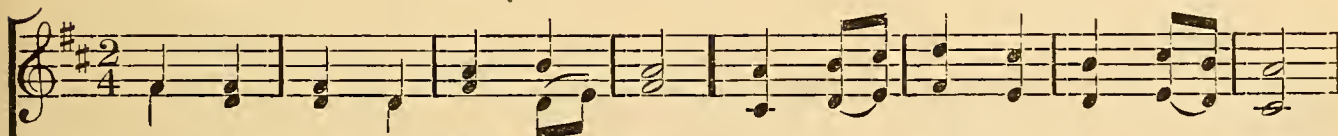
My tho't's, O God, as - cend to Thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
 E - ter - nal King ! e - rect Thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.
 Nor let me feel one vain de - sire, One sin - ful tho't thro' all the day.
 The won - ders of.. Thy love de - clare, And join the strains which an - gels sing. A - MEN.



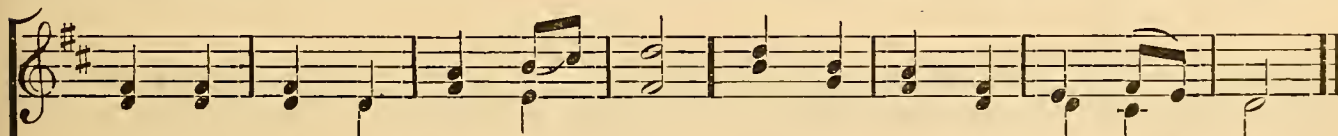
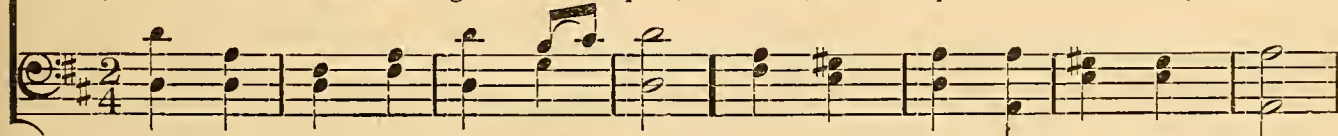
On this Day, the First of Days

W. H. Baker, tr.

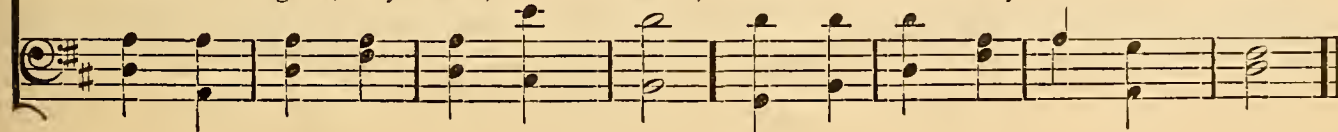
Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. On this day, the first of days, God the Fa - ther's name we praise ;
2. On this day th' E - ter - nal Son O - ver death His tri - umph won ;
3. Fa - ther, who didst fash - ion me Im - age of Thy - self to be,
4. Ho - ly Je - sus, may I be Dead and bur - ied here with Thee ;
5. Thou who dost all gifts im - part, Shine, sweet Spir - it, in my heart ;



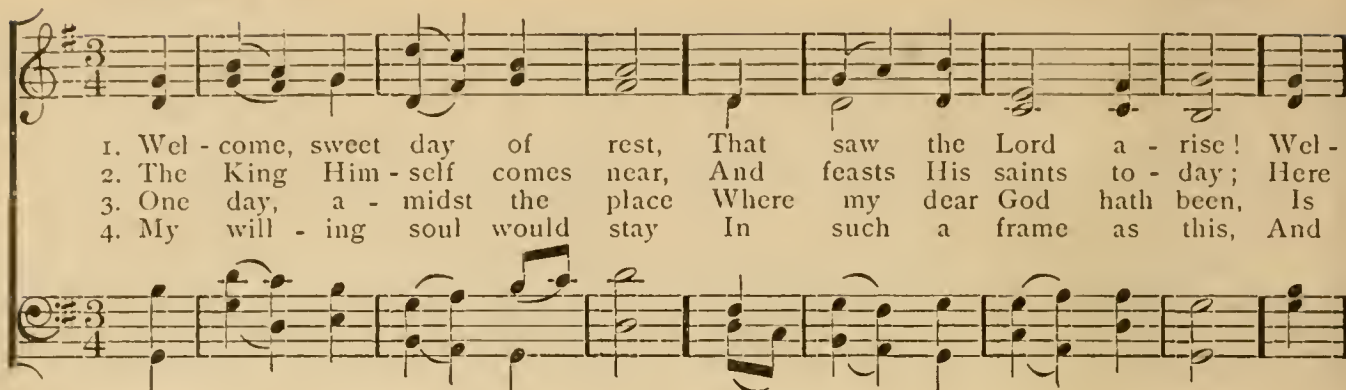
Who, cre - a - tion's Fount and Spring, Did the world from dark - ness bring.
 On this day the Spir - it came With His gifts of liv - ing flame.
 Fill me with Thy love di - vine, Let my ev - ery thought be Thine.
 And, by love in - flamed, a - rise Un - to Thee a sac - ri - fice.
 Best of gifts, Thy - self, be - stow ; Make me burn Thy love to know.



Welcome, sweet Day of Rest

Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.

Georg Friedrich Händel



1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel -
 2. The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day; Here
 3. One day, a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is
 4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And

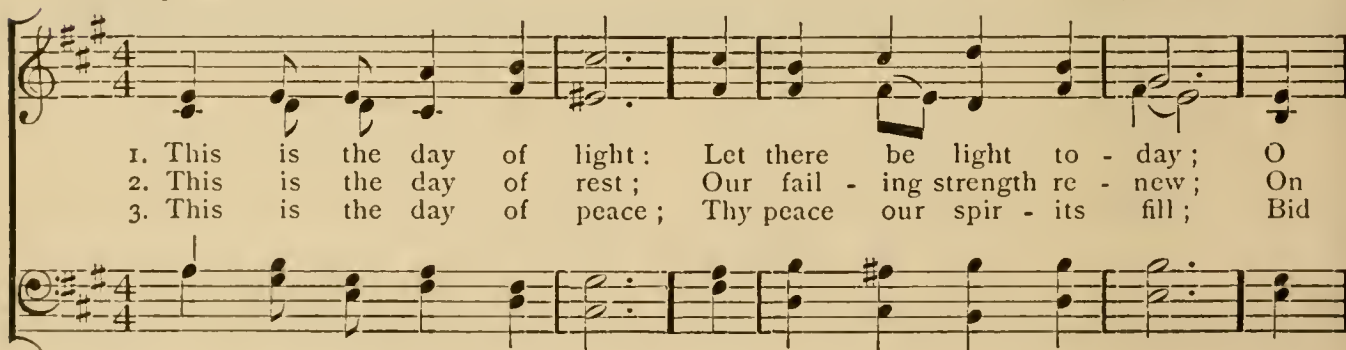


come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!
 we... may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
 sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.
 sit... and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss. A - MEN.

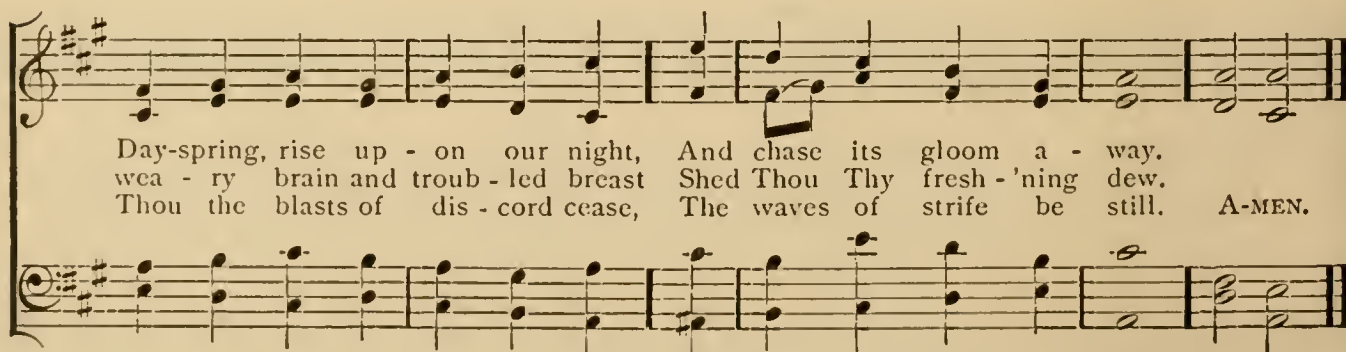
This is the Day of Light

Rev. John Ellerton

Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley, Mus. D.



1. This is the day of light: Let there be light to - day; O
 2. This is the day of rest; Our fail - ing strength re - new; On
 3. This is the day of peace; Thy peace our spir - its fill; Bid



Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.
 wea - ry brain and troub - led breast Shed Thou Thy fresh - 'ning dew.
 Thou the blasts of dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still. A-MEN.

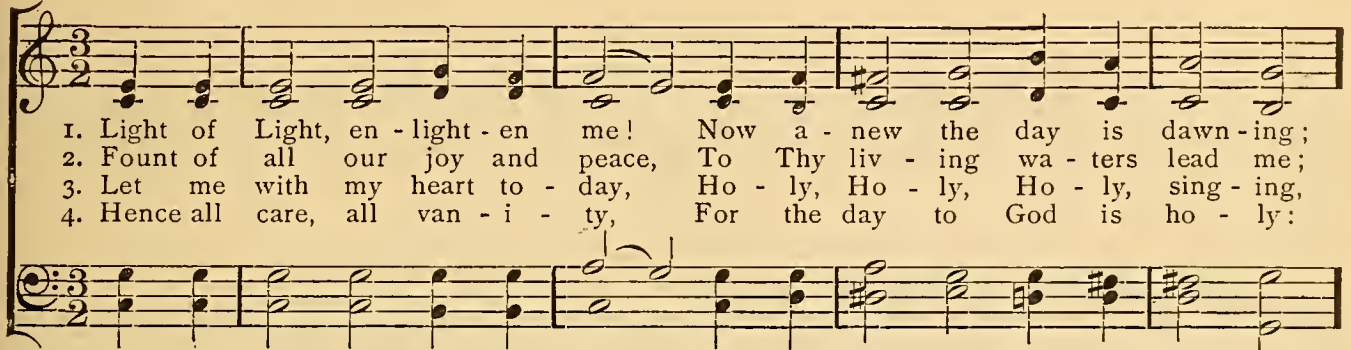
4 This is the day of prayer ;
 Let earth and Heaven draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
 Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days ;
 Set forth Thy quick'ning breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death ! AMEN.

Light of Light, enlighten me

Schmolk, Tr. by Winkworth. Abr

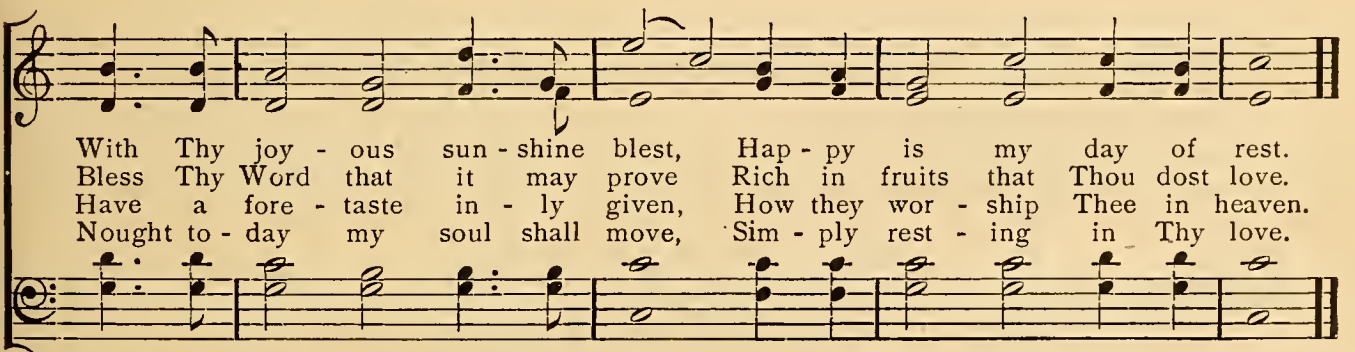
S. M. Bixby



1. Light of Light, en - light - en me ! Now a - new the day is dawn - ing ;
 2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead me ;
 3. Let me with my heart to - day, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, sing - ing,
 4. Hence all care, all van - i - ty, For the day to God is ho - ly :



Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee, Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing !
 Thou from earth my soul re - lease, And with grace and mer - cy feed me ;
 Rapt a - while from earth a - way, All my soul to Thee up - spring - ing,
 Come, Thou glo - rious Ma - jes - ty, Deign to fill this tem - ple low - ly ;

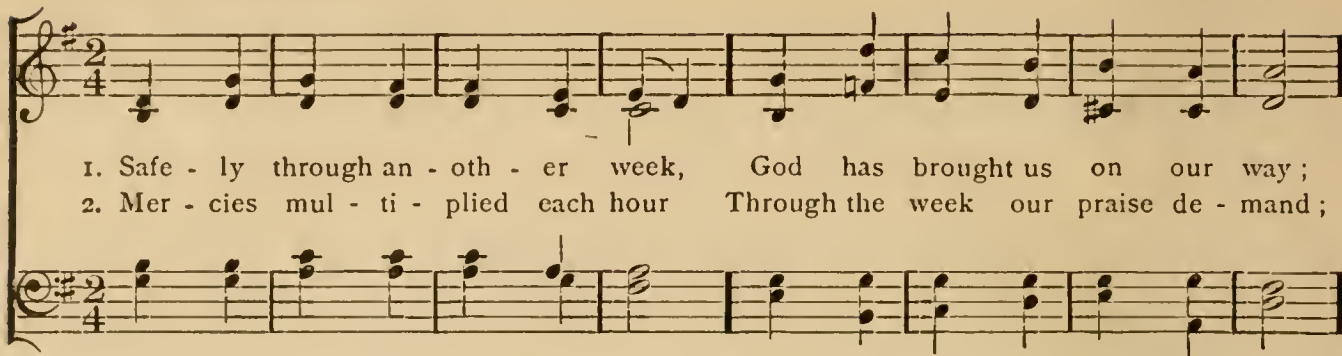


With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest.
 Bless Thy Word that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
 Have a fore - taste in - ly given, How they wor - ship Thee in heaven.
 Nought to - day my soul shall move, Sim - ply rest - ing in Thy love.

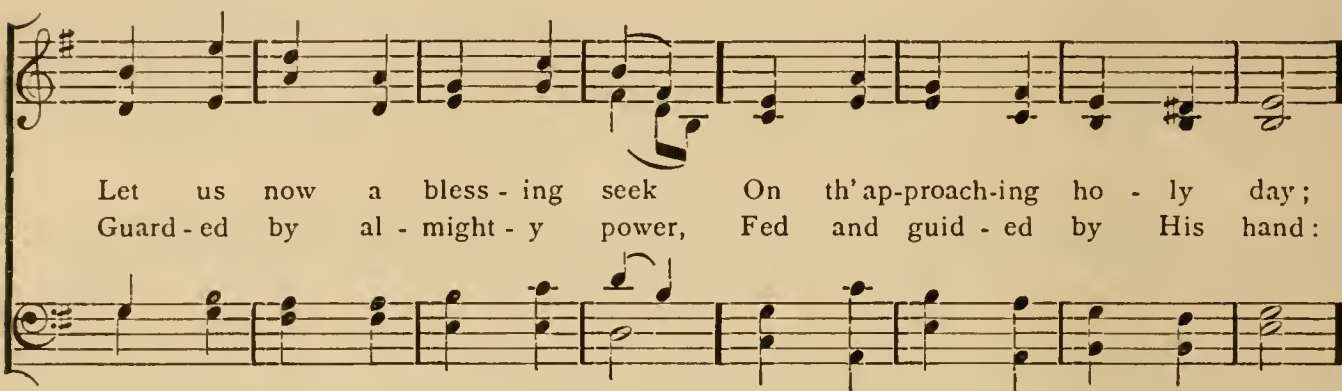
Safely through another Week

Rev. J. Newton, 1779

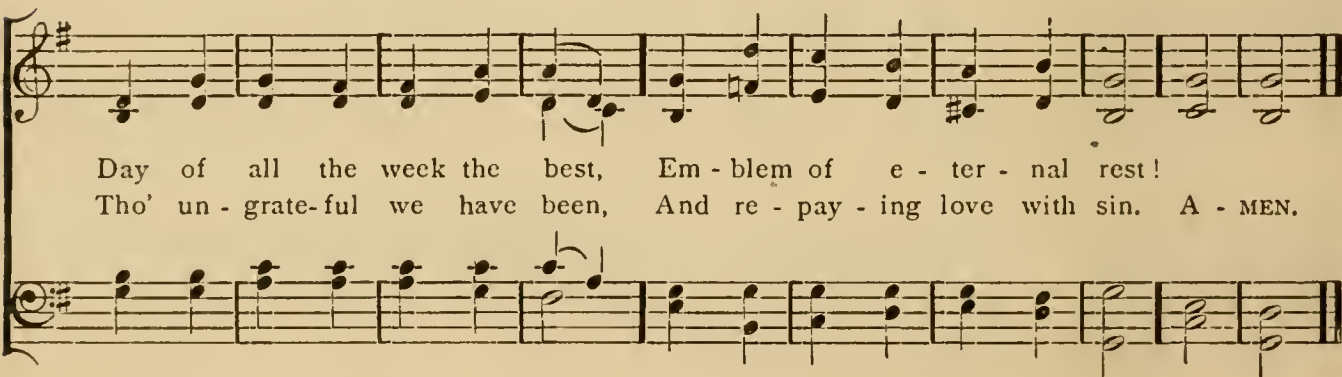
J. H. Deane



1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;
 2. Mer - cies mul - ti - plied each hour Through the week our praise de - mand ;



Let us now a bless - ing seek On th'ap-proach-ing ho - ly day ;
 Guard - ed by al - might - y power, Fed and guid - ed by His hand :



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest !
 Tho' un - grate - ful we have been, And re - pay - ing love with sin. A - MEN.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
 Show Thy reconcilèd face,
 Drive away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night with Thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel Thy presence near ;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in Thy house appear :
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

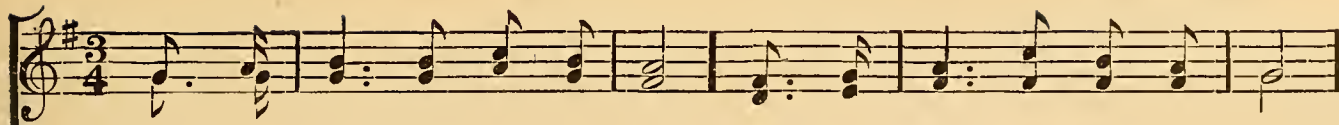
5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints ;
 Such the days of rest we love,
 Till we join the Church above. AMEN.

Safely through another Week

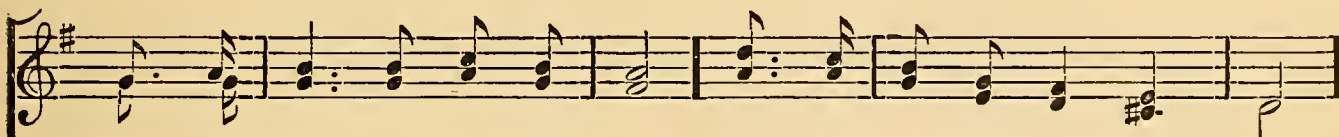
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SECOND TUNE.

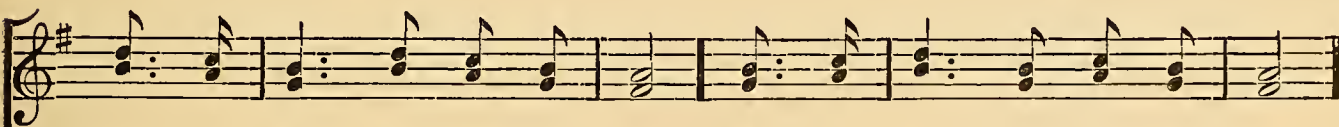
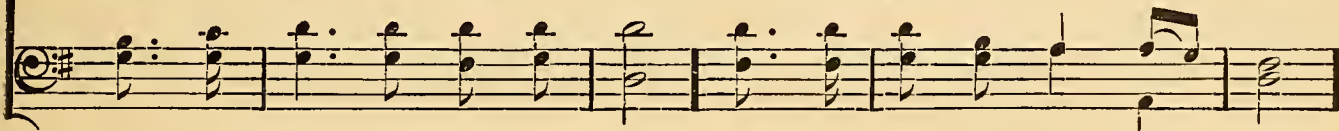
Lowell Mason



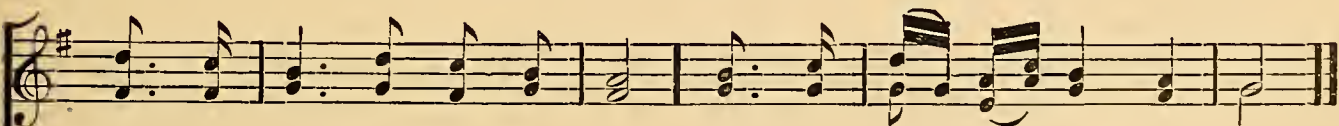
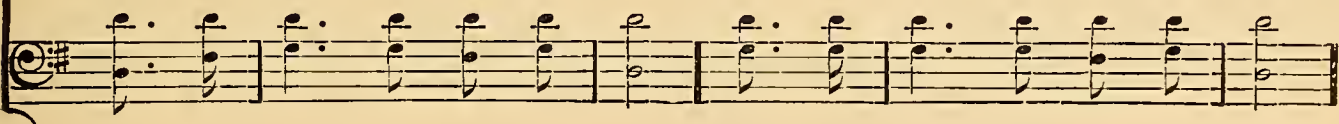
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;
2. Mer - cies mul - ti - plied each hour Through the week our praise em - ploy ;



Let us now a bless - ing seek On th'ap - proach - ing ho - ly day ;
Guard - ed by al - might - y power, Fed and guid - ed by His hand ;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest !
Though un - grate - ful we have been, And re - pay - ing love with sin ;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest !
Though un - grate - ful we have been, And re - pay - ing love with sin.



THE SABBATH

Shepherd of Tender Youth

From Clement of Alexandria, abr., 200
Tr. by Henry Martyn Dexter, 1849

S. M. Bixby

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth
 2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word,
 3. Ev - er be Thou our guide, Our Shep - herd and our pride,
 4. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high,

Through de - vious ways ; Christ our tri - umph - ant King, We come Thy
 Heal - er of strife: Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's
 Our staff and song: Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy per -
 And joy - ful sing. Let all the ho - ly throng Who to Thy

name to sing ; Hith - er our chil - dren bring Trib - utes of praise.
 deep dis - grace Thou may - est save our race, And give us life.
 en - nial word Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
 Church be - long, U - nite and swell the song To Christ our King !

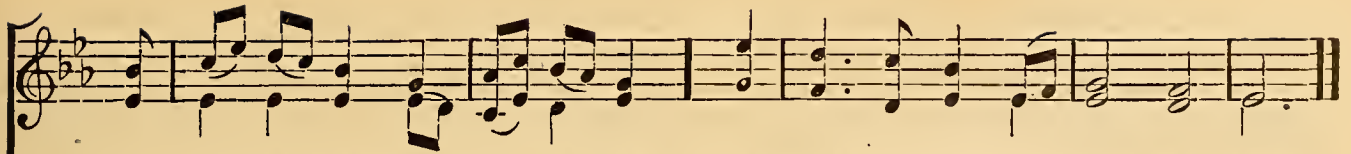
Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

Not all the Nobles of the Earth

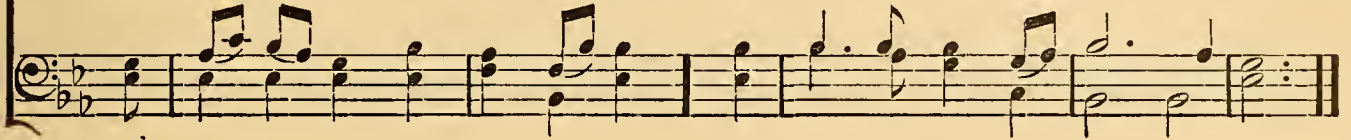
Samuel Stennett

Arr. from Händel

1. Not all the no - bles of the earth, Who boast the hon - ors of their birth,
 2. To them the priv - i - ledge is given To be the sons and heirs of heaven ;
 3. His will He makes them ear - ly know, And teach - es their young feet to go ;
 4. Their dai - ly wants His hands sup - ply, Their steps He guards with watch - ful eye ;



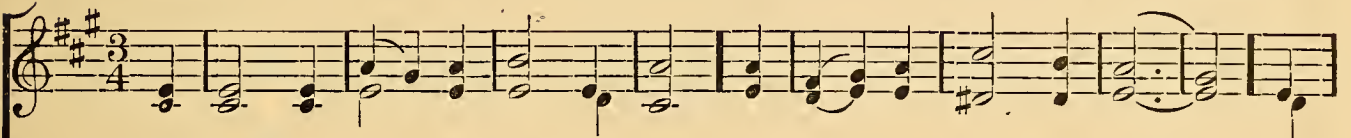
So high a dig - ni - ty can claim, As those who bear the Chris - tian name.
Sons of the God who reigns on high, And heirs of joy be - yond the sky.
Whis - pers in - struc - tion to their minds, And on their hearts His pre - cepts binds.
Leads them from earth to heaven a - bove. And crowns them with e - ter - nal love.



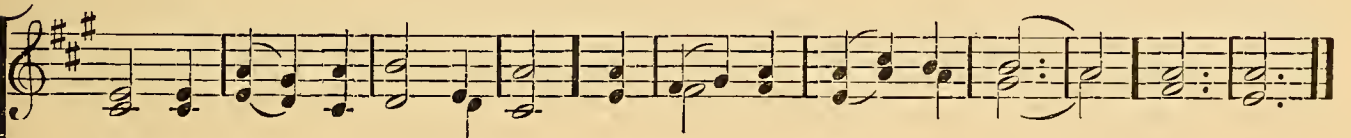
By cool Siloam's Shady Rill

Bp. Heber, 1812

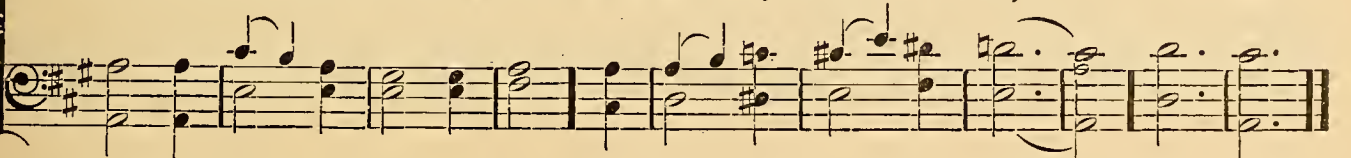
St. Albans' Tune-book



1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows! How
2. Lo! such the child, whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,... Whose
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;... The



sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!...
sa - cred heart, with in-fluencesweet, Is up - ward drawn to God....
rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way.... A - MEN.



4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:

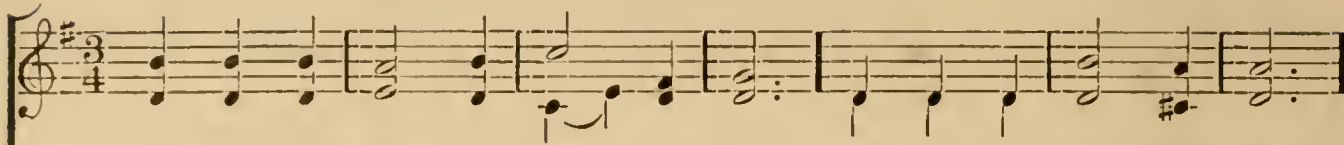
6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

SACRAMENTS

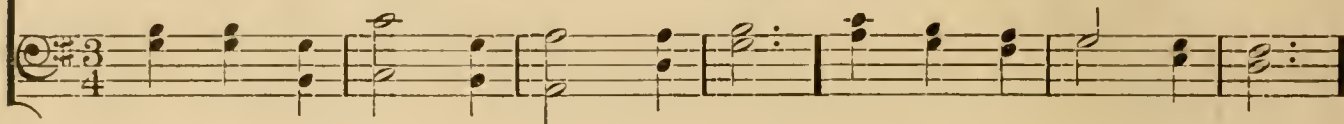
See Israel's gentle Shepherd

V. 1, Philip Doddridge, 1740. V. 2 & 3, John Peacock, 1776

J. B. Dykes, 1858



1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands, With all - en - gag - ing charms !
2. For - bid them not, whom Je - - sus calls, Nor dare the claim re - sist,
3. With flow - ing tears, and thank - ful hearts, We give them up to Thee ;



Hark ! how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms !
 Since His own lips to us de - clare— Of such will heav'n con - sist.
 Re - ceive them, Lord ! in - to Thine arms,— Thine may they ev - er be.



We long to Move and Breathe in Thee

Anon.

Thos. Hastings



1. We long to move and breathe in Thee, In-spired with Thine own breath, To give Thy
2. Thy death to sin we die be - low, But we shall rise in love ; We here are
3. A - bove we shall Thy glo - ry share, As we Thy cross have borne ; E'en we shall
4. Thy crown of thorns is all our boast, While now we fall be - fore The Fa - ther,



life, O Lord, and be Bap-tized in - to Thy death, Baptized in - to..... Thy death.
 plant-ed in Thy woe, But we shall bloom a - bove, But we shall bloom.. a - bove.
 crowns of hon - or wear, When we the thorns have worn, When we the thorns.. have worn.
 Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, And trem - ble, love, a - dore, And tremble, love,... a - dore.

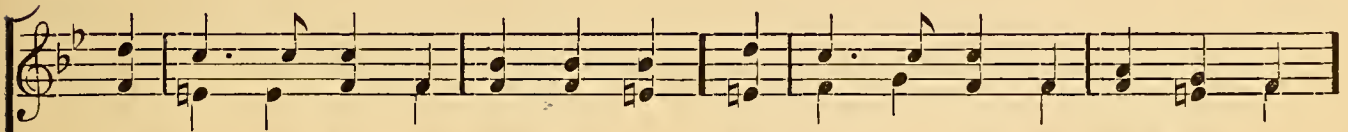


Arm these Thy Soldiers, mighty Lord

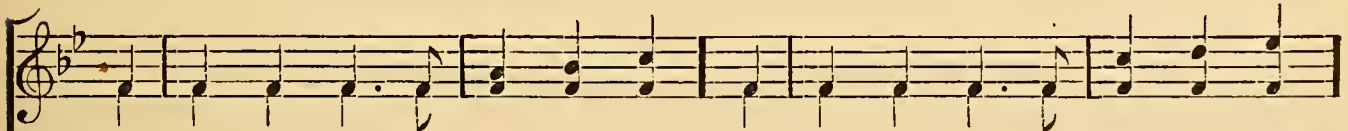
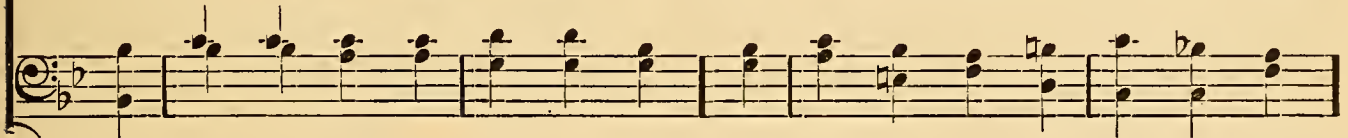
79

*Christopher Wordsworth, 1862**H. Lahee*

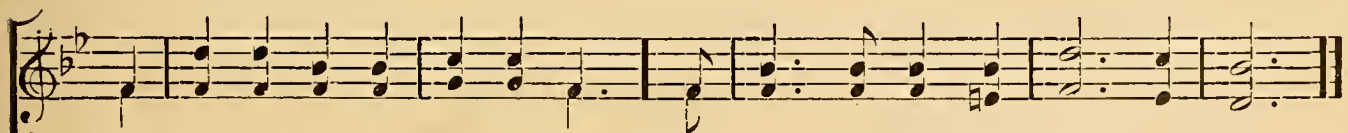
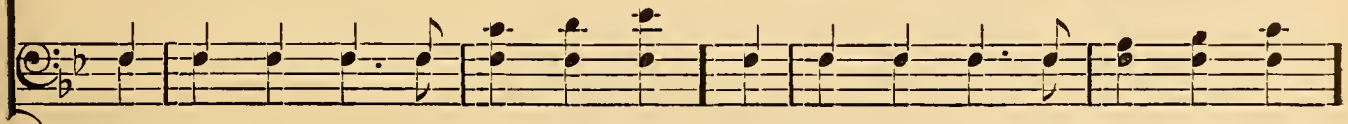
1. Arm these Thy sol - diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword ;
2. Come, ev - er - bless - ed Spir - it, come, And make Thy serv-ants' hearts Thy home ;



Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe
May each a liv - ing tem - ple be Hal - low'd for - ev - er, Lord, to Thee ;



With ban - ner of the cross un - furl'd, And by it o - ver - come the world ;
En - rich that tem - ple's ho - ly shrine With seven-fold gifts of grace di - vine,



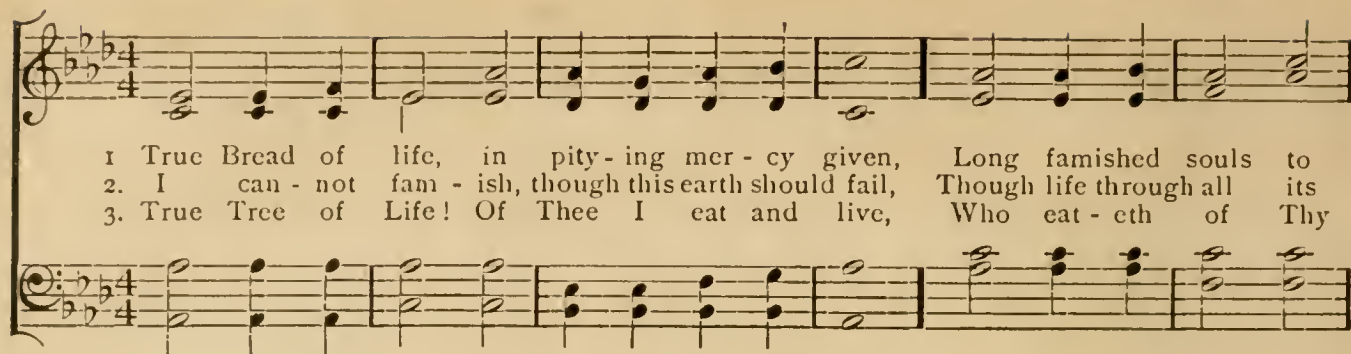
And so at last re - ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry.
With wis - dom, light and knowledge bless, Strength, counsel, fear and god - li - ness.



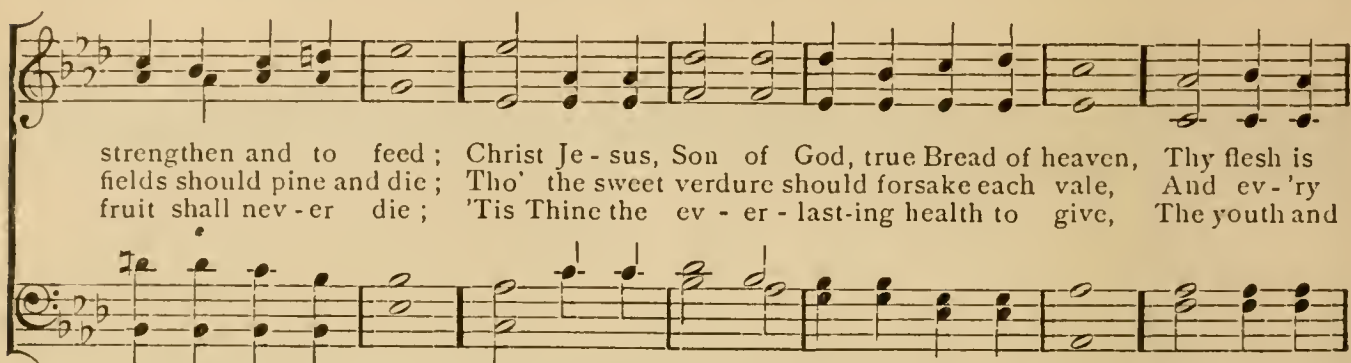
True Bread of Life

Horatius Bonar

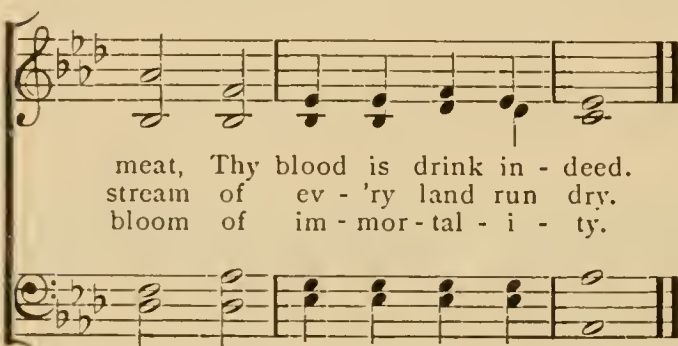
E. J. Hopkins



1 True Bread of life, in pity-ing mer-cy given, Long famished souls to
 2. I can - not fam - ish, though this earth should fail, Though life through all its
 3. True Tree of Life! Of Thee I eat and live, Who eat - eth of Thy



strengthen and to feed; Christ Je - sus, Son of God, true Bread of heaven, Thy flesh is
 fields should pine and die; Tho' the sweet verdure should forsake each vale, And ev - 'ry
 fruit shall nev - er die; 'Tis Thine the ev - er - last-ing health to give, The youth and



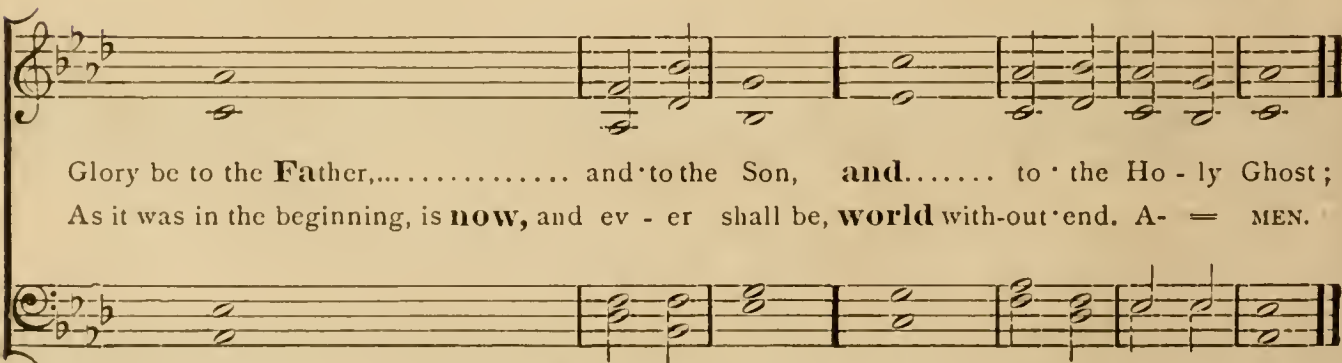
meat, Thy blood is drink in - deed.
 stream of ev - 'ry land run dry.
 bloom of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

4.
 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power,
 This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
 Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
 This being seems all energy, all wing.

5.
 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
 Thy church's Life and Lord, Immanuel!
 At Thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
 And in Thy empty tomb the living well.

Gloria Patri

Dean Aldrich



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - = MEN.

My God, and is Thy Table Spread

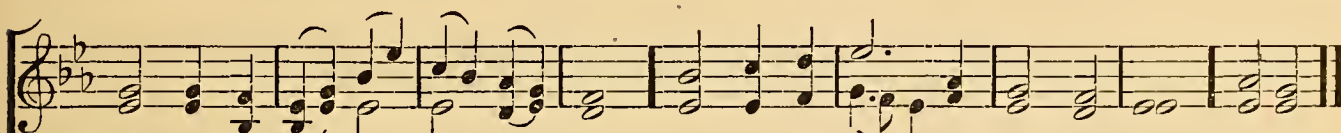
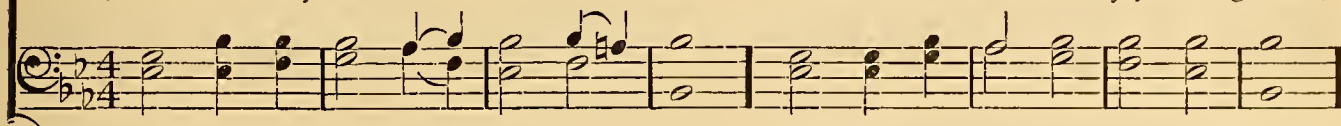
81

Dr. Doddridge

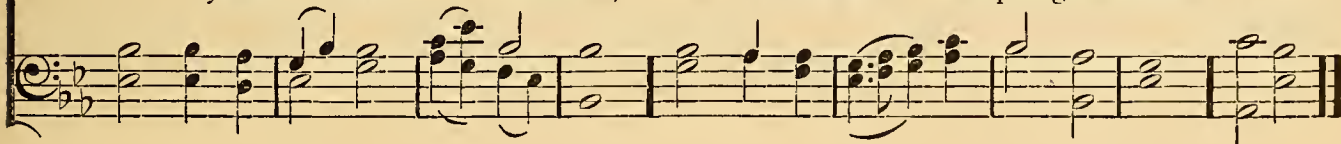
J. Hatton



1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And doth Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
2. Hail, sa - cred feast, which Je - sus makes, Rich ban-quet of His Flesh and Blood!
3. Why are its dain-ties all in vain Be - fore un - will - ing hearts displayed?
4. Oh, let Thy ta - ble hon - ored be, And furnished well with joy - ous guests;



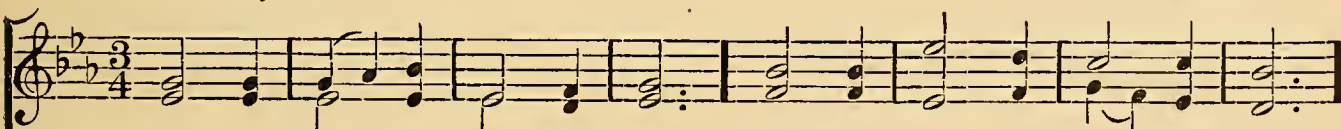
- Thith - er be all Thy chil - dren led, And let them all.. Thy sweetness know.
 Thrice happy he who here par - takes That sa - cred stream, that heavenly food.
 Was not for them the Vic - tim slain? Are they for - bid.. the children's bread?
 And may each soul sal - va - tion see, That here its sa - cred pledg - es tastes. A-MEN.



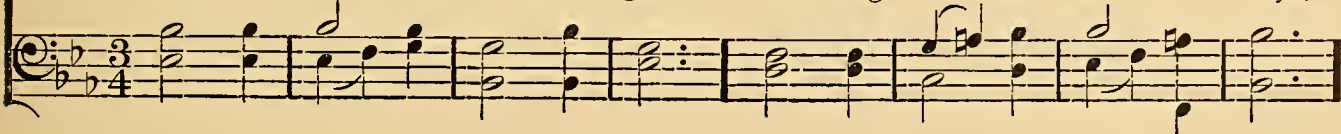
Jesus, to Thy Table led

Robert H. Baynes

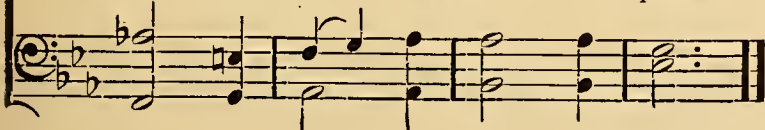
A. S. Sullivan



1. Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry heart be fed
2. While in pen - i - tence we kneel, Thy sweet pres - ence let us feel
3. While on Thy dear Cross we gaze, Mourning o'er our sin - ful ways,



- With the true and liv - ing bread.
 All Thy won - drous love re - veal!
 Turn our sad - ness in - to praise!



- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
 Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
 Fill our hearts with love divine!

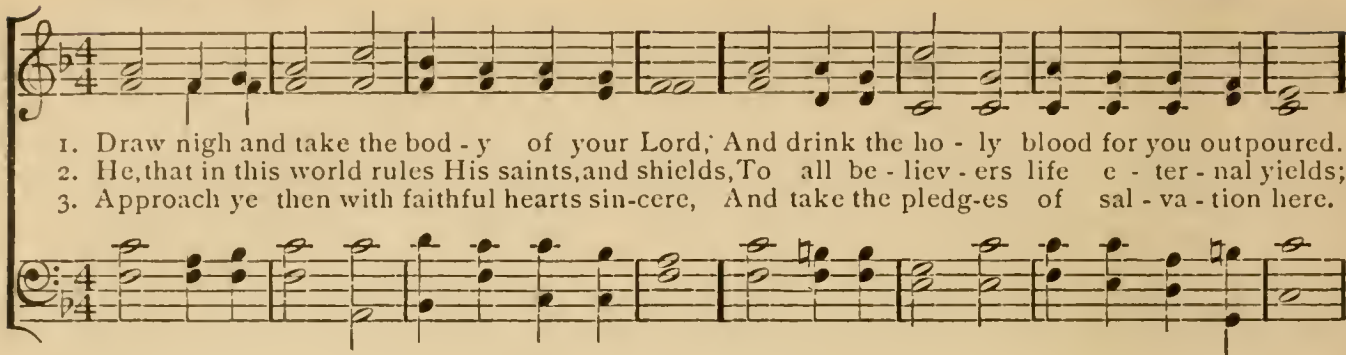
- 5 From the bonds of sin release!
 Cold and wavering faith increase,
 Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
 Till around Thy throne we stand,
 In the bright and better land.

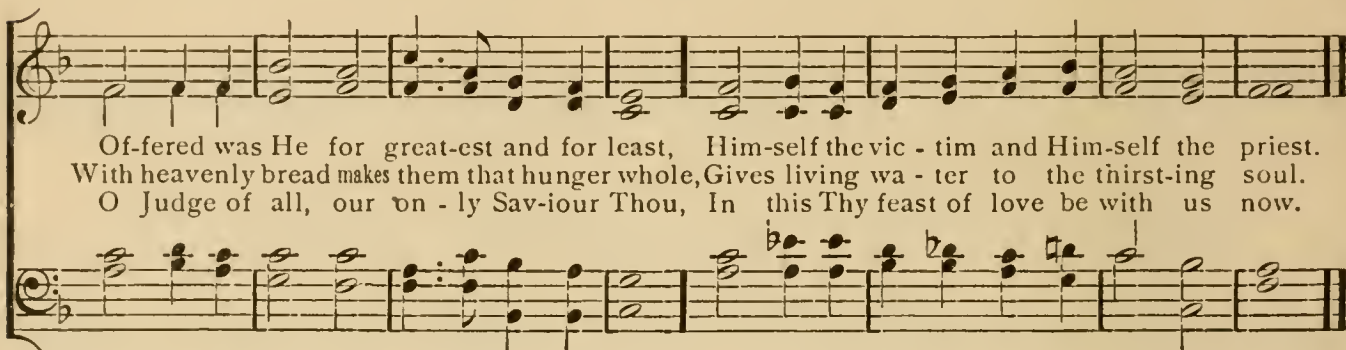
82 *Draw nigh and take the Body of your Lord*

John M. Neale, tr.

J. Langran



1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of your Lord; And drink the ho - ly blood for you outpoured.
 2. He, that in this world rules His saints, and shields, To all be - liev - ers life e - ter - nal yields;
 3. Approach ye then with faithful hearts sin - cere, And take the pledg - es of sal - va - tion here.

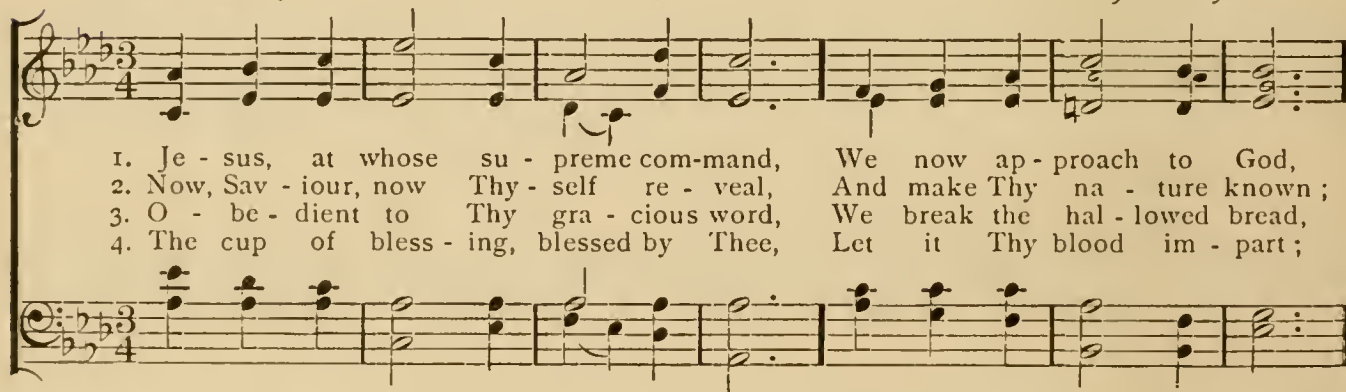


Of - fer - ed was He for great - est and for least, Him - self the vic - tim and Him - self the priest.
 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole, Gives living wa - ter to the thirst - ing soul.
 O Judge of all, our on - ly Sav - iour Thou, In this Thy feast of love be with us now.

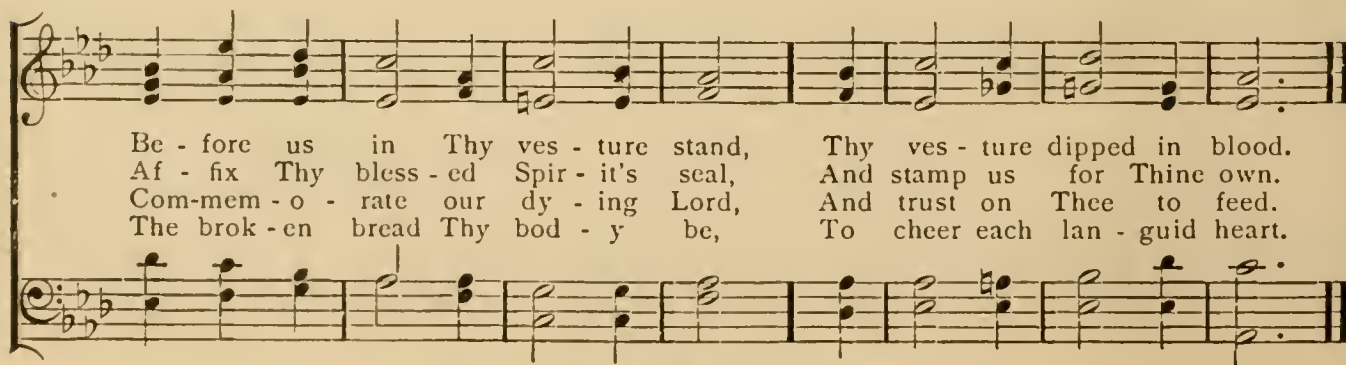
Jesus, at whose Supreme Command

Charles Wesley

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Je - sus, at whose su - preme com - mand, We now ap - proach to God,
 2. Now, Sav - iour, now Thy - self re - veal, And make Thy na - ture known;
 3. O - be - dient to Thy gra - cious word, We break the hal - lowed bread,
 4. The cup of bless - ing, blessed by Thee, Let it Thy blood im - part;



Be - fore us in Thy ves - ture stand, Thy ves - ture dipped in blood.
 Af - fix Thy bless - ed Spir - it's seal, And stamp us for Thine own.
 Com - mem - o - rate our dy - ing Lord, And trust on Thee to feed.
 The brok - en bread Thy bod - y be, To cheer each lan - guid heart.

Jesus Spreads His Banner o'er us

83

Roswell Park

Rev. J. B. Dykes

1. Je - sus spreads His ban - ner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food ;
 2. Pre-cious ban-quet ; bread of heav - en ; Wine of glad-ness, flow - ing free :
 3. In Thy tri - al and re - jec - tion ; In Thy suf-f'rings on the tree ;

He the ban - quet spreads be - fore us, Of His mys - tic flesh and blood.
 May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en In re-membrance, Lord, of Thee !
 In Thy glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion ; May we, Lord, re-mem - ber Thee !

Bread of the World in Mercy broken

Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber

Edward John Hopkins

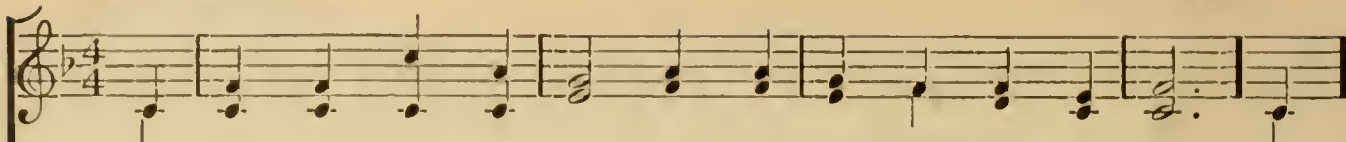
1. Bread of the world in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
 2. Look on the heart by sor - row brok - en, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed,

By whom the words of life were spok - en, And in whose death our sins are dead :
 And be Thy feast to us the to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

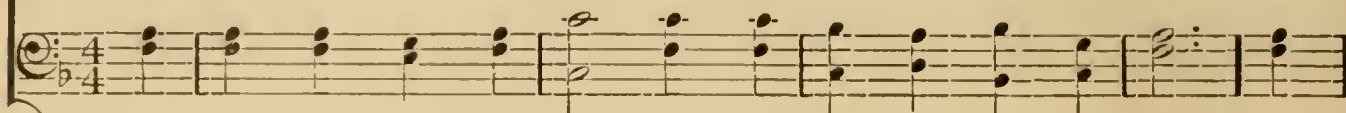
Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin

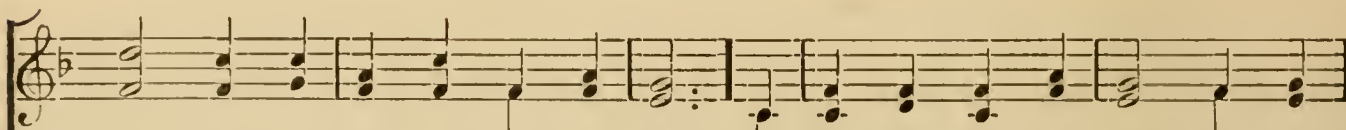
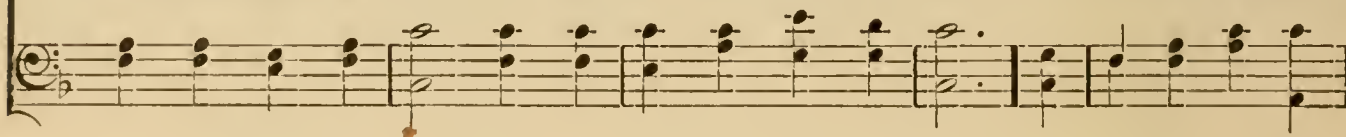
Arr. by L. Mason



1. Oh, Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love! Th
2. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine! He
3. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face; I



streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove: There, to an o - cean
brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to "His house of wine!" I stand up - on His
will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace— Not at the crown He



full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth, And
mer - it, I know no oth - er stand, Not ev'n where glo - ry dwell - eth, Not
giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand— The Lamb is all the glo - ry, The



glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Im - man - uel's land.
ev'n where glo - ry dwell - eth, Not ev'n where glo - ry dwelleth In Im - man - uel's land.
Lamb is all the glo - ry, The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

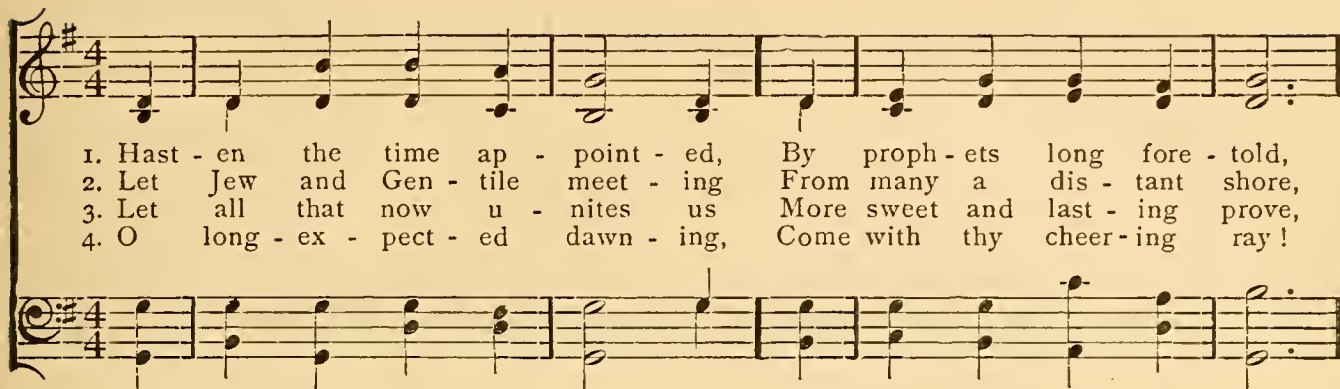


Hasten the Time appointed

85

Jane Borthwick, 1859

T. R. Matthews



1. Hast - en the time ap - point - ed, By proph - ets long fore - told,
 2. Let Jew and Gen - tile meet - ing From many a dis - tant shore,
 3. Let all that now u - nites us More sweet and last - ing prove,
 4. O long - ex - pect - ed dawn - ing, Come with thy cheer - ing ray!



When all shall be to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold.
 A - round one al - tar kneel - ing, One com - mon Lord a - dore.
 A clos - er bond of u - nion, In a blest land of love?
 When shall the morn - ing bright - en, The shad - ows flee a - way.



Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
 Let all that now di - vides us Re - move and pass a - way,
 Let war be learn'd no long - er, Let strife and tu - mult cease,
 O sweet an - ti - ci - pa - tion! It cheers the watch - ers on,

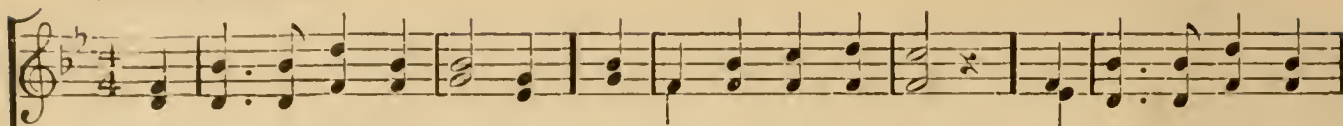


And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fer'd To God in Christ a - lone.
 Like shad - ows of the morn - ing Be - fore the blaze of day.
 All earth His bless - ed king - dom, The Lord and Prince of Peace.
 To pray, and hope, and la - bor, Till the dark night be gone. A - MEN.

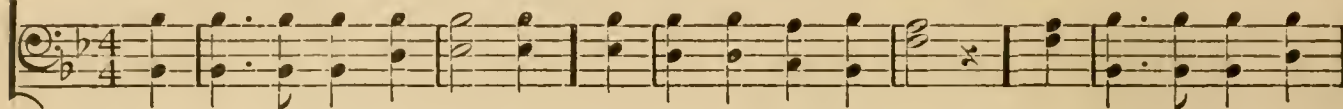
Hail to the Lord's Anointed

James Montgomery

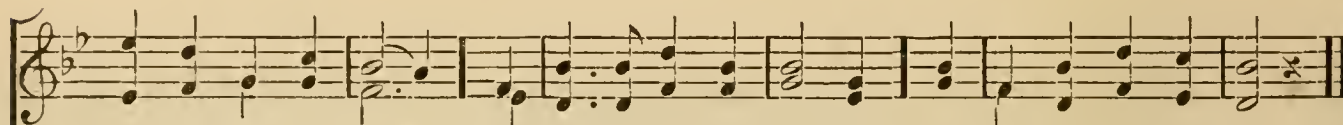
G. J. Webb



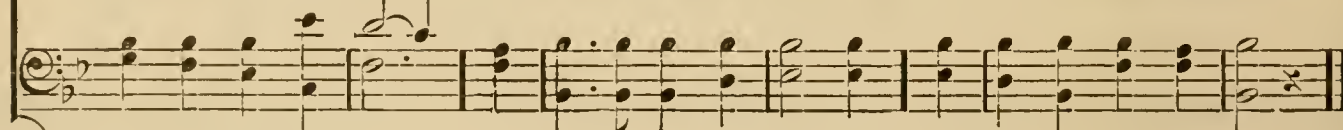
- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great Da-vid's greater Son! | Hail, in the time ap- |
| 2. He comes with succor speed-y, To those who suf-fer wrong; | To help the poor and |
| 3. He shall come down like showers Up-on the fruit-ful earth, | And love, and joy, like |
| 4. A - ra - bia's des-ert - ran-ger To Him shall bow the knee; | The E - thi - o - pian |



- | | |
|--|--|
| point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! | He comes to break op-pres-sion, To |
| need-y, And bid the weak be strong; | To give them songs for sigh-ing, Their |
| flow-ers, Spring in His path to birth: | Be-fore Him, on the mountains, Shall |
| stran-ger His glo-ry come to see: | With of-f'rings of de-vo-tion, Ships |



- | | |
|---|---|
| set the cap-tive free, | To take a-way trans-gress-ion, And rule in eq-ui-ty. |
| darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, | Were precious in His sight. |
| peace the her-ald go, | And righteousness in fountains From hill to val-ley flow. |
| from the isles shall meet, | To pour the wealth of o-cean In trib-ute at His feet. |



- 5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him;
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

- 6 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend:
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

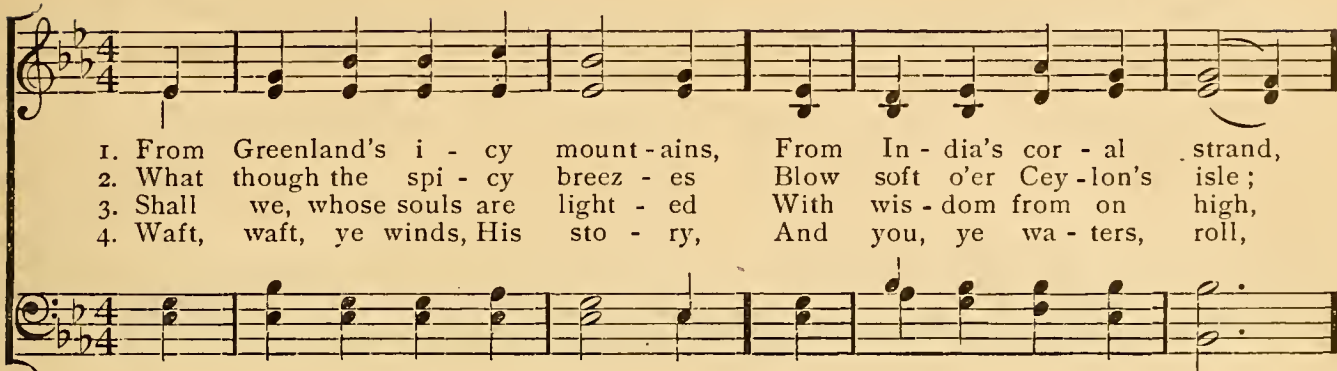
- 7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

87

Bp. Heber, 1819

Dr. Lowell Mason



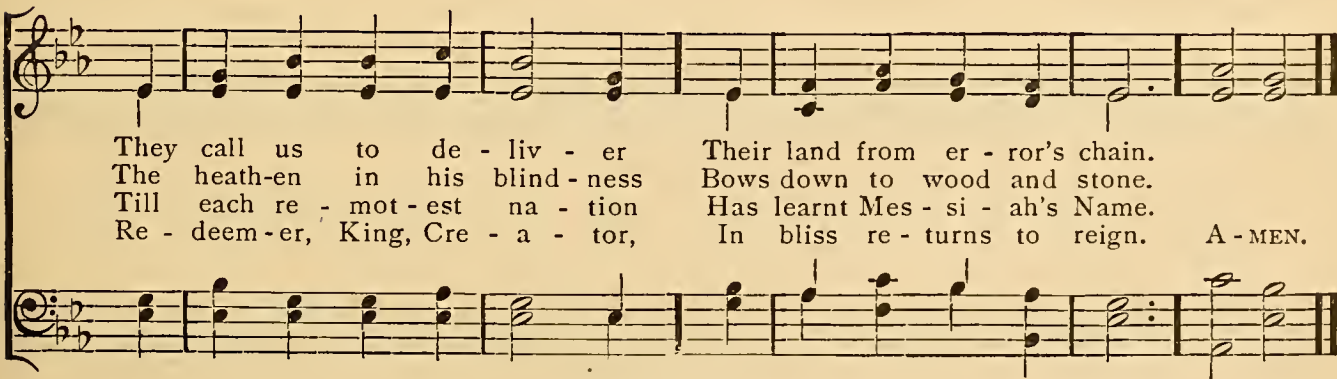
1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
 Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
 Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion, The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



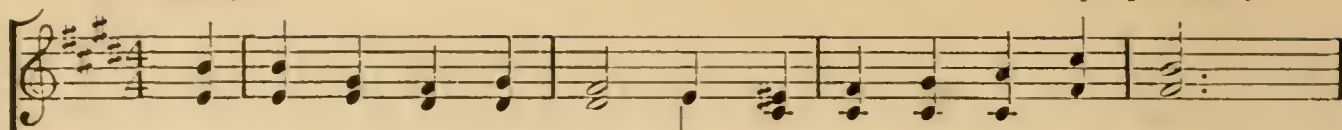
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's Name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - MEN.

MISSIONS

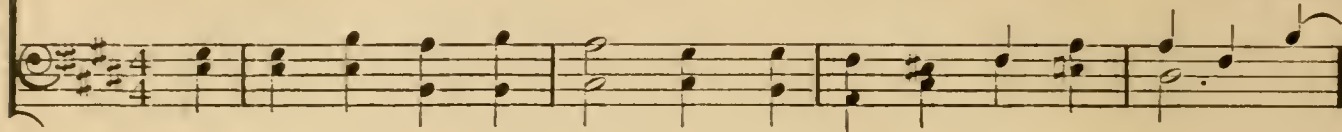
Now be the Gospel Banner

T. Hastings

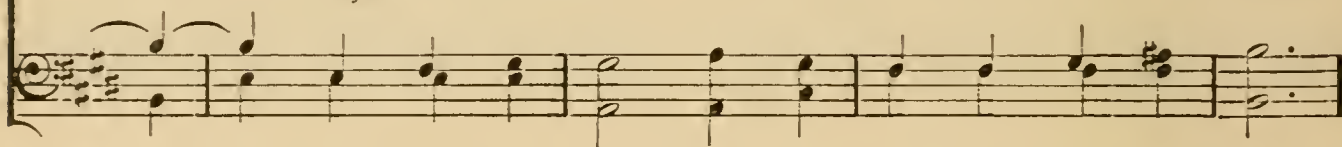
Joseph Barnby



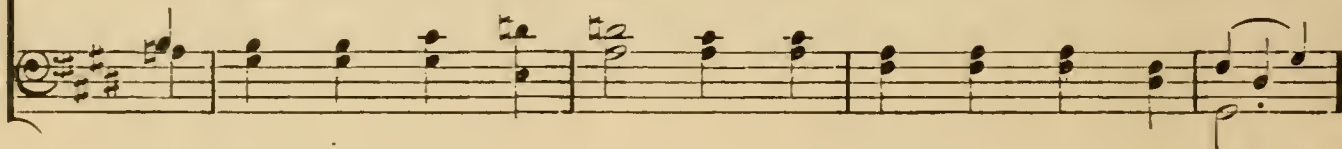
1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un - furled :
 2. Yes, Thou shalt reign for - ev - er O Je - sus, King of kings! And be....
Thy light..



And be the shout,—“Ho - san - na!” Re - ech - oed thro' the world;
 Thy light, ^{the} Thy love, Thy fa - vor, Each ran - somed cap - tive sings:
 Thy



Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue,
 The isles for Thee are wait - ing, The des - erts learn Thy praise,



Re - ceives the great sal - va - tion, And joins the hap - py throng.
 The hills and val - leys greet - ing, The song re - spon - sive raise.



Uplift the Banner! Let it Float

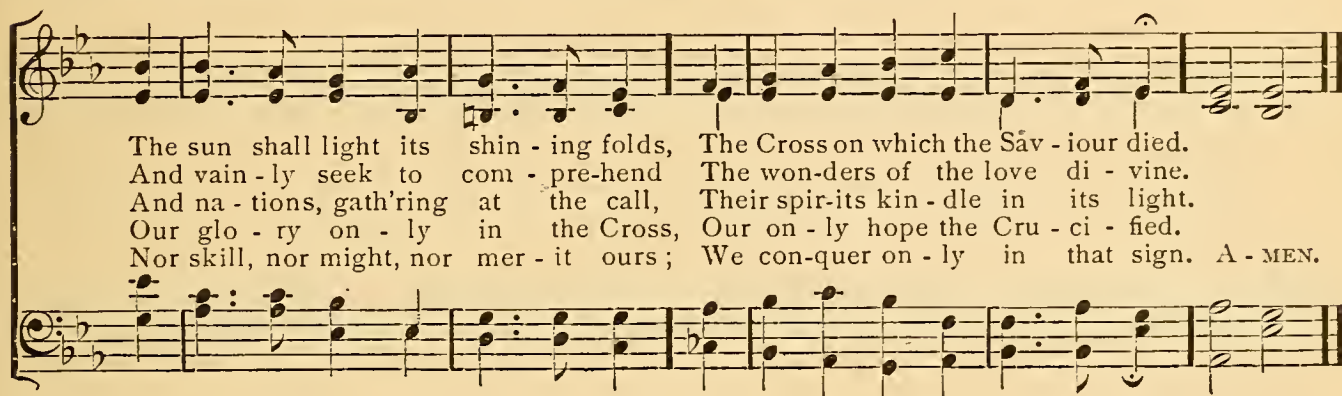
89

Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D., alt.

John Baptiste Calkin



1. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide ;
 2. Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
 3. Up - lift the ban - ner! Hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
 4. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide ;
 5. Up - lift the ban - ner! Wide and high, Sea - ward and sky - ward let it shine :

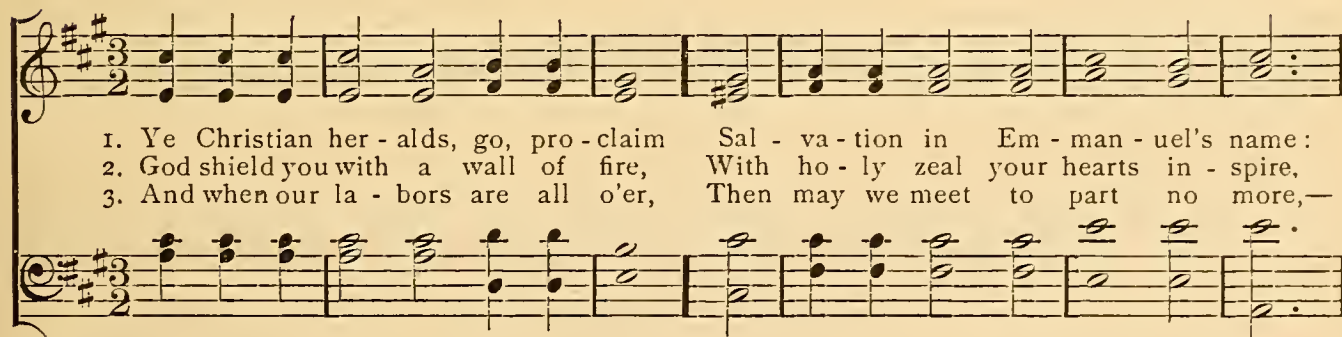


The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The Cross on which the Sav - iour died.
 And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - ders of the love di - vine.
 And na - tions, gath'ring at the call, Their spir - its kin - dle in its light.
 Our glo - ry on - ly in the Cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours ; We con - quer on - ly in that sign. A - MEN.

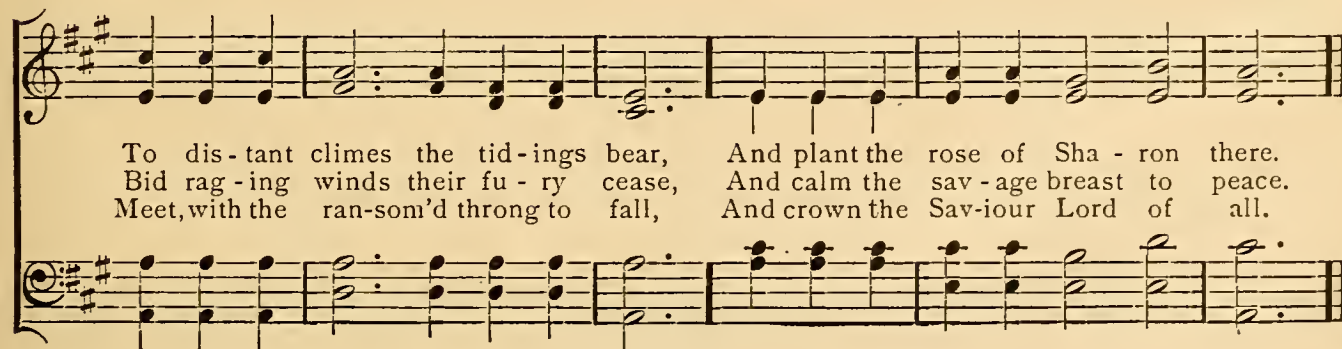
Ye Christian Heralds, go, Proclaim

B. H. Draper

H. C. Zeuner



1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro - claim Sal - va - tion in Em - man - uel's name :
 2. God shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire,
 3. And when our la - bors are all o'er, Then may we meet to part no more,—



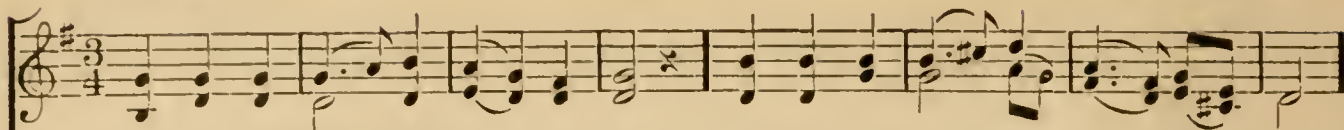
To dis - tant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.
 Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.
 Meet, with the ran - som'd throng to fall, And crown the Sav - iour Lord of all.

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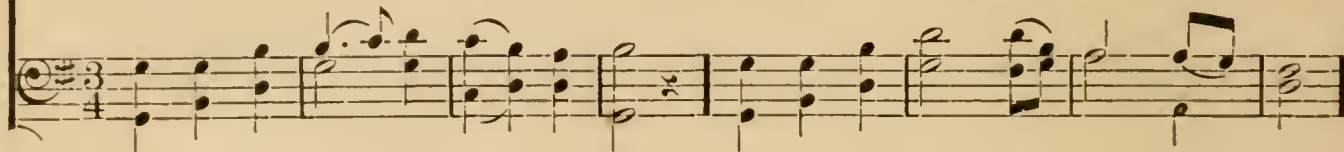
Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun

Isaac Watts

F. M. A. Venua



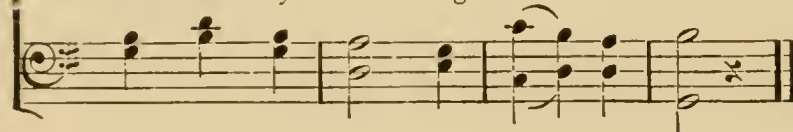
1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run ;
 2. For Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And prais-es throng to crown His head ;
 3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song ;



His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
 His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice,
 And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name,



Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.



4.

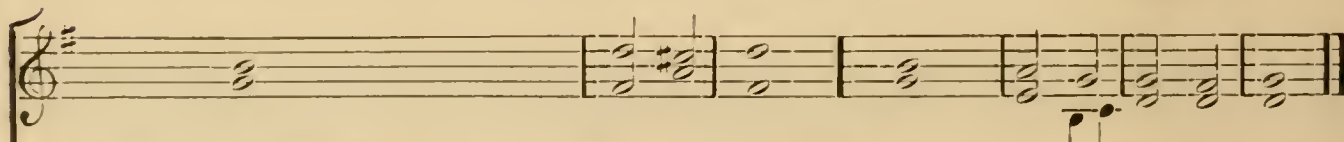
Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to burst his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5.

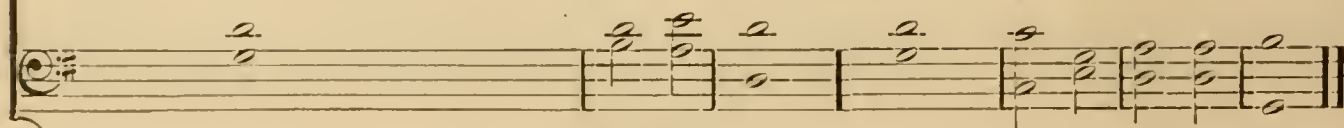
Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen.

Gloria Patri

W. Dyce



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and 'to the Son, **and**..... to 'the Ho - ly Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with-out 'end. A - = MEN.

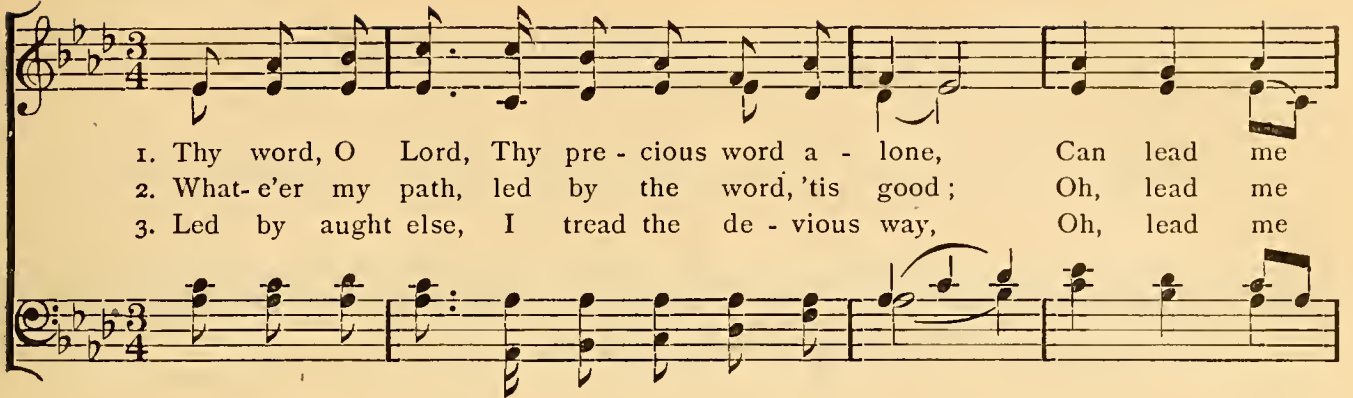


Thy Word, O Lord

91

Albert Midlane

J. B. Dykes



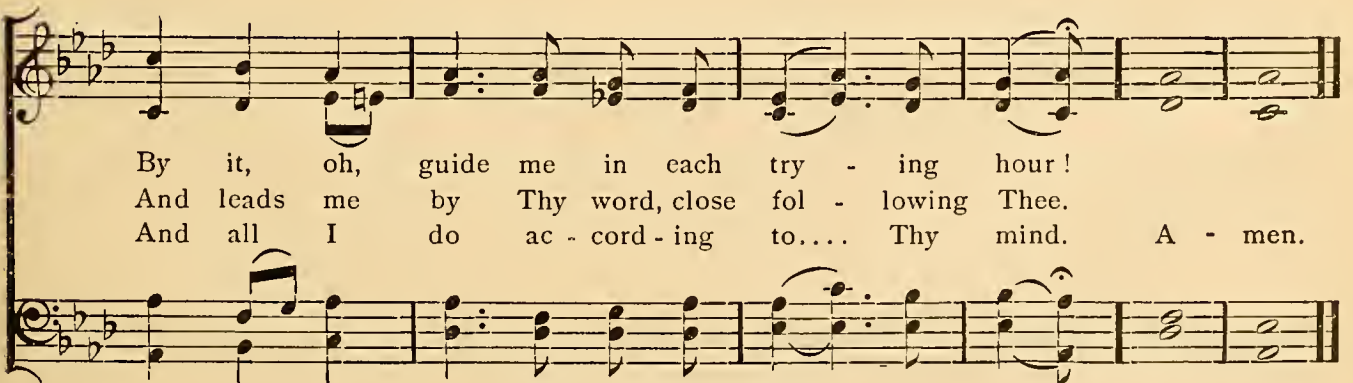
1. Thy word, O Lord, Thy pre - cious word a - lone, Can lead me
2. What-e'er my path, led by the word, 'tis good; Oh, lead me
3. Led by aught else, I tread the de - vious way, Oh, lead me



on; By this, un - til the dark - some night be gone,
on! Be my poor heart Thy bless - ed word's a - - bode,
on! Speak, Lord, and help me ev - er to o - - bey,



Lead Thou me on! Thy word is light, Thy word is life and power;
Lead Thou me on! Thy Ho - ly Spir - it gives the light to see,
Lead Thou me on! My ev - 'ry step shall then be well de - fined,

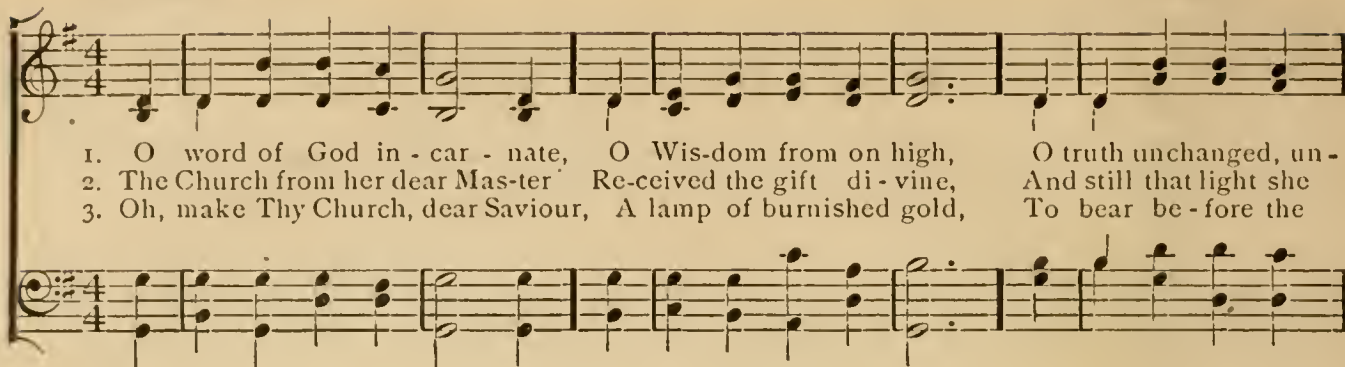


By it, oh, guide me in each try - ing hour!
And leads me by Thy word, close fol - lowing Thee.
And all I do ac - cord - ing to... Thy mind. A - men.

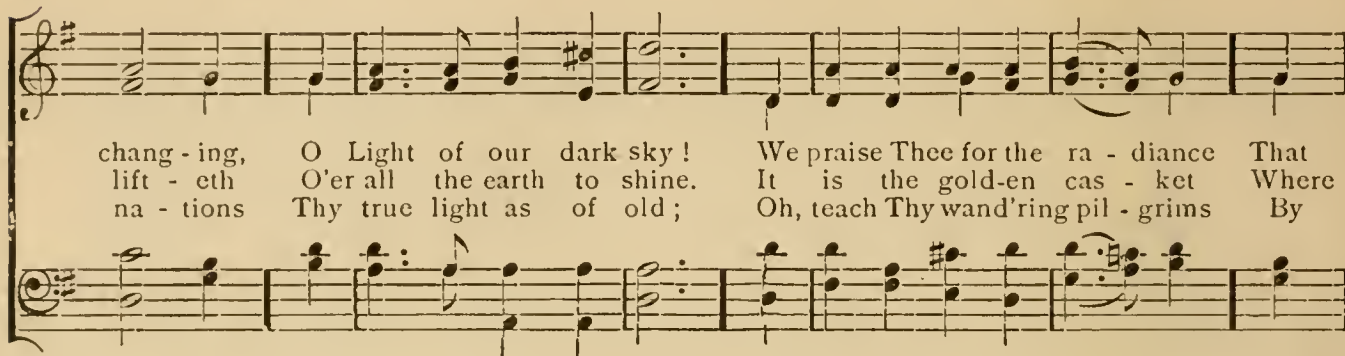
O Word of God Incarnate

William W. How

T. R. Matthews



1. O word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O truth unchanged, un -
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine, And still that light she
 3. Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of burnished gold, To bear be - fore the



chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise Thee for the ra - diance That
 lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the gold - en cas - ket Where
 na - tions Thy true light as of old; Oh, teach Thy wand'ring pil - grims By

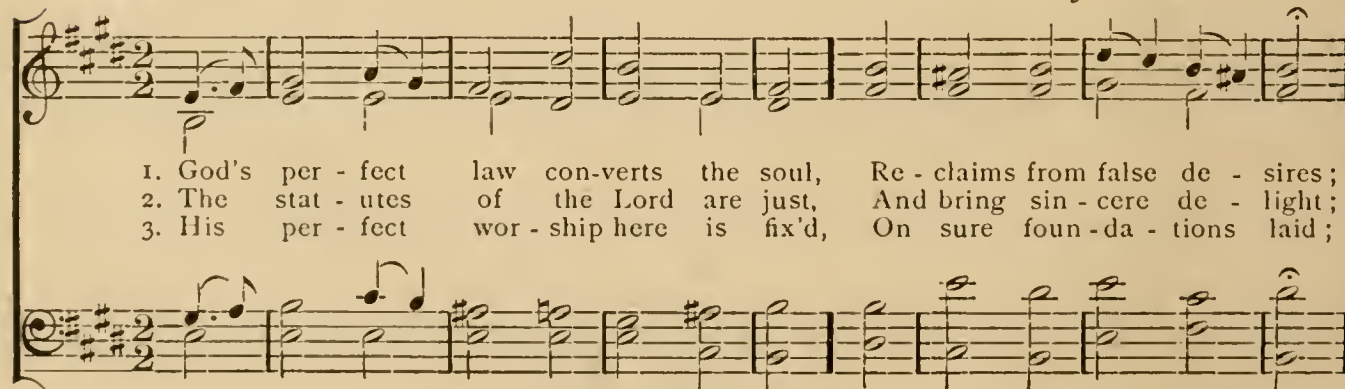


from the hallowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shine on from age to age.
 gems of truth are stored, It is the heaven - drawn picture Of Christ the Liv - ing Word.
 this their path to trace, Till, clouds of darkness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

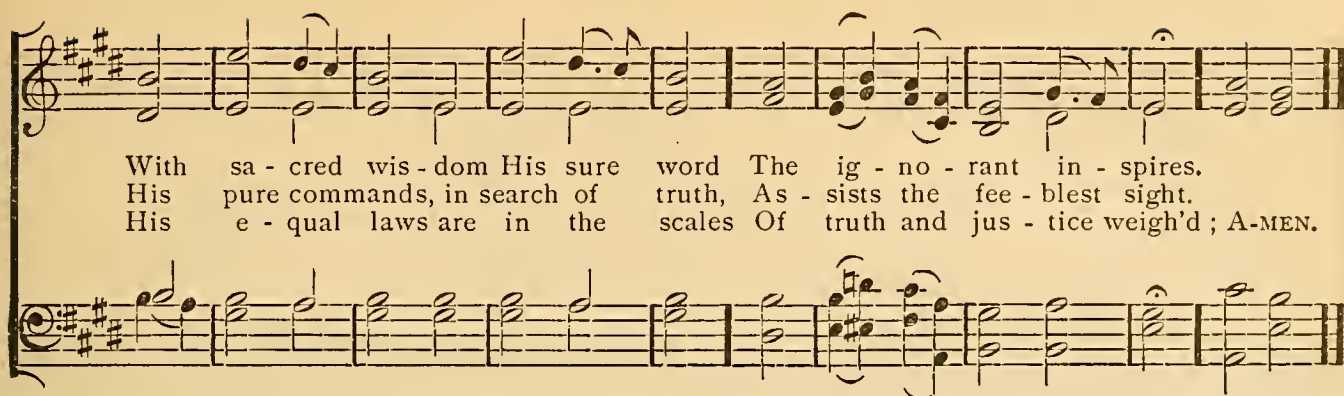
God's Perfect Law converts the Soul

Metrical Psalm

J. F. Burrowes



1. God's per - fect law con - verts the soul, Re - claims from false de - sires;
 2. The stat - utes of the Lord are just, And bring sin - cere de - light;
 3. His per - fect wor - ship here is fix'd, On sure foun - da - tions laid;



With sa - cred wis - dom His sure word The ig - no - rant in - spires.
His pure commands, in search of truth, As - sists the fee - blest sight.
His e - qual laws are in the scales Of truth and jus - tice weigh'd ; A-MEN.

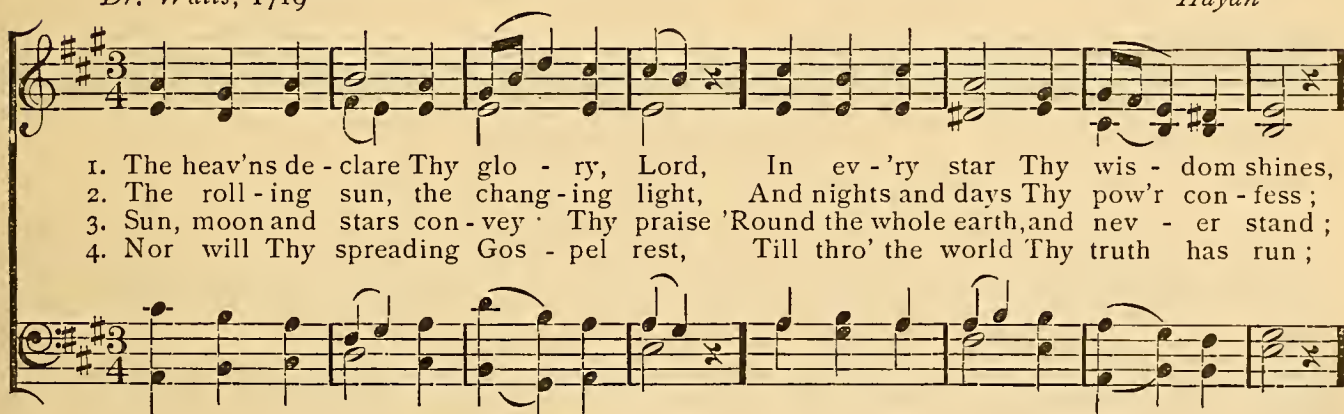
4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give ;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by Thy precepts live. AMEN.

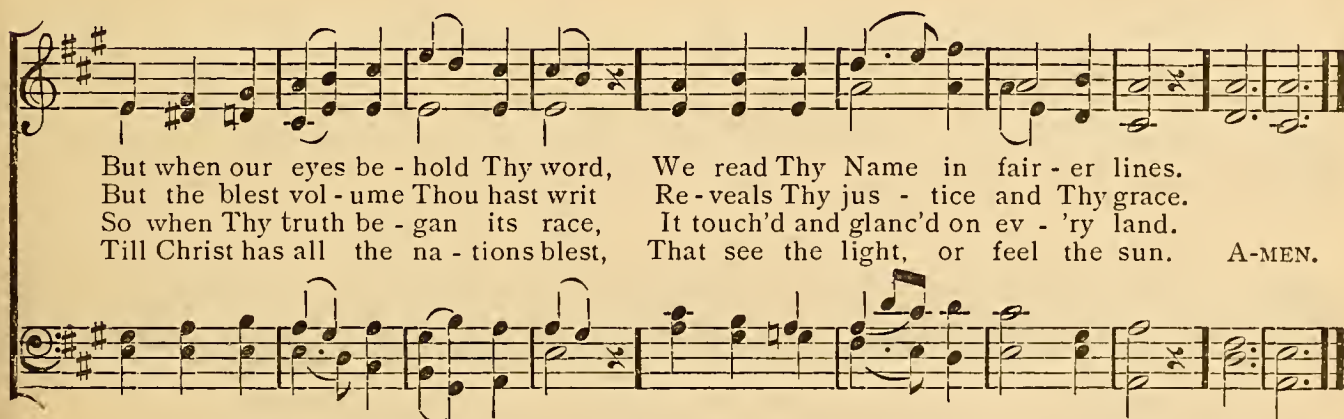
The Heavens declare Thy Glory, Lord

Dr. Watts, 1719

Haydn



1. The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines,
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r con - fess ;
3. Sun, moon and stars con - vey Thy praise 'Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand ;
4. Nor will Thy spreading Gos - pel rest, Till thro' the world Thy truth has run ;



But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy Name in fair - er lines.
But the blest vol - ume Thou hast writ Re - veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.
So when Thy truth be - gan its race, It touch'd and glanc'd on ev - 'ry land.
Till Christ has all the na - tions blest, That see the light, or feel the sun. A-MEN.

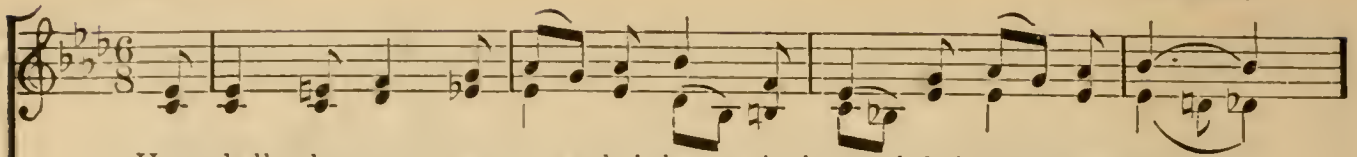
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :
' Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven. AMEN.

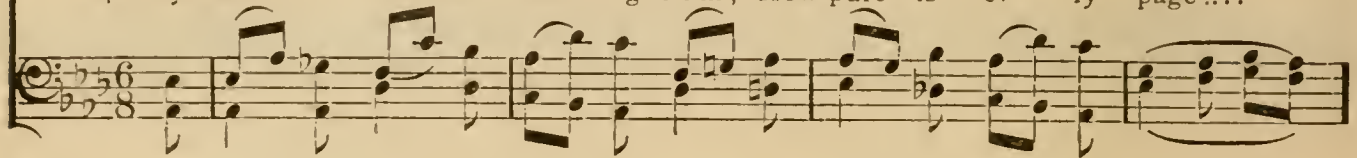
94 *How shall the Young secure their Hearts*

Isaac Watts

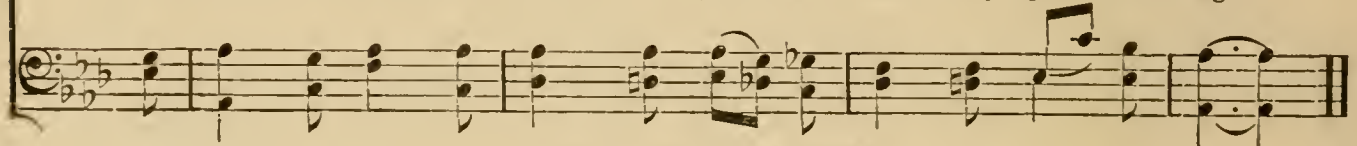
S. M. Bixby



1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts And guard their lives from sin?....
2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad...
3. 'Tis, like the sun, a heav'n - ly light, That guides us all the day,....
4. Thy word is ev - er - last - ing truth; How pure is ev - 'ry page!...



Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts To keep the con - science clean.
 The mean - est souls in - struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.
 And thro' the dan - gers of... the night A lamp to lead our way.
 That ho - ly book shall guide our youth And well sup - port our age.

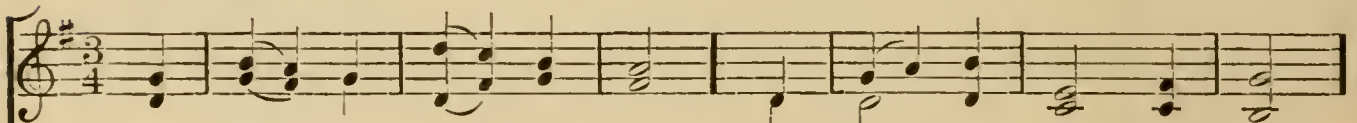


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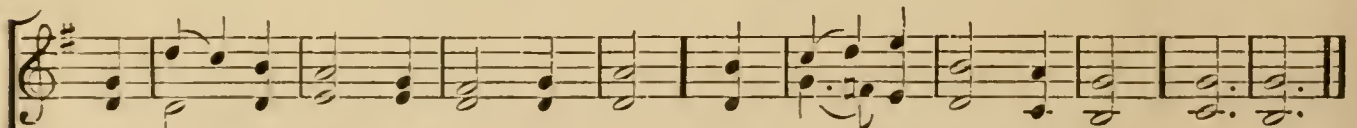
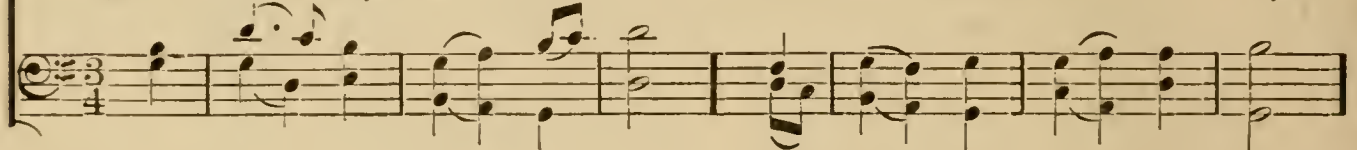
Behold the Morning Sun

Dr. Watts, 1719

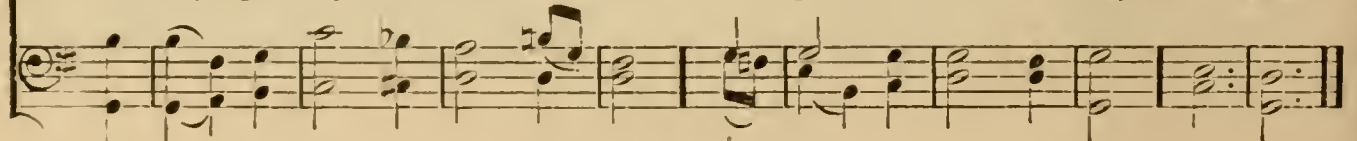
G. F. Handel



1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way!
2. But where the Gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light;
3. My gra - cious God, how plain Are Thy di - rec - tions given!
4. I.. hear Thy word with love, And I would fain o - bey;



His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
 It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
 O may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.
 Send Thy good Spir - it from a - bove, To guide me, lest I stray. A - MEN.



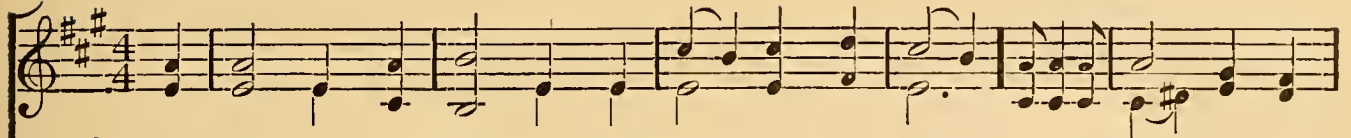
THE SCRIPTURES

Come hither, ye Faithful

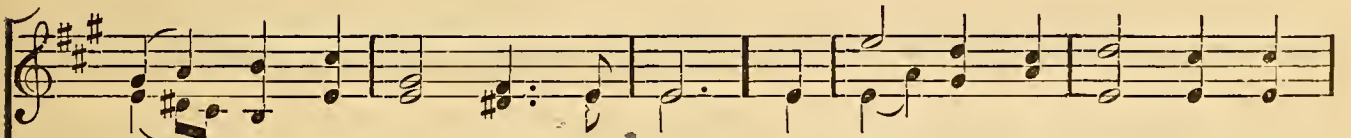
95

Tr. Rev. E. Caswall

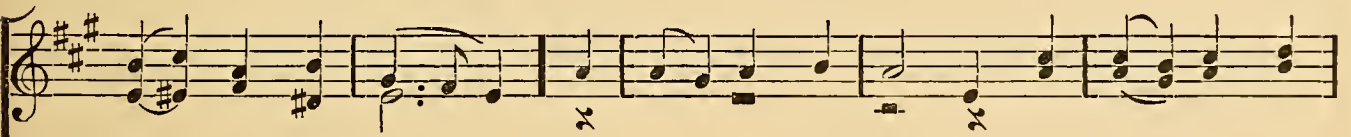
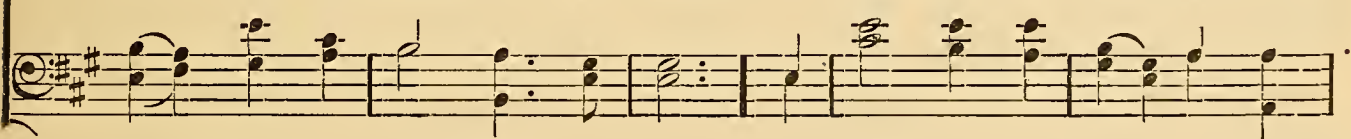
M. A. "Portagallo," 1790



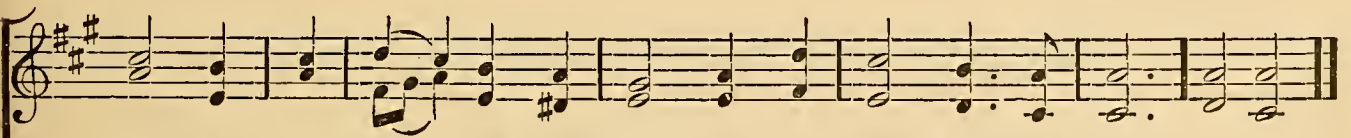
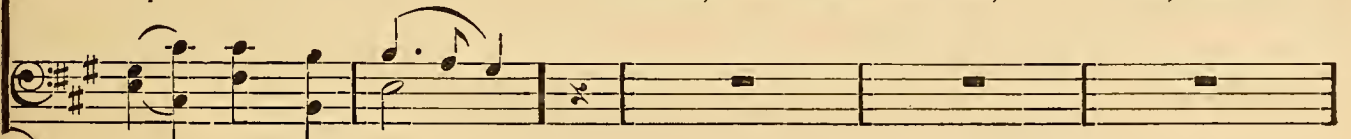
1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph - ant - ly sing! Come, see in the
 2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To be born of a
 3. Hark, hark, to the an - gels! All sing - ing in heaven, "To God in the
 4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, This day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and



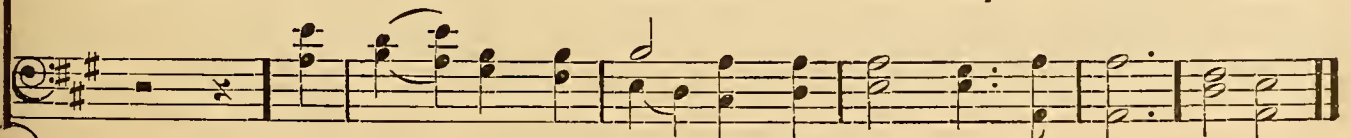
man - ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
 Vir - gin He doth not de - spise. To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
 high - est All glo - ry giv - en!" To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
 hon - or Thro' heav - en and earth: True God - head In - car - nate! Om -



joy - ful ac - cord..... O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
 joy - ful ac - cord..... O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
 joy - ful ac - cord..... O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
 nip - o - tent Word!... O come, let us hast - en, O come, let us



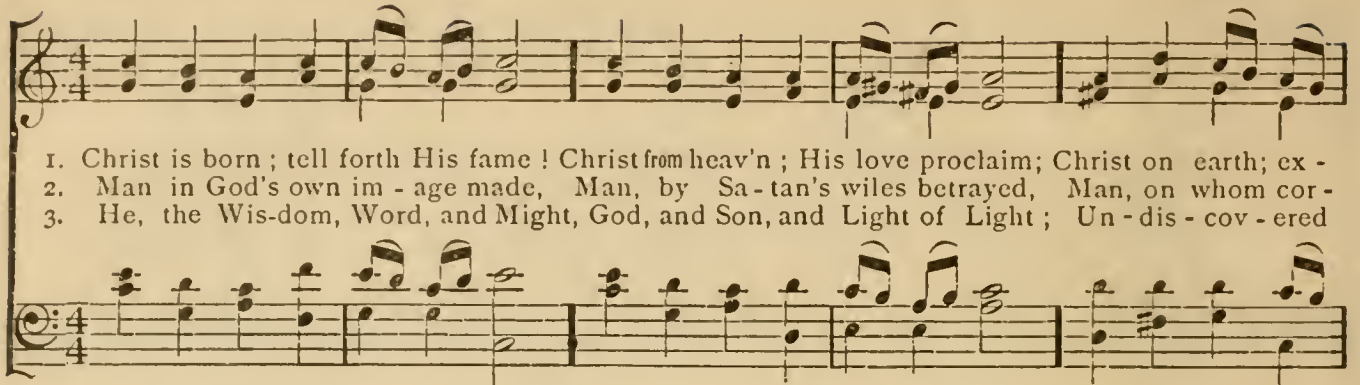
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!
 hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!
 hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!
 hast - en, O come, let us hast - en To wor - ship the Lord! A-MEN.



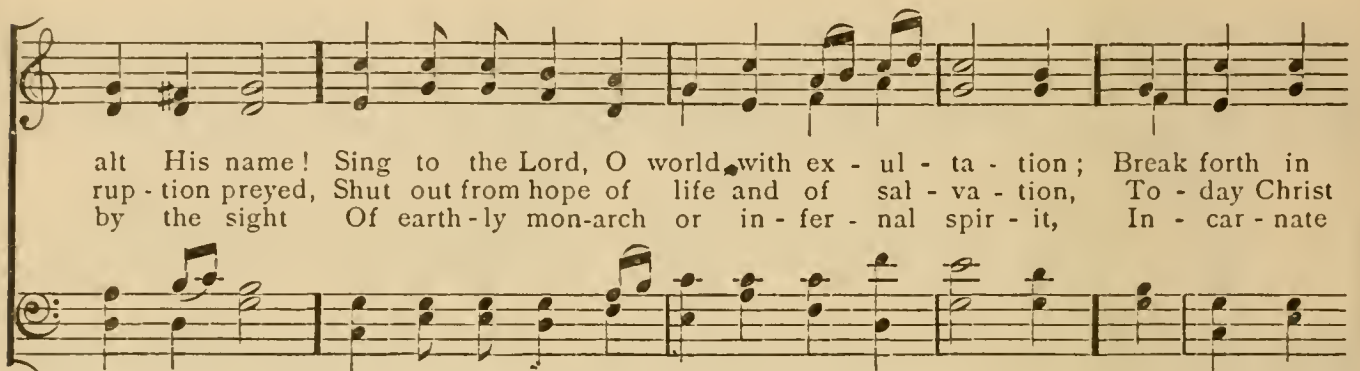
Christ is Born; tell forth His Fame

John M. Neale, tr.

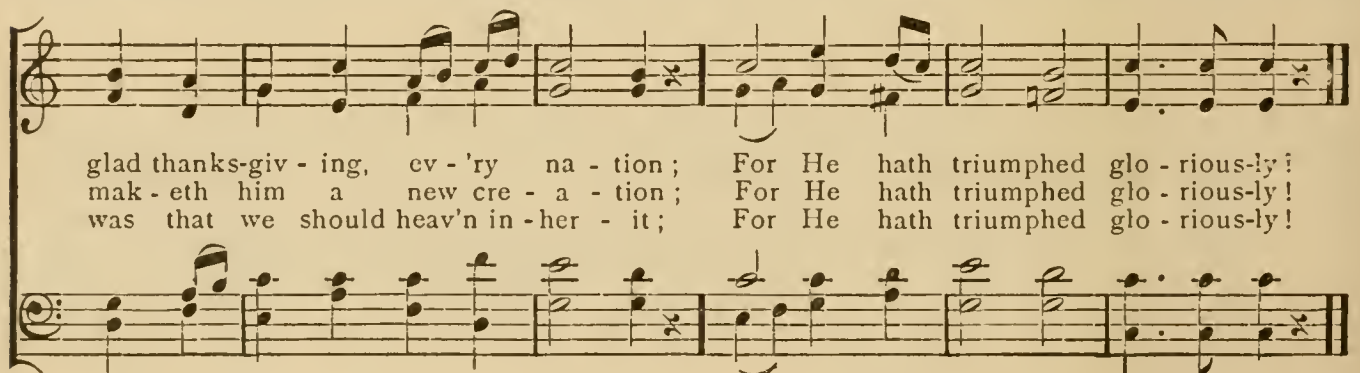
C. Gounod



1. Christ is born; tell forth His fame! Christ from heav'n; His love proclaim; Christ on earth; ex -
 2. Man in God's own im - age made, Man, by Sa - tan's wiles betrayed, Man, on whom cor -
 3. He, the Wis - dom, Word, and Might, God, and Son, and Light of Light; Un - dis - cov - ered



alt His name! Sing to the Lord, O world, with ex - ul - ta - tion; Break forth in
 rup - tion preyed, Shut out from hope of life and of sal - va - tion, To - day Christ
 by the sight Of earth - ly mon - arch or in - fer - nal spir - it, In - car - nate

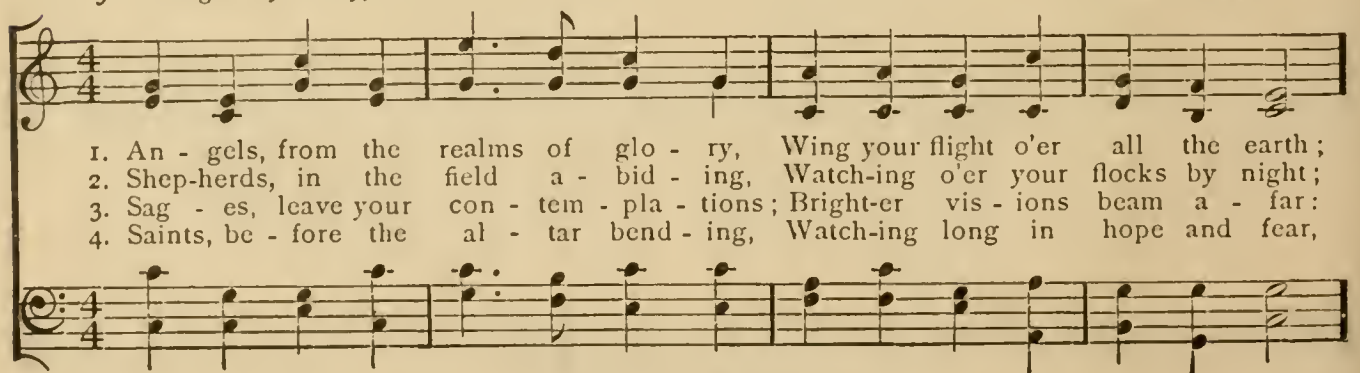


glad thanks-giv - ing, ev - 'ry na - tion; For He hath triumphed glo - rious - ly!
 mak - eth him a new cre - a - tion; For He hath triumphed glo - rious - ly!
 was that we should heav'n in - her - it; For He hath triumphed glo - rious - ly!

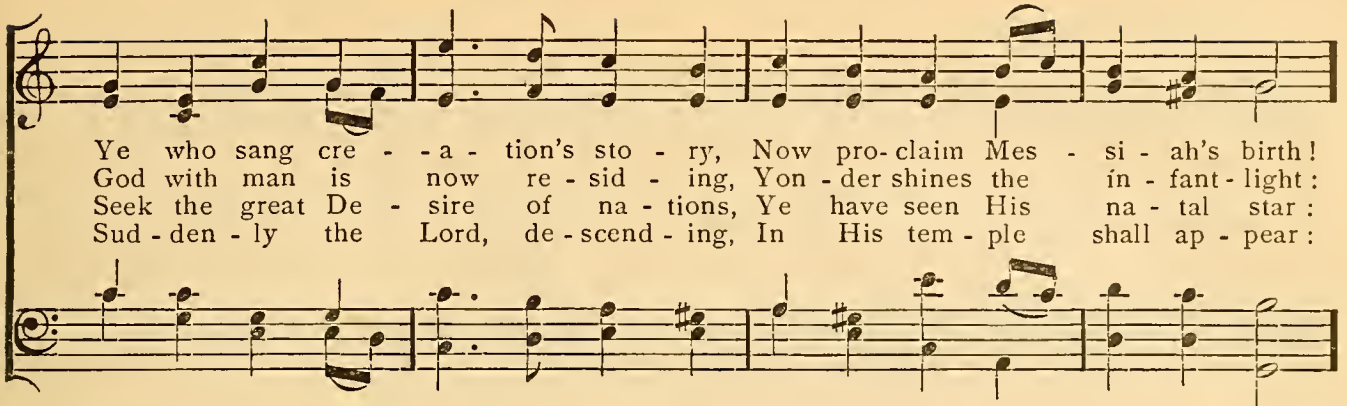
Angels from the Realms of Glory

J. Montgomery, 1819.

Henry Smart

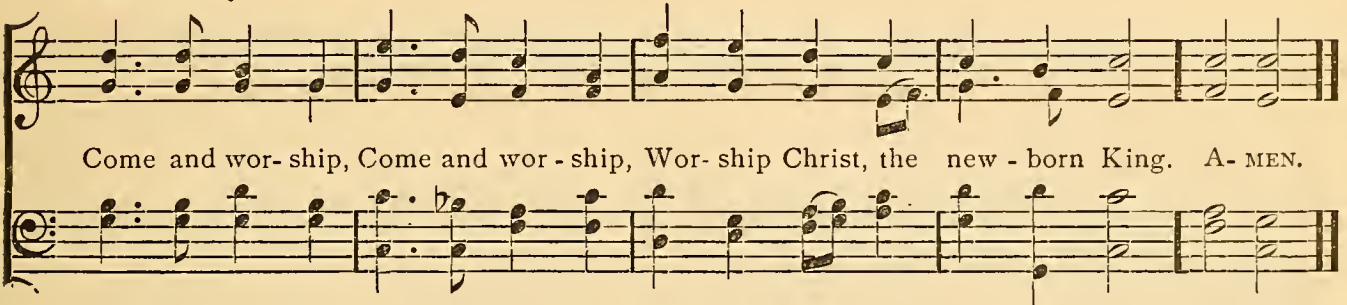


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 2. Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night;
 3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions; Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far:
 4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth!
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant - light:
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star:
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear:

REFRAIN.

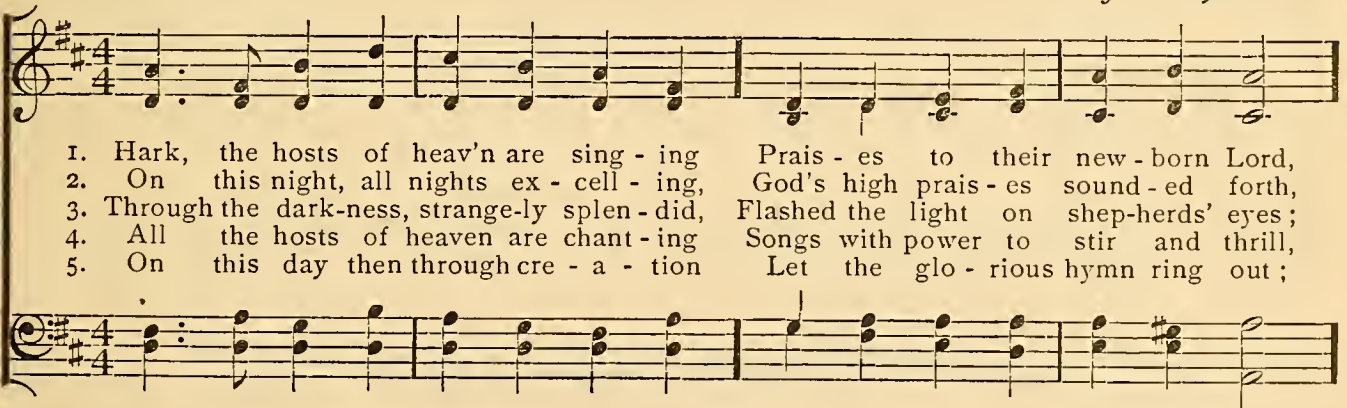


Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King. A - MEN.

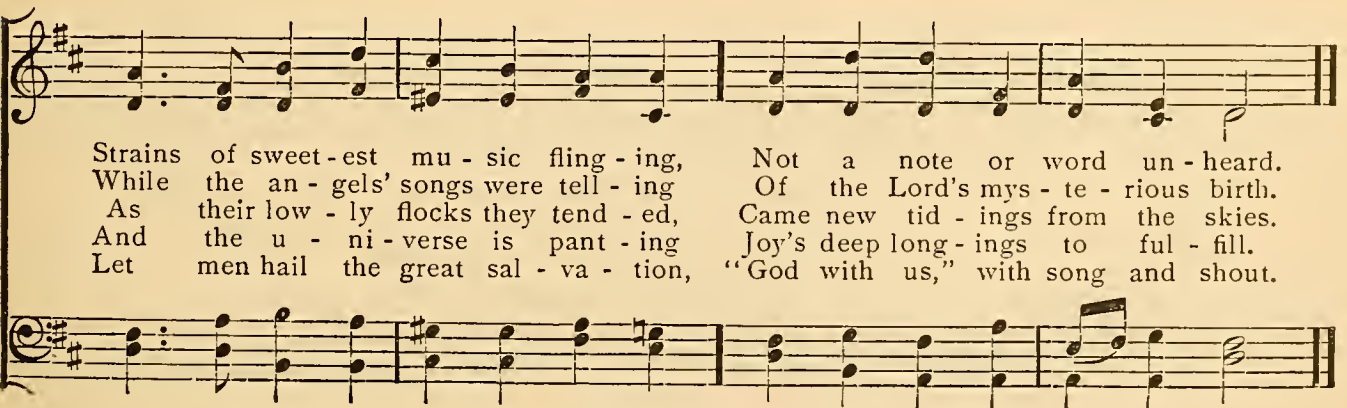
Hark, the Hosts of Heaven are Singing

E. H. Plumptre

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Hark, the hosts of heav'n are sing - ing Prais - es to their new - born Lord,
 2. On this night, all nights ex - cell - ing, God's high prais - es sound - ed forth,
 3. Through the dark - ness, strange - ly splen - did, Flashed the light on shep - herds' eyes;
 4. All the hosts of heaven are chant - ing Songs with power to stir and thrill,
 5. On this day then through cre - a - tion Let the glo - rious hymn ring out;

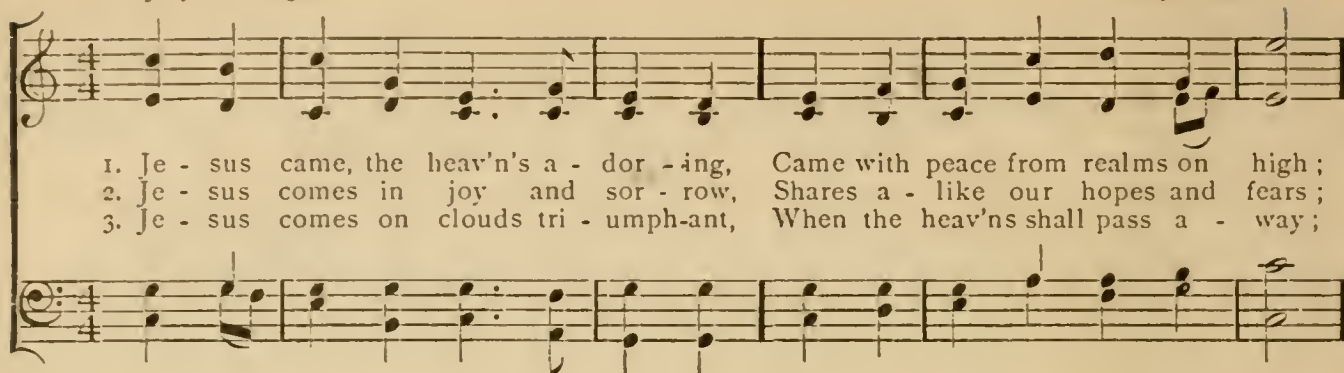


Strains of sweet - est mu - sic fling - ing, Not a note or word un - heard.
 While the an - gels' songs were tell - ing Of the Lord's mys - te - rious birth.
 As their low - ly flocks they tend - ed, Came new tid - ings from the skies.
 And the u - ni - verse is pant - ing Joy's deep long - ings to ful - fill.
 Let men hail the great sal - va - tion, "God with us," with song and shout.

Jesus came, the Heavens adoring

Godfrey Thring

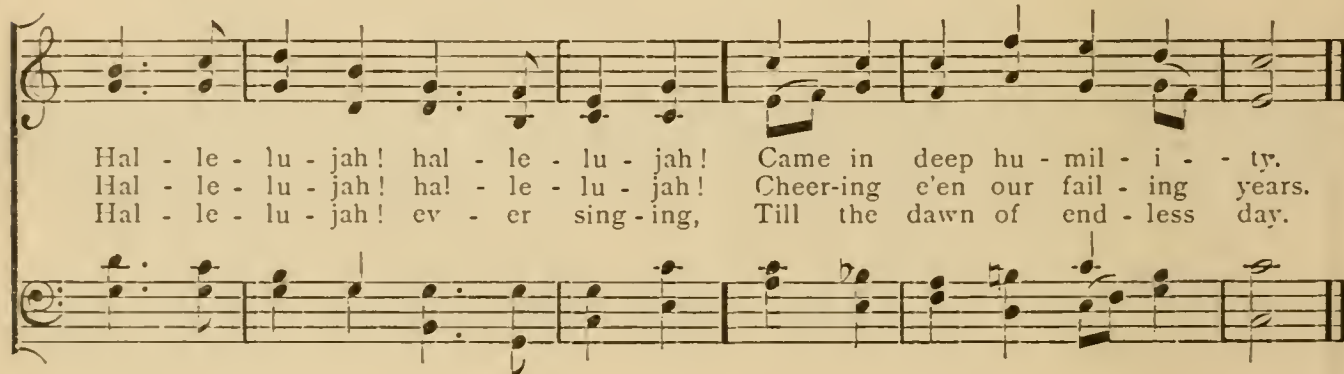
Henry Smart



1. Je - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high ;
 2. Je - sus comes in joy and sor - row, Shares a - like our hopes and fears ;
 3. Je - sus comes on clouds tri - umph - ant, When the heav'n's shall pass a - way ;



Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to.. die ;
 Je - sus comes, what - e'er be - fall us, Glads our hearts, and dries our tears ;
 Je - sus comes a - gain in glo - ry ; Let us then our hom - age pay ;

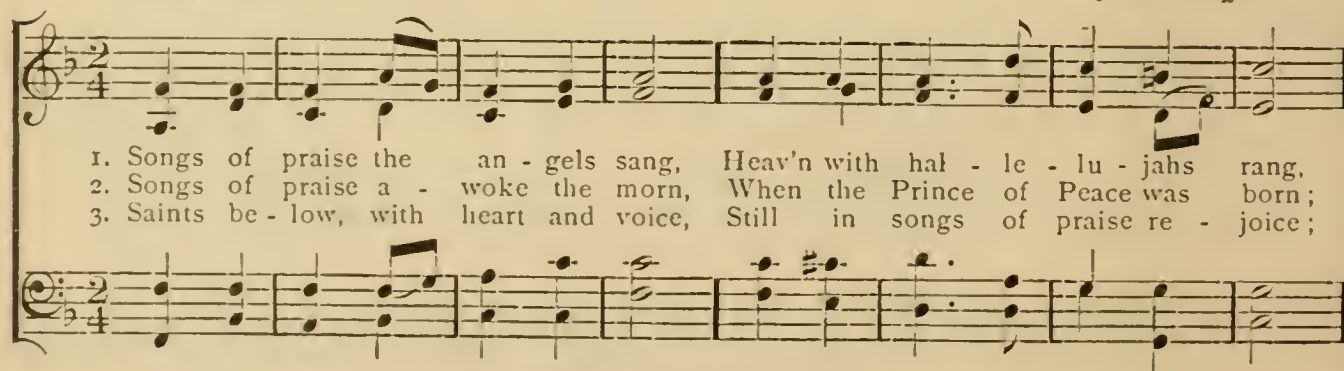


Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Came in deep hu - mil - i - - ty.
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Cheer - ing e'en our fail - ing years.
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! ev - er sing - ing, Till the dawn of end - less day.

Songs of Praise the Angels sang

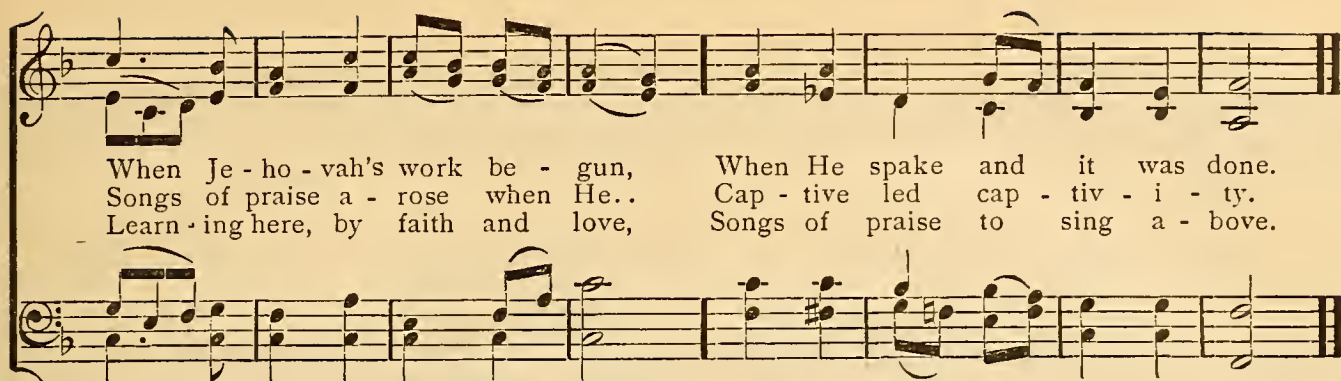
Jas. Montgomery

J. W. Tufts



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,
 2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice ;

CHRIST'S NATIVITY



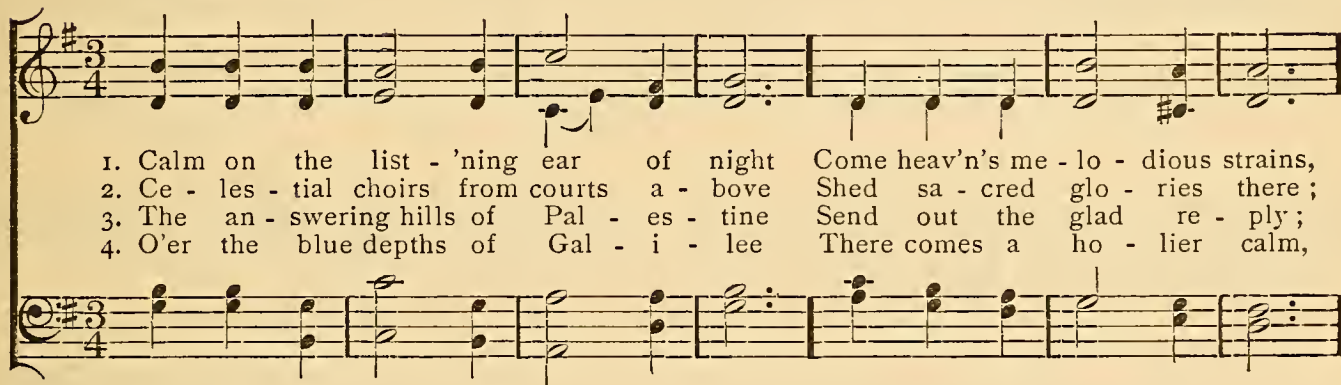
When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.
Songs of praise a - rose when He.. Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
Learn - ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.

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Calm on the Listening Ear of Night

E. H. Sears, 1838

Rev. Dr. Dykes



1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
3. The an - swering hills of Pal - es - tine Send out the glad re - ply;
4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,



Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-man - tled plains.
And an - gels, with their spark - ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The Day-Spring from on high.
And Sha - ron waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm. A - MEN.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn. AMEN.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Joy to the World

Isaac Watts, 1719

S. M. Bixby

Andante maestoso.

marcato.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;
 2. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
 He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found.

Joy to the world, the Sav - iour reigns: Let men their songs em - ploy;
 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat their sound - ing joy.
 The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love.

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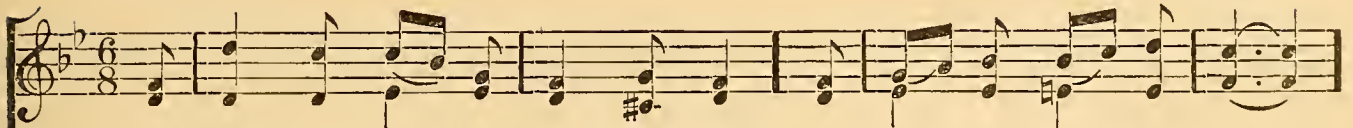
CHRIST'S NATIVITY

It came upon the Midnight Clear

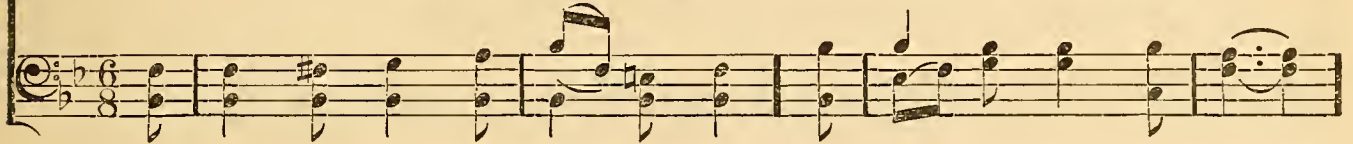
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Edwin H. Sears

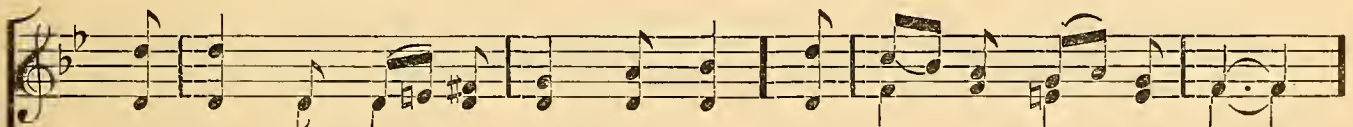
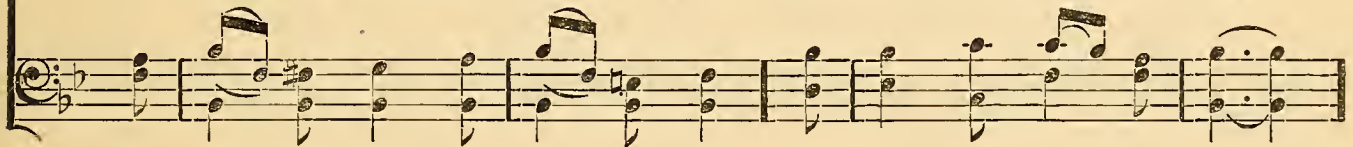
R. S. Willis



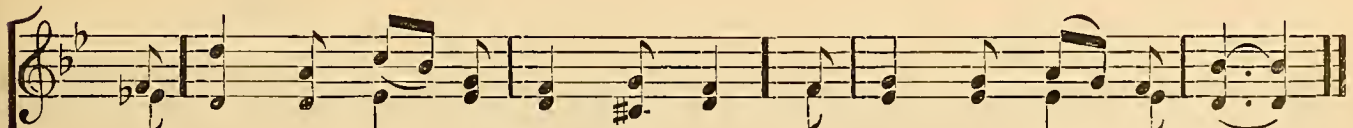
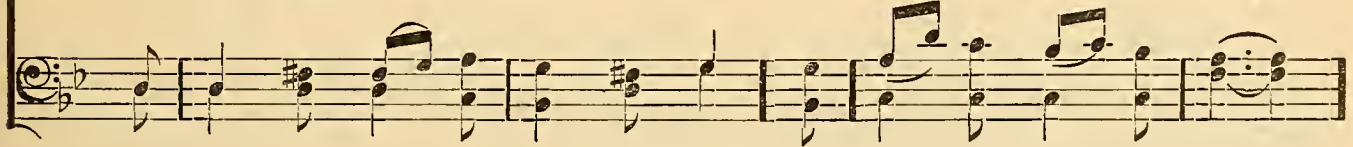
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still through the clov - en skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled ;
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - et - bards fore - told,



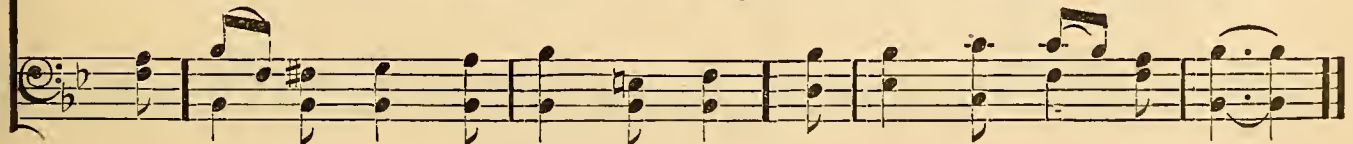
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold ;
And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world ;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow ;—
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold !



"Peace to the earth, good-will to men," From heaven's all - gra - cious King :
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n - ly wing,
Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing ;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splen - dors fling,



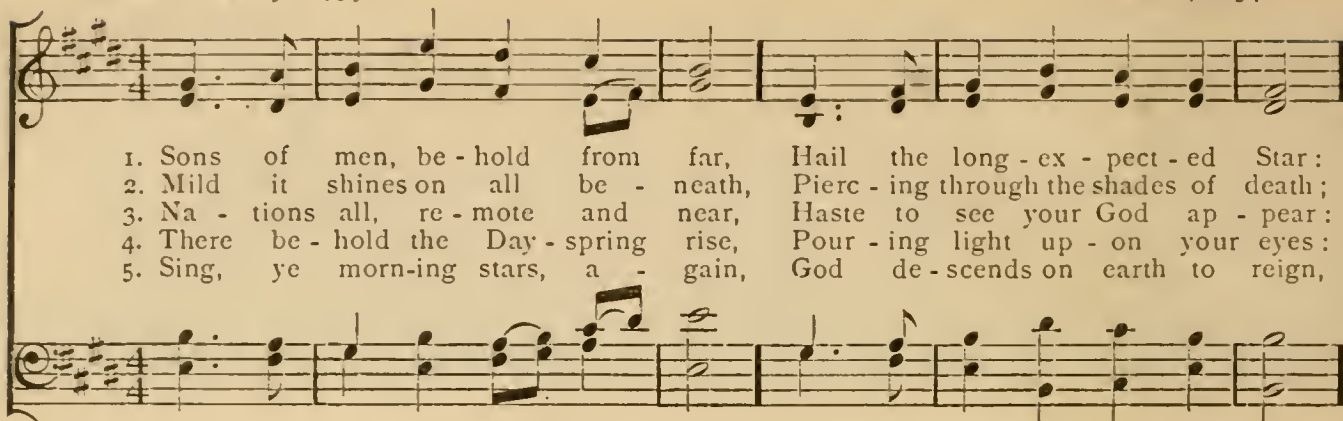
The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing !
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing !



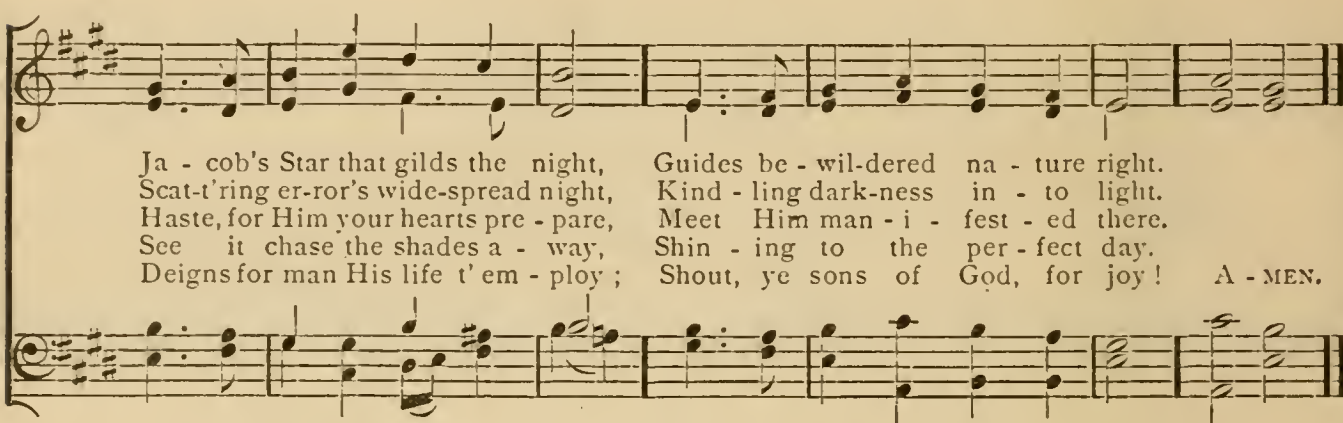
Sons of Men, Behold from Far

Rev. C. Wesley, 1739

Thibaut, 1254



1. Sons of men, be-hold from far, Hail the long-ex-pect-ed Star:
 2. Mild it shines on all be-neath, Pierc-ing through the shades of death;
 3. Na-tions all, re-mote and near, Haste to see your God ap-pear:
 4. There be-hold the Day-spring rise, Pour-ing light up-on your eyes:
 5. Sing, ye morn-ing stars, a-gain, God de-scends on earth to reign,

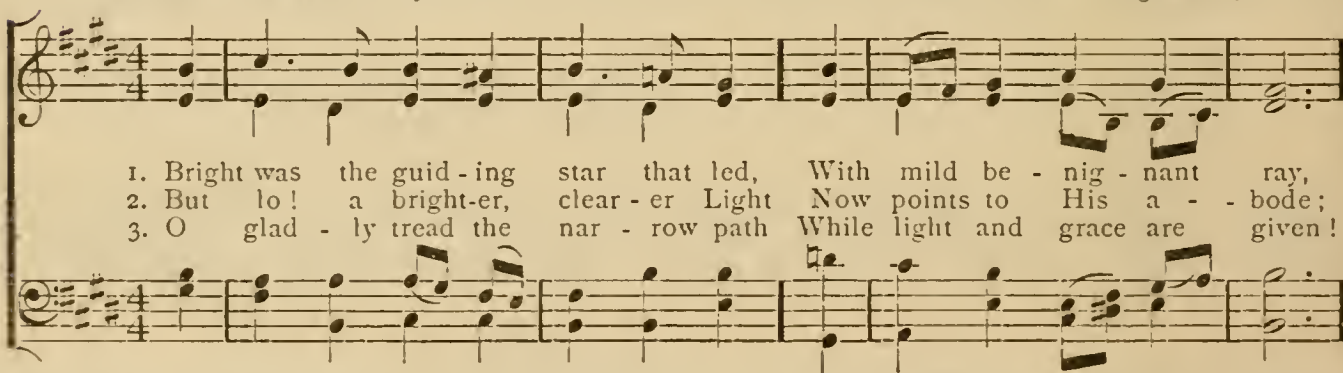


Ja-cob's Star that gilds the night, Guides be-wil-dered na-ture right.
 Scat-ter-ing er-ror's wide-spread night, Kind-ling dark-ness in-to light.
 Haste, for Him your hearts pre-pare, Meet Him man-i-fest-ed there.
 See it chase the shades a-way, Shin-ing to the per-fect day.
 Deigns for man His life t'em-ploy; Shout, ye sons of God, for joy! A-MEN.

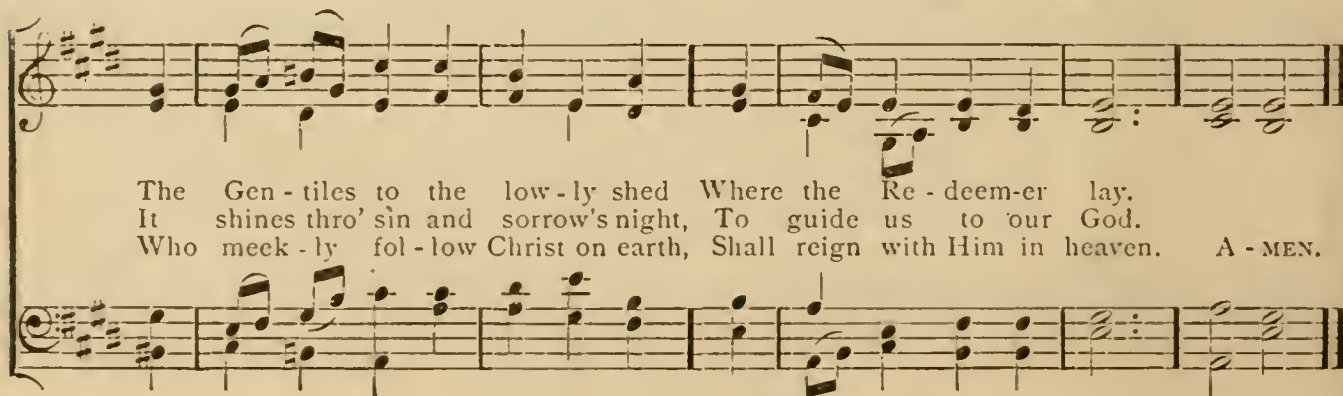
Bright was the Guiding Star that Led

Miss Harriet Auber, 1829, abr.

Rev. F. W. Hogan, 1876



1. Bright was the guid-ing star that led, With mild be-nig-nant ray,
 2. But lo! a bright-er, clear-er Light Now points to His a-bode;
 3. O glad-ly tread the nar-row path While light and grace are given!



The Gen-tiles to the low-ly shed Where the Re-deem-er lay.
 It shines thro' sin and sorrow's night, To guide us to our God.
 Who meek-ly fol-low Christ on earth, Shall reign with Him in heaven. A-MEN.

All Glory, Laud and Honor

103

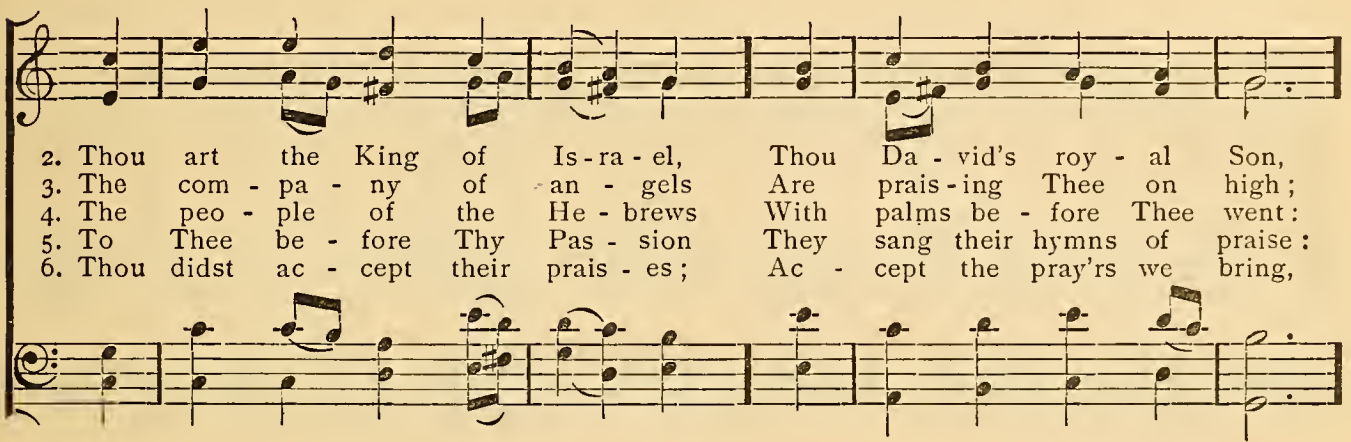
Ninth Century, Tr. Rev. Dr. Neale

M. Teschner, 1613

♩:8:



i. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King! }
 { To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. }



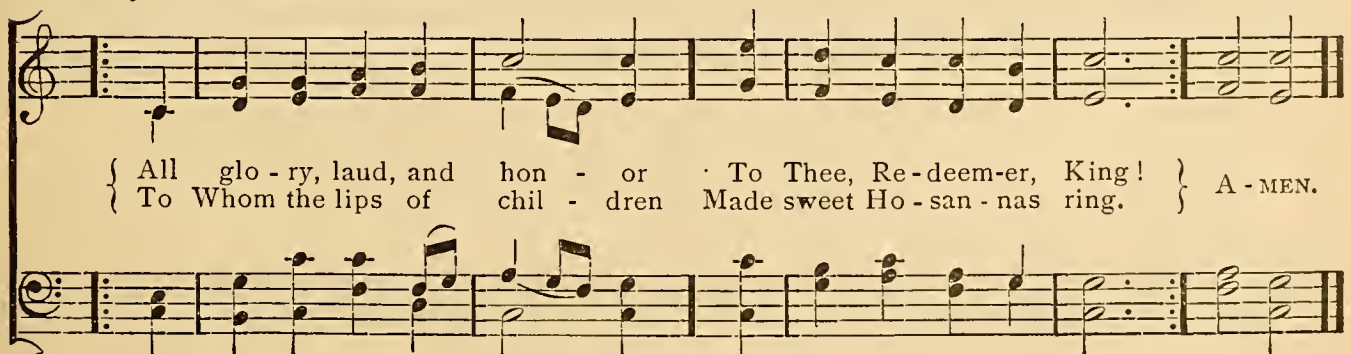
2. Thou art the King of Is-ra-el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 3. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high;
 4. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went:
 5. To Thee be - fore Thy Pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise:
 6. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the pray'rs we bring,

D. S.



Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
 And mor - tal men, and all... things Cre - at - ed, make re - ply.
 Our praise and pray'r and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
 To Thee now high ex - alt - ed Our mel - o - dy we raise.
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

After last stanza.

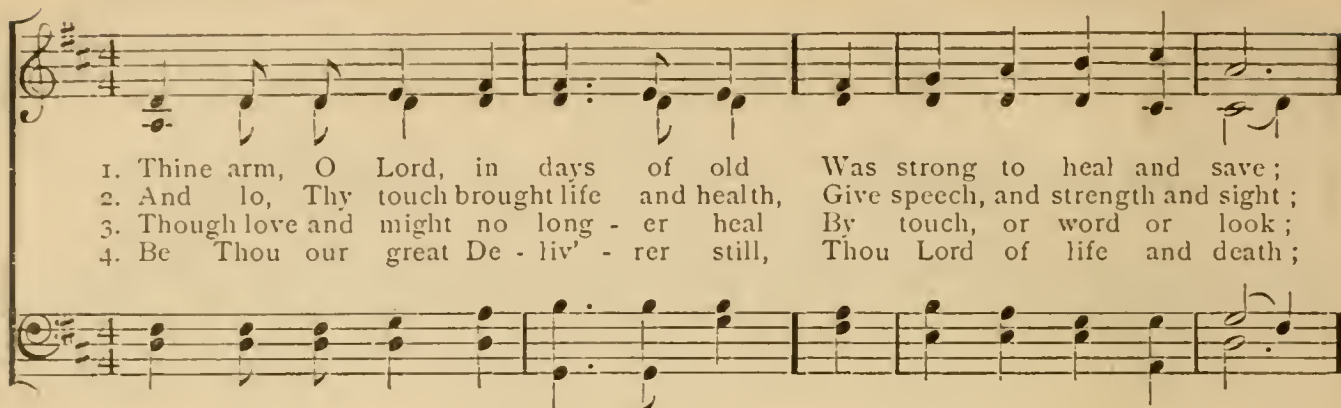


{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King! } A - MEN.
 { To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. }

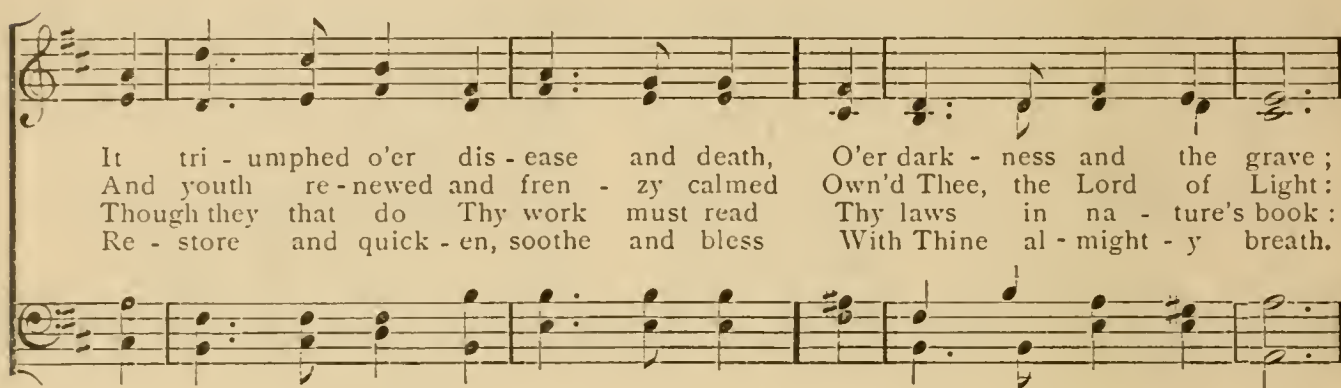
Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of old

Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., 1865

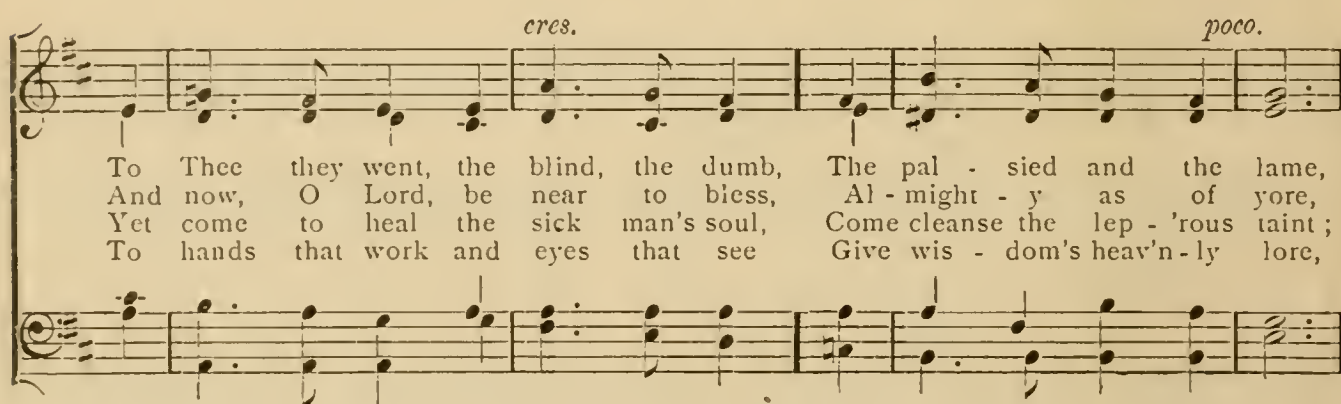
Joseph Barnby, 1876



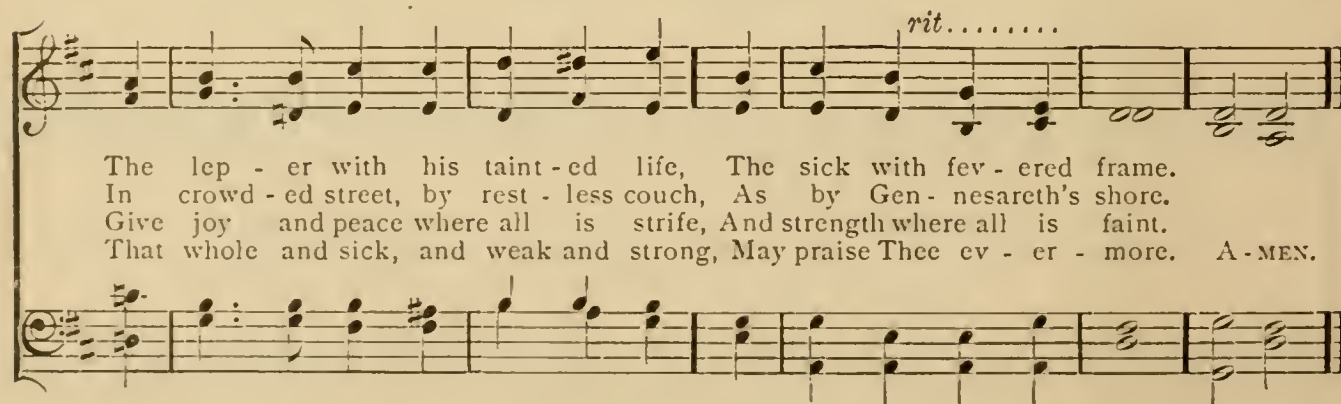
1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
 2. And lo, Thy touch brought life and health, Give speech, and strength and sight;
 3. Though love and might no long - er heal By touch, or word or look;
 4. Be Thou our great De - liv' - rer still, Thou Lord of life and death;



It tri - umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave;
 And youth re - newed and fren - zy calmed Own'd Thee, the Lord of Light:
 Though they that do Thy work must read Thy laws in na - ture's book:
 Re - store and quick - en, soothe and bless With Thine al - might - y breath.



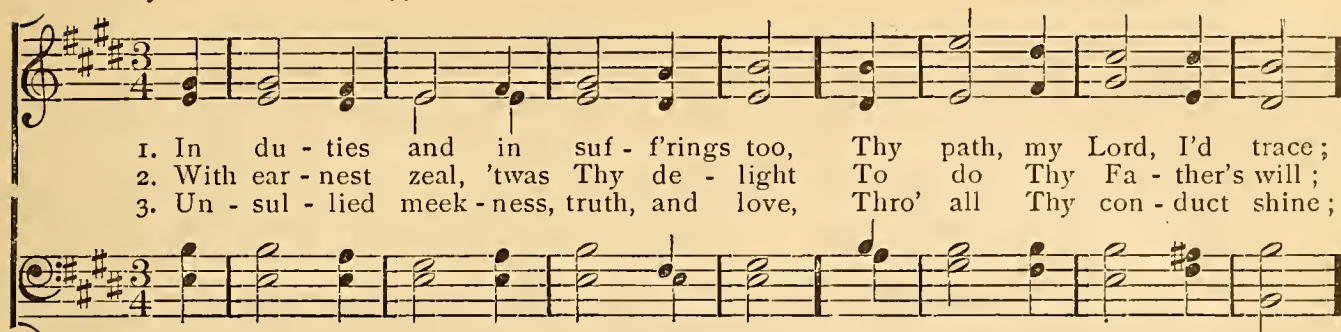
cres. *poco.*
 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al - might - y as of yore,
 Yet come to heal the sick man's soul, Come cleanse the lep - 'rous taint;
 To hands that work and eyes that see Give wis - dom's heav'n - ly lore,



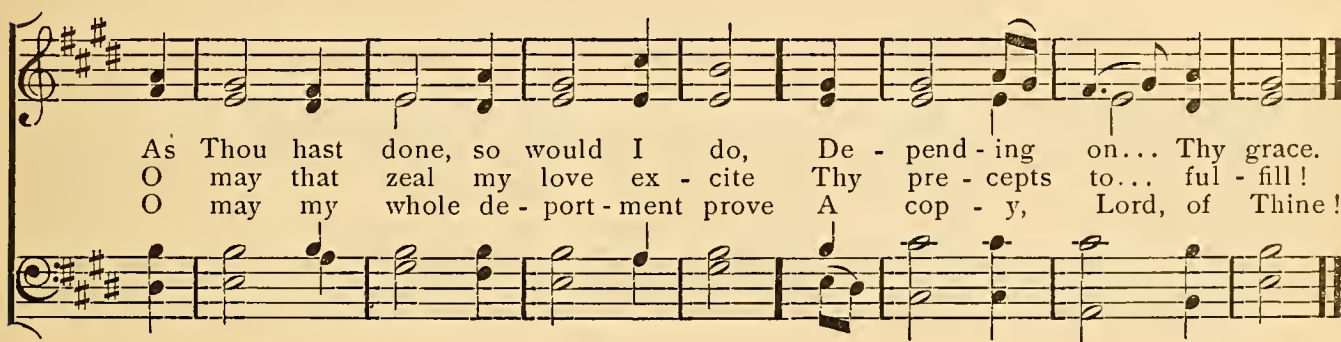
rit......
 The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev - ered frame.
 In crowd - ed street, by rest - less couch, As by Gen - nesareth's shore.
 Give joy and peace where all is strife, And strength where all is faint.
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee ev - er - more. A - MEN.

In Duties and in Sufferings too

105

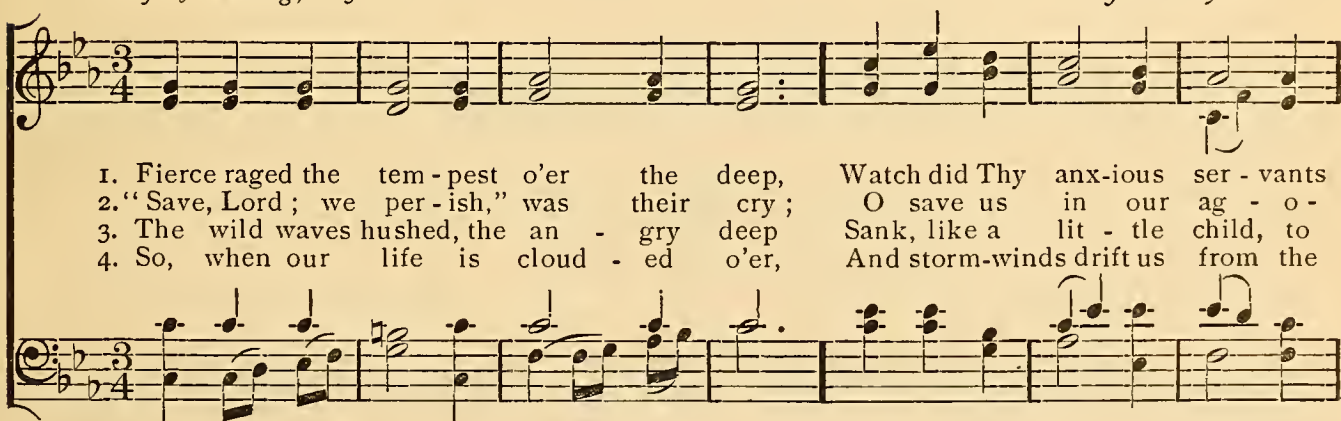
*Benjamin Beddome, 1799**S. P. Tuckerman, 1843*

1. In du - ties and in suf - frings too, Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
2. With ear - nest zeal, 'twas Thy de - light To do Thy Fa - ther's will;
3. Un - sul - lied meek - ness, truth, and love, Thro' all Thy con - duct shine;

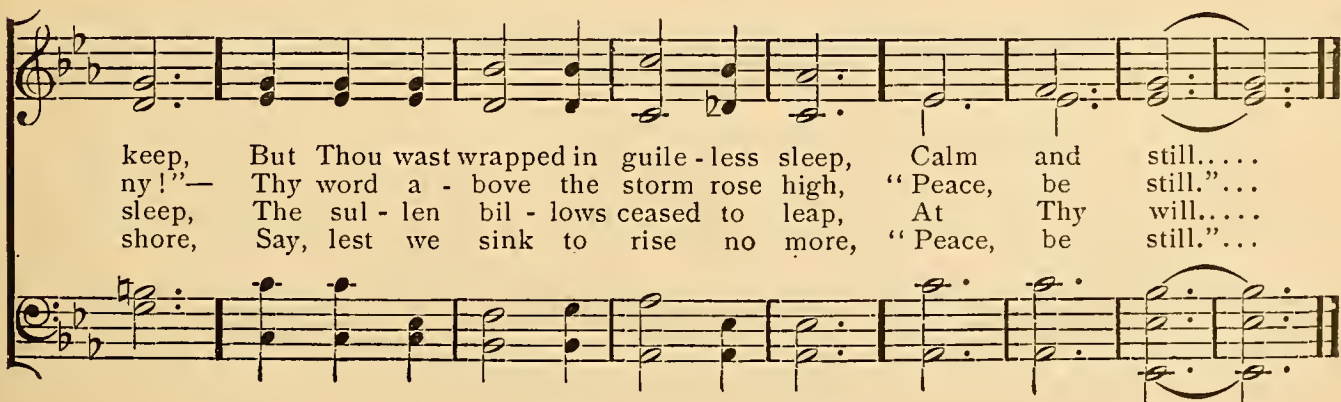


As Thou hast done, so would I do, De - pend - ing on... Thy grace.
O may that zeal my love ex - cite Thy pre - cepts to... ful - fill!
O may my whole de - port - ment prove A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!

Fierce Raged the Tempest o'er the Deep

*Godfrey Thring, 1858**J. B. Dykes*

1. Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thy anx - ious ser - vants
2. "Save, Lord; we per - ish," was their cry; O save us in our ag - o -
3. The wild waves hushed, the an - gry deep Sank, like a lit - tle child, to
4. So, when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And storm - winds drift us from the

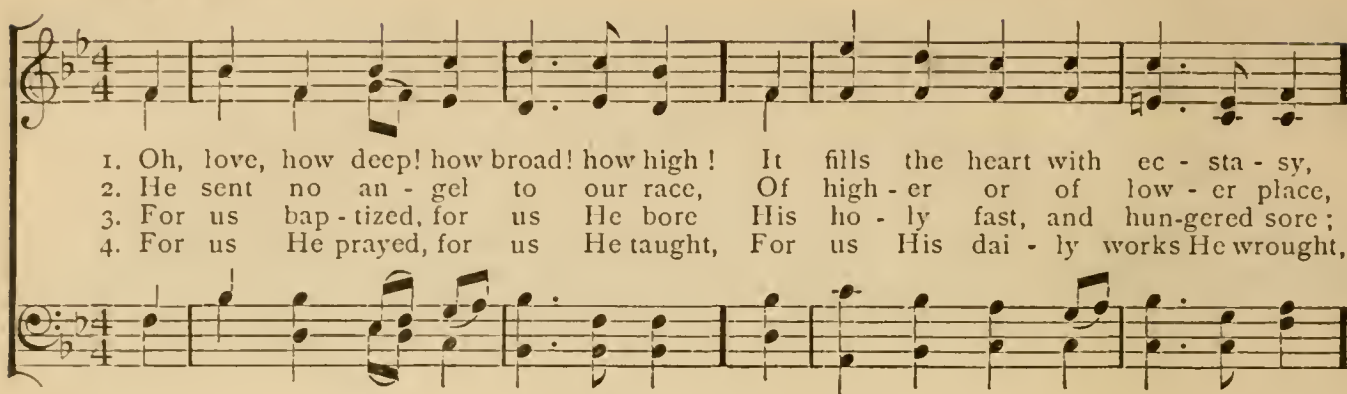


keep, But Thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still....
ny!"— Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still..."
sleep, The sul - len bil - lows ceased to leap, At Thy will....
shore, Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still..."

106 *Oh, Love, how Deep! how Broad! how High*

John M. Neale, tr.

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how high! It fills the heart with ec - sta - sy,
 2. He sent no an - gel to our race, Of high - er or of low - er place,
 3. For us bap - tized, for us He bore His ho - ly fast, and hun - gered sore;
 4. For us He prayed, for us He taught, For us His dai - ly works He wrought,



That God, the Son of God, should take Our mor - tal form, for mor - tal's sake.
 But wore the robe of hu - man frame, And He Him - self to this world came.
 For us temp - ta - tions sharp He knew, For us the tempt - er o - ver - threw.
 By words and signs and ac - tions thus Still seek - ing, not Him - self, but us.

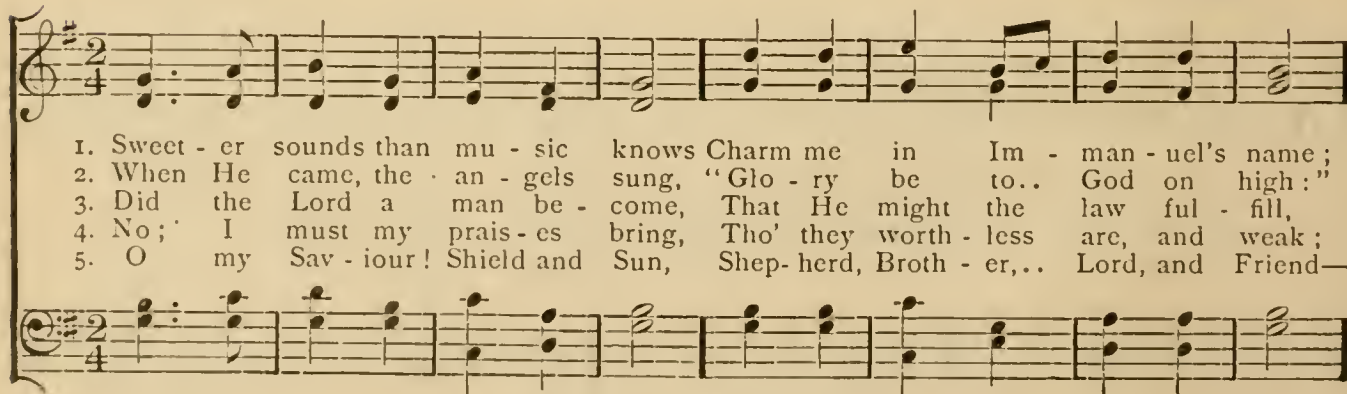
5 For us, to wicked men betrayed,
 Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
 He bore the shameful cross and death;
 For us at length gave up His breath.

6 To Him, whose boundless love has won
 Salvation for us through His Son,
 To God the Father glory be,
 Both now and through eternity.

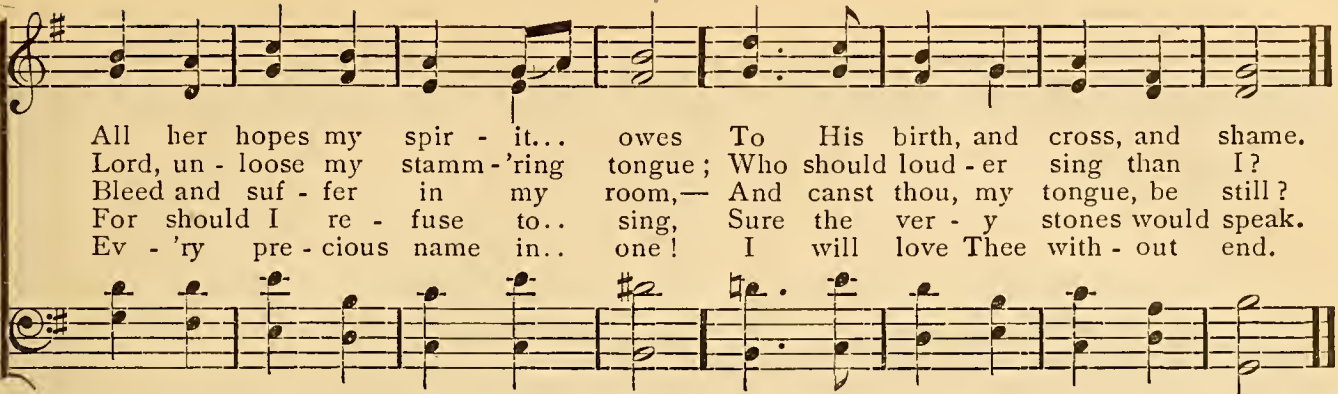
Sweeter Sounds than Music knows

John Newton

R. Redhead



1. Sweet - er sounds than mu - sic knows Charm me in Im - man - uel's name;
 2. When He came, the an - gels sung, "Glo - ry be to.. God on high:"
 3. Did the Lord a man be - come, That He might the law ful - fill,
 4. No; I must my prais - es bring, Tho' they might the law ful - fill,
 5. O my Sav - iour! Shield and Sun, Shep - herd, Broth - er,.. Lord, and Friend—

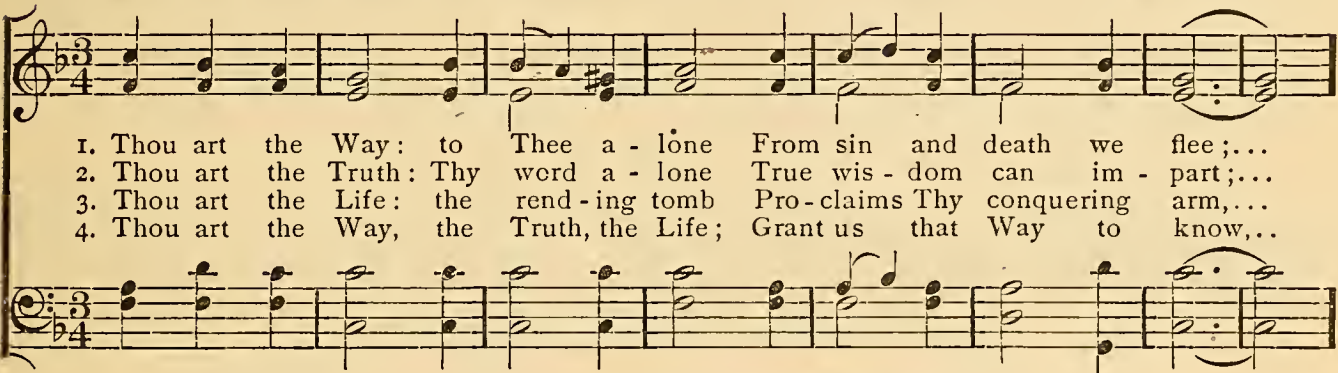


All her hopes my spir - it... owes To His birth, and cross, and shame.
 Lord, un - loose my stamm - 'ring tongue; Who should loud - er sing than I?
 Bleed and suf - fer in my room, — And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
 For should I re - fuse to.. sing, Sure the ver - y stones would speak.
 Ev - 'ry pre - cious name in.. one! I will love Thee with - out end.

Thou art the Way: to Thee alone

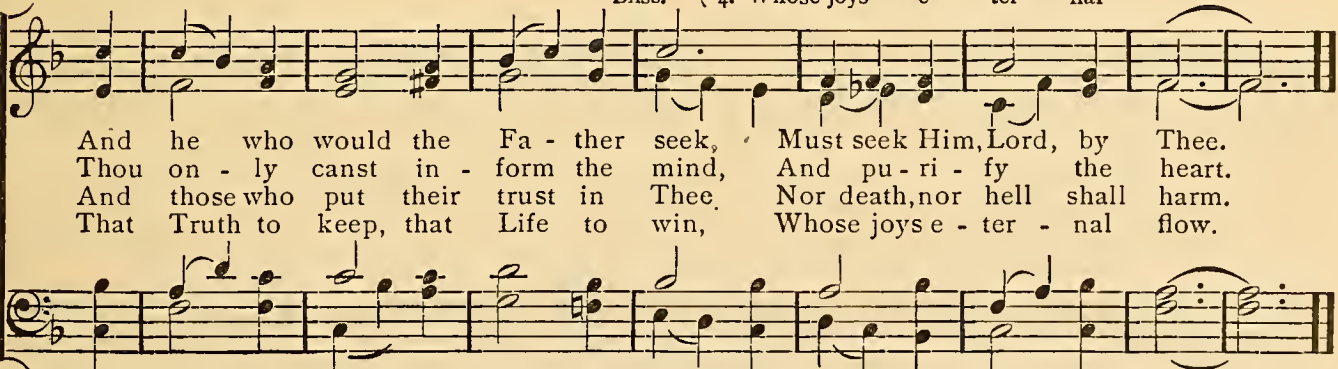
George Washington Doane, 1824

S. M. Bixby



1. Thou art the Way: to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;...
 2. Thou art the Truth: Thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part;...
 3. Thou art the Life: the rend - ing tomb Pro - claims Thy conquering arm,...
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that Way to know,...

ALTO, TENOR, and BASS. { 1. Must seek Him,
 2. And pu - ri - fy,
 3. Nor death, nor hell
 4. Whose joys e - ter - nal

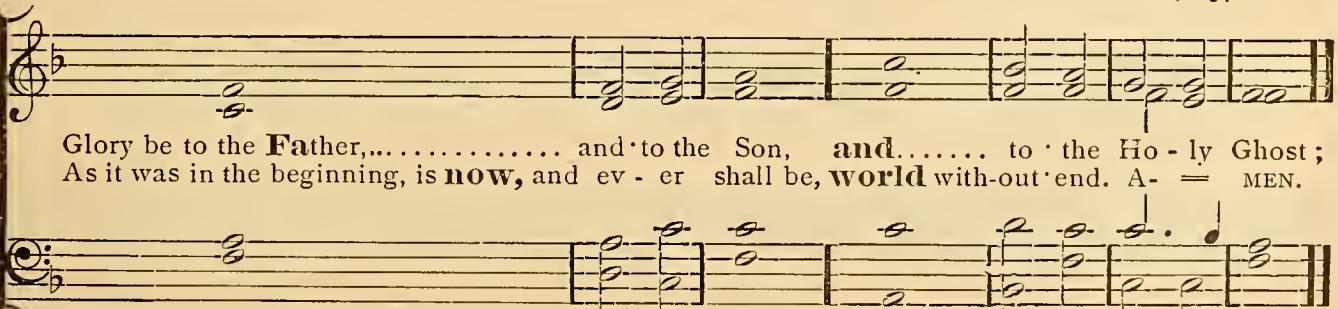


And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
 And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

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Gloria Patri

Richard Farrant, 1570

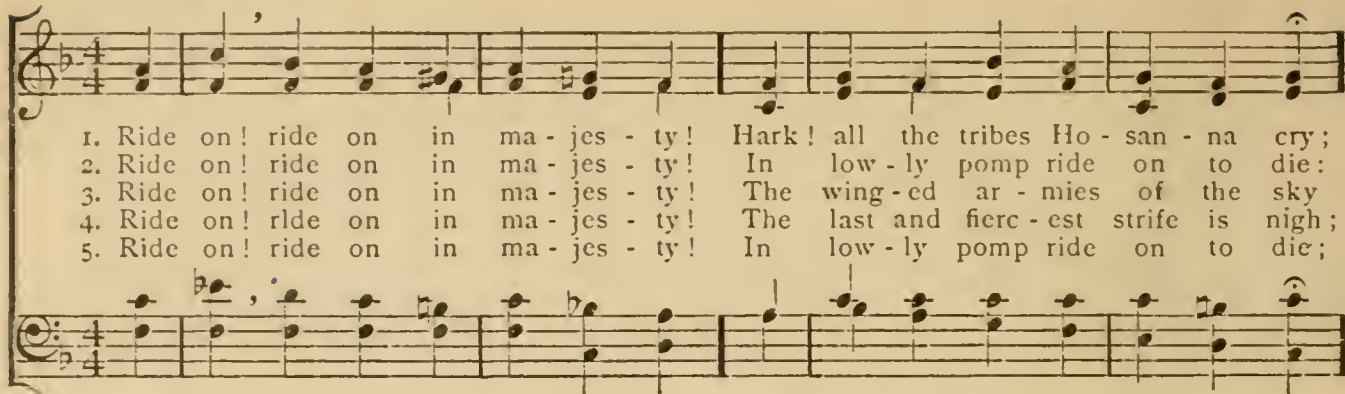


Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with - out end. A - = MEN.

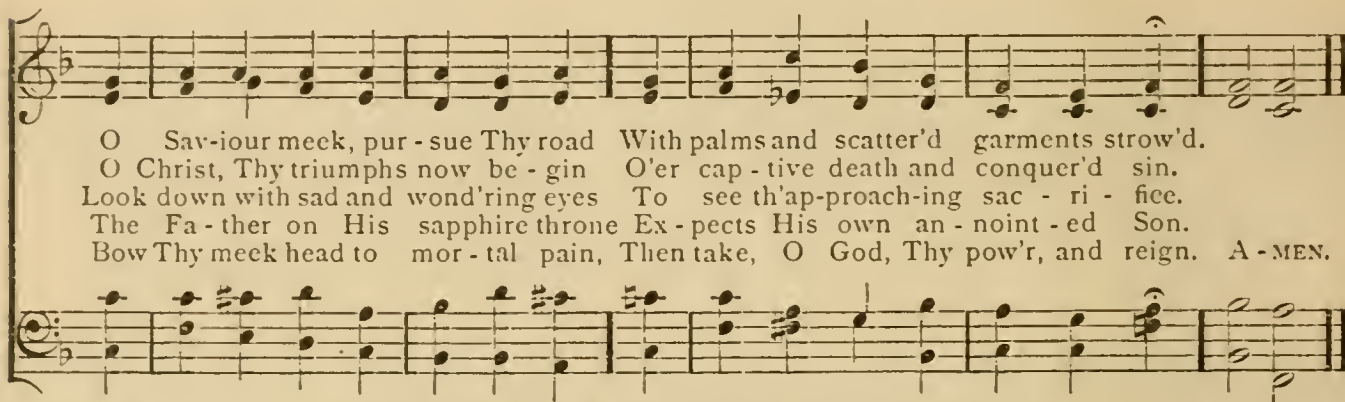
Ride on! ride on in Majesty

Dean Milman, 1827

W. W. Rousseau



1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho-san-na cry;
 2. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die;
 3. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! The wing-ed ar-mies of the sky
 4. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! The last and fierc-est strife is nigh;
 5. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die;



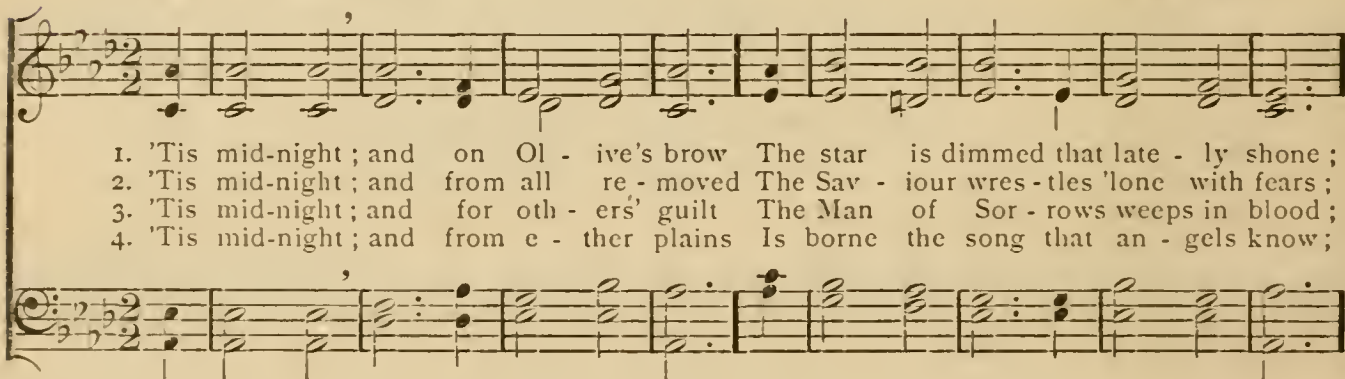
O Sav-iour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now be-gin O'er cap-tive death and conquer'd sin.
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see th'ap-proach-ing sac-ri-fice.
 The Fa-ther on His sapphire throne Ex-pects His own an-noint-ed Son.
 Bow Thy meek head to mor-tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign. A-MEN.

Taken by per. from Rev. Dr. Tucker's "Tunes Old and New"

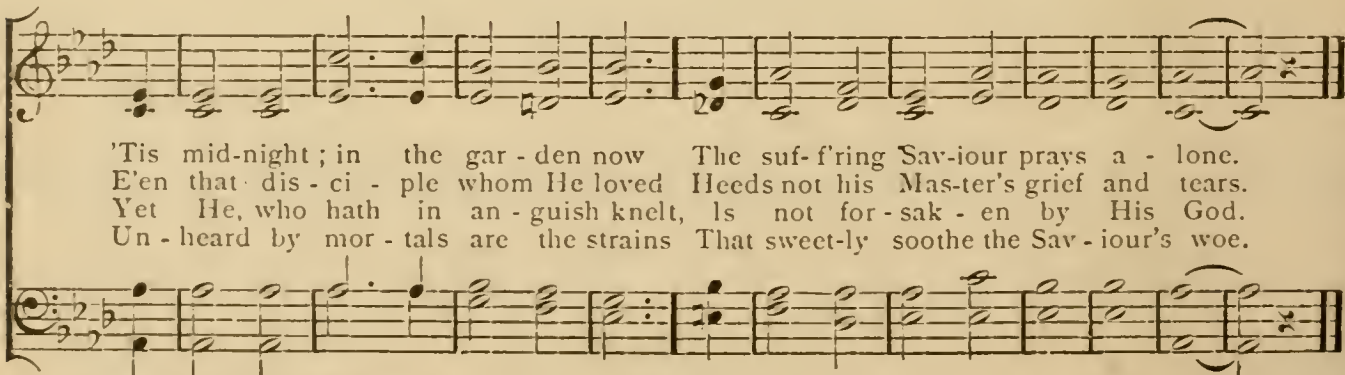
'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow

Rev. W. B. Tappan, 1822

S. M. Bixby



1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved The Sav-iour wres-tles 'lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night; and from e-ther plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;



'Tis mid-night; in the gar-den now The suf-f'ring Sav-iour prays a-lone.
 E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
 Yet He, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
 Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-iour's woe.

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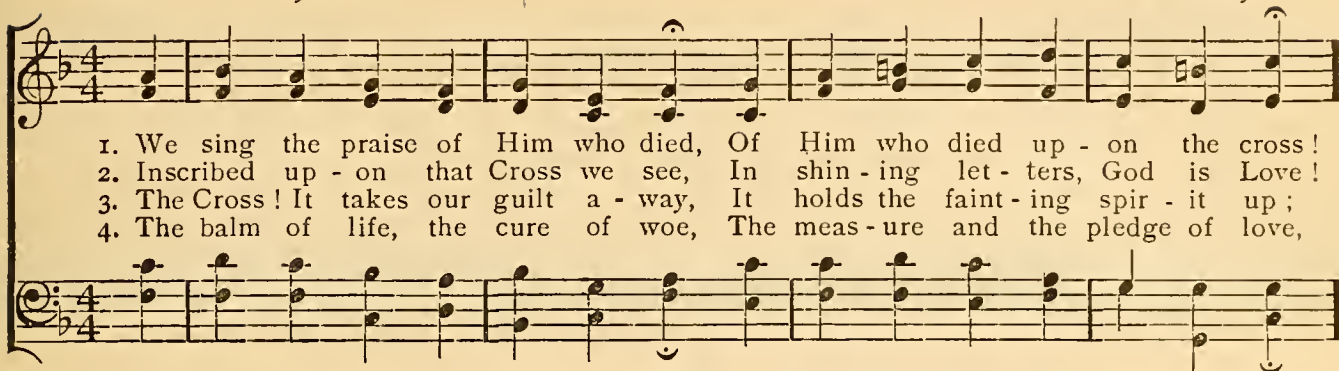
CHRIST'S MINISTRY

We sing the Praise of Him who died

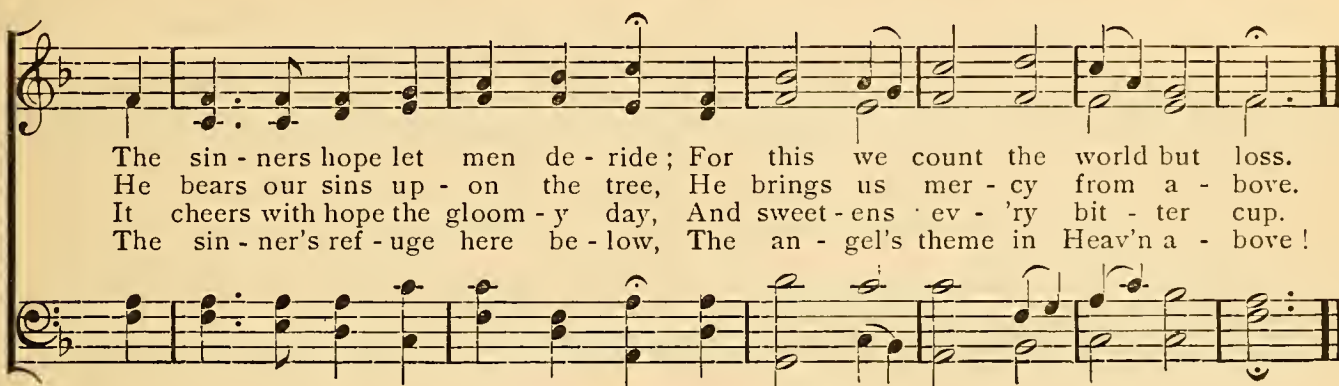
109

Rev. Thos. Kelly. Abr

S. M. Bixby



1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross!
 2. Inscribed up - on that Cross we see, In shin - ing let - ters, God is Love!
 3. The Cross! It takes our guilt a - way, It holds the faint - ing spir - it up;
 4. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The meas - ure and the pledge of love,



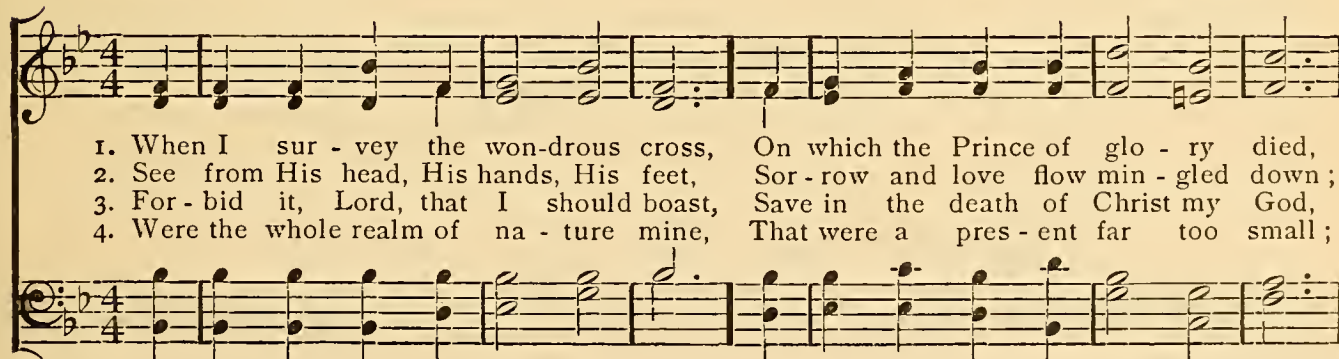
The sin - ners hope let men de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
 He bears our sins up - on the tree, He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
 It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
 The sin - ner's ref - uge here be - low, The an - gel's theme in Heav'n a - bove!

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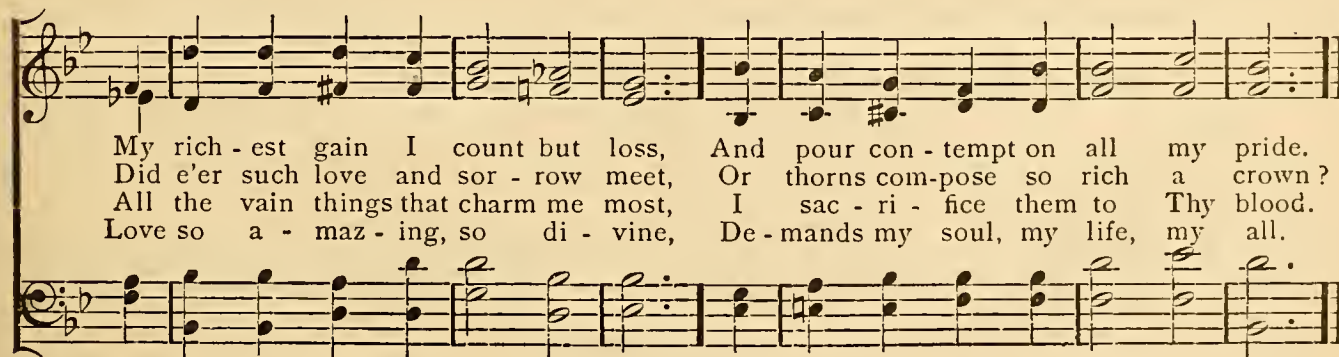
When I survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707

S. M. Bixby



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
 3. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God,
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to Thy blood.
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

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THE CROSS

See the Destined Day arise

Bp. Mant

R. Redhead

1. See the des - tined day a - rise! See, a will - ing Sac - ri - fice,
 2. Je - sus, who but Thou hath borne Lift - ed on that tree of scorn,

Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful Cross.
 Ev - 'ry pang and bit - ter throe, Fin - ish - ing Thy life of woe? A - MEN.

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
 Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
 And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing Water flowed,
 Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finished Sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
 In that Sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renewed,
 Pardoned sin, and promised good. AMEN.

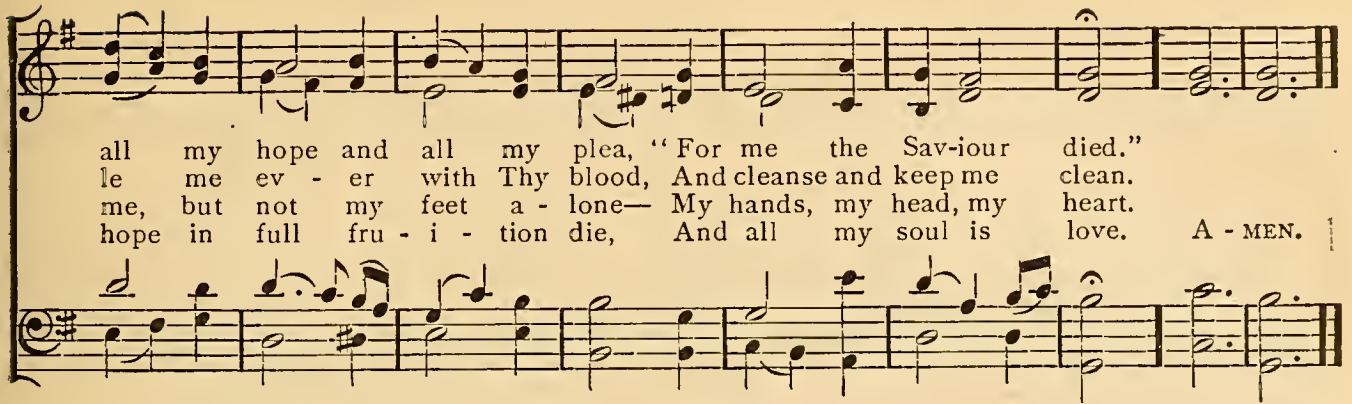
For ever here my Rest shall be

Rev. C. Wesley, 1740

Eng. Book of Praise

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side; This
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Fount - ain for guilt and sin! Sprink -
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash
 4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove; Till

THE CROSS

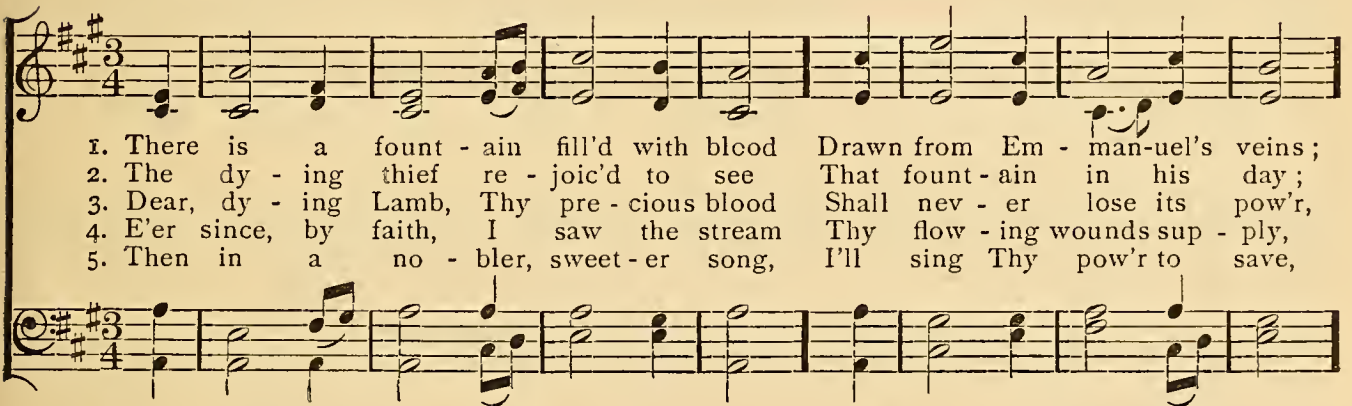


all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died."
 le me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 me, but not my feet a - lone— My hands, my head, my heart.
 hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul is love. A - MEN.

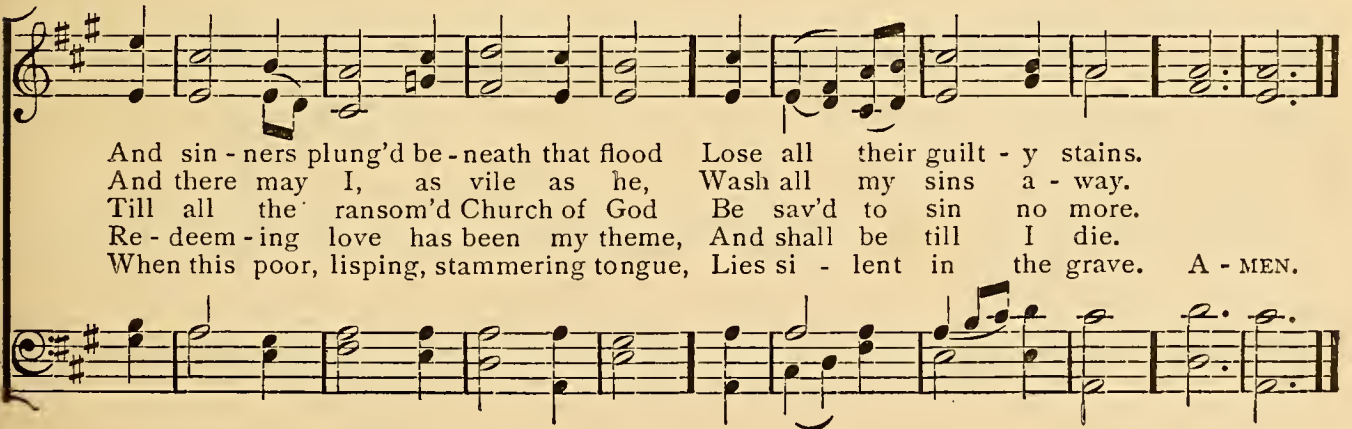
There is Fountain Filled with Blood

W. Cowper, 1779

H. Wilson



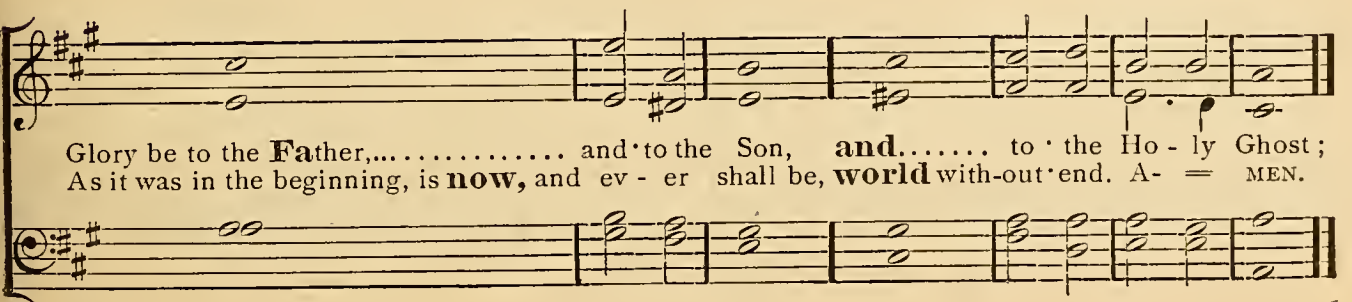
1. There is a fount - ain fill'd with blood Drawn from Em - man-uel's veins ;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That fount - ain in his day ;
 3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be sav'd to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave. A - MEN.

Gloria Patri

E. G. Monk

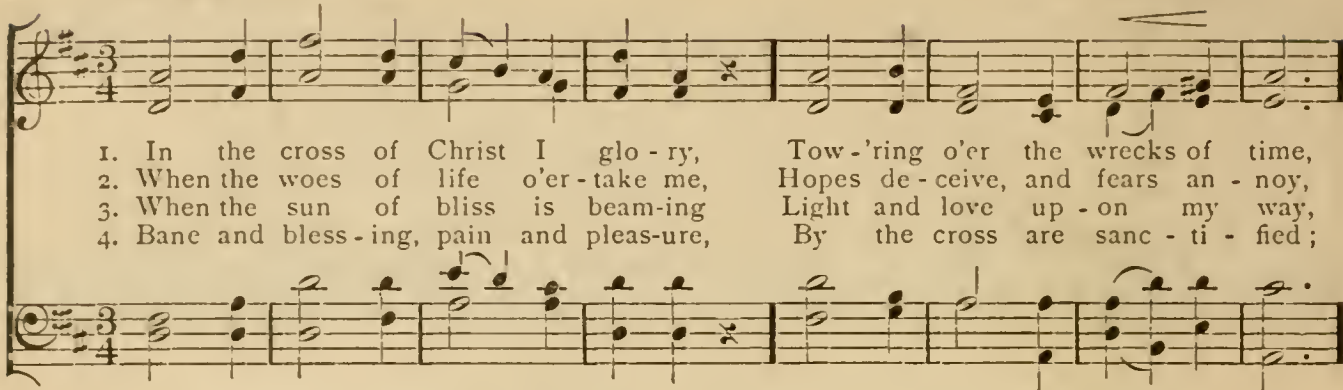


Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and 'to the Son, **and**..... to 'the Ho - ly Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with-out 'end. A - = MEN.

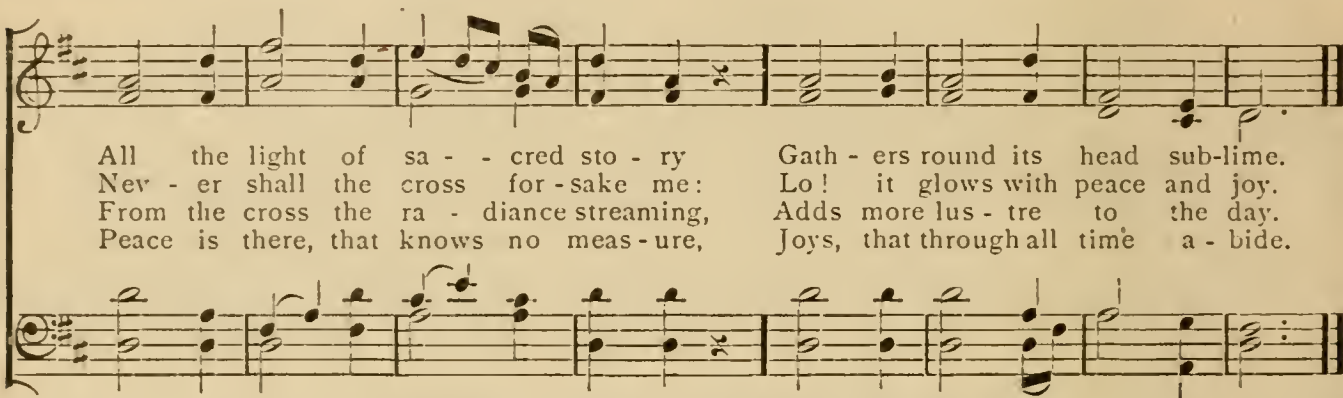
In the Cross of Christ I glory

John Bowring, 1829

Ithamar Conkey, 1847



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



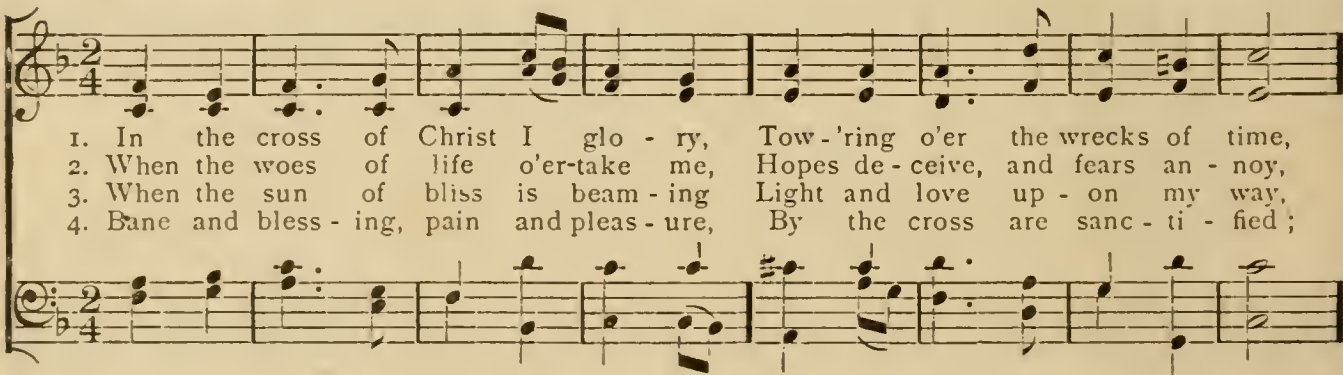
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys, that through all time a - bide.

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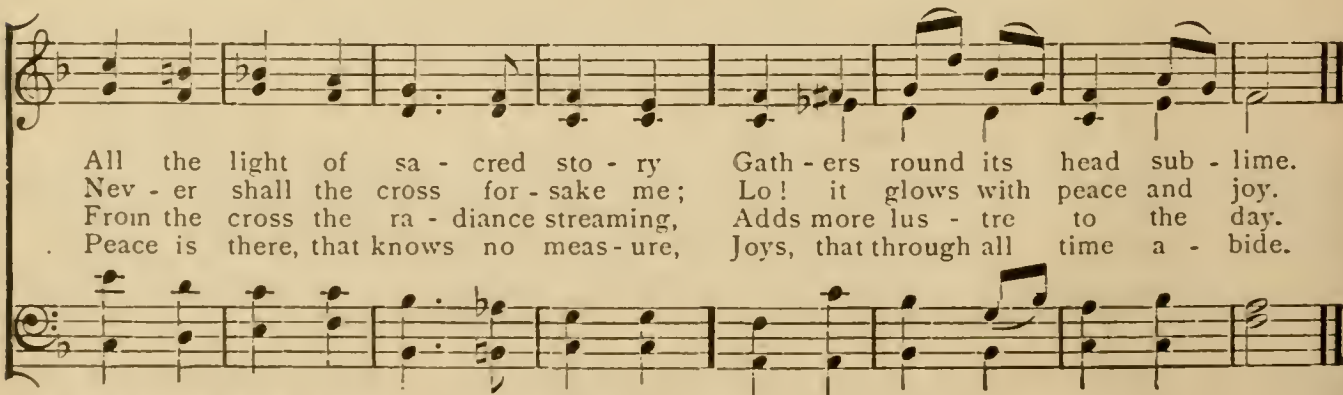
John Bowring, 1829

SECOND TUNE.

L. van Beethoven



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys, that through all time a - bide.

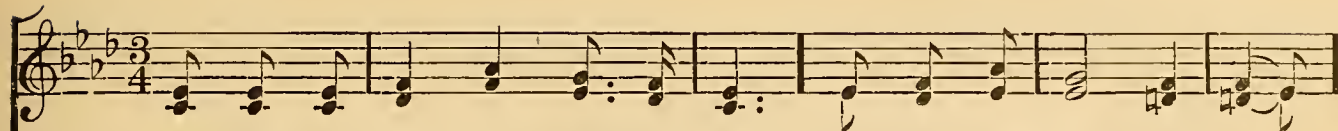
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THE CROSS

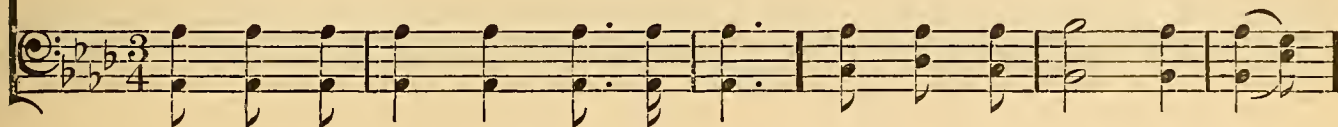
Oppressed with Noon-day's scorching Heat 113

Horatius Bonar

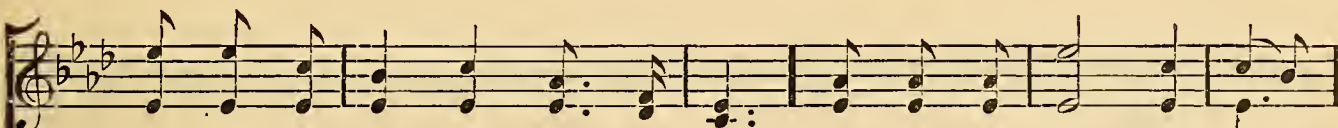
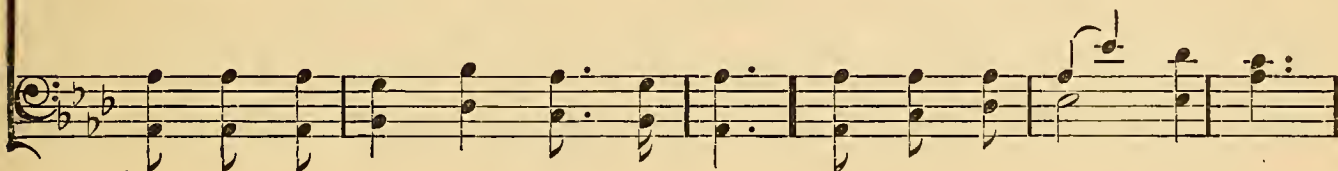
S. M. Bixby



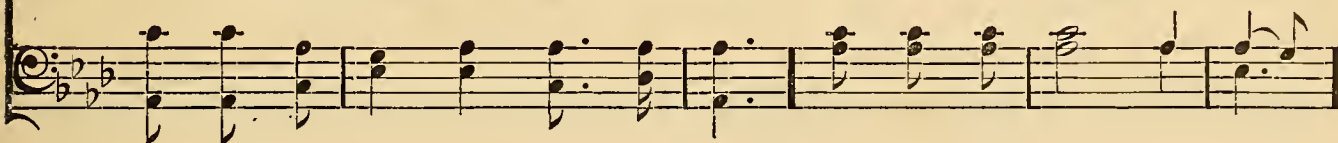
1. Op-pressed with noon-day's scorch-ing heat, To yon-der cross I flee;
2. A strang-er here, I pitch my tent Be-neath this spread-ing tree;



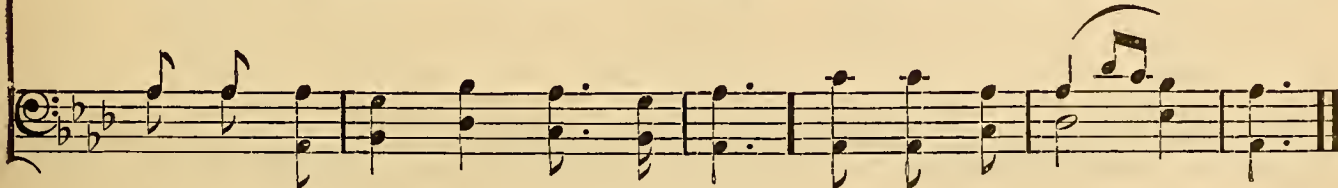
Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!
Here shall my pil-grim life be spent; No home like this for me!



Be-neath that cross clear wa-ters burst, A fount-ain spark-ling free;
For bur-dened ones a rest-ing-place, Be-side that cross I see;



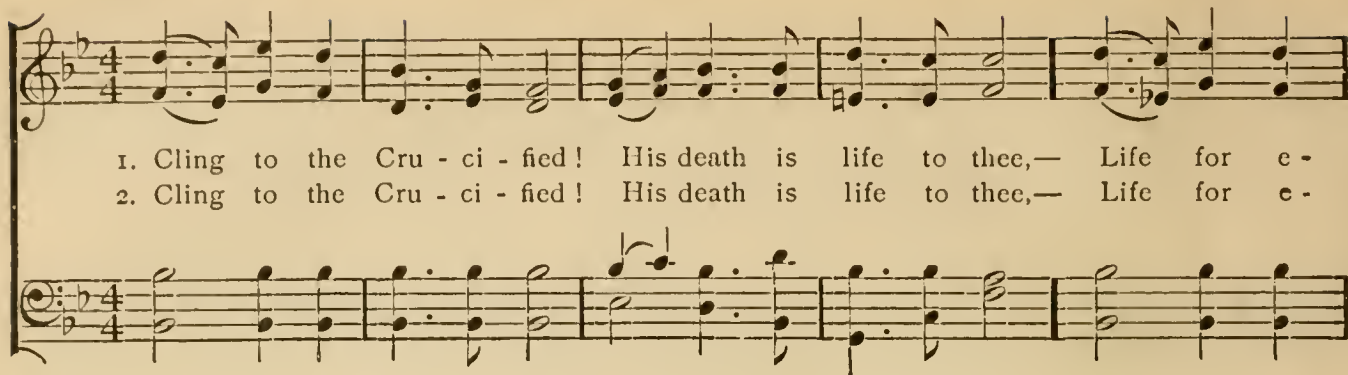
And there I quench my des-ert thirst; No spring like this for me!
Here I cast off my wea-ri-ness; No rest like this for me!



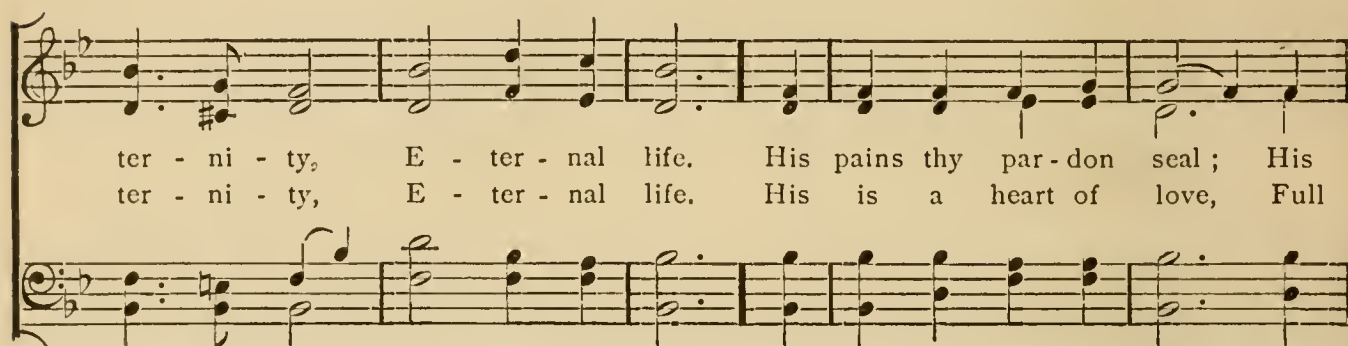
Cling to the Crucified

Horatius Bonar

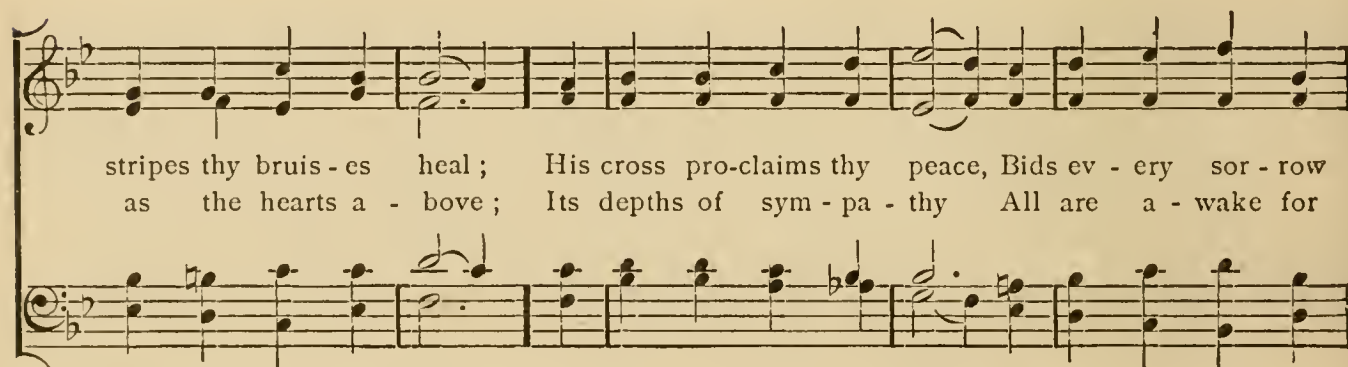
S. M. Bixby



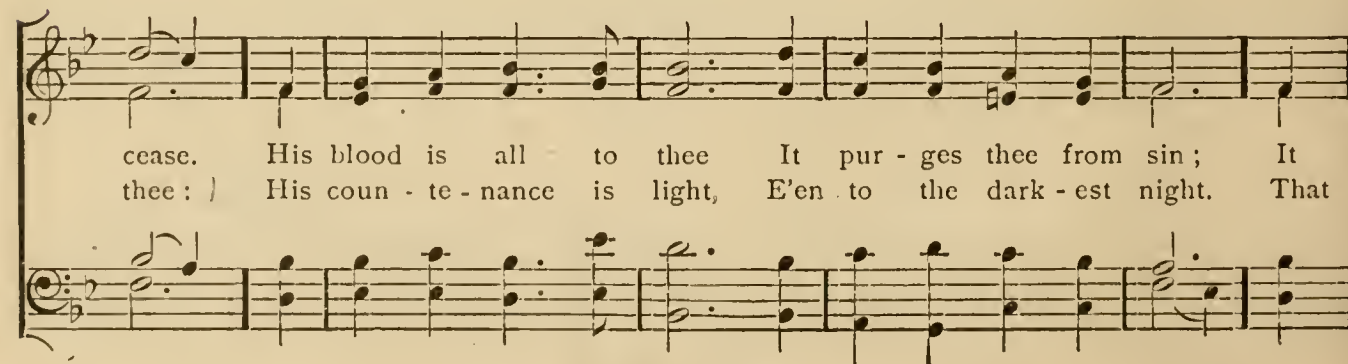
1. Cling to the Cru - ci - fied! His death is life to thee,— Life for e -
 2. Cling to the Cru - ci - fied! His death is life to thee,— Life for e -



ter - ni - ty, E - ter - nal life. His pains thy par - don seal; His
 ter - ni - ty, E - ter - nal life. His is a heart of love, Full

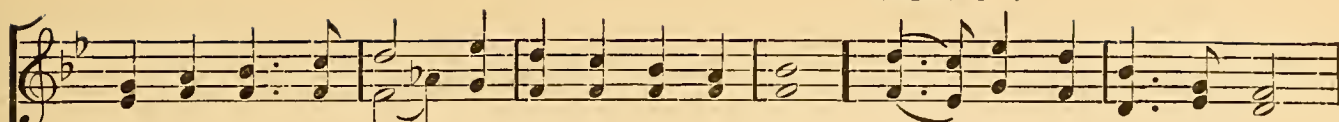


stripes thy bruise - es heal; His cross pro - claims thy peace, Bids ev - ery sor - row
 as the hearts a - bove; Its depths of sym - pa - thy All are a - wake for

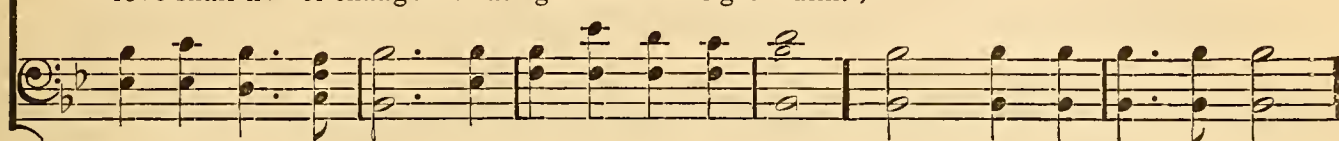
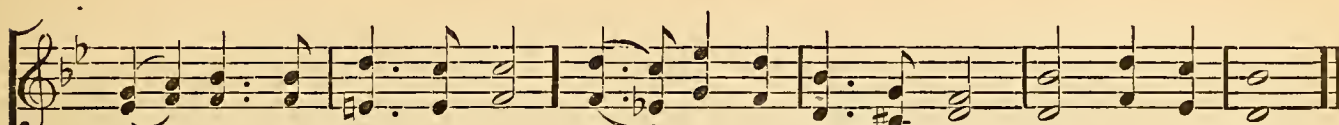


cease. His blood is all to thee It pur - ges thee from sin; It
 thee:) His coun - te - nance is light, E'en to the dark - est night. That

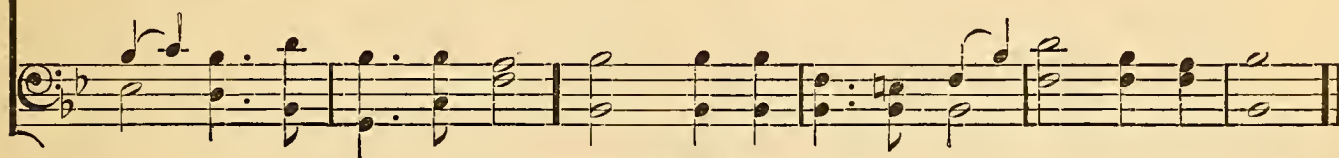
REFRAIN.



sets thy spir - it free, It keeps thy conscience clean. }
love shall nev-er change—That light shall ne'er grow dim. } Cling to the Cru - ci - fied !

His death is life to thee,— Life for e - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - nal life.



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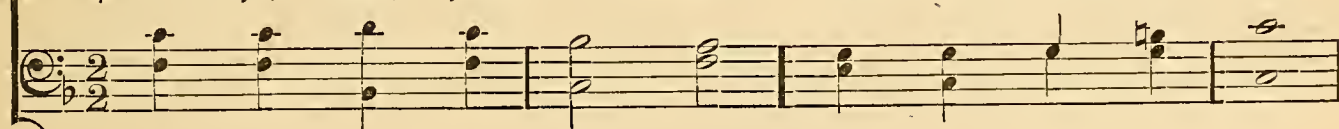
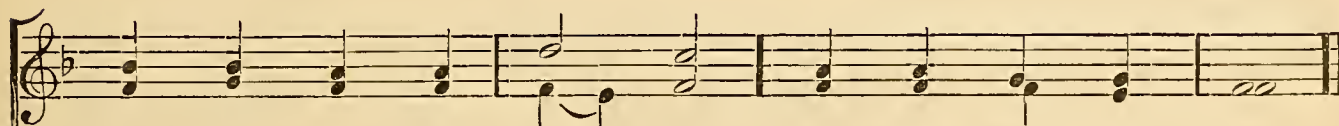
Glory be to Jesus

Italian, 17th Century

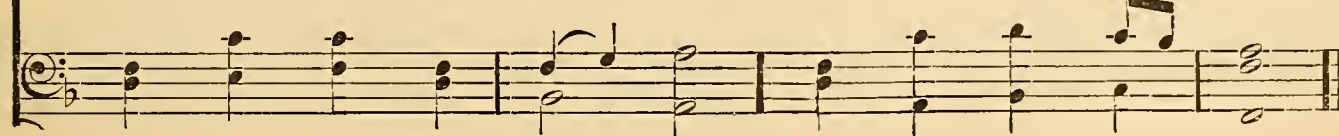
Latin Melody



1. Glo - ry be to Je - - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,
2. Grace and life e - - ter - - nal, In that blood I find ;
3. Oft as earth ex - ult - - ing Wafts its praise on high,
4. Lift ye, then, your voic - es ; Swell the might - y flood ;

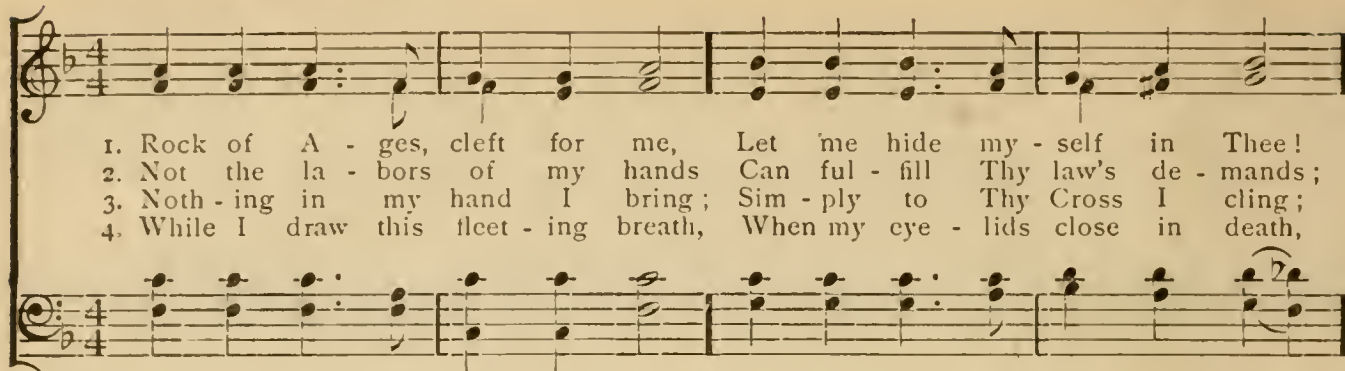
Poured for me His life - blood From His sa - cred veins.
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind.
An - gel - hosts re - - joic - ing, Make their glad re - - ply
Loud - er still and loud - er Praise His pre - cious blood.



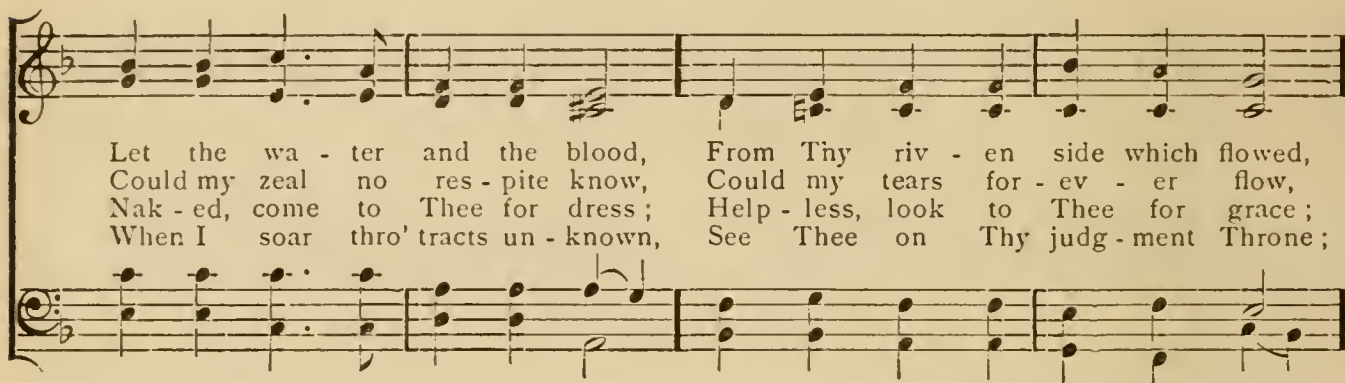
Rock of Ages, Cleft for me

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776

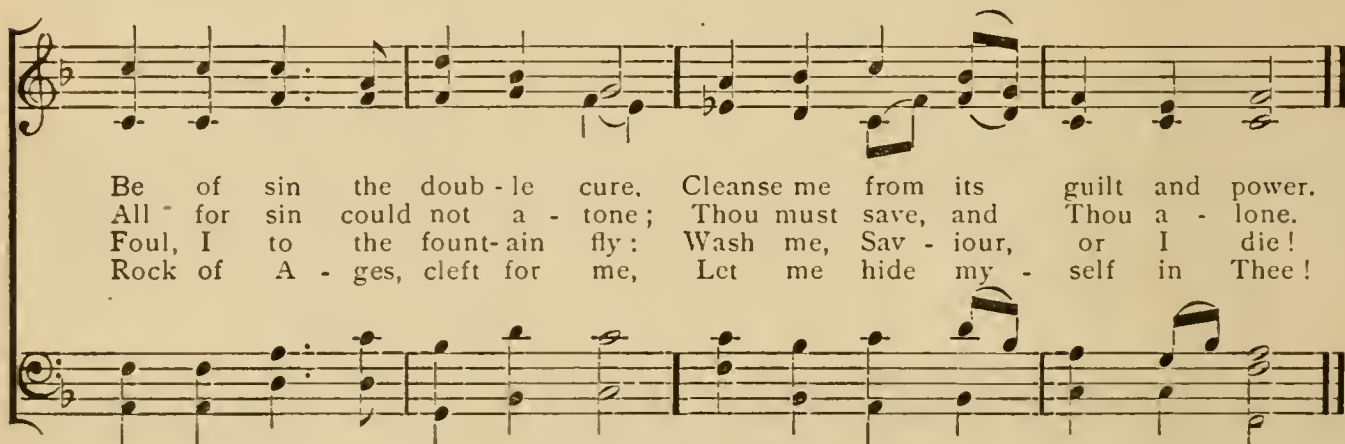
S. M. Bixby



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy Cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar thro' tracts un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment Throne;



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All - for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fount - ain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

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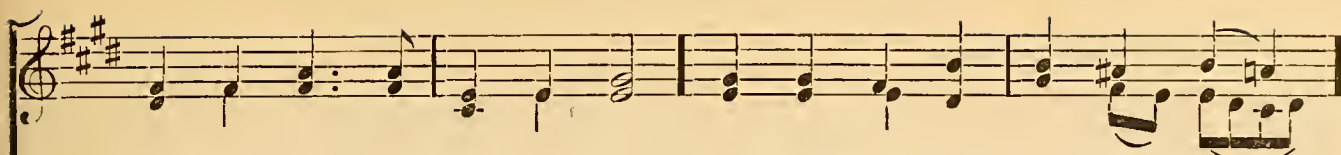
SECOND TUNE

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D.

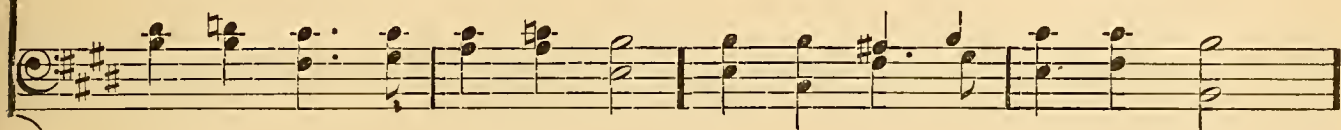


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy Cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

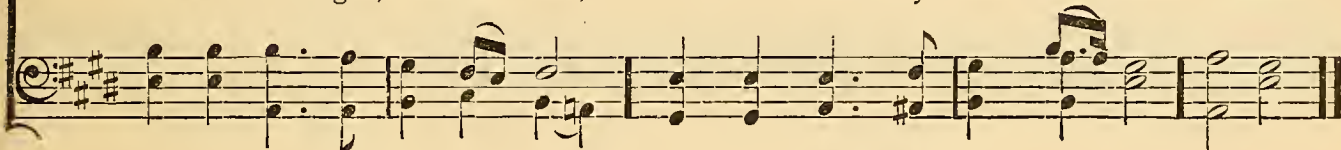
THE CROSS



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar thro' tracts un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment Throne;



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fountain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee! A - MEN.

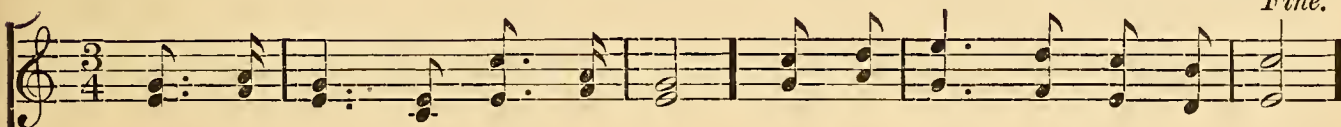


Taken by per. from Rev. Dr. Tucker's "Tunes Old and New"

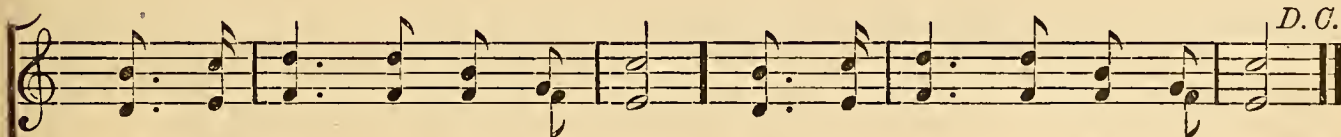
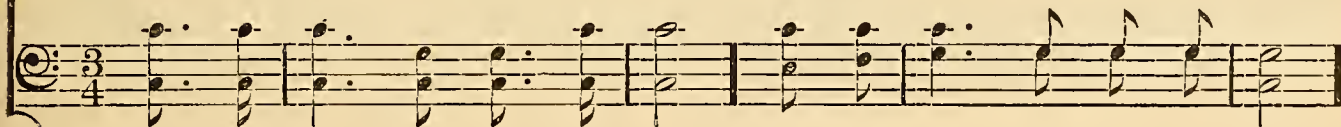
THIRD TUNE

Thomas Hastings

Fine.

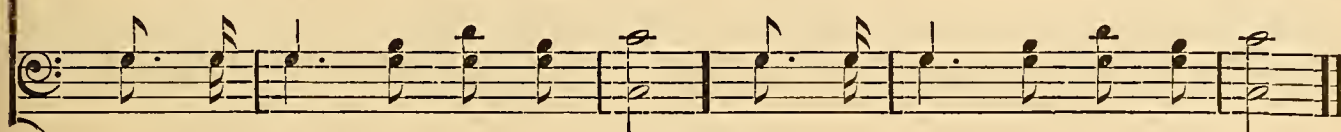


Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
 D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

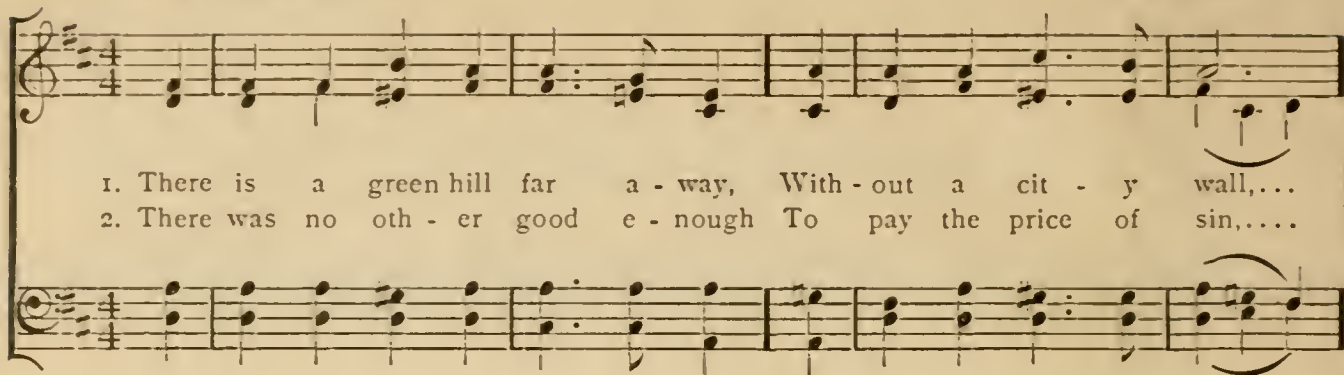


THE CROSS

There is a Green Hill far away

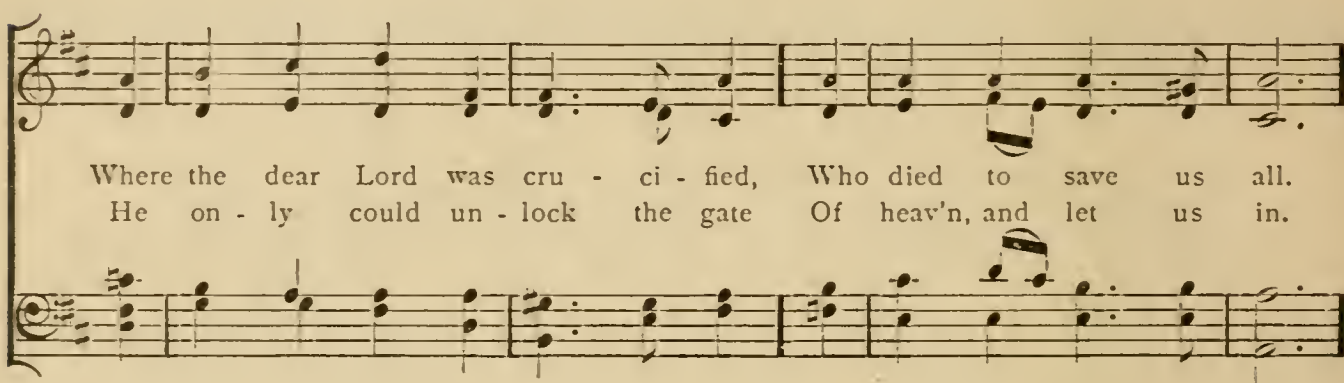
Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

S. M. Bixby

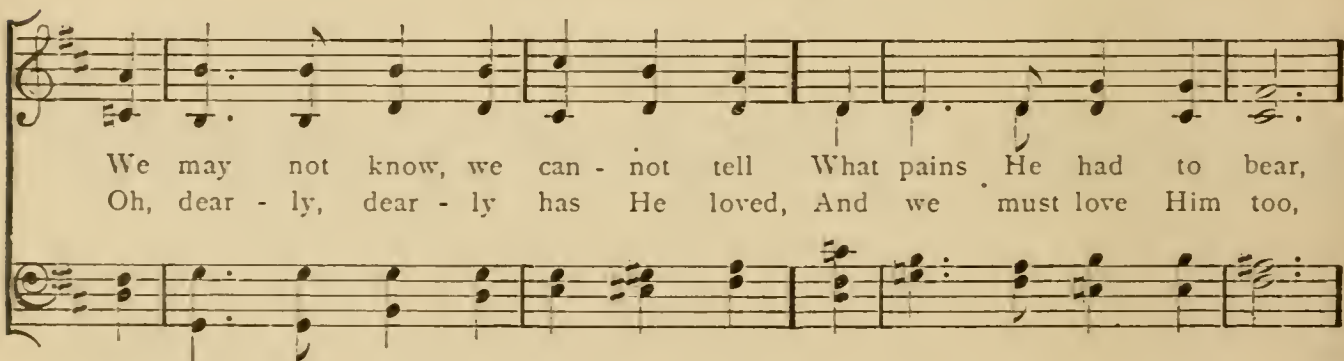


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,...

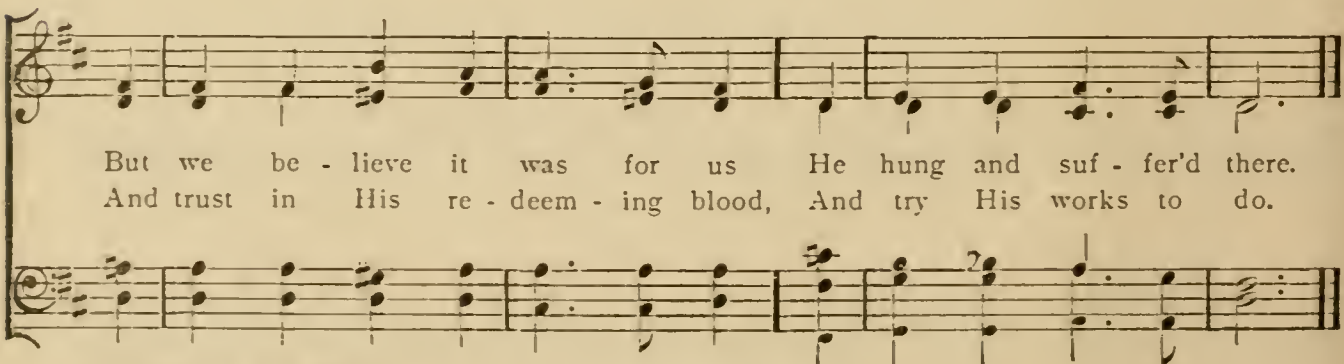
2. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin,....



Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.



We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear,
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,



But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there.
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

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THE CROSS

There is a Green Hill far away

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Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

Frank N. Shepperd

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where
 2. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin, He

Where the dear
 He on-ly

the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in. Oh,

We may not
 Oh, dear-ly, We

Lord could was un-lock

know, we
 dear-ly may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear,
 dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,

But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

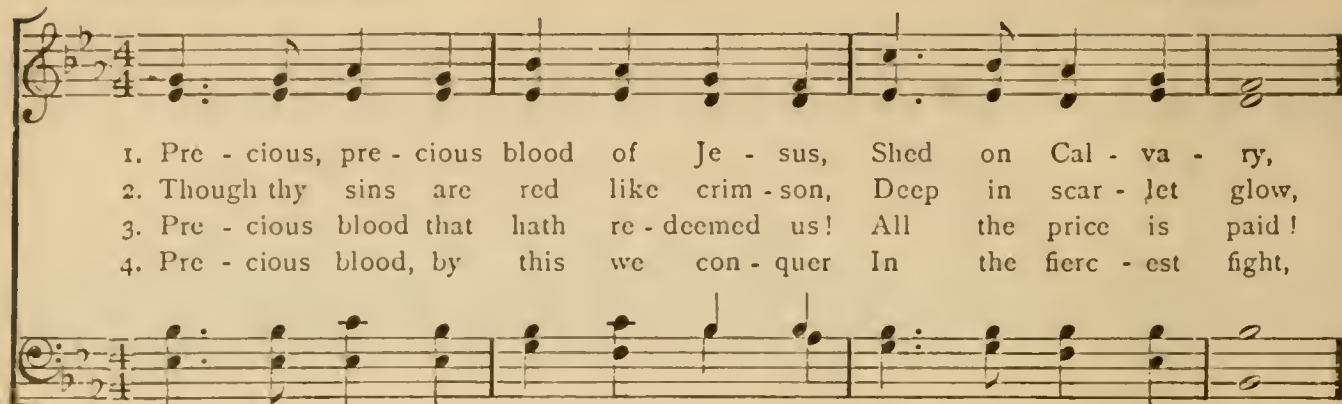
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THE CROSS

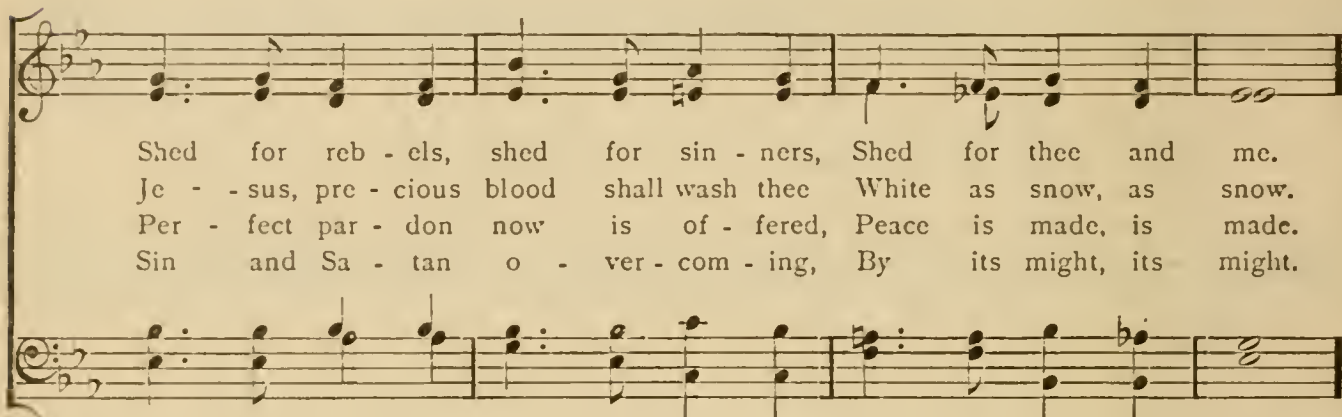
Precious Blood of Jesus

Frances Ridley Havergal

S. M. Bixby

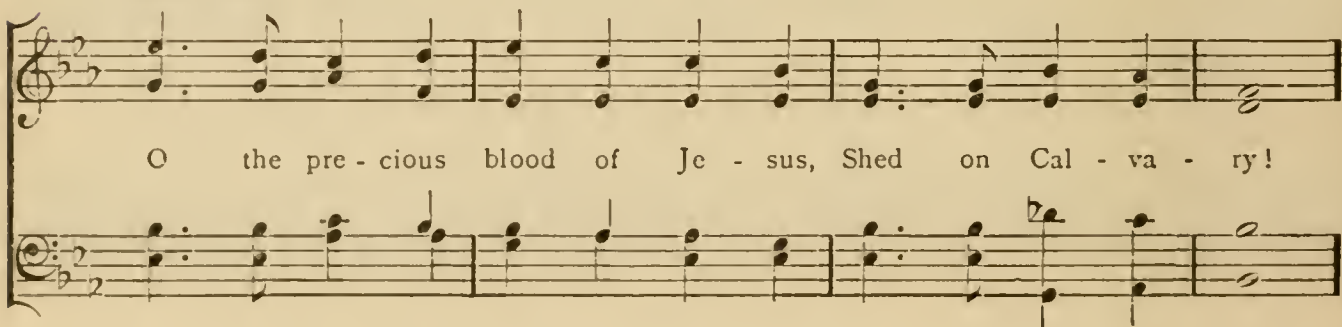


1. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
 2. Though thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,
 3. Pre - cious blood that hath re - deemed us! All the price is paid!
 4. Pre - cious blood, by this we con - quer In the fierc - est fight,

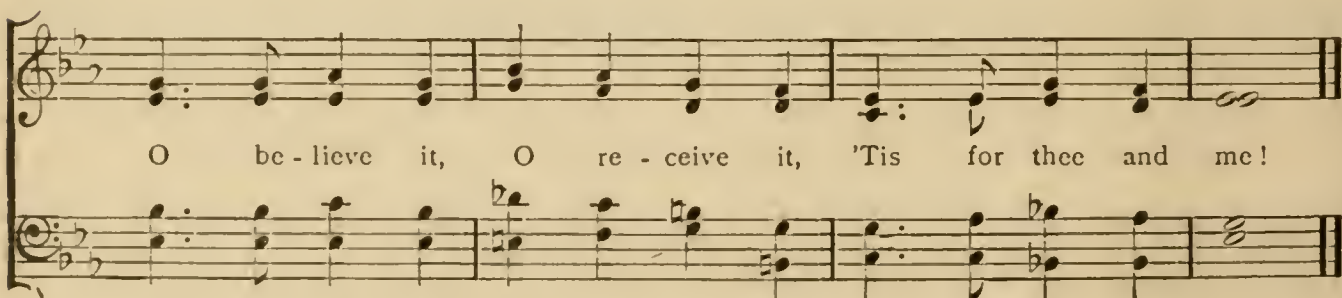


Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for thee and me.
 Je - - sus, pre - cious blood shall wash thee White as snow, as snow.
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made, is made.
 Sin and Sa - tan o - ver - com - ing, By its might, its might.

REFRAIN.



O the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry!



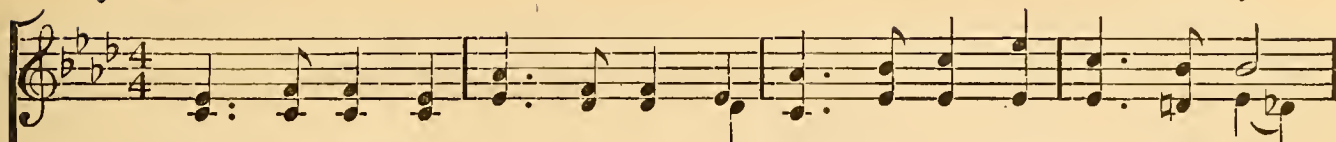
O be - lieve it, O re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee and me!

Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy

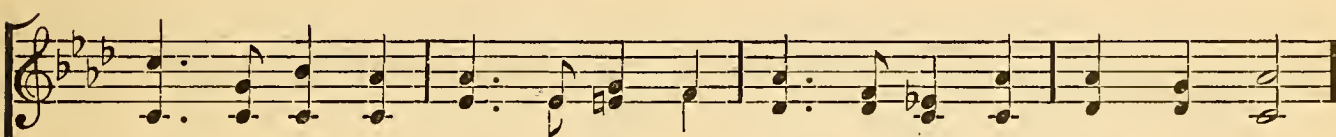
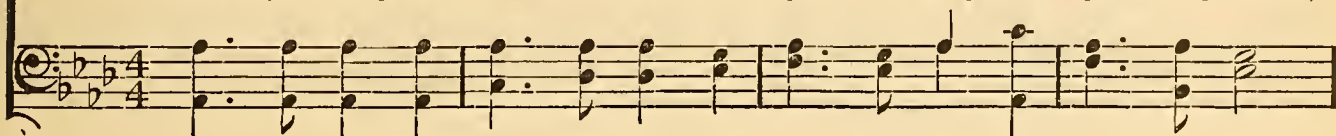
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Jonathan Evans

S. M. Bixby



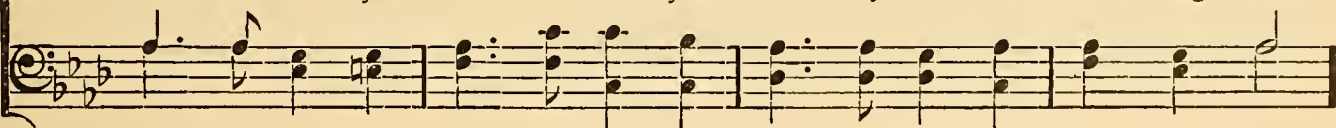
1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
2. "It is fin - ished!" O what pleas - ure Do these precious words af - ford!
3. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme;



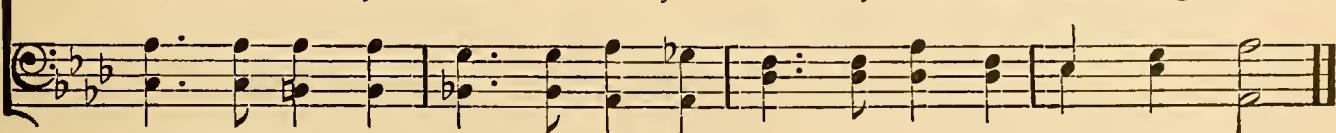
See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
Heav'n - ly bless - ings, with - out meas - ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
All on earth, and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man - uel's name;



"It is fin - ished: It is fin - ished:" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
"It is fin - ished: It is fin - ished:" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.



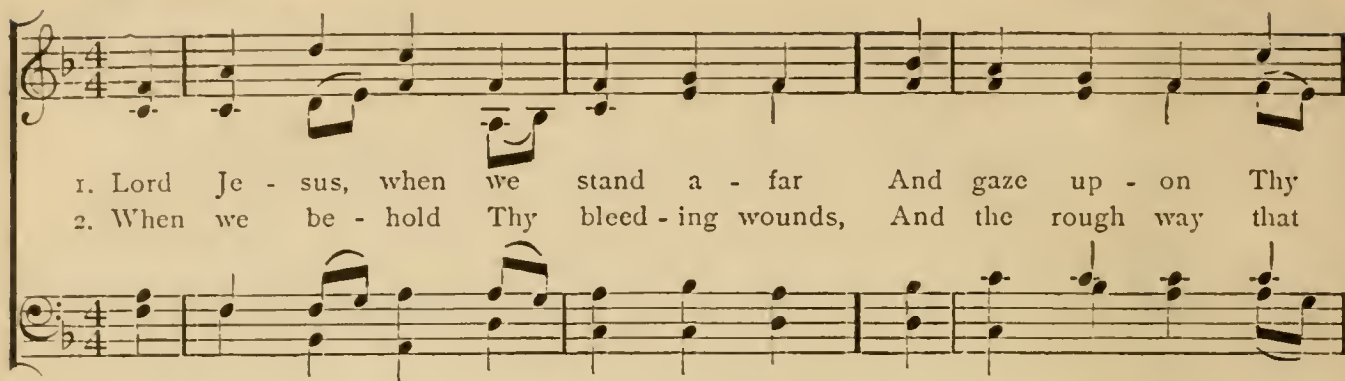
"It is fin - ished: It is finished:" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
"It is fin - ished: It is finished:" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.



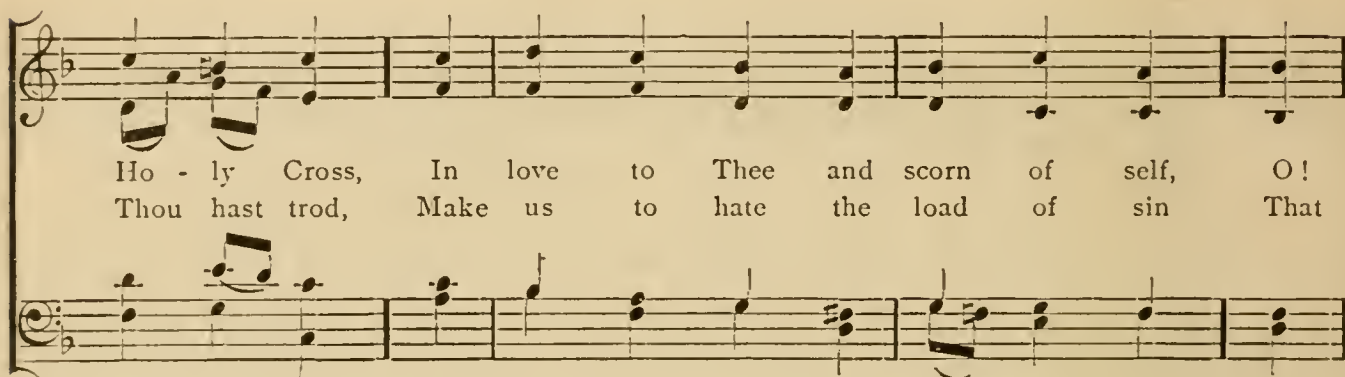
Lord Jesus, when we Stand afar

Rt. Rev. W. W. How, D.D.

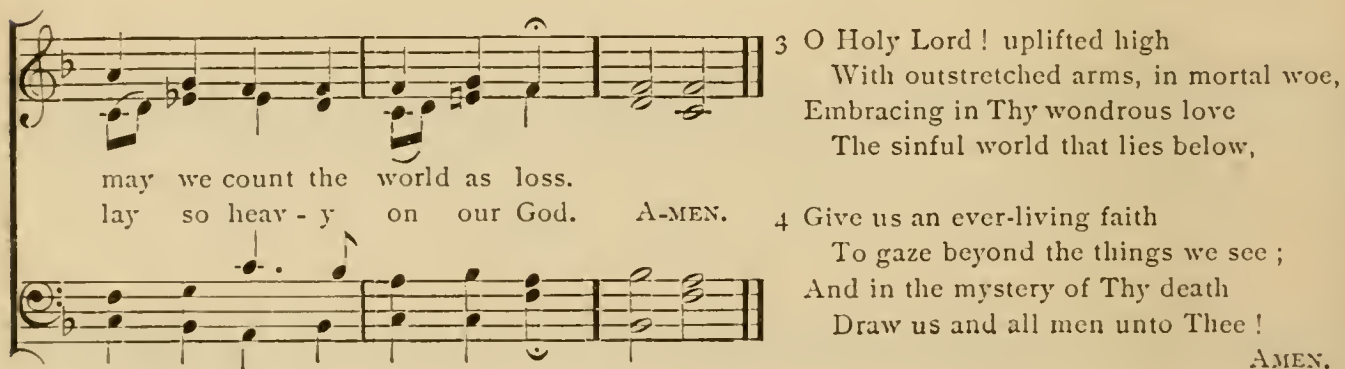
Joseph Barnby



1. Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - far And gaze up - on Thy
2. When we be - hold Thy bleed - ing wounds, And the rough way that



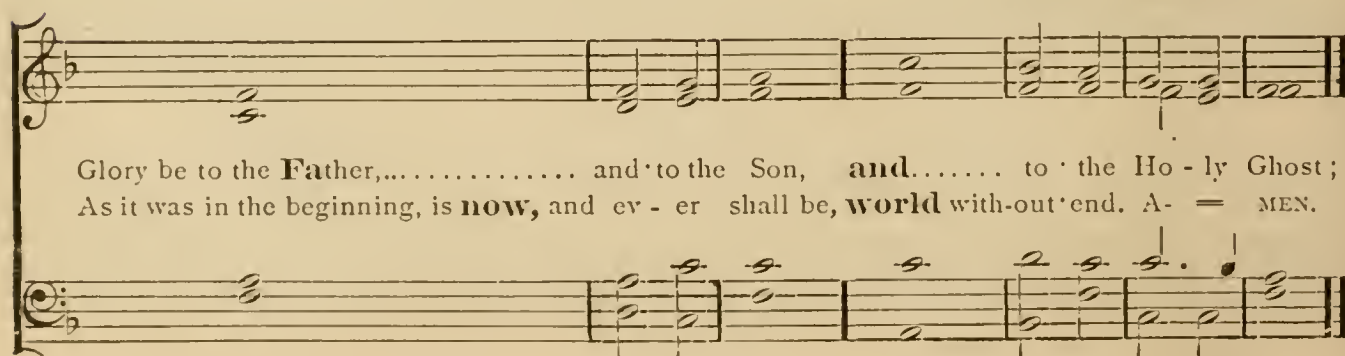
Ho - ly Cross, In love to Thee and scorn of self, O!
Thou hast trod, Make us to hate the load of sin That



3 O Holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,
may we count the world as loss.
lay so heav - y on our God. A-MEN. 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee!
AMEN.

Gloria Patri

Richard Farrant, 1570



Glory be to the Father,..... and to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out'end. A - MEN.

He is Risen! He is Risen

123

C. F. Alexander, 1853

W. H. Monk



1. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a joy - ful voice,
 2. Tell it to the sin - ners, weep - ing O - ver deeds in dark - ness done,
 3. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! He has oped th'e - ter - nal gate;



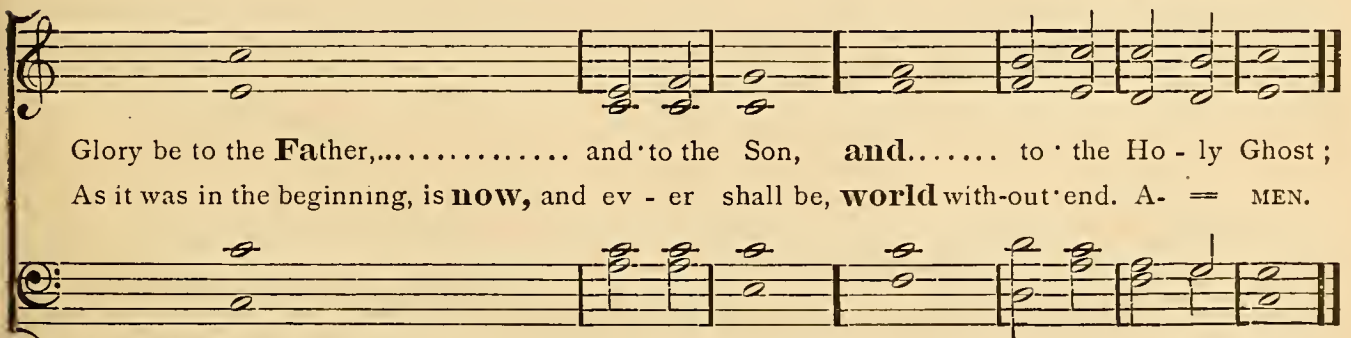
He has burst His three days' pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice;
 Wea - ry fast and vig - il keep - ing; Bright - ly breaks their East - er sun;
 We are loos'd from sin's dark pris - on, Ris - en to a ho - lier state,



Death is van-quish'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.
 Christ has borne our sins a - way, Christ has conquer'd hell to - day.
 Where a bright-ning East - er beam On our long - ing eyes shall gleam.

Gloria Patri

E. G. Monk



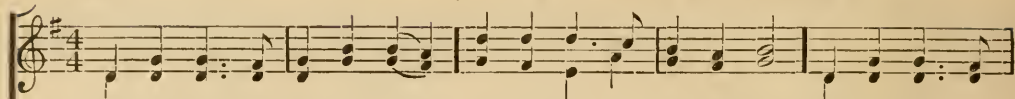
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - = MEN.

THE RESURRECTION

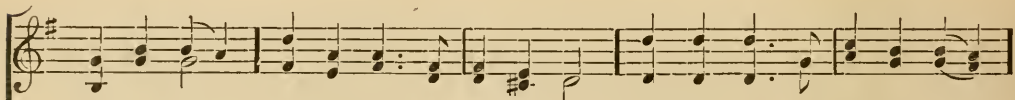
Christ the Lord is Risen to-day

Mrs. R. S. Storrs

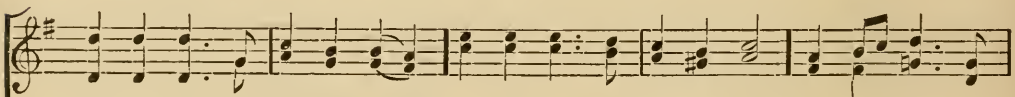
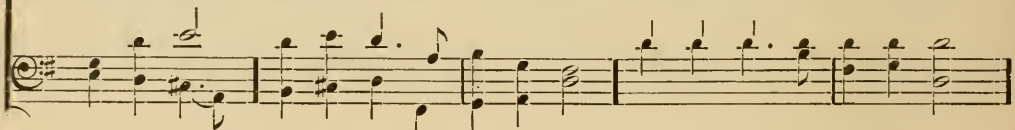
Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Ph. D.



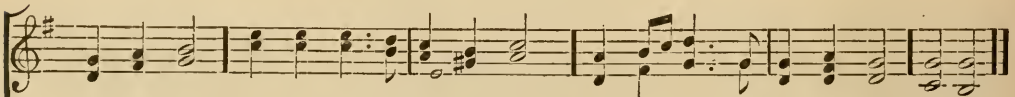
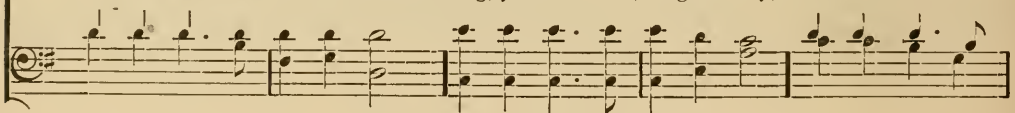
1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day! He who in the man-ger lay, Watch'd by gen - tle
2. Bring the ros - es' rich per - fume, Bring the gar-den's gladdest bloom, Bring the lil - ies'
3. O the man-sions Christ pre-pares, Where for each He looks and cares! O the gar - dens



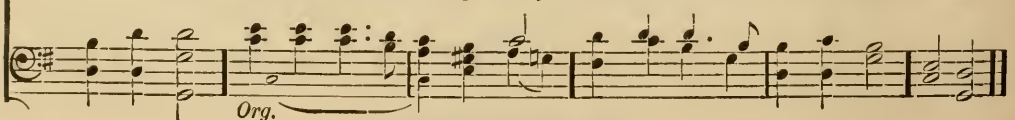
moth-er's eyes, Lives and reigns be-yond the skies. "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day!"
 saint - ly white, Em - blems of the soul's de-light, — Em-blems of the spir-it's glow,
 blooming bright, Where His glo - ry is the Light! Here His love is per - fect peace,



Each to oth - er glad - ly say! Shout, ye hap - py ones, and sing, Let the earth with
 We, like Ma - ry, soon may know, When our Mas-ter's Voice we hear Speak our name in
 There His love shall nev - er cease! Sing, ye chil - dren, sing and say, "Christ the Lord is



mu - sic ring! Shout, ye hap-py ones, and sing, Let the earth with mu-sic ring!
 ac-cents clear. When our Mas-ter's Voice we hear Speak our name in ac-cents clear.
 ris'n to - day." Sing, ye chil-dren, sing and say, "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day." A-MEN.



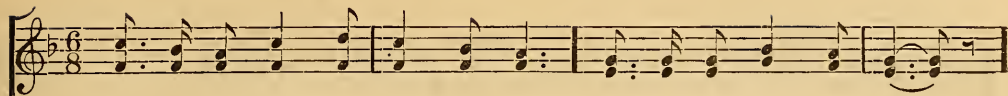
THE RESURRECTION

Risen with Christ

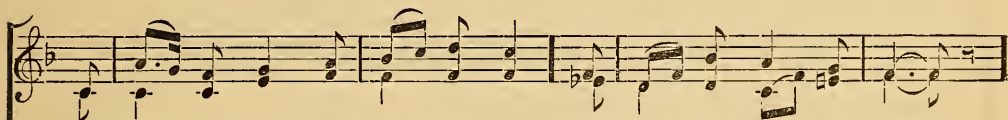
125

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

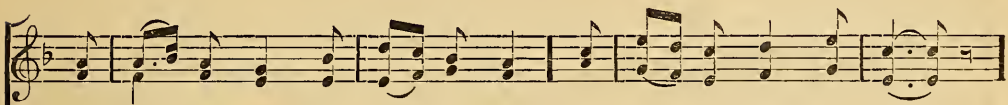
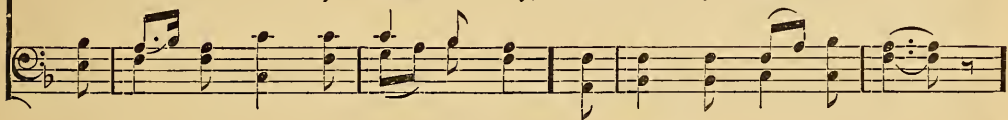
S. M. Bixby



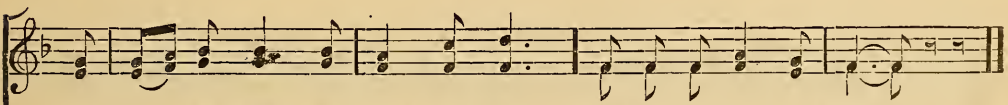
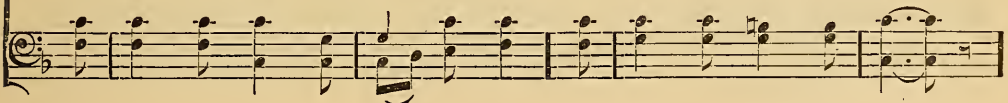
1. Ris - en with Christ! O ho - ly thought! Lord, may it ev - er be,...
2. Ris - en with Christ! O bless - ed word! From sin and death set free ;.
3. Ris - en with Christ! This East - er - day Shall sweetly bring to mind,



That we, by Thine a - tone-ment bought, Shall ev - er live to Thee!
Our life is hid with Christ in God, Lord, *Thou* our life shalt be!...
A death to ev - 'ry e - vil way, A ho - ly life to find...



May ev - 'ry heart be sweet-ly drawn, And set on things a - bove,
And since such priv - i - lege is ours, Such won - drous gift di - vine,
Lord, gen - tly lead our wand'-ring feet, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it give,



Where Je - sus sits at God's right hand, Pledge of the Fa - ther's love!
O may Thy Spir - it rule in us, And in our ac - tions shine.
That we, safe fold - ed by Thy love, That bless-ed life may live.



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THE RESURRECTION

We March, we March to Victory

Rev. Gerard Moultrie

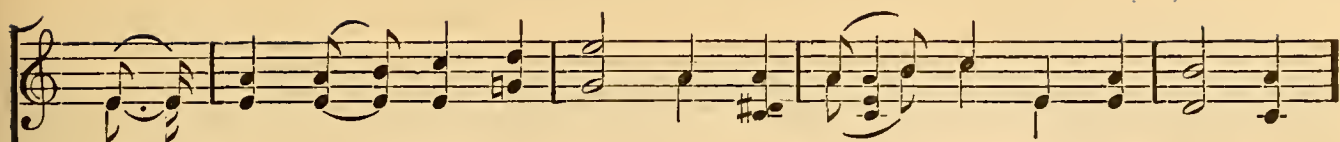
Joseph Barnby

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us,

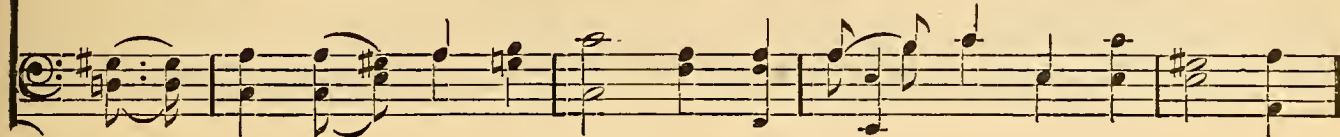
With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
His arm 2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of... an - gels with song a - waits
4. Then on - ward we march, our.. arms to prove,

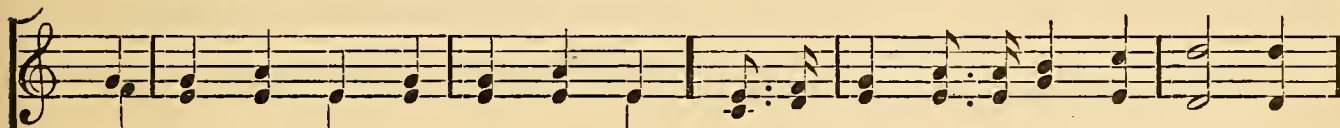
With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,
Our hel - met His Sal - va - tion; Our... ban - ner the Cross of Cal - - va - ry,
Our march to the gold-en Zi - on; For our Captain has brok-en the braz - en gates,
With the banner of Christ be - fore us, With His eye of love looking down from a - bove,



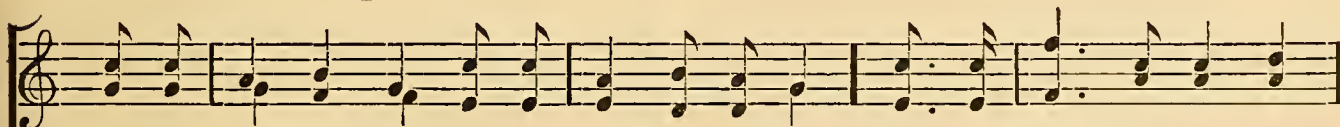
That the sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him.
 Our... watchword—the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword—the In - car - na - tion.
 And.. burst the... bars of i - ron, And burst.. the bars of i - ron.
 And His ho - ly... arm spread o'er us, His ho - - ly arm spread o'er us.



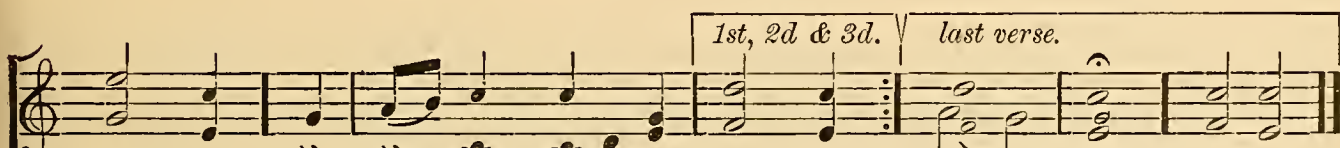
REFRAIN.



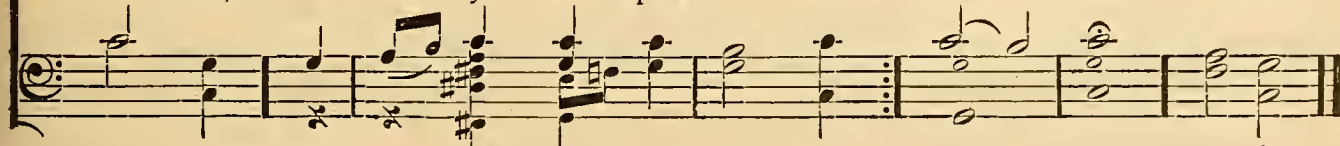
We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us,



With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread



o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us o'er... us. A - MEN.

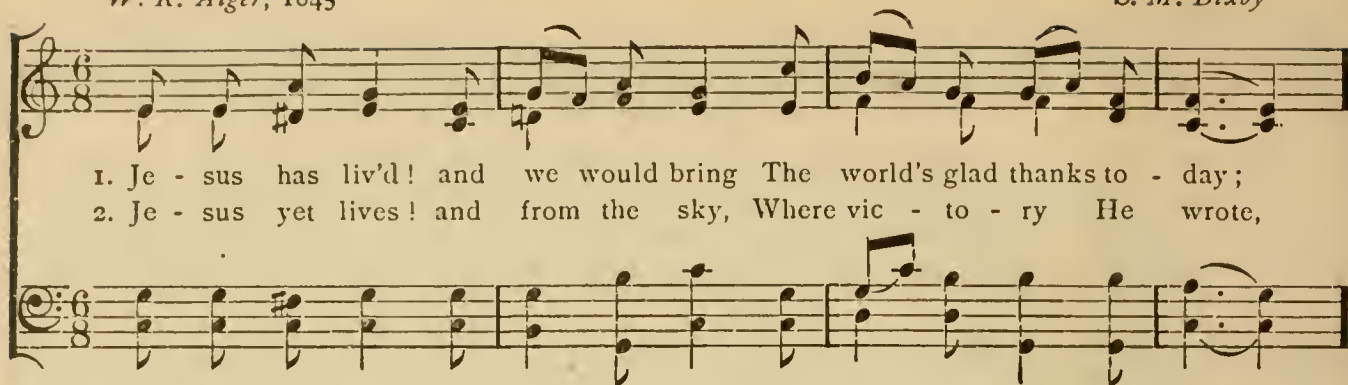


His arm

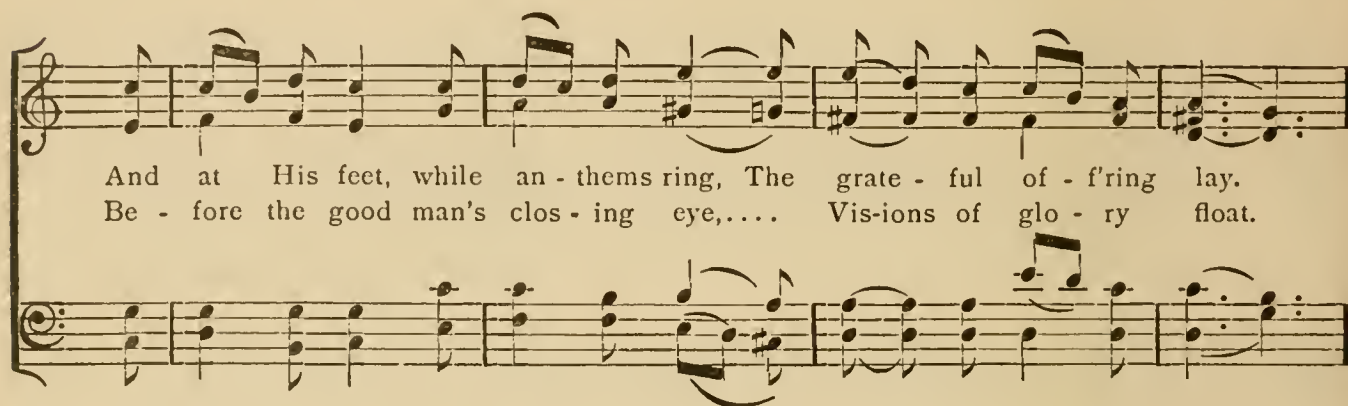
Jesus has Lived

W. R. Alger, 1845

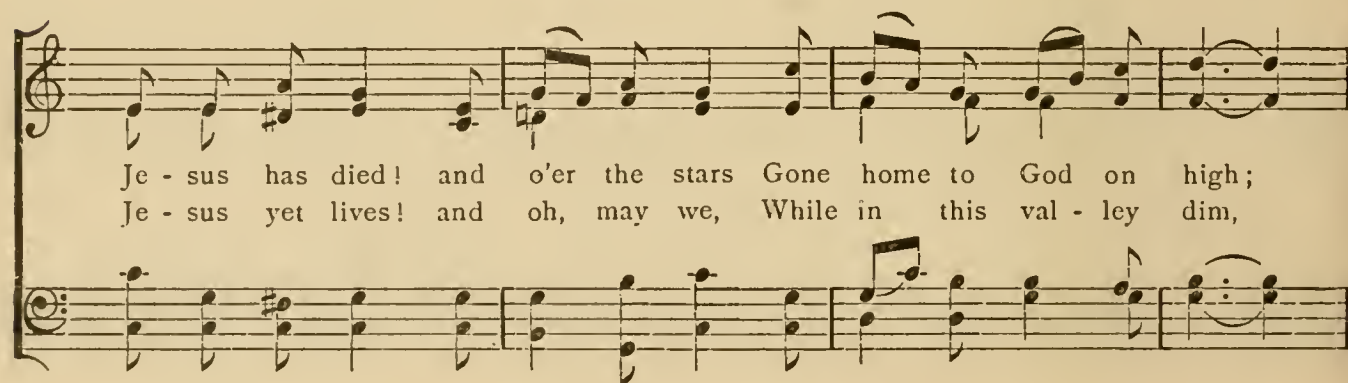
S. M. Bixby



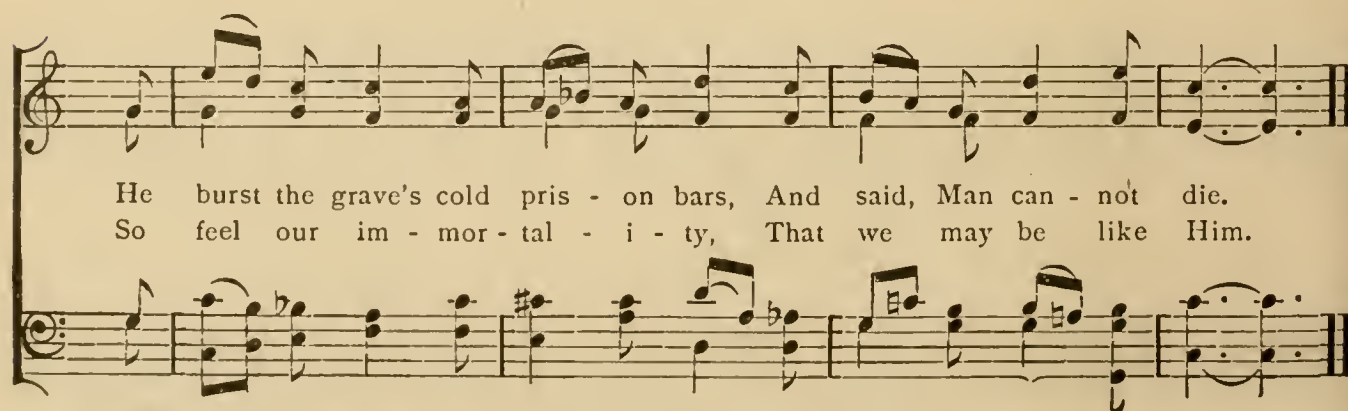
1. Je - sus has liv'd! and we would bring The world's glad thanks to - day;
2. Je - sus yet lives! and from the sky, Where vic - to - ry He wrote,



And at His feet, while an - thems ring, The grate - ful of - f'ring lay.
Be - fore the good man's clos - ing eye,.... Vis - ions of glo - ry float.



Je - sus has died! and o'er the stars Gone home to God on high;
Je - sus yet lives! and oh, may we, While in this val - ley dim,



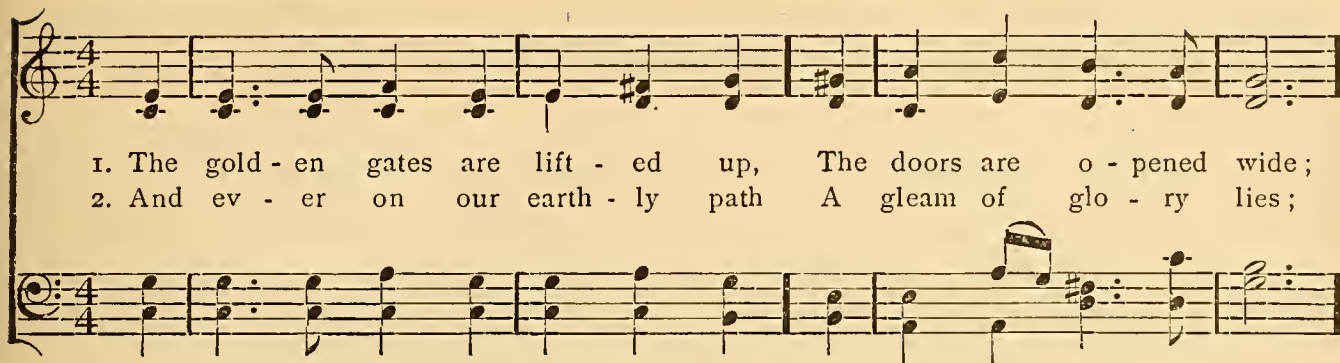
He burst the grave's cold pris - on bars, And said, Man can - not die.
So feel our im - mor - tal - i - ty, That we may be like Him.

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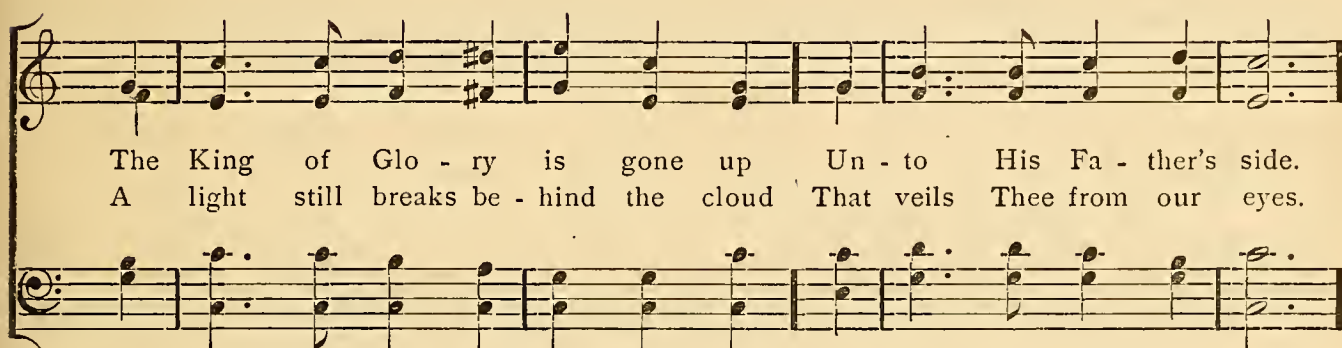
THE RESURRECTION

The Golden Gates are Lifted up

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*C. F. Alexander, abr.**S. M. Bixby*

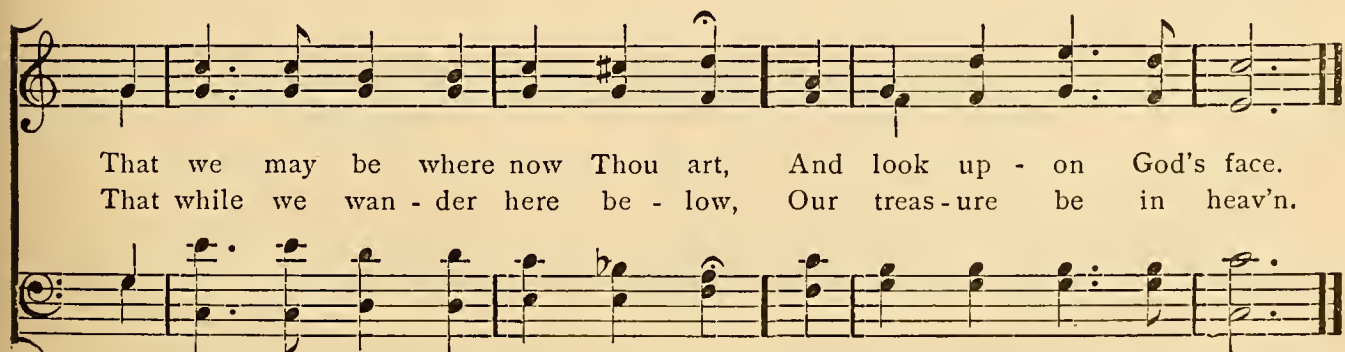
1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide;
2. And ev - er on our earth - ly path A gleam of glo - ry lies;



The King of Glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side.
A light still breaks be - hind the cloud That veils Thee from our eyes.



Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place,
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be giv'n;

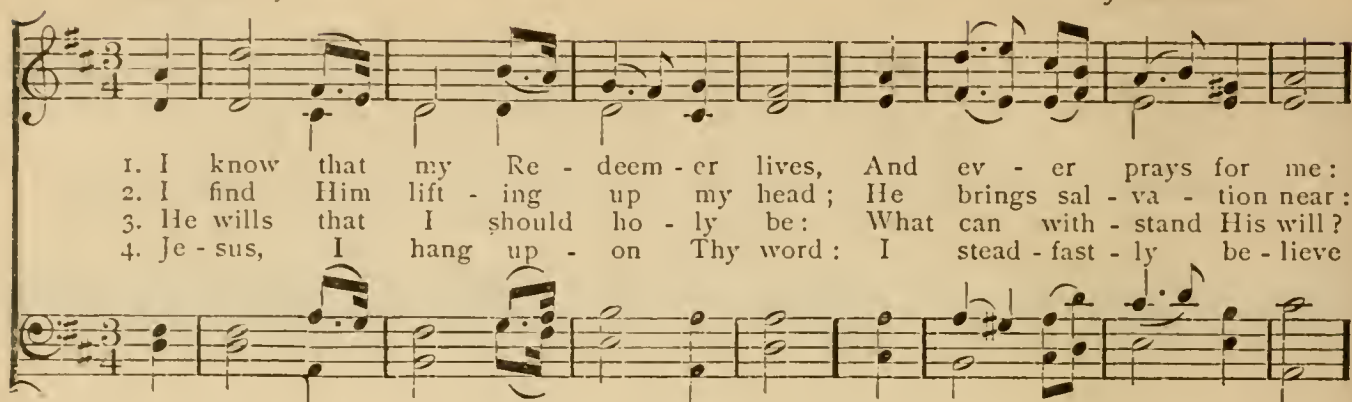


That we may be where now Thou art, And look up - on God's face.
That while we wan - der here be - low, Our treas - ure be in heav'n.

I know that my Redeemer Lives

Charles Wesley

Arr. from Handel



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
 2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:
 3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with - stand His will?
 4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve

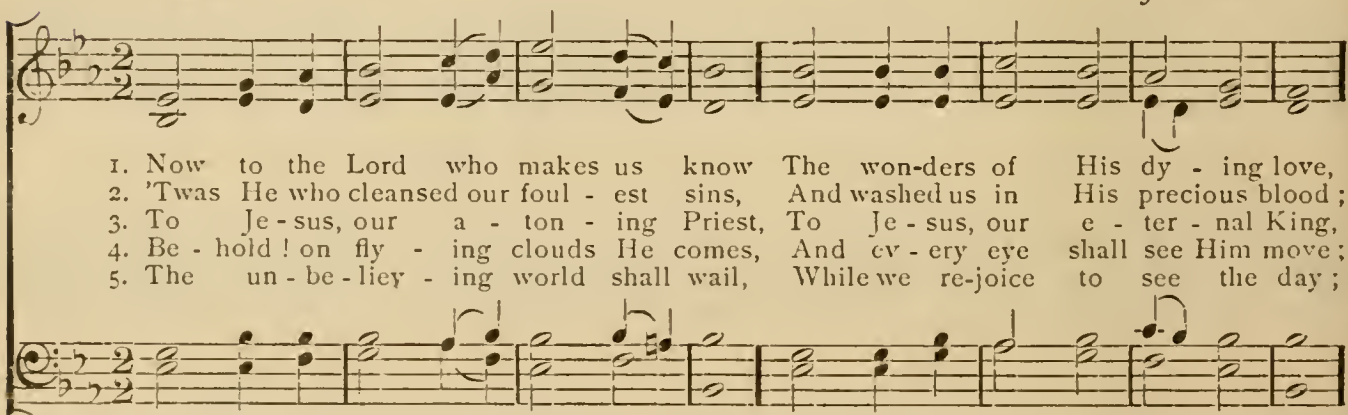


A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
 His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
 The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

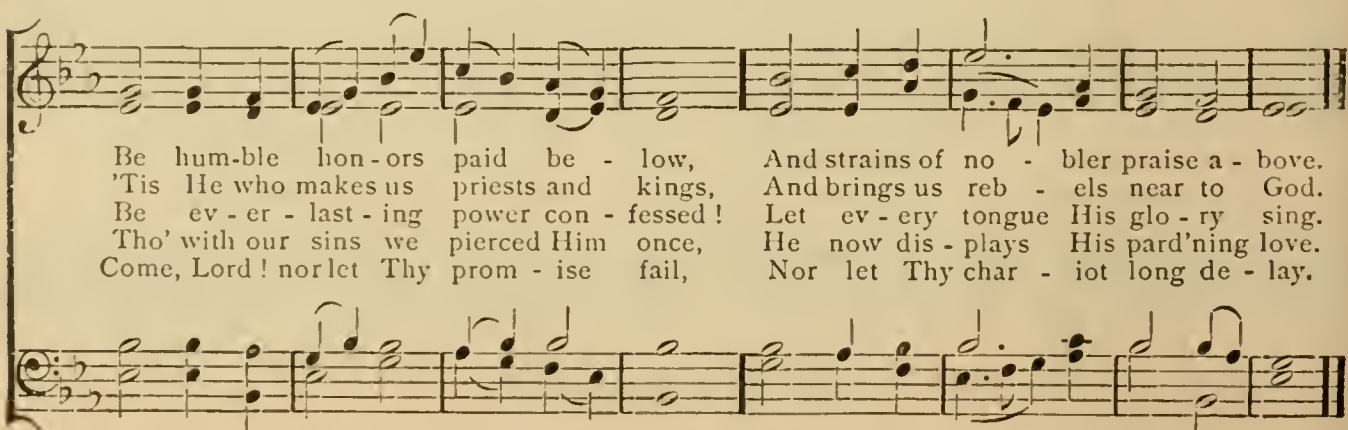
Now to the Lord, who makes us know

Isaac Watts

J. Hatton



1. Now to the Lord who makes us know The won - ders of His dy - ing love,
 2. 'Twas He who cleansed our foul - est sins, And washed us in His precious blood;
 3. To Je - sus, our a - ton - ing Priest, To Je - sus, our e - ter - nal King,
 4. Be - hold! on fly - ing clouds He comes, And ev - ery eye shall see Him move;
 5. The un - be - liev - ing world shall wail, While we re-joyce to see the day;

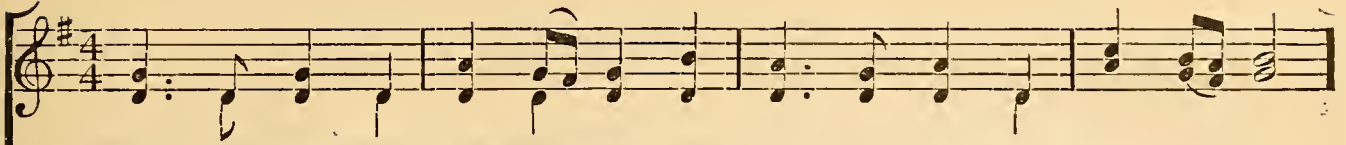


Be hum - ble hon - ors paid be - low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.
 'Tis He who makes us priests and kings, And brings us reb - els near to God.
 Be ev - er - last - ing power con - fessed! Let ev - ery tongue His glo - ry sing.
 Tho' with our sins we pierced Him once, He now dis - plays His pard'ning love.
 Come, Lord! nor let Thy prom - ise fail, Nor let Thy char - iot long de - lay.

Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices 131

Thos. Kelly

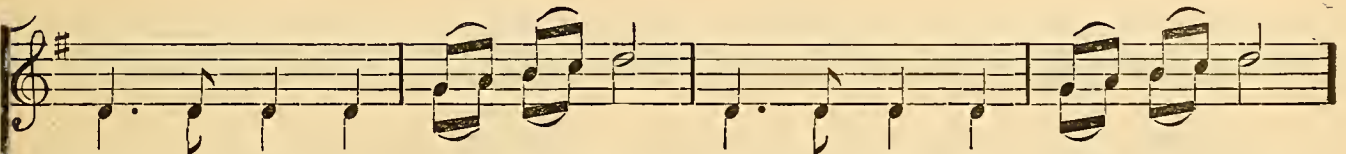
John Zundel



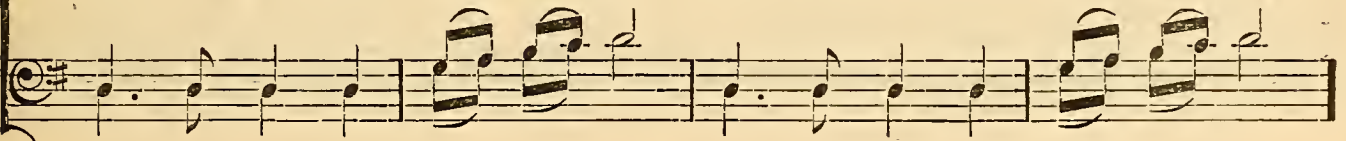
1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the notes of praise a - bove ;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth ;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er ; Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown :
4. Sav - iour, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing ; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es ; Je - sus reigns, the God of love :
Lord of life, Thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth :
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ;
When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way :



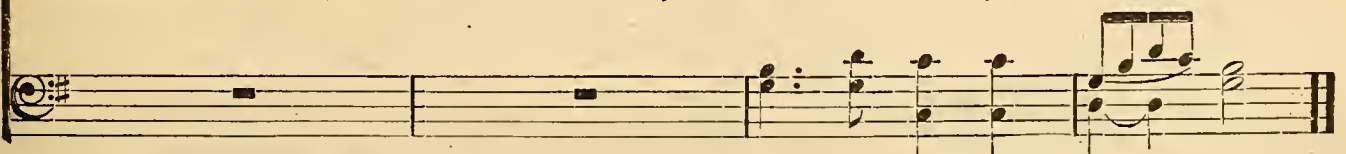
See, He sits on yon - der throne ; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King."



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - MEN.



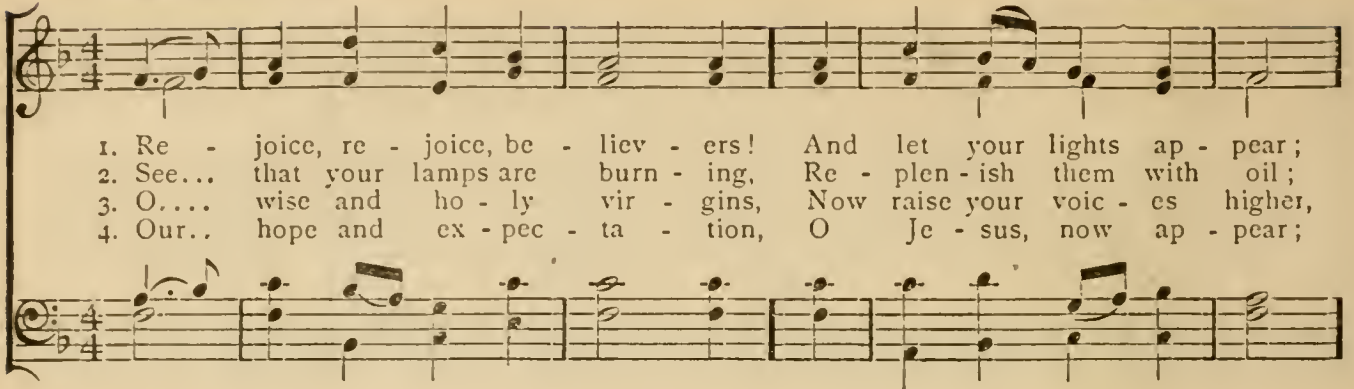
From Plymouth Coll. by permission.

CHRIST'S EXALTATION

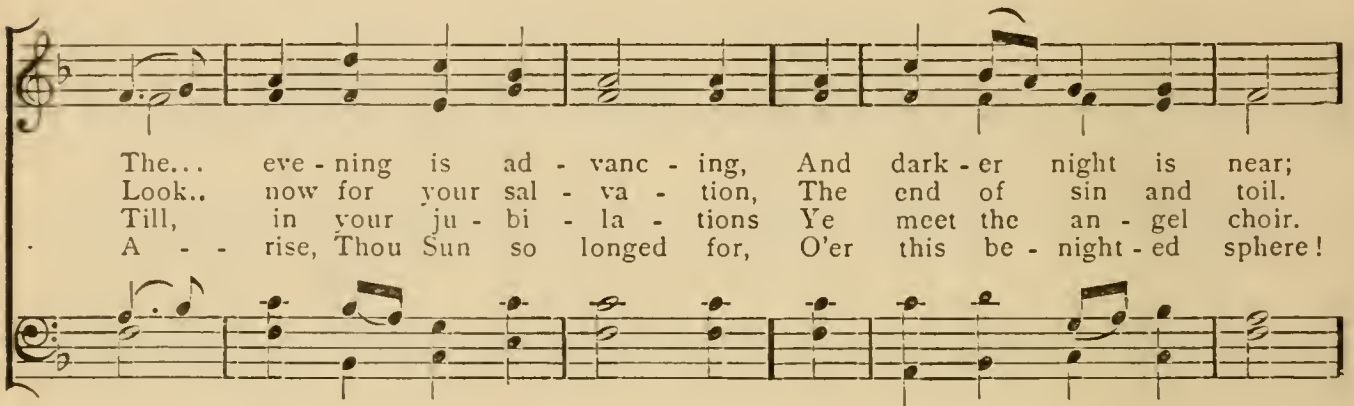
Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

Laurenti, Tr. Borthwick

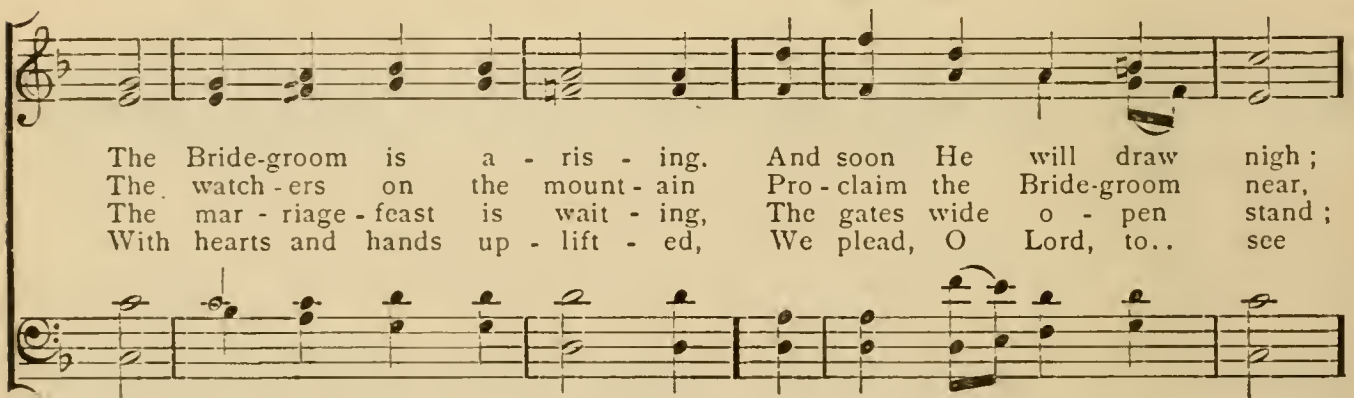
German Melody, 1648



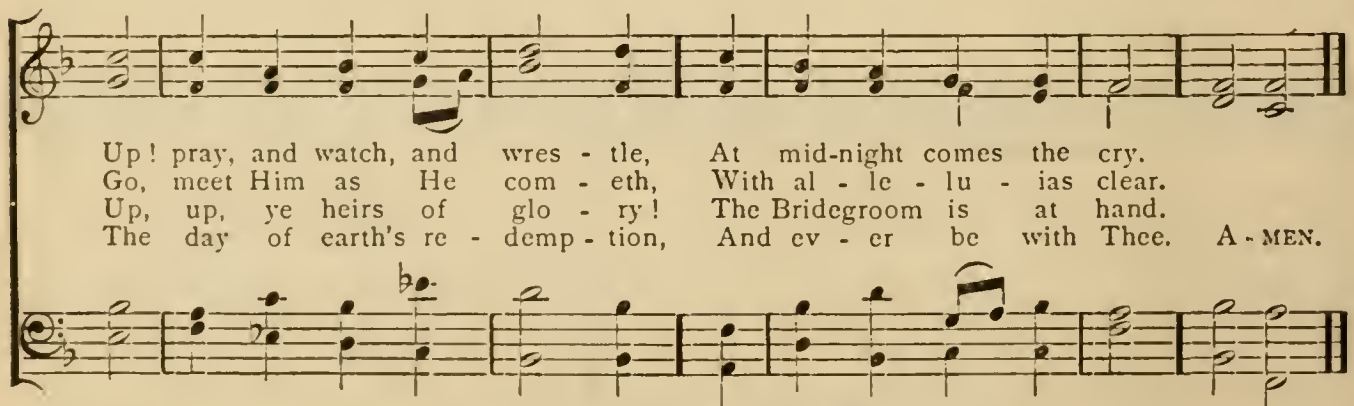
1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
 2. See... that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;
 3. O.... wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voic - es higher,
 4. Our.. hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;



The... eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near;
 Look.. now for your sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil.
 Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye meet the an - gel choir.
 A - - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere!



The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing. And soon He will draw nigh;
 The watch - ers on the mount - ain Pro - claim the Bride-groom near;
 The mar - riage - feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;
 With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to.. see



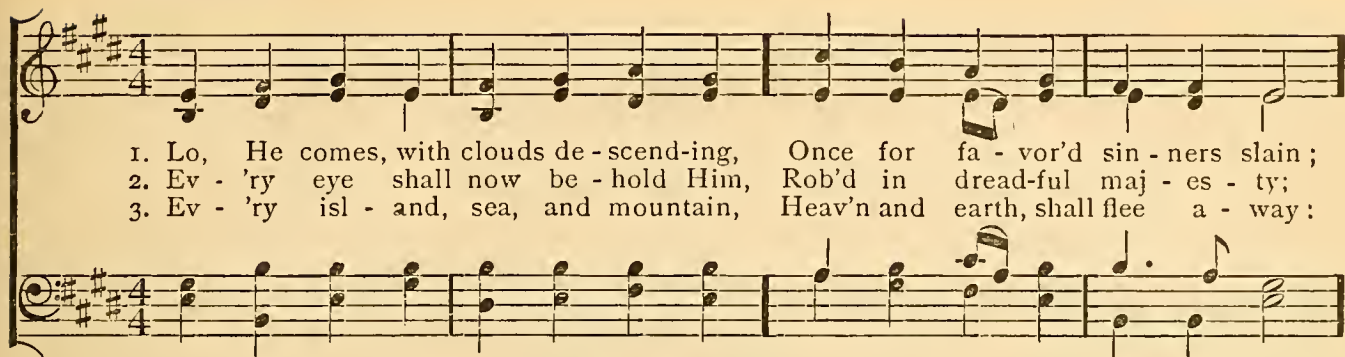
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle, At mid-night comes the cry.
 Go, meet Him as He com - eth, With al - le - lu - ias clear.
 Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion, And ev - er be with Thee. A - MEN.

Lo! He comes, with Clouds Descending

133

M. Madan, 1760

V. Novello



1. Lo, He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vor'd sin - ners slain;
 2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold Him, Rob'd in dread - ful maj - es - ty;
 3. Ev - 'ry isl - and, sea, and mountain, Heav'n and earth, shall flee a - way:



Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train:
 Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the tree;
 All who hate Him must, con - found - ed, Hear the trump pro - claim the day;

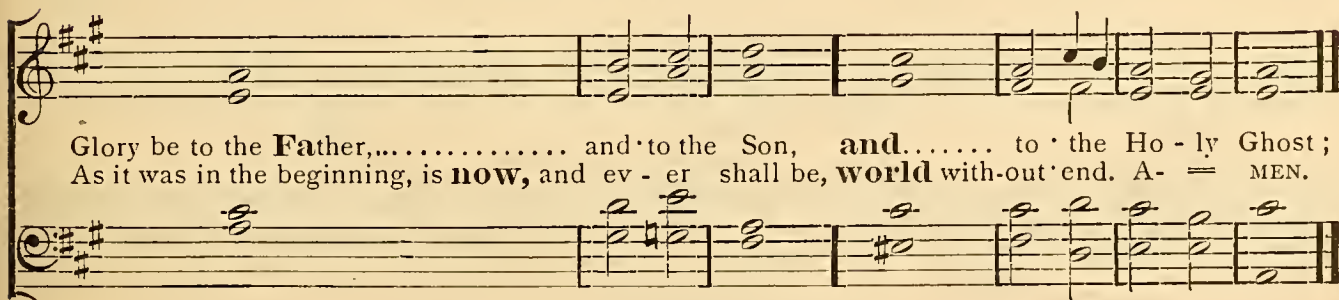


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign.
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 Come to judgment, Come to judgment, Come to judg - ment, come a - way. A - MEN.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air,
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 O come quickly,
 Alleluia! Come, Lord, come. AMEN.

Gloria Patri

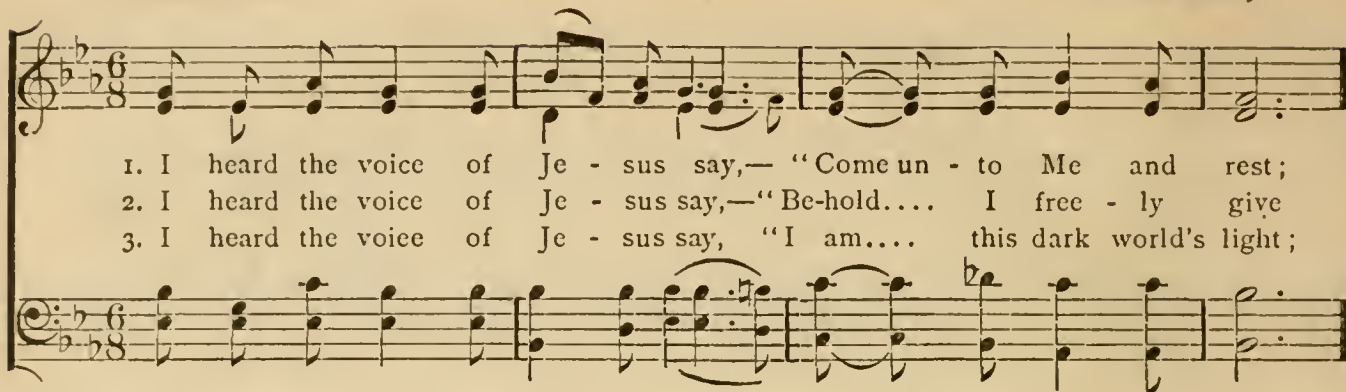


Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with - out end. A - MEN.

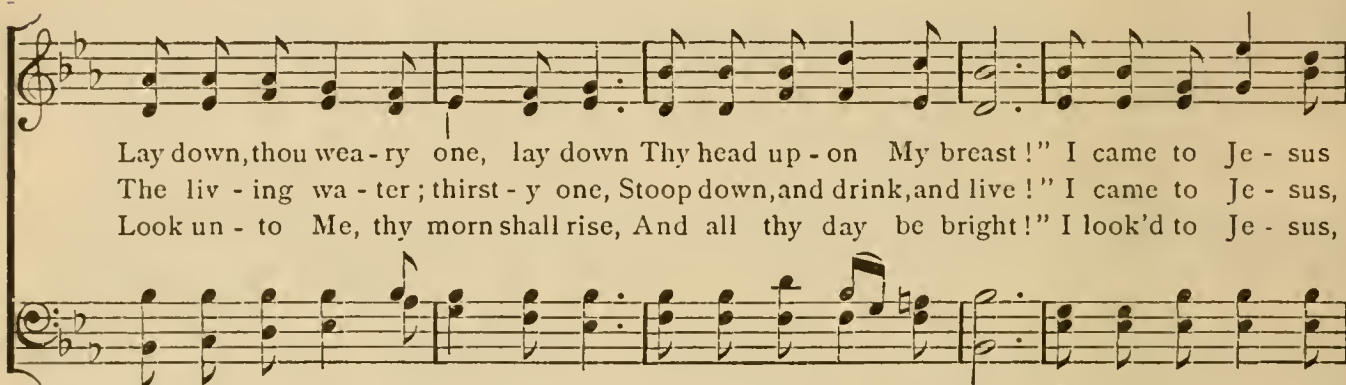
I heard the Voice of Jesus say

Horatius Bonar

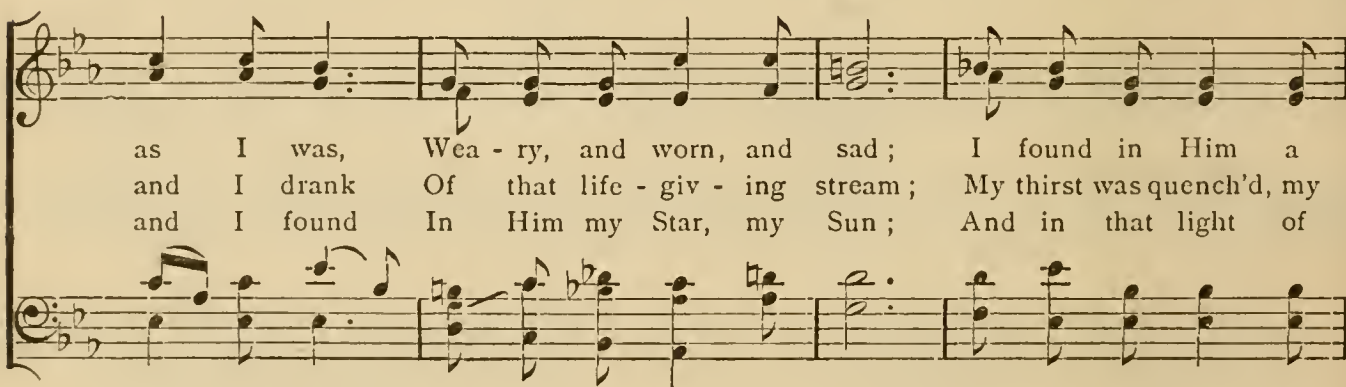
S. M. Bixby



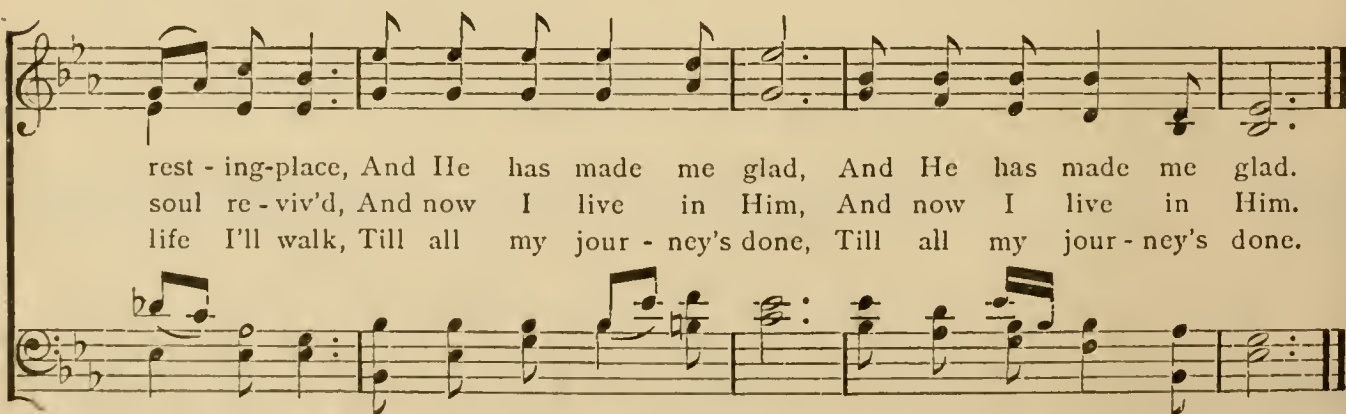
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "Be-hold.... I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am.... this dark world's light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!" I came to Je - sus
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus,
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I look'd to Je - sus,



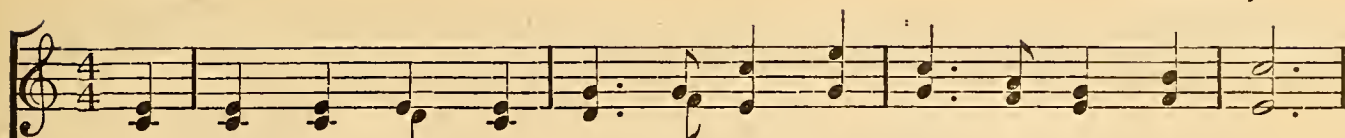
as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a
 and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my
 and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of




rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad, And He has made me glad.
 soul re - viv'd, And now I live in Him, And now I live in Him.
 life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done, Till all my jour - ney's done.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

135

*H. Bonar**S. M. Bixby*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me, and rest ;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light ;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, All wea - ry, worn and sad ;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream ;
I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun ;



I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
So in that Light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done.

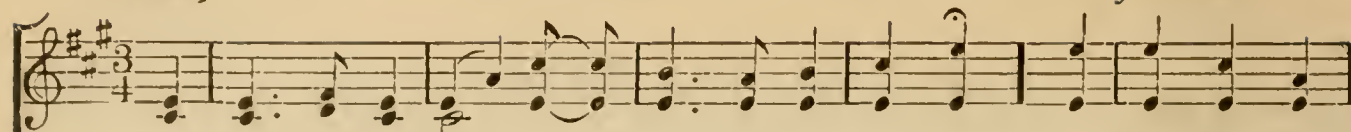
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INVITATION

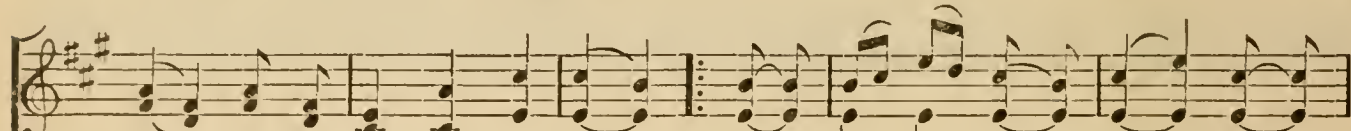
The Voice of Free Grace

Thornby


Dr. John Clarke



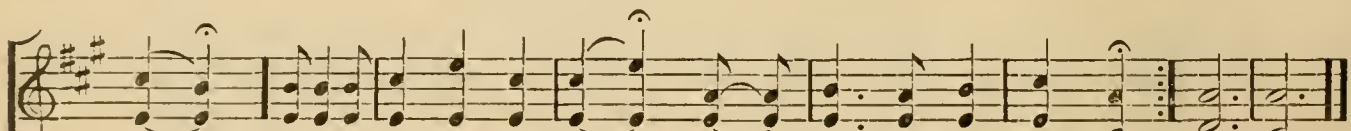
1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For Ad-am's lost



race Christ hath o-pen'd a fountain; { For sin and un-cleanness, And
Al-le-lu-ia to the Lamb, Who hath



ev-ry trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most free-ly In streams of sal-
bought us our par-don; We'll praise Him a-gain, When we pass o-ver



va-tion; His blood flows most free-ly In... streams of sal-va-tion. }
Jor-dan; We'll praise Him a-gain.. When we pass o-ver Jor-dan. } A-MEN.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain.
Alleluia, etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious:
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious;

Thy Name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation. Alleluia, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Alleluia, etc. AMEN.

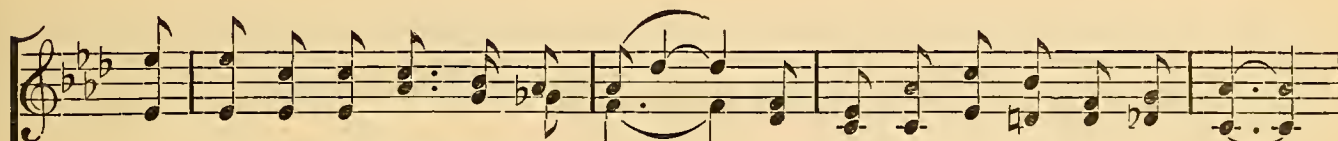
INVITATION

Oh, haste to the Saviour to-day

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*Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891.**S. M. Bixby*

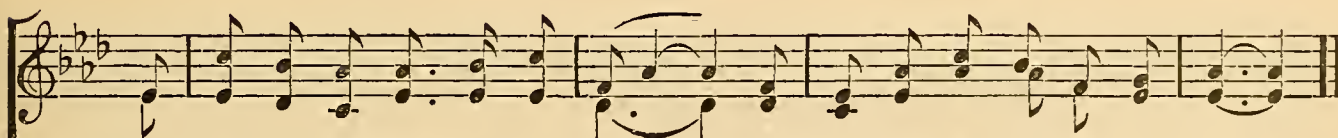
1. Oh, haste to the Sav-iour to - day!.... He ten-der-ly bids you to come;
2. Oh, come to the foun-tain to - day!.... And bathe in the life-giv-ing flood;
3. Oh, come to the Sav-iour to - day!.... How sweet-ly He speaks in His word,



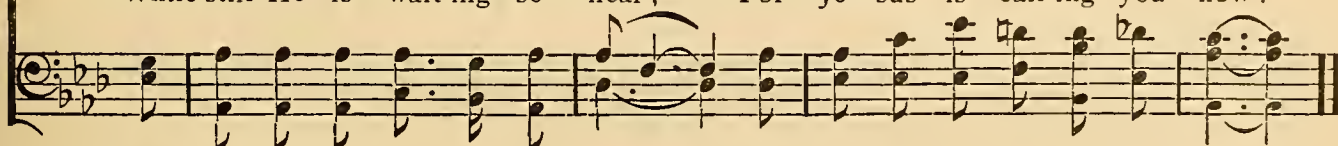
He lov-ing-ly shows you the way,.... And points to the heav-en-ly home.
Come, cast all your doubt-ing a - way,.... And trust in the pow'r of His blood.
And bids you no long-er de - lay,... But come to your dear, lov-ing Lord.



'Tis sin that has blind-ed your sight,.... That hides Him a - way from your view,
'Tis sin that for-bids you to hear,.... But Je - sus your will can re - new;
Oh hast-en His sweet voice to hear,.... And hum-bly be-fore Him to bow,



He on - ly re-stores you the light— The Sav-iour is call-ing for you!
Oh come, while He's wait-ing so near,.... And ten-der-ly call-ing for you!
While still He is wait-ing so near;— For Je - sus is call-ing you now!



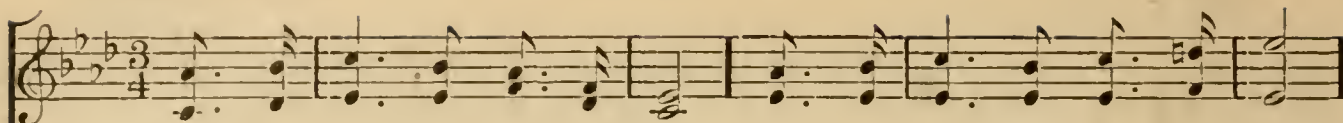
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INVITATION

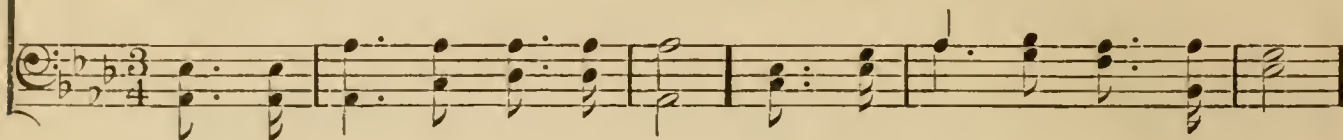
Look to Jesus

Josephine Pollard

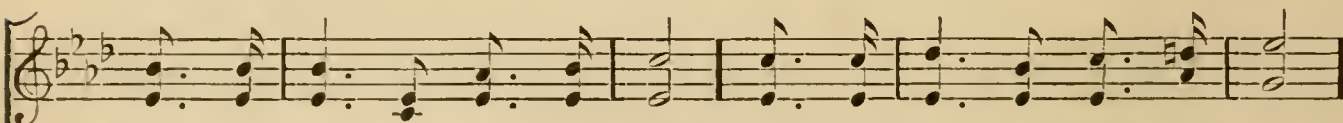
C. E. Pollock



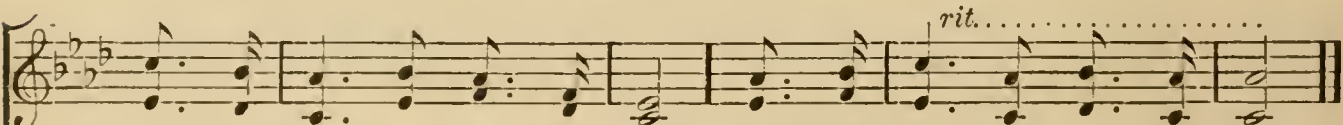
1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Full of an - guish, full of grief ;
2. See the lov - ing Sav - iour stands, Plead - ing for thy fond em - brace ;
3. Look to Je - sus, not in vain Do the wea - ry seek for rest ;



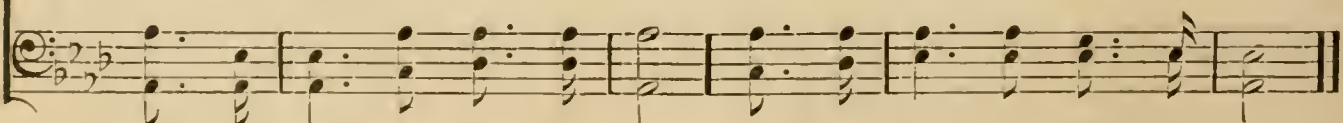
He will com - fort, He a - lone ; Has the balm of thy re - lief,
Trust thy - self to Je - sus' hands, In His bo - som hide thy face ;
Weep a - way thy tears and pain Like a child up - on His breast ;



Look to Him in thy de - spair, Rest and ref - uge He will give,
All thy sick - ness He can cure, All thy sins He will for - give,
Breathe thy sor - row in His 'ear, Strength for ev - 'ry day re - ceive ;



All thy bur - dens He will bear, Look to Je - sus, look and live.
He will make His prom - ise sure, Look to Je - sus, look and live.
Light in dark - ness will ap - pear, If thou wilt but look and live.

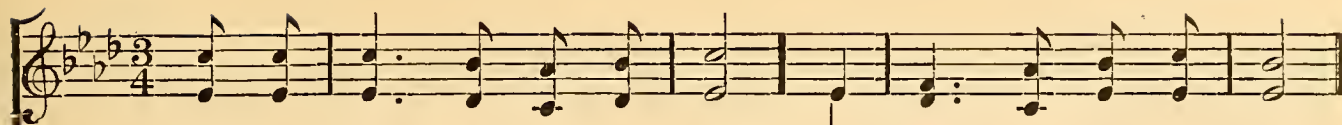


Human Life is full of Grief

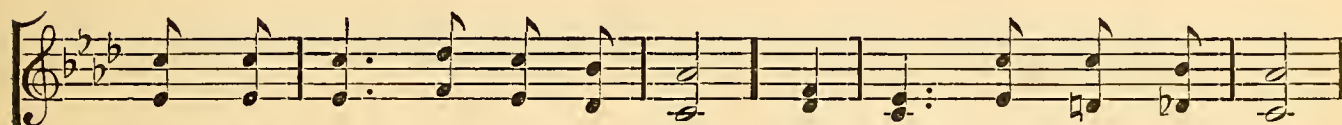
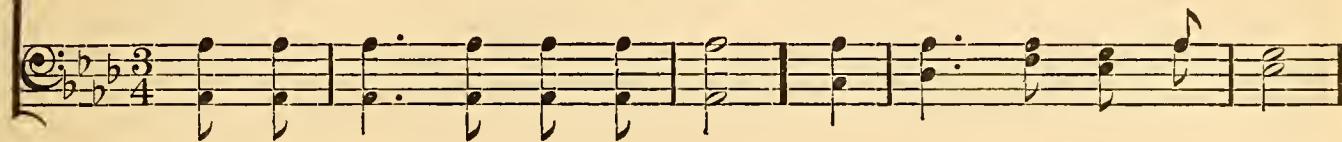
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S. B.

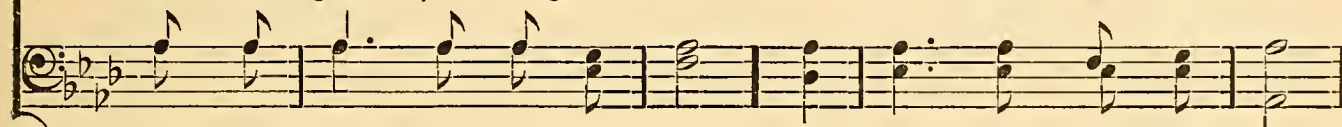
S. M. Bixby



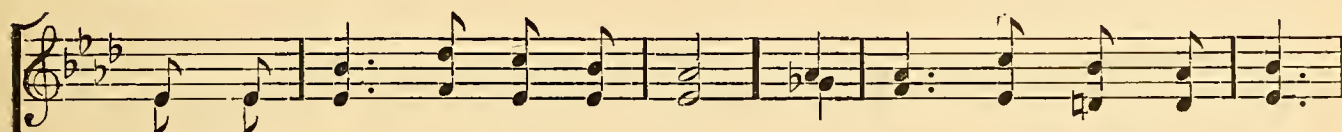
1. Hu - man life is full of grief— Oh, seek the life a - bove!
2. Are you wea - ry of your sin? Oh, seek a pard-'ning God!
3. Are you worn with anx - ious care? Oh, cast it on the Lord!



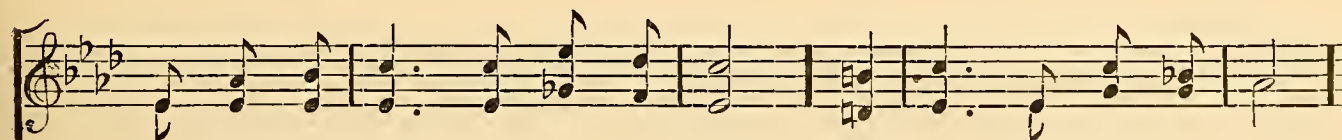
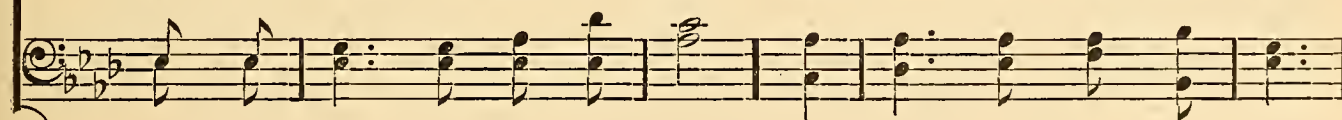
Je - sus of - fers sweet re - lief In His un - chang - ing love.
He will make you pure with - in— 'Tis prom - ised in His word.
He will give you strength to bear, And com - fort sweet af - ford.



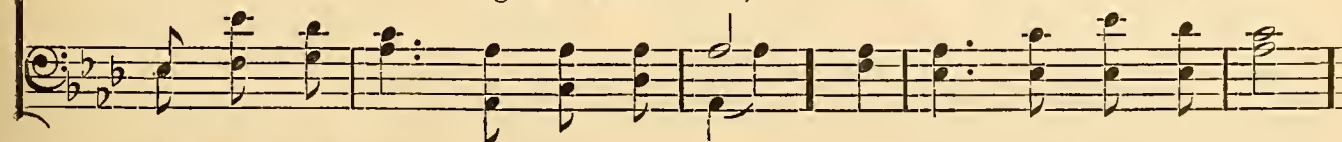
REFRAIN.



Earth - ly sor - rows seem but small When Je - sus fills the soul;
Sin - ful pleas - ures seem but dross When Je - sus fills the soul;
Earth - ly loss will seem but gain When Je - sus fills the soul;



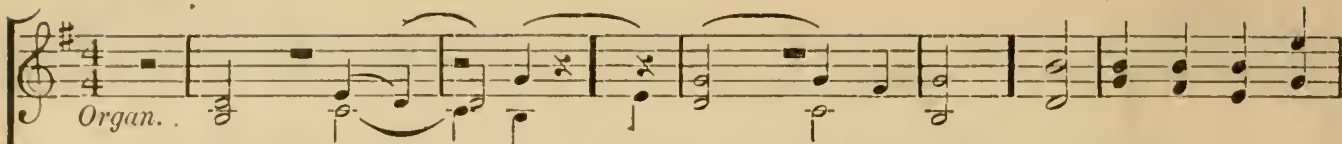
And when His love is all in all, In vain the bil - lows roll.
And in the shel - ter of His cross, In vain the bil - lows roll.
And when His lov - ing arms sus - tain, In vain the bil - lows roll.



Come Unto Me, ye Weary

William C. Dix

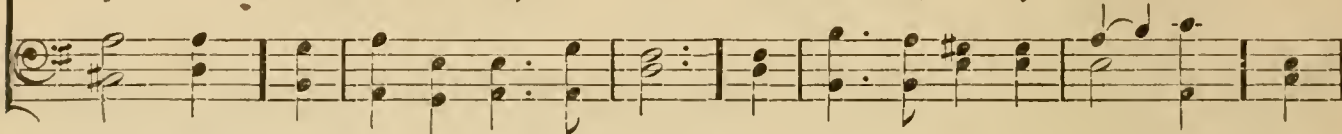
Rev. J. B. Dykes



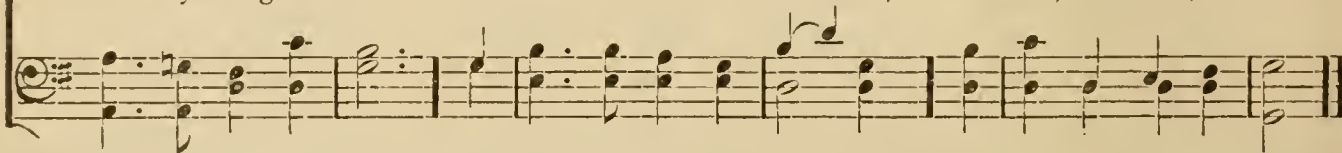
- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. "Come un - to me, ye wea-ry, | And I will give you rest." | Oh, bless-ed voice of |
| 2. "Come un - to me, dear children, | And I will give you light." | Oh, lov-ing voice of |
| 3. "Come un - to me, ye fainting, | And I will give you life." | Oh, peace-ful voice of |
| 4. "And who - so - ev - er com-eth | I will not cast him out." | Oh, pa - tient love of |



Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of
 Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night: Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And
 Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife: The foe is stern and ea - ger, The
 Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt: Which calls us,—ve - ry sin - ners, Un -



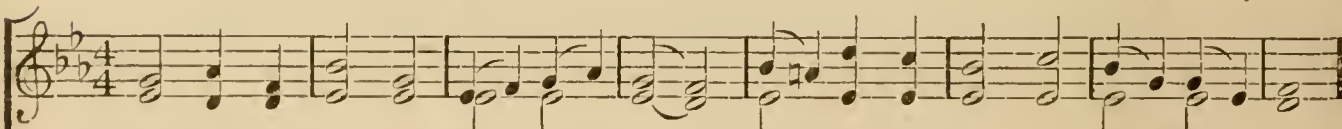
par - don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.
 we had lost our way, But morning brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.
 fight is fierce and long; But Thou hast made us might - y, And stronger than the strong.
 wor - thy though we be Of love so free and boundless,— To come, dear Lord, to Thee.



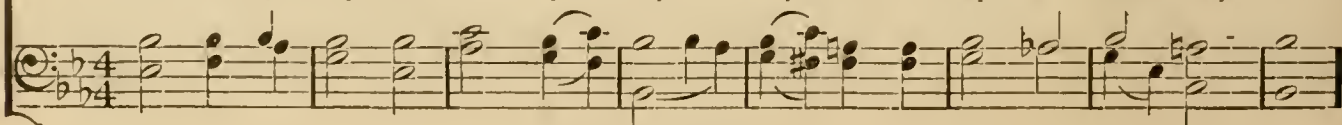
Say, Sinner, hath a Voice within

Mrs. Abbe Bradley Hyde. Abr

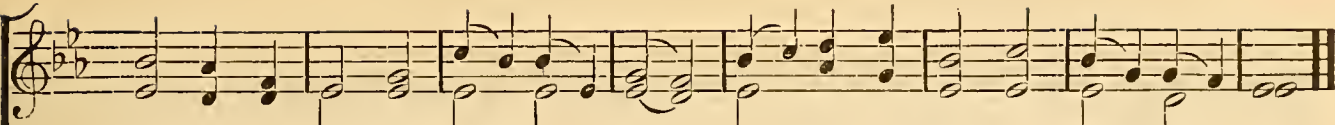
S. M. Bixby



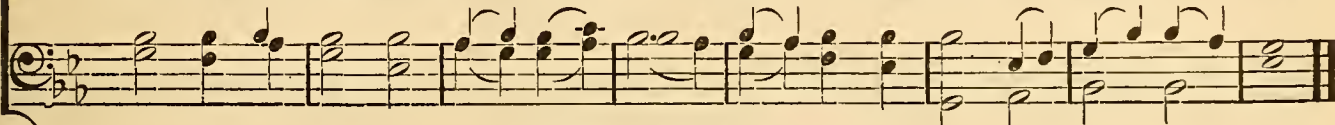
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Say, sin - ner, hath a voice with - in.. | Oft whisper'd to Thy se - cret soul, |
| 2. Sin - ner, it was a heav'n-ly voice, | It was the Spir - it's gra - cious call; |
| 3. Spurn not the call to light and light; | Re - gard in time the warn - ing kind; |
| 4. Sin - ner, per-haps this ve - ry day.. | Thy last ac - cept - ed time may be; |



INVITATION



Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?
 It bade thee make the bet - ter choïce, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
 That call thou mayst not al - ways slight, And yet the gate of mer - cy find.
 O shouldst thou grieve Him now a - way, Then hope may nev - er beam on thee.

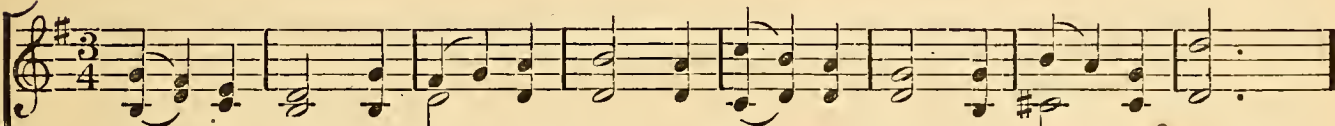


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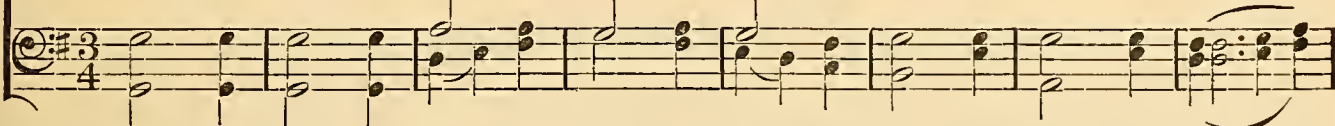
Come, ye Sinners! Poor and Wretched

Joseph Hart, 1759

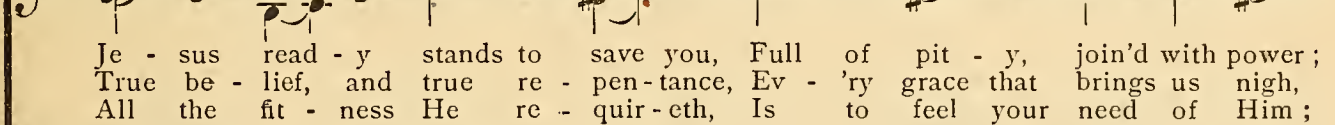
S. M. Bixby



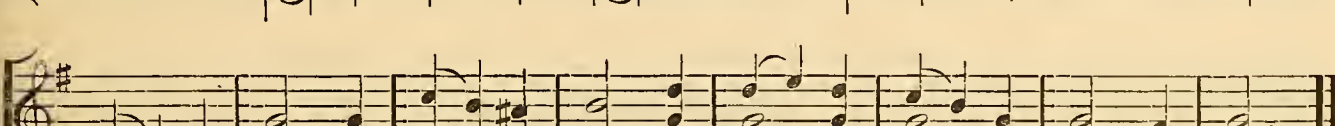
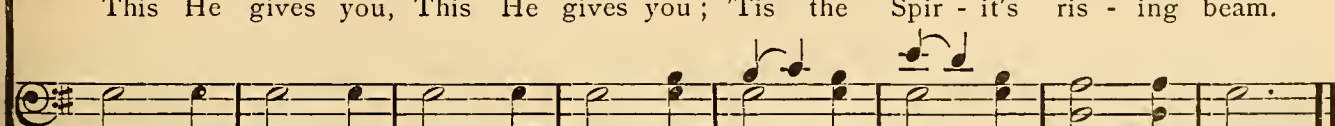
1. Come. ye sin - ners! poor and wretch - ed, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
 2. Ho! ye need - y! come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, join'd with power;
 True be - lief, and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him;



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.

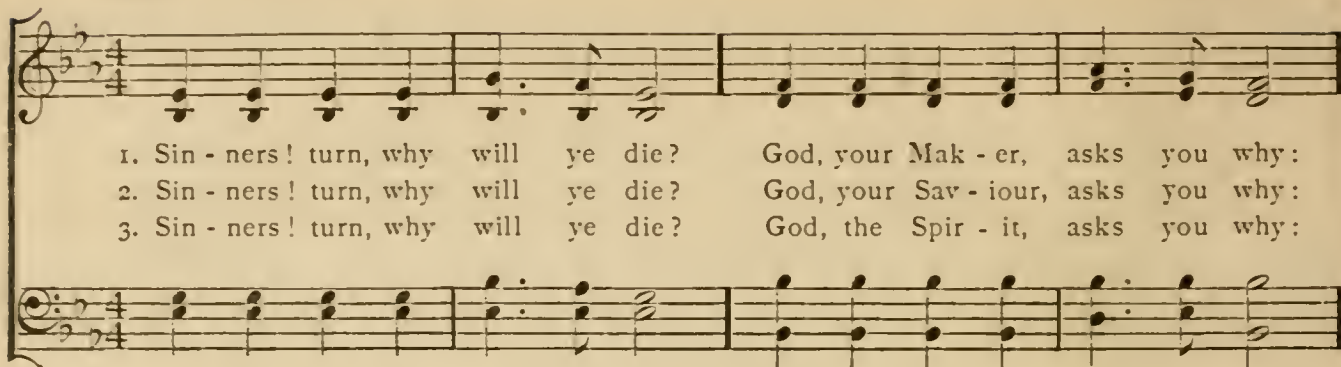
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INVITATION

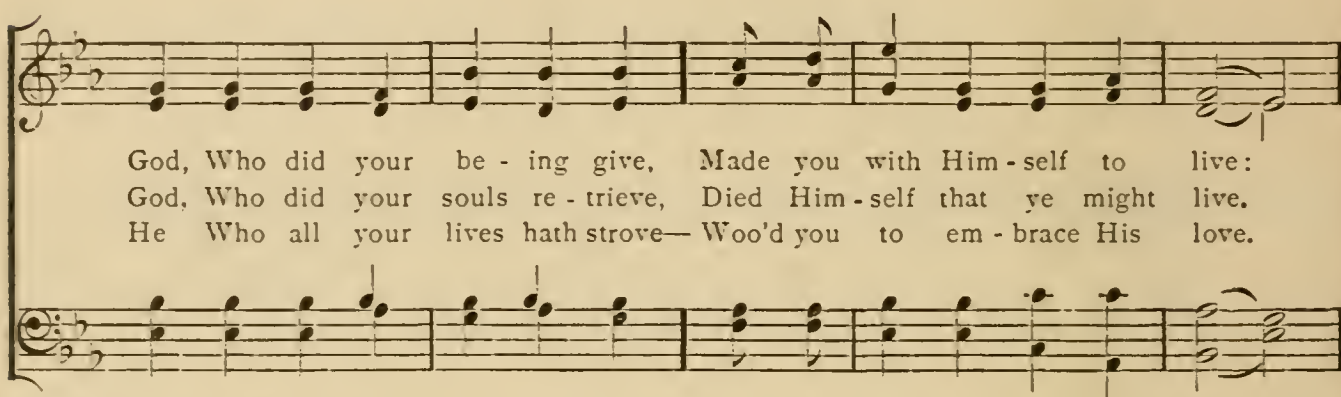
Sinners! Turn, why will ye Die

Rev. C. Wesley, 1756

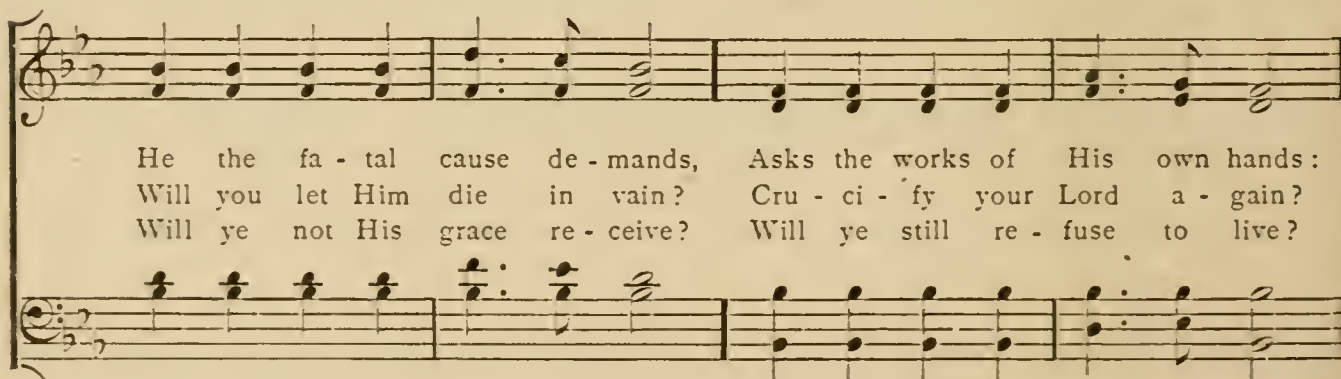
S. Webbe



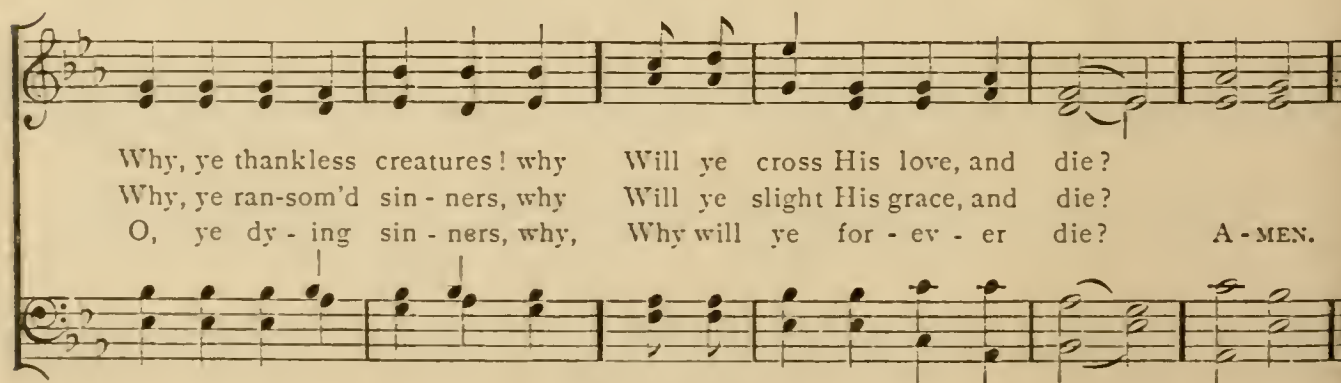
1. Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why:
 2. Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Sav - iour, asks you why:
 3. Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why:



God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live:
 God, Who did your souls re - trieve, Died Him - self that ye might live.
 He Who all your lives hath strove—Woo'd you to em - brace His love.



He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the works of His own hands:
 Will you let Him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
 Will ye not His grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?



Why, ye thankless creatures! why Will ye cross His love, and die?
 Why, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die?
 O, ye dy - ing sin - ners, why, Why will ye for - ev - er die? A - MEN.

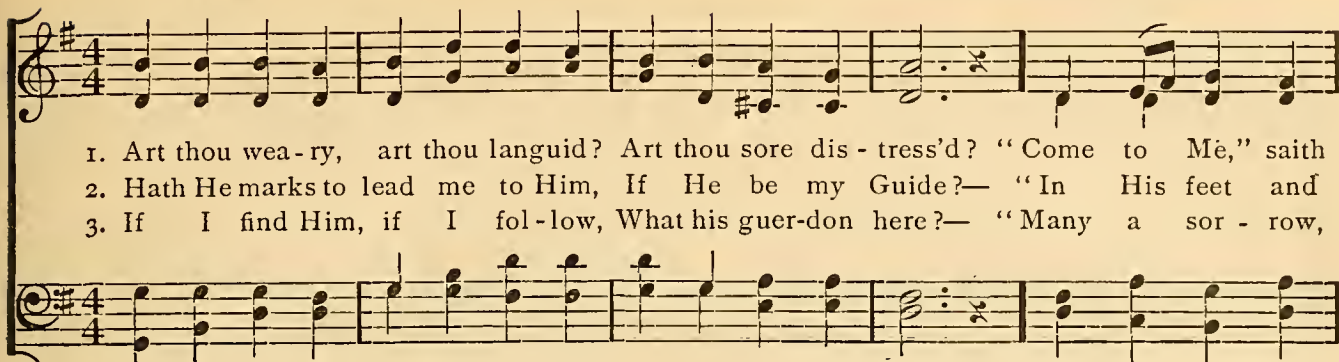
INVITATION

Art thou weary, art thou languid

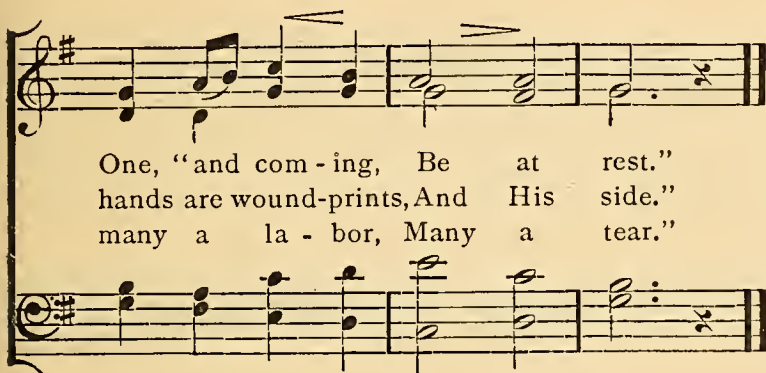
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Tr. John M. Neale, 1851

Henry W. Baker, 1868, arr. 1871



1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid? Art thou sore dis-tress'd? "Come to Me," saith
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—"In His feet and
 3. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What his guer-don here?—"Many a sor-row,



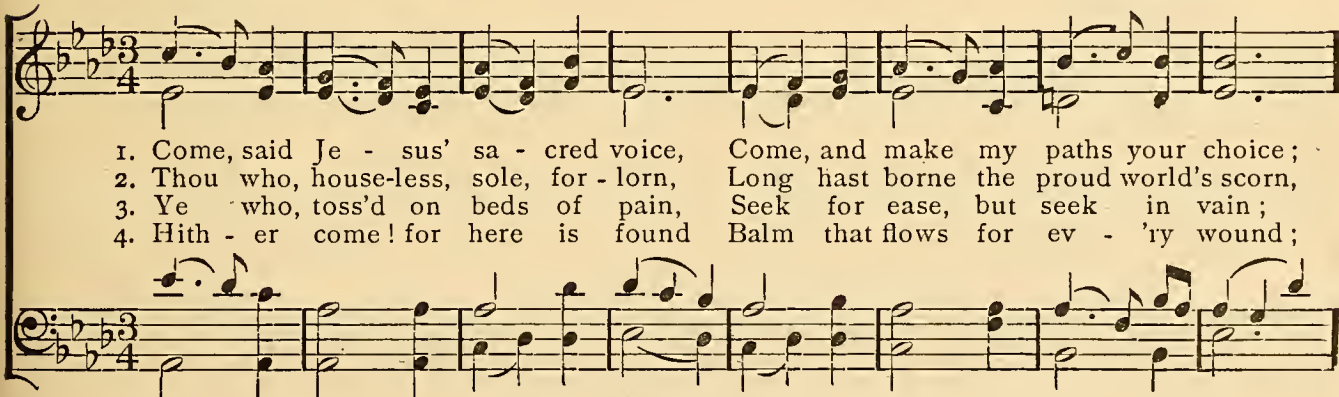
One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
 hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 many a la-lor, Many a tear."

- 4 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?—
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."
 5 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."


Come, said Jesus' sacred Voice

A. L. Barbault, abr., 1825

S. M. Bixby



1. Come, said Je-sus' sa-cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
 2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 3. Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 4. Hith-er come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev-'ry wound;



I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come!
 Long hast roam'd the bar-ren waste, Wea-ry wan-d'r'er, hith-er haste.
 Ye, by fierc-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn:
 Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure.

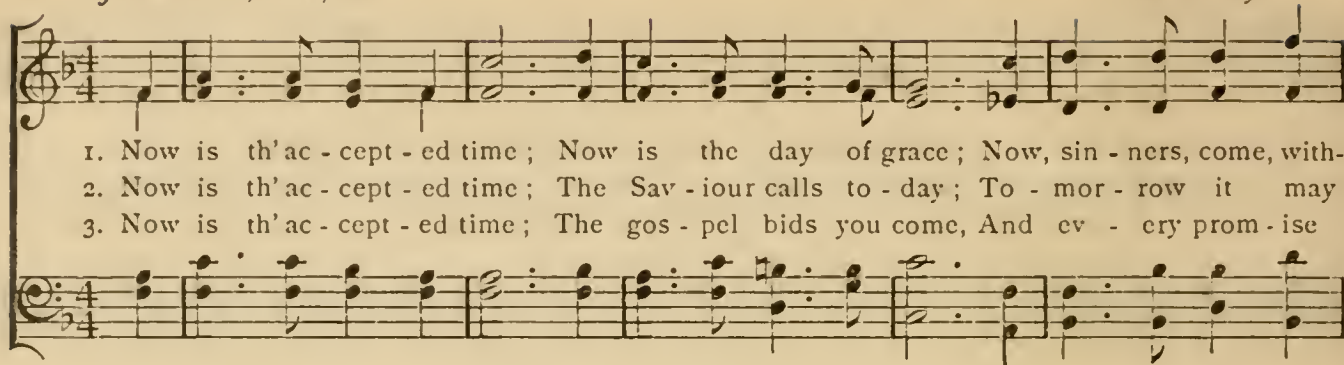
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INVITATION

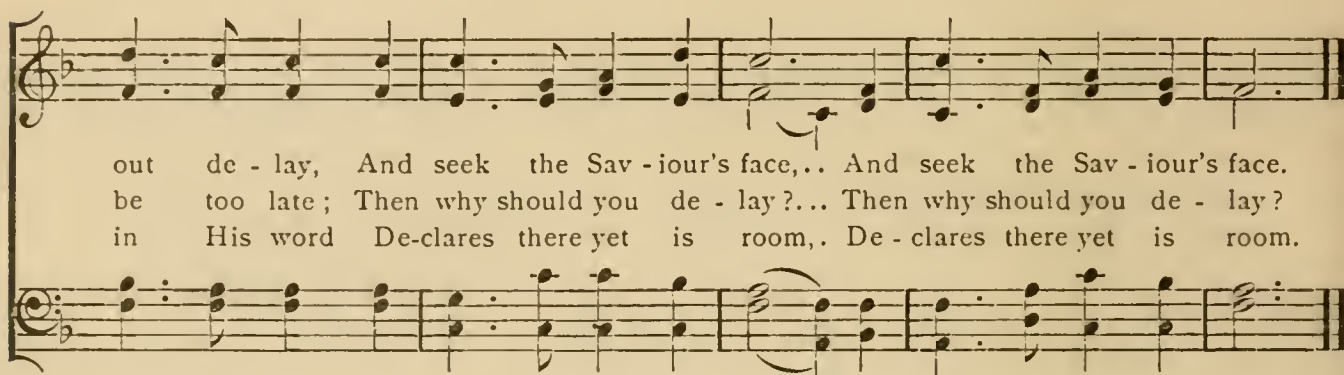
Now is the accepted Time

John Dobell, 1806, *abr*

S. M. Bixby



1. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time ; Now is the day of grace ; Now, sin - ners, come, with-
 2. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time ; The Sav - iour calls to - day ; To - mor - row it may
 3. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time ; The gos - pel bids you come, And ev - ery prom - ise



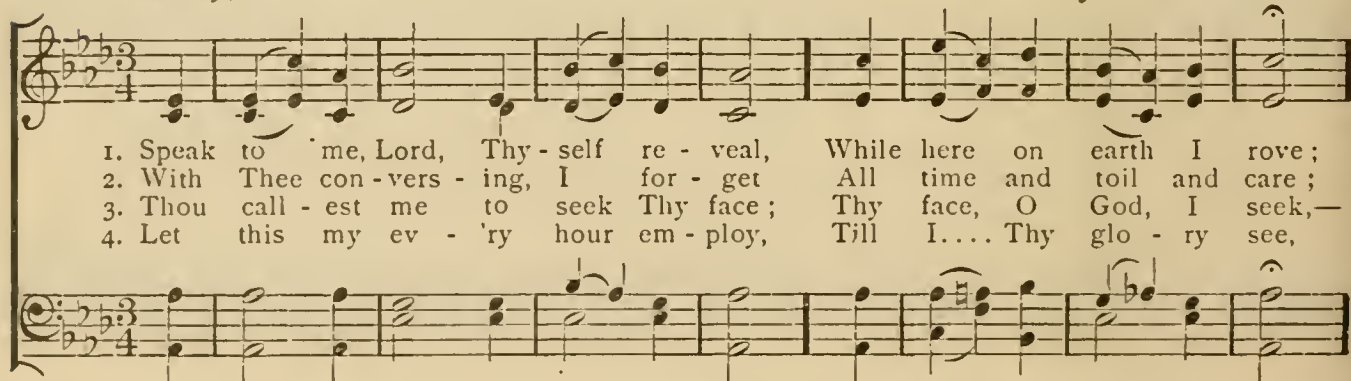
out de - lay, And seek the Sav - iour's face,... And seek the Sav - iour's face.
 be too late ; Then why should you de - lay?... Then why should you de - lay?
 in His word De - clares there yet is room,. De - clares there yet is room.

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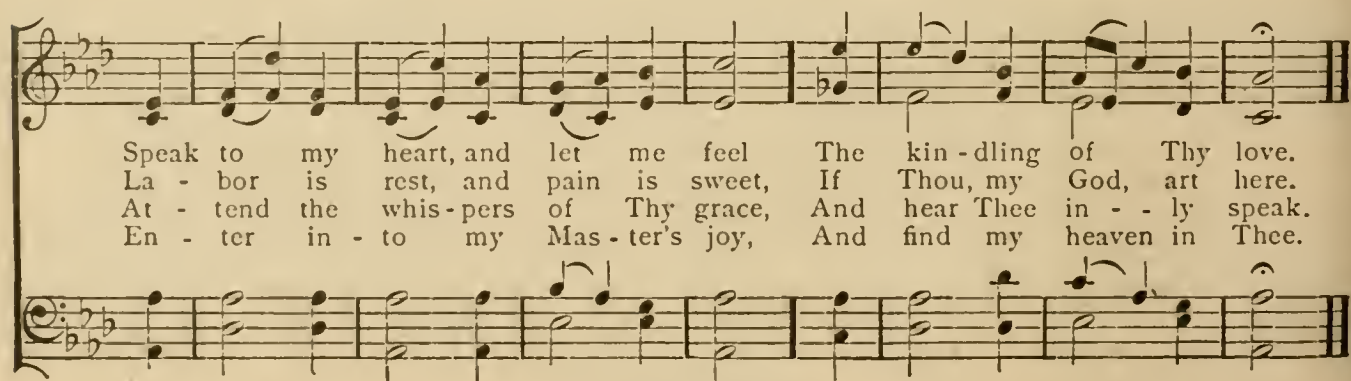
Speak to me, Lord, Thyself Reveal

C. Wesley, *alt*

J. P. Holbrook



1. Speak to 'me, Lord, Thy - self re - veal, While here on earth I rove ;
 2. With Thee con - vers - ing, I for - get All time and toil and care ;
 3. Thou call - est me to seek Thy face ; Thy face, O God, I seek, -
 4. Let this my ev - 'ry hour em - ploy, Till I... Thy glo - ry see,



Speak to my heart, and let me feel The kin - dling of Thy love.
 La - bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If Thou, my God, art here.
 At - tend the whis - pers of Thy grace, And hear Thee in - - ly speak.
 En - ter in - to my Mas - ter's joy, And find my heaven in Thee.

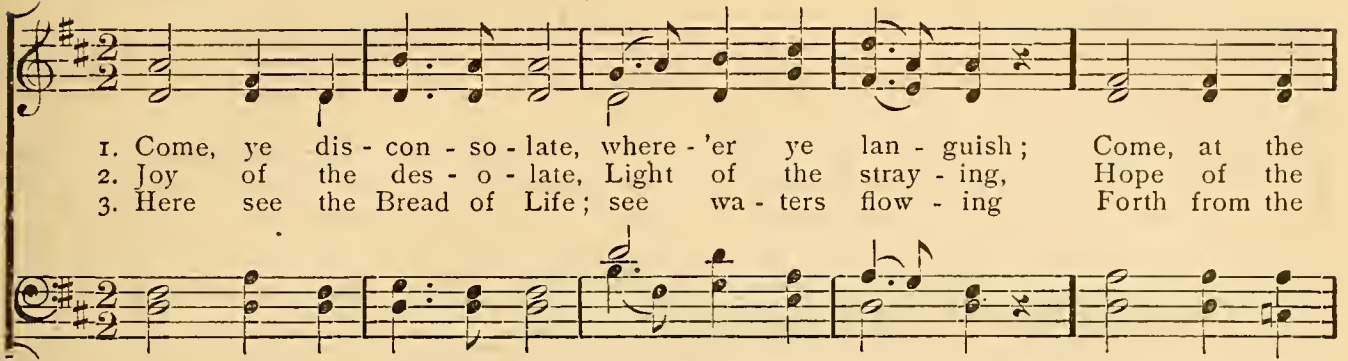
INVITATION

Come, ye Disconsolate

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Thos. Moore, v. v. 1, 2, Thos. Hastings, v. 3

Samuel Webbo



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where - 'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the



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

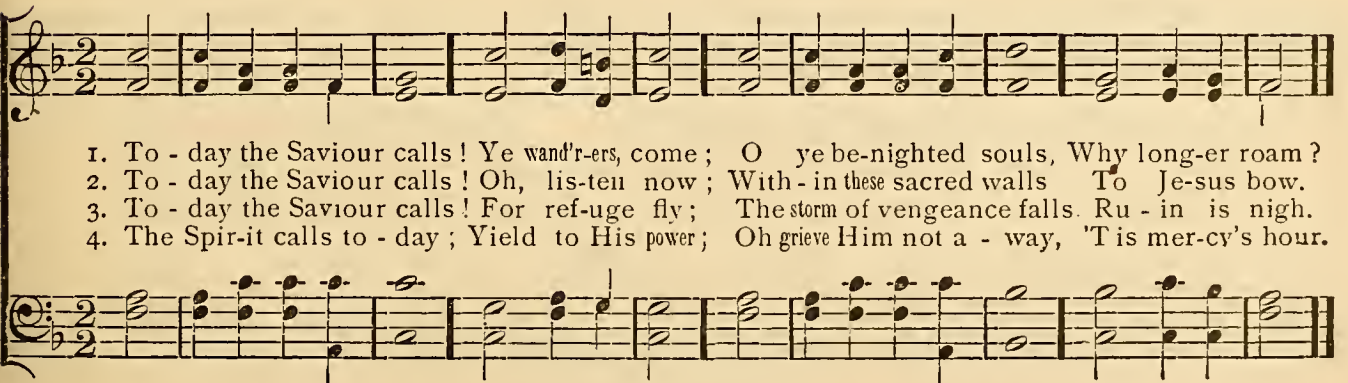


here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can-not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heaven can-not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

To-day the Saviour Calls

Rev. S. F. Smith

Lowell Mason



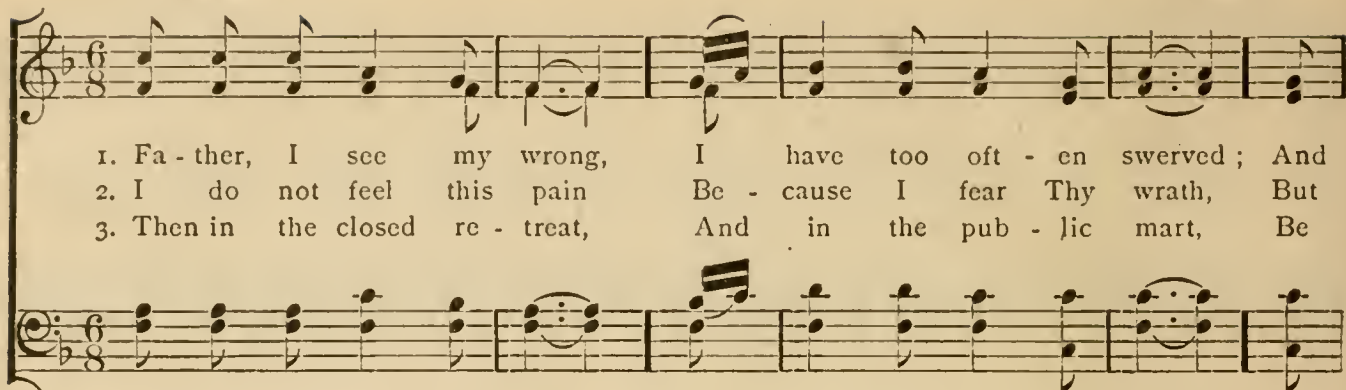
1. To - day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'r-ers, come; O ye be-nighted souls, Why long-er roam?
 2. To - day the Saviour calls! Oh, lis-ten now; With - in these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
 3. To - day the Saviour calls! For ref-uge fly; The storm of vengeance falls. Ru - in is nigh.
 4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His power; Oh grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

INVITATION

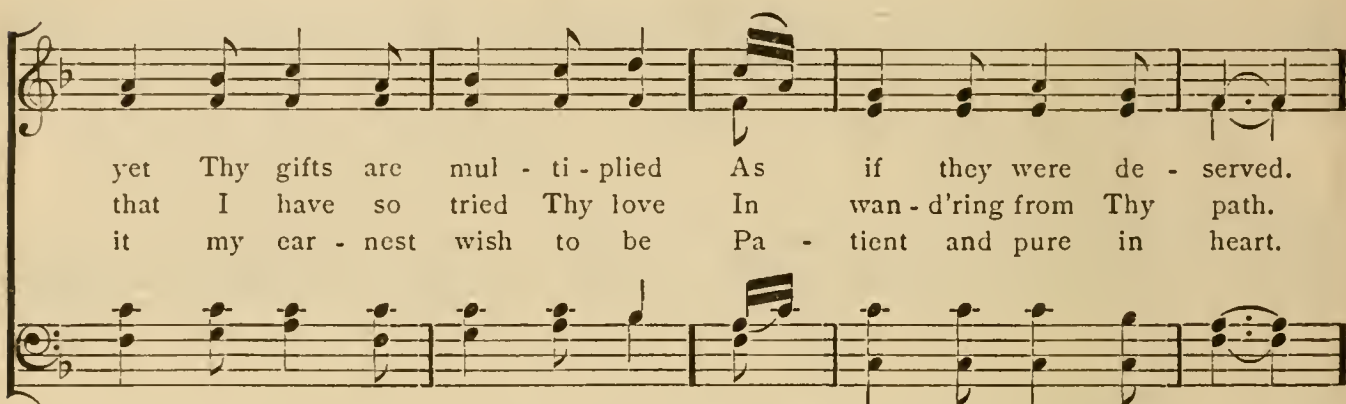
Father, I see my Wrong

S. B. Sumner

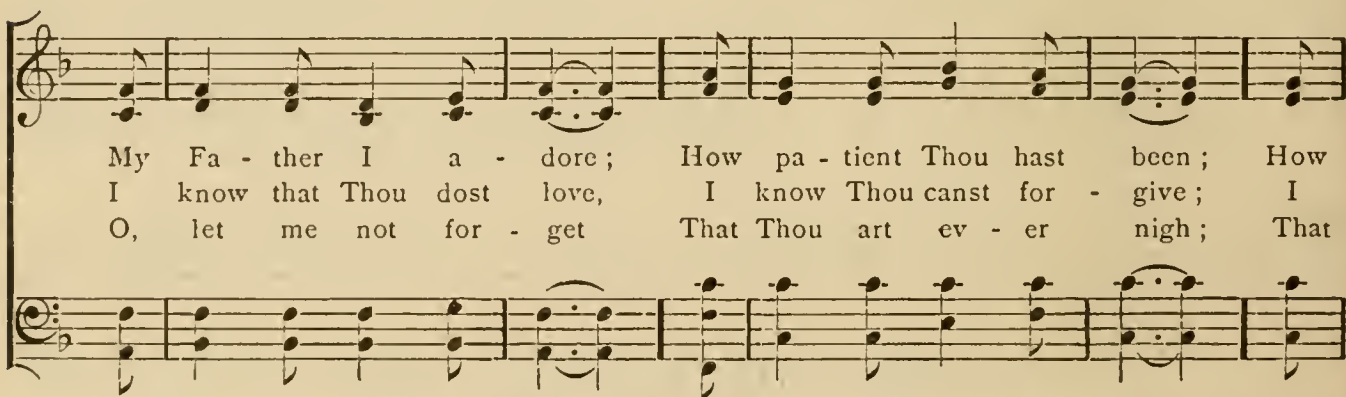
S. M. Bixby



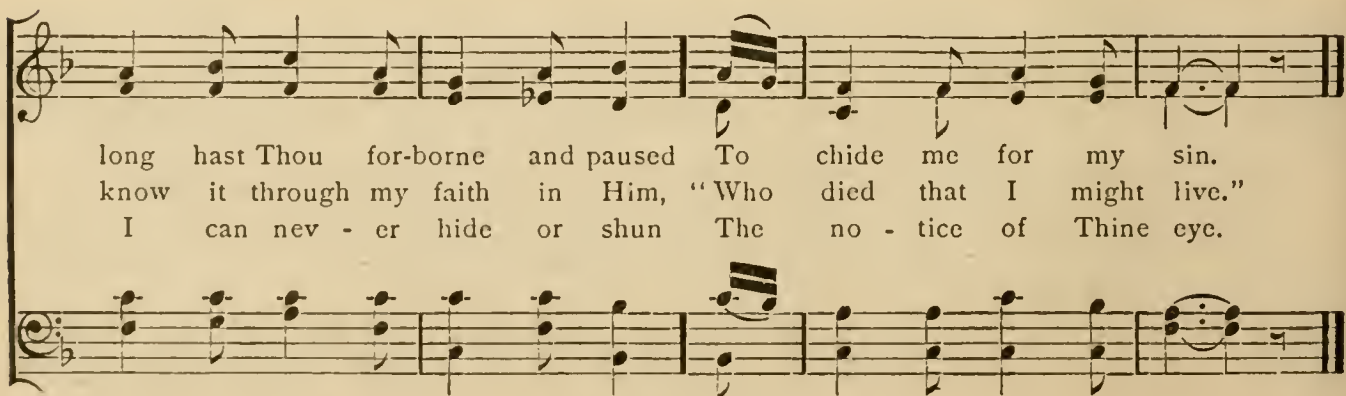
1. Fa - ther, I see my wrong, I have too oft - en swerved ; And
 2. I do not feel this pain Be - cause I fear Thy wrath, But
 3. Then in the closed re - treat, And in the pub - lic mart, Be



yet Thy gifts are mul - ti - plied As if they were de - served.
 that I have so tried Thy love In wan - d'ring from Thy path.
 it my ear - nest wish to be Pa - tient and pure in heart.



My Fa - ther I a - dore ; How pa - tient Thou hast been ; How
 I know that Thou dost love, I know Thou canst for - give ; I
 O, let me not for - get That Thou art ev - er nigh ; That



long hast Thou for-borne and paused To chide me for my sin.
 know it through my faith in Him, "Who died that I might live."
 I can nev - er hide or shun The no - tice of Thine eye.

As o'er the Past my Memory Strays

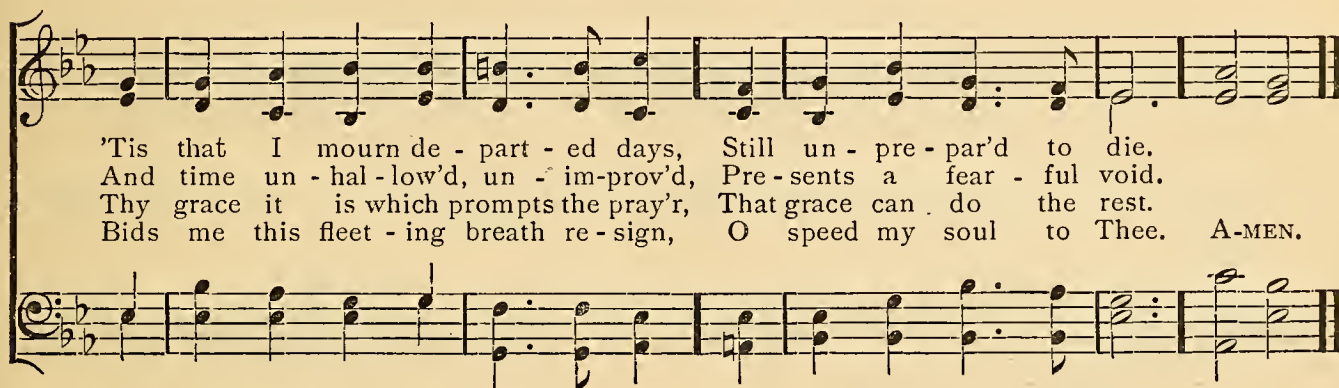
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Bp. Middleton, 1822

J. Barnby



1. As o'er the past my mem - 'ry strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh?
 2. The world and world - ly things be - lov'd, My anx - ious tho'ts em - ploy'd;
 3. Yet, Ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de - spair Chase from my la - b'ring breast;
 4. My life's brief rem - nant all be Thine; And when Thy sure de - cree



'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - par'd to die.
 And time un - hal - low'd, un - im - prov'd, Pre - sents a fear - ful void.
 Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest.
 Bids me this fleet - ing breath re - sign, O speed my soul to Thee. A - MEN.

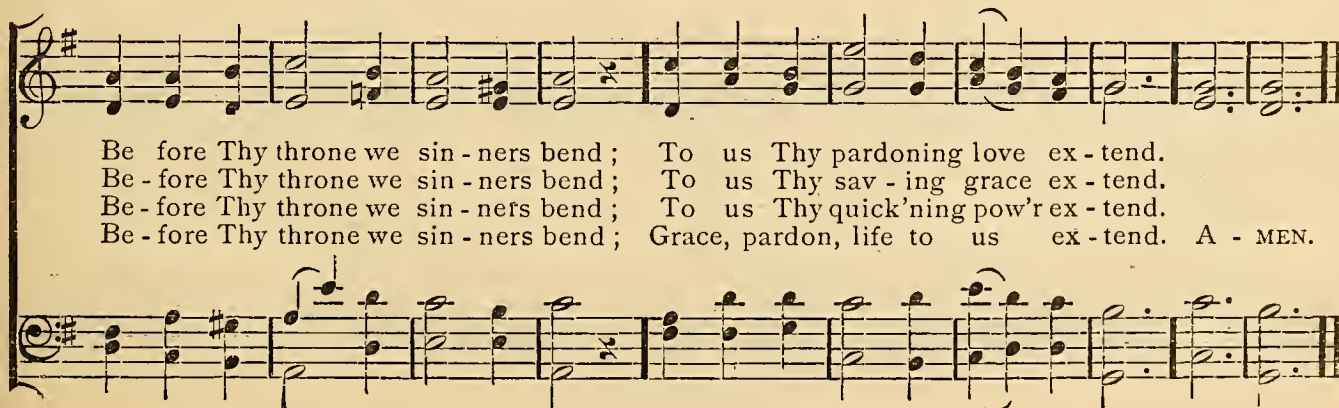
Father of All, Whose Love Profound

J. Cooper, 1810

Pleyel



1. Fa - ther of all, Whose love pro - found A ran - som for our souls hath found,
 2. Al - might - y Son, In - car - nate Word, Our Prophet, Priest, Re - deem - er, Lord,
 3. E - ter - nal Spir - it, by Whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death,
 4. Je - hov - ah, — Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son, — Mys - te - rious God - head, Three in One!



Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy pardoning love ex - tend.
 Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy sav - ing grace ex - tend.
 Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy quick'ning pow'r ex - tend.
 Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; Grace, pardon, life to us ex - tend. A - MEN.

CONFESSIO

Depth of Mercy, can it be

Josiah Conder, 1836
Marcato.

Jacques Blumenthal, 1849. Arr. by H. P. Main

1. Depth of mer - cy. can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. Now, with an - gels round the throne, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
And the church for ev - er one, Let us swell the sol - emn hymn,—

I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face;
To the Fa - ther of our Lord, To the Spir - it and the Word;

Would not hear - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
As it was all worlds be - fore, Is, and shall be ev - er - more.

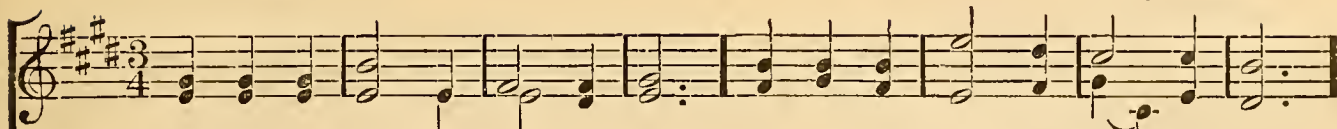
CONFESSION

Just as I am,—without one Plea

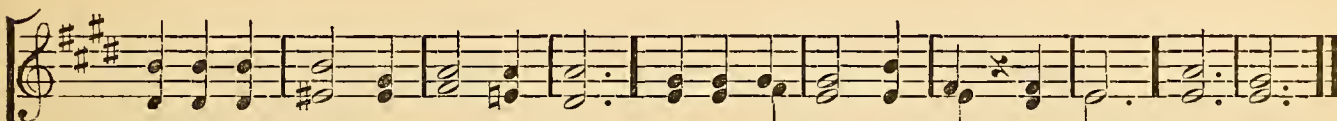
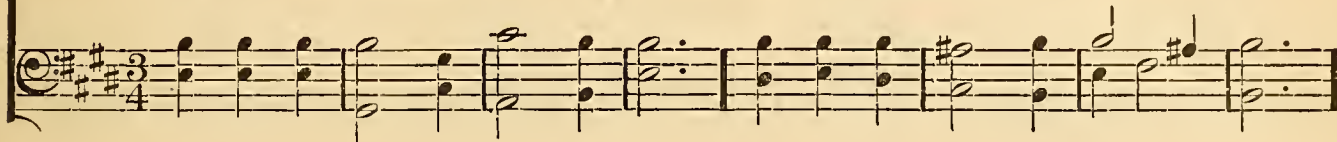
149

Charlotte Elliott. 1834

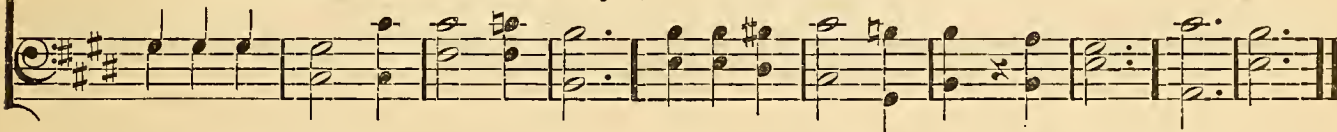
Sir G. J. Elvey



1. Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am,—and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

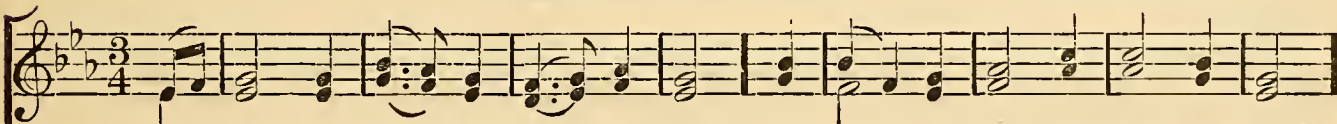


- 3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

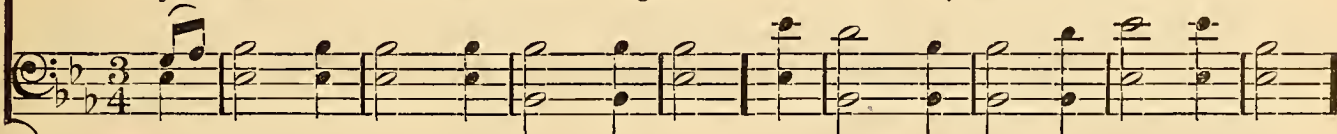
- 5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. AMEN.

SECOND TUNE.

Wm. B. Bradbury



1. Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am,—and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

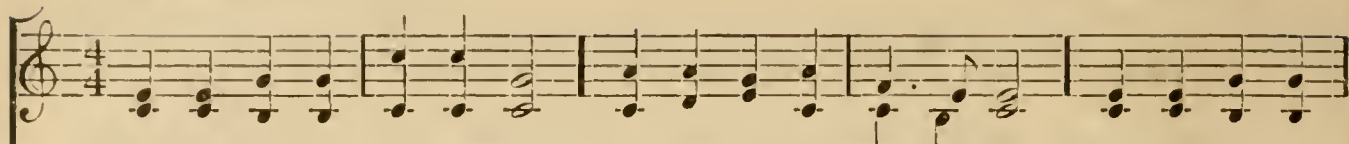


CONFESSION

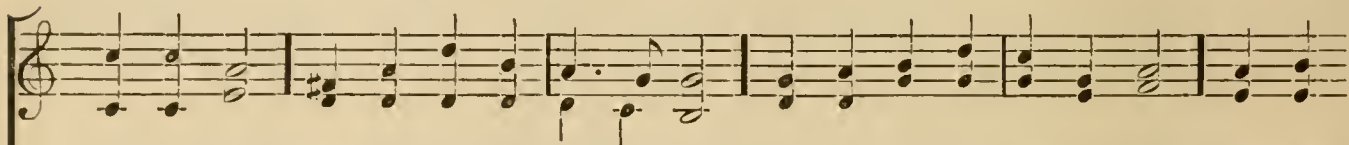
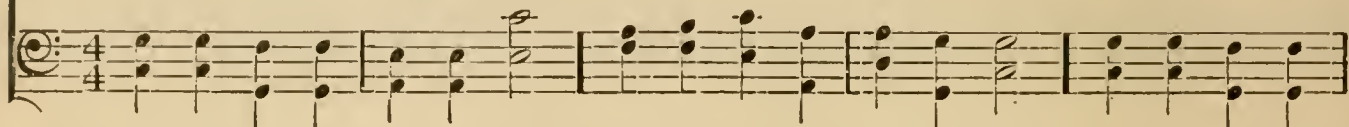
People of the Living God

Jas. Montgomery, 1819, abr.

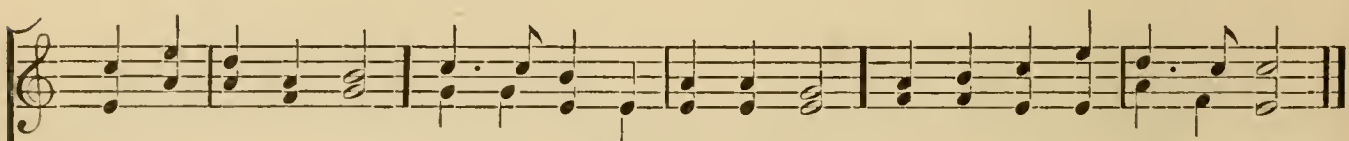
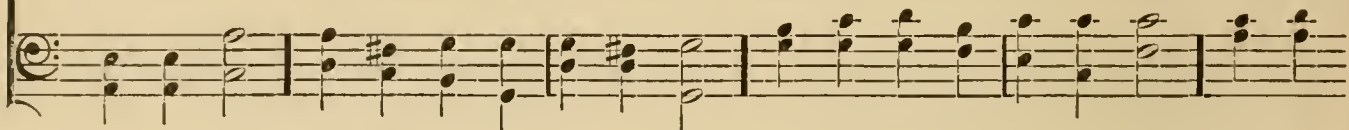
Edward John Hopkins



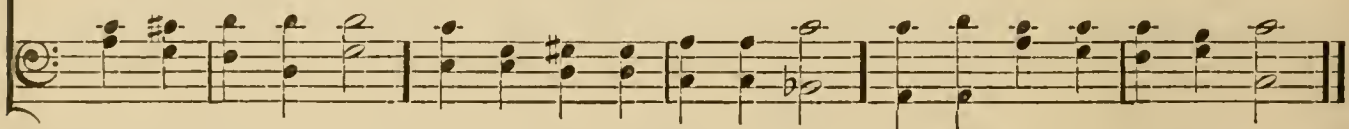
1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round, Paths of sin and
2. Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ; Where you dwell shall



sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no - where found. Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns, a
be my home, Where you die shall be my grave ; Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re -



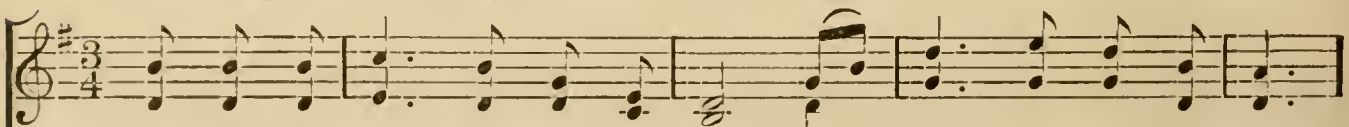
fug - i - tive unblest'd ; Breth - ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.
deem - er shall be mine ; Earth shall fill my heart no more, Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.



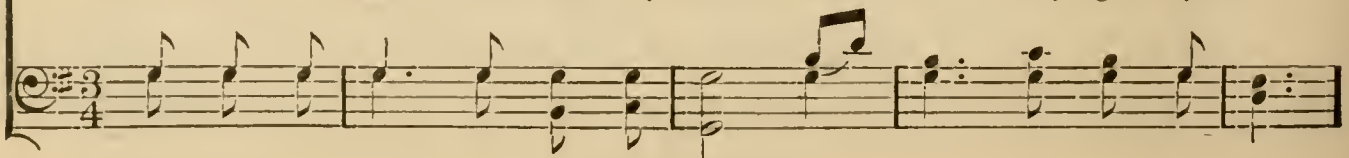
O Jesus, Saviour of the Lost

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1849

S. M. Bixby



1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My Rock and Hid - ing place ;
2. Once safe in Thine al - might - y arms, Let storms come on a - main ;
3. And when I stand be - fore Thy throne, And all Thy glo - ry see,



CONFESSION

By storms of sin and sor-row tossed, I seek Thy shelt'ring grace.
 There dan-ger nev-er, nev-er harms; There death it-self is gain.
 Still be my right-eous-ness a-lone To hide my-self in Thee.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

Charles Wesley

Rev. J. B. Dykes

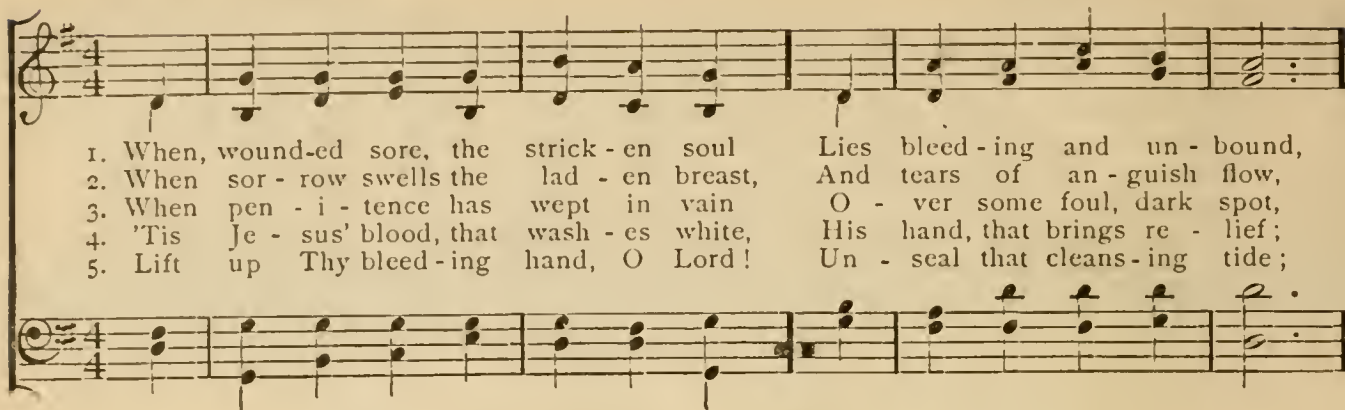
1. Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One,
 2. Vil-est of the fall-en race, Lo, I an-swer to Thy call;
 3. If so poor a worm as I May to Thy great glo-ry live,
 4. Take my soul and bod-y's powers, Take my mem-ory, mind and will,

As by the ce-les-tial host, Let Thy will on earth be done;
 Mean-est ves-sel of Thy grace, Grace di-vine-ly free for all;...
 All my ac-tions sanc-ti-fy, All my words and thoughts re-ceive;
 All my goods, and all my hours, All I know and all I feel,

Praise by all to Thee be given, Glo-rious Lord of earth and heaven!
 Lo, I come to do Thy will, All Thy coun-sel to ful-fill.
 Claim me for Thy ser-vice, claim All I have, and all I am.
 All I think, or speak, or do; Take my heart, but make it new.

Taken by per. from Rev. Dr. Tucker's "Tunes Old and New"

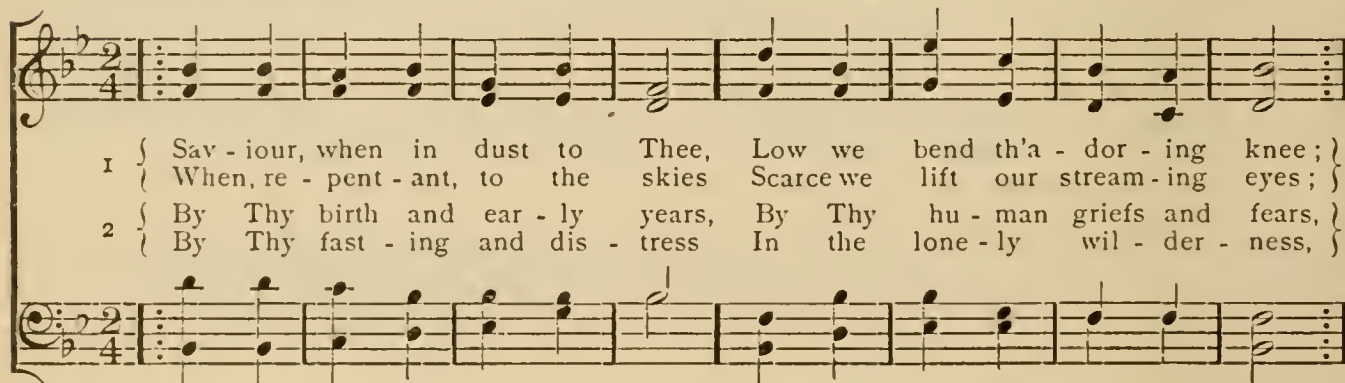
CONFESSION

*When, Wounded sore, the stricken Soul**Mrs. C. F. Alexander**Arr. from Beethoven*


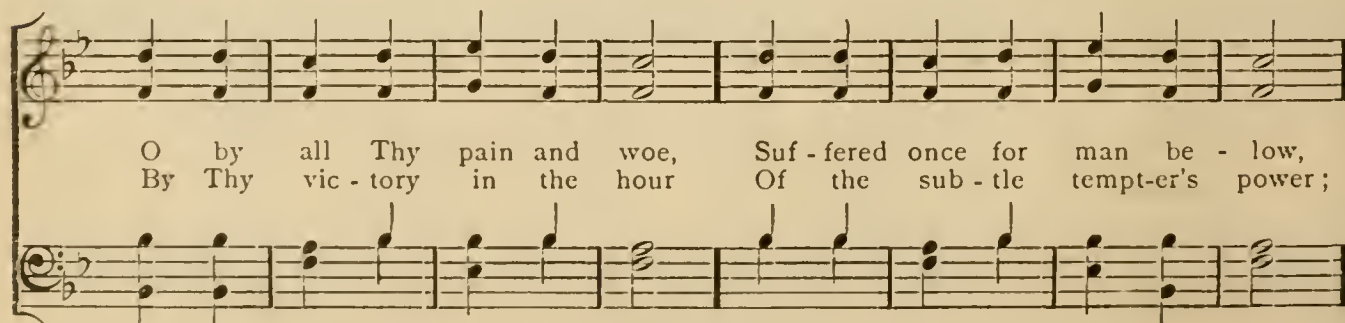
1. When, wound-ed sore, the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and un-bound,
 2. When sor-row swells the lad-en breast, And tears of an-guish flow,
 3. When pen-i-tence has wept in vain O-ver some foul, dark spot,
 4. 'Tis Je-sus' blood, that wash-es white, His hand, that brings re-lief;
 5. Lift up Thy bleed-ing hand, O Lord! Un-seal that cleans-ing tide;



One on-ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can heal the sin-ner's wound,
 One on-ly heart, a brok-en heart, Can feel the sin-ner's woe.
 One on-ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a-way the blot.
 His heart, that's touch'd with all our joys, And feel-eth for our grief.
 We have no shel-ter from our sin, But in Thy wound-ed side.


*Saviour, when in Dust to Thee**Sir Robert Grant, 1815**B. Case*


1 { Sav-iour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bend th'a-dor-ing knee; }
 { When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes; }
 2 { By Thy birth and ear-ly years, By Thy hu-man griefs and fears, }
 { By Thy fast-ing and dis-tress In the lone-ly wil-der-ness, }




O by all Thy pain and woe, Suf-fered once for man be-low,
 By Thy vic-tory in the hour Of the sub-tle tempt-er's power;

CONFESSION



Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny.
Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye; Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny. A - MEN.



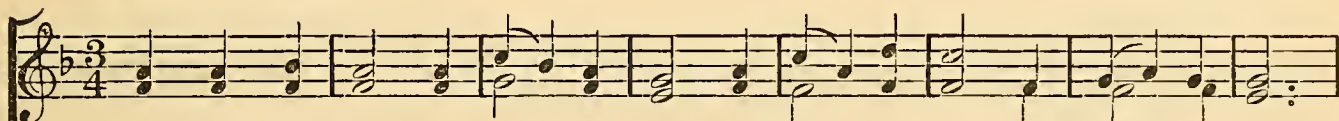
3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. AMEN.

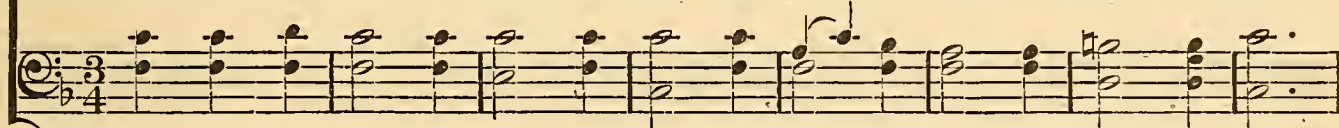
Saviour, I come

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

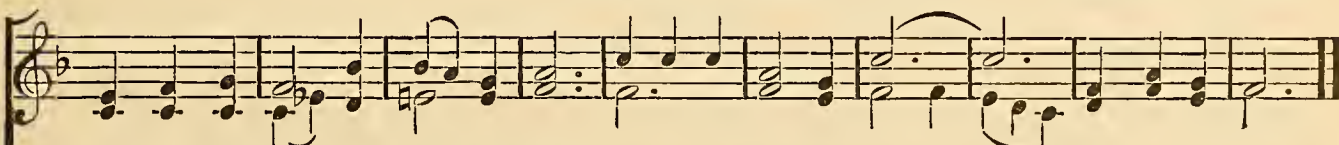
S. M. Bixby



1. Sav - iour I come, I come to Thee! Thy word a - lone can make me free,
2. Sav - iour, I come to Thee for grace! And hum - bly take the low - est place,
3. Sav - iour, I come to Thee for rest! My wea - ry soul with guilt op - pressed,
4. Sav - iour, I come, I come to Thee! To Thy dear cross a - lone I flee,

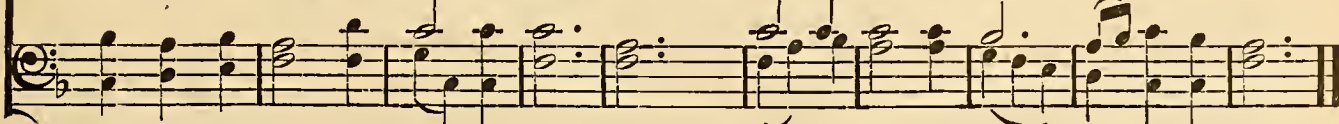


Saviour, to Thee I come, Sav-iour, I come!



For Thou hast died to ran - som me.
If I can on - ly see Thy face!
O let me lean up - on Thy breast!
Thy sac - ri - fice my on - ly plea!

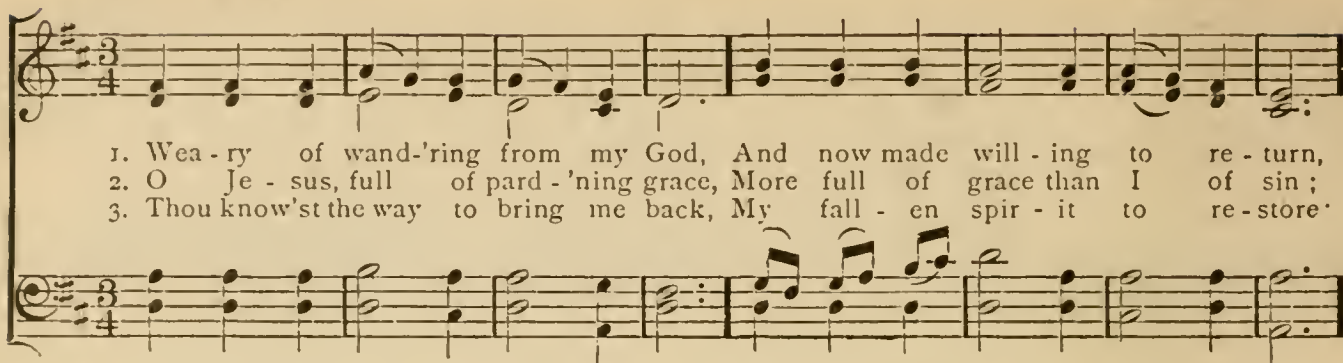
Sav - - iour, to Thee I come, Sav-iour, I come!



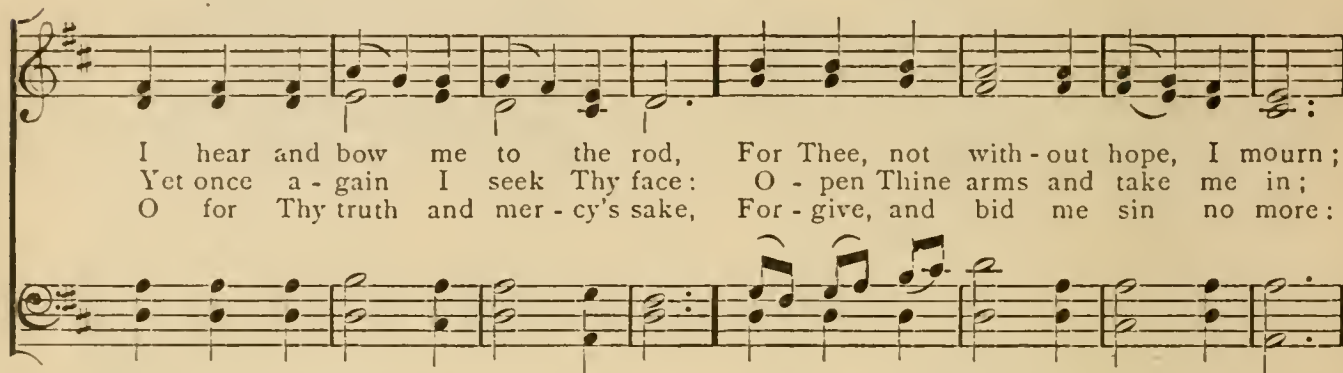
Weary of Wandering from my God

Rev. C. Wesley, 1749

W. Shore



1. Wea - ry of wand - ring from my God, And now made will - ing to re - turn,
 2. O Je - sus, full of pard - 'ning grace, More full of grace than I of sin;
 3. Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fall - en spir - it to re - store.



I hear and bow me to the rod, For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn;
 Yet once a - gain I seek Thy face: O - pen Thine arms and take me in;
 O for Thy truth and mer - cy's sake, For - give, and bid me sin no more:

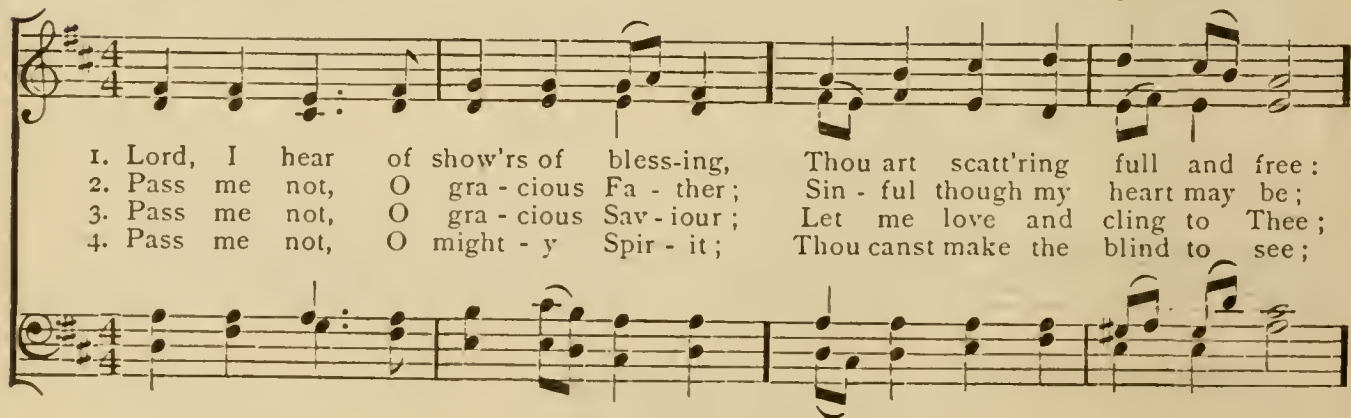


I have an Ad - vo - cate a - bove, A Friend be - fore the throne of Love.
 And free - ly my back - slid - ings heal, And love the faith - less sin - ner still.
 The ru - ins of my soul re - pair, And make my heart a house of prayer. A - MEN.

Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing

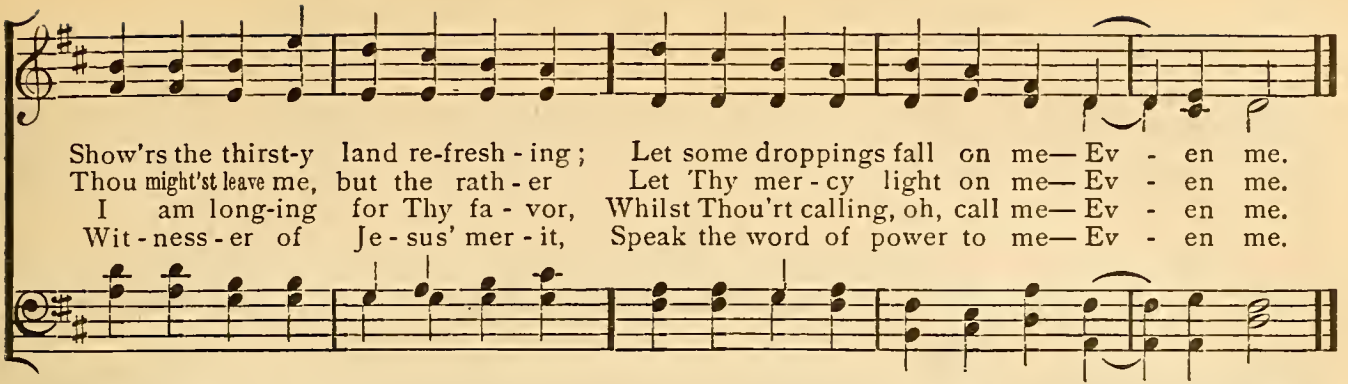
Mrs. E. Codner

Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free:
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther; Sin - ful though my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - iour; Let me love and cling to Thee;
 4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it; Thou canst make the blind to see;

CONFESSION



Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh - ing ; Let some droppings fall on me—Ev - en me.
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me—Ev - en me.
 I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Ev - en me.
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of power to me—Ev - en me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh, forgive and rescue me—Even me.

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

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

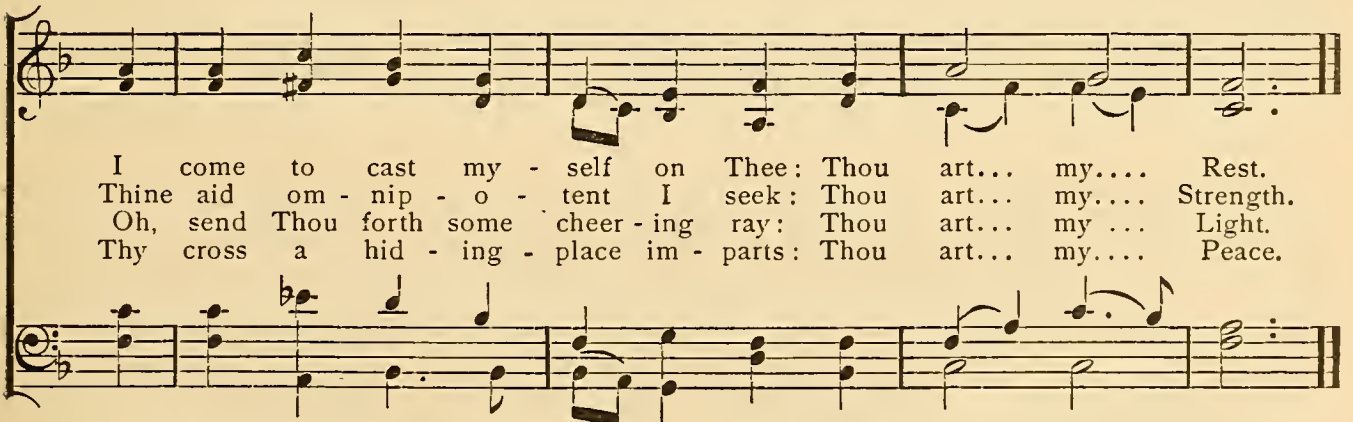
Jesus, my Saviour! Look on Me

J. R. Macduff

J. Hullah



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour! look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
 2. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toil - some journey's length;
 3. I am be - wil - der'd on my way, Dark and tem - pes - tuous is the night;
 4. When Sa - tan flings his fi - 'ry darts, I look to Thee; my ter - rors cease;



I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art... my.... Rest.
 Thine aid om - nip - o - tent I seek: Thou art... my.... Strength.
 Oh, send Thou forth some cheer - ing ray: Thou art... my... Light.
 Thy cross a hid - ing - place im - parts: Thou art... my.... Peace.

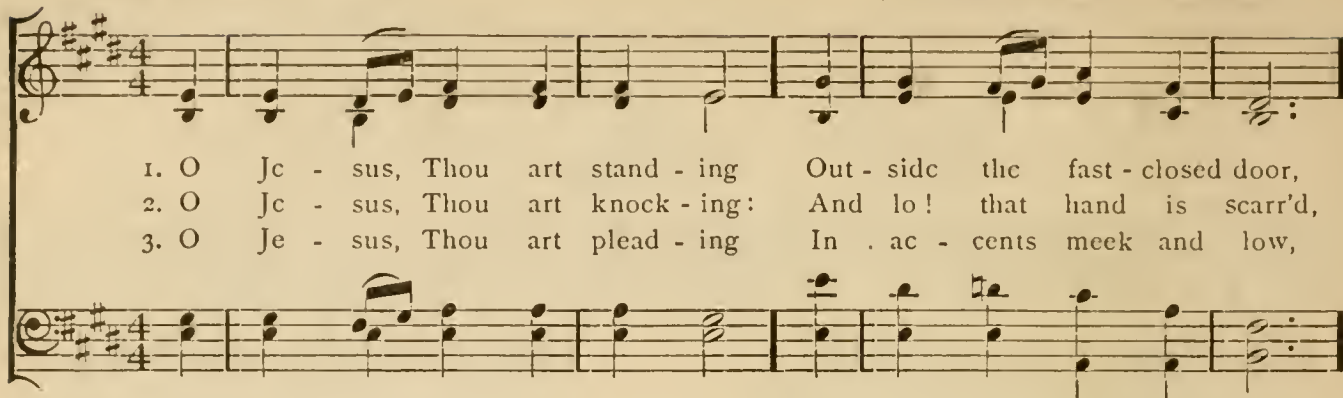
5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
 Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my All.

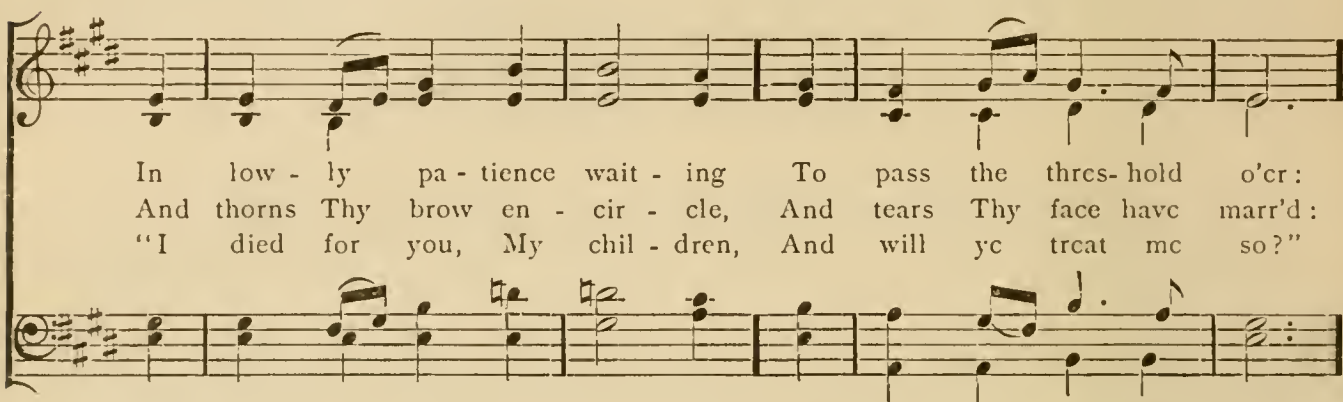
O Jesus, Thou art Standing

Rev. W. W. How, 1864

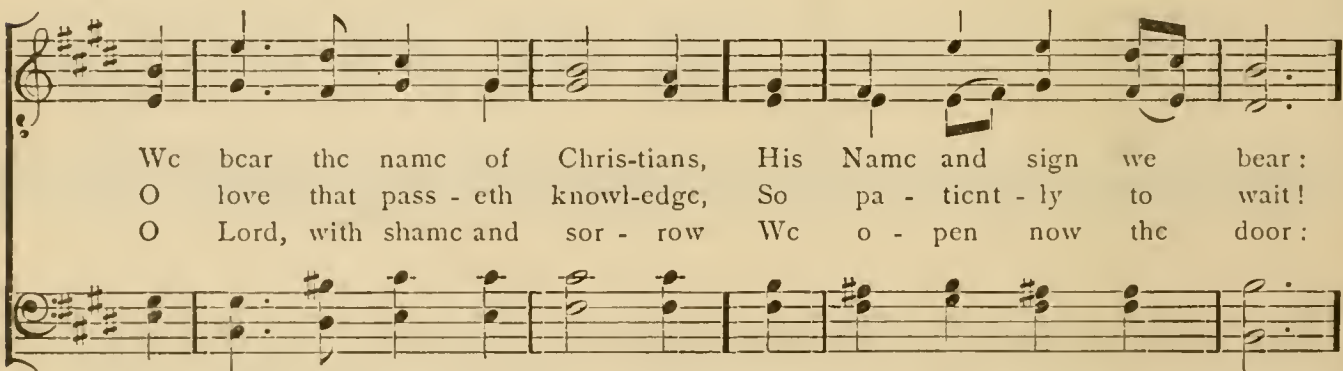
J. A. Knecht and F. Husband



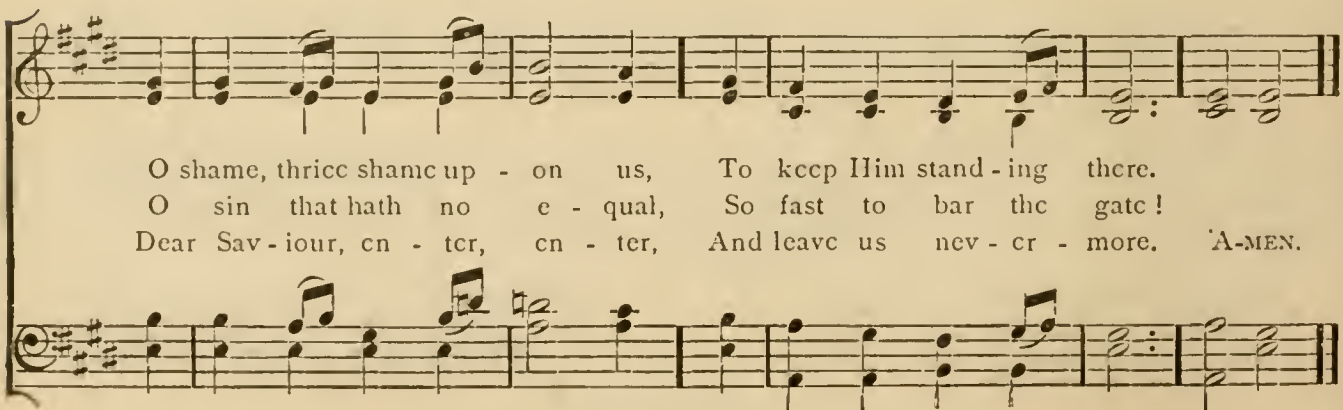
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In . ac - cents meek and low,



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd:
 "I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His Name and sign we bear:
 O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:



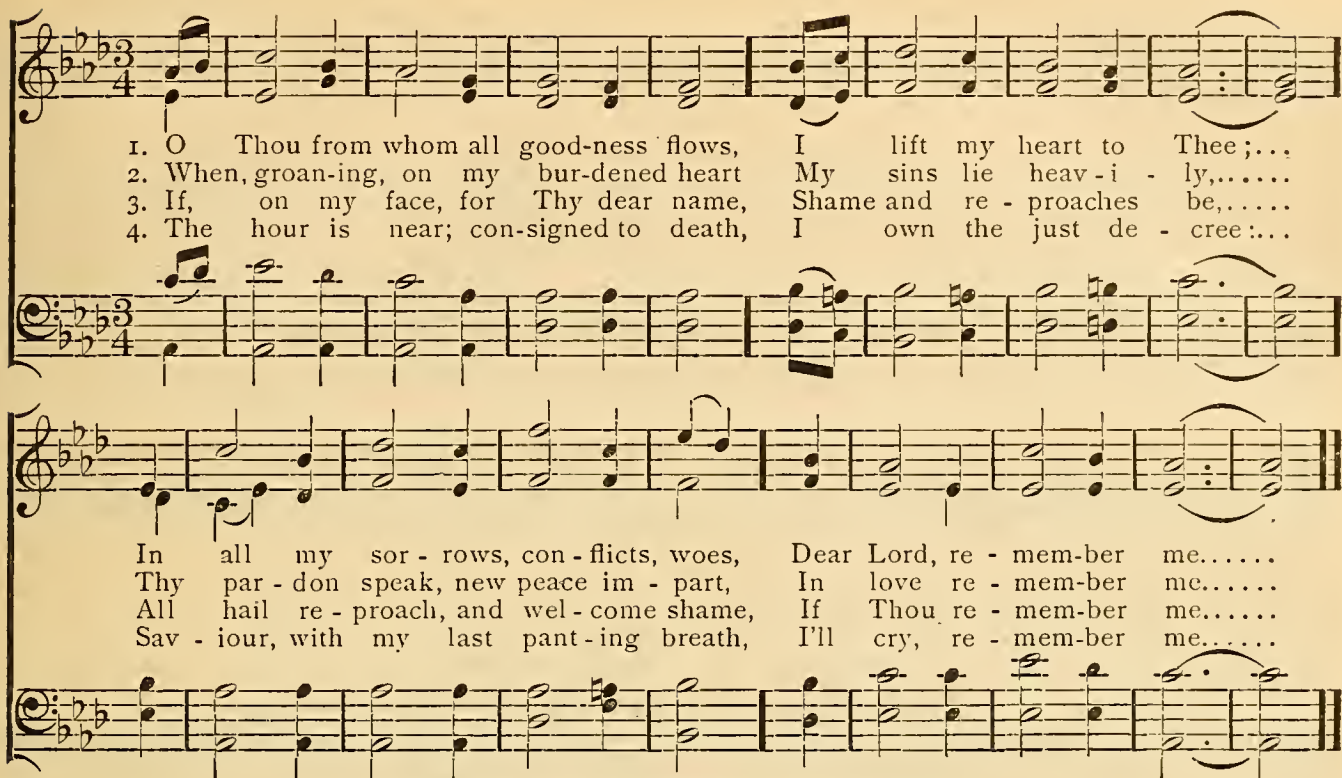
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, cn - ter, cn - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

CONFESSION

O Thou from Whom all Goodness flows 157

Thomas Haweis, 1792

F. J. Haydn



1. O Thou from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;...

2. When, groan-ing, on my bur-den-ed heart My sins lie heav-i-ly,.....

3. If, on my face, for Thy dear name, Shame and re-proaches be,.....

4. The hour is near; con-signed to death, I own the just de-cree...

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.....

Thy par-don speak, new peace im-part, In love re-mem-ber me.....

All hail re-proach, and wel-come shame, If Thou re-mem-ber me.....


Sav-iour, with my last pant-ing breath, I'll cry, re-mem-ber me.....

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With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh

Cornelius Elven, 1852

L. Mason



1. With brok-en heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:

2. I smite up-on my trou-bled breast, With deep and con-scious guilt op-prest,

3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare to lift them to the skies;

4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin-gle sin a-tone;

5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ran-somed throng I dwell,

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me.

Christ and His cross my on-ly plea; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me.

But Thou dost all my an-guish see; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me.

To Cal-va-ry a-lone I flee; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me.

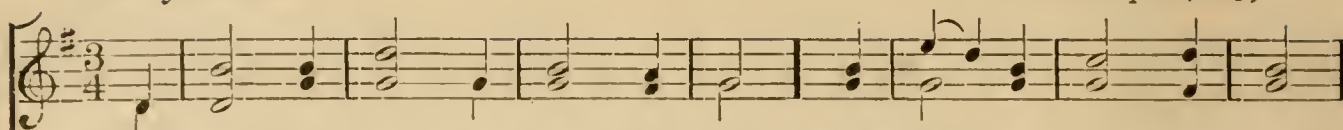
My rap-tured song shall ev-er be, God has been mer-ci-ful to me.

CONFESSION

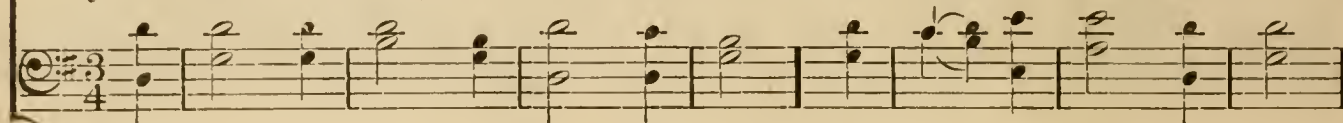
Approach, my Soul, the Mercy-seat

Rev. J. Newton

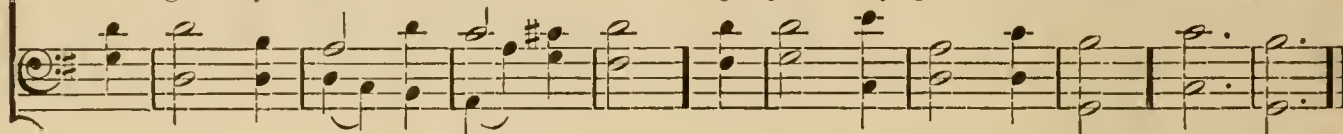
L. Spohr, 1839



1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r ;
2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh ;
3. Bow'd down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly press'd,
4. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing - place ; That, shel - ter'd near Thy side,
5. O won - drous love, to bleed and die, To bear the Cross and shame,



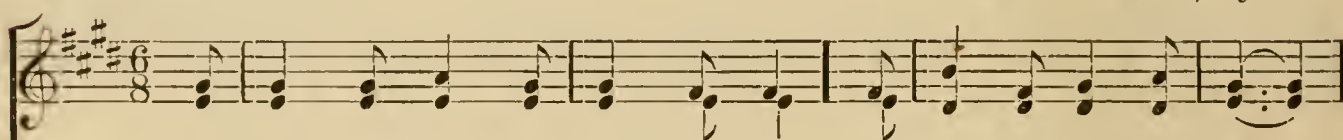
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
 Thou call - est bur - den'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
 By war with - out, and fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest.
 I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died !
 That guilt - y sin - ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gra - cious Name. A - MEN.



Hail, tranquil Hour of Closing Day

L. Bacon

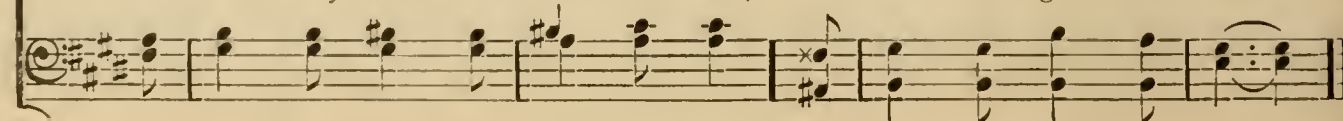
Wm. V. Wallace, 1856



1. Hail, tran - quil hour of clos - ing day ! Be - gone, dis - turb - ing care !
2. How sweet the tear of pen - i - tence, Be - fore His throne of grace,
3. How sweet, thro' long re - mem - bered years, His mer - cies to re - call,
4. How sweet to look, in thought - ful hope, Be - yond this fad - ing sky,
5. Calm - ly the day for - sakes our heaven To dawn be - yond the west ;



And look, my soul, from earth a - way To Him who hear - eth prayer.
 While to the con - trite spir - it's sense, He shows His smil - ing face.
 And pressed by wants, and griefs, and fears, To trust His love for all.
 And hear Him call His chil - dren up To His fair home on high.
 So let my soul in life's last ev'n, Re - tire to glo - rious rest.

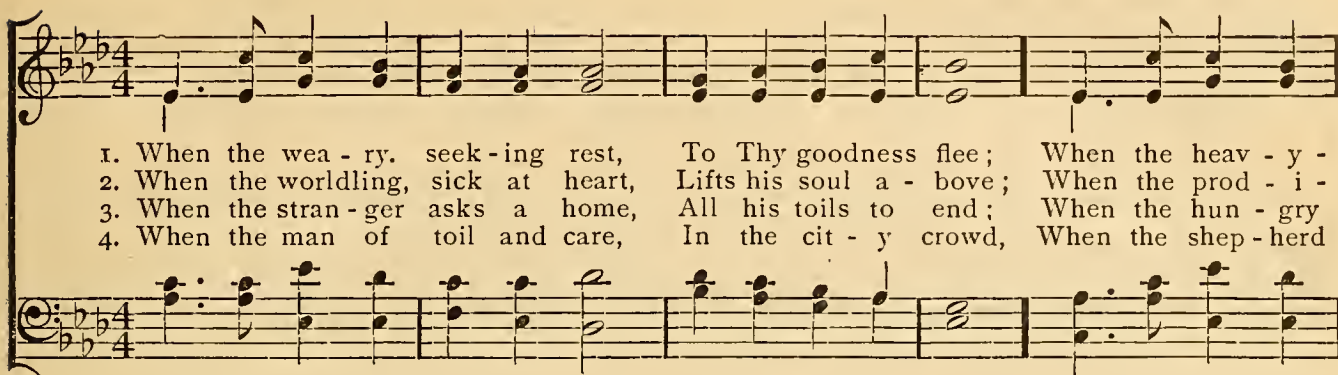


When the Weary, Seeking Rest

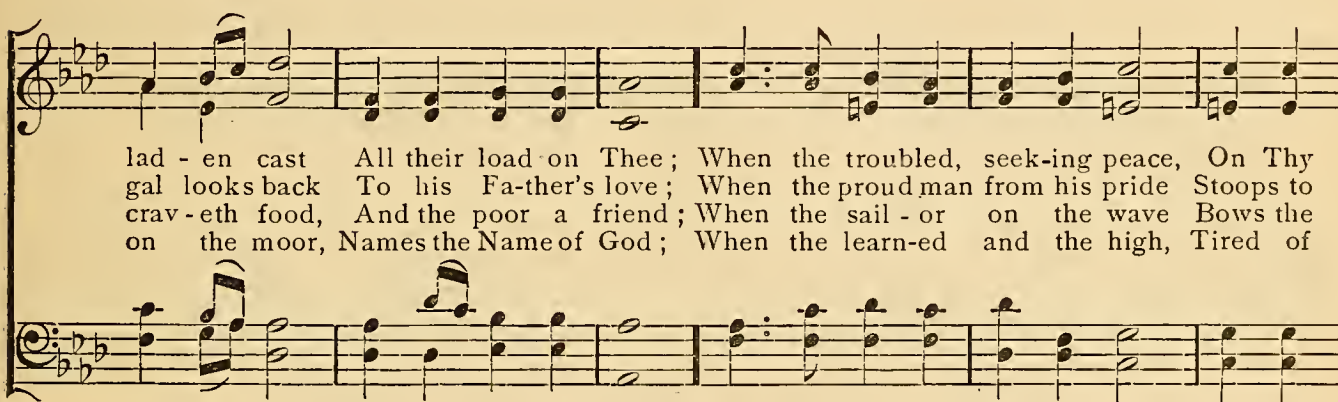
159

Horatius Bonar

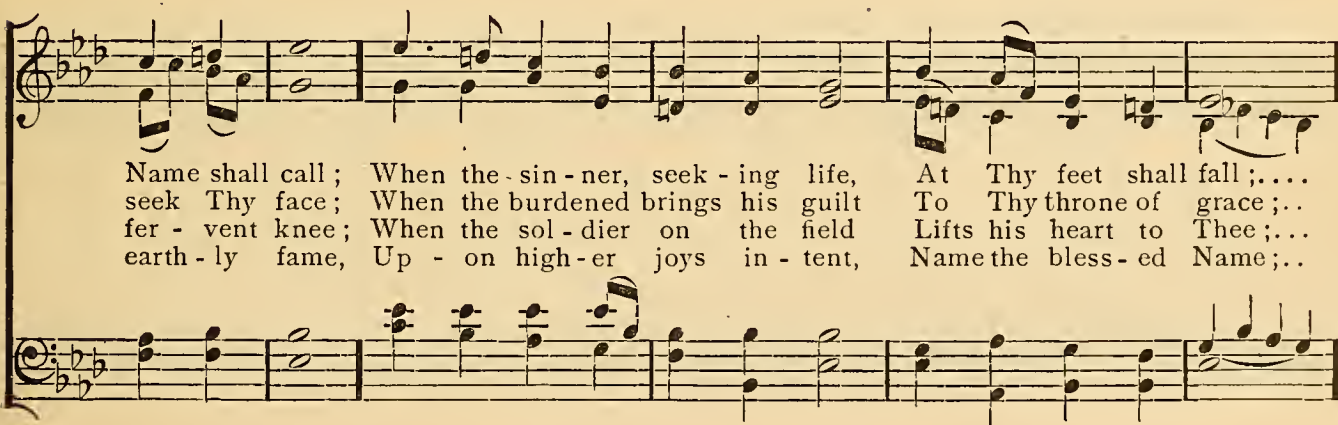
W. H. Callcott. Refrain from Mendelssohn



1. When the wea - ry. seek - ing rest, To Thy goodness flee ; When the heav - y -
 2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove ; When the prod - i -
 3. When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end ; When the hun - gry
 4. When the man of toil and care, In the cit - y crowd, When the shep - herd

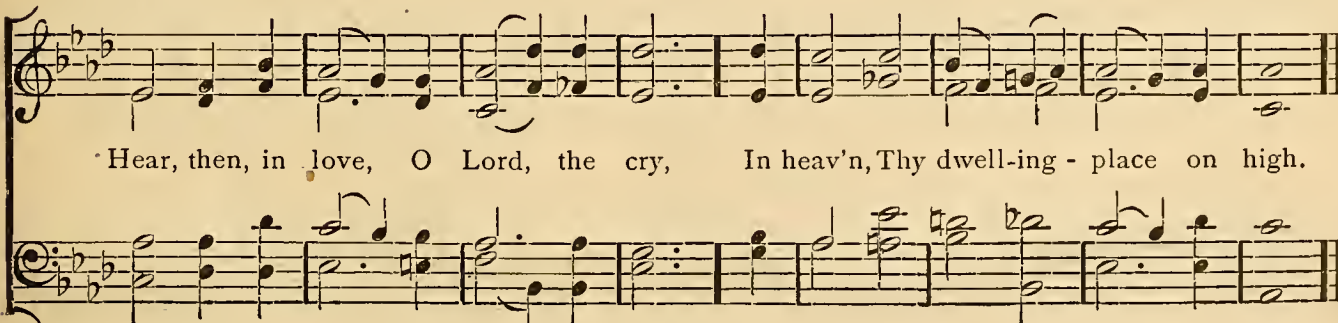


lad - en cast All their load on Thee ; When the troubled, seek - ing peace, On Thy
 gal looks back To his Fa - ther's love ; When the proud man from his pride Stoops to
 crav - eth food, And the poor a friend ; When the sail - or on the wave Bows the
 on the moor, Names the Name of God ; When the learn - ed and the high, Tired of



Name shall call ; When the - sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall ;...
 seek Thy face ; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace ;..
 fer - vent knee ; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee ;..
 earth - ly fame, Up - on high - er joys in - tent, Name the bless - ed Name ;..

REFRAIN.



Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high.

PRAYER

Lord, Teach us how to Pray aright

J. Montgomery

Bp. Turton

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev'-rence and with fear :
 2. Give deep hu - mil - i - ty; the sense Of god - ly sor - row give ;
 3. Pa - tience, to watch, and wait, and weep, Though mer - cy long de - lay ;
 4. Give these, and then Thy will be done ; Thus, strengthen'd with all might,

Tho' dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near.
 A strong de - sir - ing con - fi - dence To hear Thy voice and live.
 Cour - age, our faint - ing souls to keep, And trust Thee tho' Thou slay.
 We, through Thy Spir - it and Thy Son, Shall pray, and pray a - right. A-MEN.

How gentle God's Commands

Phillip Doddridge

H. G. Nägeli

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands ! How kind His pre - cepts are ! Come,
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell ; That
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind ? Haste
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day : I'll

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
 hand which bears cre - a - tion up.... Shall guard His chil - dren well.
 to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
 drop my bur - den at His feet,... And bear a song a - way.

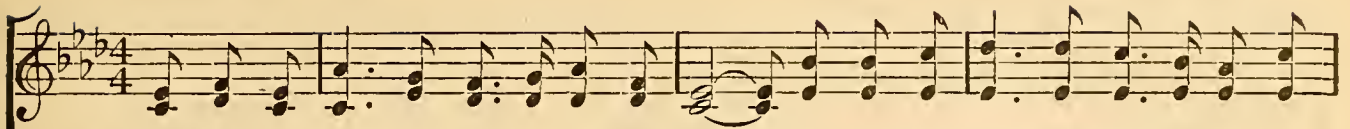
PRAYER

The Throne of Grace

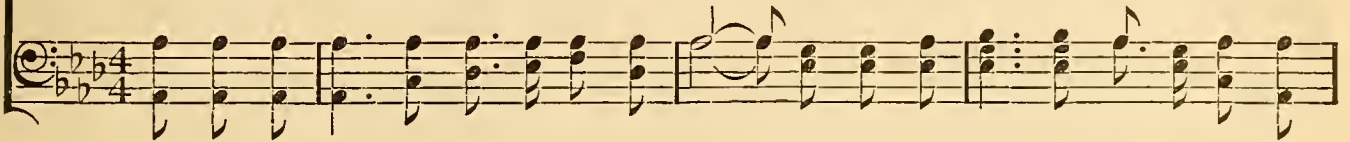
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Charlotte Elliott. Abr.

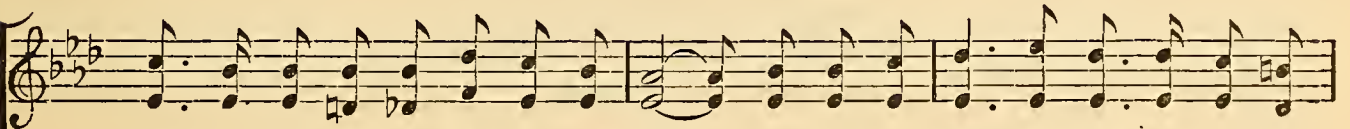
S. M. Bixby



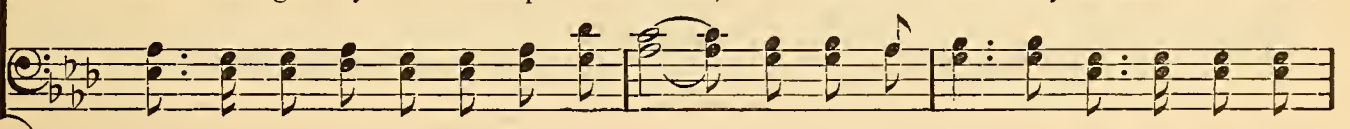
1. There is a spot of con-se-cra-ted ground, Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are
2. While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands, His quicken'd eye a boundless view com -
3. Sav-iour ! the sinner's Friend, our hope, our all ! Here teach us hum-bly at Thy feet to



found ; 'Tis nam'd, and Christians love the well-known sound, The "throne of grace." 'Tis
mands ; Dis-cov-ers fair abodes not made with hands—A-bodes of peace. This
fall ; Here on Thy name, with love and faith, to call For pardoning grace. Ne'er



here a calm re-treat is al-ways found ; Per-pet-ual sun-shine gilds the sa-cred
is the mount where Christ's disciples see The glo-ry of th'in-car-nate De-i-
let the glo-ry from this spot re-move, Till number'd with Thy ransom'd flock a-



ground ; Pure airs and heav'nly odors breathe around The throne, the "throne of grace."
ty ; 'Tis here they find it good in-deed to be, And view, and view His face.
bove, We cease to want, but nev-er cease to love, The throne, the throne of grace !



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PRAYER

Lord, when we bend before Thy Throne

Joseph D. Carlyle

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

1. Lord when we bend be - fore Thy throne And our con - fes - sions pour,
 2. Our brok - en spir - it pity - ing see ; True pen - i - tence im - part ;
 3. When we dis - close our wants in prayer, May we our wills re - sign ;

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.
 Then let a kin - dling glance from Thee Beam hope up - on the heart.
 And not a thought our bo - soms share, Which is not whol - ly Thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies,
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
 That grants it or denies.

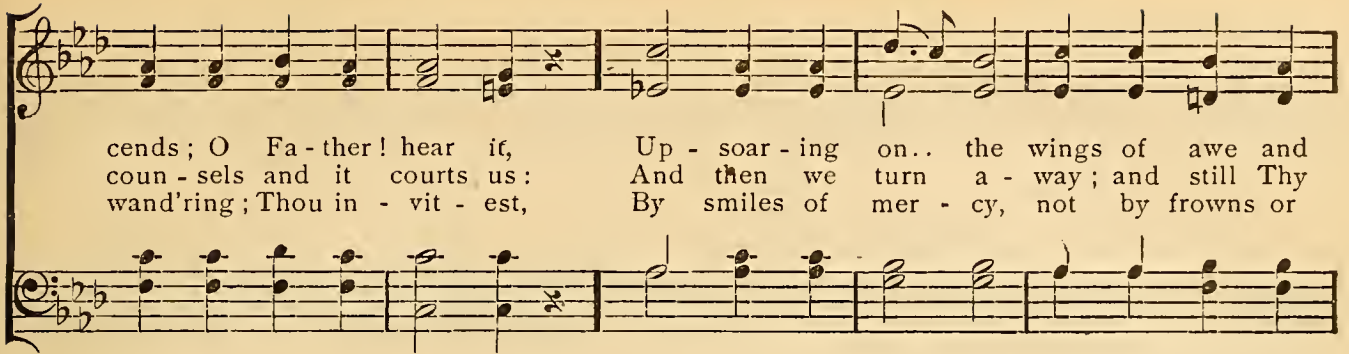
5 All glory to the Father be,
 All glory to the Son,
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 While endless ages run.

From the Recesses of a Lowly Spirit

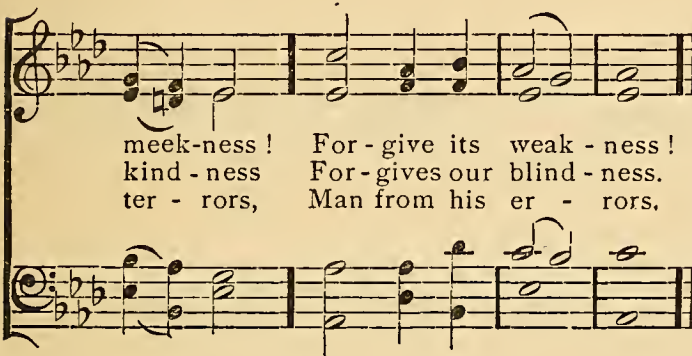
John Bowring

F. F. Flemming

1. From the re - cess - es of a low - ly spir - it, Our hum - ble prayer as -
 2. We see Thy hand ; it leads us, it sup - ports us ! We hear Thy voice ; it
 3. Oh, how long - suff'ring, Lord ! but Thou de - light - est, To win with love.. the



cends ; O Fa - ther ! hear it, Up - soar - ing on.. the wings of awe and
 coun - sels and it courts us : And then we turn a - way ; and still Thy
 wand'ring ; Thou in - vit - est, By smiles of mer - cy, not by frowns or



meek - ness ! For - give its weak - ness !
 kind - ness For - gives our blind - ness.
 ter - rors, Man from his er - rors.

4.
 Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom
 The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
 In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
 And spring eternal.

5.
 Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens,
 Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
 Where every flower, escaped through death's dark
 Becomes immortal. [portal,


Father, Bless Thy Children now

S. B.

S. M. Bixby



1. Fa - ther, bless Thy chil - dren now, At Thy cross we hum - bly bow ;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it ! come with power, Fill our hearts this ver - y hour ;
 3. Come, dear Lord, nor long - er wait ; Come Thou now, our fet - ters break ;



Take our sins and guilt a - way ; Hear and heal us now, we pray.
 We are wait - ing now, dear Lord, Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy word.
 Let us feel our sins for - given ; Give us, Lord, the hope of heav'n.

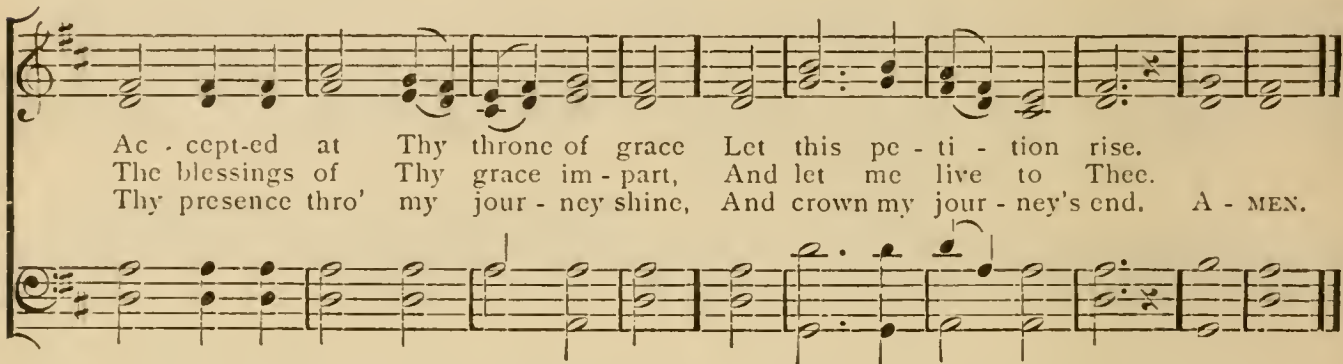
Father, what'er of Earthly Bliss

Anne Steele

Dr. Lowell Mason



1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend:



Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end. A - MEN.

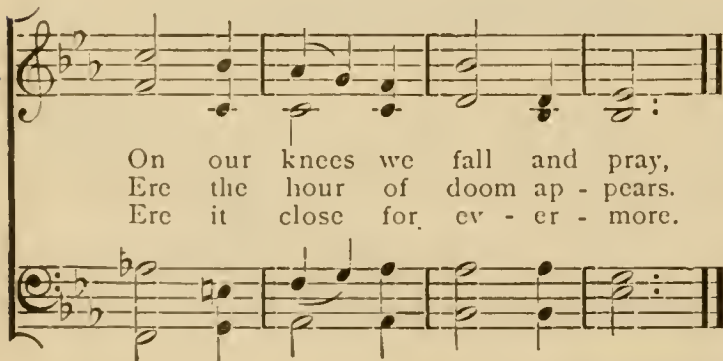
Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day

Isaac Williams

A. S. Sullivan



1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere from us it pass a - way,
 3. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart - search-ing fears,
 3. Lord, on us Thy Spir - it pour, Kneel-ing low - ly at the door,



On our knees we fall and pray,
 Ere the hour of doom ap - pears.
 Ere it close for ev - er - more.

4 By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die,—

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
 From Jerusalem below,
 Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
 Grant us, when we see Thy face
 With Thy ransomed ones a place.

PRAYER

Alas, what Hourly Dangers rise

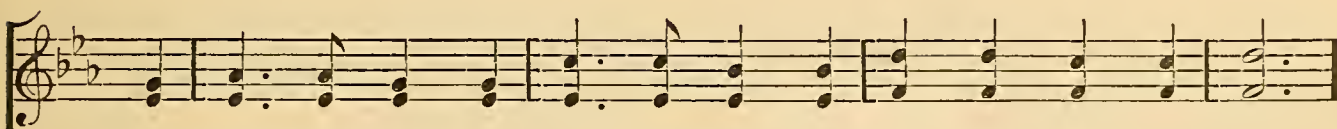
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Anne Steele, 1760

S. M. Bixby



1. A - las, what hour - ly dan - gers rise! What snares be - set my way!
2. In - crease my faith, in - crease my hope, When foes and fears pre - vail;



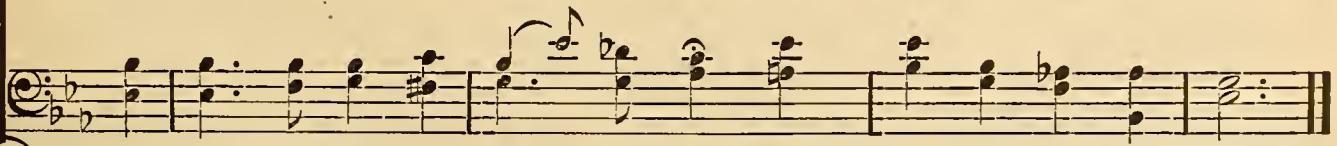
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes, And hour - ly watch and pray.
And bear my faint - ing spir - it up, Or soon my strength will fail.



O gra - cious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid;
Oh, keep me in Thy heaven - ly way, And bid the tempt - er flee;



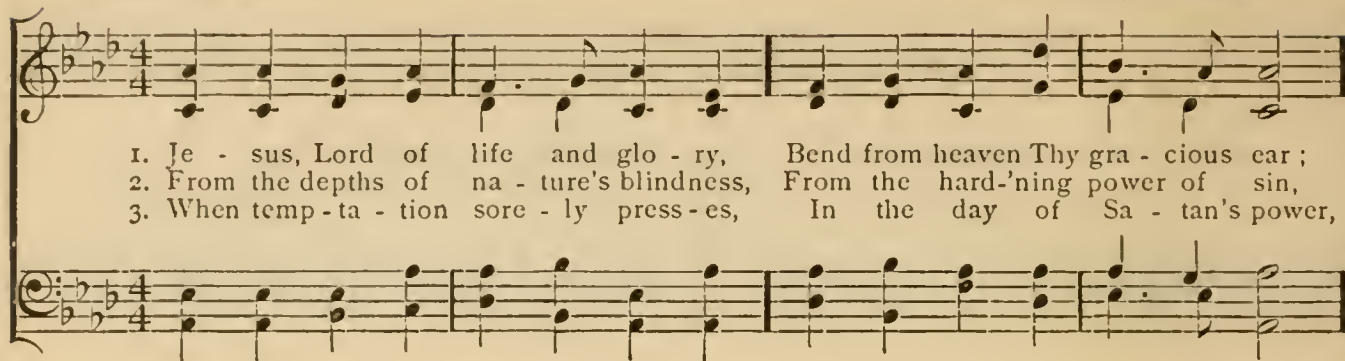
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Though trem - bling and a - fraid.
And let me nev - er, nev - er stray From hap - pi - ness and Thee.



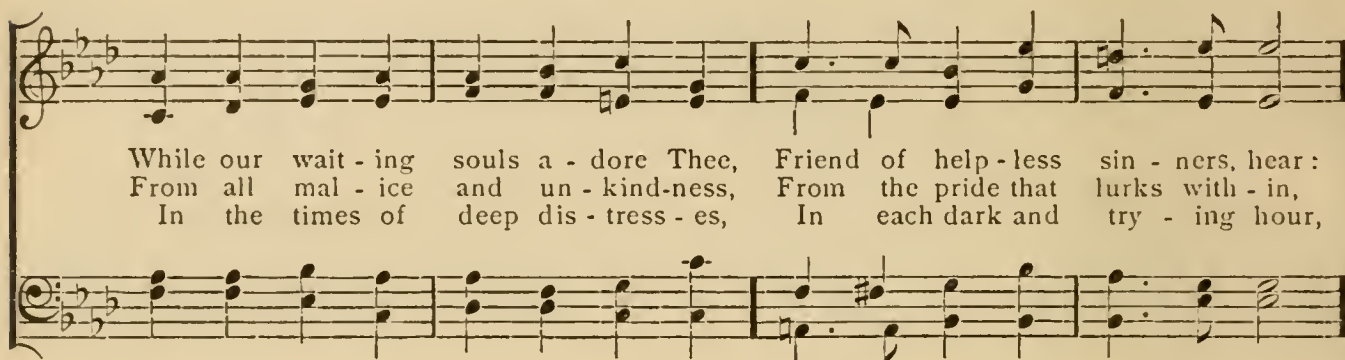
Jesus, Lord of Life and Glory

James J. Cummins


E. J. Hopkins



1. Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heaven Thy gra - cious ear ;
 2. From the depths of na - ture's blindness, From the hard - ning power of sin,
 3. When temp - ta - tion sore - ly press - es, In the day of Sa - tan's power,



While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear :
 From all mal - ice and un - kind - ness, From the pride that lurks with - in,
 In the times of deep dis - tress - es, In each dark and try - ing hour,



By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.
 By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.
 By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

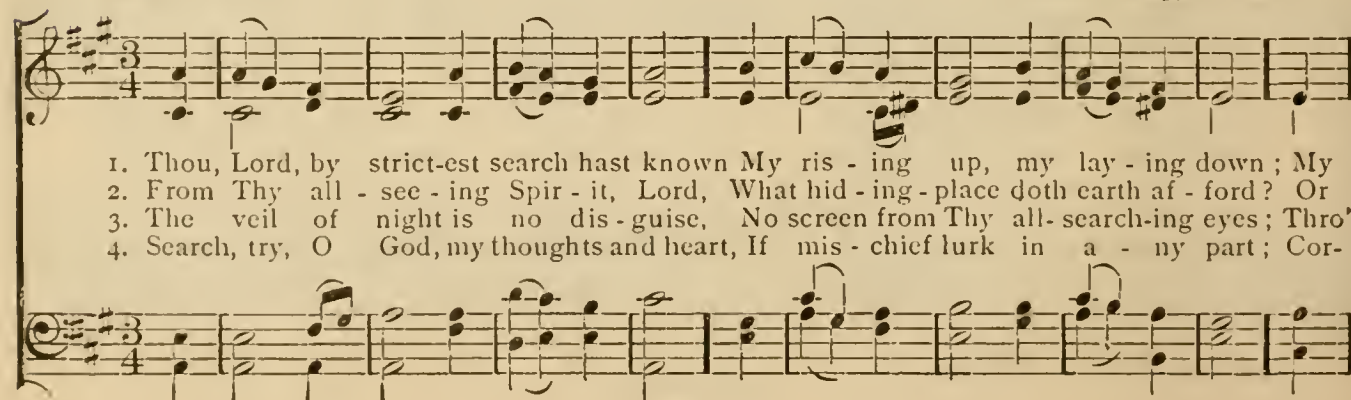
4 When the world around is smiling,
 In the time of wealth and ease,
 Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
 In the day of health and peace,
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, good Lord,

5 In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment-day,
 May our souls, on Thee relying,
 Find Thee still our Hope and Stay;
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

Thou Lord, by strictest Search hast Known

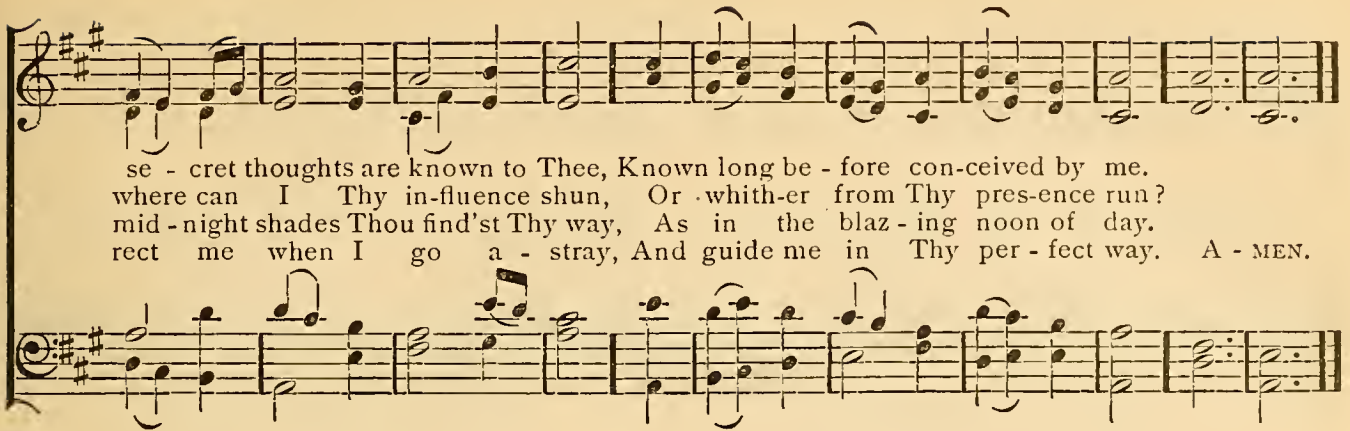
Metrical Psalm

Wm. Knapp, 1760



1. Thou, Lord, by strict - est search hast known My ris - ing up, my lay - ing down ; My
 2. From Thy all - see - ing Spir - it, Lord, What hid - ing - place doth earth af - ford ? Or
 3. The veil of night is no dis - guise, No screen from Thy all - search - ing eyes ; Thro'
 4. Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, If mis - chief lurk in a - ny part ; Cor -

PRAYER

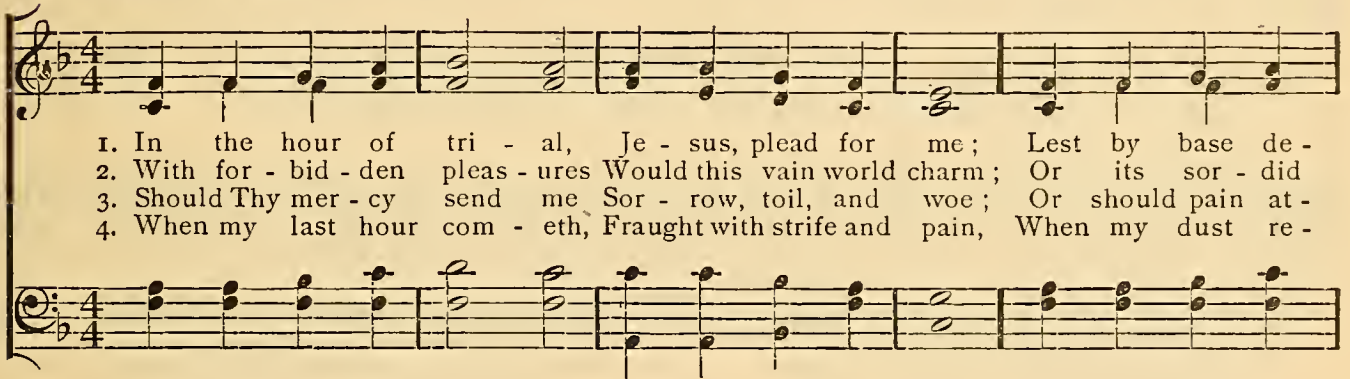


se - cret thoughts are known to Thee, Known long be - fore con - ceived by me.
 where can I Thy in - fluence shun, Or - whith - er from Thy pres - ence run?
 mid - night shades Thou find'st Thy way, As in the blaz - ing noon of day.
 rect me when I go a - stray, And guide me in Thy per - fect way. A - MEN.

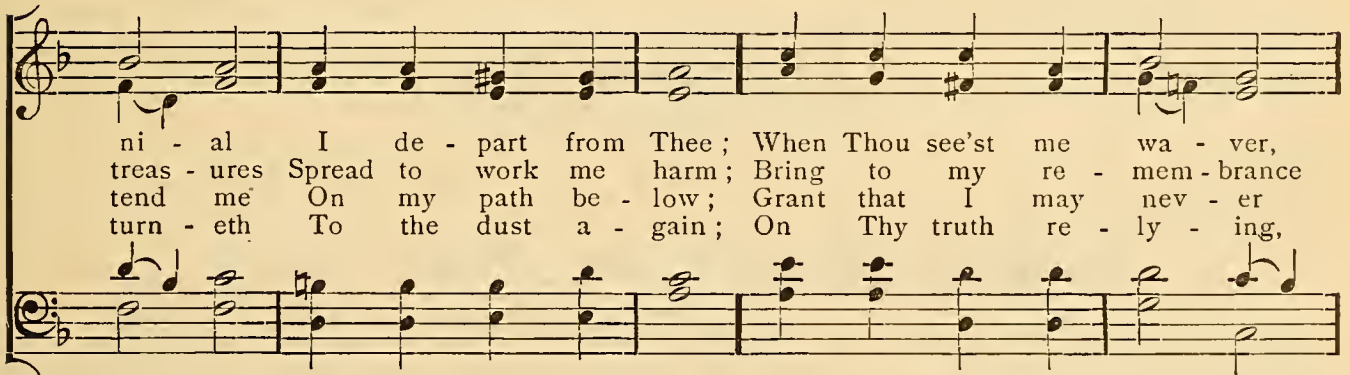
In the Hour of Trial

James Montgomery

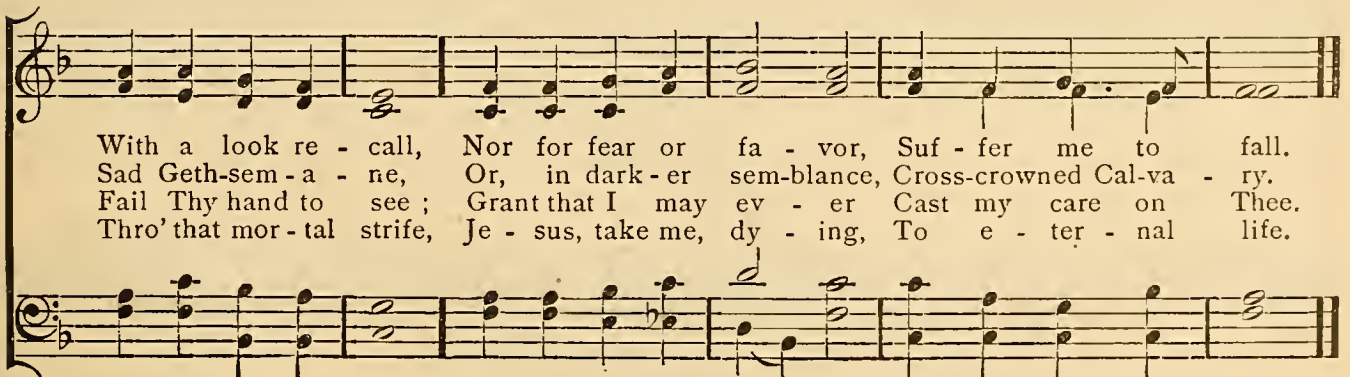
Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at -
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -



ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wa - ver,
 treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance
 tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
 turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing,



With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
 Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.
 Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Thro' that mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

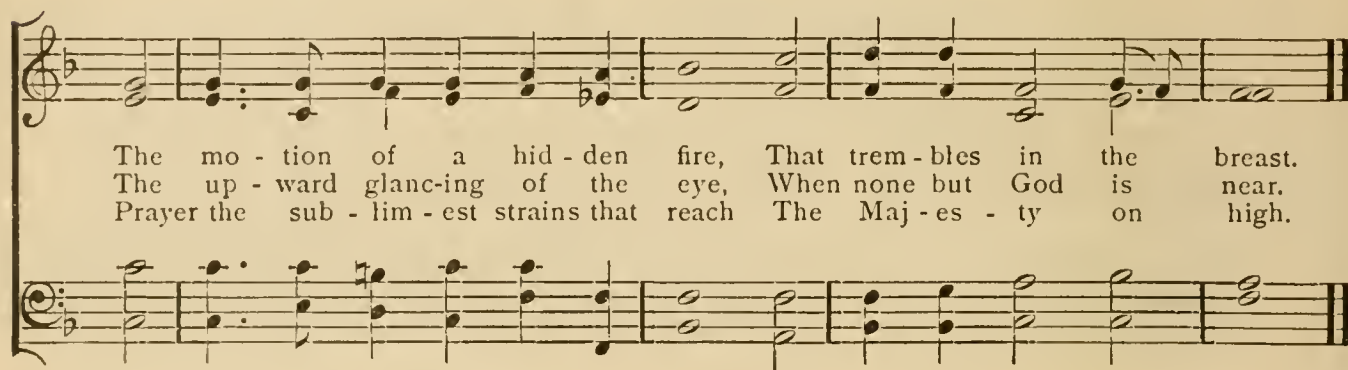
Prayer is the Soul's sincere Desire

James Montgomery, 1819

Thomas Hastings, 1843. Har. Hubert P. Main, 1881



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed ;
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
 3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try,



The mo - tion of a hid - den fire, That trem - bles in the breast.
 The up - ward glanc - ing of the eye, When none but God is near.
 Prayer the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold, he prays !"

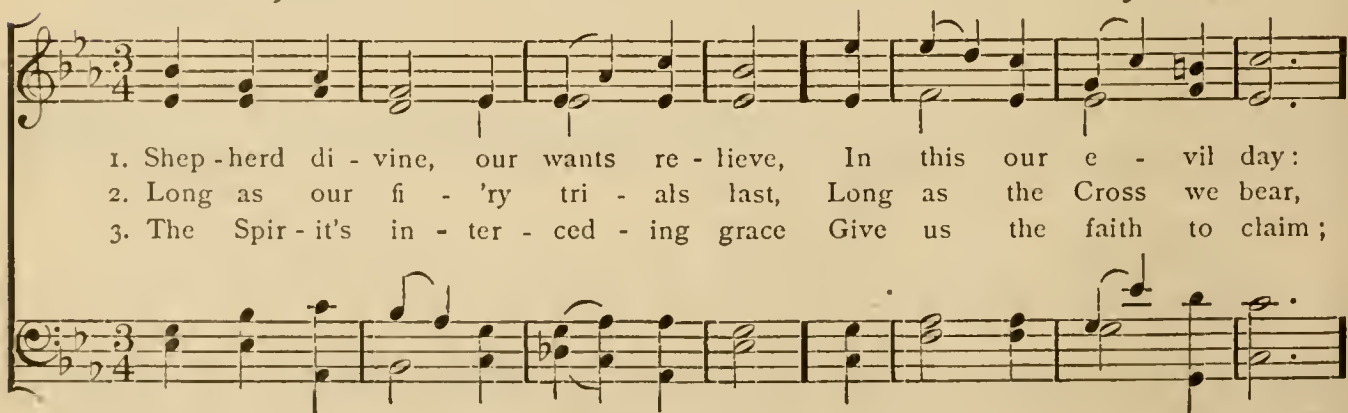
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death,—
 He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way !
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

Shepherd Divine, our Wants relieve

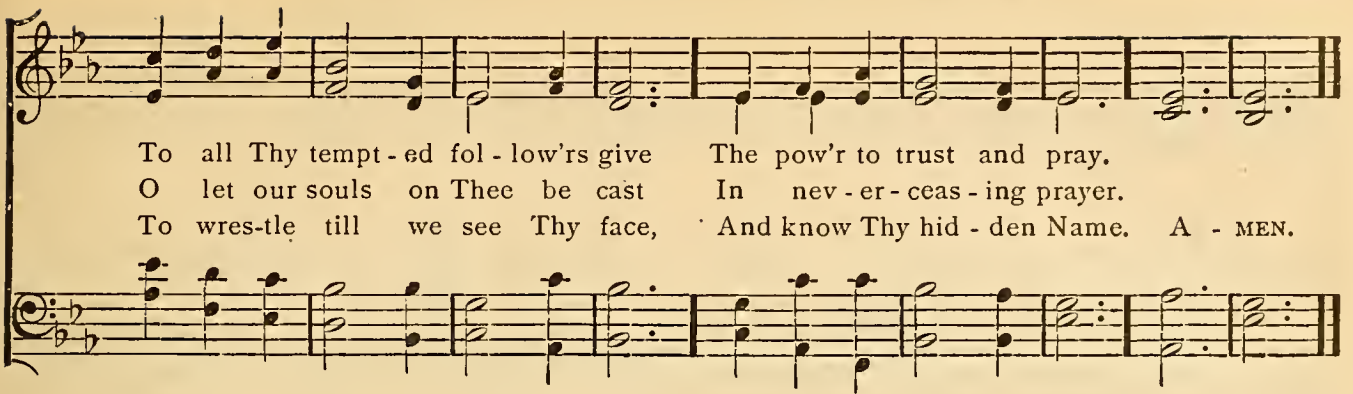
Rev. C. Wesley

Jas. Turle



1. Shep - herd di - vine, our wants re - lieve, In this our e - vil day :
 2. Long as our fi - 'ry tri - als last, Long as the Cross we bear,
 3. The Spir - it's in - ter - ced - ing grace Give us the faith to claim ;

PRAYER



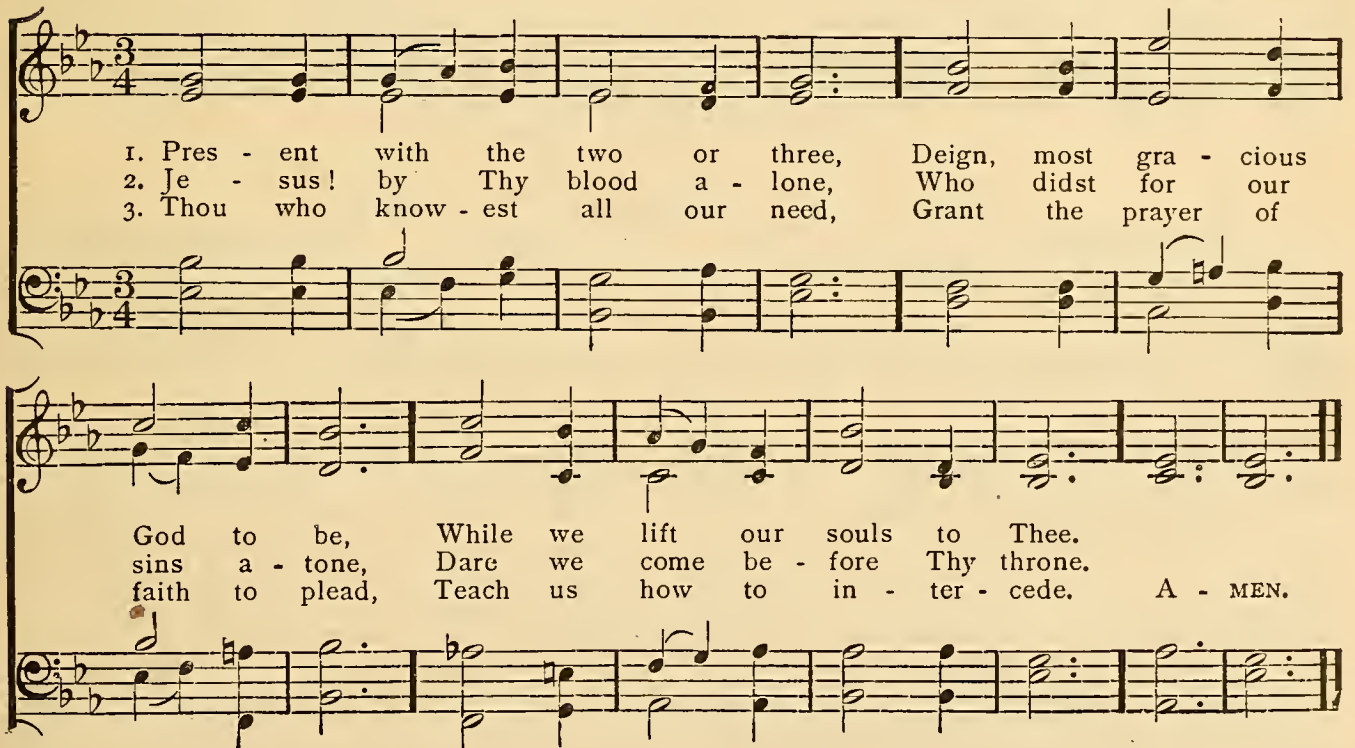
To all Thy tempt-ed fol-low'rs give The pow'r to trust and pray.
 O let our souls on Thee be cast In nev-er-ceas-ing prayer.
 To wres-tle till we see Thy face, And know Thy hid-den Name. A - MEN.

4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
 Till Thou Thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of every heart—
 I will not let Thee go :

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
 Thou tell Thy Name to me ;
 With all Thy great salvation bless,
 And say,—I died for thee. AMEN.

Present with the Two or Three

Arthur S. Sullivan



1. Pres - ent with the two or three, Deign, most gra - cious
 2. Je - sus! by Thy blood a - lone, Who didst for our
 3. Thou who know - est all our need, Grant the prayer of

God to be, While we lift our souls to Thee.
 sins a - tone, Dare we come be - fore Thy throne.
 faith to plead, Teach us how to in - ter - cede. A - MEN.

4 Holy Spirit, from on high
 Helping our infirmity
 Aid us in our feeble cry.

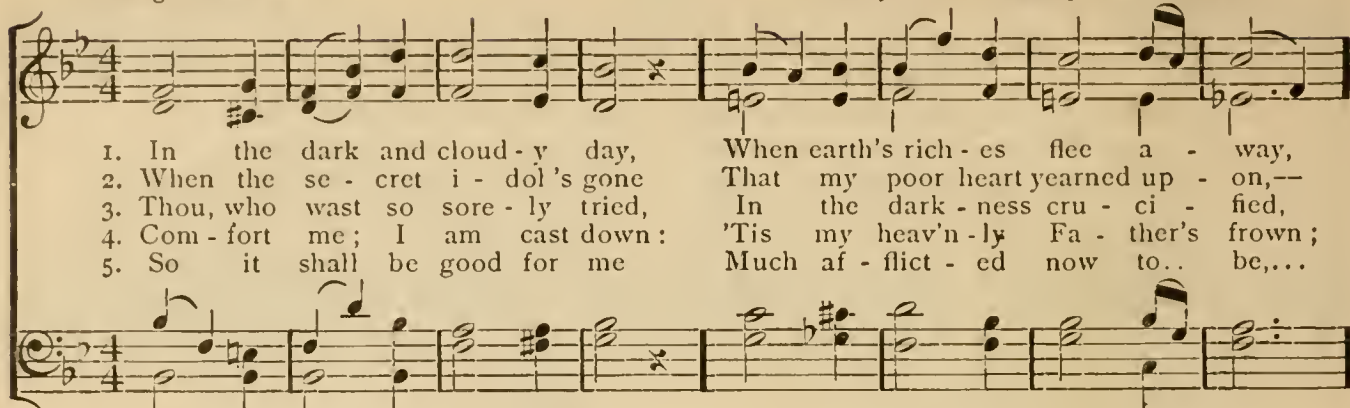
5 Glory to the Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in one,
 While the endless ages run. AMEN.

PRAYER

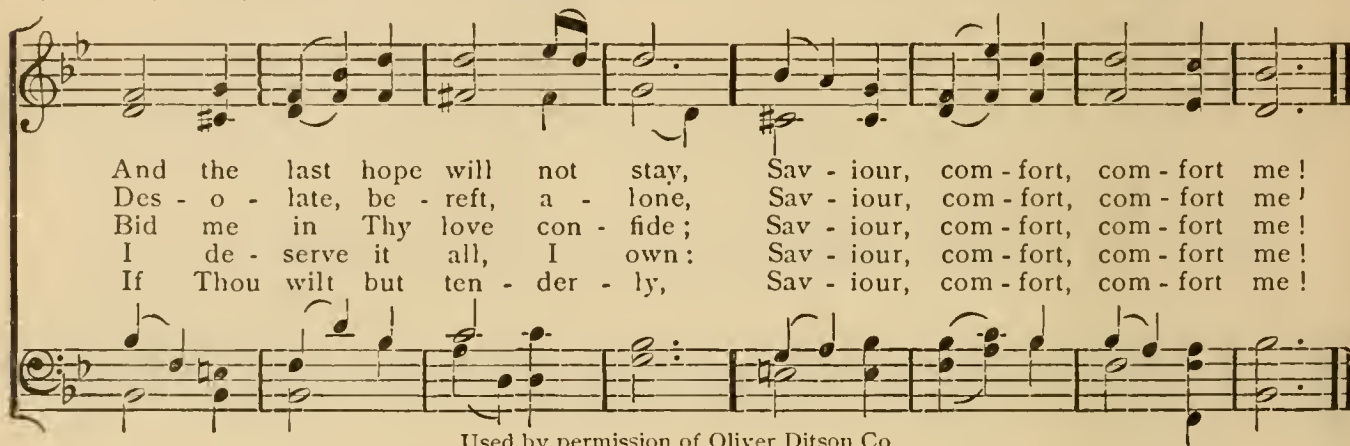
In the Dark and Cloudy Day

George Rawson

Arr. by H. P. Main from Gottschalk



1. In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's rich-es flee a-way,
 2. When the se-cret i-dol's gone That my poor heart yearned up-on,—
 3. Thou, who wast so sore-ly tried, In the dark-ness cru-ci-fied,
 4. Com-fort me; I am cast down: 'Tis my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's frown;
 5. So it shall be good for me Much af-flict-ed now to.. be,...



And the last hope will not stay, Sav-iour, com-fort, com-fort me!
 Des-o-late, be-reft, a-lone, Sav-iour, com-fort, com-fort me!
 Bid me in Thy love con-fide; Sav-iour, com-fort, com-fort me!
 I de-serve it all, I own: Sav-iour, com-fort, com-fort me!
 If Thou wilt but ten-der-ly, Sav-iour, com-fort, com-fort me!

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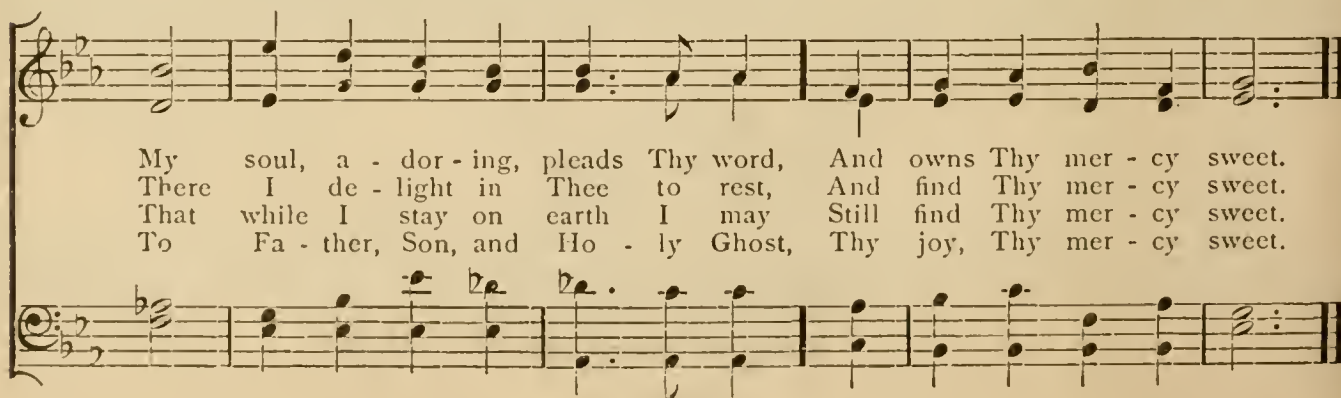
Sweet is Thy Mercy, Lord

John S. B. Monsell, 1862

Joseph Barnby, 1868.



1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat
 2. Wher-e'er Thy name is blest, Wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet,
 3. Light Thou my wea-ry way, Lead Thou my wan-d'ring feet,
 4. Thus shall the heav'n-ly host Hear all my songs re-peat,



My soul, a-dor-ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer-cy sweet.
 There I de-light in Thee to rest, And find Thy mer-cy sweet.
 That while I stay on earth I may Still find Thy mer-cy sweet.
 To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Thy joy, Thy mer-cy sweet.

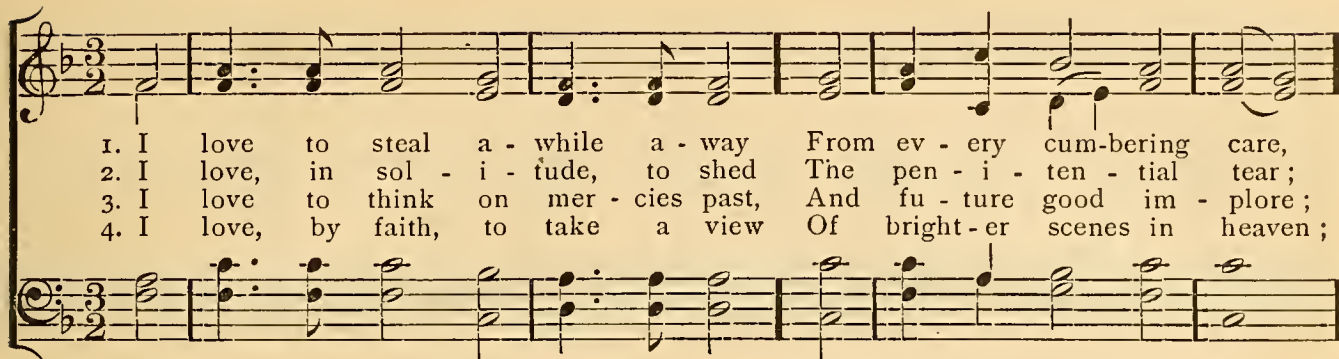
PRAYER

I Love to Steal awhile away

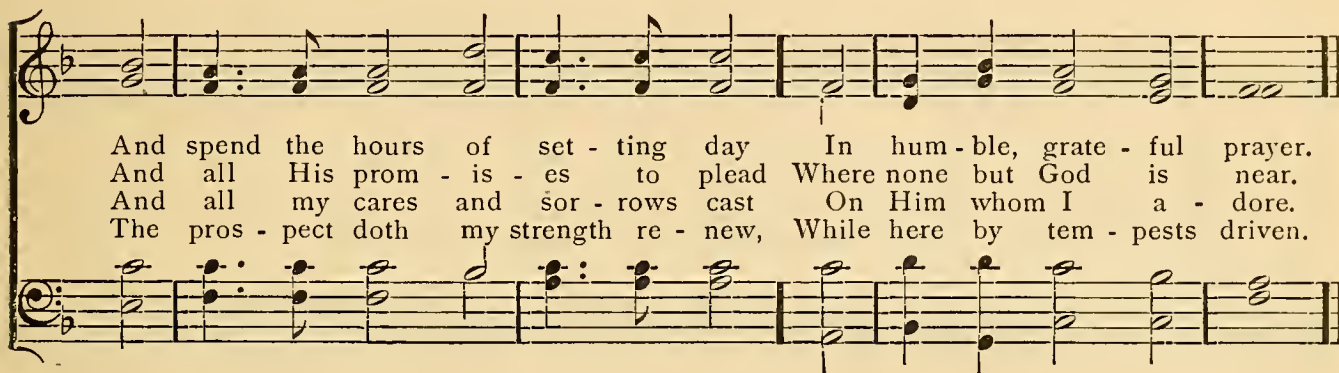
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Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown

Thomas A. Arne, 1762



1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - bering care,
 2. I love, in sol - i - tude, to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;
 3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;
 4. I love, by faith, to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heaven;

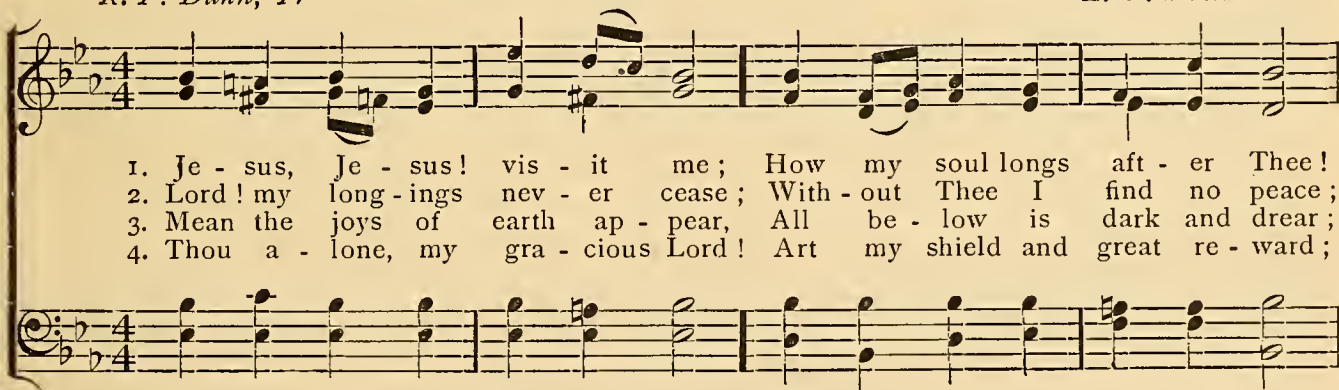


And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
 And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God is near.
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
 The pros - pect doth my strength re - new, While here by tem - pests driven.

Jesus, Jesus! Visit me

R. P. Dunn, Tr

L. T. Downes



1. Je - sus, Je - sus! vis - it me; How my soul longs aft - er Thee!
 2. Lord! my long - ings nev - er cease; With - out Thee I find no peace;
 3. Mean the joys of earth ap - pear, All be - low is dark and drear;
 4. Thou a - lone, my gra - cious Lord! Art my shield and great re - ward;

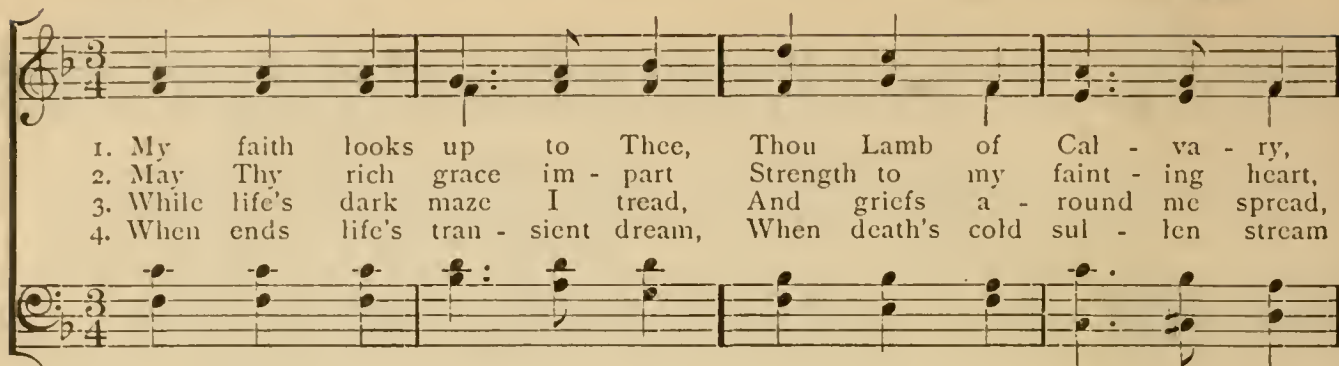


When, my best and dear - est Friend! Shall our sep - a - ra - tion end?
 'Tis my con - stant cry to Thee,— Je - sus, Je - sus! vis - it me.
 Naught but Thy be - lov - ed voice Can my wretch - ed heart re - joice.
 All my hope, my Sav - iour Thou,— To Thy sov - 'reign will I bow.

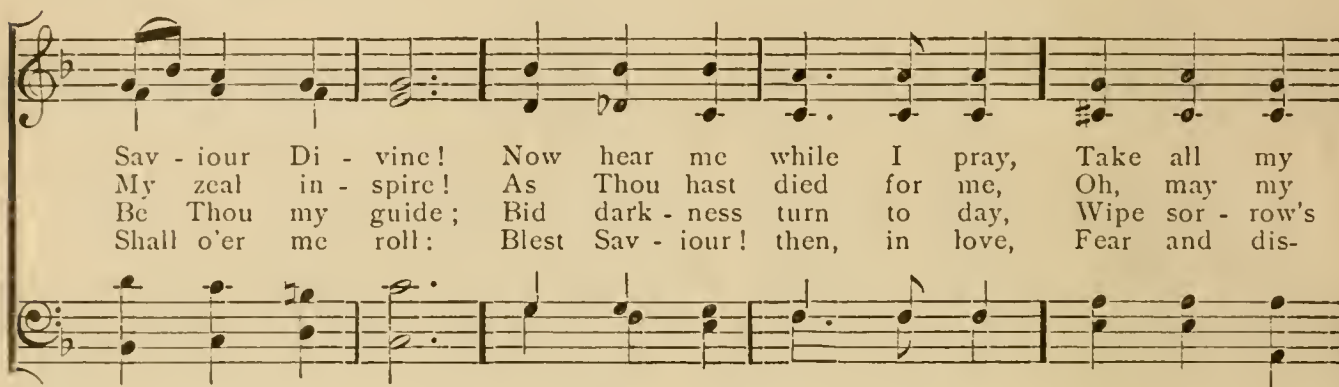
My Faith Looks up to Thee

Ray Palmer

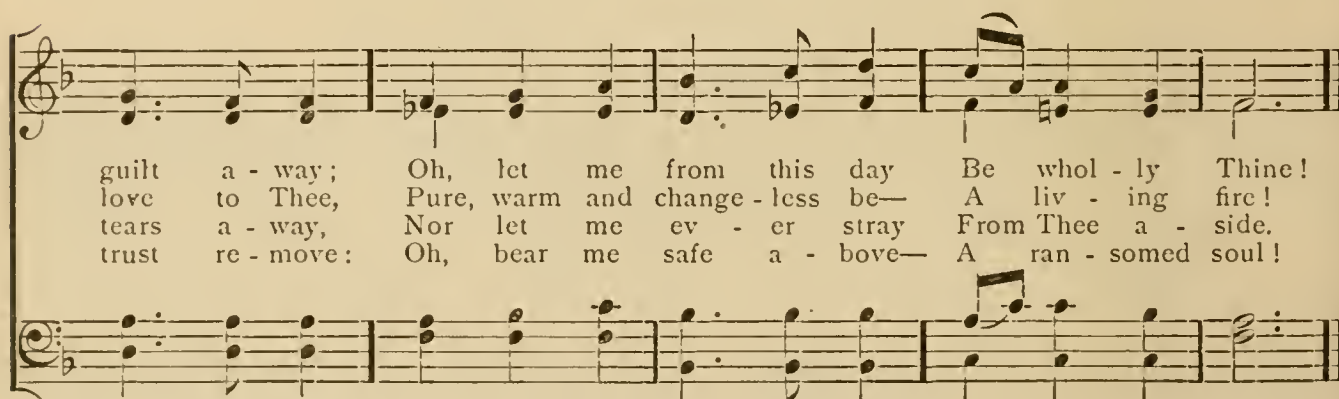
S. M. Bixby



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream



Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll: Blest Sav - iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -



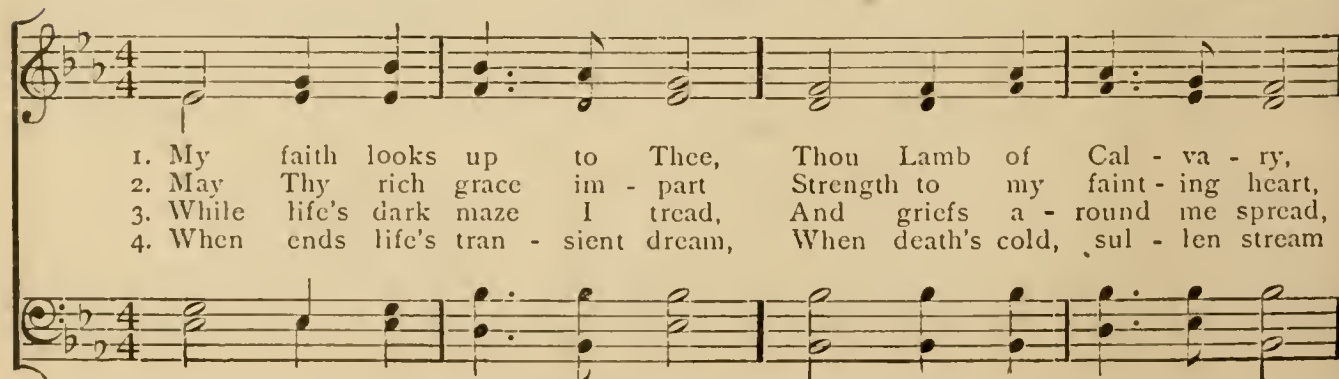
guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 love to Thee, Pure, warm and change - less be— A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move: Oh, bear me safe a - bove— A ran - somed soul!

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Ray Palmer

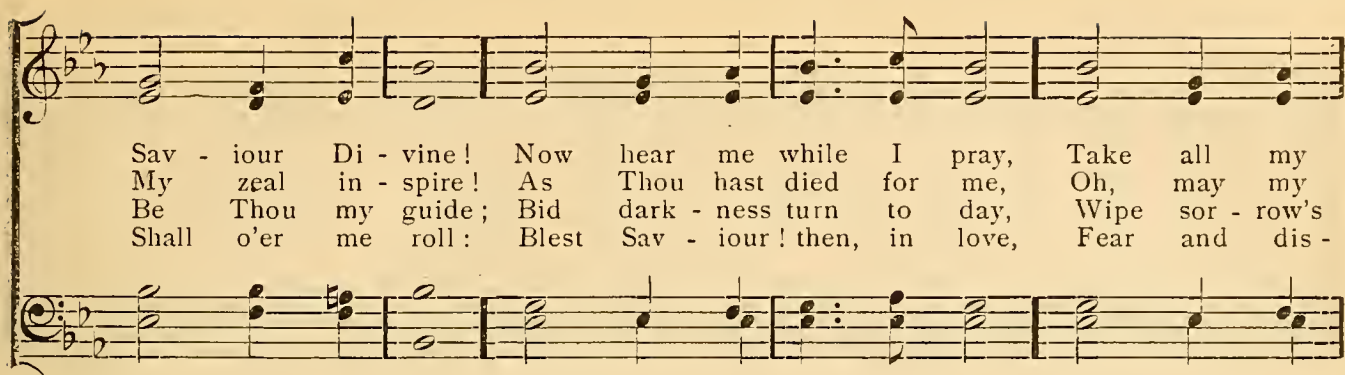
SECOND TUNE

L. Mason

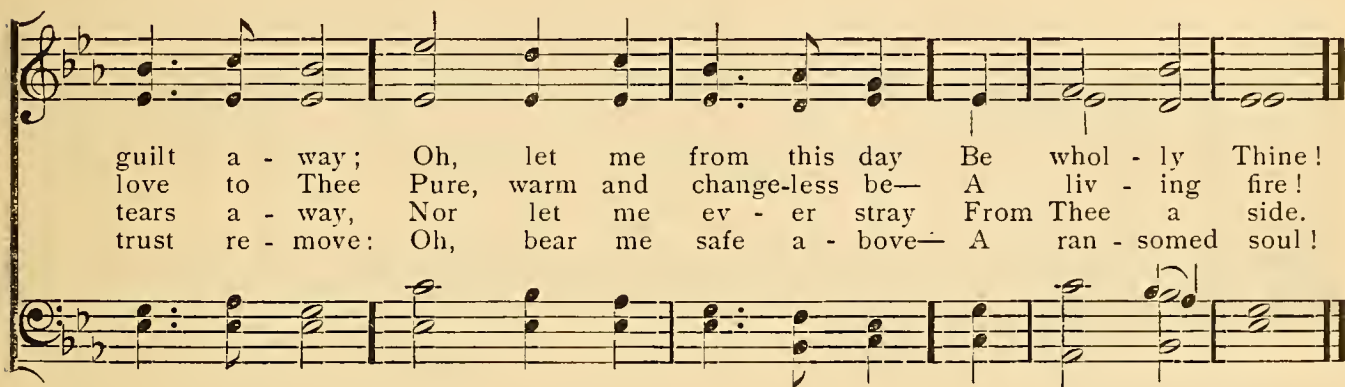


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

FAITH AND TRUST



Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll: Blest Sav - iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -

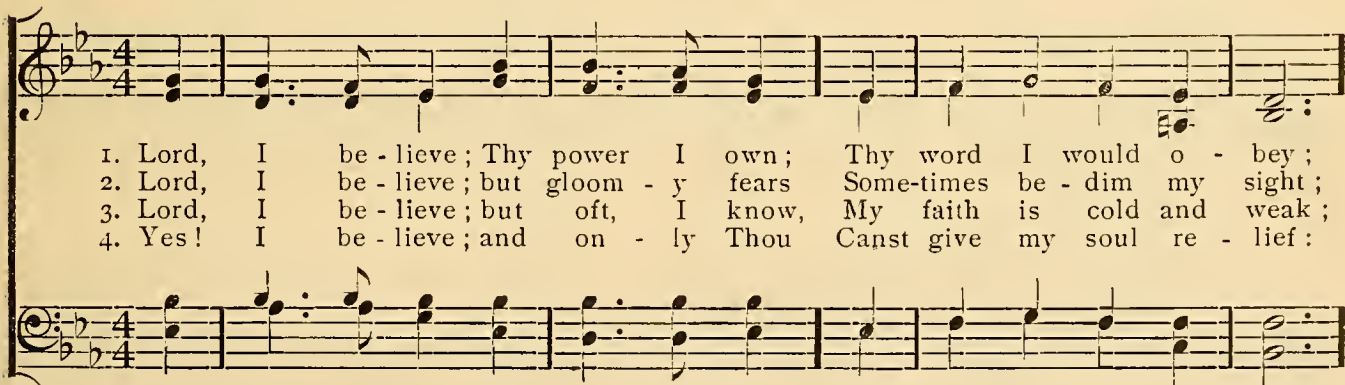


guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be— A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a side.
trust re - move: Oh, bear me safe a - bove— A ran - somed soul!

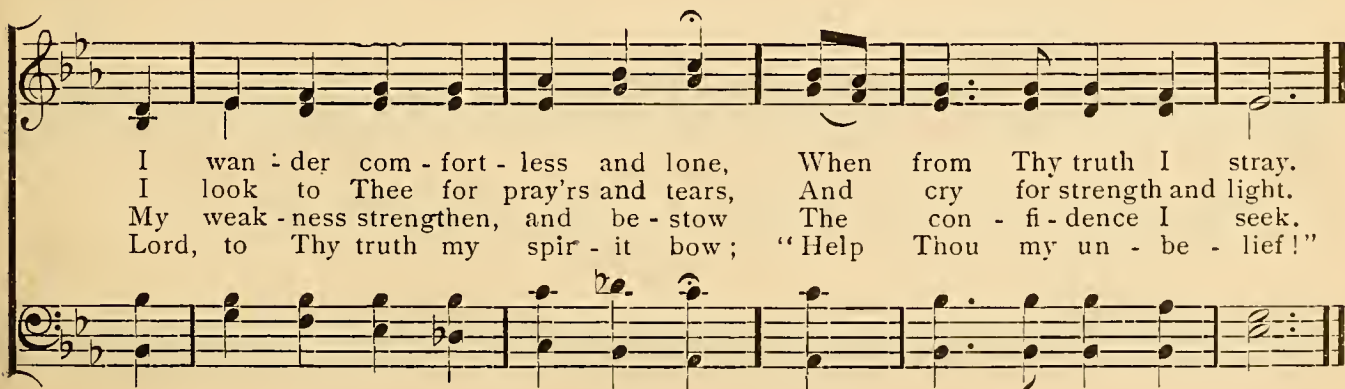
Lord, I believe

J. R. Wreford

Arr. from A. H. Mann



1. Lord, I be - lieve; Thy power I own; Thy word I would o - bey;
2. Lord, I be - lieve; but gloom - y fears Some-times be - dim my sight;
3. Lord, I be - lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak;
4. Yes! I be - lieve; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief:

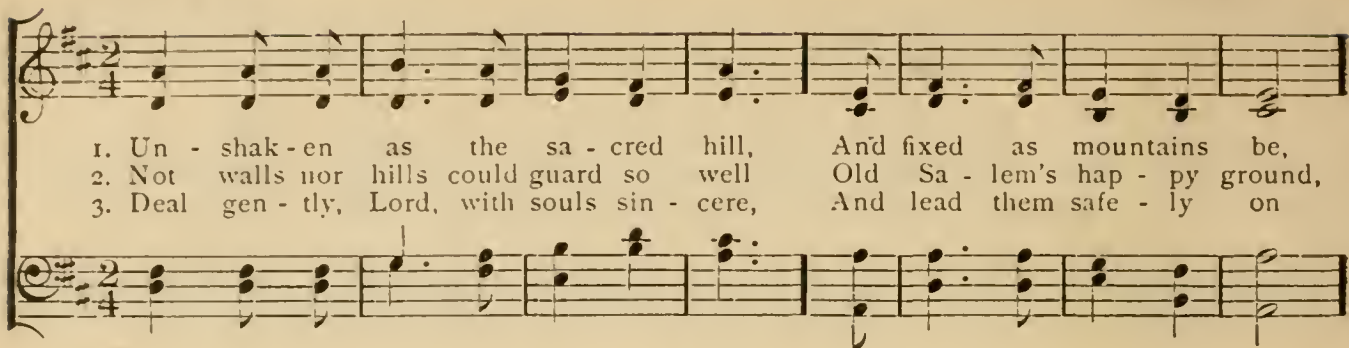


I wan - der com - fort - less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee for pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
My weak - ness strengthen, and be - stow The con - fi - dence I seek.
Lord, to Thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help Thou my un - be - lief!"

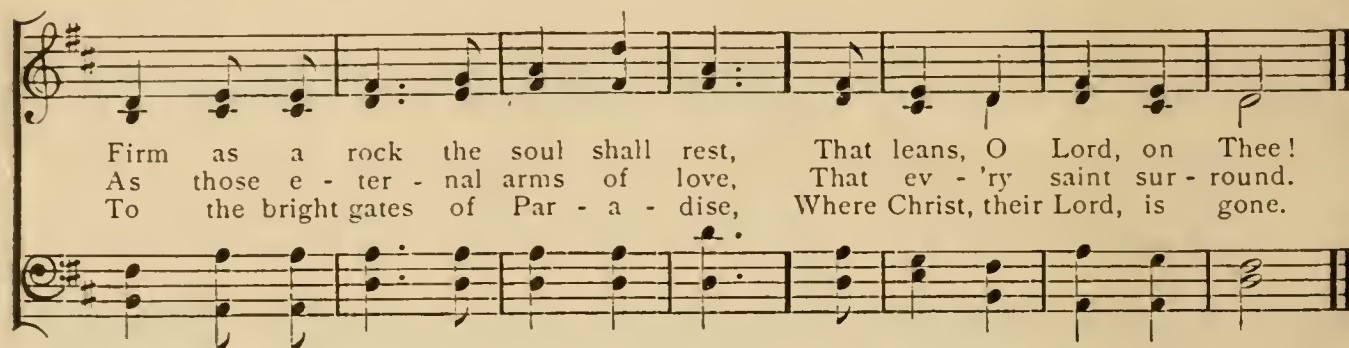
Unshaken as the Sacred Hill

Isaac Watts

G. P. A. Palestrina



1. Un - shak - en as the sa - cred hill, And fixed as mountains be,
 2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Old Sa - lem's hap - py ground,
 3. Deal gen - tly, Lord, with souls sin - cere, And lead them safe - ly on

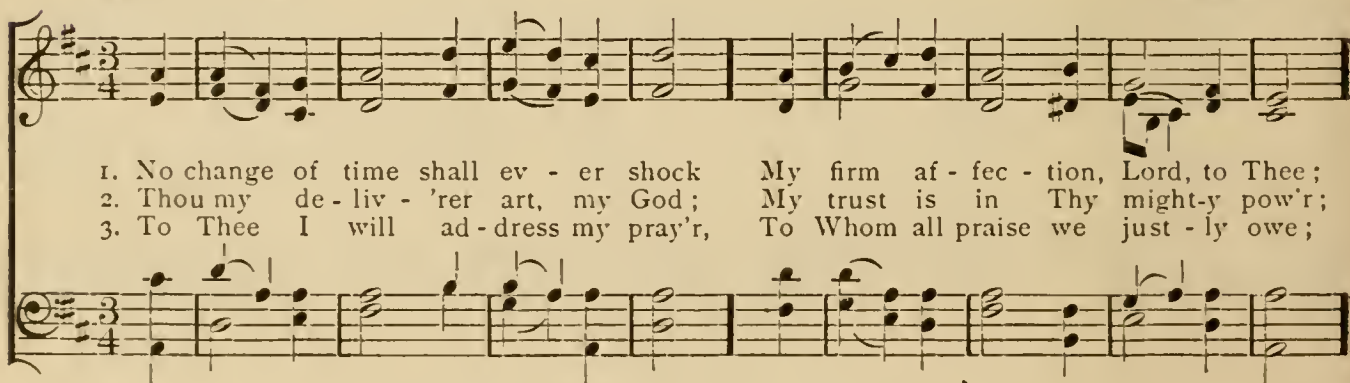


Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on Thee!
 As those e - ter - nal arms of love, That ev - 'ry saint sur - round.
 To the bright gates of Par - a - dise, Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

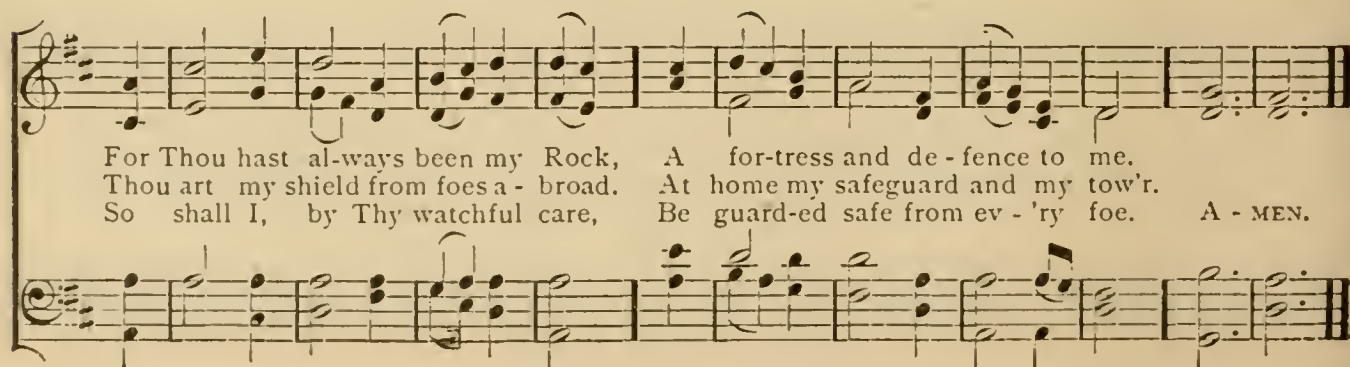
No Change of Time shall ever Shock

Metrical Psalm

D. Bortnianski



1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Thou my de - liv - 'rer art, my God; My trust is in Thy might-y pow'r;
 3. To Thee I will ad - dress my pray'r, To Whom all praise we just - ly owe;



For Thou hast al-ways been my Rock, A for-tress and de-fence to me.
 Thou art my shield from foes a-broad. At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
 So shall I, by Thy watchful care, Be guard-ed safe from ev - 'ry foe. A - MEN.

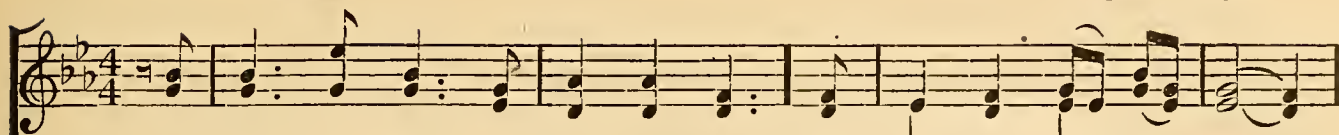
FAITH AND TRUST

While Thee I seek, Protecting Power

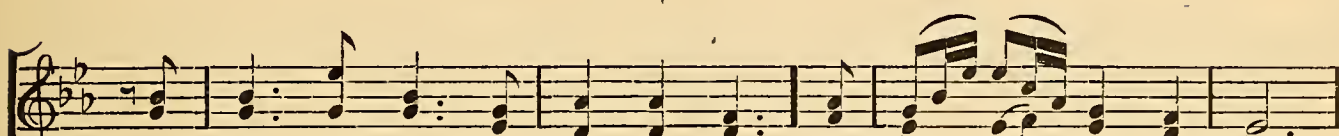
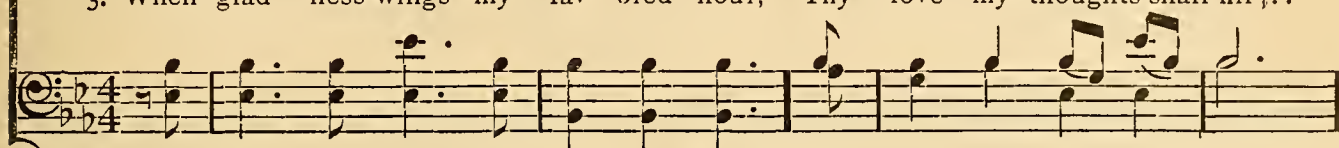
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Helen M. Williams

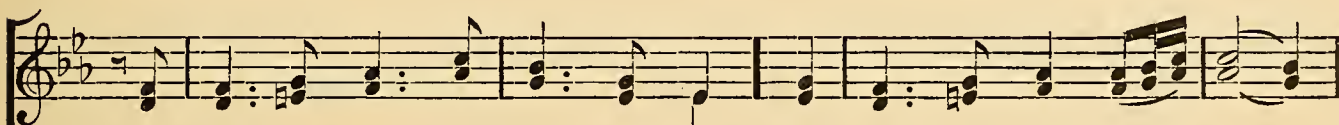

Ignace Pleyel




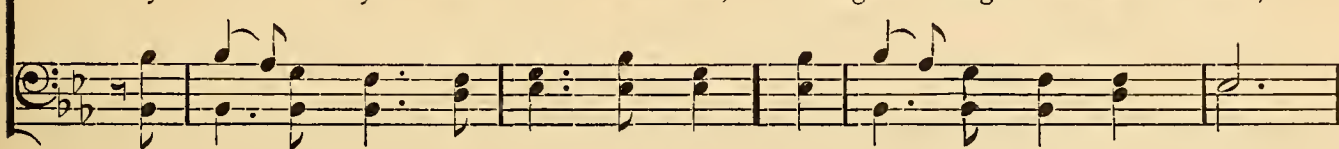
1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled ;
2. In each e - vent of life how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see !..
3. When glad - ness wings my fav - ored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;..



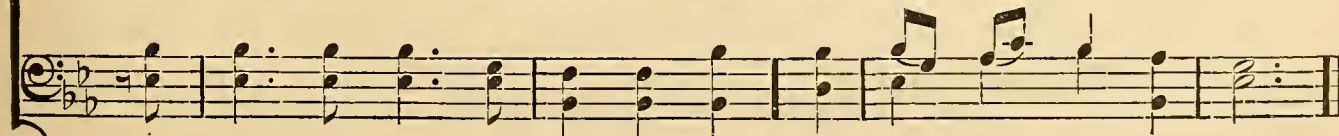
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled ;
Each bless - ing to my soul more dear Be - cause con - ferred by Thee.
Re - signed, when storms of sor - row lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.



Thy love the power of thought bestowed ; To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I.... bear,..
My lift - ed eye with - out a tear, The gath - 'ring storm shall see ;..



Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed ; That mer - cy.... I a - dore.
My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek.. re - lief in prayer.
My stead - fast heart shall know no fear ; That heart will.. rest on Thee.



FAITH AND TRUST

A Mighty Fortress is our God

Words and Music written and composed by Martin Luther, at Coburg, in June, 1530

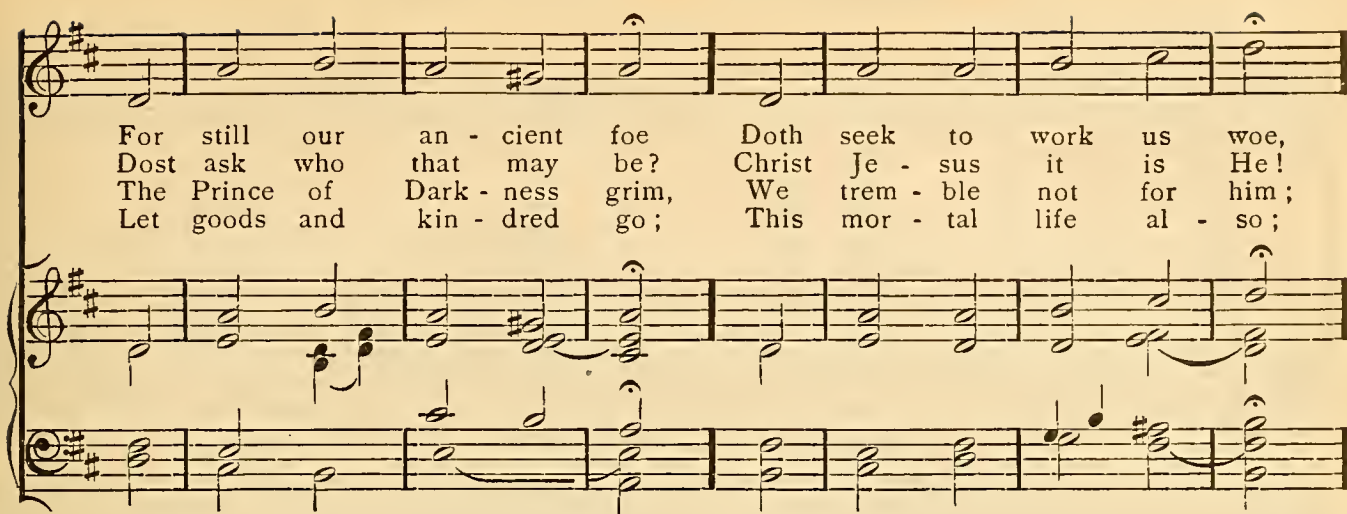
1. A might - y for - tress is... our God, A bul - wark
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing
 3. And though this world, with e - - vils filled, Should threat - en
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to

nev - er... fail - - - ing; Our help - er He... a - -
 would be... los - - - ing, Were not the right man
 to... un - - do... us, We will not fear, for
 them, a - - bid - - - eth; The Spir - it and.. the

mid. the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - - - ing.
 on.. our side, The man of God's own choos - - - ing.
 God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through... us.
 gifts are ours Through Him who with us.... sid - - - eth.

From Pilgrim Songs, by permission.

FAITH AND TRUST



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe,
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is He!
 The Prince of Dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him;
 Let goods and kin - dred go; This mor - tal life al - so;



His craft and power are great, And, armed with cru - el
 Lord Sa - ba - oth His name, From age to age the
 His rage we can en - dure, For, lo! his doom is
 The bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth



hate, On earth is not his... e - - - qual.
 same; And He must win the... bat - - - tle.
 sure; One lit - tle word shall.. fell..... him.
 still; His king - dom is for - - ev - - - er.

O Saviour, who didst Come

Edward Osler

Arr. from Gounod

1. O Sav - iour, who didst come By wa - ter and by blood; Con -
 2. Je - sus, our life and hope, To end - less years the same; We
 3. By faith in Thee we live, By faith in Thee we stand, By
 4. O Lord, in - crease our faith; Our fear - ful spir - its calm; Sus -

fessed on earth, a - dored in heaven, E - ter - nal Son of God!
 plead Thy pre - cious prom - is - es; And rest up - on Thy name.
 Thee we van - quish sin and death, And gain the heav'n - ly land.
 tain us through this mor - tal strife, Then give the vic - tor's palm!

Before the Throne of God above

Mrs. C. L. Bancroft

R. Langdon

1. Be - fore the throne of God a - bove I have a strong, a per - fect plea—
 2. My name is grav - en on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His heart;
 3. When Sa - tan tempts me to de - spair, And tells me of the guilt with - in,
 4. Be - cause the sin - less Sav - iour died, My sin - ful soul is count - ed free;
 5. One with Him - self, I can - not die, My soul is pur - chased by His blood;

A great High Priest, whose name is Love, Who ev - er lives and pleads for me.
 I know that while in heaven He stands, No tongue can bid me thence de - part.
 Up - ward I look, and see Him there Who made an end to all my sin.
 For God, the Just, is sat - is - fied To look on Him, and par - don me.
 My life is hid with Christ on high, With Christ, my Sav - iour and my God.

Mine Eyes and my Desire

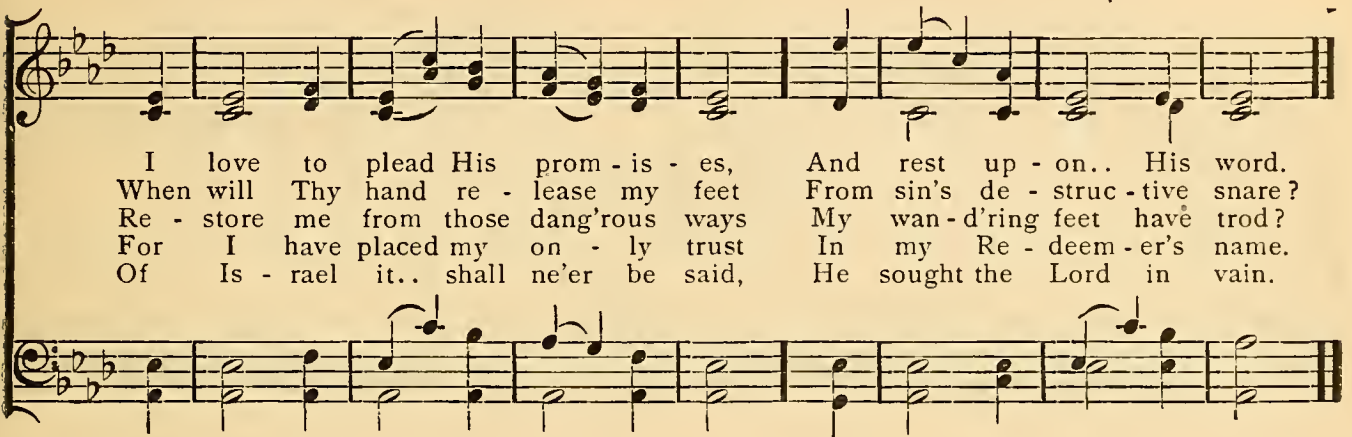
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Isaac Watts

H. W. Greatorex



1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord ;
 2. Lord, turn to Thee my soul ; Bring Thy sal - va - tion near .
 3. When shall the sov - 'reign grace Of my for - giv - ing God
 4. Oh, keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame !
 5. With hum - ble faith I wait To see Thy face a - gain ;



I love to plead His prom - is - es, And rest up - on.. His word.
 When will Thy hand re - lease my feet From sin's de - struc - tive snare ?
 Re - store me from those dang'rous ways My wan - d'ring feet have trod ?
 For I have placed my on - ly trust In my Re - deem - er's name.
 Of Is - rael it.. shall ne'er be said, He sought the Lord in vain.


Thy Presence, Lord, hath me Supplied

Metrical Psalm

From Haydn



1. Thy pres-ence, Lord, hath me sup - plied, Thou my right hand sup - port dost give ;
 2. Whom then in heav'n, but Thee a - lone, Have I, whose fav - or I... re - quire ?
 3. My tremb - ling flesh and ach - ing heart May oft - en fail to suc - cor me ;

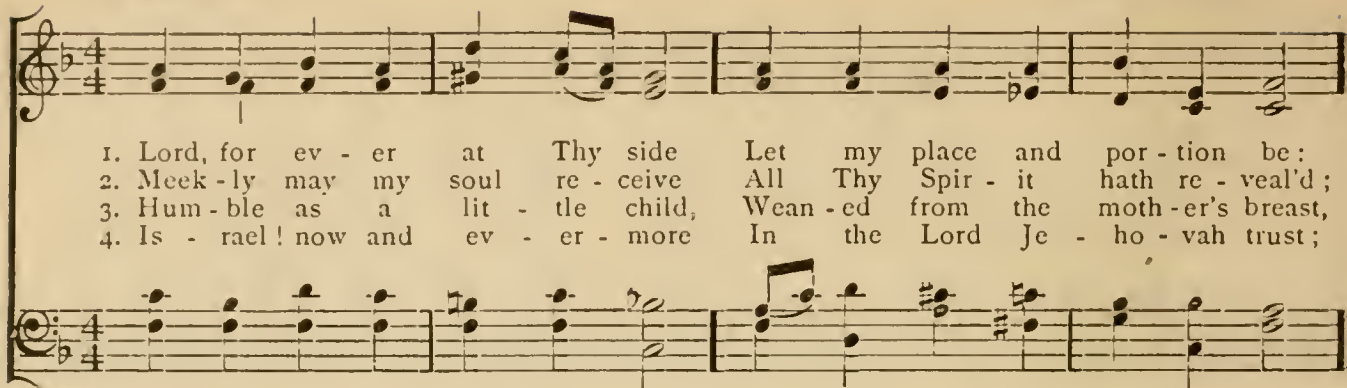


Thou first shalt with Thy coun - sel guide, And then to glo - ry me re - ceive.
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none, Compar'd with Thee, that I de - sire.
 But God shall in - ward strength impart, And my e - ter - nal por - tion be. A-MEN.

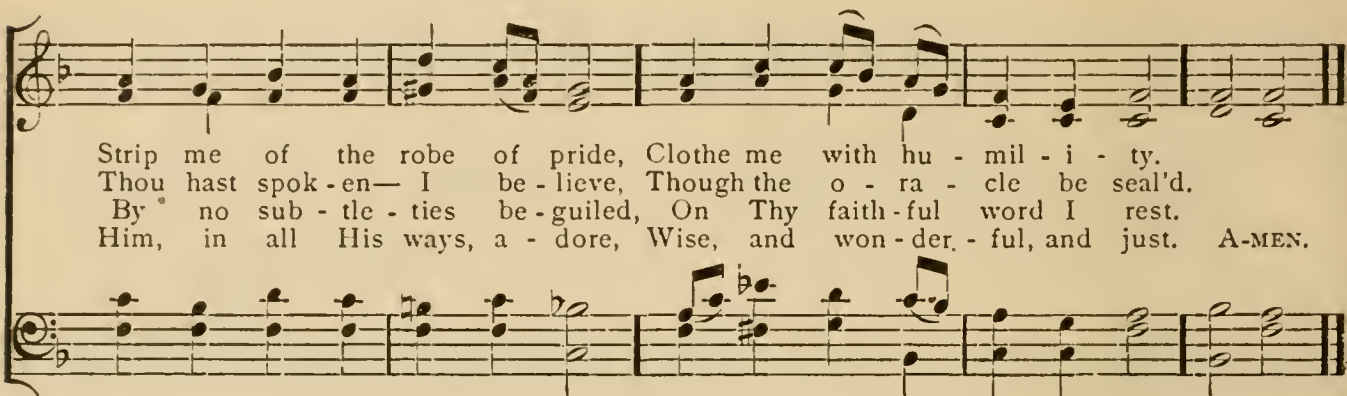
Lord, for ever at Thy Side

J. Montgomery, 1822

C. M. Von Weber



1. Lord, for ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be :
 2. Meek - ly may my soul re - ceive All Thy Spir - it hath re - veal'd ;
 3. Hum - ble as a lit - tle child, Wean - ed from the moth - er's breast,
 4. Is - rael ! now and ev - er - more In the Lord Je - ho - vah trust ;

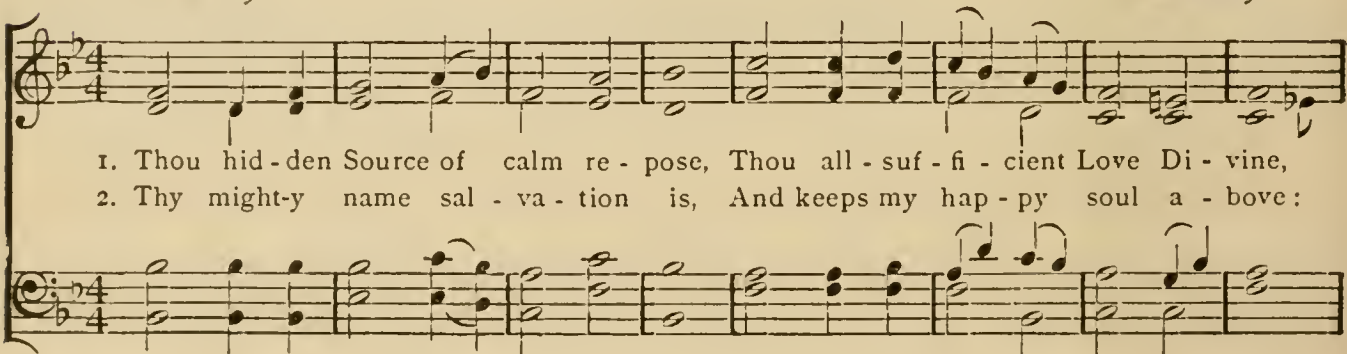


Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.
 Thou hast spok - en— I be - lieve, Though the o - ra - cle be seal'd.
 By no sub - tle - ties be - guiled, On Thy faith - ful word I rest.
 Him, in all His ways, a - dore, Wise, and won - der - ful, and just. A-MEN.

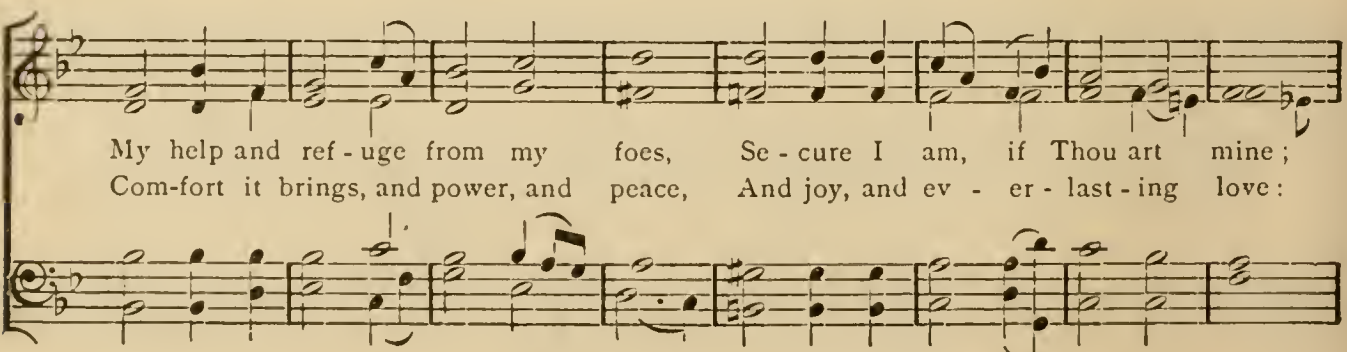
Thou hidden Source of calm Repose

Chas. Wesley

S. M. Bixby

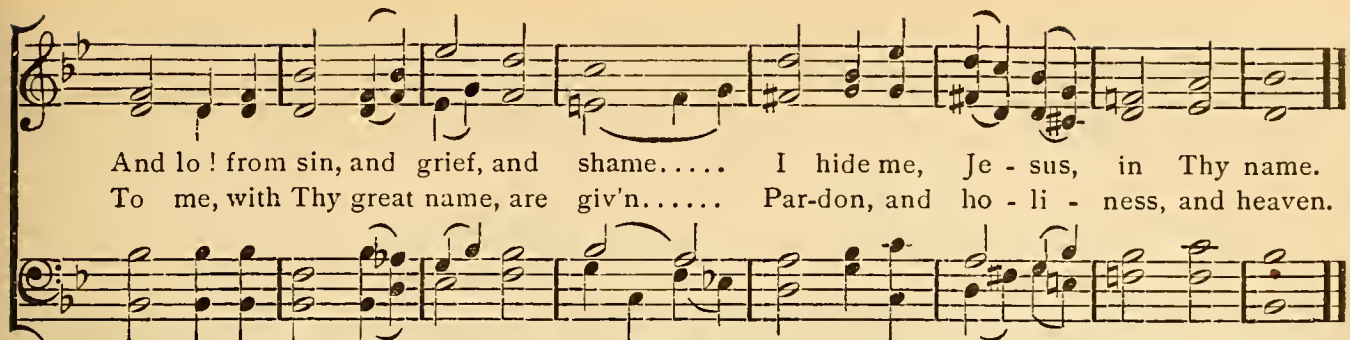


1. Thou hid - den Source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love Di - vine,
 2. Thy might - y name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my hap - py soul a - bove :



My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine ;
 Com - fort it brings, and power, and peace, And joy, and ev - er - last - ing love :

FAITH AND TRUST



And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame. . . . I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.
To me, with Thy great name, are giv'n. . . . Par-don, and ho - li - ness, and heaven.

1. shame, I hide me,
2. giv'n, are giv'n,

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The soothing of my wounded heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 : In shame, : my glory and my crown : | 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 : My life : in death, my all in all. |
|--|---|

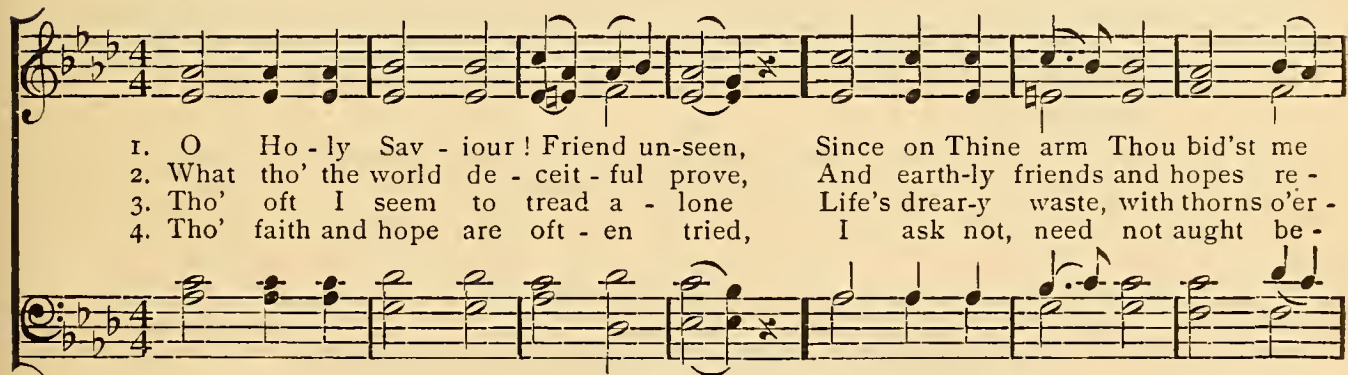
(Signs of repetition in 3d and 4th stanzas for BASS only.)

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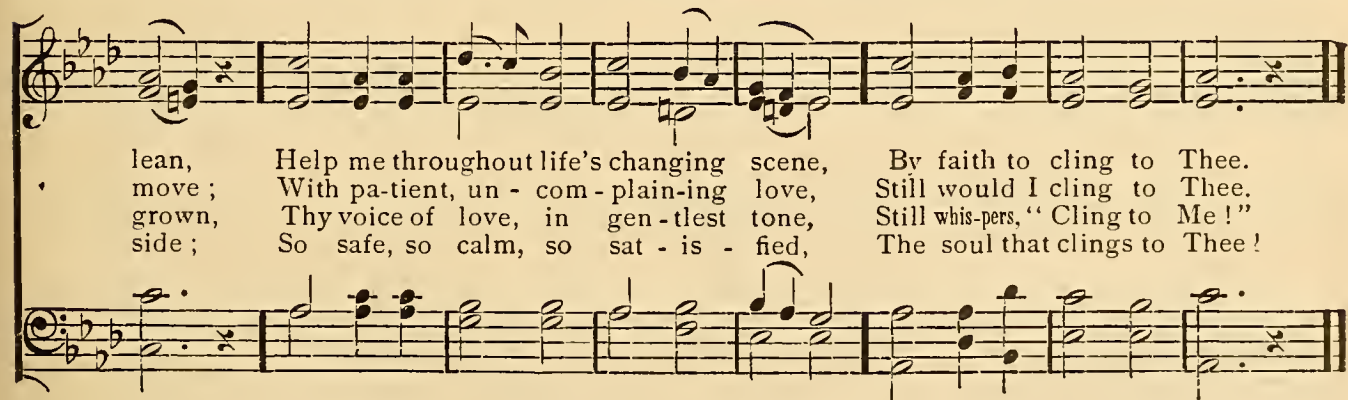
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen

C. Elliott

F. F. Flemming



1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen,	Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove,	And earth-ly friends and hopes re -
3. Tho' oft I seem to tread a - lone	Life's drear-y waste, with thorns o'er -
4. Tho' faith and hope are oft - en tried,	I ask not, need not aught be -



lean,	Help me throughout life's changing scene,	By faith to cling to Thee.
move ;	With pa-tient, un - com - plain-ing love,	Still would I cling to Thee.
grown,	Thy voice of love, in gen - tlest tone,	Still whis-pers, "Cling to Me!"
side ;	So safe, so calm, so sat - is - fied,	The soul that clings to Thee!

FAITH AND TRUST

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

F. R. Havergal

S. M. Bixby

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!.....
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, Trust - ing, trust - ing on - ly Thee!
 At Thy feet, I bow;.....
 At Thy feet, Thy feet I bow;

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great.... and free.....
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - - ing now.....

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the |: crimson :| flood ;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
 Thou |: alone :| shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.

(Signs of repetition (|: |:) in stanzas 3, 4, 5 and 6, for ALTO and TENOR only.)

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can |: never :| fail ;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
 |: Never :| let me fall ;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

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I Bless the Christ of God

Horatius Bonar

London Tune Book

1. I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love di - vine,
 2. His cross dis - pels each doubt ; I bur - y in His tomb,
 3. I praise the God of peace ; I trust His truth and might ;
 4. 'Tis He who sav - eth me, And free - ly par - don gives ;
 5. My life with Him is hid, My death has passed a - way,

FAITH AND TRUST

And with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine.
 Each thought of un - be - lief and fear, Each lin - g'ring shade of gloom.
 He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my joy, my light.
 I love be - cause He lov - eth me; I live be - cause He lives.
 My clouds have melt - ed in - to light, My mid - night in - to day.

As the Hart, with eager Looks

James Montgomery

S. S. Wesley

1. As the hart, with ea - ger looks, Pant - eth for the wa - ter - brooks,
 2. Why art thou cast down, my soul? God, thy God, shall make thee whole;

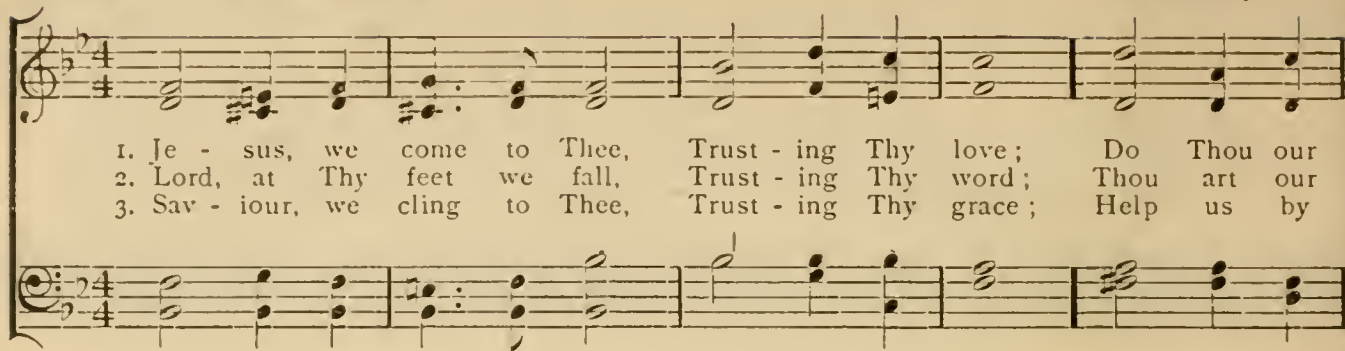
So my soul, a - - thirst for Thee, Pants the liv - ing God to see;
 Why art thou dis - qui - et - ed? God shall lift thy fall - en head,

When, oh, when, with fil - ial fear, Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?
 And His coun - te - nance be - nign Be the sav - ing health of thine.

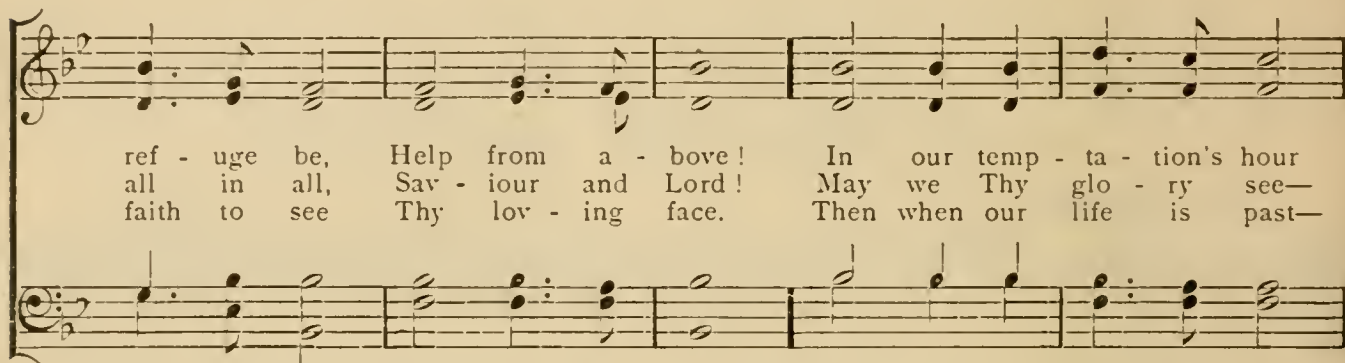
Jesus, we come to Thee

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

S. M. Bixby



1. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Trust - ing Thy love; Do Thou our
 2. Lord, at Thy feet we fall, Trust - ing Thy word; Thou art our
 3. Sav - iour, we cling to Thee, Trust - ing Thy grace; Help us by



ref - uge be, Help from a - bove! In our temp - ta - tion's hour
 all in all, Sav - iour and Lord! May we Thy glo - ry see—
 faith to see Thy lov - ing face. Then when our life is past—



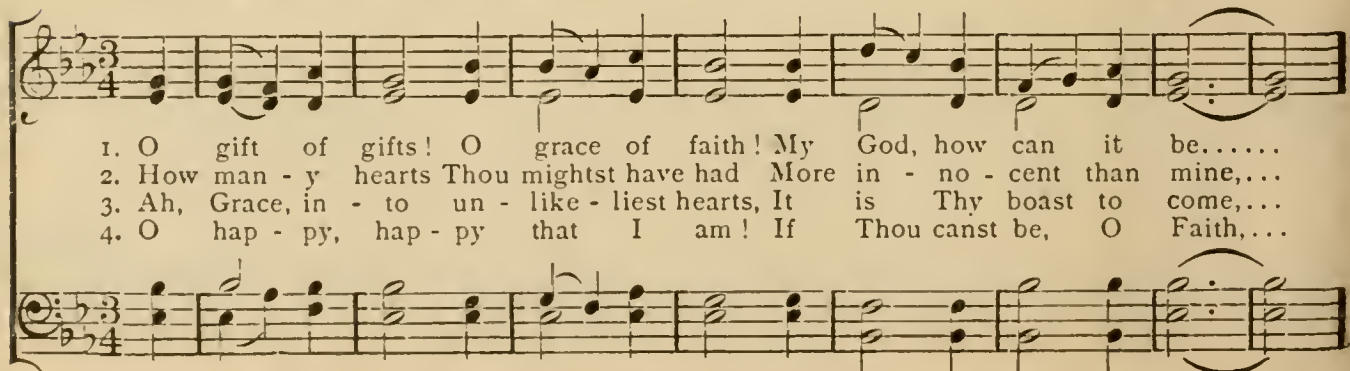
While storm-clouds dark-ly low'r, Kept by Thy love and pow'r, Naught can us move.
 Here may Thy Spir - it be— While we com-mune with Thee In sweet ac - cord.
 Death's shad-ow fall - ing fast— Lord, in Thy home at last Give us a place.

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O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith

Frederick William Faber, 1849, *abr*

S. M. Bixby



1. O gift of gifts! O grace of faith! My God, how can it be.....
 2. How man - y hearts Thou mightst have had More in - no - cent than mine,...
 3. Ah, Grace, in - to un - like - liest hearts, It is Thy boast to come,...
 4. O hap - py, hap - py that I am! If Thou canst be, O Faith,...

FAITH AND TRUST

That Thou, who hast discern - ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me?...
 How man - y souls more wor - thy far Of that sweet touch of Thine!..
 The glo - ry of Thy light to find In dark - est spots a home...
 The treas - ure that Thou art in life, What wilt Thou be in death?..

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Jesus, we come to Thee

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

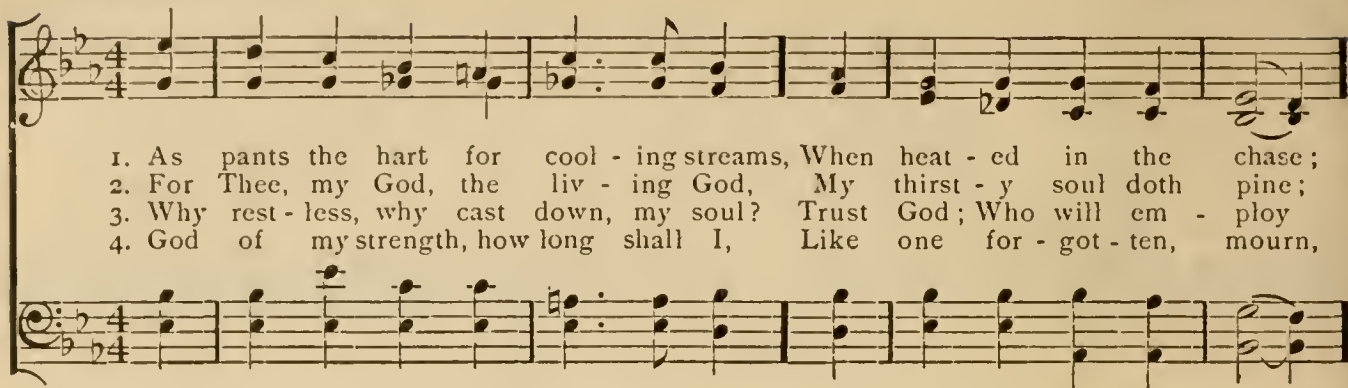
1. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Trust - ing Thy love; Do Thou our ref - uge be,
 2. Lord, at Thy feet we fall, Trust - ing Thy word; Thou art our all in all,
 3. Sav - iour, we cling to Thee, Trust - ing Thy grace; Help us by faith to see

Help from a - bove! In our temp - ta - tion's hour While storm - clouds
 Sav - iour and Lord! May we Thy glo - ry see; Here may Thy...
 Thy lov - ing face. Then when our life is past; Death's shad - ow....

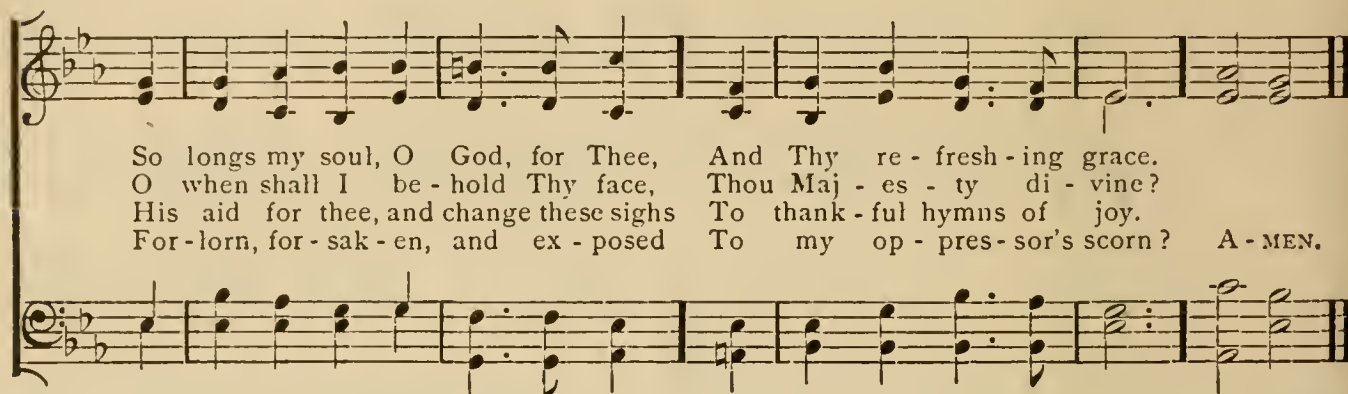
dark - ly low'r, Kept by Thy love and pow'r, Naught can us move.
 Spir - it be; While we com - mune with Thee In sweet ac - cord.
 fall - ing fast; Lord, in Thy home at last Give us a place.

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FAITH AND TRUST

*As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams**Metrical Psalm**J. Barnby*


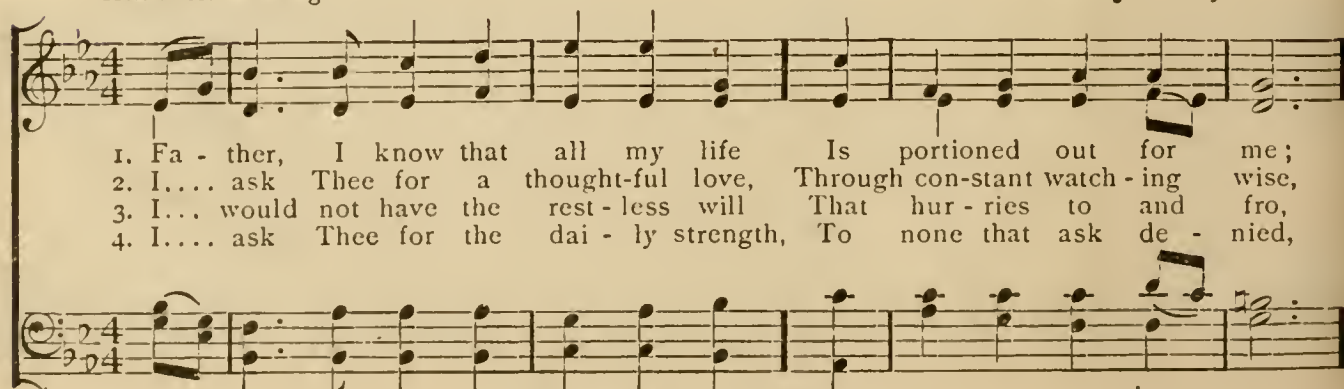
1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase;
 2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine;
 3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God; Who will em - ploy
 4. God of my strength, how long shall I, Like one for - got - ten, mourn,



So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
 O when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thank - ful hymns of joy.
 For - lorn, for - sak - en, and ex - posed To my op - pres - sor's scorn? A - MEN.

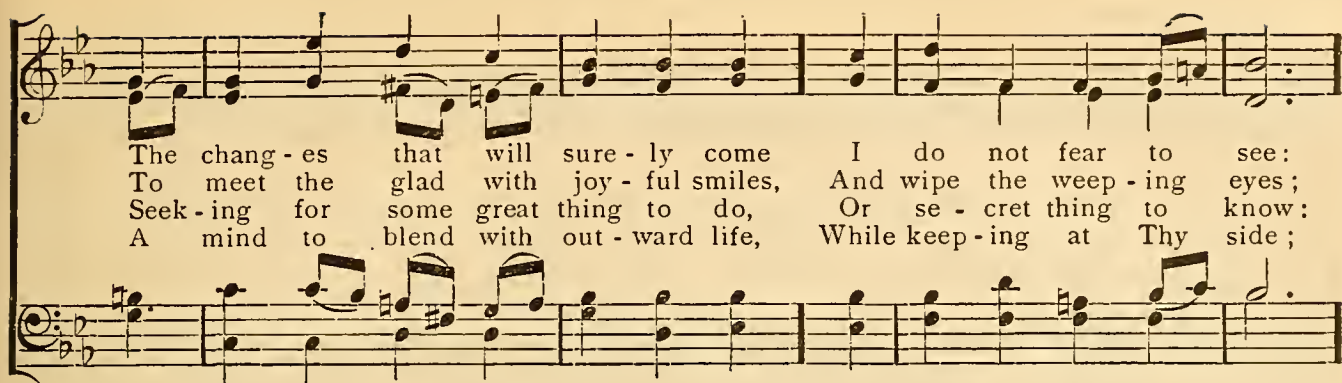
5 My heart is pierced as with a sword,
 While thus my foes upbraid:
 "Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
 And where His promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still; and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him Who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring. AMEN.

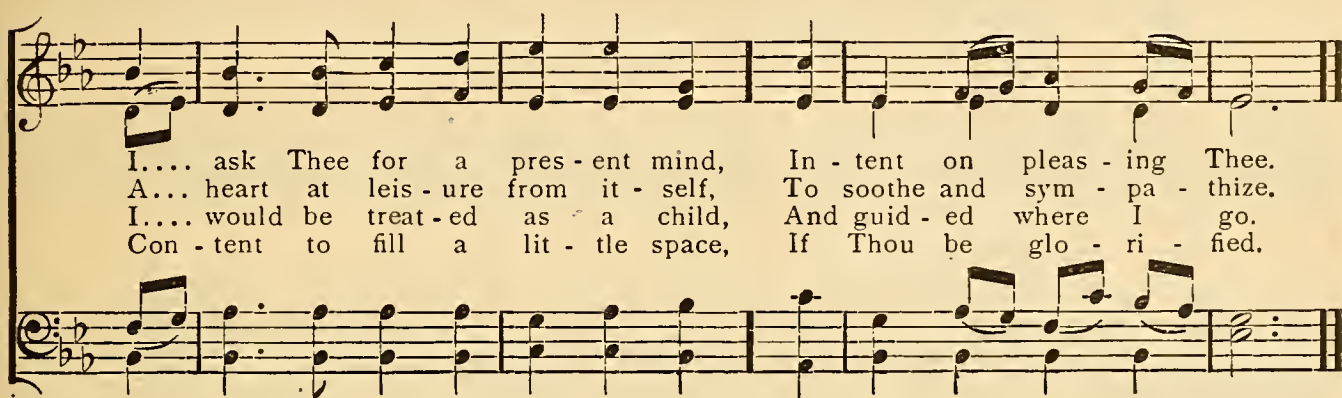
*Father, I know that all my Life**Anna L. Waring**Rev. J. B. Dykes*


1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
 2. I... ask Thee for a thought - ful love, Through con - stant watch - ing wise,
 3. I... would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro,
 4. I... ask Thee for the dai - ly strength, To none that ask de - nied,

FAITH AND TRUST



The chang - es that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep - ing eyes;
Seek - ing for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know:
A mind to blend with out - ward life, While keep - ing at Thy side;

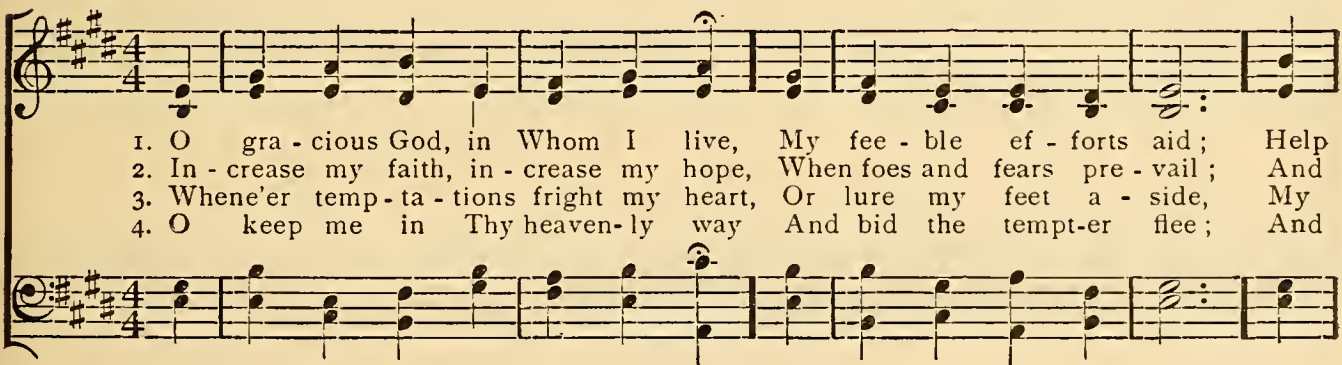


I... ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
A... heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
I... would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space, If Thou be glo - ri - fied.

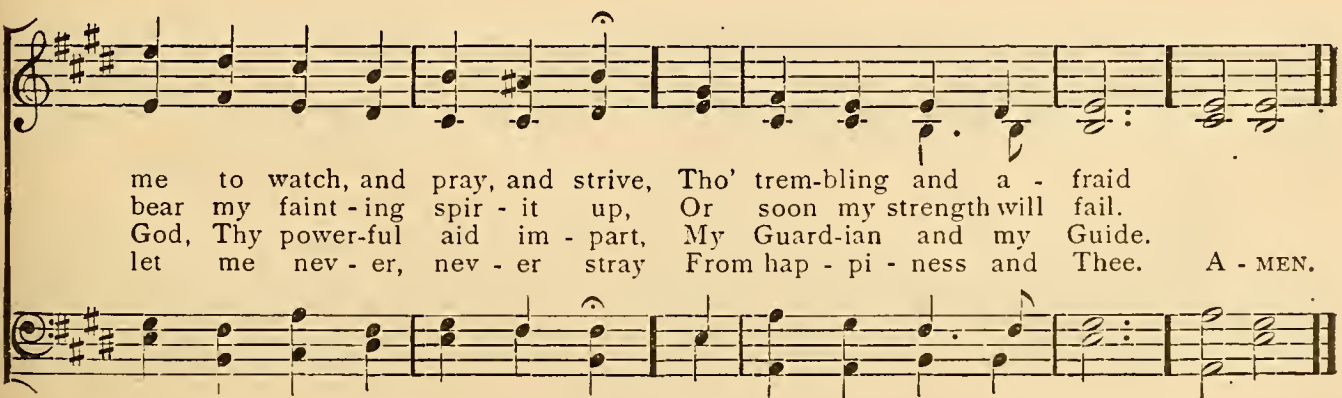
O Gracious God, in Whom I Live

Anne Steele

Scotch Psalter, 1615



1. O gra - cious God, in Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid; Help
2. In - crease my faith, in - crease my hope, When foes and fears pre - vail; And
3. Whene'er temp - ta - tions fright my heart, Or lure my feet a - side, My
4. O keep me in Thy heav - en - ly way And bid the tempt - er flee; And



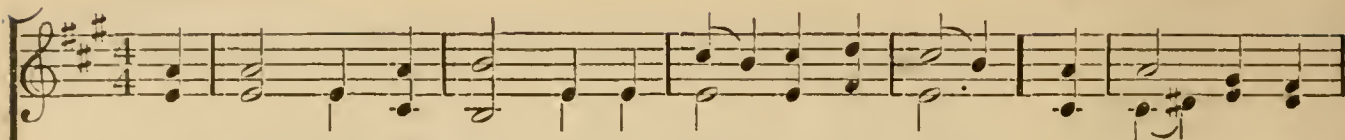
me to watch, and pray, and strive, Tho' trem - bling and a - fraid
bear my faint - ing spir - it up, Or soon my strength will fail.
God, Thy power - ful aid im - part, My Guard - ian and my Guide.
let me nev - er, nev - er stray From hap - pi - ness and Thee. A - MEN.

FAITH AND TRUST

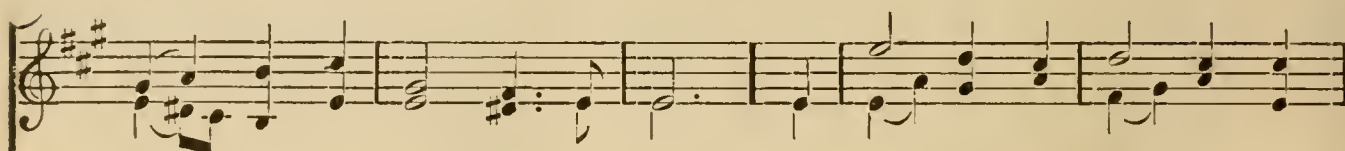
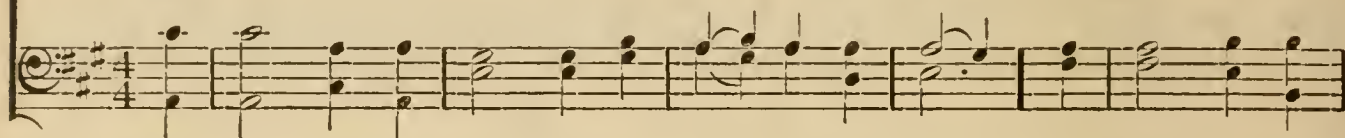
How firm a Foundation

George Keith, abr.

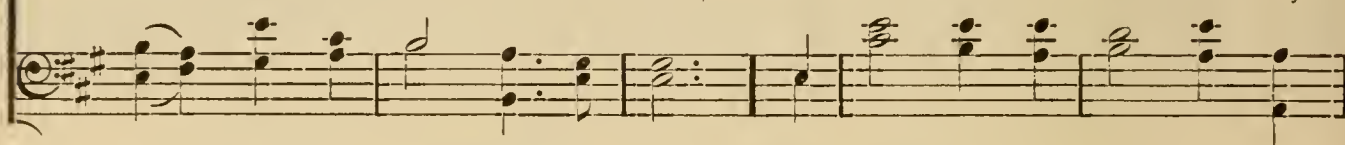
Marcos Portugal



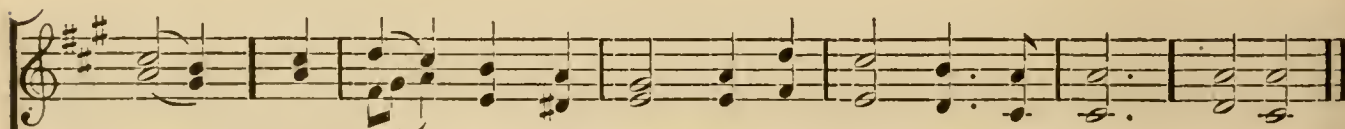
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be, not dis - mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of



faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy



you He hath said, — You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My righteous, om - nip - o - tent
 trou - ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -



fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 Hand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent Hand.
 tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress." A - MEN.

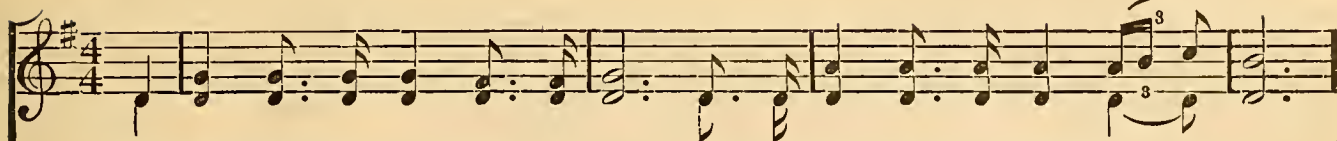


FAITH AND TRUST

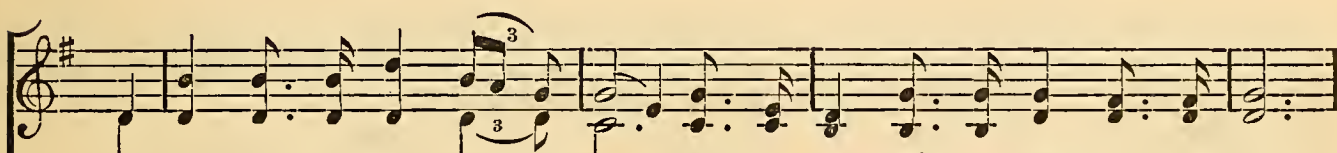
In your Patience possess ye your Souls 189

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891.

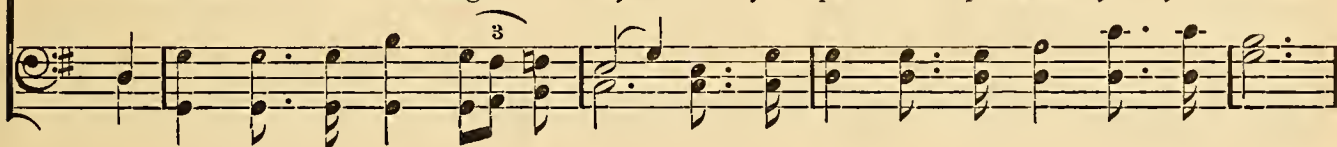
S. M. Bixby



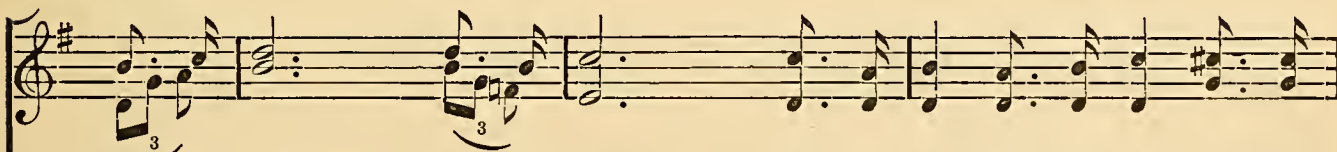
1. When tem - pests of sor - row a - rise, And the storm-cloud still heav - i - ly rolls,
2. When threat - en - ing foes shall as - sail, Let us nev - er give way to a fear;
3. Then calm - ly we'll keep on our way, For the hand of our Sav - iour con - trols;



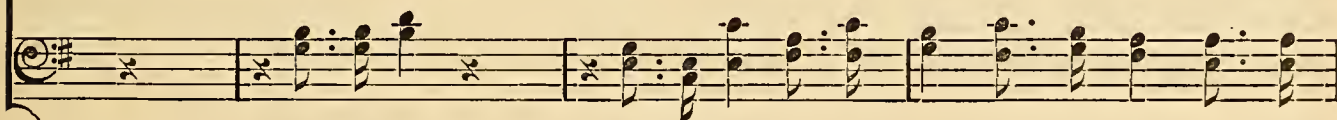
A rain - bow bends o - ver the skies—"In your pa-tience pos-sess ye your souls!"
 He'll suf - fer no ill to pre - vail If we ear - nest - ly seek Him in prayer.
 He sends us the mes - sage to - day—"In your pa-tience pos-sess ye your souls!"



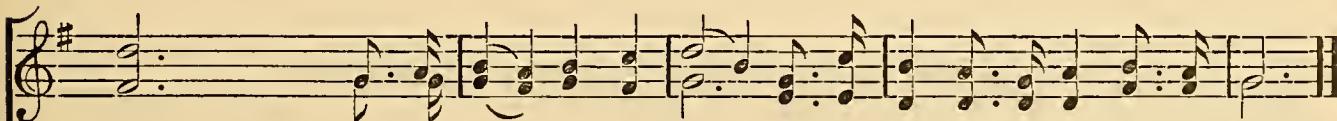
REFRAIN.



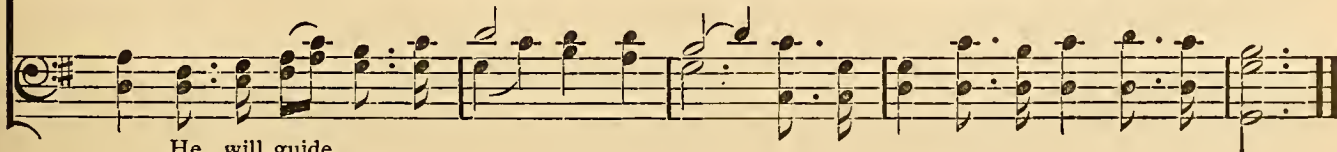
Then with faith and with hope, Let us pa - tient - ly wait for the



Then with faith and with hope,



Lord; He will guide, He will save, If we fear-less - ly trust in His word!



He will guide,

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FAITH AND TRUST

Like Noah's weary Dove

Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, 1823

C. Bryan



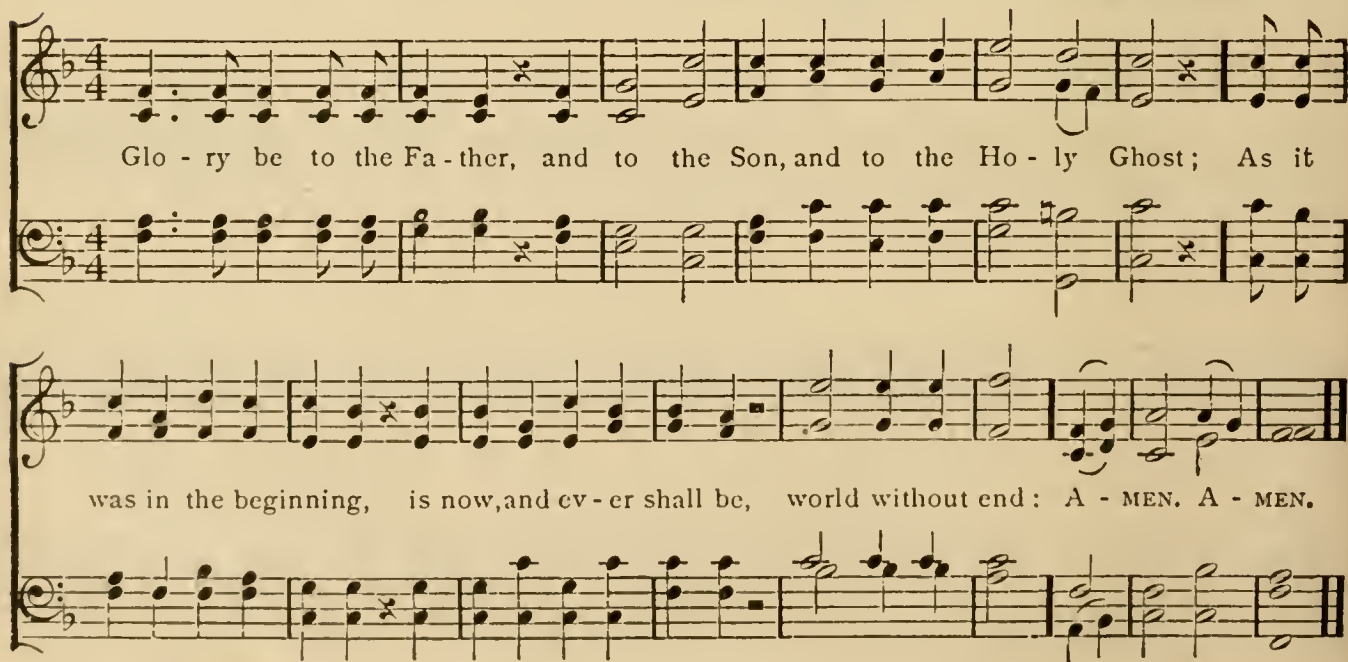
1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared.... the earth... a - round,
 2. O.. cease, my wand - 'ring soul, On rest - - less wing.... to roam;
 3. Be - - hold the Ark of God, Be - hold..... the o - - - pen door;
 4. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet.... shall be..... thy rest,
 5. And when the waves of ire A - gain..... the earth.... shall fill,



But not a rest - ing - place a - bove The cheer - less wa - ters found;
 All the wide world, to eith - er pole, Has not for thee a home.
 Hast - en to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
 And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
 The Ark shall ride the sea of fire, Then rest on Zi - on's hill. A-MEN.

Glory be to the Father

H. W. Greatorex



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

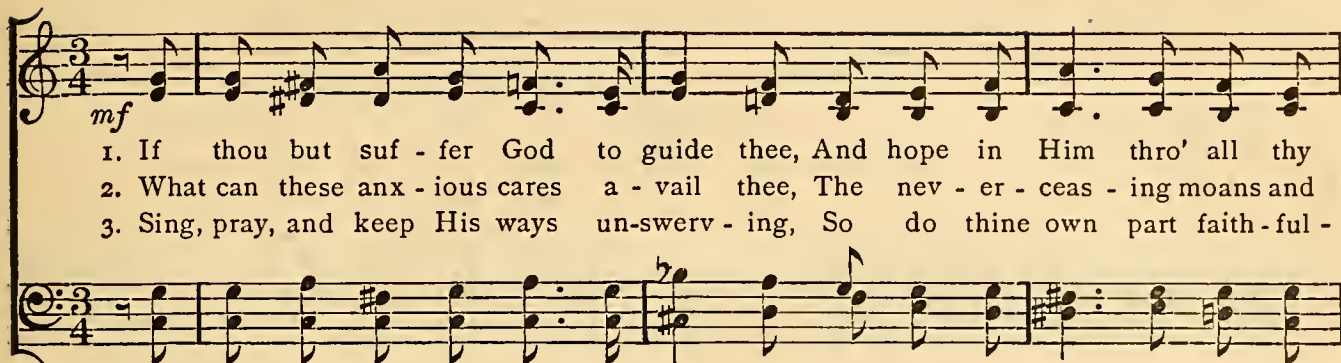
was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end: A - MEN. A - MEN.

Trust Him

191

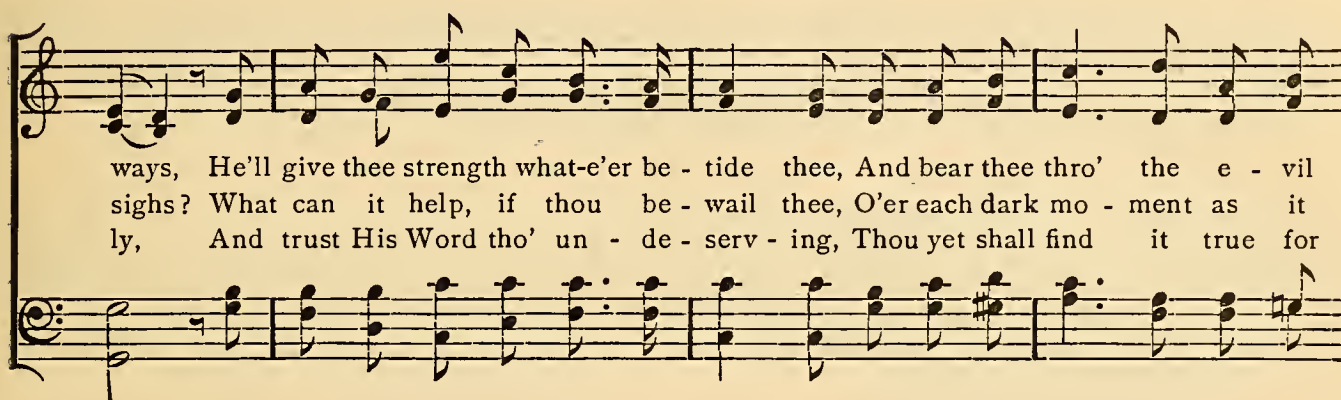
G. Neumarch
Tr. Miss C. Winkworth

S. M. Bixby



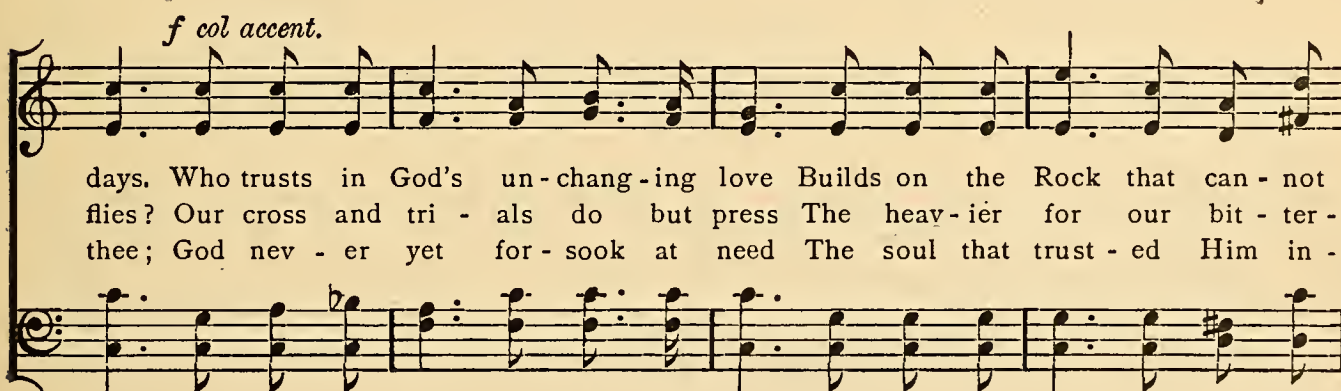
mf

1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him thro' all thy
2. What can these anx - ious cares a - vail thee, The nev - er - ceas - ing moans and
3. Sing, pray, and keep His ways un-swerv - ing, So do thine own part faith - ful -

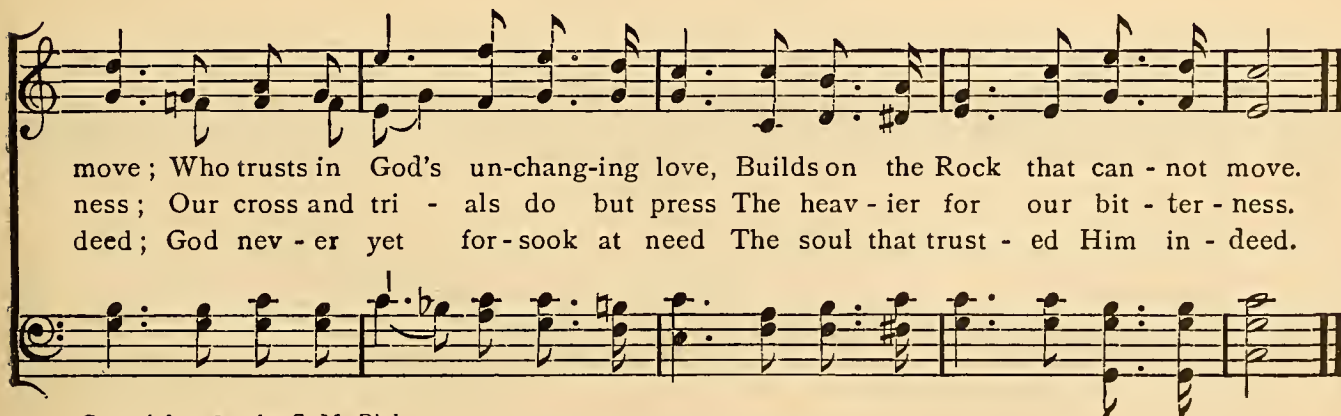


ways, He'll give thee strength what-e'er be - tide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil
sighs? What can it help, if thou be - wail thee, O'er each dark mo - ment as it
ly, And trust His Word tho' un - de - serv - ing, Thou yet shall find it true for

f col accent.



days. Who trusts in God's un - chang - ing love Builds on the Rock that can - not
flies? Our cross and tri - als do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter -
thee; God nev - er yet for - sook at need The soul that trust - ed Him in -

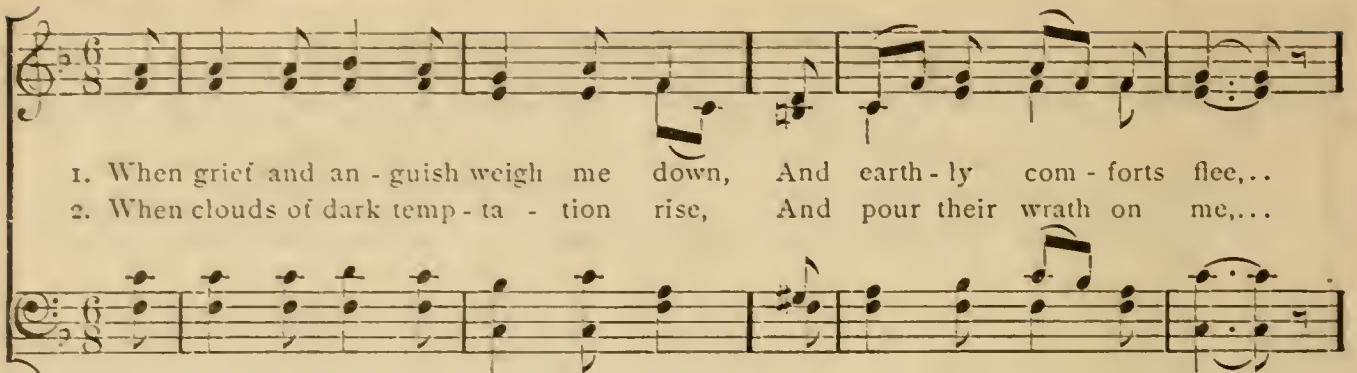


move; Who trusts in God's un - chang - ing love, Builds on the Rock that can - not move.
ness; Our cross and tri - als do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter - ness.
deed; God nev - er yet for - sook at need The soul that trust - ed Him in - deed.

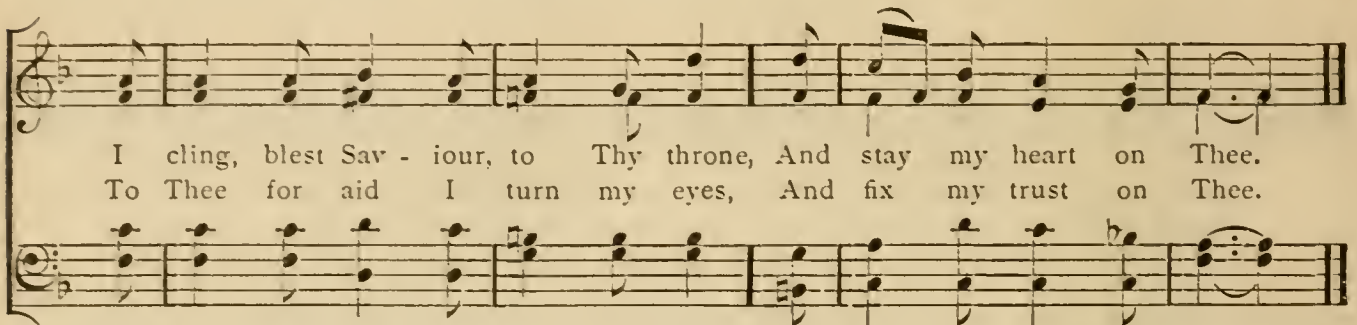
192 *When Grief and Anguish weigh me down*

Mrs. P. H. Brown, 1824

S. M. Bixby



1. When grief and an - guish weigh me down, And earth - ly com - forts flee,..
2. When clouds of dark temp - ta - tion rise, And pour their wrath on me,...



I cling, blest Sav - iour, to Thy throne, And stay my heart on Thee.
To Thee for aid I turn my eyes, And fix my trust on Thee.

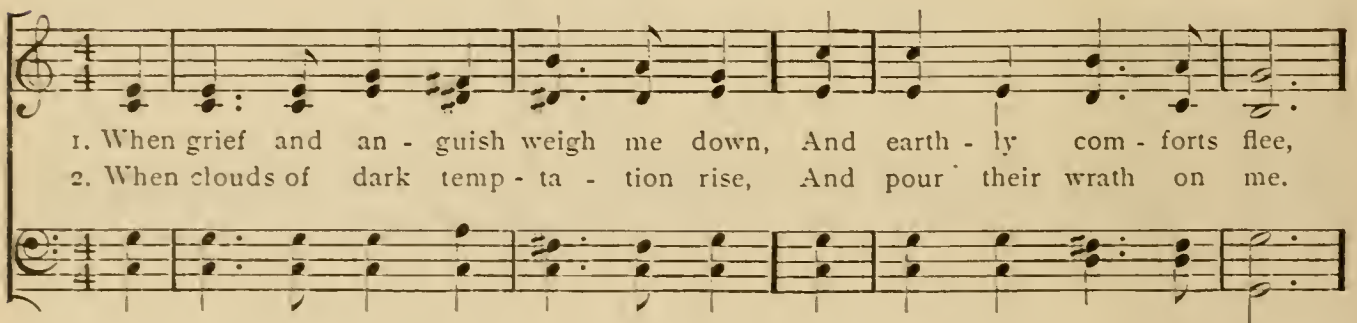
3 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties will be
A closer bond in time to come
To bind my heart to Thee.

4 Lord, "not my will but Thine be done,"
From anxious care set free—
My faith casts anchor at Thy throne,
And trusts alone in Thee.

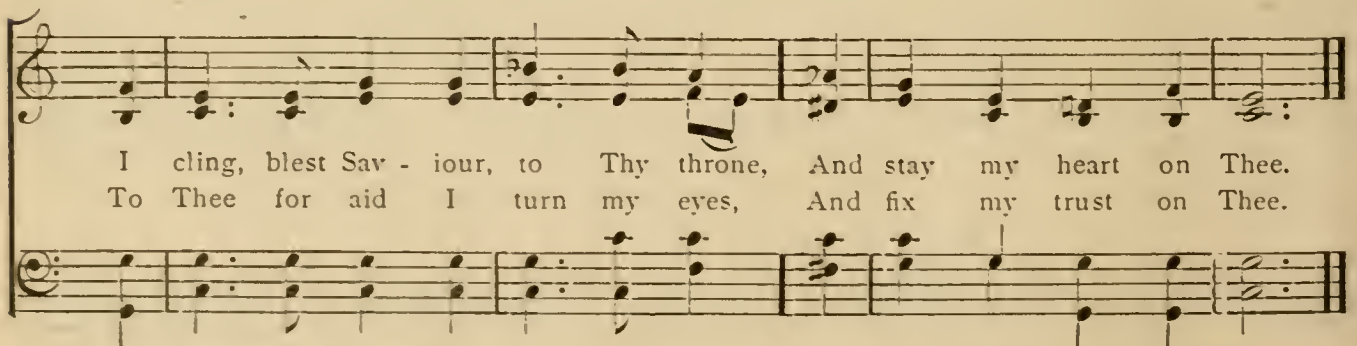
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SECOND TUNE

S. M. Bixby



1. When grief and an - guish weigh me down, And earth - ly com - forts flee,
2. When clouds of dark temp - ta - tion rise, And pour their wrath on me.



I cling, blest Sav - iour, to Thy throne, And stay my heart on Thee.
To Thee for aid I turn my eyes, And fix my trust on Thee.

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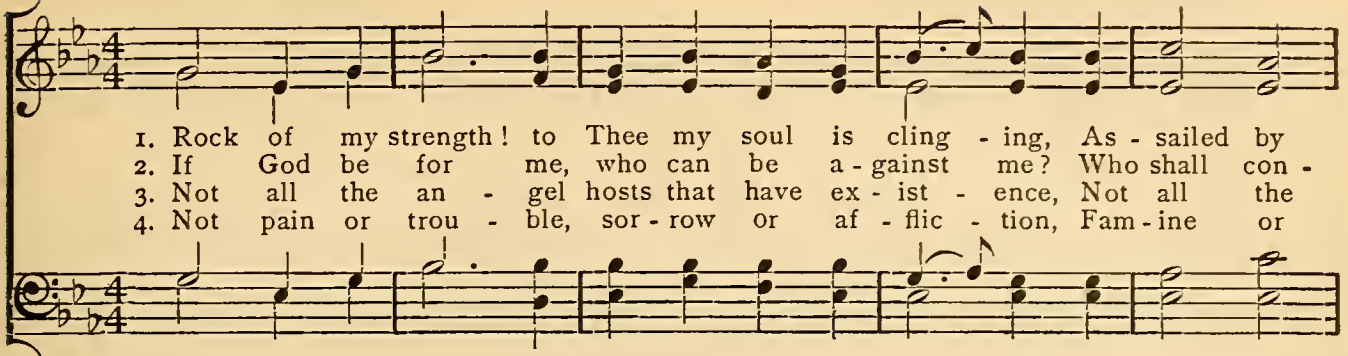
FAITH AND TRUST

Rock of my Strength

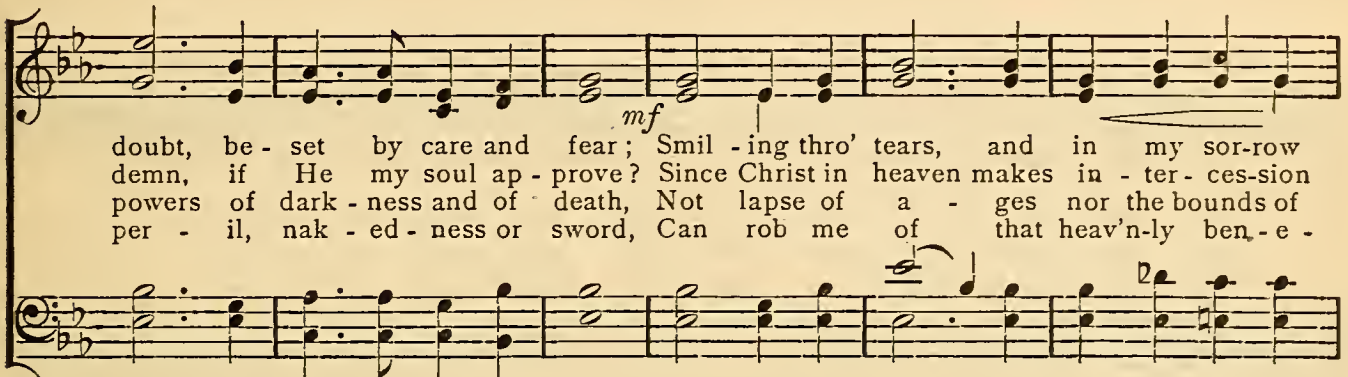
193

H. L. Hastings, 1867

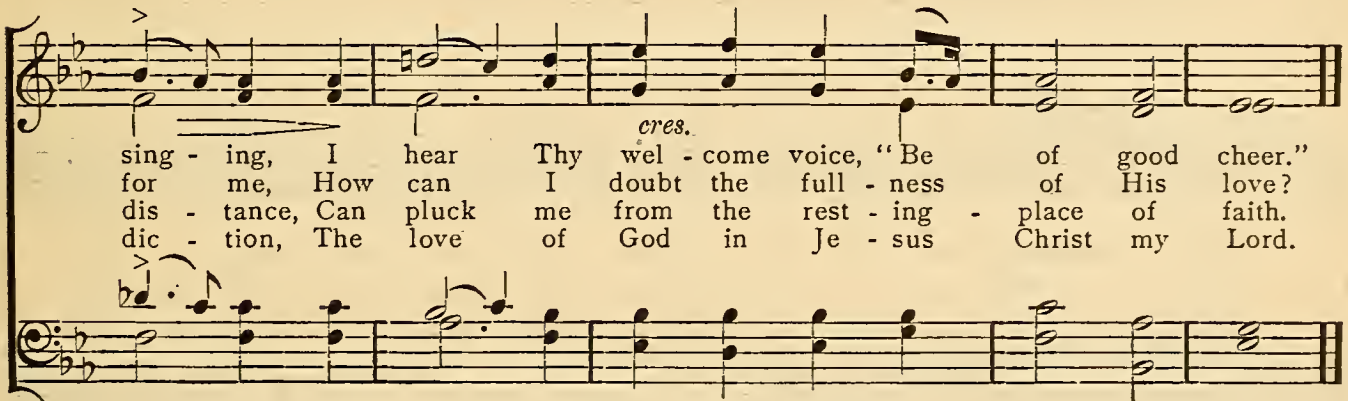
S. M. Bixby



1. Rock of my strength! to Thee my soul is cling - ing, As - sailed by
 2. If God be for me, who can be a - gainst me? Who shall con -
 3. Not all the an - gel hosts that have ex - ist - ence, Not all the
 4. Not pain or trou - ble, sor - row or af - flic - tion, Fam - ine or



doubt, be - set by care and fear; Smil - ing thro' tears, and in my sor - row
 demn, if He my soul ap - prove? Since Christ in heaven makes in - ter - ces - sion
 powers of dark - ness and of death, Not lapse of a - ges nor the bounds of
 per - il, nak - ed - ness or sword, Can rob me of that heav'n - ly ben - e -

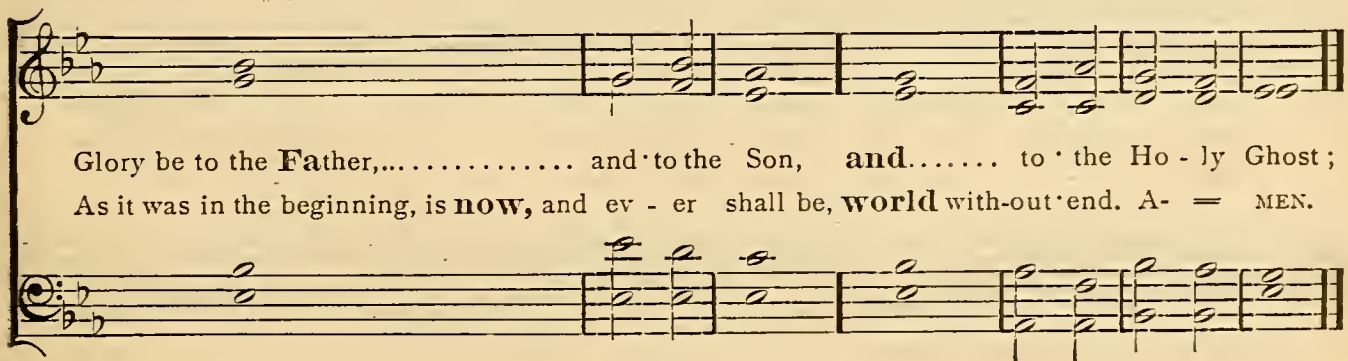


mf
 sing - ing, I hear Thy wel - come voice, "Be of good cheer."
 for me, How can I doubt the full - ness of His love?
 dis - tance, Can pluck me from the rest - ing - place of faith.
 dic - tion, The love of God in Je - sus Christ my Lord.

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Gloria Patri

J. Barnby



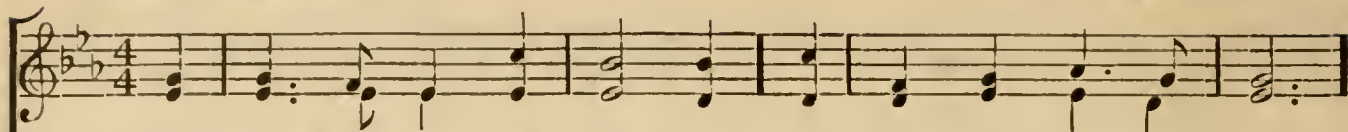
Glory be to the Father,..... and to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - = MEN.

FAITH AND TRUST

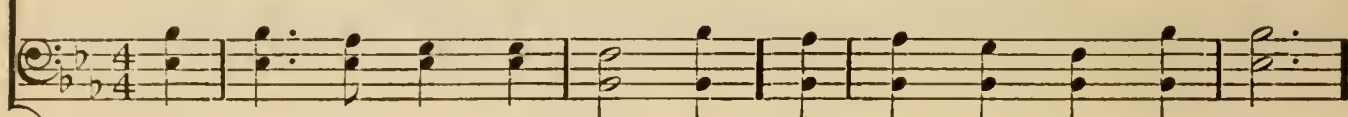
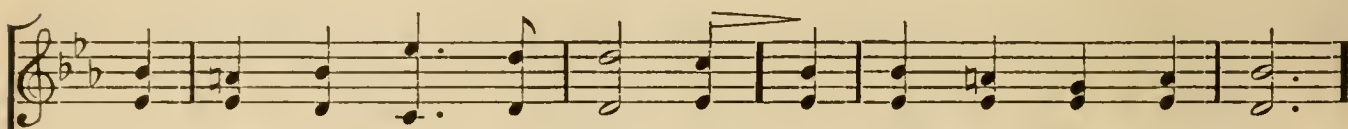
In Heavenly Love abiding

Anna Latitia Waring, 1850

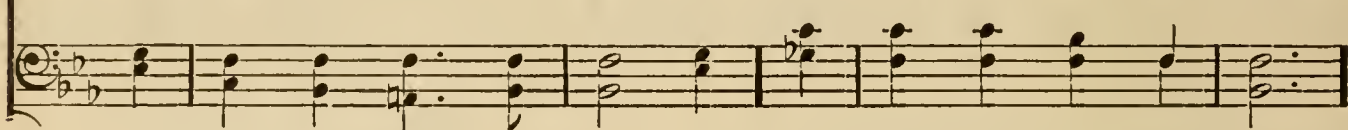

Hubert P. Main, 1877





1. In heaven - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
 2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

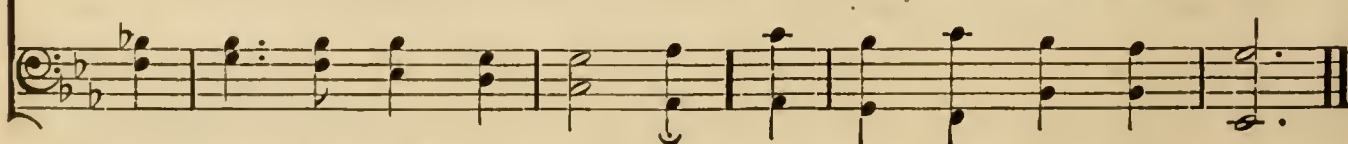
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:
 My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack;
 Bright skies shall soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been;

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
 My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 He knows the way He tak - eth. And I will walk with Him.
 My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

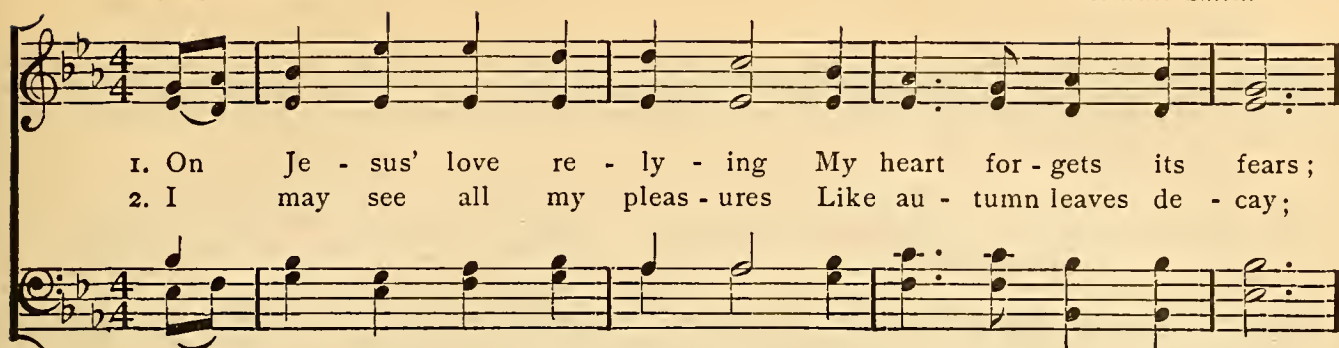


On Jesus' Love relying

195

Wm. A. Cauldwell

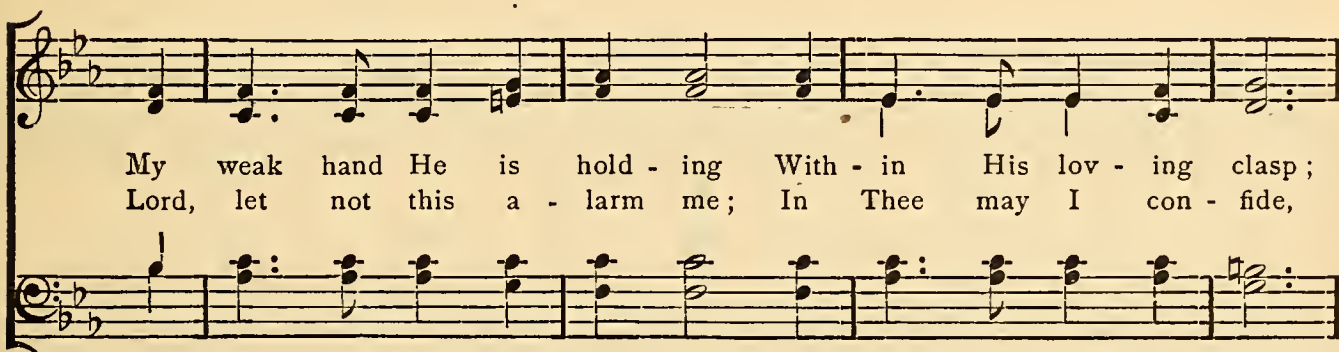
Samuel Smith



1. On Je - sus' love re - ly - ing My heart for - gets its fears;
2. I may see all my pleas - ures Like au - tumn leaves de - cay;



He gives me songs for sigh - ing, And smiles in place of tears;
It may be all my treas - ures Like dew shall melt a - way;



My weak hand He is hold - ing With - in His lov - ing clasp;
Lord, let not this a - larm me; In Thee may I con - fide,



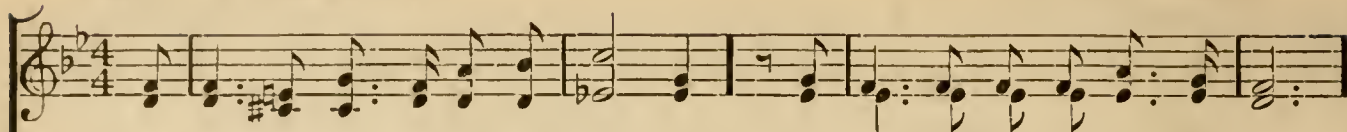
My sink - ing form up - hold - ing By His Al - might - y grasp.
As - sured no change can harm me If Thou art by my side.

LOVE

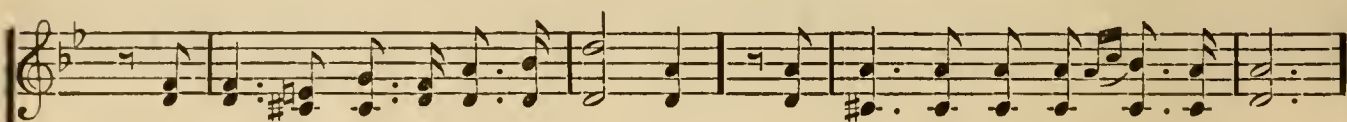
My Saviour, in Thy Love abiding

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

Arr. from Franz Abt



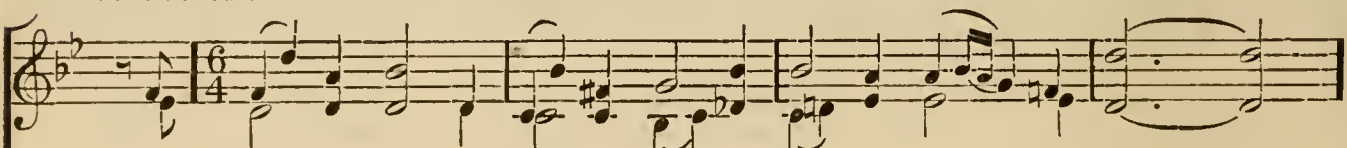
1. My Sav - iour, in Thy love a - bid - ing, Oh, may I feel Thee ev - er near ;
 2. My Sav - iour, let me feel Thee near me, And in Thy presence find my rest ;
 3. My Sav - iour, let me nev - er leave Thee, Oh, keep me safe - ly at Thy side ;



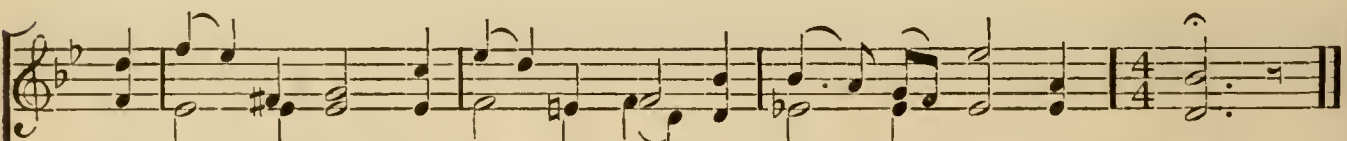
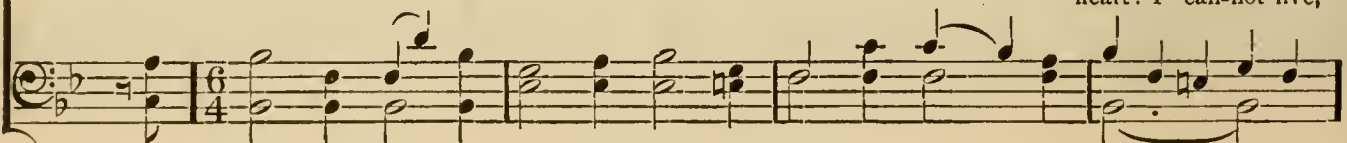
And in Thy strength each day confid - ing, May I be kept from doubt and fear.
 In ev - 'ry ill Thy voice will cheer me, And gen - tly call me to Thy breast.
 Oh, may I nev - er, nev - er grieve Thee, But ev - er in Thy love a - bide.



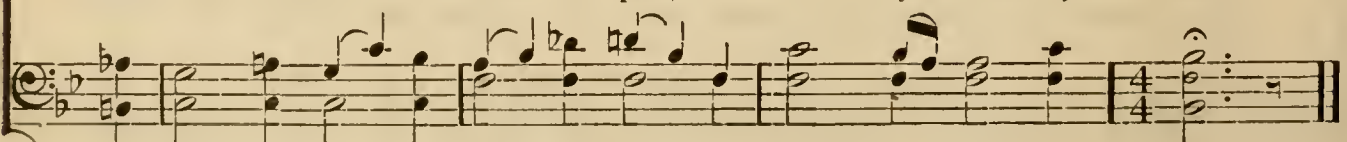
REFRAIN.



I can - not live from Thee a - part, Thou on - ly hast... my heart!.....
 heart! I can-not live,



I can - not live from Thee a - part, Thou on - ly hast my heart.

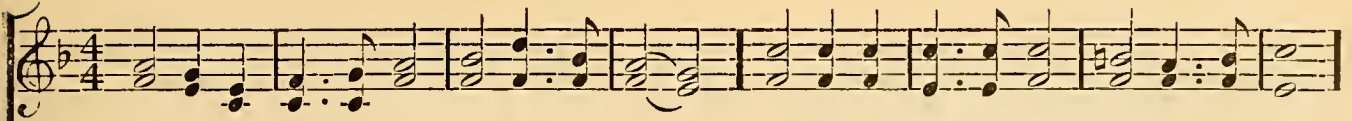


I am so weary, Lord

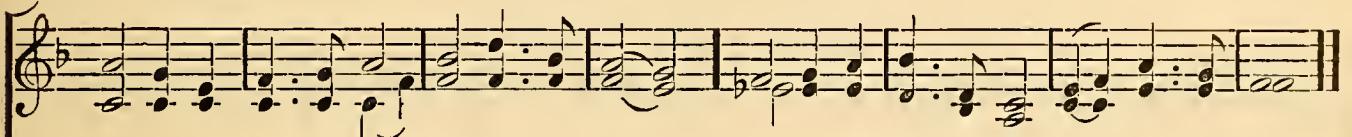
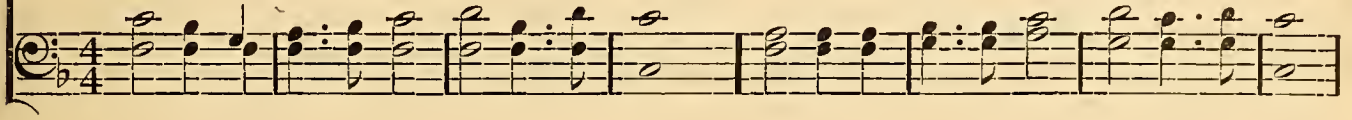
197

Anson D. F. Randolph

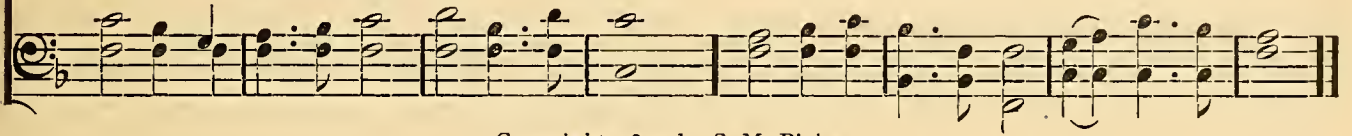
S. M. Bixby



1. I am so wea-ry, Lord, Wea-ry and cold ; Strong are the winds and keen Without the fold:
2. What aileth me, dear Lord, That thus I wait? I see the shelt'ring walls, The o - pen gate,
3. How long, dear Lord, how long? I fal - ter still: My weak, my faithless heart Unnerves my will.
4. Wilt Thou forget me, Lord? Thy help with-hold? I die if Thou come not E'en by the fold:



I in the darkness hear Thy voice of old ; And yet I wait, I wait, And cold, so cold.
 And loving arms outspread Me to en - fold ; And yet I lin-ger, Lord, So cold, so cold.
 I would not, and I would En - ter the fold ; And yet I stand without, So cold, so cold.
 Come with Thy quick'ning strength, Come as of old ! I am so wea-ry, Lord, And cold, so cold.



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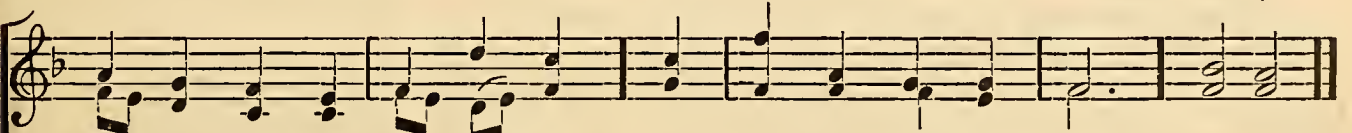
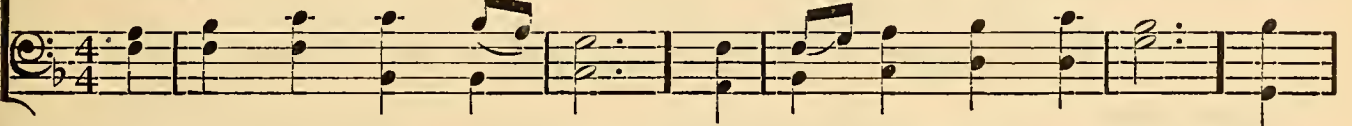
My Spirit on Thy Care

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

William Metcalfe



1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I... re - cline ; Thou
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm - ly rest ; I
3. What-e'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all... per - form ; Safe
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me ; Se -



wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love Di - vine.
 know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
 in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.
 cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee. A-MEN.

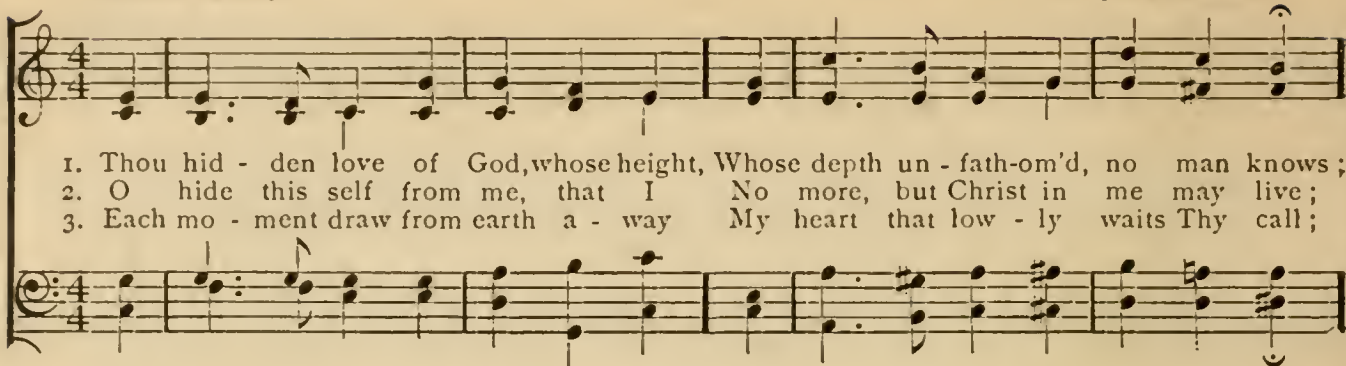


LOVE

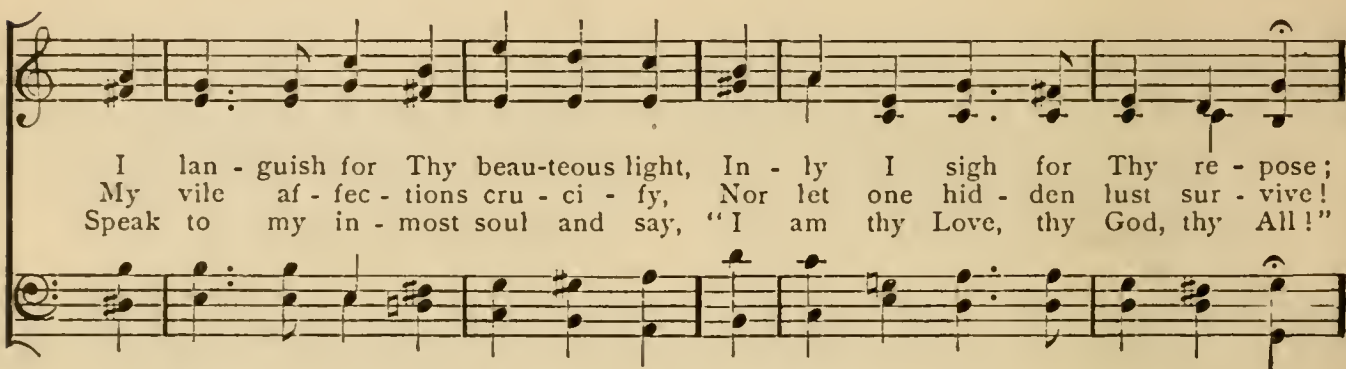
Thou hidden Love of God

Charles Wesley

John Stainer

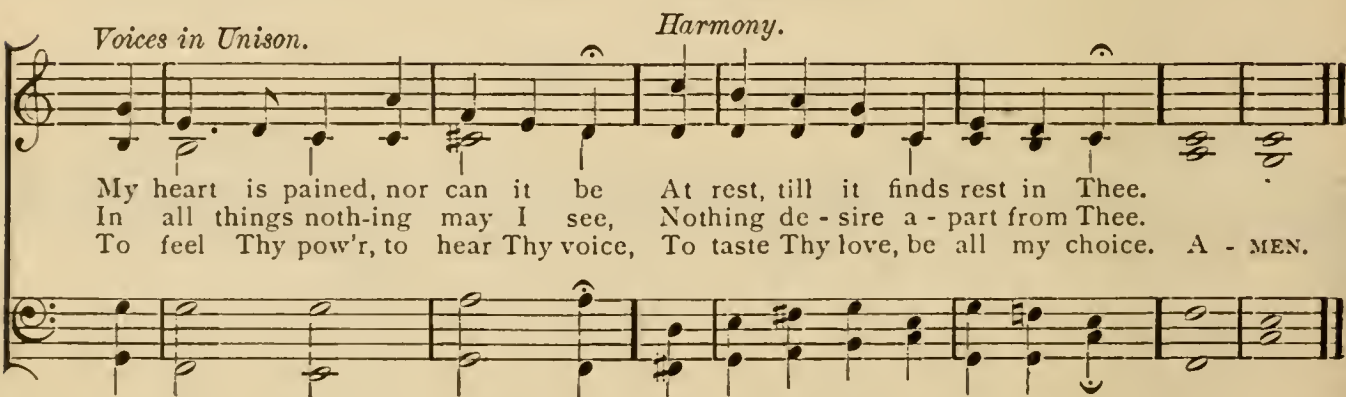


1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath-om'd, no man knows;
 2. O hide this self from me, that I No more, but Christ in me may live;
 3. Each mo - ment draw from earth a - way My heart that low - ly waits Thy call;



I lan - guish for Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;
 My vile af - fec - tions cru - ci - fy, Nor let one hid - den lust sur - vive!
 Speak to my in - most soul and say, "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"

Voices in Unison. *Harmony.*



My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
 In all things noth-ing may I see, Nothing de - sire a - part from Thee.
 To feel Thy pow'r, to hear Thy voice, To taste Thy love, be all my choice. A - MEN.

Saviour, Teach me, Day by Day

Jane Leeson

S. M. Bixby

Soprano.

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day,
 2. With a child-like heart of love,
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace,



1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
 2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bidding may I move;
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;

LOVE

Sweet - er les - son can - not be,—
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee,
Learn - ing how to love from Thee,



Sweet - er les - son can - not be,— Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

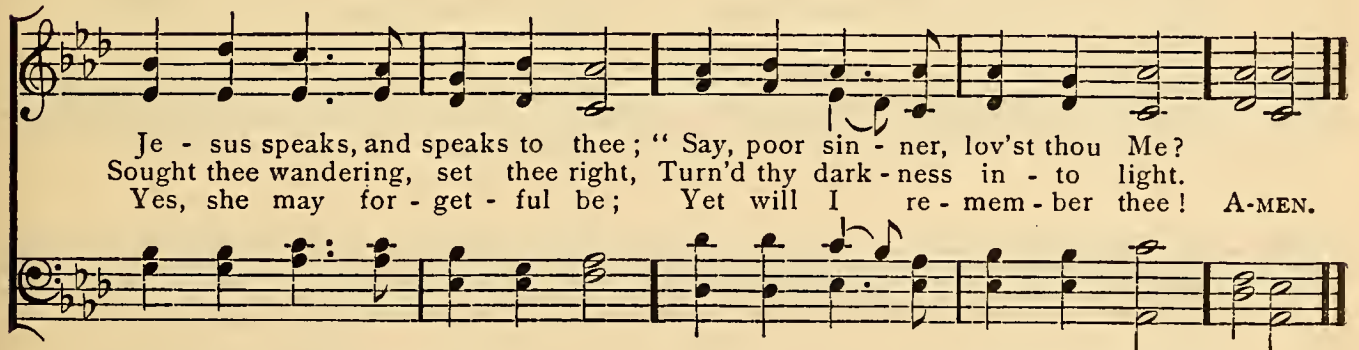
Hark, my Soul! it is the Lord

William Cowper, 1771

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D., 1874.



1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word:
2. "I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And, when bleed - ing, healed thy wound,
3. "Can a wo - man's ten - der care Cease to - wards the child she bare?



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee; " Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?
Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.
Yes, she may for - get - ful be; Yet will I re - mem - ber thee! A-MEN.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

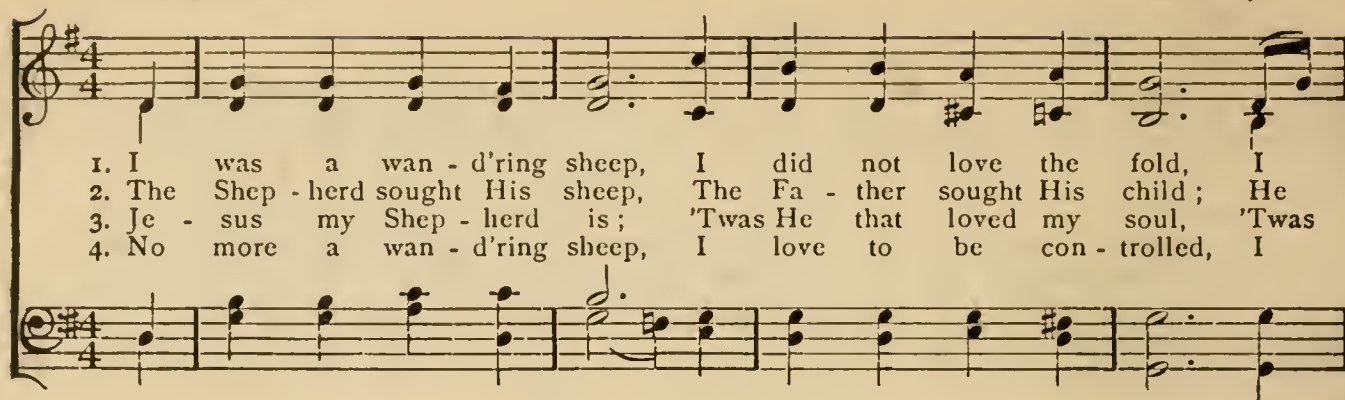
6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore!
O! for grace to love Thee more! AMEN.

LOVE

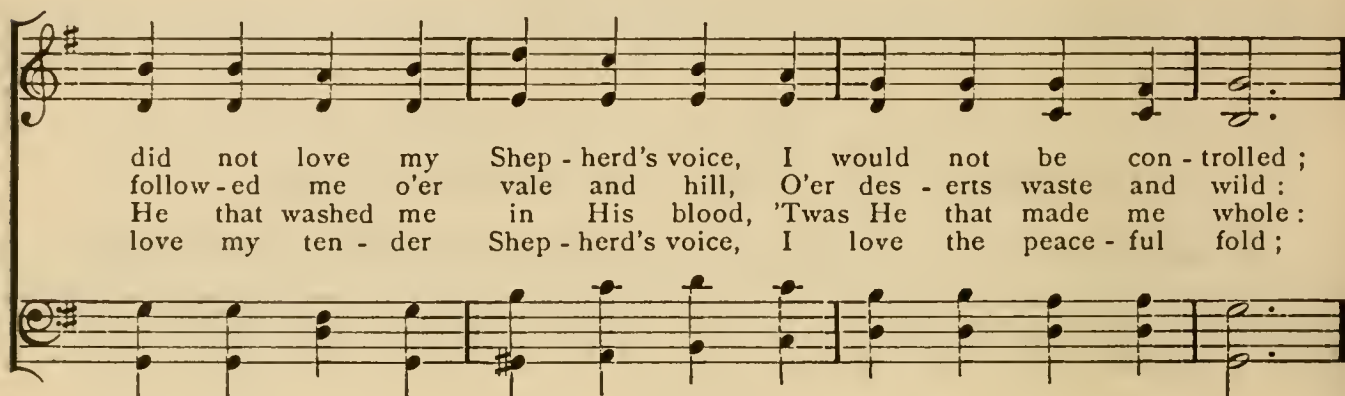
I was a wandering Sheep

Horatius Bonar

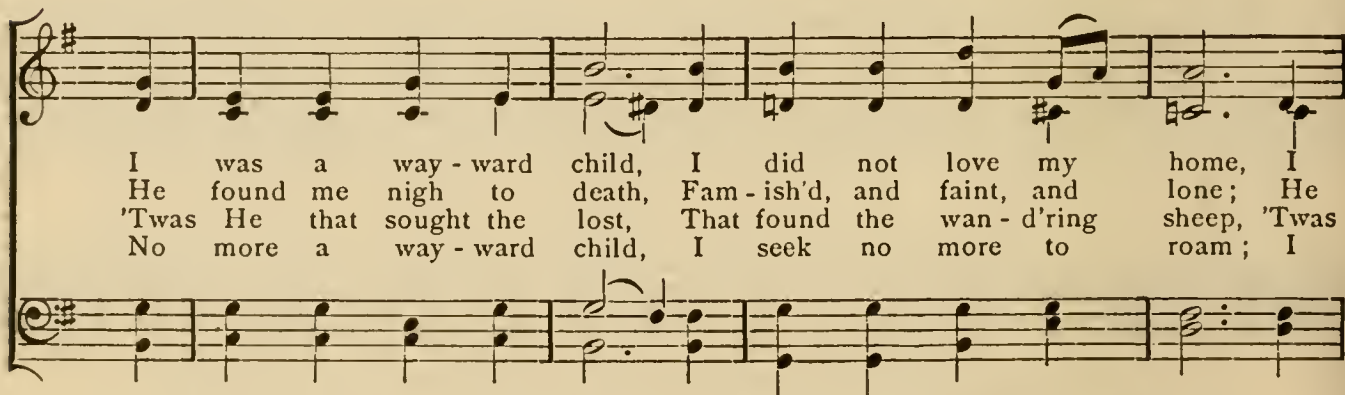
S. M. Bixby



1. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I
 2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child; He
 3. Je - sus my Shep - herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas
 4. No more a wan - d'ring sheep, I love to be con - trolled, I



did not love my Shep - herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled;
 follow - ed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild;
 He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
 love my ten - der Shep - herd's voice, I love the peace - ful fold;



I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home, I
 He found me nigh to death, Fam - ish'd, and faint, and lone; He
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan - d'ring sheep, 'Twas
 No more a way - ward child, I seek no more to roam; I



did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wan - d'ring one,
 He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 love my heav'n - ly Fa - ther's voice, I love, I love His home!

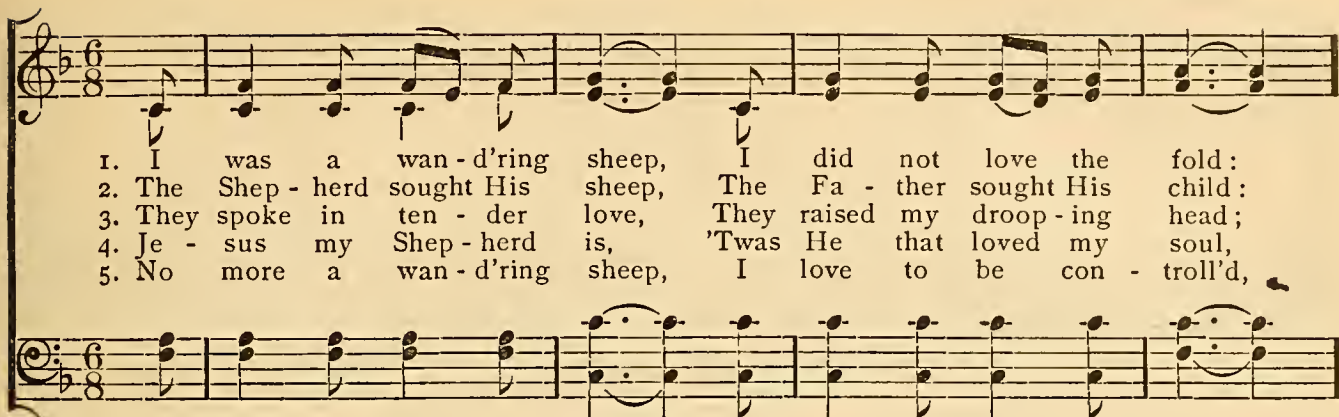
I was a Wandering Sheep

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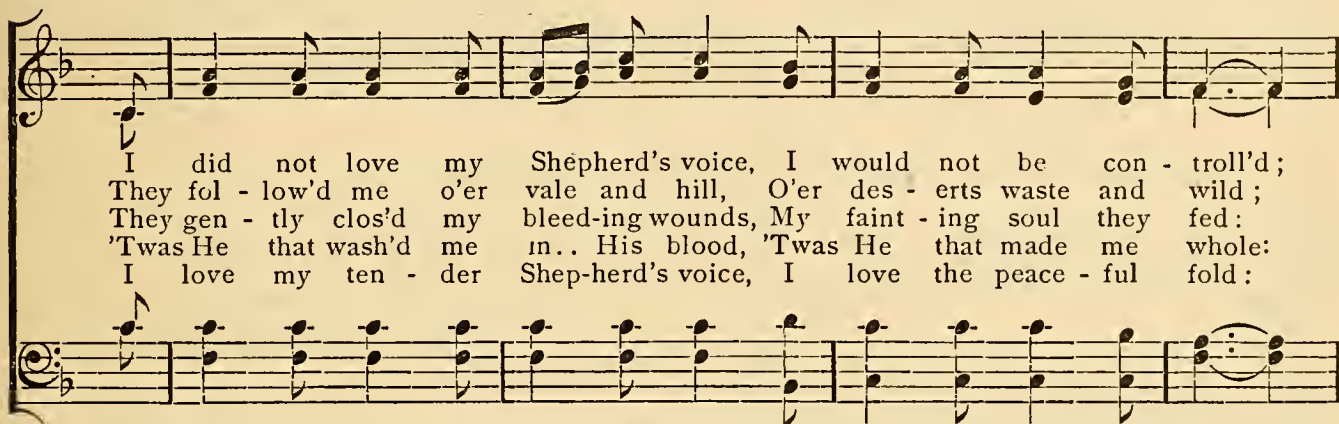
H. Bonar

(SECOND TUNE)

J. Zundel



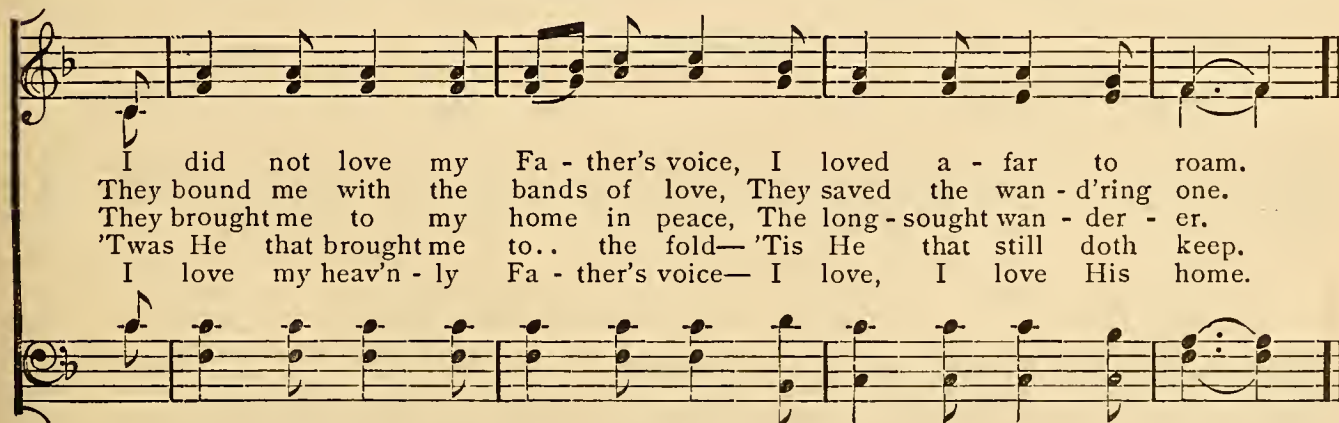
1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold :
 2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child :
 3. They spoke in ten-der love, They raised my droop-ing head ;
 4. Je-sus my Shep-herd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 5. No more a wan-d'ring sheep, I love to be con-troll'd,



I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd ;
 They fol-low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild ;
 They gen-tly clos'd my bleed-ing wounds, My faint-ing soul they fed ;
 'Twas He that wash'd me in.. His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole :
 I love my ten-der Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold :



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
 They found me nigh to death, Fam-ish'd, and faint, and lone ;
 They wash'd my filth a-way, They made me clean and fair ;
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan-d'ring sheep,
 No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam,



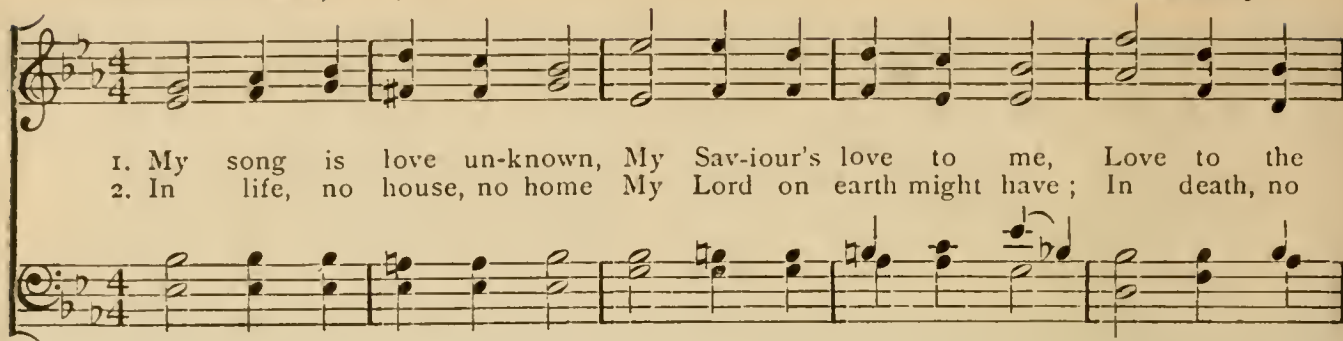
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wan-d'ring one.
 They brought me to my home in peace, The long-sought wan-der-er.
 'Twas He that brought me to.. the fold—'Tis He that still doth keep.
 I love my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's voice— I love, I love His home.

LOVE

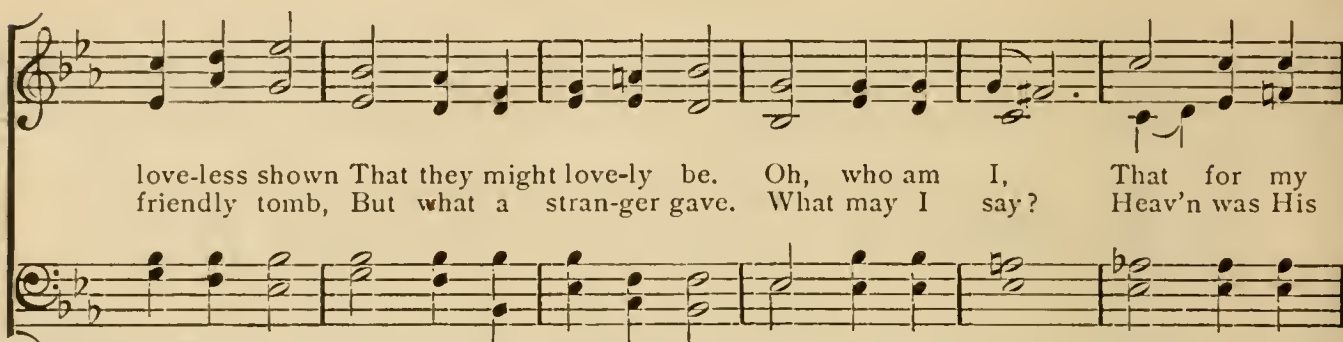
My Song is Love unknown

Rev. S. Crossman, B.D, abr.

S. M. Bixby



1. My song is love un-known, My Sav-iour's love to me, Love to the
2. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have ; In death, no



love-less shown That they might love-ly be. Oh, who am I, That for my
friendly tomb, But what a stran-ger gave. What may I say? Heav'n was His



sake My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
Home ; But mine the tomb Where-in He lay.

3.

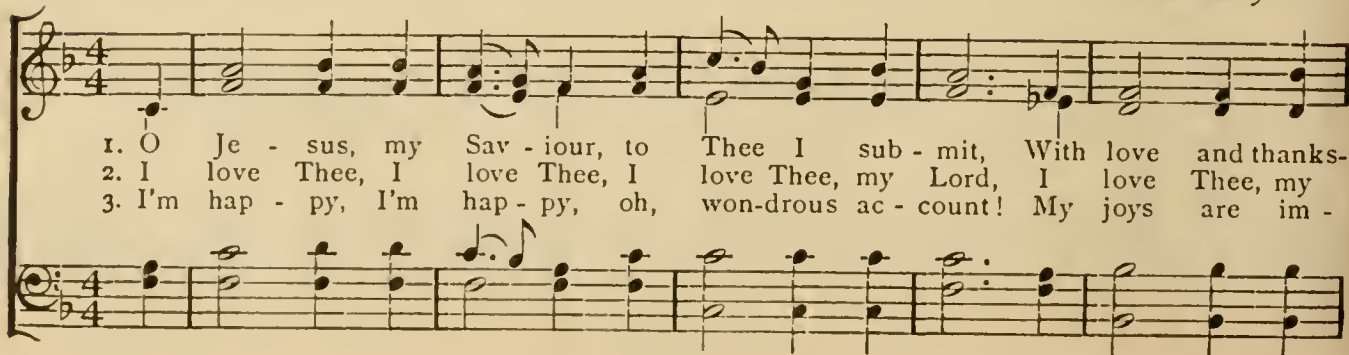
Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine ;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby,

O Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee I submit

John A. Granade, 1770—1806

S. M. Bixby



1. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Thee I sub - mit, With love and thanks-
2. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord, I love Thee, my
3. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, oh, won-drous ac - count! My joys are im -

LOVE

giv - ing fall down at Thy feet ; In sac - ri - fice of - fer my
Sav - iour ; I love Thee, my God ; I love Thee, I love Thee, and
mor - tal, I stand on the mount ! I gaze on my treas - ure, and

soul, flesh and blood ; Thou art my Re - deem - er that brought me to God.
that Thou dost know, But how much I love Thee, I nev - er can show.
long to be there, With Je - sus and an - gels, my kin - dred so dear.

4 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 Oh, who's like my Saviour ? He's Salem's bright
King,
He smiles, and He loves me, and learns me to sing,
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him, with notes loud and
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill. [shrill,

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My God, I Love Thee, not because

Francis Xavier, 1542, tr. Edward Caswall, 1849, abr.

H. K. Oliver, 1842

1. My God, I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heaven there - by ;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace ;
3. And griefs and tor - ments num - ber - less, And sweat of ag - o - ny,
4. Ev'n so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing ;

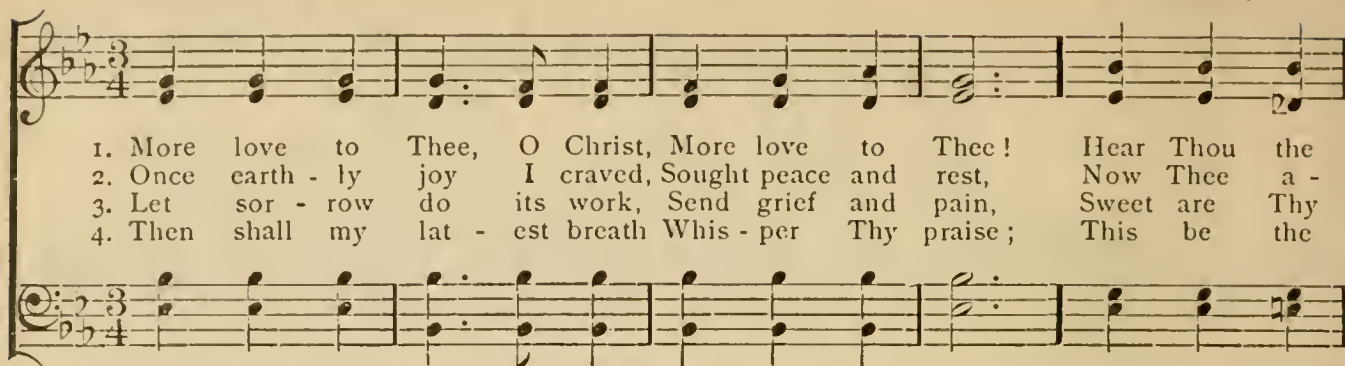
rit.

Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must... for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace ;—
Yea, death it - self ; and all for one That was... Thine en - e - my !
Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God, And my... e - ter - nal King.


More Love to Thee, O Christ

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1856

S. M. Bixby

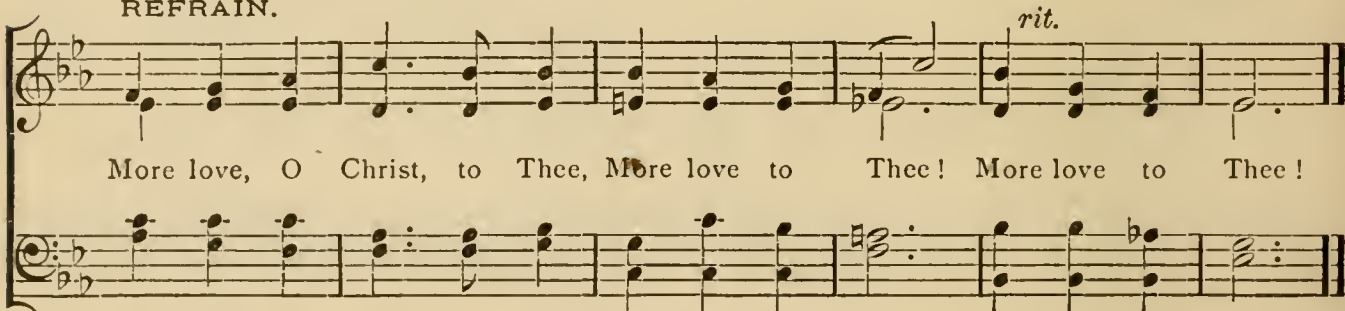


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a -
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
 part - ing cry, My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,

REFRAIN.



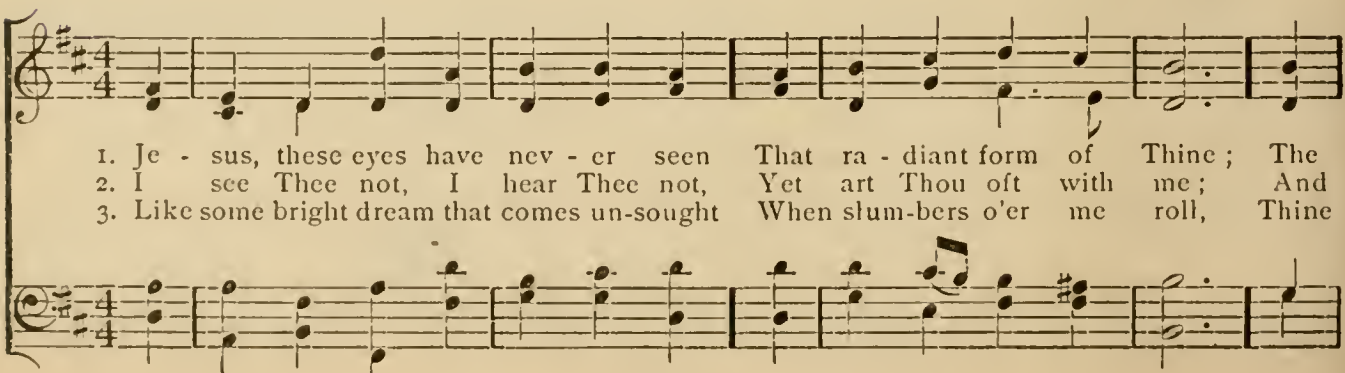
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby,

Jesus, these Eyes have never Seen

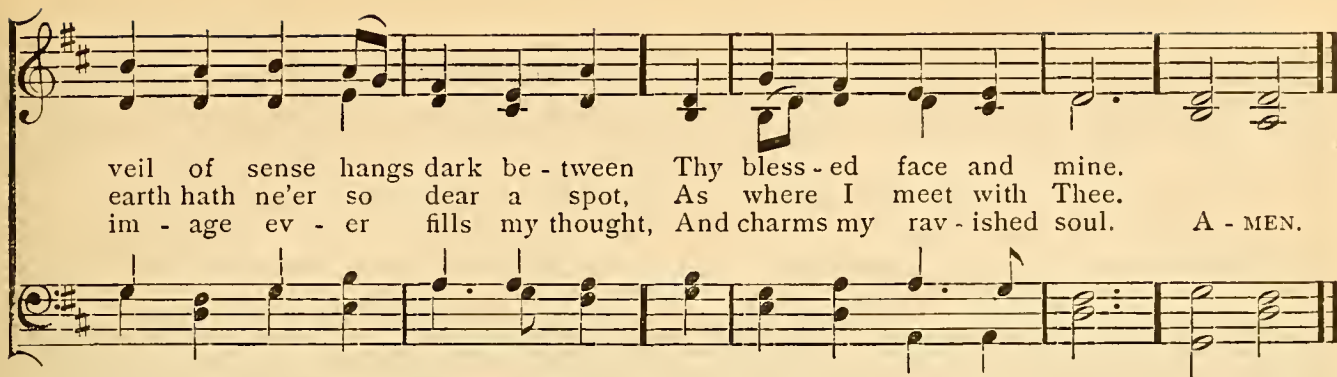
Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.

Richard Redhead



1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine; The
 2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me; And
 3. Like some bright dream that comes un-sought When slum - bers o'er me roll, Thine

LOVE



veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine.
 earth hath ne'er so dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.
 im - age ev - er fills my thought, And charms my rav - ished soul. A - MEN.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
 Unseen, but not unknown.

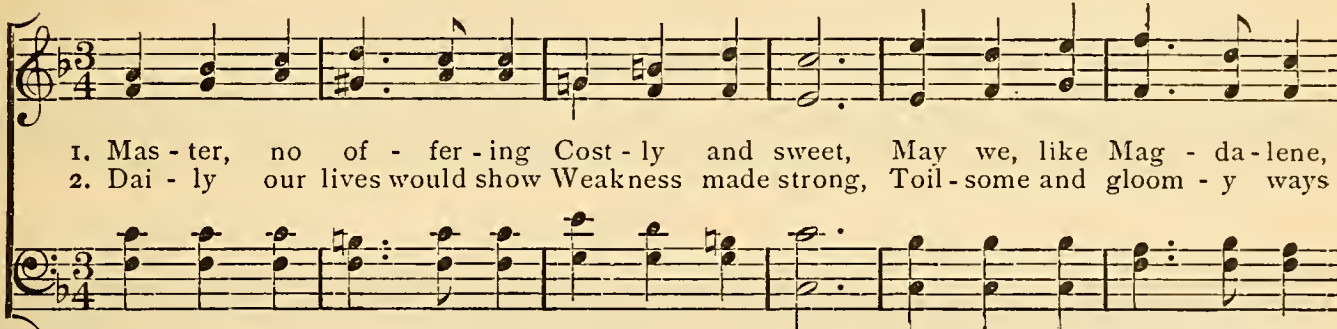
5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
 All glorious as Thou art. AMEN.

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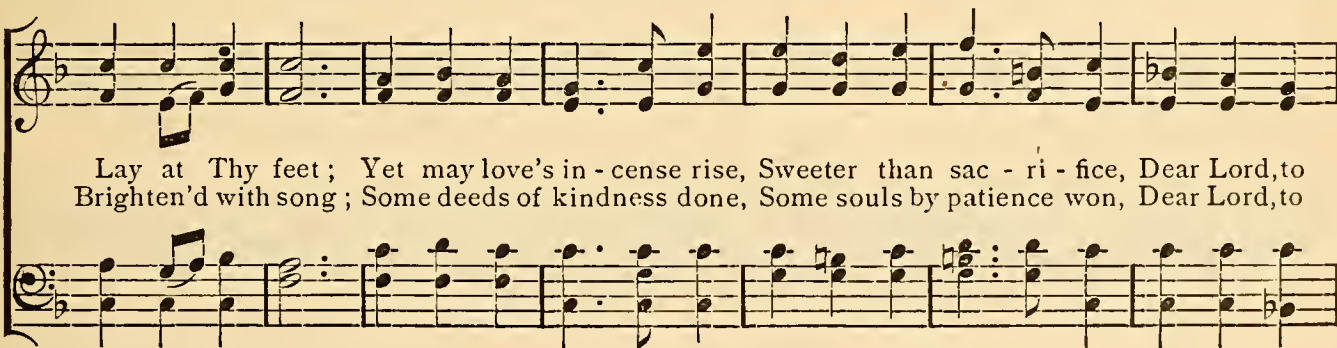
Love's Offering

Rev. Edwin Pond Parker. By permission

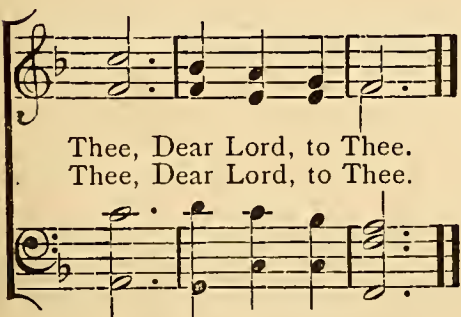
S. M. Bixby



1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag - da - lene,
 2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weakness made strong, Toil - some and gloom - y ways



Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweeter than sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to
 Brighten'd with song; Some deeds of kindness done, Some souls by patience won, Dear Lord, to



Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
 Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.

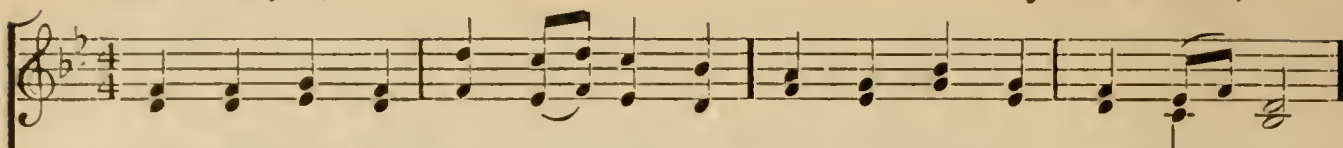
3.
 Some word of hope, for hearts
 Burdened with fears,
 Some balm of peace, for eyes
 Blinded with tears,
 Some dews of mercy shed,
 Some wayward footsteps led,
 ¶: Dear Lord, to Thee. :¶

4.
 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
 Till eventide
 Closes the day of life,
 May we abide;
 And when earth's labors cease,
 Bid us depart in peace,
 ¶: Dear Lord, to Thee. :¶

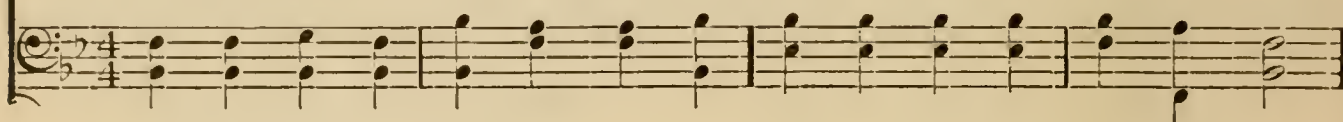
Love Divine, all Love Excelling

Charles Wesley, 1746

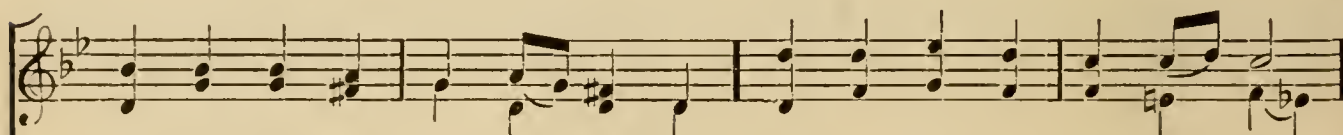
John Zundel, 1870



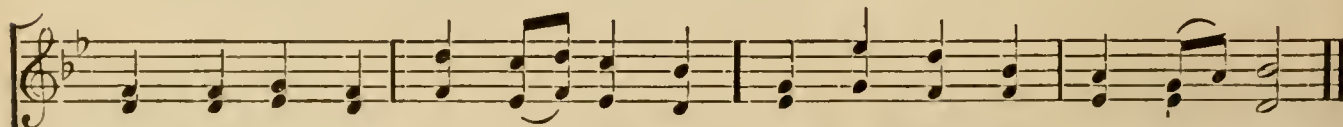
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast !
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be ;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee !



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art ;
 Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive !
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place ;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave !
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.



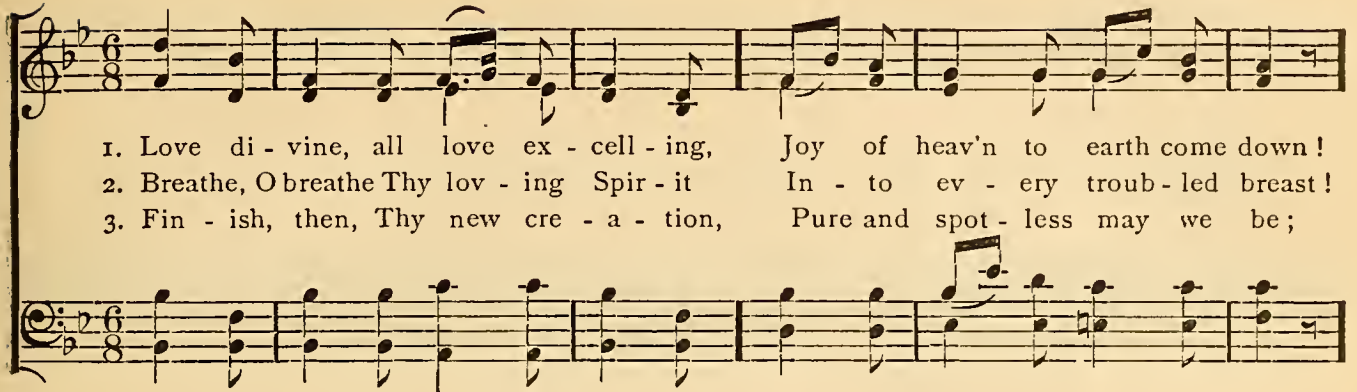
Love Divine, all Love Excelling

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Chas. Wesley

(SECOND TUNE)

F. H. Himmel



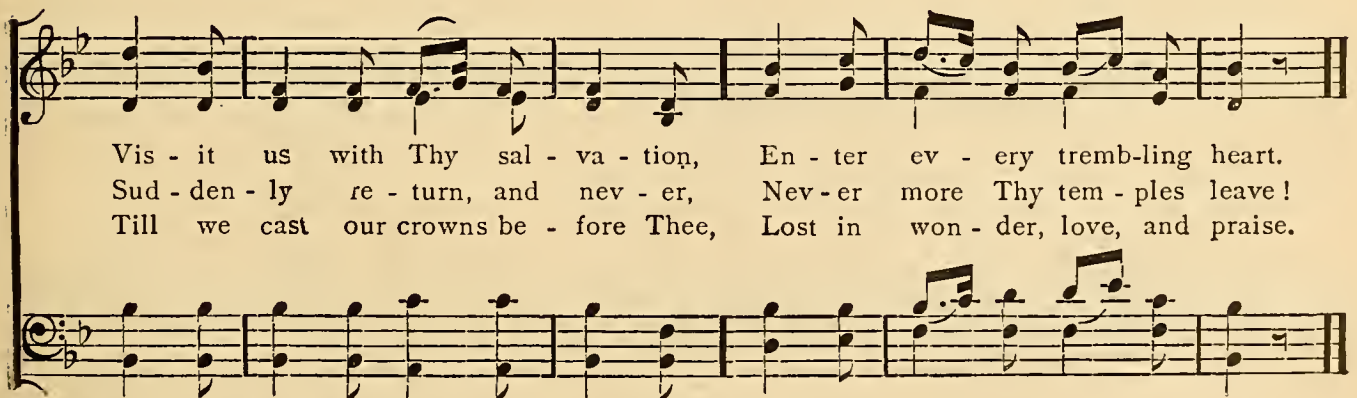
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast!
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive!
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery tremb - ling heart.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

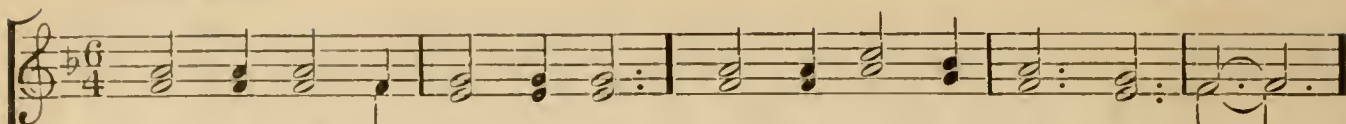
From Pilgrim Songs, by permission.

LOVE

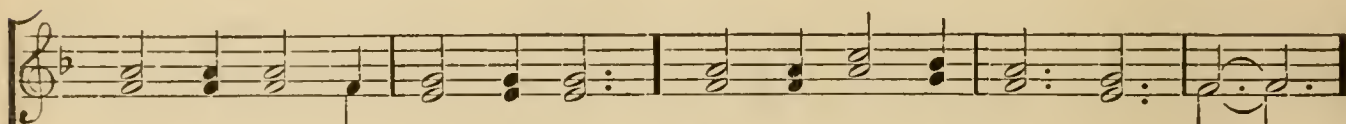
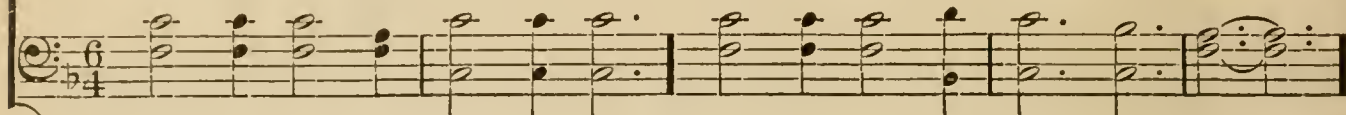
Jesus, Saviour of my Soul

Dr. C. Wesley

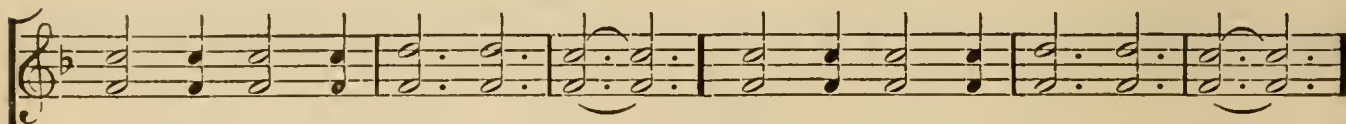
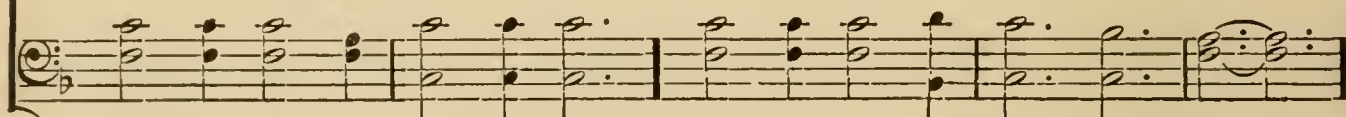
S. B. Marsh



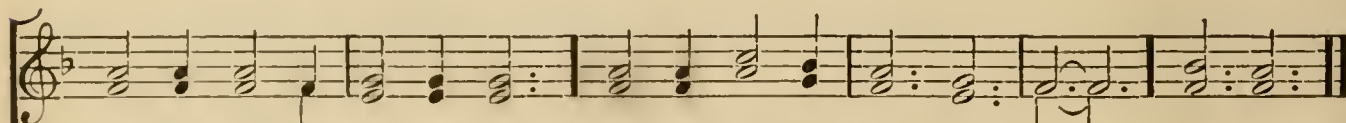
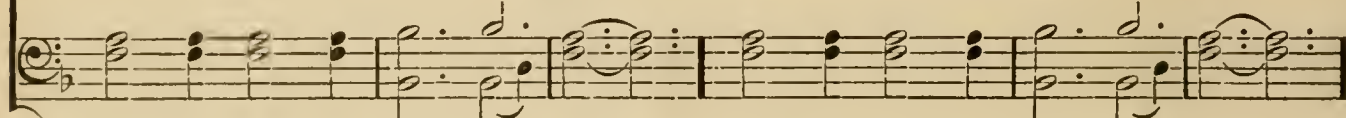
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee :
 Gloria Patri.
 Ho - ly Fa - ther, Fount of light, God of wis - dom, good - ness, might :



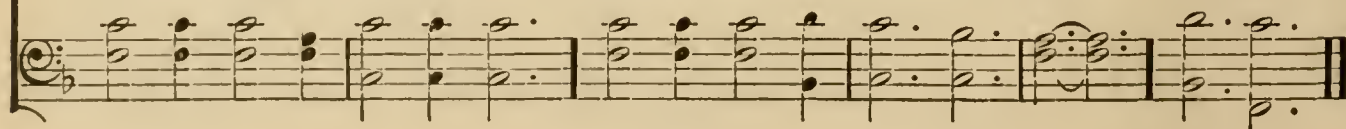
While the waves of troub - le roll, While the tem - pest still is high :
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me :
 Ho - ly Son, Who cam'st to dwell God with us, Em - man - u - el ;



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my hope from Thee I bring ;
 Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, God of com - fort, peace, and love,



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Ev - er - more be Thou a - dored, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord. A - MEN.

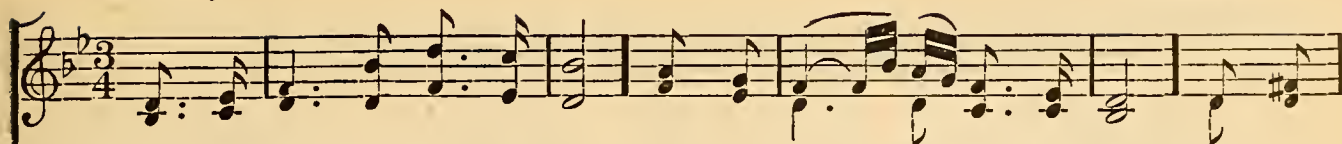


Jesus, Saviour of my Soul

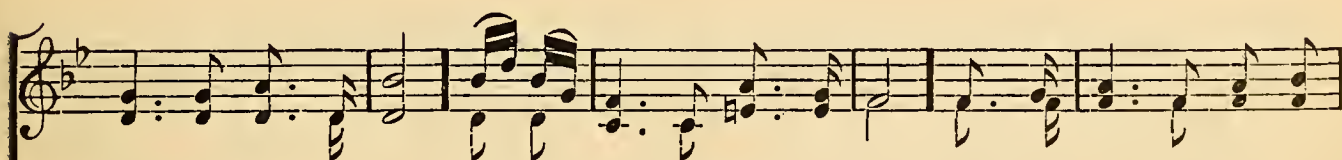
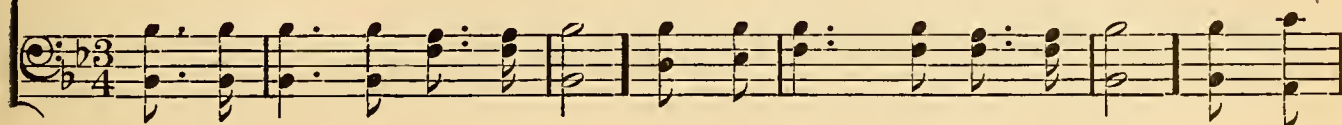
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C. Wesley

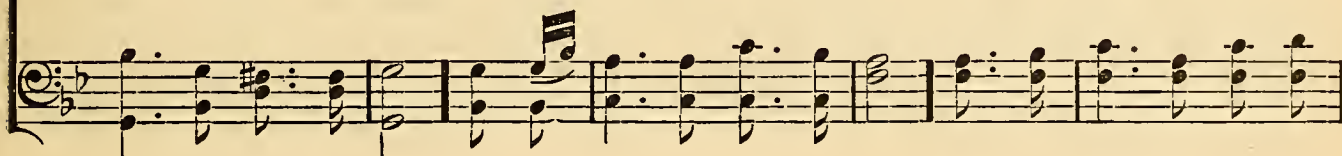
Franz Abt



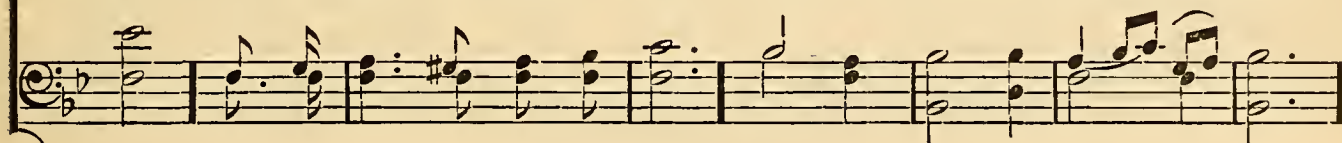
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to.... Thy bo - som fly, While the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: Leave, ah!



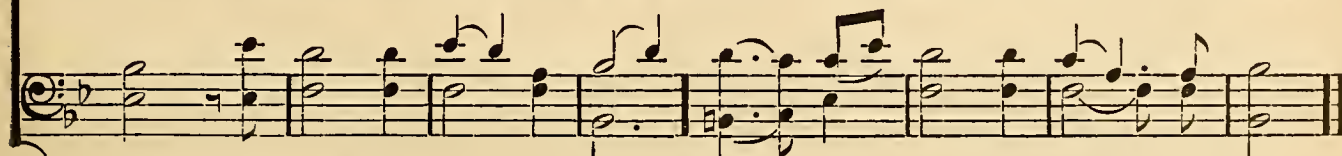
waves of troub - le roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sav-iour,
leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: All my trust on Thee is



hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide,
stay'd, All my hope from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head



O... re - ceive my soul at last, O... re - ceive my soul.. at last.
With the shad - ow of.. Thy wing, With the shad - ow of.... Thy wing.



Arr. Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

LOVE

Jesus, Lover of my Soul

Rev. Charles Wesley

John Zundel

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer?
 4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
 5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
 Let the heal - ing stream a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in,

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,...
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;..
 Reach me out Thy gra - cious hand! While I of Thy strength re - ceive,...
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;..
 Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;..

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

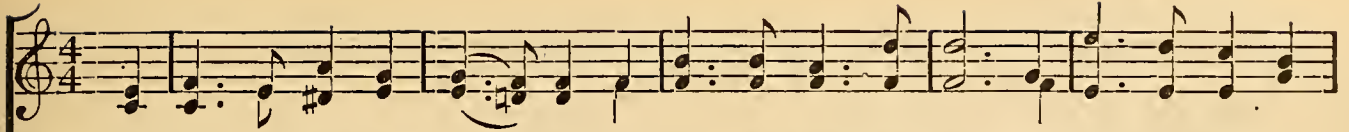
From "Worship in Song," by permission.

LOVE

Love unbounded

211

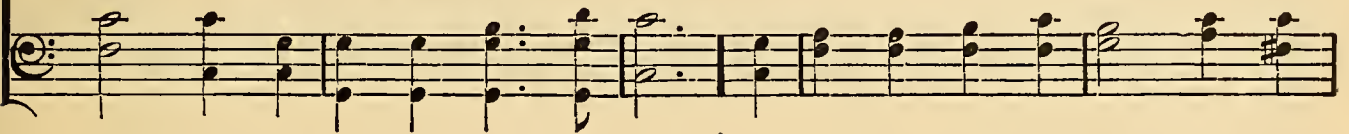
S. M. Bixby



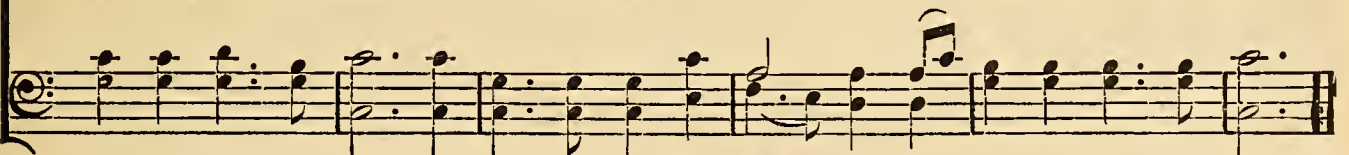
1. O Lord, Thy love's un - bound - ed, So full, so sweet, so free ; Our thoughts are all con -
2. Oh, let this love con - strain us To give our hearts to Thee ; Let noth - ing henceforth



found - ed, Whene'er we think of Thee. For us, Thou cam'st from heav - en, For
pain us, But that which pain - eth Thee. Our joy, our one en - deav - or, Thro'



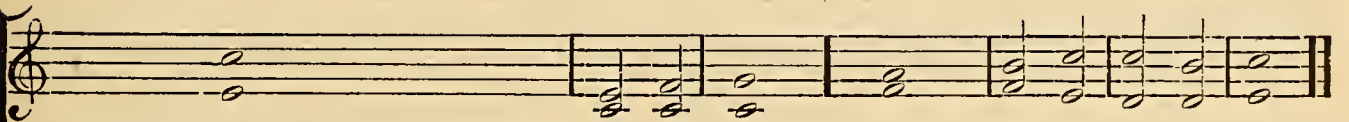
us to bleed and die ; That, purchased and for giv - en, We might as - cend on high.
suffring, conflict, shame, To serve Thee, gracious Sav - iour, And mag - ni - fy Thy name.



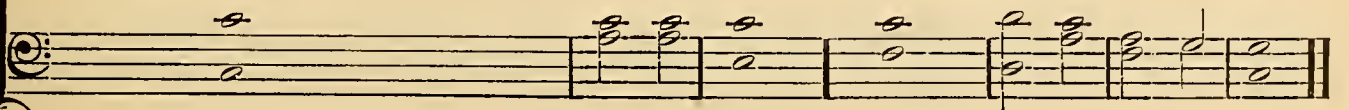
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Gloria Patri

E. G. Monk



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with - out end. A - = MEN.

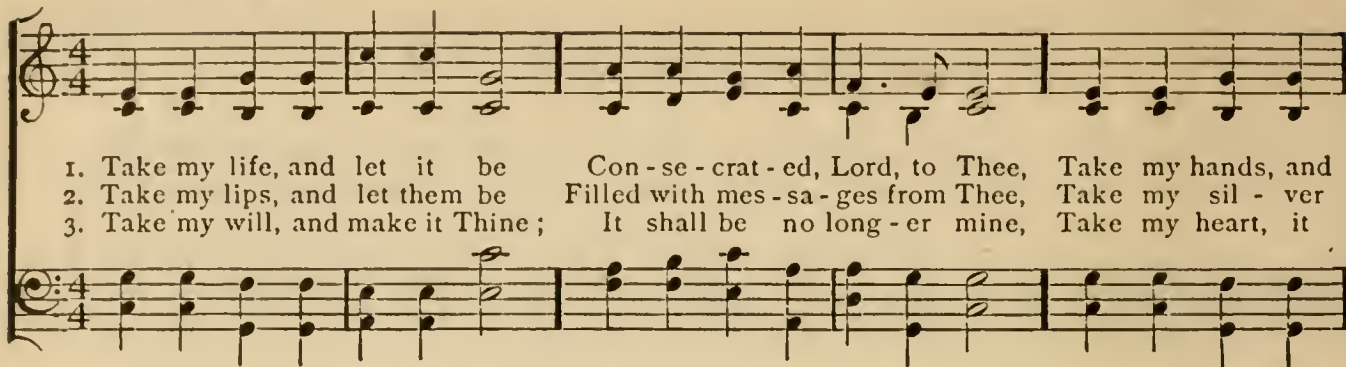


LOVE

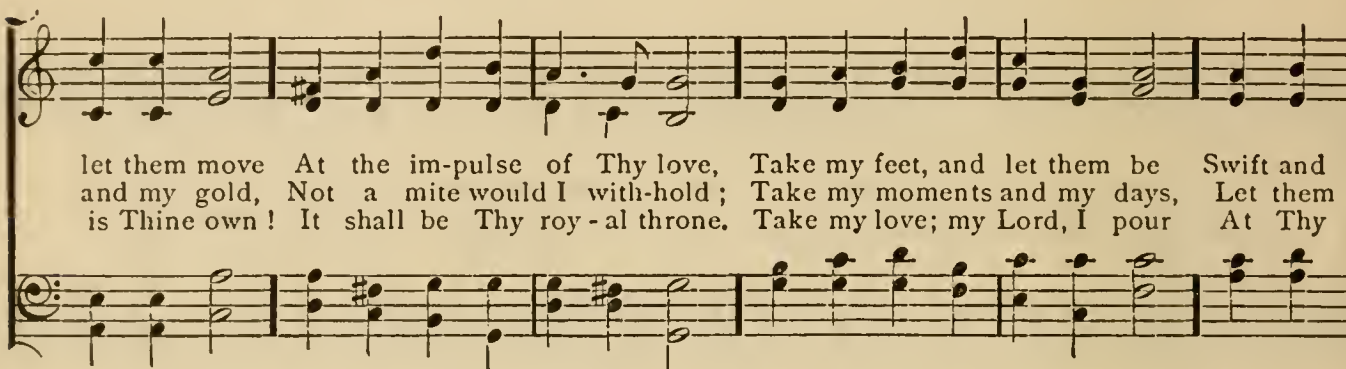
Take my Life, and let it be

Frances R. Havergal

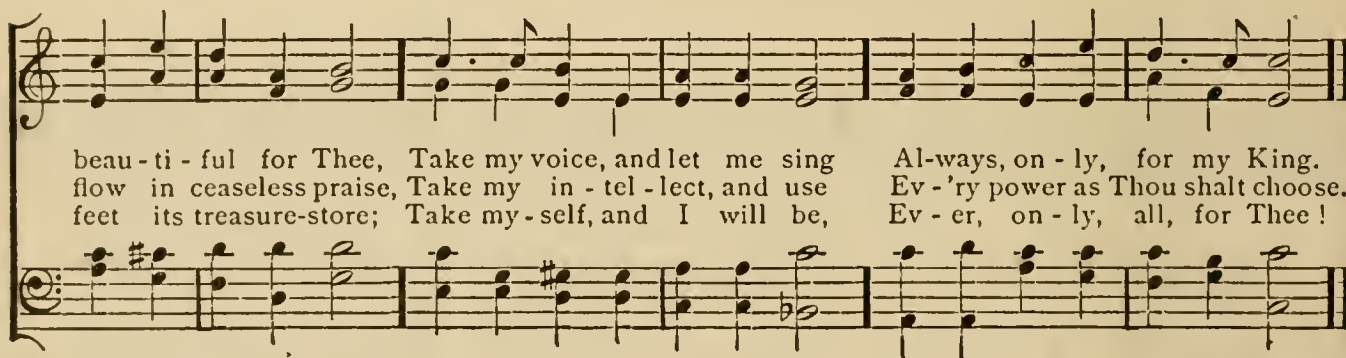
E. J. Hopkins



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee, Take my hands, and
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges from Thee, Take my sil-ver
3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long-er mine, Take my heart, it



let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, Take my feet, and let them be Swift and
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my moments and my days, Let them
is Thine own! It shall be Thy roy-al throne. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy

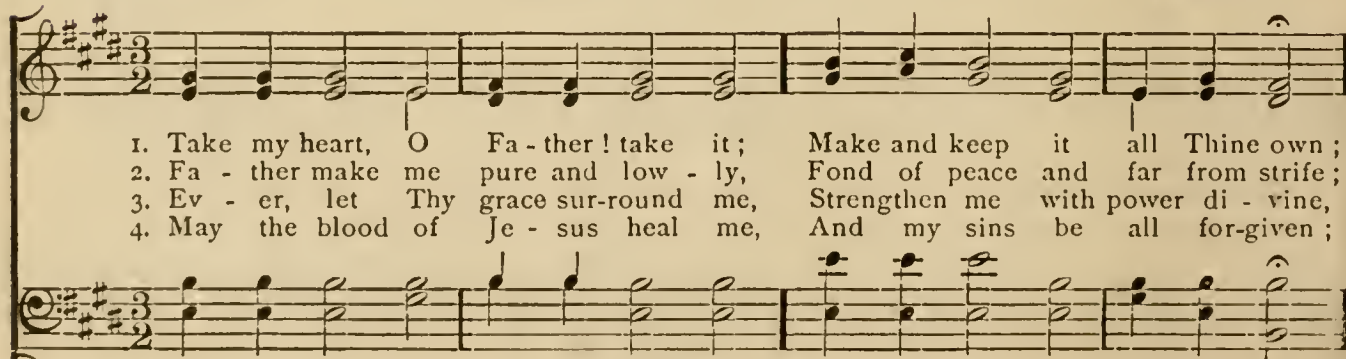


beau-ti-ful for Thee, Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
flow in ceaseless praise, Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
feet its treasure-store; Take my-self, and I will be, Ev-er, on-ly, all, for Thee!

Take my Heart, O Father

Anon, 1849

I. B. Woodbury



1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Fa-ther make me pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev-er, let Thy grace sur-round me, Strengthen me with power di-vine;
4. May the blood of Je-sus heal me, And my sins be all for-given;

CONSECRATION

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone.
 Turn-ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.
 Till Thy cords of love have bound me; Make me to be whol - ly Thine.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heaven.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt

Jane Borthwick, tr.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu - ture scene

I.. would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
 Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed
 I.. glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el..

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

CONSECRATION

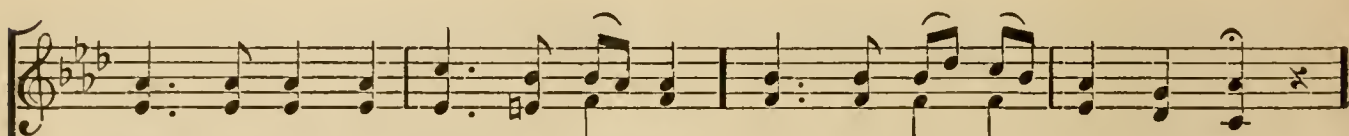
Jesus, I my Cross have taken

Henry F. Lyte

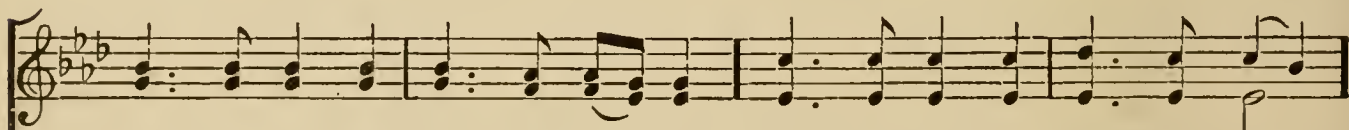
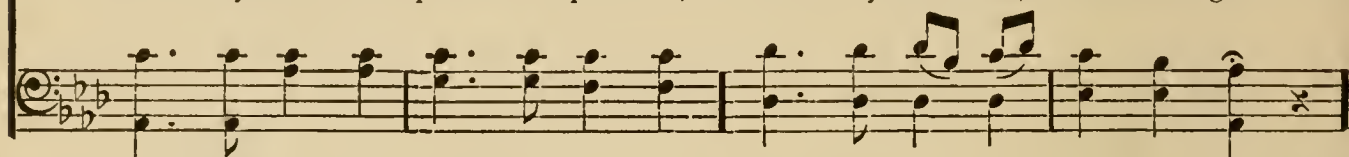
Arr. from Mozart



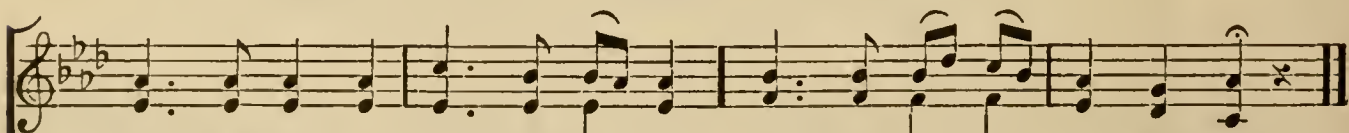
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
 3. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 4. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain!



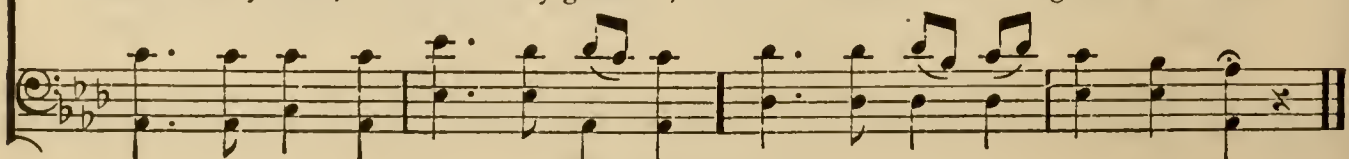
Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me— Thou art not, like them, un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heaven will bring me sweet - er rest;
 In Thy serv - ice pain is pleasure, With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.



Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on.. me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;...
 I have called Thee—Ab - ba, Fa - ther! I have stayed my heart on Thee!



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.



CONSECRATION

How shall I follow Him I Serve

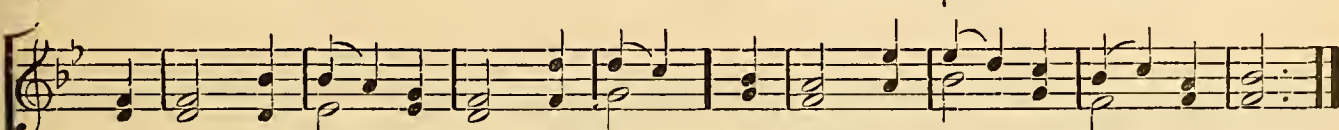
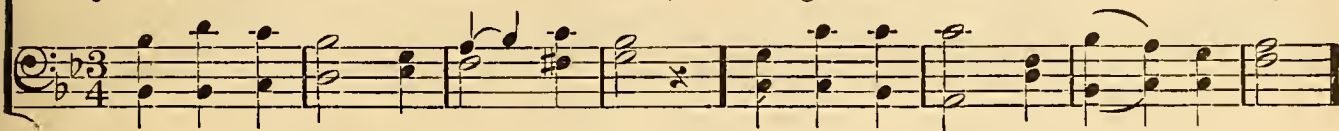
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Josiah Conder

Arr. from Beethoven



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? | How shall I cop - y Him I love? |
| 2. Lord, should my path thro' suf - f'ring lie, | For - bid it I should ere.. re - pine; |
| 3. Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave | Un - tast - ed ev - 'ry pure de - light, |
| 4. To faint, to grieve, to die.. for me! | Thou cam - est not Thy - self to please: |
| 5. Yes! I would count them all.. but loss, | To gain the no - tice of... Thine eye: |



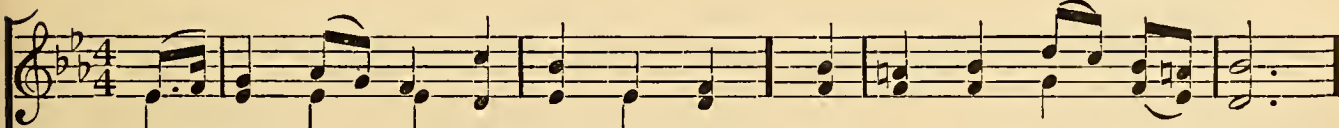
Nor from those bless - ed foot - steps swerve,	Which led me to.. His seat a - bove?
Still let me turn to Cal - va - ry,..	Nor heed my griefs, re - mem - b'ring Thine.
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,	The toil - some day, the home - less night:—
And, dear as earth - ly com - forts be,..	Shall I not love Thee more than these?
Flesh shrinks and trem - bles at the cross,	But Thou canst give the vic - to - ry.



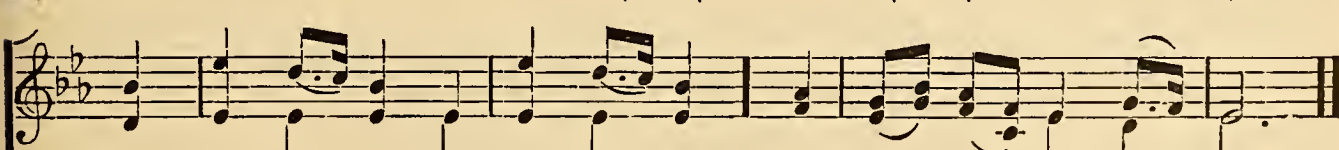
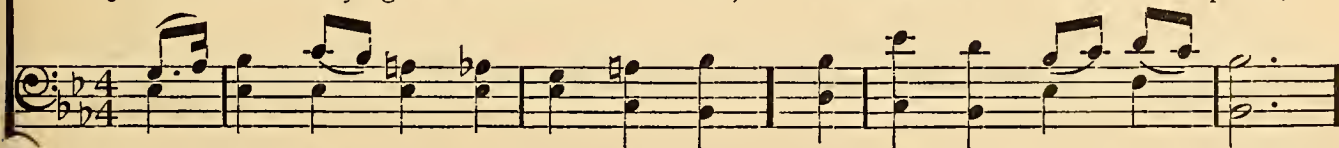
In all my vast Concerns with Thee

Isaac Watts

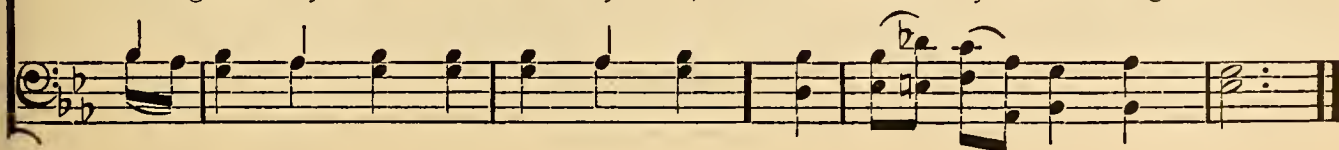
J. F. Burrowes



- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. In all my vast con - cerns with Thee, | In vain my soul would try |
| 2. Thine all - sur - round - ing sight sur - veys | My ris - ing and my rest, |
| 3. My thoughts lie o - pen to the Lord, | Be - fore they're form'd with - in; |
| 4. Oh, won - drous knowledge, deep and high, | Where can a crea - ture hide? |
| 5. So let Thy grace sur - round me still, | And like a bul - wark prove, |



To shun Thy pres - ence, Lord, or flee	The no - tice of Thine eye.
My pub - lic walks, my pri - vate ways,	And se - crets of my breast.
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,	He knows the sense I mean.
With - in Thy cir - cling arms I lie,	En - closed on ev - 'ry side.
To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill,	Se - cured by sov - 'reign love.



*Jesus, Master, whose I am**Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873**S. M. Bixby*

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Pur-chased Thine a - lone to be,....
 2. Oth - er lords have long held sway; Now Thy name a - lone to bear,..
 3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith - ful, keep me near:..

By Thy blood, O spot - less Lamb, Shed so wil - ling - ly for me;
 Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour - ly prayer.
 Let Thy pres - ence in me shine All my home - ward way to cheer.

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee? Noth - ing else my joy can be.
 Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O be Thou my All in all.

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*Let my Life be hid with Thee**S. M. Bixby*

1. Let my life be hid with Thee, Gra - cious Sav - iour, Lord of might:
 2. Let my life be hid with Thee, When my soul is vexed be - low;
 3. Let my life be hid with Thee, Bound with - in Thy life a - bove,

CONSECRATION

Saved from sin, from dan - gers free, Light - ened by Thy per - fect light.
 Let me still Thy mer - cy see, When bowed down by grief and woe.
 Liv - ing through e - ter - ni - ty In the realms of peace and love.

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O for a Heart to Praise my God

Rev. C. Wesley, 1742

Harmonia Perf., 1730

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin.... set free! A
 2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My dear Re - deem - er's throne; Where
 3. An hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean; Which

heart that's sprink - led with the blood So free - ly shed for me.
 on - ly Christ is heard to speak Where Je - sus reigns a - lone;
 nei - ther life.. nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in. A - MEN.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

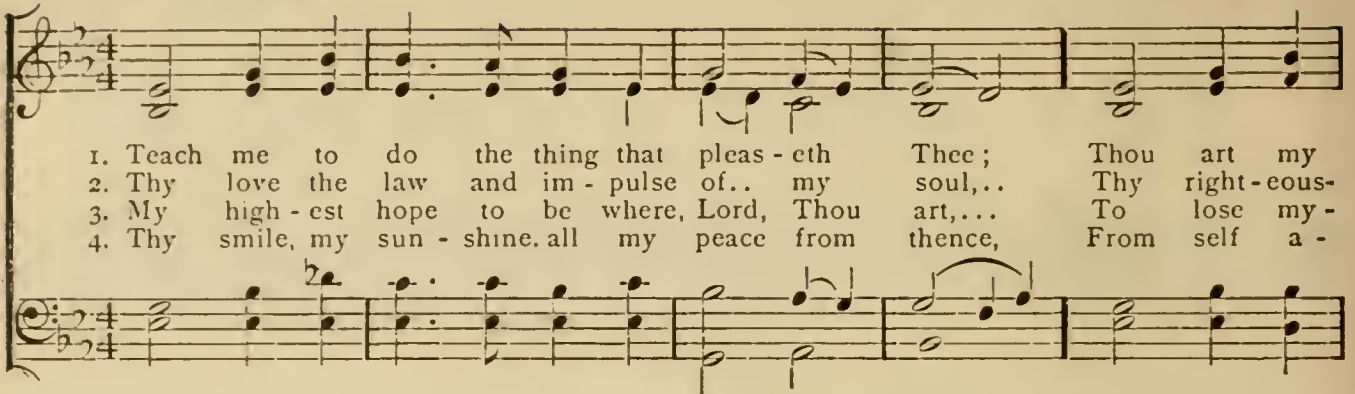
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best Name of Love. AMEN.

CONSECRATION

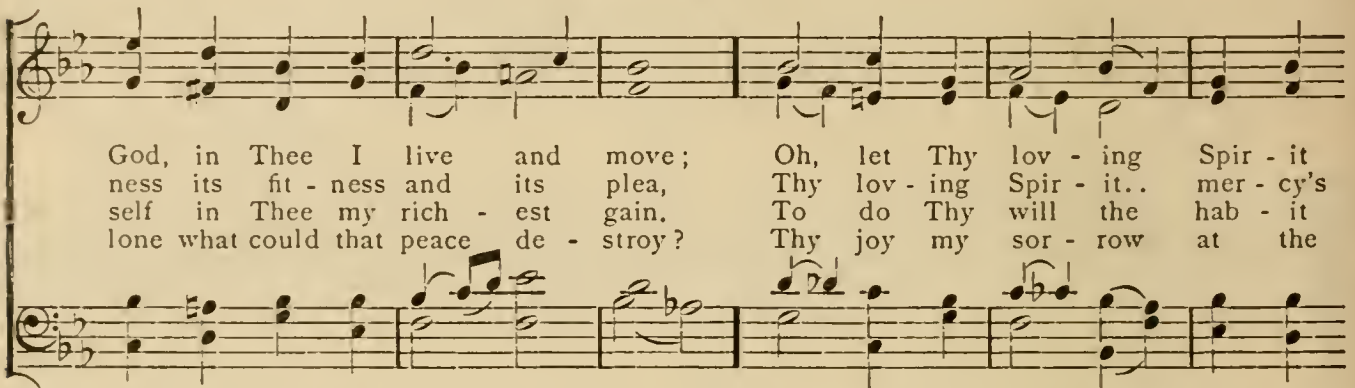
Teach me to do the Thing that Pleaseth

J. S. B. Monsell

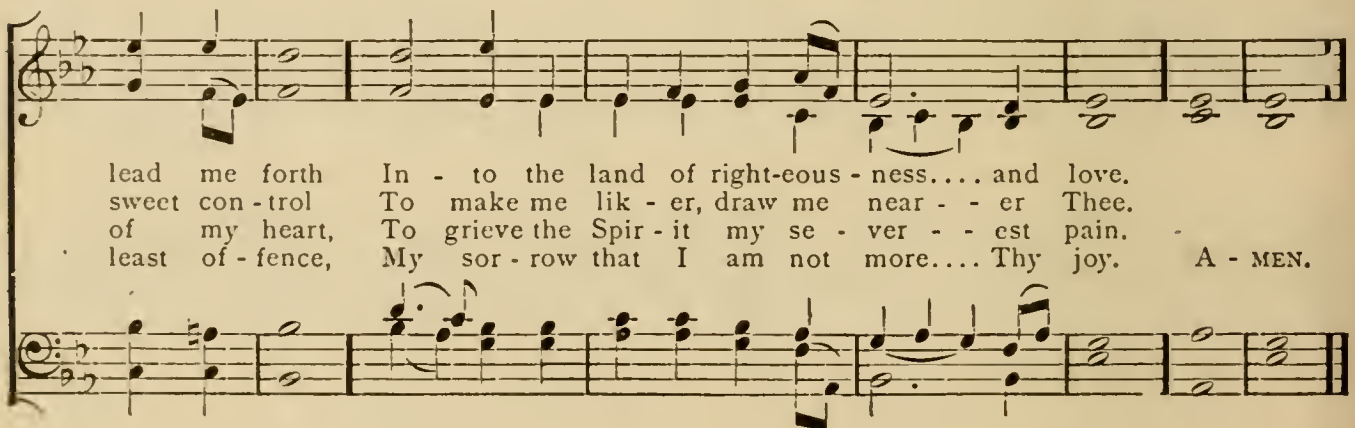
J. B. Dykes



1. Teach me to do the thing that pleas - eth Thee; Thou art my
 2. Thy love the law and im - pulse of.. my soul,.. Thy right - eous -
 3. My high - est hope to be where, Lord, Thou art,.. To lose my -
 4. Thy smile, my sun - shine. all my peace from thence, From self a -



God, in Thee I live and move; Oh, let Thy lov - ing Spir - it
 ness its fit - ness and its plea; Thy lov - ing Spir - it.. mer - cy's
 self in Thee my rich - est gain. To do Thy will the hab - it
 lone what could that peace de - stroy? Thy joy my sor - row at the

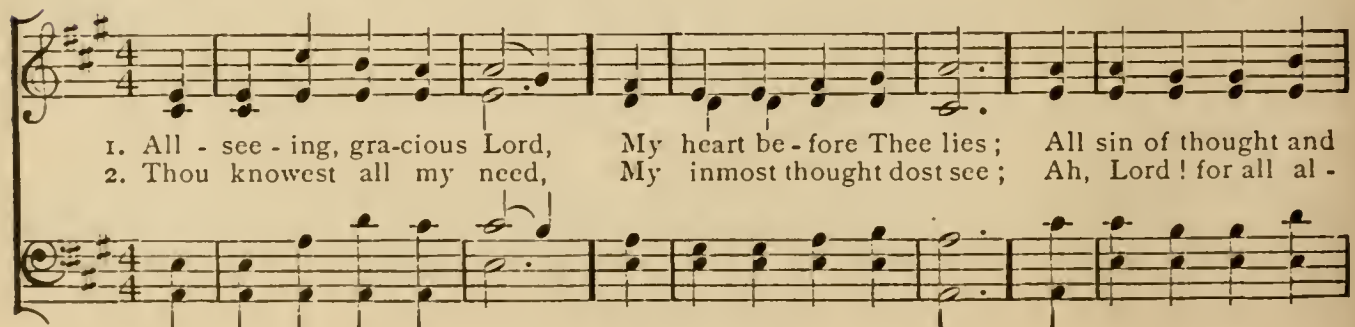


lead me forth In - to the land of right - eous - ness.... and love.
 sweet con - trol To make me lik - er, draw me near - - er Thee.
 of my heart, To grieve the Spir - it my se - ver - - est pain.
 least of - fence, My sor - row that I am not more.... Thy joy. A - MEN.

All-seeing, Gracious Lord

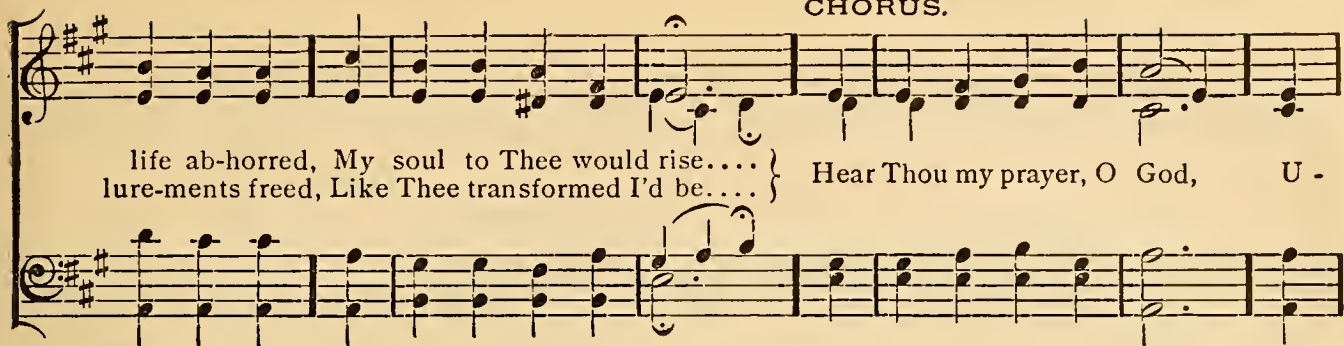
Rev. Henry C. Graves

Geo. C. Stebbins

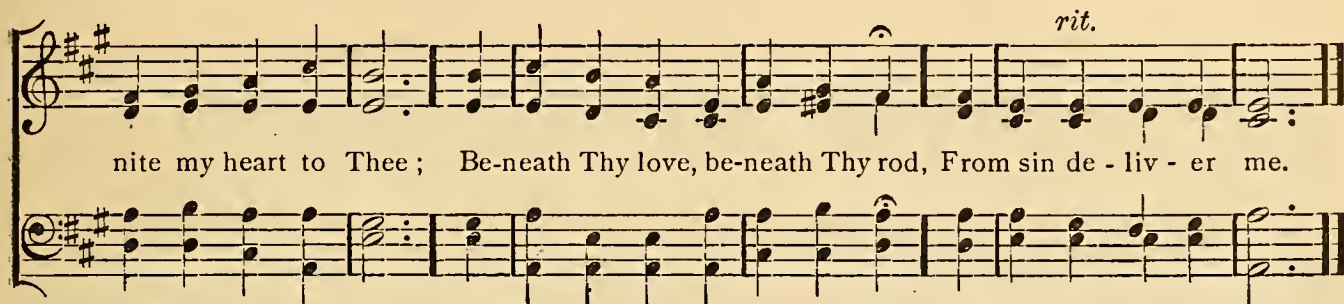


1. All - see - ing, gra - cious Lord, My heart be - fore Thee lies; All sin of thought and
 2. Thou knowest all my need, My inmost thought dost see; Ah, Lord! for all al -

CHORUS.



life ab-horred, My soul to Thee would rise.... } Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U -
lure-ments freed, Like Thee transformed I'd be.... }



rite my heart to Thee ; Be-neath Thy love, be-neath Thy rod, From sin de - liv - er me.

3 Thou holy blessed One,
To me, I pray, draw near ;
My spirit fill, O heavenly Son,
With loving, godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine,
To me Thy life is given,
While I may all to Thee resign,
Thou art my all in heaven.

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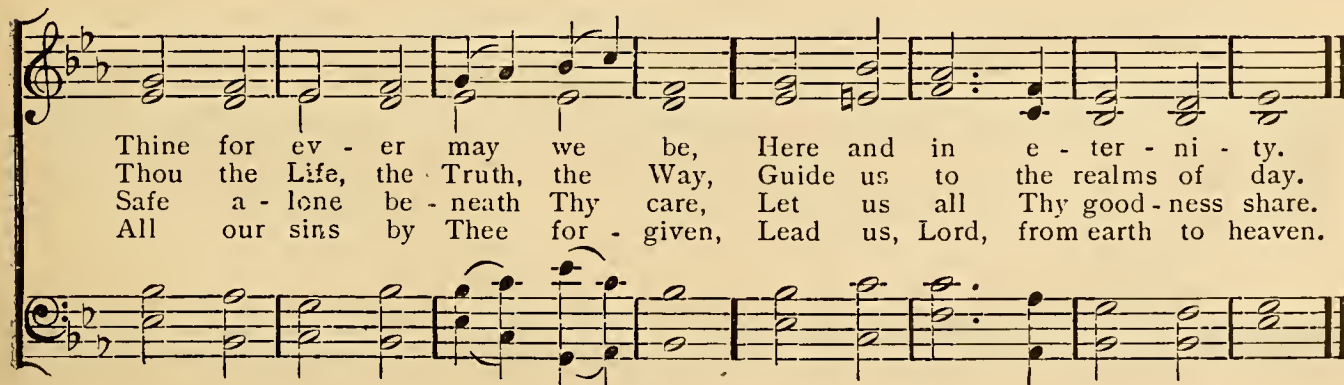
Thine for ever! God of Love

Mary Fawler Maude, 1848

G. Hews



1. Thine for ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove ;
2. Thine for ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us through our ear - ly strife ;
3. Thine for ev - er! Sav - iour, keep These Thy frail and trem - bling sheep ;
4. Thine for ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup - plied,



Thine for ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Safe a - lone be - neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good - ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - given, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

CONSECRATION

Oh, for a closer Walk with God

William Cowper

S. M. Bixby

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame ;..
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?...

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!..
Where is the soul, re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?..

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they that left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made you mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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Praise God, from Whom all Blessings flow

T. Ken

Guil. Franc

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow ; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low ;

CONSECRATION

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host ; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Quiet, Lord, my Froward Heart

John Newton

M. M. Wells

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble... and mild,
 2. What Thou shalt to - day.. pro - vide, Let me as a child re - ceive ;
 3. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be - yond his own,

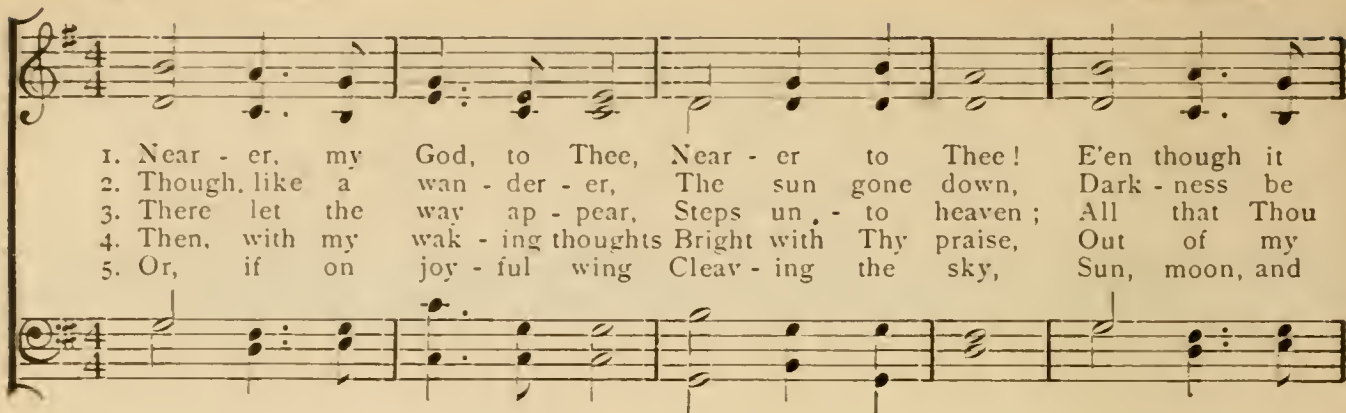
Up - right, sim - ple, free.. from art, Make me as a wean - ed child :
 What to - mor - row may.. be - tide, Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave :
 Knows he's nei - ther strong nor wise, Fears to stir a step a - lone ;—

From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.
 'Tis e - nough that Thou wilt care ; Why should I the bur - den bear ?
 Let me thus with Thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, Guard, and Guide.

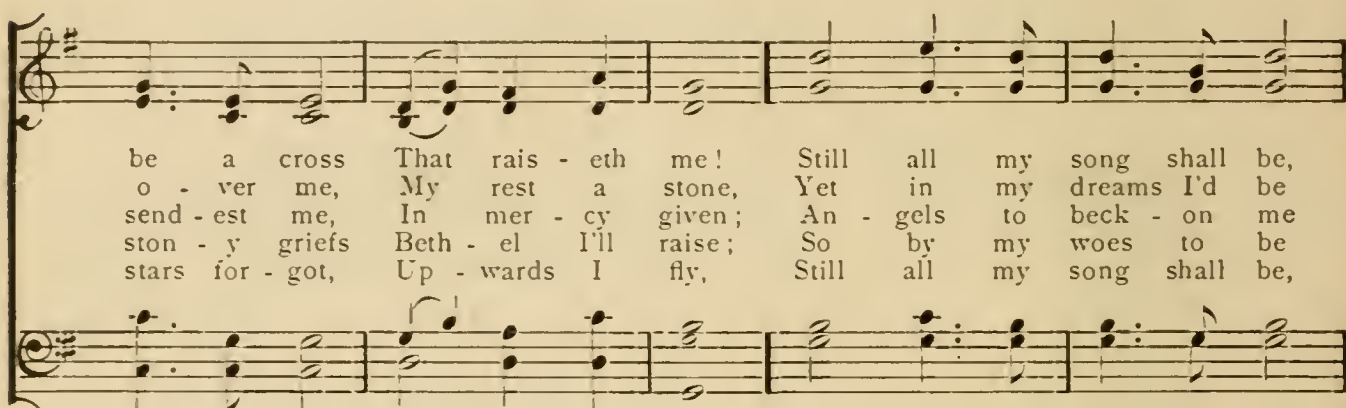
Nearer, my God, to Thee

Mrs. S. F. Adams

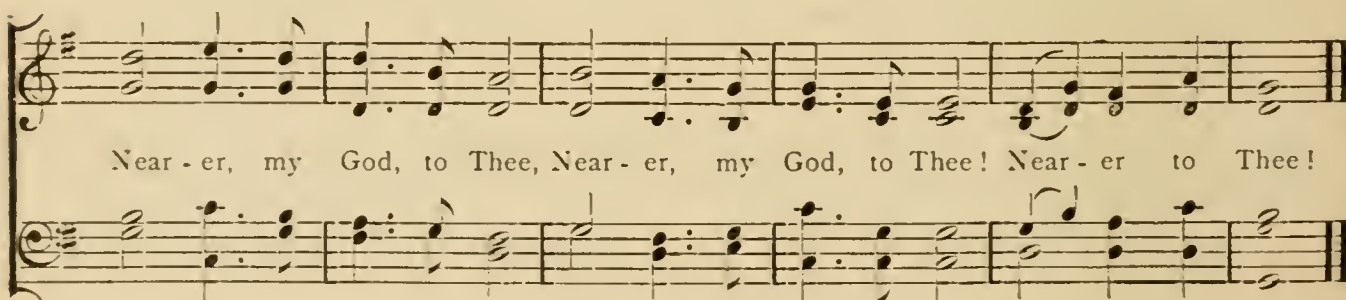
Dr. Lowell Mason



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though, like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or, if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
 ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,

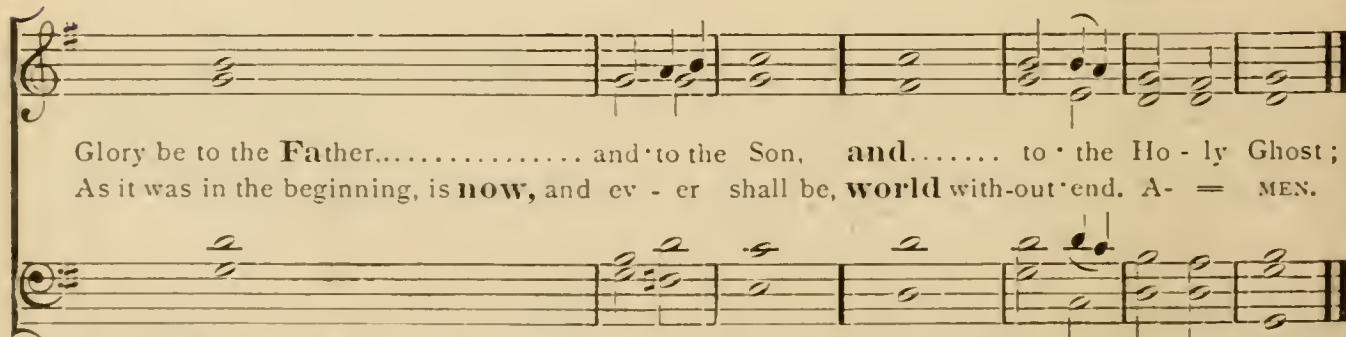


Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

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Gloria Patri

F. N. Shepperd, 1892



Glory be to the Father..... and to the Son, and..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - = MEN.

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CONSECRATION

Nearer, my God, to Thee

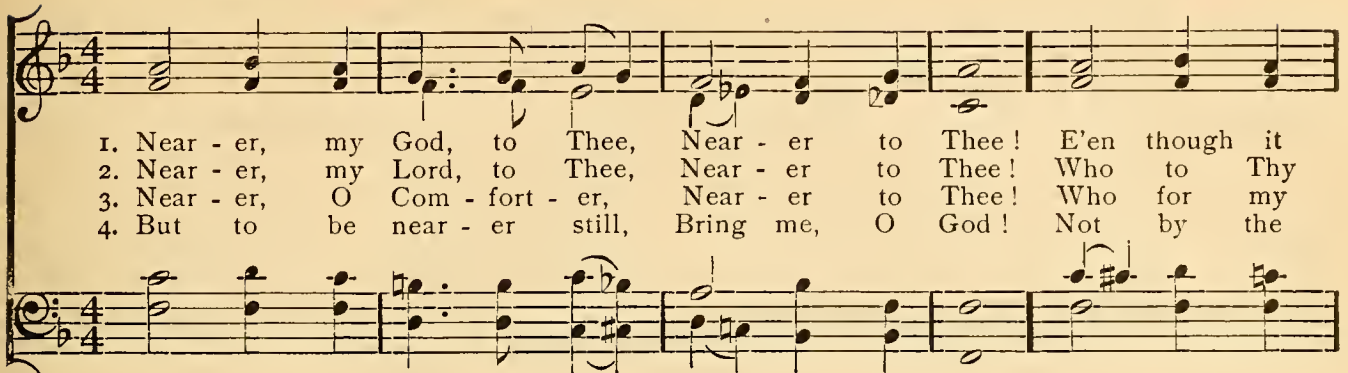
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Stz. 1, Mrs. S. F. Adams

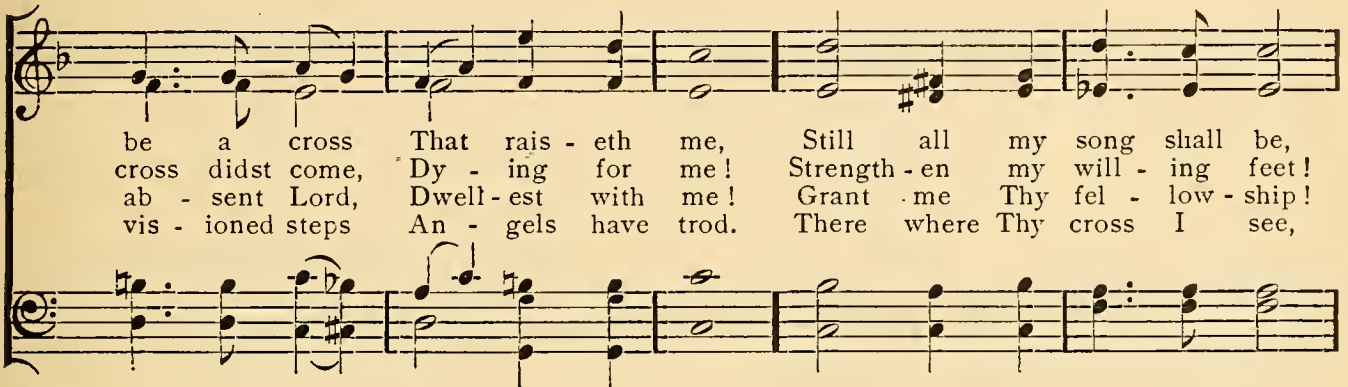
Stzs. 2, 3 and 4, Dr. H. D. Ganse

Second Tune.

F. N. Shepperd, 1892



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Near - er, my Lord, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Who to Thy
 3. Near - er, O Com - fort - er, Near - er to Thee! Who for my
 4. But to be near - er still, Bring me, O God! Not by the



be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 cross didst come, Dy - ing for me! Strength - en my will - ing feet!
 ab - sent Lord, Dwell - est with me! Grant me Thy fel - low - ship!
 vis - ioned steps An - gels have trod. There where Thy cross I see,

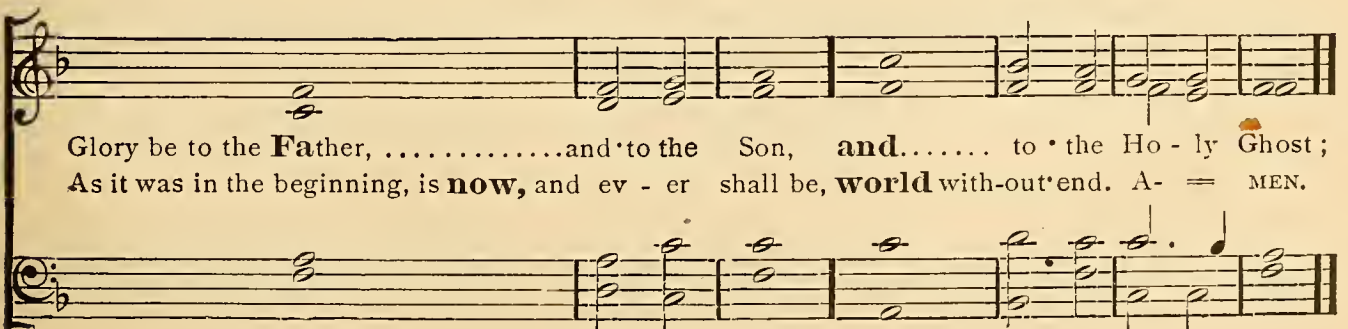


Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Hold me in serv - ice sweet, Near - er, O Christ, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Help me each day to keep Near - er, my Guide, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Je - sus, I wait for Thee, Thence ev - er - more to be Near - er to Thee.

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Gloria Patri

Richard Farrant, 1570



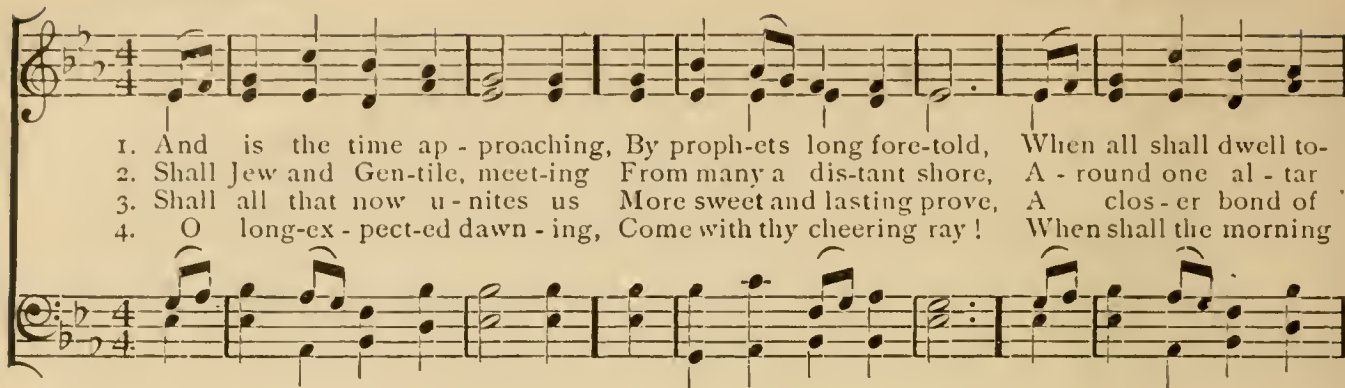
Glory be to the **F**ather,and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - = MEN.

CONSECRATION

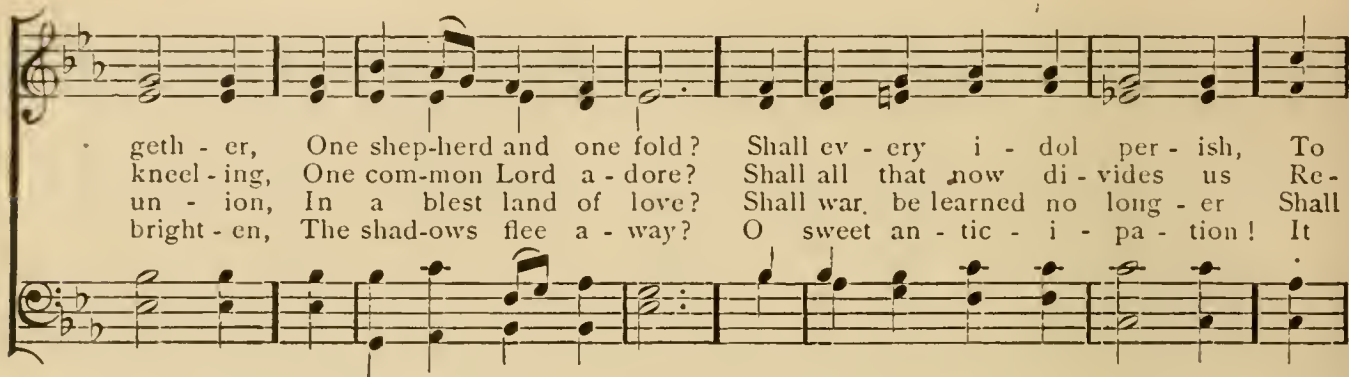
And is the Time approaching

Jane Borthwick

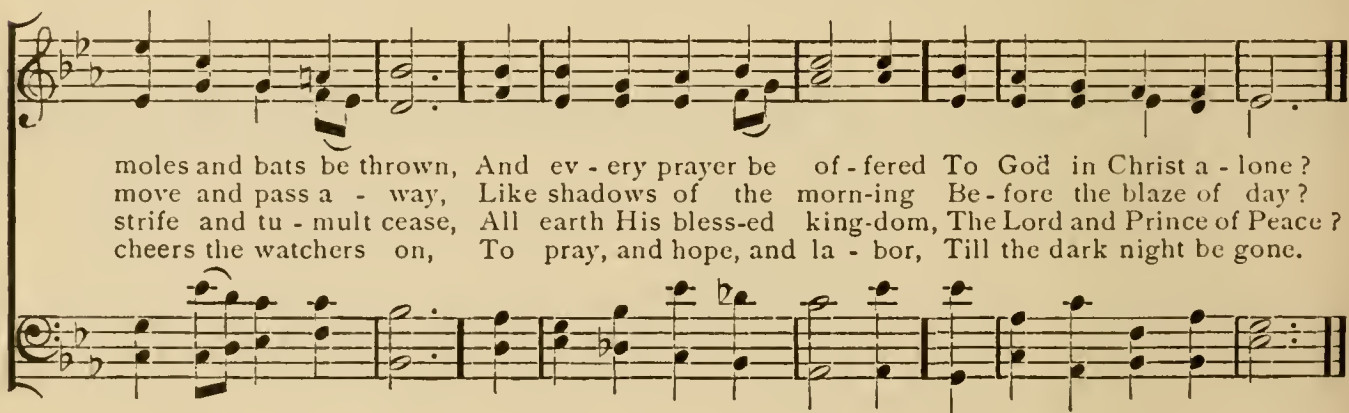
Arr. by Mendelssohn



1. And is the time ap - proaching, By proph-ets long fore-told, When all shall dwell to-
 2. Shall Jew and Gen-tile, meet-ing From many a dis-tant shore, A - round one al - tar
 3. Shall all that now u - nites us More sweet and lasting prove, A clos - er bond of
 4. O long-ex - pect-ed dawn - ing, Come with thy cheering ray ! When shall the morning



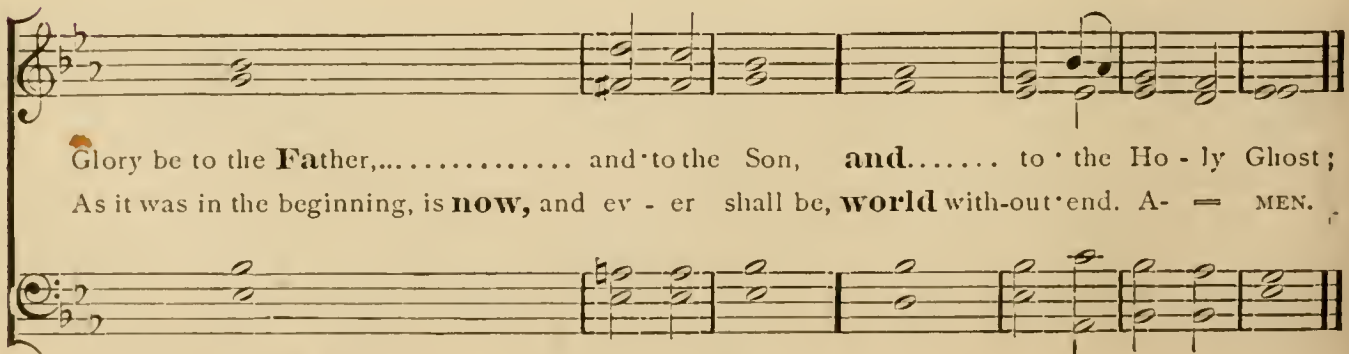
geth - er, One shep-herd and one fold? Shall ev - ery i - dol per - ish, To
 kneel - ing, One com-mon Lord a - dore? Shall all that now di - vides us Re -
 un - ion, In a blest land of love? Shall war, be learned no long - er Shall
 bright - en, The shad-ows flee a - way? O sweet an - tic - i - pa - tion ! It



moles and bats be thrown, And ev - ery prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone ?
 move and pass a - way, Like shadows of the morn-ing Be - fore the blaze of day ?
 strife and tu - mult cease, All earth His bless-ed king-dom, The Lord and Prince of Peace ?
 cheers the watchers on, To pray, and hope, and la - bor, Till the dark night be gone.

Gloria Patri

S. M. Bixby



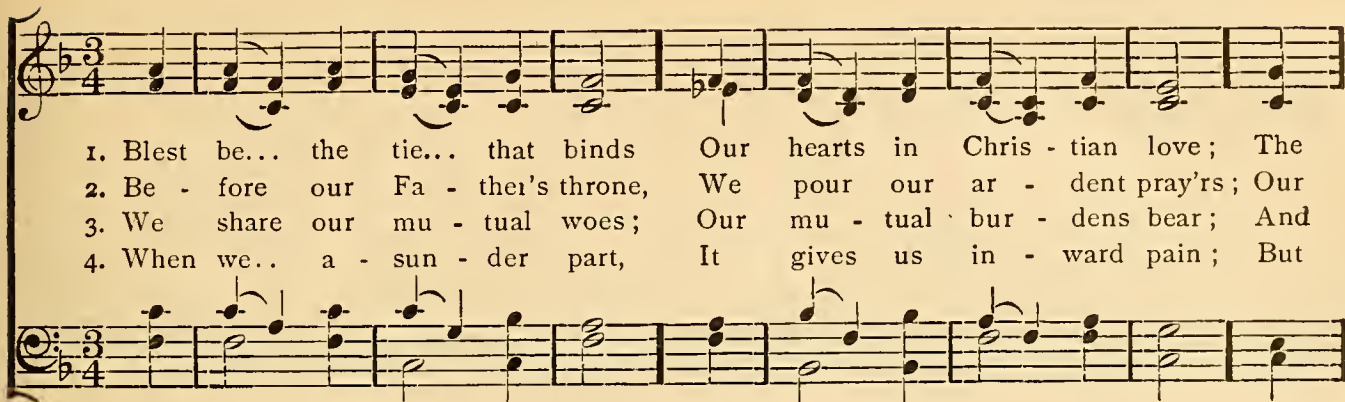
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out - end. A - = MEN.

Blest be the Tie that Binds


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Rev. John Fawcett, 1772

Hans Georg Nägeli



1. Blest be... the tie... that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love ; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs ; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes ; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear ; And
 4. When we.. a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain ; But




fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

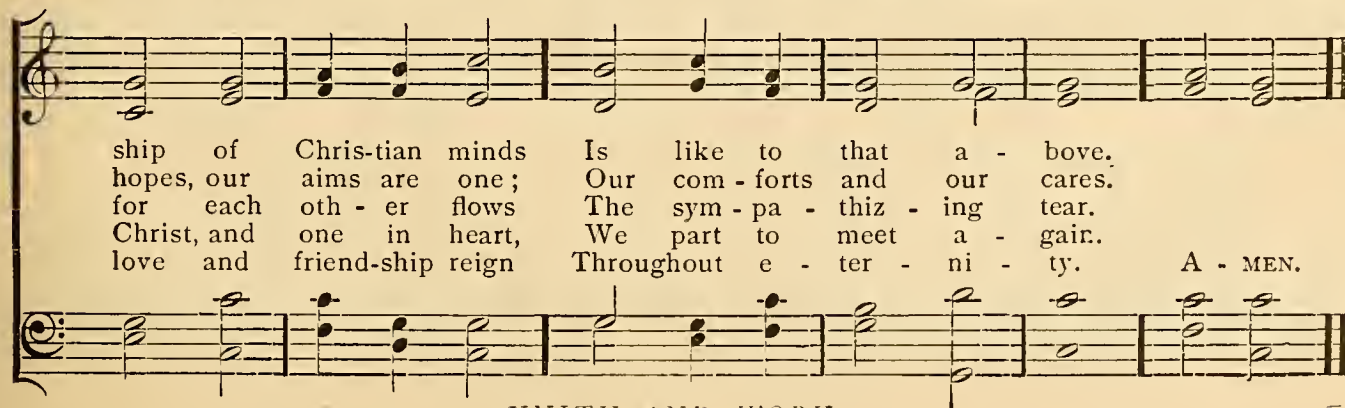
John Fawcett, 1772

SECOND TUNE

Dr. Lowell Mason



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love : The fel - low-
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour u - nit - ed pray'rs ; Our fears, our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear ; And oft - en
 4. When we at death must part, Not like the world's, our pain ; But one in
 5. From sor - row, toil and pain, And sin, we shall be free ; And per - fect

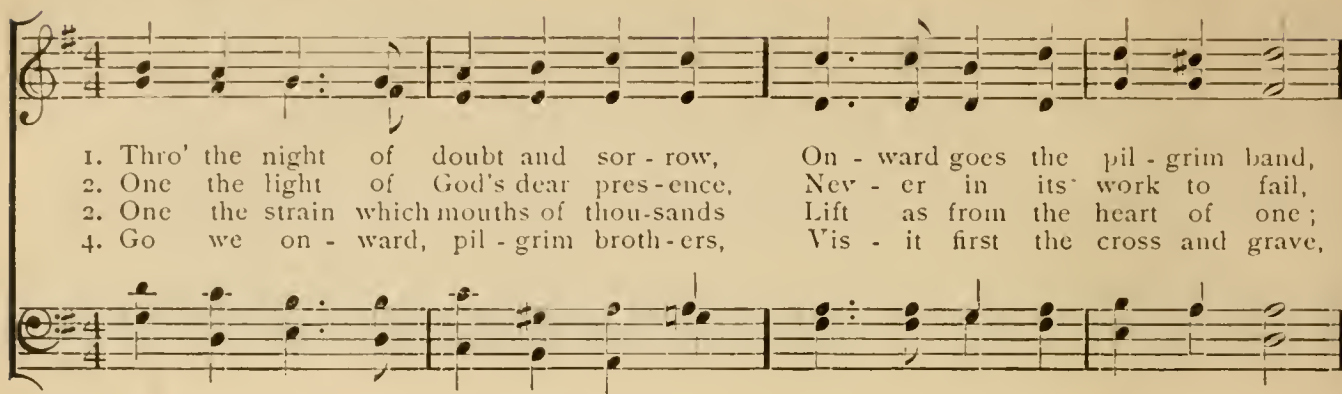


ship of Chris - tian minds Is like to that a - bove.
 hopes, our aims are one ; Our com - forts and our cares.
 for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 Christ, and one in heart, We part to meet a - gain.
 love and friend-ship reign Throughout e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

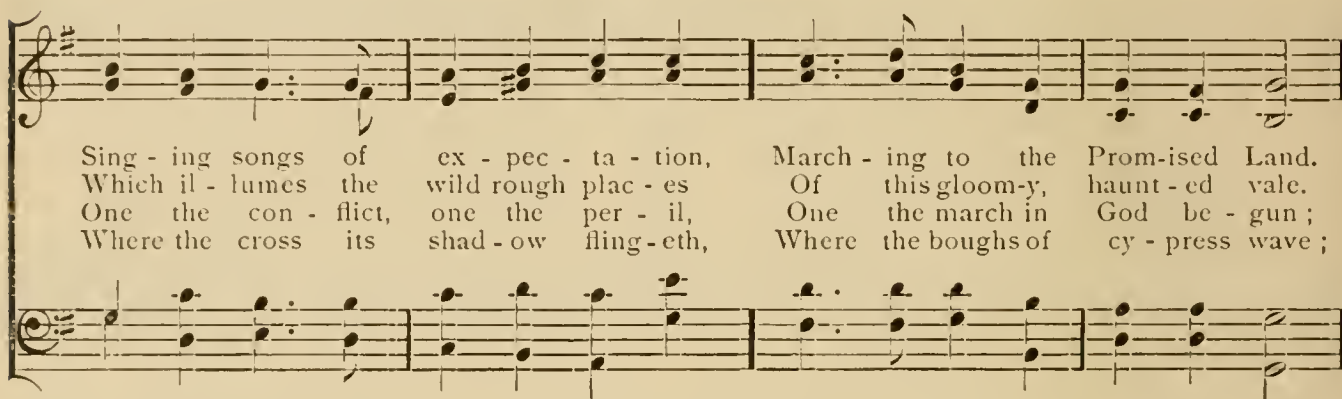
Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

Bernhard Seeverin Ingemann
tr. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould

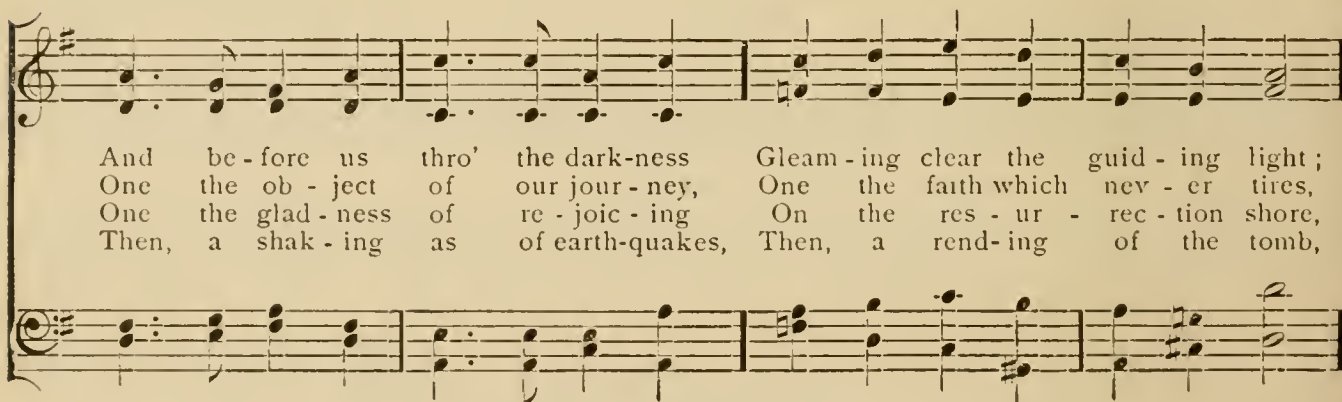
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Mus. D.



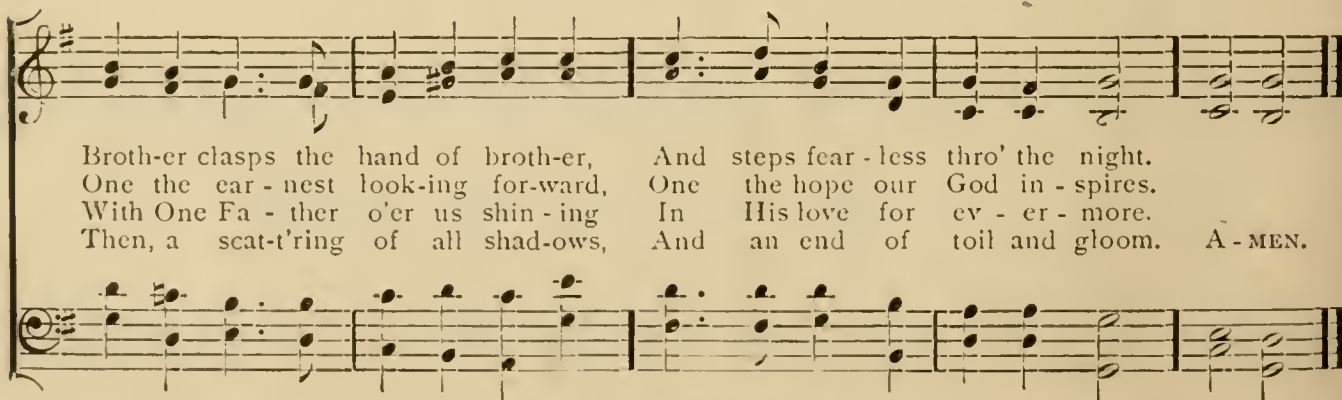
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row, On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
2. One the light of God's dear pres-ence, Nev-er in its work to fail,
2. One the strain which mouths of thou-sands Lift as from the heart of one;
4. Go we on-ward, pil-grim broth-ers, Vis-it first the cross and grave,



Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the Prom-ised Land.
Which il-lumes the wild rough plac-es Of this gloom-y, haunt-ed vale.
One the con-flict, one the per-il, One the march in God be-gun;
Where the cross its shad-ow fling-eth, Where the boughs of cy-press wave;



And be-fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleam-ing clear the guid-ing light;
One the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One the faith which nev-er tires,
One the glad-ness of re-joic-ing On the res-ur-rec-tion shore,
Then, a shak-ing as of earth-quakes, Then, a rend-ing of the tomb,



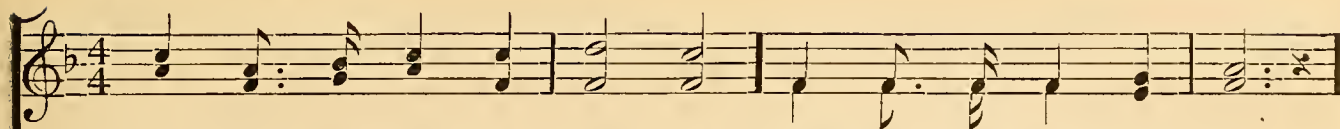
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, And steps fear-less thro' the night.
One the ear-nest look-ing for-ward, One the hope our God in-spires.
With One Fa-ther o'er us shin-ing In His love for ev-er more.
Then, a scat-t'ring of all shad-ows, And an end of toil and gloom. A-MEN.

Work, for the Night is coming

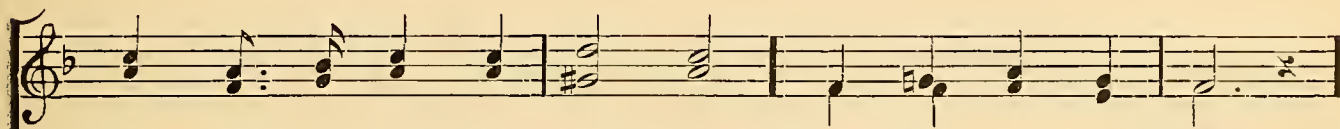
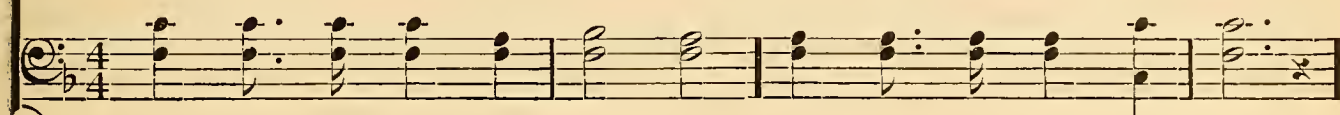
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Annie L. Walker, 1860

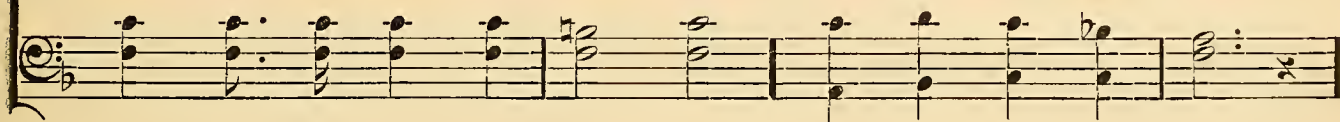
Lowell Mason



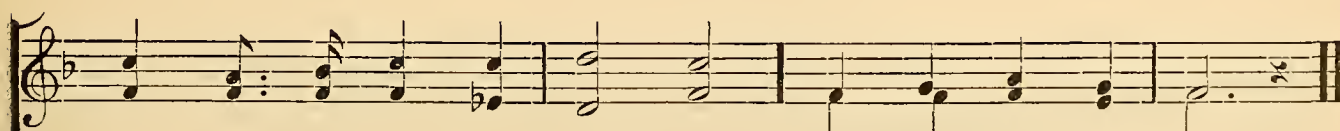
1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work, thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work, thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



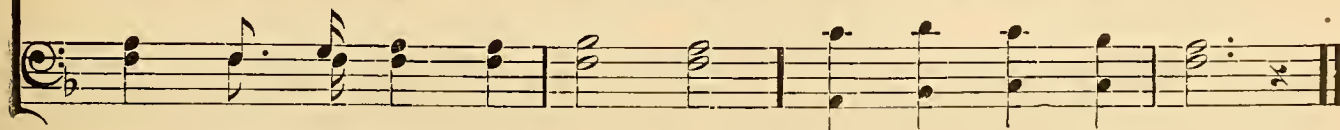
Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, - Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.



Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work, in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.



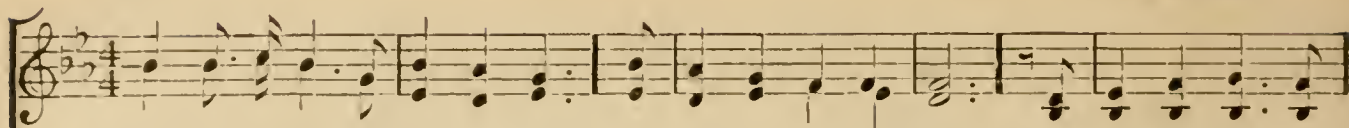
Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

UNITY AND WORK

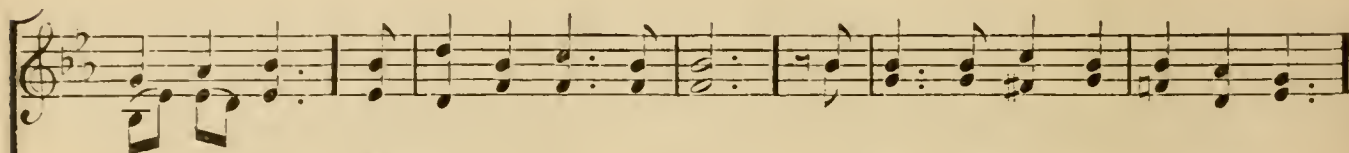
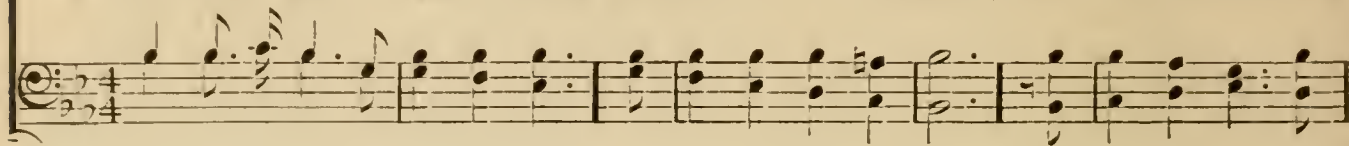
Christians, awake! the Trumpet calls

S. B.

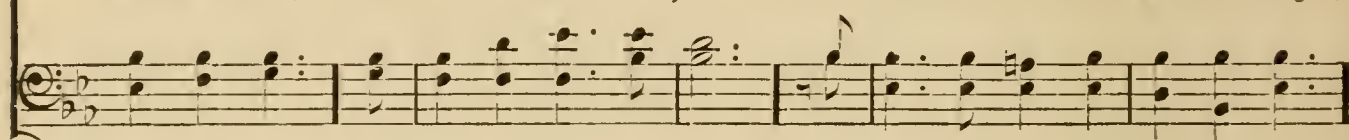
S. M. Bixby



1. Christians, awake! the trumpet calls! It ech-oes far and near; The prince of darkness
2. Gird on the sword, let banners wave! With faith di-vine our shield; The cross of Christ, our



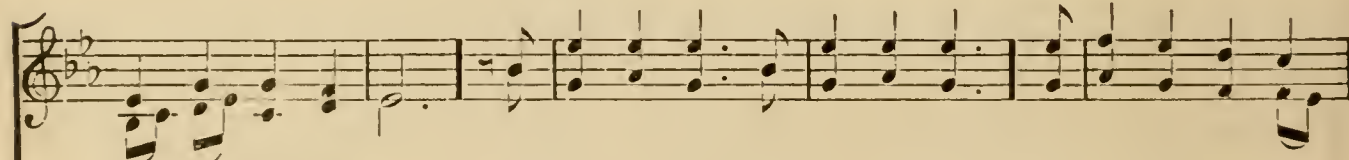
and his hosts Against our ranks ap-pear! But we can trust our Captain's fame,
watchword be, Our mot-to, "Nev-er yield!" Then buck-le on the ar-mor bright,



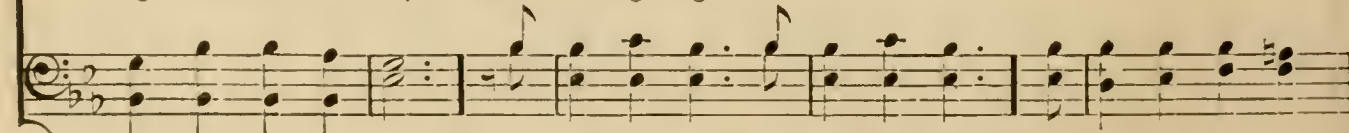
He'll give us strength to win;.. Then let us march in Je-sus' name, A -
Our Captain's word o-bey,— And seek the thick-est of the fight, For .



REFRAIN.



gainst the hosts of sin! With courage high, march boldly on! Now let the fight be -
right shall win the day! With courage high, etc.



gin!.. For we shall gain the vic - to - ry.. O'er all the pow'rs of sin.

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Stand up! Stand up for Jesus

G. Duffield

G. J. Webb

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A -

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst un-num-bered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

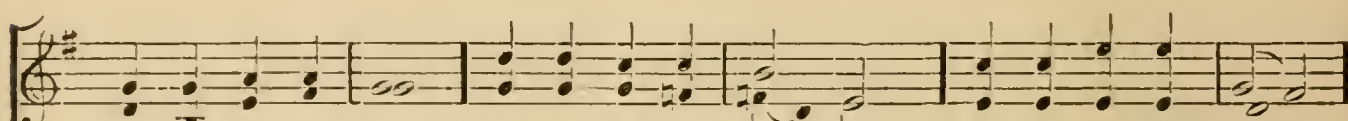
Forward! be our Watchword

Henry Alford, 1865

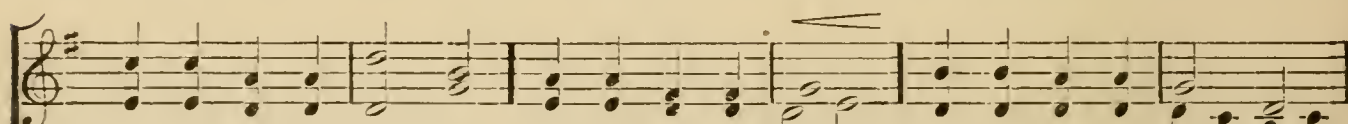
F. J. Haydn



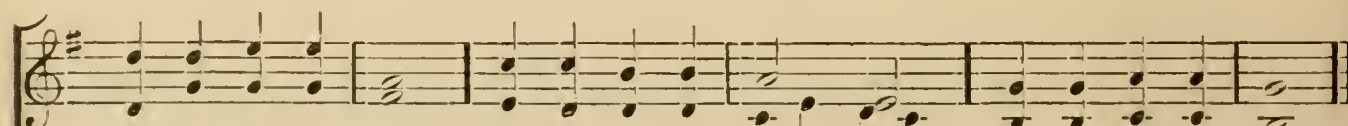
1. For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voic-es joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
 2. For-ward, when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All thro' youth and man-hood,
 3. Far o'er yon ho-ri-zon Rise the cit-y towers, Where our God a-bid-eth;



Not a look be-hind; Burns the fie-ry pil-lar At our ar-my's head;
 Not a thought be-hind: Speed thro' realms of na-ture, Climb the steeps of grace;
 That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jas-per, Shine the gates with gold:



Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,
 Faint not, till in glo-ry Gleams our Fa-ther's face. For-ward, all the life-time,
 Flows the glad'ning riv-er Shed-ding joys un-told: Weak are earth-ly prais-es,



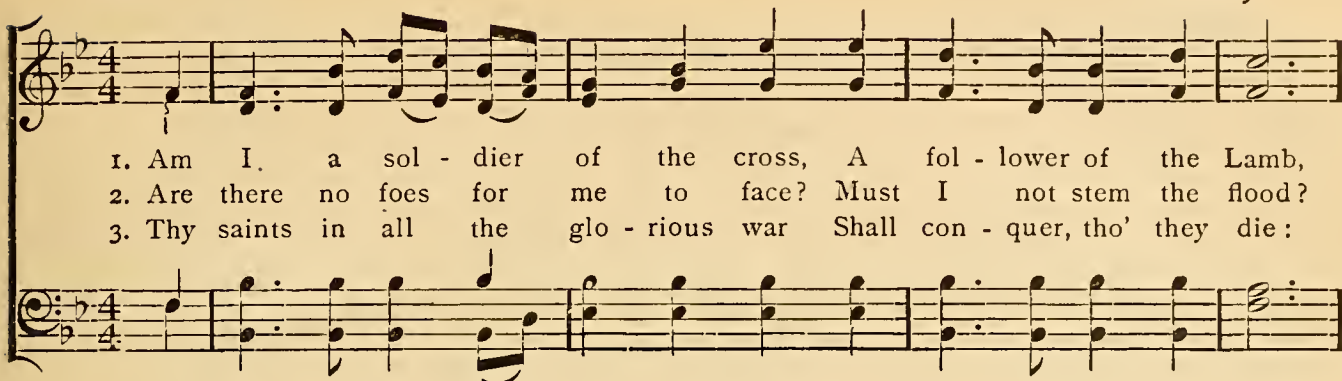
Thro' the toil and fight: Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Zi-on beams with light.
 Climb from height to height: Till the head be hoar-y, Till the eve be light.
 Dull the songs of night: For-ward in-to tri-umph, For-ward in-to light.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross

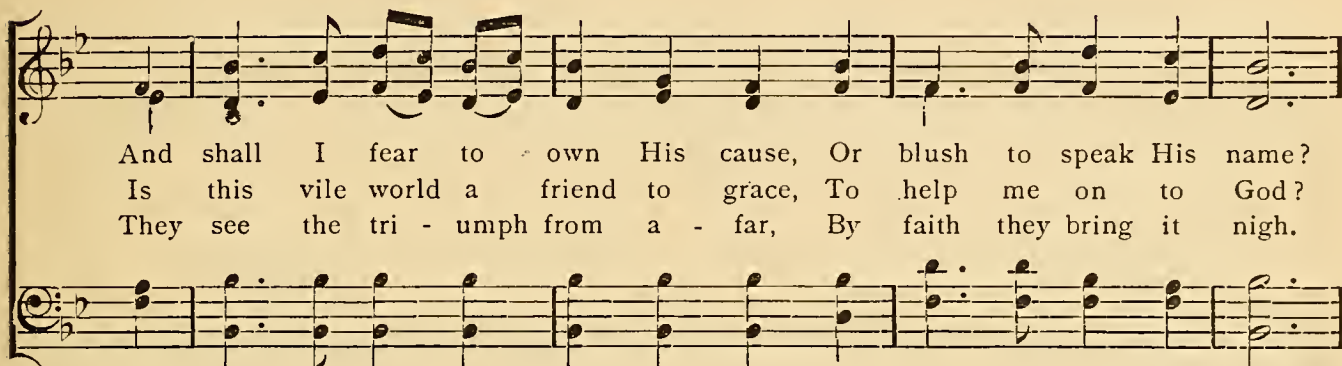
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Isaac Watts

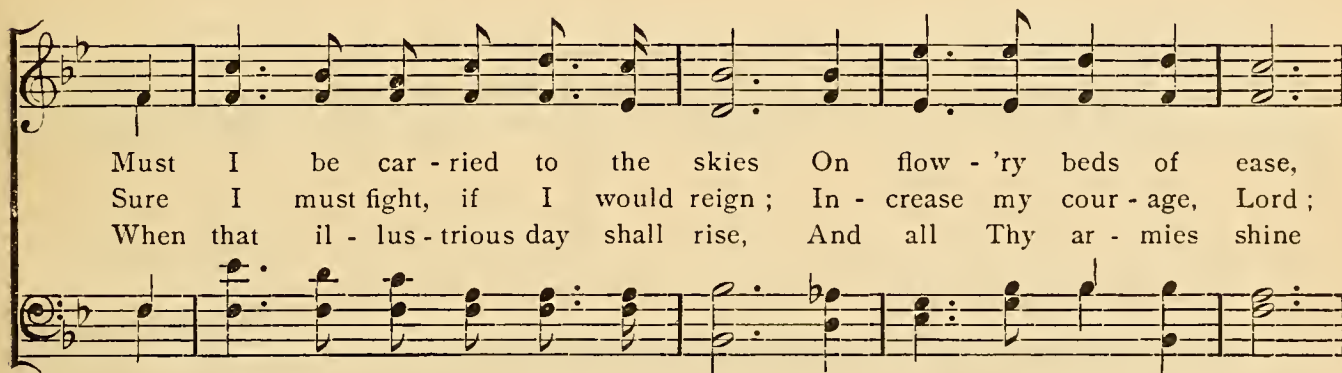
S. M. Bixby



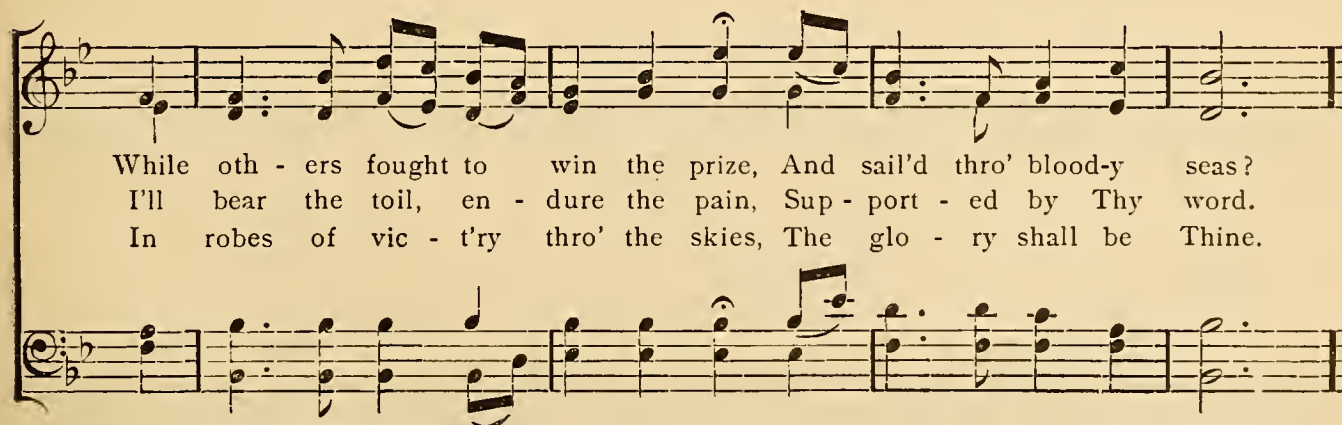
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints in all the glo - rious war Shall con - quer, tho' they die:



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.



Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine



While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

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UNITY AND WORK

Ye Soldiers of the Lord, arise

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

Frank N. Shepperd, 1892

With accent. >

1. Ye sol-diers of the Lord, a - rise! The trum-pet calls you from the skies;
 2. Put on the ar - mor of your Lord! His ho - ly word your might-y sword;
 3. O soldiers, haste to meet the foe! With loy - al zeal to bat - tle go!

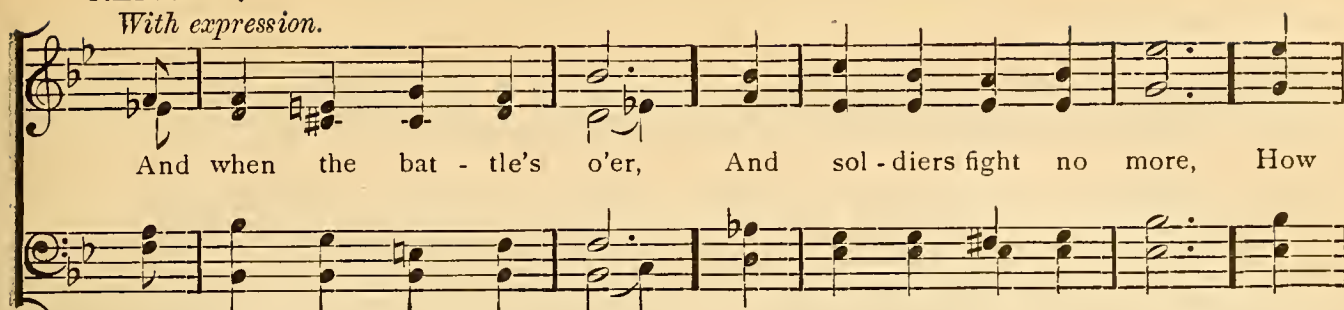
Be strong in God, and in His might Go forth the e - vil host to fight!
 Let faith's tried shield turn ev - 'ry dart, And prayer and watch-ing guard your heart.
 Your Cap-tain calls you to His side, He waits your ea - ger steps to guide.

For see, they gath - er far and near, Their mock-ing bu - gle - call we hear—
 Your breast-plate on, and sword in hand, A - gainst the wiles of Sa - tan stand,
 His strength will help you on the field, Till ev - 'ry en - e - my shall yield;

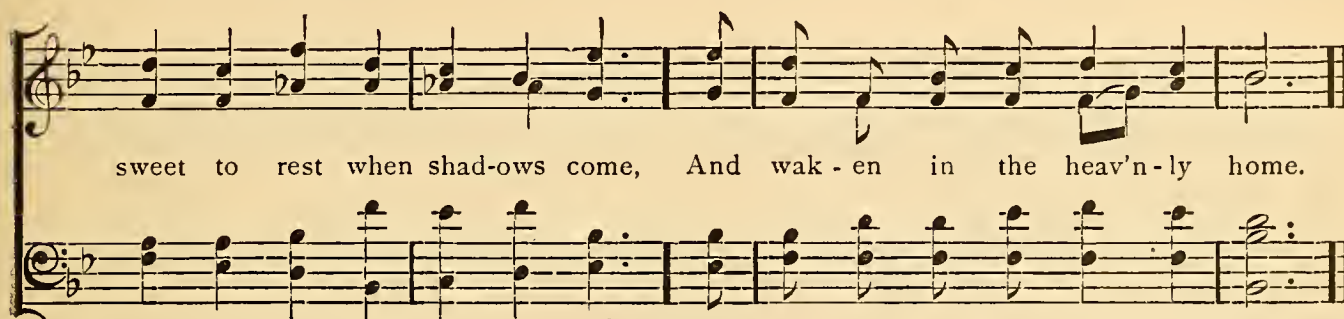
A - rise, and meet the pow'rs of sin, And in God's name the bat - tle win!
 That in the end, when all is done, You may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone.
 And, when the vic - to - ry is won, His voice will say, "Well done! well done!"

REFRAIN.

With expression.



And when the bat - tle's o'er, And sol - diers fight no more, How



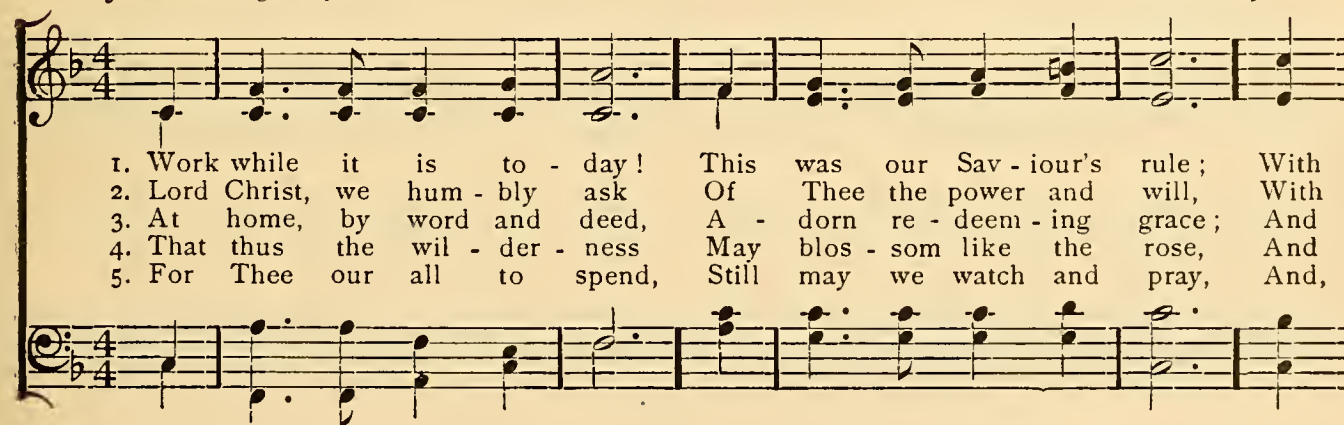
sweet to rest when shad-ows come, And wak - en in the heav'n - ly home.

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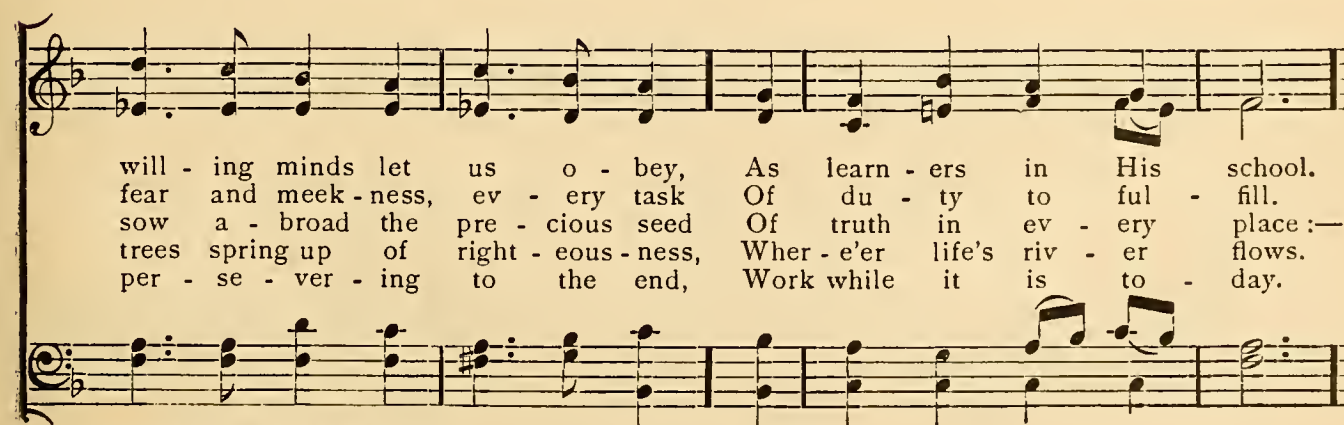
Work while it is To-day

James Montgomery

S. M. Bixby



1. Work while it is to - day ! This was our Sav - iour's rule ; With
 2. Lord Christ, we hum - bly ask Of Thee the power and will, With
 3. At home, by word and deed, A - dorn re - deem - ing grace ; And
 4. That thus the wil - der - ness May blos - som like the rose, And
 5. For Thee our all to spend, Still may we watch and pray, And,



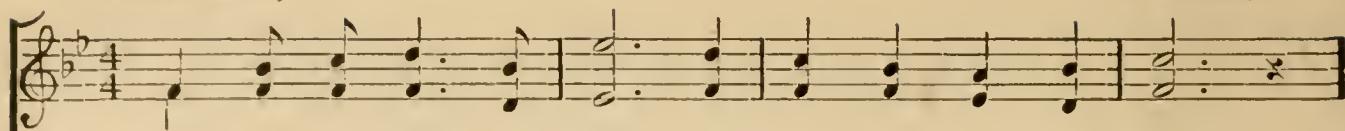
will - ing minds let us o - bey, As learn - ers in His school.
 fear and meek - ness, ev - ery task Of du - ty to ful - fill.
 sow a - broad the pre - cious seed Of truth in ev - ery place :—
 trees spring up of right - eous - ness, Wher - e'er life's riv - er flows.
 per - se - ver - ing to the end, Work while it is to - day.

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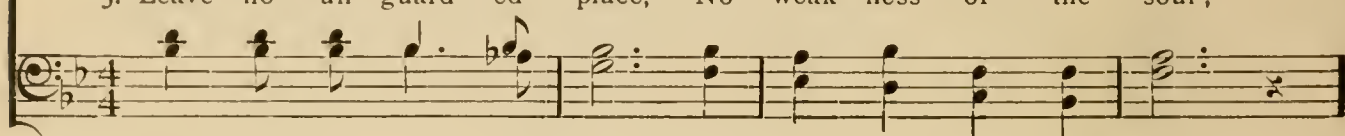
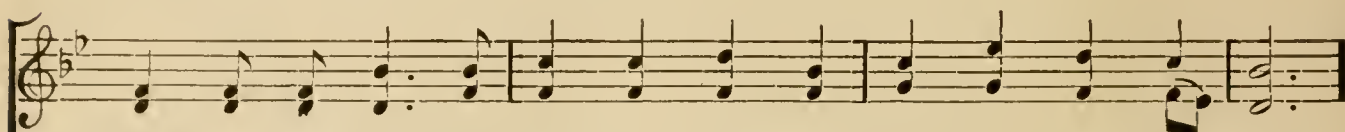
Soldiers of Christ, arise

Charles Wesley

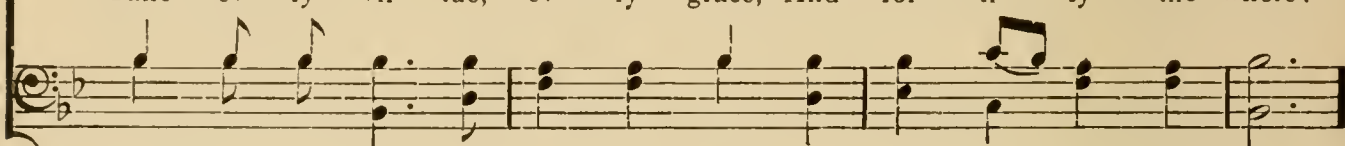
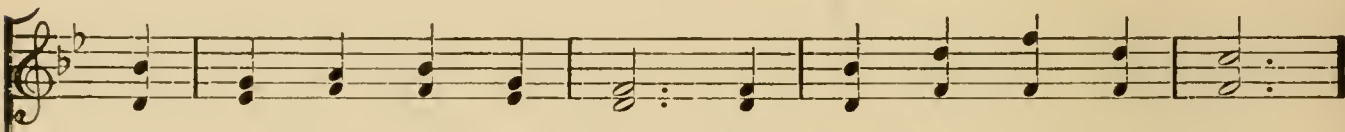
S. M. Bixby




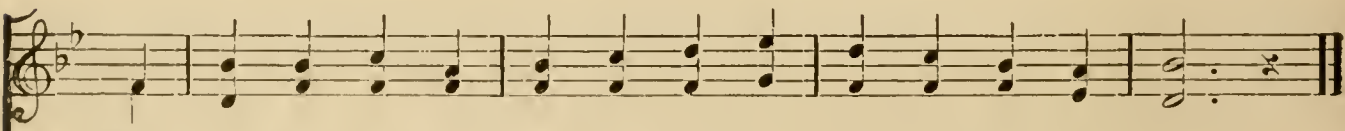
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
 2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued ;
 3. Leave no un - guard - ed place, No weak - ness of the soul ;


Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God :
 Take ev - 'ry vir - tue, ev - 'ry grace, And for - ti - fy the whole :

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
 That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts pass'd,
 In - dis - so - lu - bly join'd, To bat - tle all pro - ceed ;

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 Ye may o'er - come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
 But arm your-selves with all the mind That was in Christ, your Head.

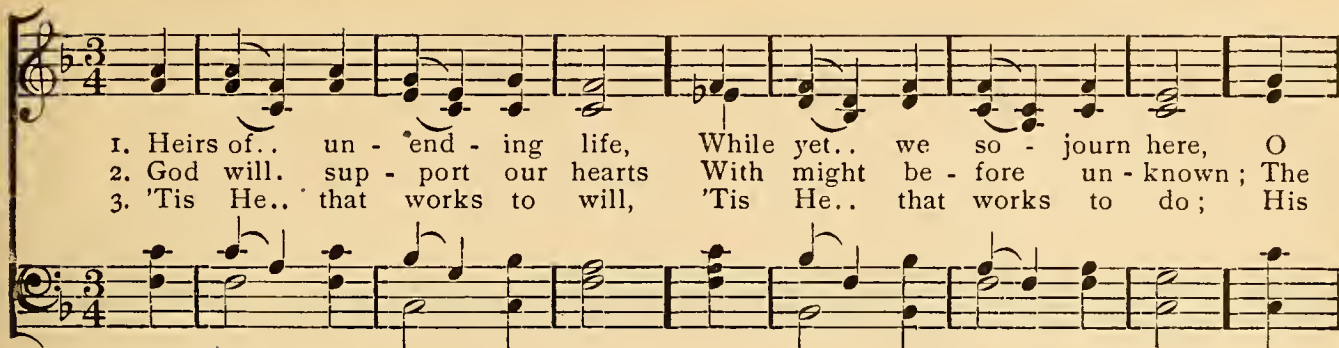


Heirs of unending Life

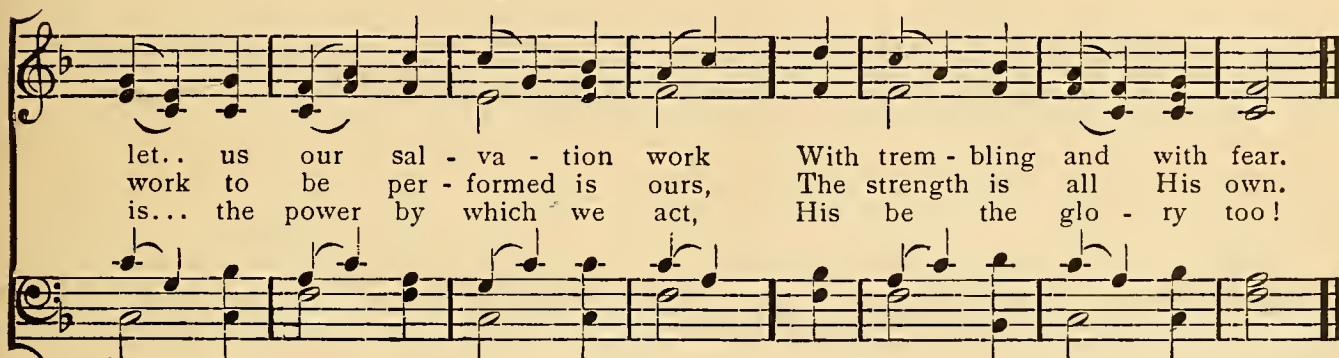
235

B. Beddome, 1795

H. G. Nägeli



1. Heirs of.. un - end - ing life, While yet.. we so - journ here, O
 2. God will. sup - port our hearts With might be - fore un - known; The
 3. 'Tis He.. that works to will, 'Tis He.. that works to do; His

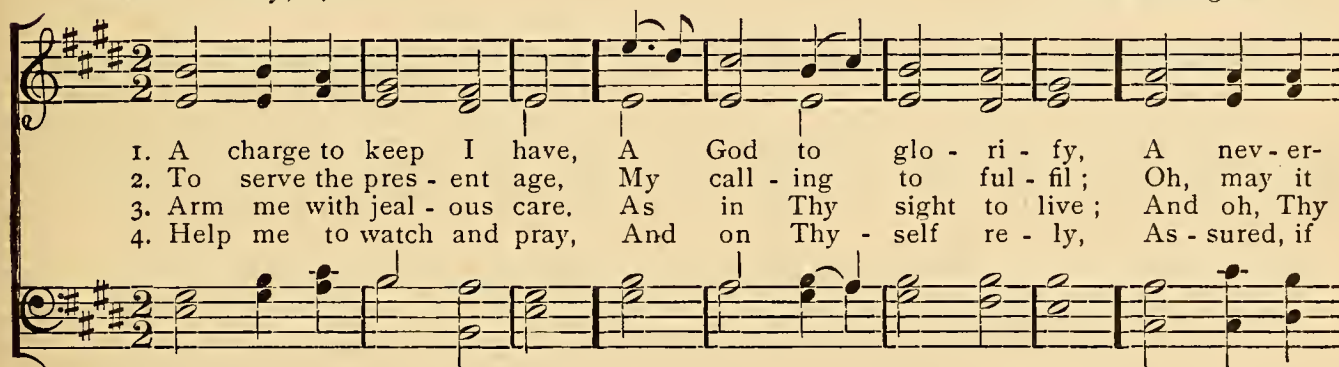


let.. us our sal - va - tion work With trem - bling and with fear.
 work to be per - formed is ours, The strength is all His own.
 is... the power by which we act, His be the glo - ry too!

A Charge to Keep I Have

Rev. C. Wesley, 1762

Lord Mornington



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er -
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil; Oh, may it
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live; And oh, Thy
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly, As - sured, if



dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
 serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die. A - MEN.

UNITY AND WORK

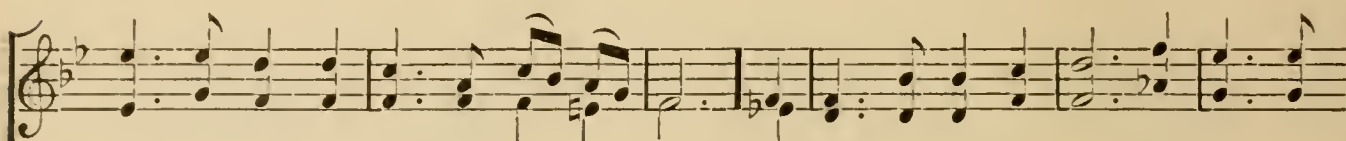
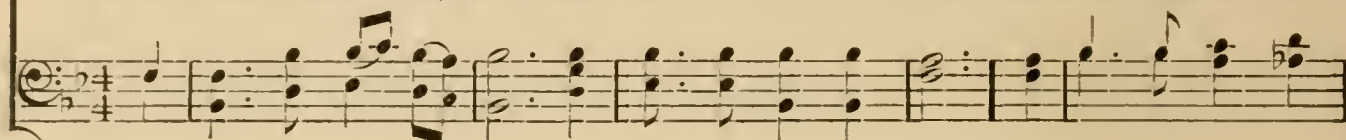
My Soul, be on thy Guard

George Heath

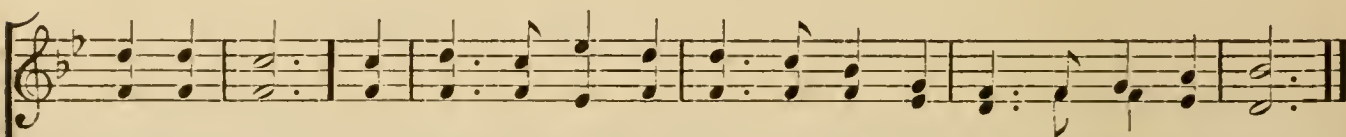
S. M. Bixby



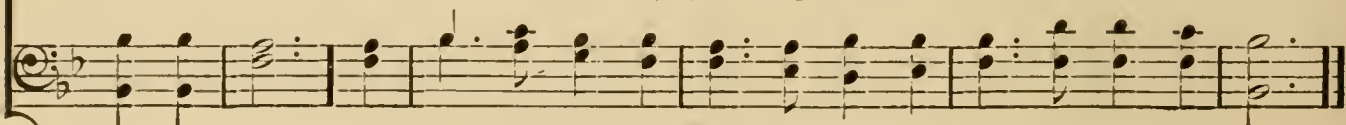
1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are
2. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down: The work of faith will



- press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle
not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee



- ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

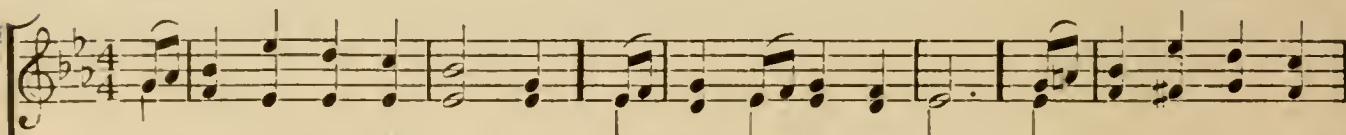


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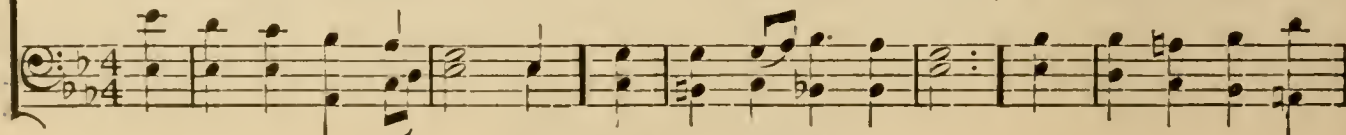
To Thee, my God and Saviour

Thomas Haweis

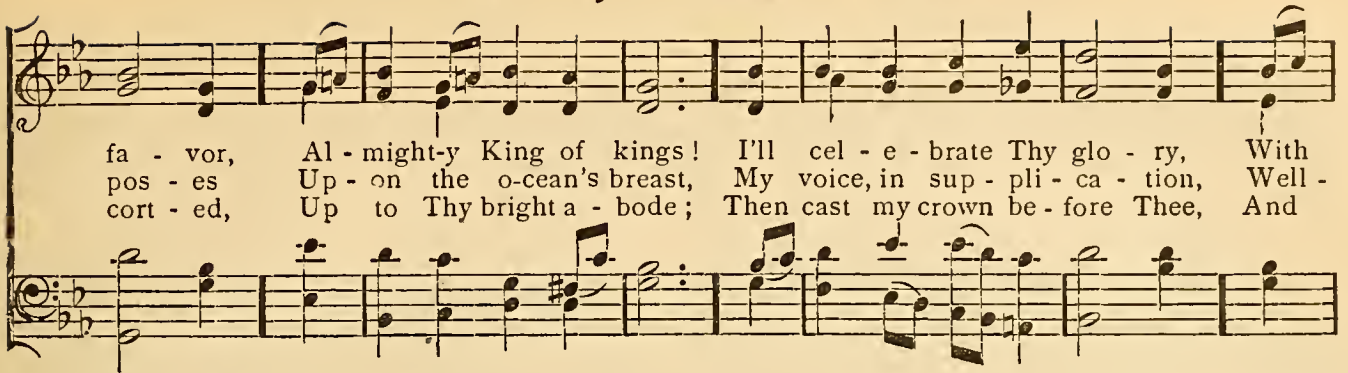
B. Tours



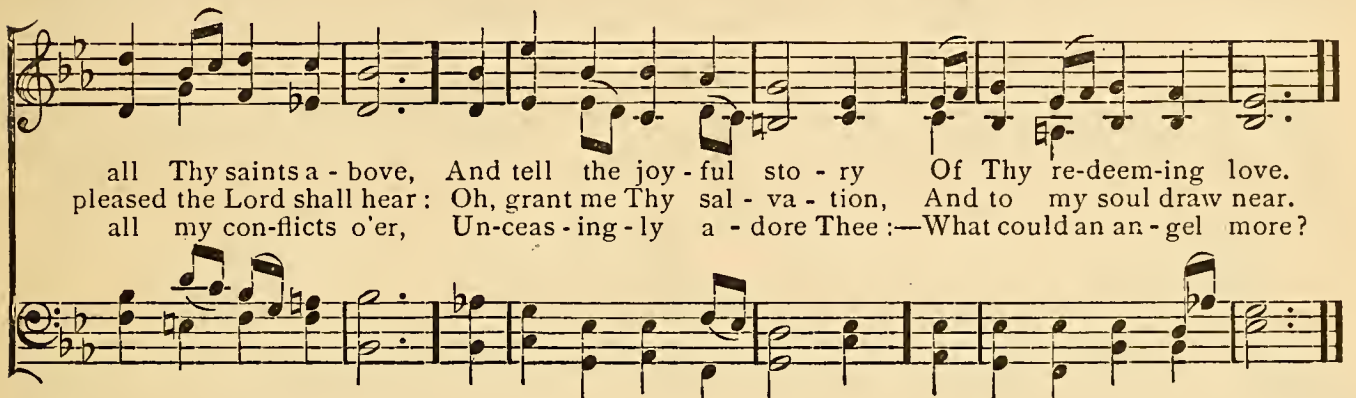
1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour! My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic - ing in Thy
2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -
3. By Thee, thro' life sup - port - ed, I'll pass the dang'rous road, With heav'n - ly hosts es -



UNITY AND WORK



fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings! I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With
pos - es Up - on the o - cean's breast, My voice, in sup - pli - ca - tion, Well -
cort - ed, Up to Thy bright a - bode; Then cast my crown be - fore Thee, And

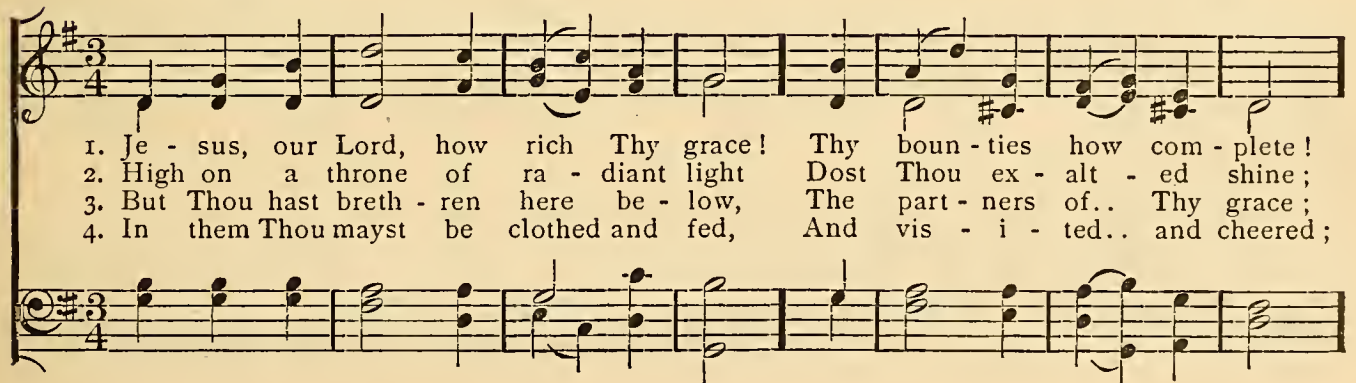


all Thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love.
pleased the Lord shall hear: Oh, grant me Thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.
all my con - flicts o'er, Un - ceas - ing - ly a - dore Thee:—What could an an - gel more?

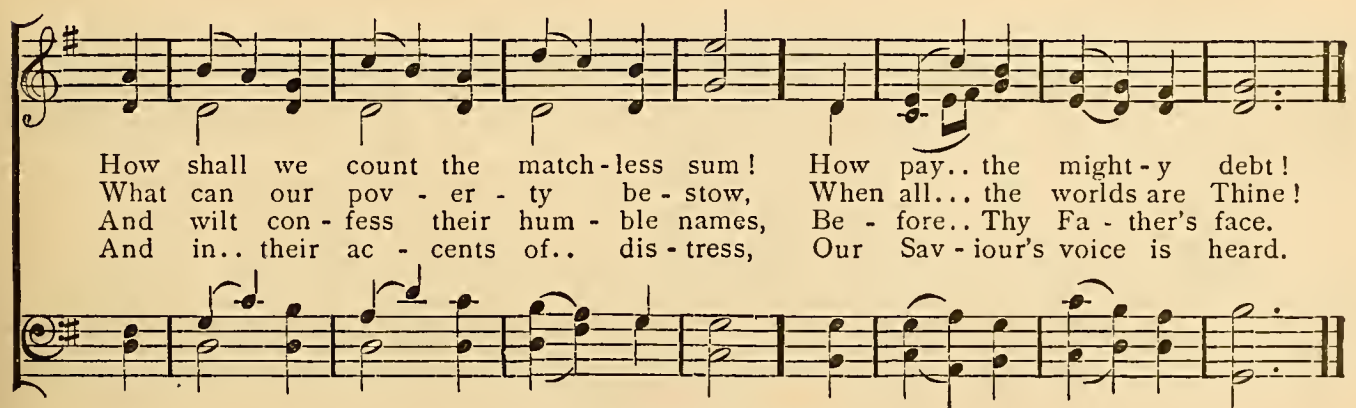
Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy Grace

Philip Doddridge

T. Haweis



1. Je - sus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace! Thy boun - ties how com - plete!
2. High on a throne of ra - diant light Dost Thou ex - alt - ed shine;
3. But Thou hast breth - ren here be - low, The part - ners of.. Thy grace;
4. In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed, And vis - i - ted.. and cheered;

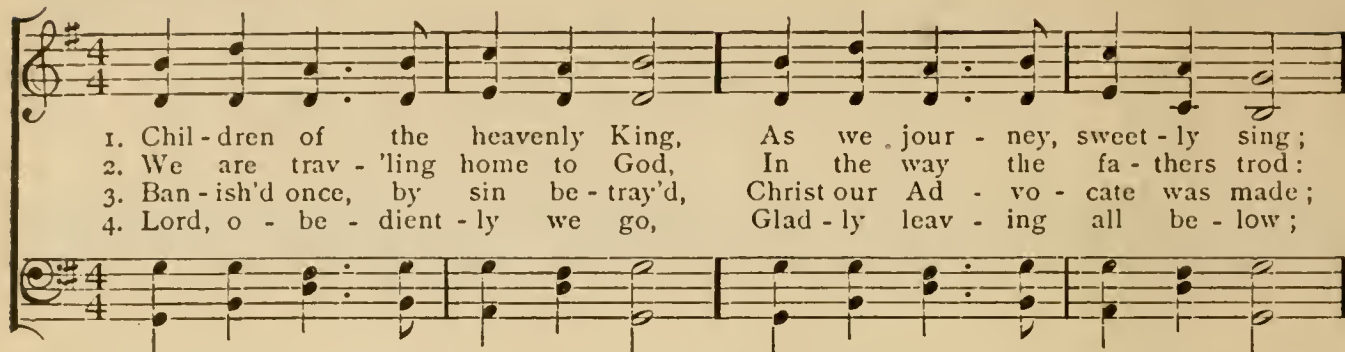


How shall we count the match - less sum! How pay.. the might - y debt!
What can our pov - er - ty be - stow, When all... the worlds are Thine!
And wilt con - fess their hum - ble names, Be - fore.. Thy Fa - ther's face.
And in.. their ac - cents of.. dis - tress, Our Sav - iour's voice is heard.

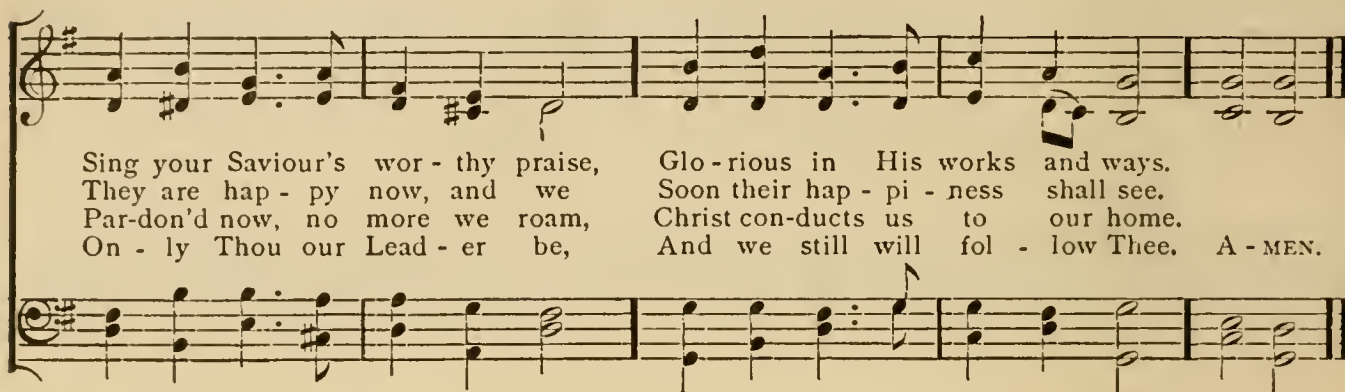
Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick, 1742

Ignace Pleyel, 1790



1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing ;
 2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod :
 3. Ban - ish'd once, by sin be - tray'd, Christ our Ad - vo - cate was made ;
 4. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low ;

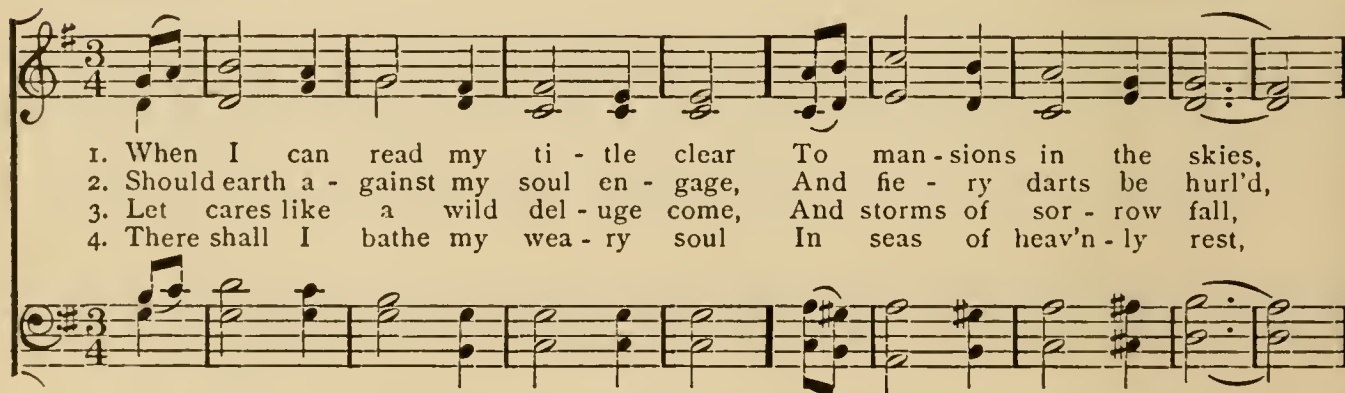


Sing your Saviour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 Par - don'd now, no more we roam, Christ con - ducts us to our home.
 On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

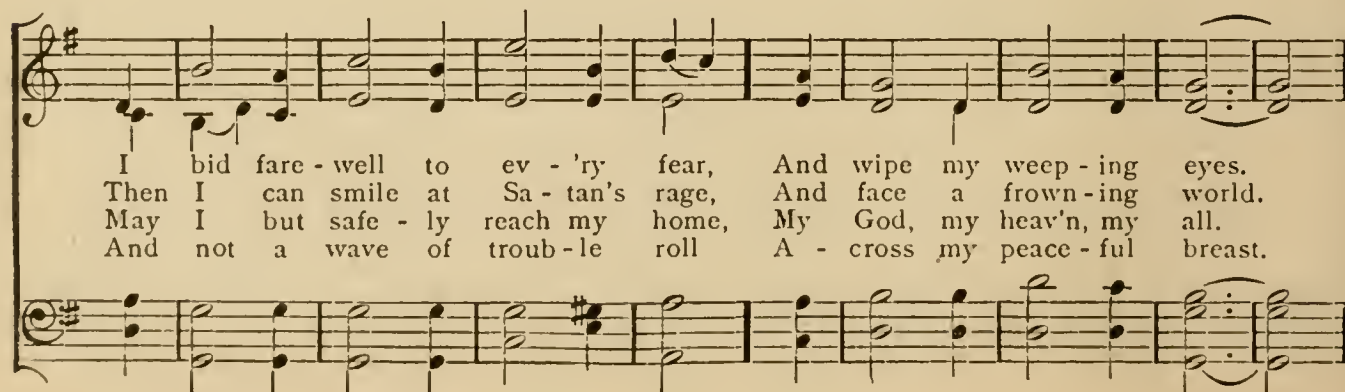
When I can Read my Title Clear

Dr. Watts

From Rossini



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,
 3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
 4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,



I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings

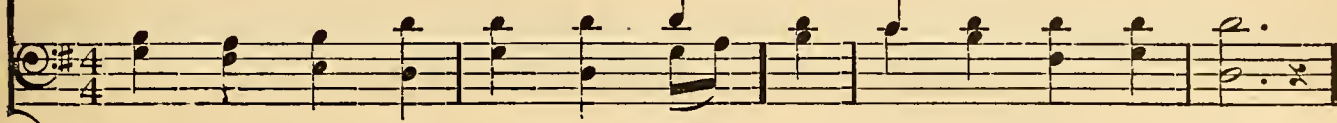
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R. Seagrave, 1742

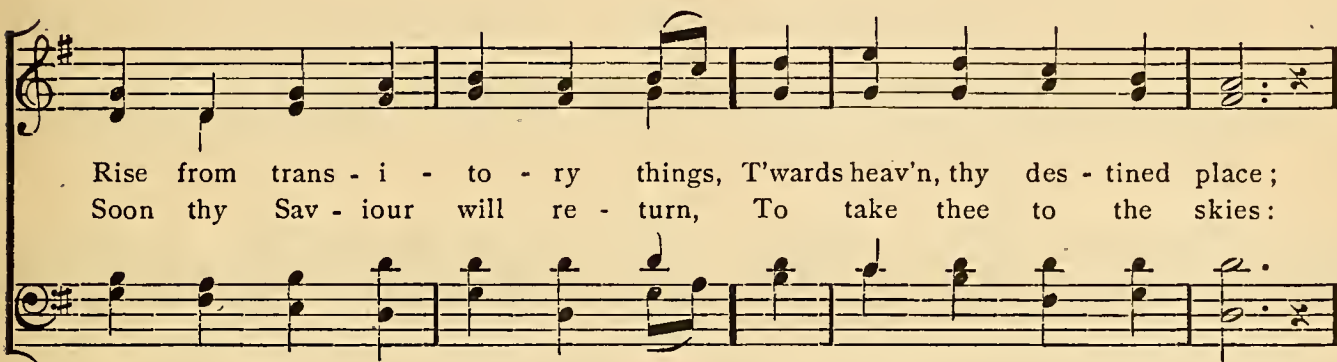
Dr. Nares



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;



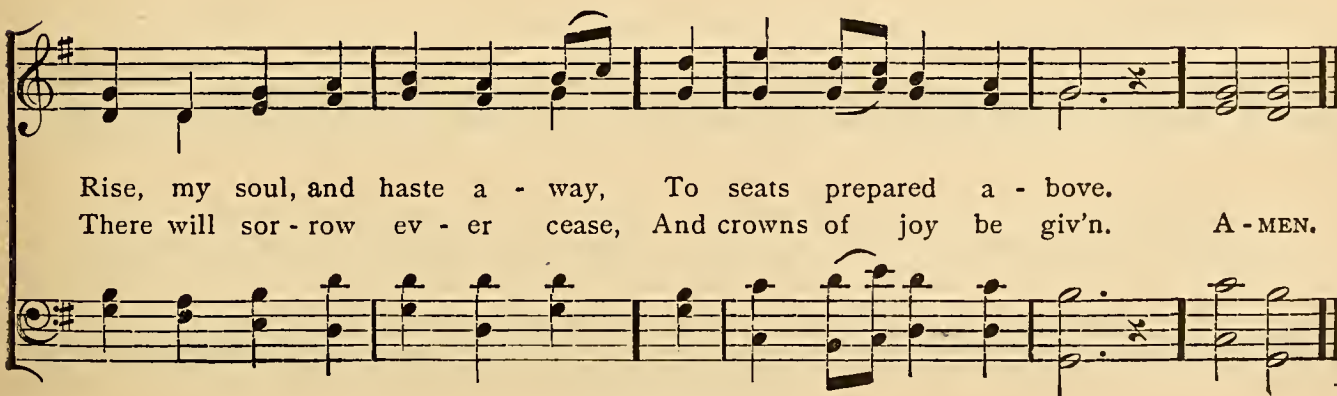
Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, T'wards heav'n, thy des - tined place;
Soon thy Sav - iour will re - turn, To take thee to the skies:



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move:
There is ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heav'n;



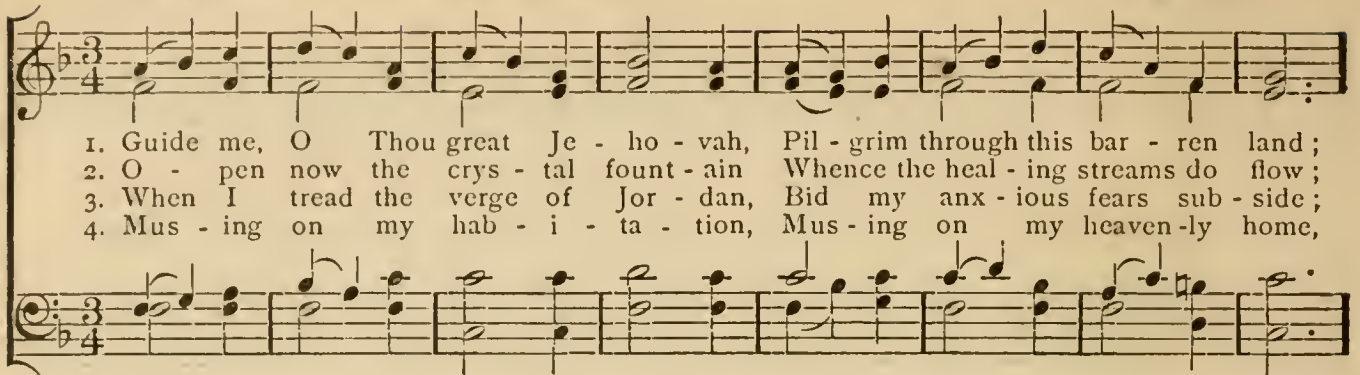
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.
There will sor - row ev - er cease, And crowns of joy be giv'n. A - MEN.



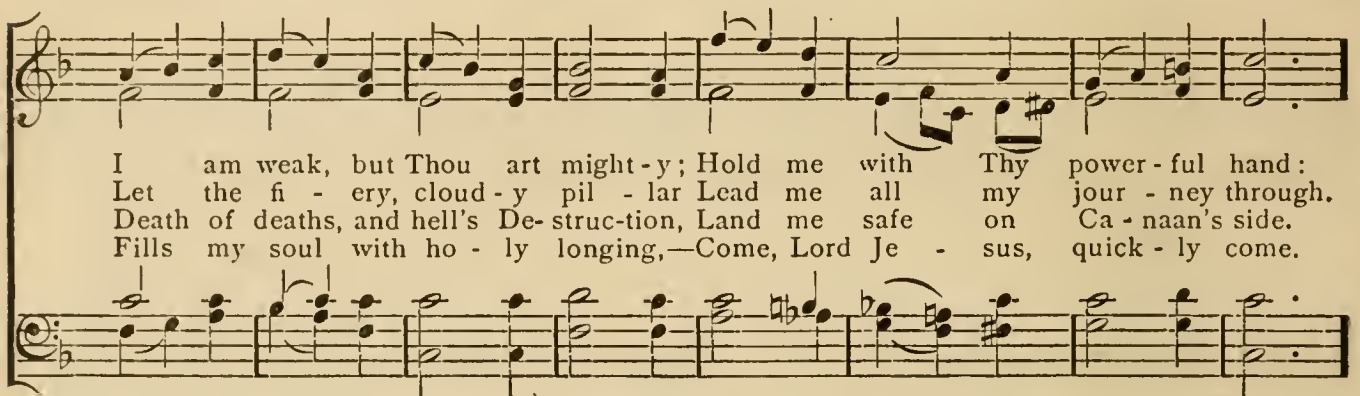
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Peter Williams, 1771. William Williams, 1773

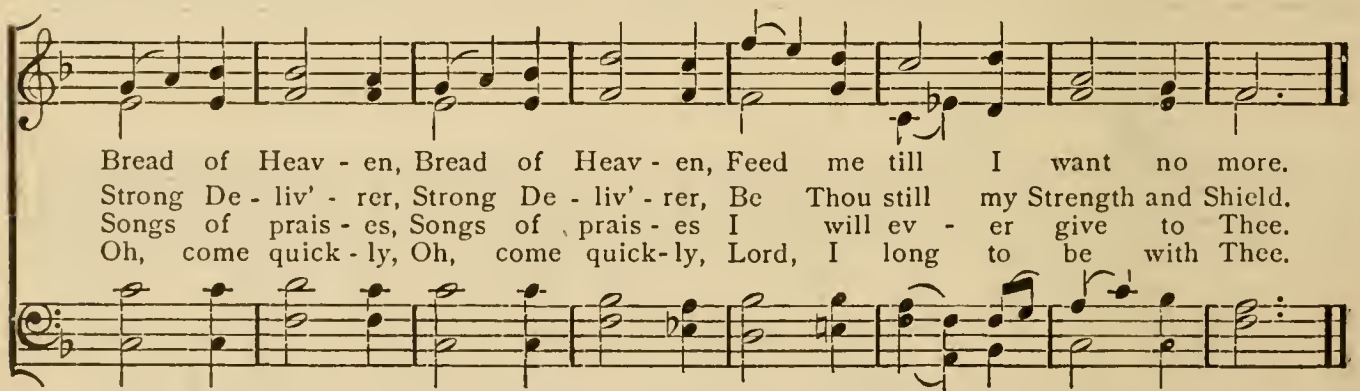
S. M. Bixby



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land ;
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain Whence the heal - ing streams do flow ;
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side ;
 4. Mus - ing on my hab - i - ta - tion, Mus - ing on my heav - en - ly home,



I am weak, but Thou art might - y ; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand :
 Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through.
 Death of deaths, and hell's De - struc - tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.
 Fills my soul with ho - ly long - ing, — Come, Lord Je - sus, quick - ly come.



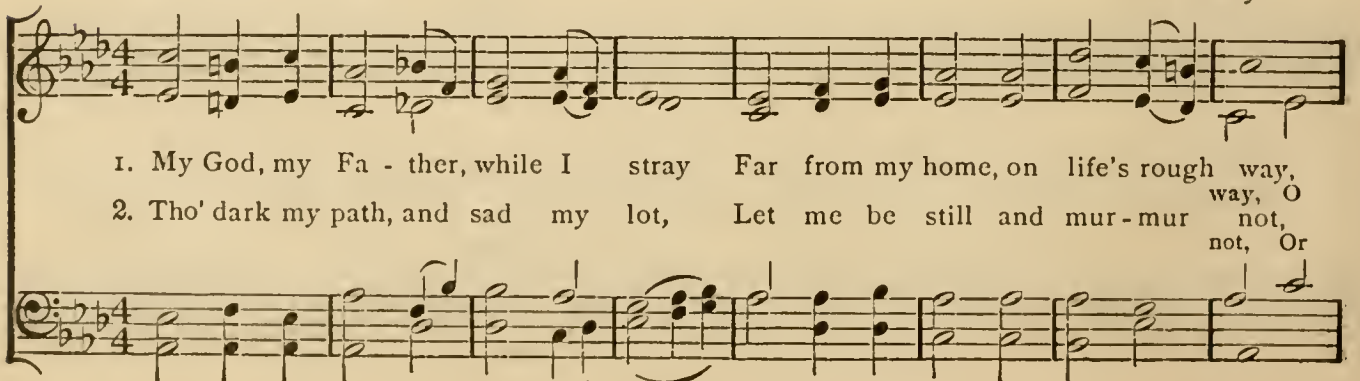
Bread of Heav - en, Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv' - rer, Strong De - liv' - rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.
 Oh, come quick - ly, Oh, come quick - ly, Lord, I long to be with Thee.

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My God, my Father, while I stray

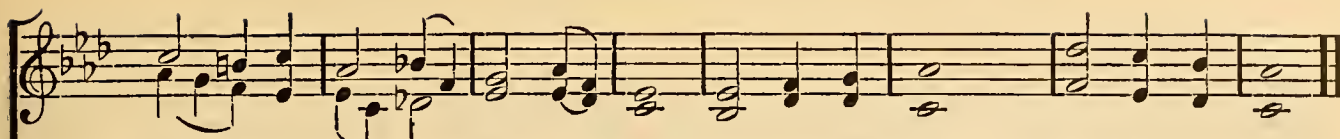
Charlotte Elliott, 1834

S. M. Bixby

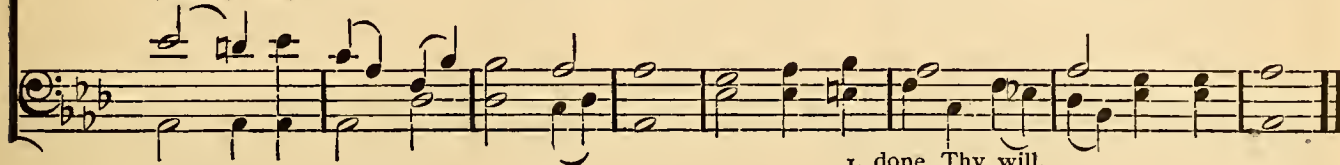


1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur way, O
 not, Or
 not, Or

PILGRIMAGE



O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"
 teach me
 Or breathe the prayer di-vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"
 breathe the



1. done, Thy will,
 2. done, Thy will,

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine:
 I only yield Thee what is Thine;
 "Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say
 "Thy will be done!"

4 Let but my fainting heart be blest,
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest!
 "Thy will be done!"

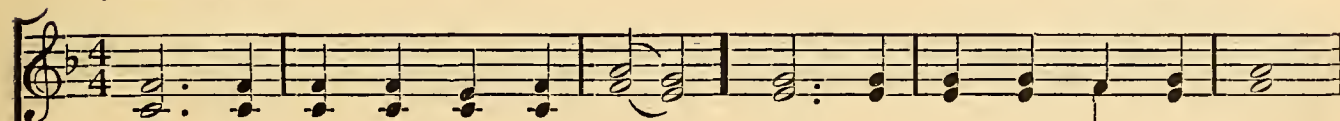
6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

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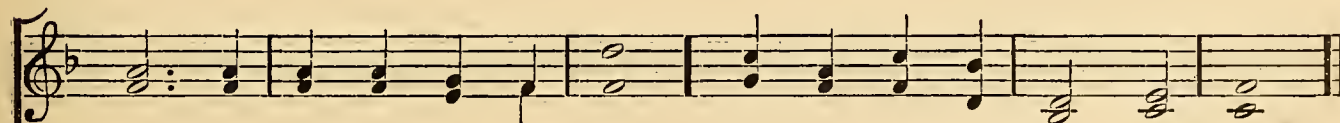
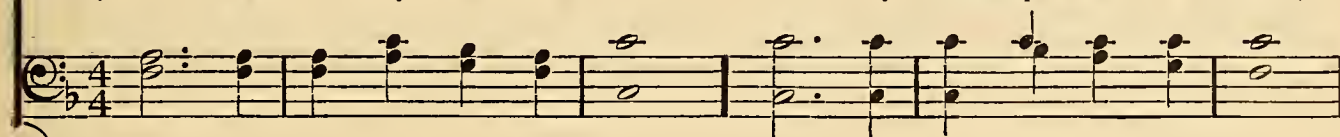
To Thy Pastures fair and large

James Merrick

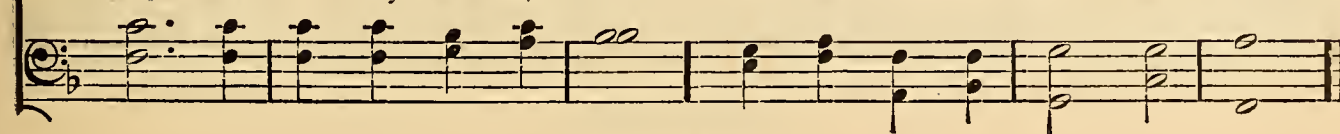
J. G. Bitthauer, 1785



1. To Thy pas-tures fair and large,	Heav'n-ly Shep-herd, lead Thy charge,
2. When I faint with sum-mer's heat,	Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet
3. Safe the drear-y vale I tread,	By the shades of death o'er-spread,
4. Con-stant to my lat-est end,..	Thou my foot-steps shalt at-tend;



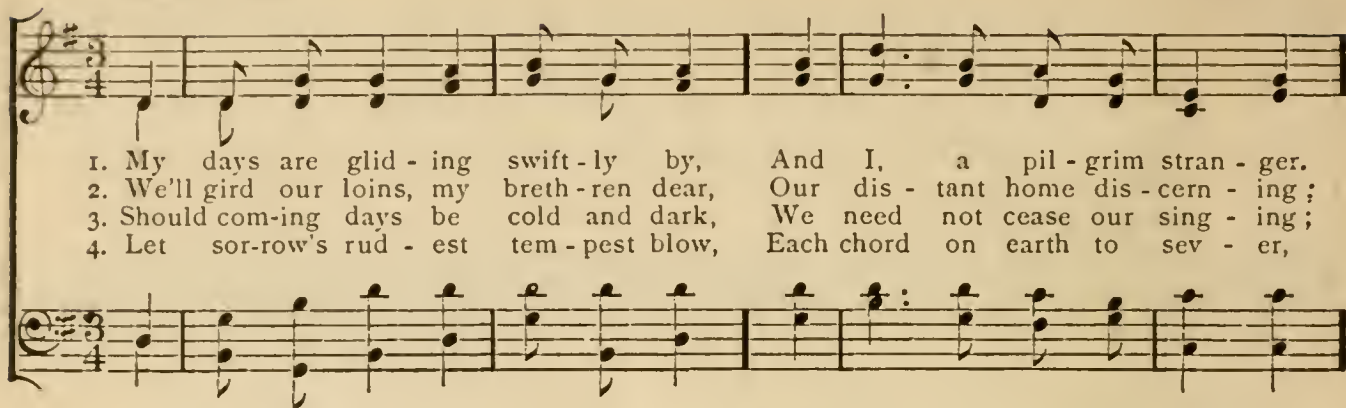
And my couch, with tend'rest care,	'Mid the spring-ing grass pre-pare.
To the streams that, still and slow,	Through the ver-dant mead-ows flow.
With Thy rod and staff sup-plied,	This my guard—and that my guide.
And shalt bid Thy hal-lowed dome	Yield me an e-ter-nal home.



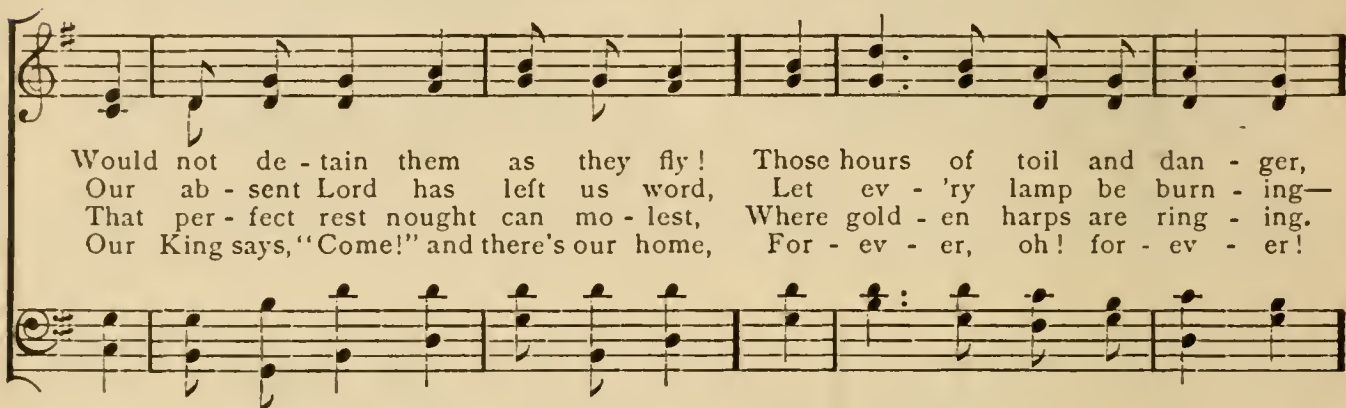
My Days are Gliding Swiftly by

David Nelson

G. F. Root

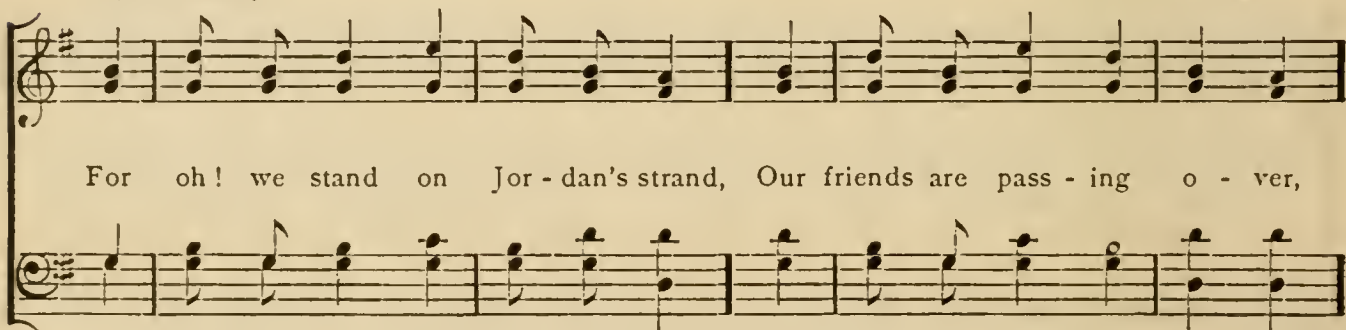


1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger.
 2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;
 3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,

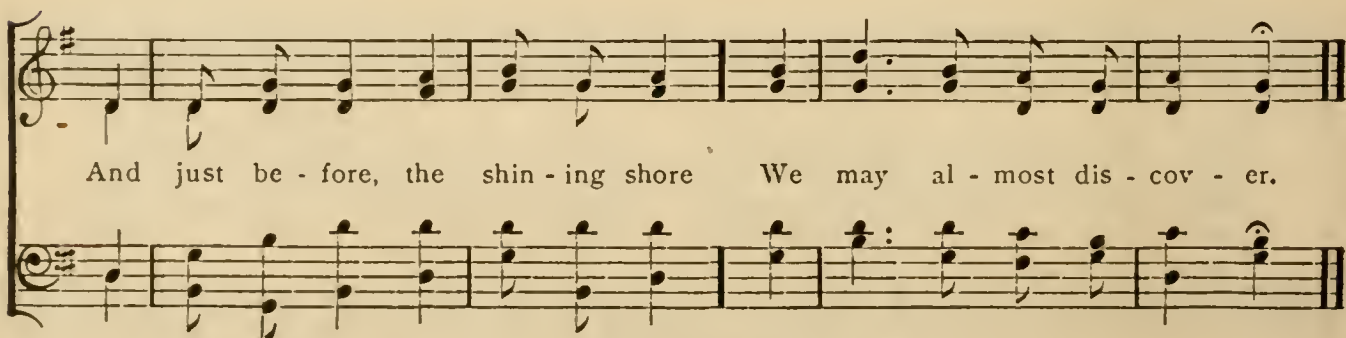


Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger,
 Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing—
 That per - fect rest nought can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for - ev - er!

REFRAIN.



For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,



And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

The Day is gently Sinking to a Close

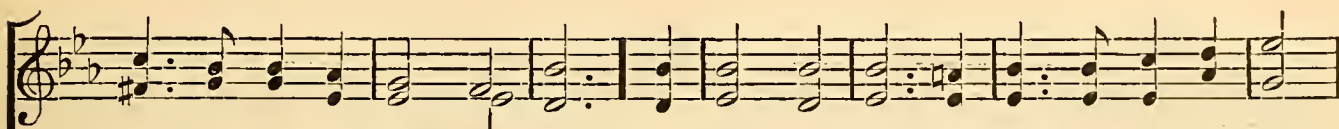
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Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

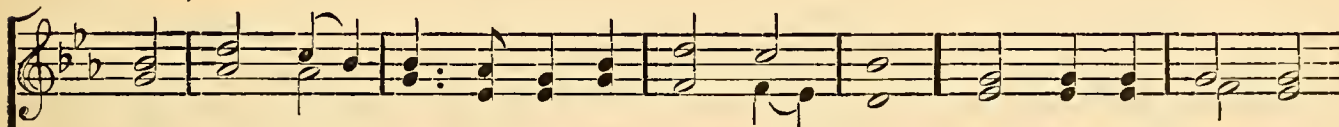
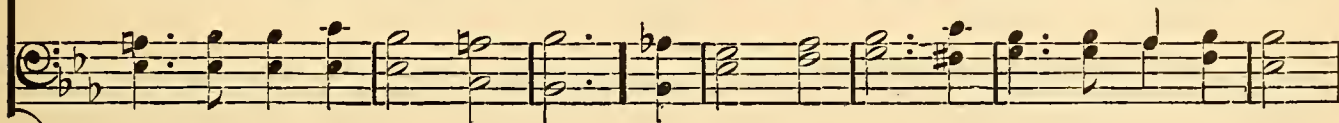
S. M. Bixby



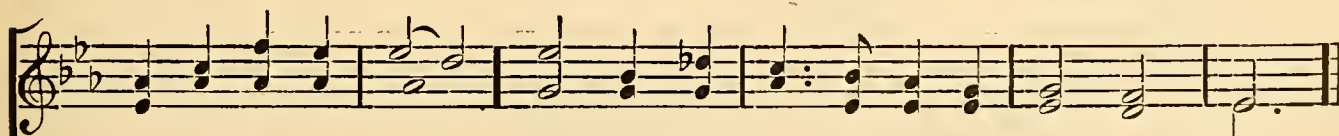
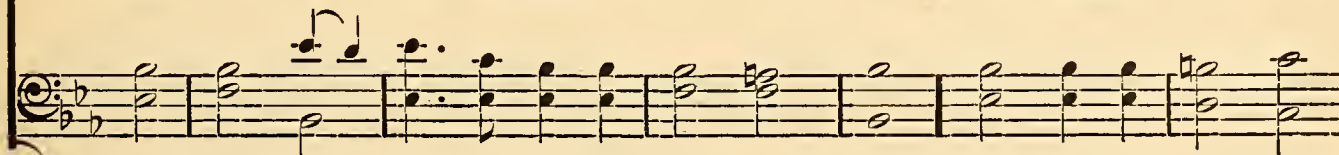
1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and
2. Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end, On - ward to
3. Thou, who in dark - ness walk - ing didst ap - pear Up - on the
4. The wea - ry world is mould'ring to de - cay, Its glo - ries



yet more faint the sun - light glows : O bright-ness of Thy Fa-ther's glo - ry, Thou
dark-ness and to death we tend : O Con-queror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
waves, and Thy dis - ci - ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lone-some days, when storms as-sail,
wane, its page-ants fade a - way ; In that last sun - set when the stars shall fall,



E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now : Where Thou art pres - ent
Be Thou our light in death's dark e - ven - tide ; Then in our mor - tal
And earth - ly hopes and hu - man suc - cors fail : When all is dark may
May we a - rise a - wak-en'd by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for



dark-ness can-not be ; Mid-night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter - ror in the tomb.
we be - hold Thee nigh And hear Thy voice—"Fear not for it is I."
ev - er to a - bide In that blest day which has no e - ven - tide.



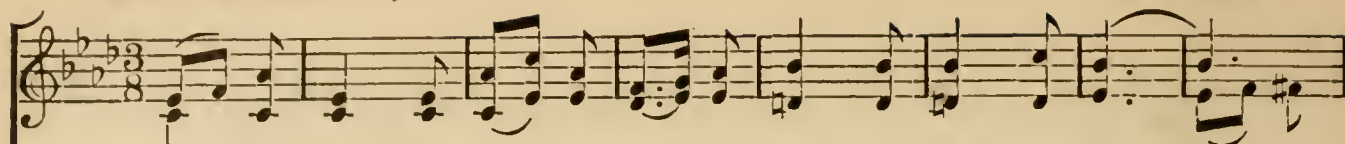
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PILGRIMAGE

Guide Me

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

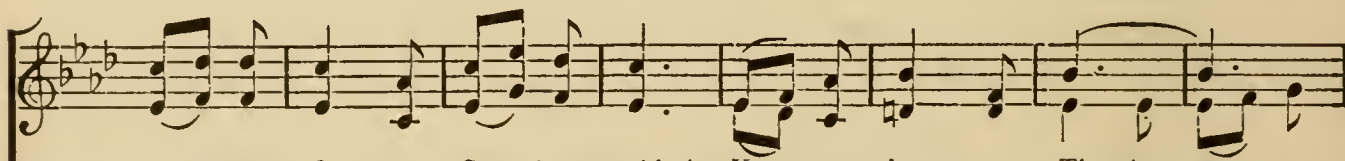
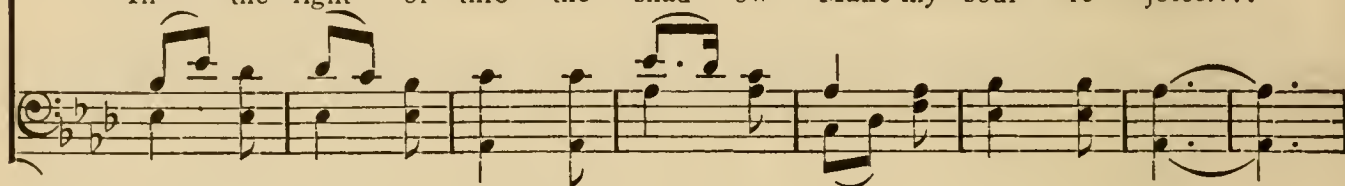
S. M. Bixby



1. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Let me clasp Thy hand!.....
 2. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Hold my way - ward heart,.....
 3. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Let me hear Thy voice,.....
1. Choose Thou,
 2. Clasp me,
 3. Guide me,

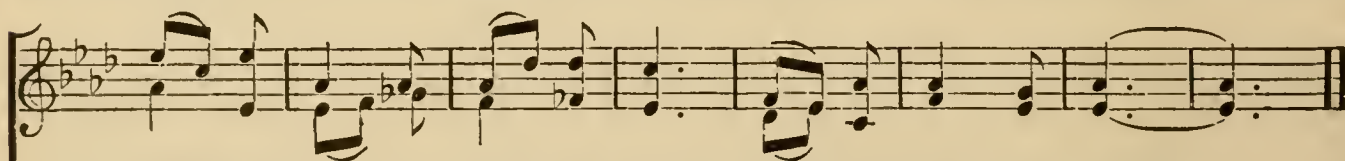
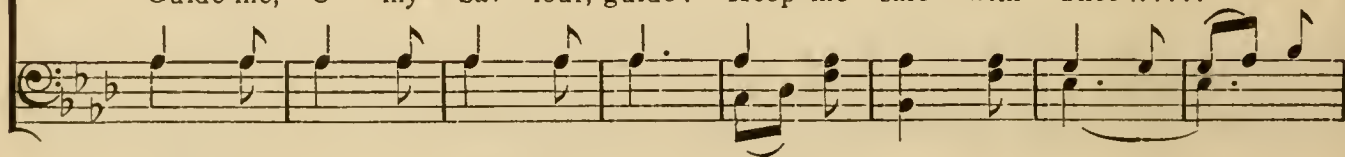


Choose my path, and guide my foot - steps To the heav'n - ly land.....
 Clasp me clos - er to Thy bo - som, Nev - er - more to part.....
 In the light or thro' the shad - ow Make my soul re - joice....

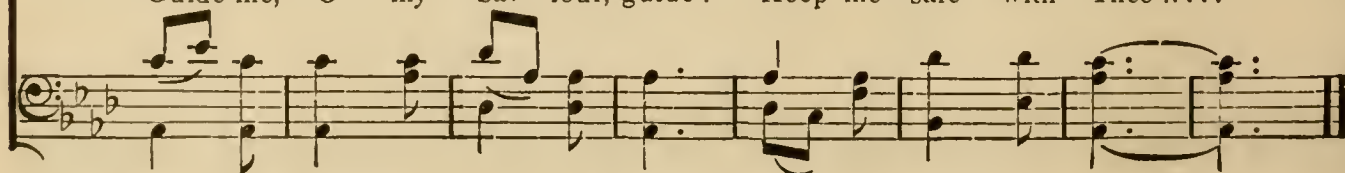


Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me close to Thee!....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me, Lord, with Thee!....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me safe with Thee!....

1, 2, 3. O, guide me,



Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me close to Thee!....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me, Lord, with Thee!....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me safe with Thee!....

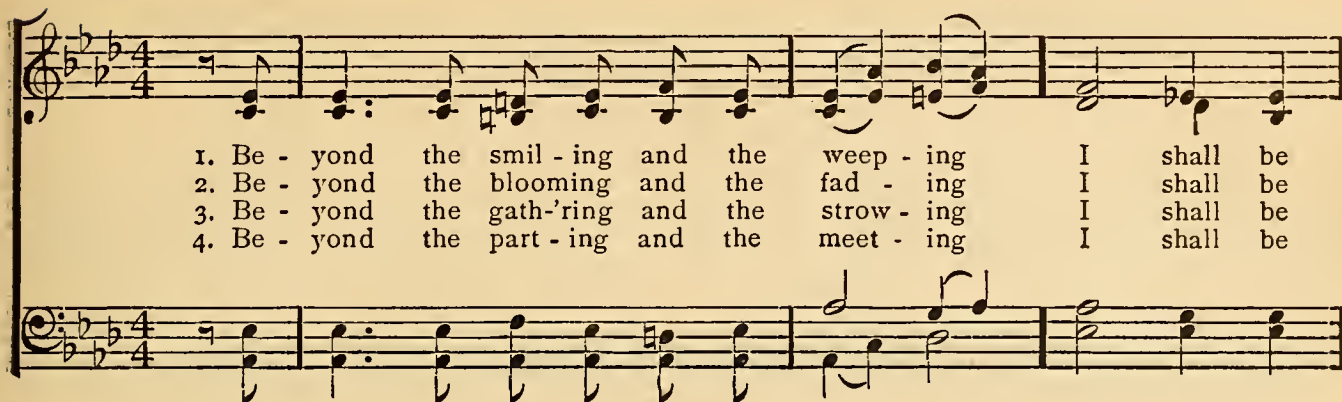


Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping

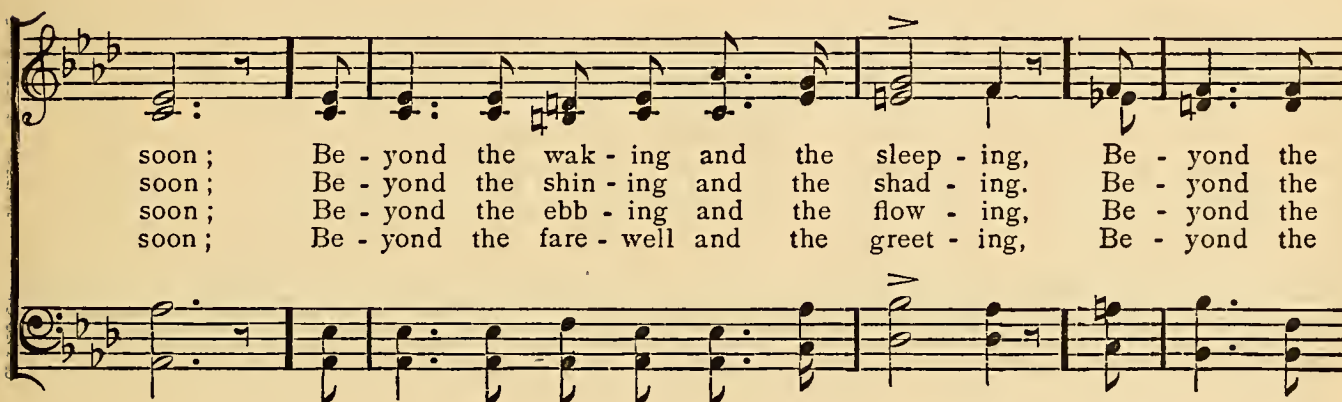
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Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Frank N. Shepperd, 1892



1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing I shall be
 2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing I shall be
 3. Be - yond the gath'-ring and the strow - ing I shall be
 4. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing I shall be



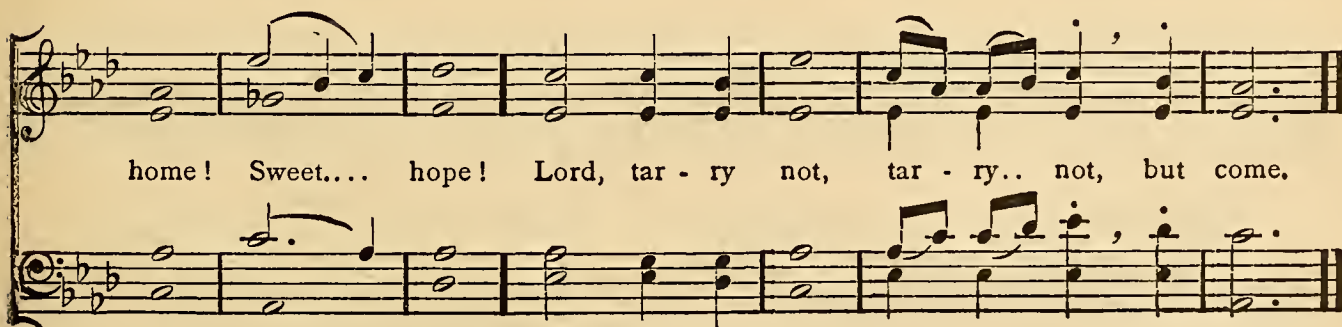
soon; Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the
 soon; Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing. Be - yond the
 soon; Be - yond the ebb - ing and the flow - ing, Be - yond the
 soon; Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the

REFRAIN.



sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 hop - ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon.
 com - ing and the go - ing, I shall be soon.
 pul - se's fev - er - beat - ing, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and

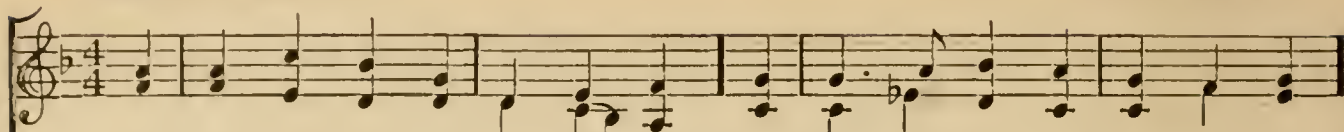


home! Sweet.... hope! Lord, tar - ry not, tar - ry.. not, but come.

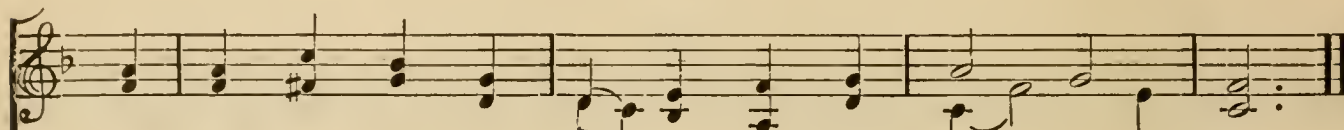
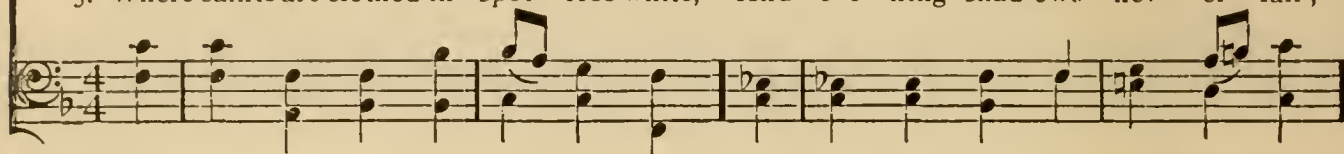
The Radiant Morn hath Passed away

Godfrey Thring

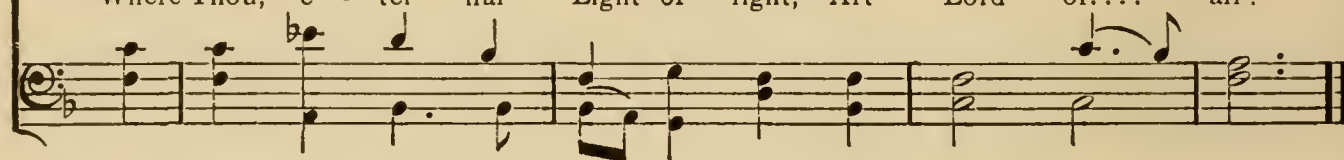
John Hullah



1. The ra - dant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold - en store ;
2. Our life is but a fad - ing dawn ; Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past !
3. Oh, by Thy soul in - spir - ing grace, Up - lift our hearts to realms on high ;
4. Where light and life and joy and peace In un - di - vid - ed em - pire reign,
5. Where saints are clothed in spot - less white, And eve - ning shad - ows nev - er fall ;



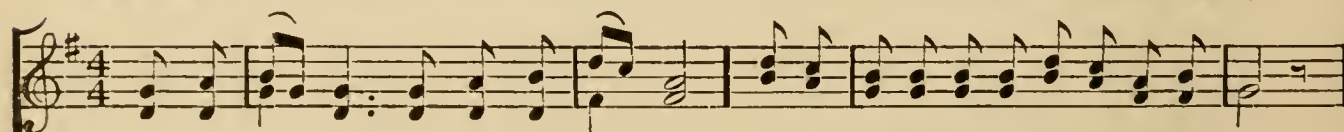
The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on... once.. more.
 Lead us, O Christ, when all.. is gone, Safe home at.... last.
 Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the... sky ;—
 And throng - ing an - gels nev - er cease Their death - less... strain ;—
 Where Thou, e - ter - nal Light of light, Art Lord of.... all !



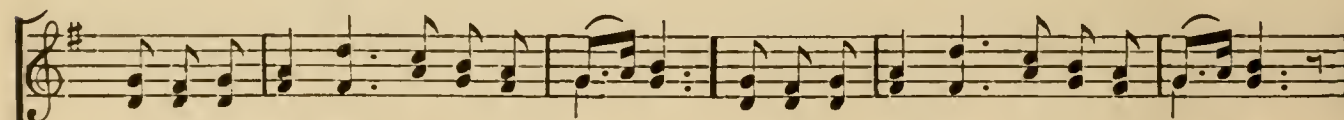
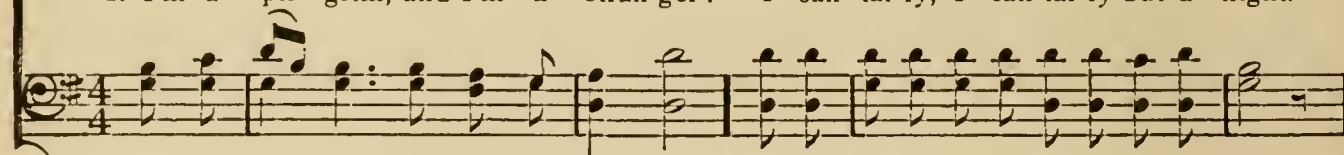
I'm a Pilgrim

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana, 1841

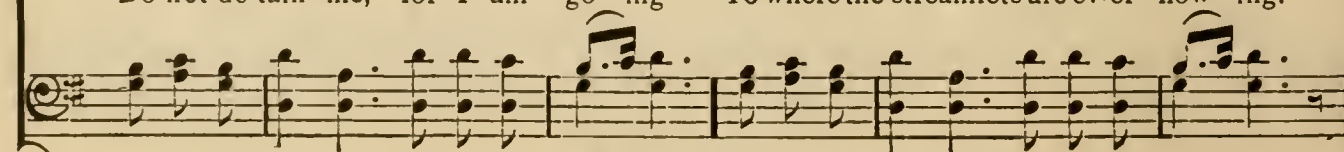
"Buona Notte," Italian Melody



1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger : I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.



Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing.



REFRAIN.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

2 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
And I'm longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary.

The King of Love my Shepherd is

Rev. Sir. H. W. Baker, 1857

Rev. Dr. Dykes

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - som'd soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoulder gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy Cross be - fore to guide me. A - MEN.

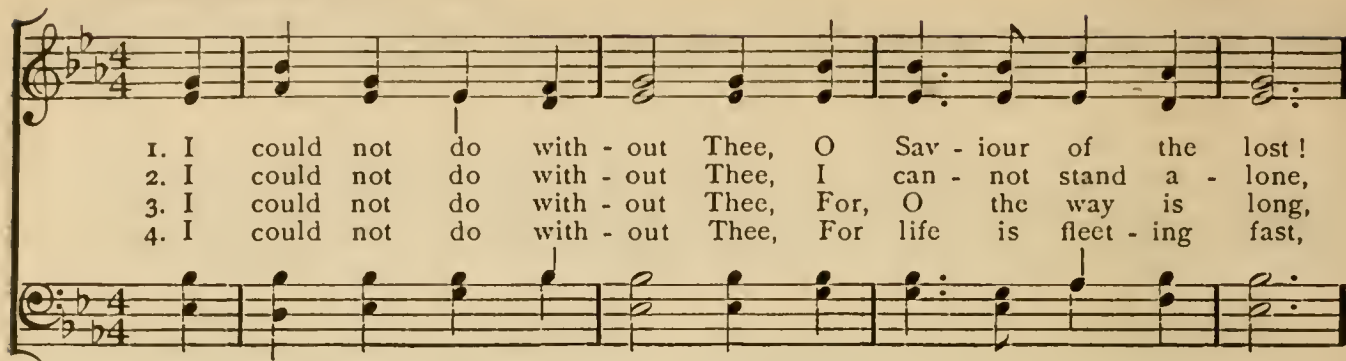
5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth.

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever! AMEN.

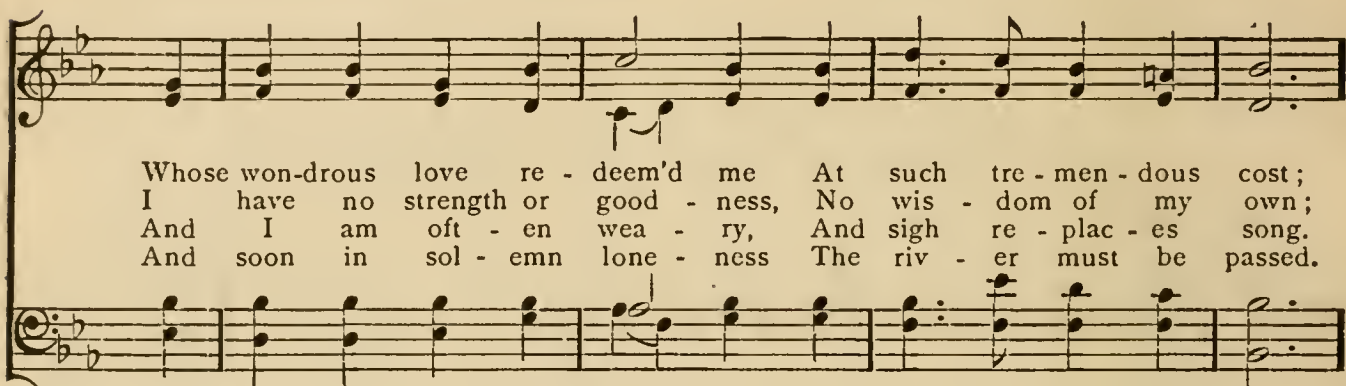
I could not do without Thee

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873

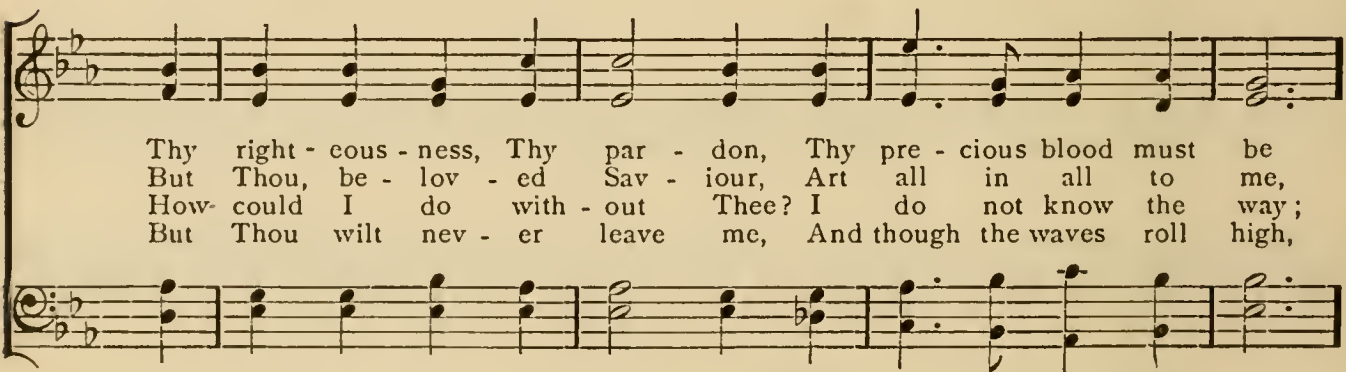
S. M. Bixby



1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost !
 2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone,
 3. I could not do with - out Thee, For, O the way is long,
 4. I could not do with - out Thee, For life is fleet - ing fast,



Whose won-drous love re - deem'd me At such tre - men - dous cost ;
 I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own ;
 And I am oft - en wea - ry, And sigh re - plac - es song.
 And soon in sol - emn lone - ness The riv - er must be passed.



Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
 But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me,
 How could I do with - out Thee? I do not know the way ;
 But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And though the waves roll high,



My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 Thou know - est, and Thou lead - est, And wilt not let me stray.
 I know Thou wilt be with me, And whis - per, "It is I."

As, when the weary Traveller Gains

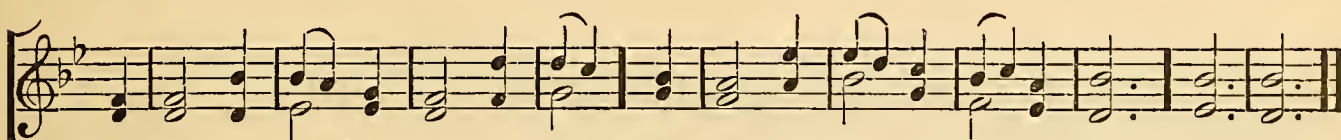
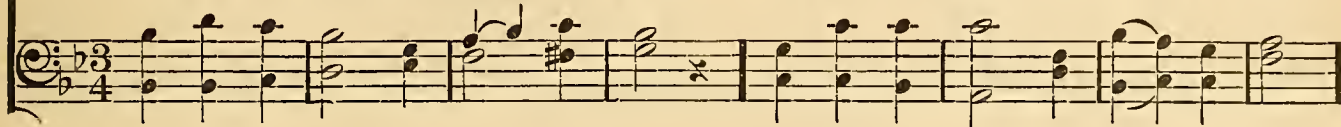
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Rev. J. Newton

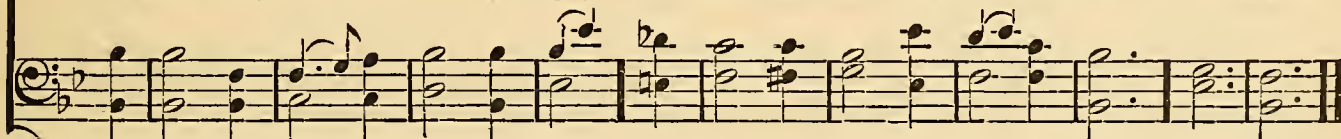
Beethoven



1. As, when the wea - ry trav - 'ler gains The height of some com - mand - ing hill,
2. Thus, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views By faith his man - sion in the skies,
3. The tho't of heaven his spir - it cheers: No more he grieves for troub - les past;
4. Je - sus, on Thee our hopes we stay, To lead us on to Thine a - bode;



His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis - tant still;
 The sight his faint - ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
 Nor a - ny fu - ture tri - al fears So he may safe ar - rive at last.
 As - sured Thy love will far o'er - pay The hard - est la - bors of the road. A - MEN.



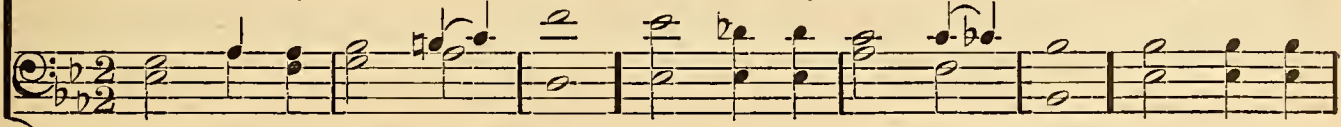
Far from my Heavenly Home

Rev. H. F. Lyte, 1834

W. H. Deane



1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I
2. My spir - it home - wards turns, And fain would thith - er flee; My heart, O
3. To thee, to thee I press, A dark and toil - some road; When shall I
4. God of my life be near; On Thee my hopes I cast; O guide me



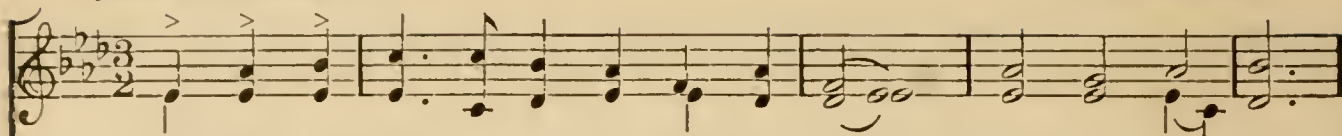
cry,... blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my... rest.
 Zi - - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem - ber... thee.
 pass... the wil - der - ness, And reach the saints' a - - bode?
 through the des - ert here, And bring me home at.... last. A - MEN.



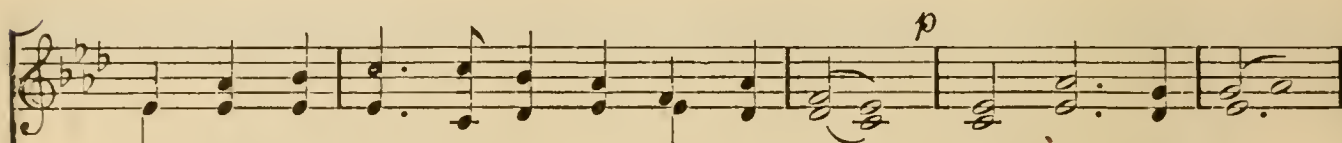
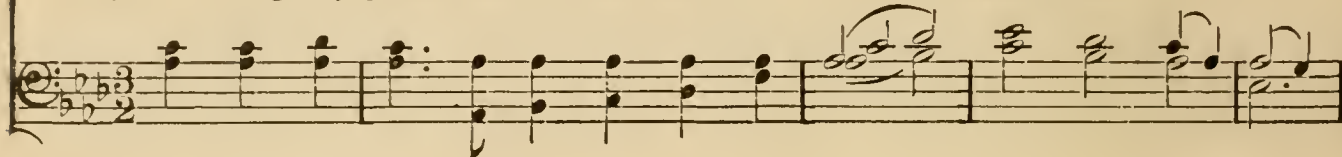
Lead, kindly Light

John H. Newman, 1833

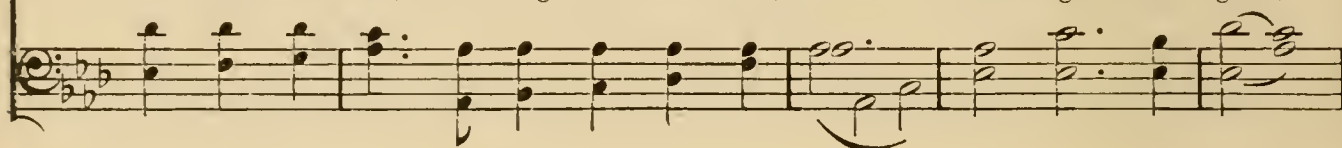
J. B. Dykes, 1868



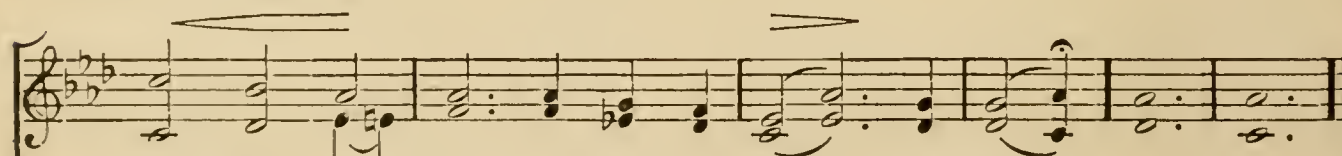
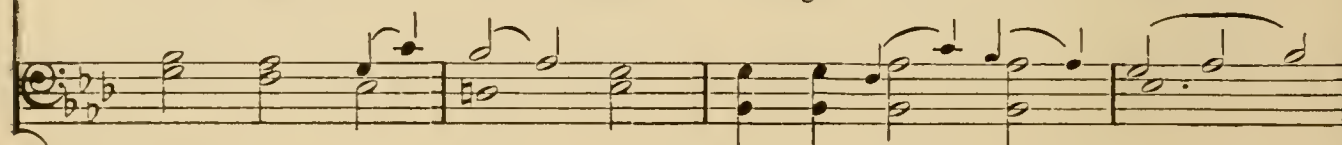
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou.... Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still..... Will lead me on



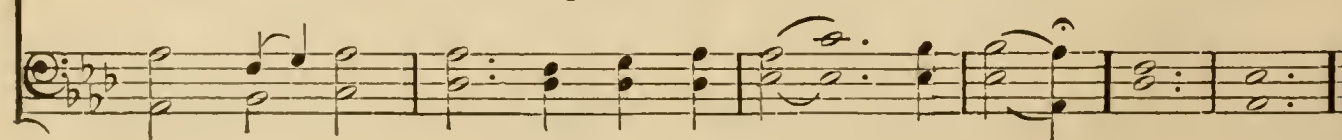
The night is dark, and I am far from home,.... Lead Thou me on...
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now..... Lead Thou me on...
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till..... The night is gone,



Keep, Thou my feet;.... I do not ask.. to... see.....
 I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of... fears,.....
 And with the morn.... those an - gel fac - es.. smile,.....



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me...
 Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not... past years.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost... a - while. A - men.

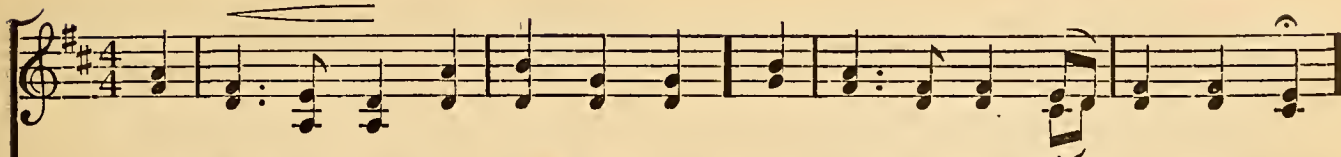


He Leadeth me! O Blessed Thought

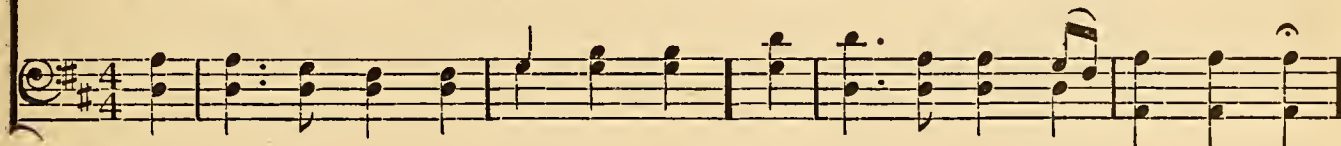
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Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1861

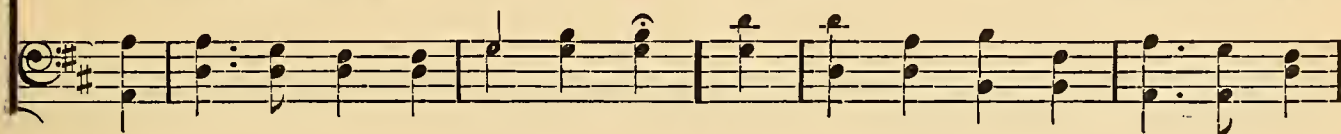
Wm. B. Bradbury



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught,
2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—
3. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



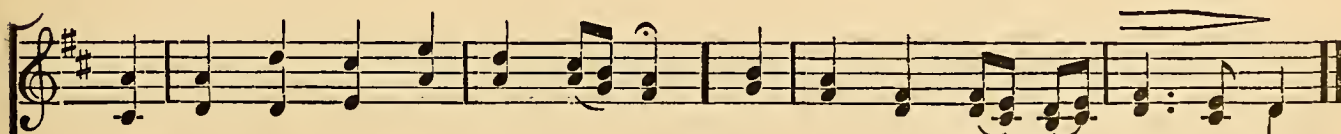
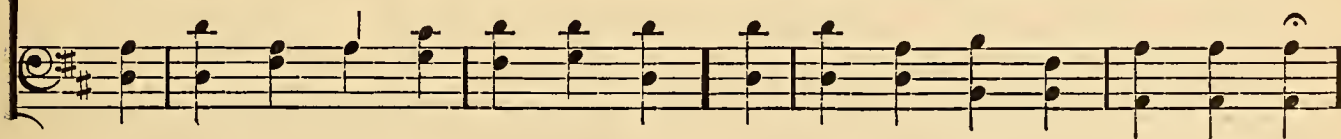
What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



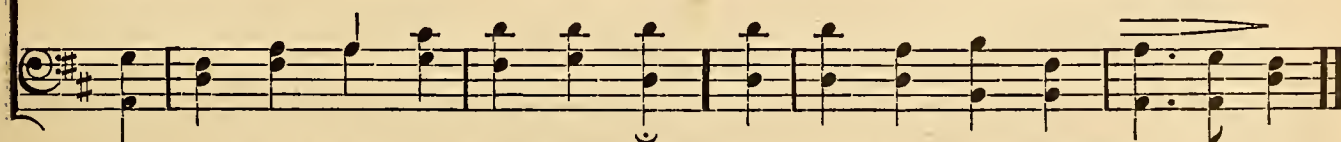
REFRAIN.



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



His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



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PILGRIMAGE

Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us

Jas. Edmeston, 1820

S. M. Bixby

1. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea ;
 2. Sav - iour, breathe for - give - ness o'er us ; All our weak - ness Thou dost know ;
 3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heav - en - ly joy ;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee ;
 Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us ; Thou didst feel its keen - est woe ;
 Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy ;

Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
 Lone and drear - y. Faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.
 Thus pro - vid - ed, Pardoned, guid - ed. Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy. A - MEN.

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Gently, Lord, O gently Lead us

Thomas Hastings, 1830

Darius E. Jones, 1847

1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears,
 2. When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
 3. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,
 4. And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

PILGRIMAGE



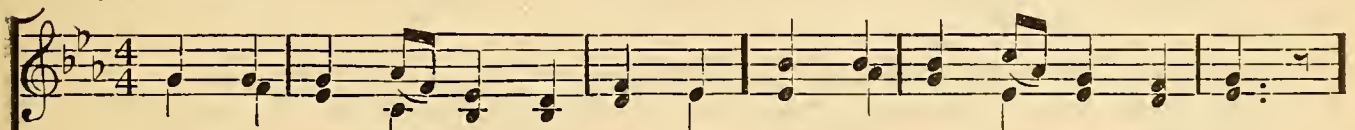
Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.
 Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.
 Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
 Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.




Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us

Jas. Edmeston


C. Gounod




1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea ;
 2. Sav - iour, breathe for-give-ness o'er us ; All our weak-ness Thou dost know ;
 3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'n-ly joy ;




Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee ;
 Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us ; Thou didst feel its keen-est woe ;
 Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend-ing, Pleas-ure that can nev - er cloy ;

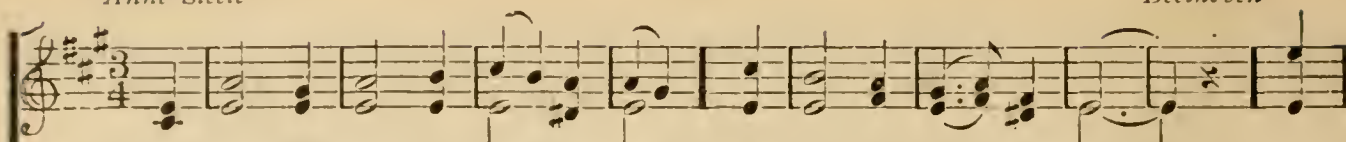
Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
 Lone and drear - y, Faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.
 Thus pro - vid - ed, Par - doned, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.



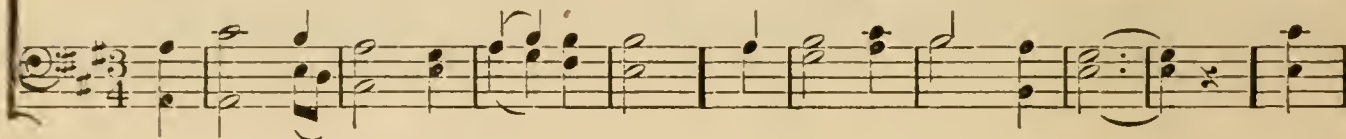
How long shall Earth's Alluring Toys

Anne Steele

Beethoven



1. How long shall earth's al - lur - ing toys De - tain our hearts and eyes,.. Re -
 2. These transient scenes will soon de - cay, They fade up - on.. the sight; And
 3. Their bright-est day, a - las! how vain! With conscious sighs we own; While



gard-less of im - mor - tal joys, And strangers to the skies?
 quick-ly will their bright-est day Be lost in end - less night.
 clouds of sor-row, care and pain O'er - shade the smil - ing noon. A - MEN.



4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To these bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim:
 With one reviving touch of Thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.

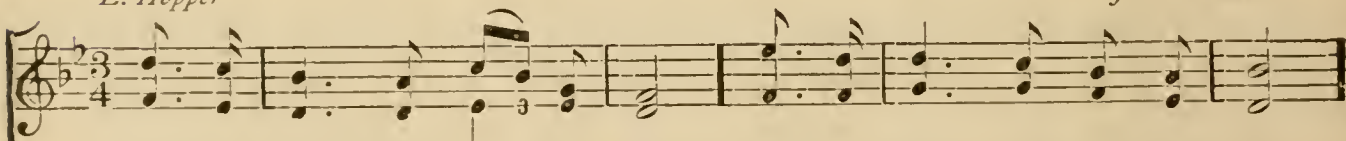
5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of delay.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise, [spring
 To those bright scenes where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies. AMEN.

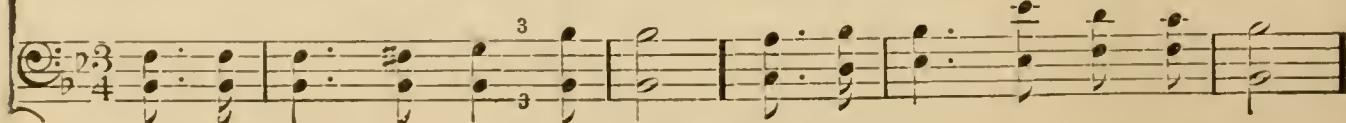
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me

E. Hopper

J. E. Gould



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



PILGRIMAGE



Un-known waves be - fore me roll,.... Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will.... When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest,.... Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

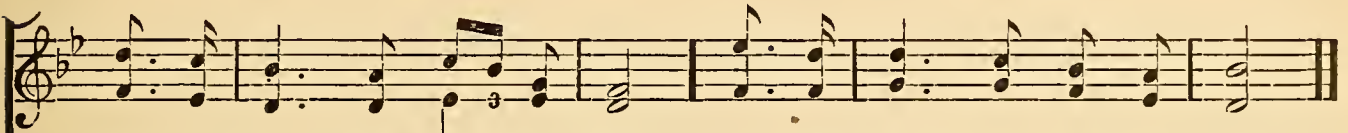
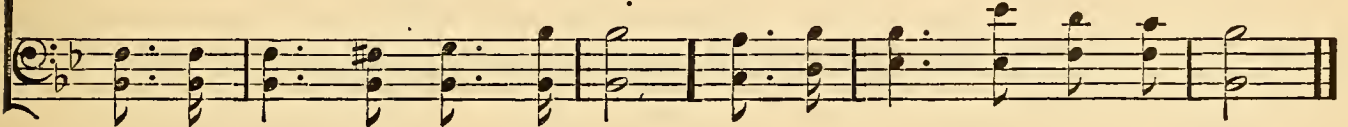


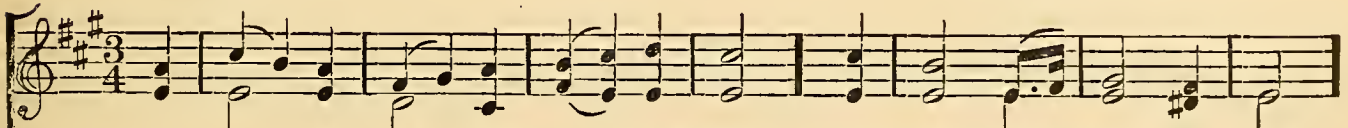
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



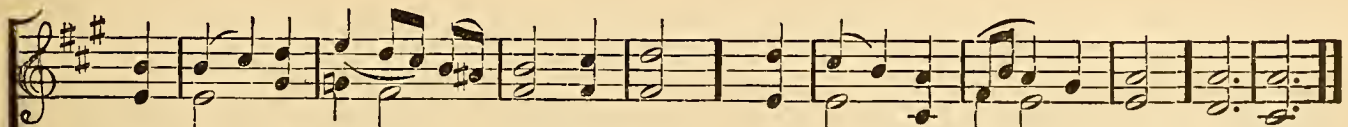
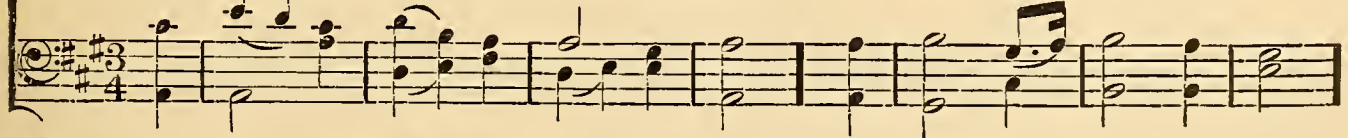
God of our Fathers, by Whose Hand

Dr. Doddridge

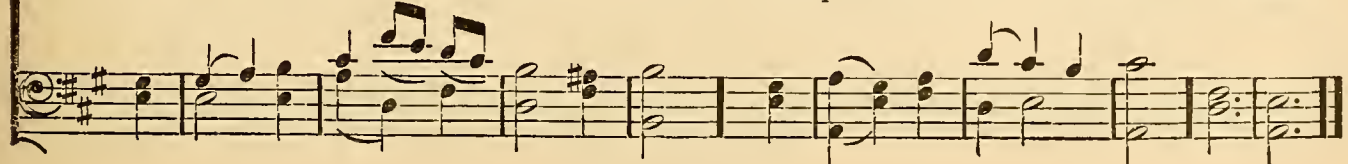
W. Horsley, Mus. B



1. God of our fa - thers, by Whose hand Thy peo - ple still are blest,
2. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - d'ring foot - steps guide;
3. O spread Thy shel - t'ring wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
4. Such bless - ings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore;



Be with us thro' our pil - grim - age; Con - duct us to our rest.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And at our Fa - ther's lov'd a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God, And por - tion ev - er - more. A - MEN.



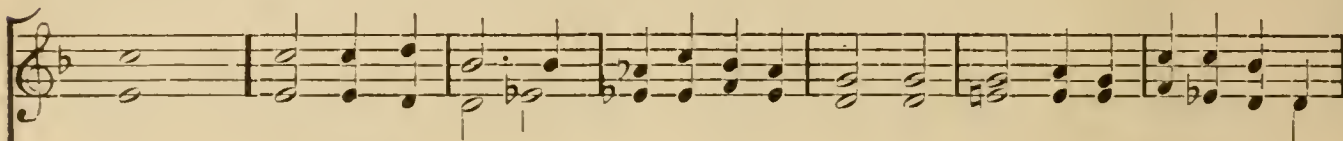
Hark, hark, my Soul

Rev. Frederick W. Faber

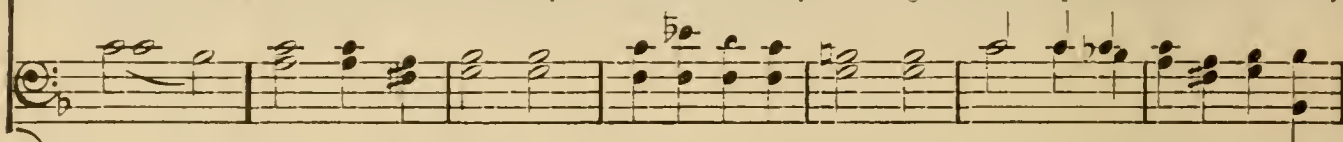
Rev. J. B. Dykes



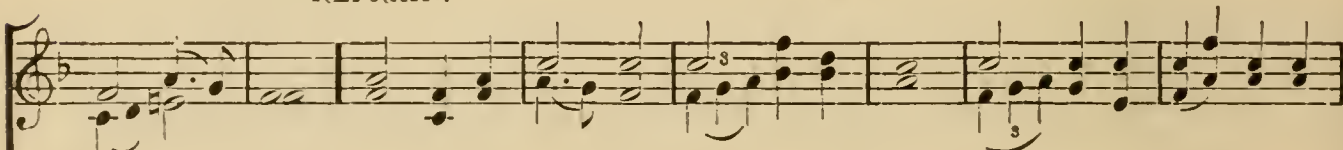
1. Hark, hark, my soul ! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and o-ccean's wave-beat
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, Come, weary souls, for Je - sus bids you
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and



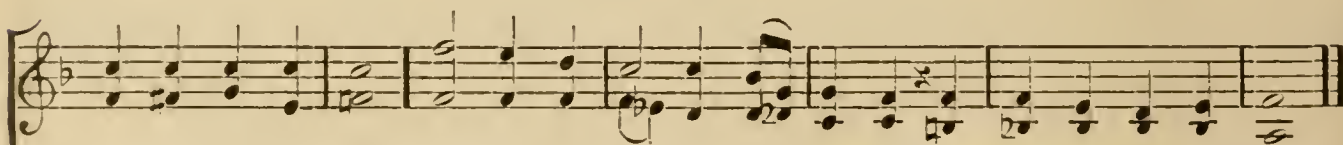
shore : How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall
come ; And through the dark, its echo-es sweetly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the gospel
sea ; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary



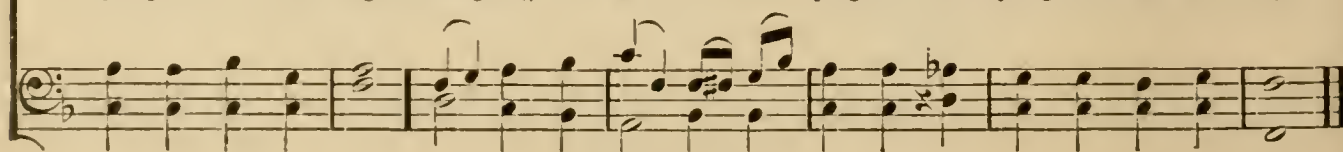
REFRAIN.



be no more. } An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the
leads us home. }
steps to Thee. }



pil-grims of the night : Sing-ing to wel-come the : pilgrims, the pil-grims of the night.



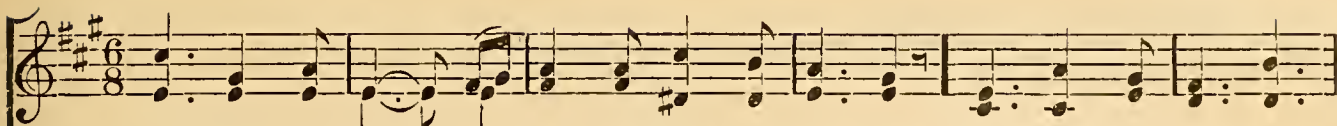
PILGRIMAGE

Hark! hark, my Soul! Angelic Songs

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Rev. F. W. Faber, 1850

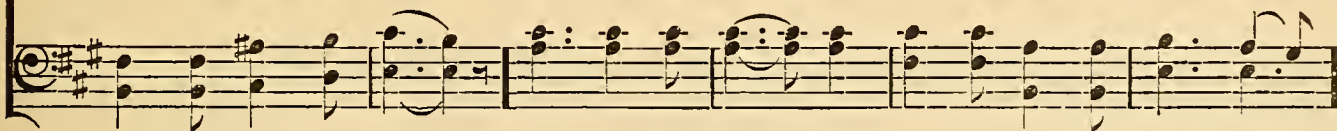
J. E. Roe



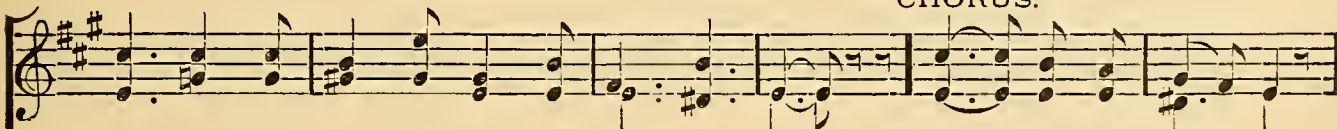
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go,.. for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way,.. like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus -
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and drea - ry, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on!.. your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



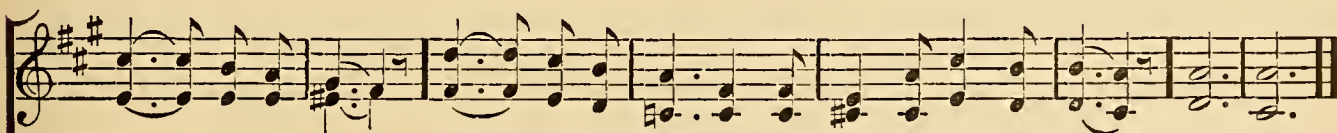
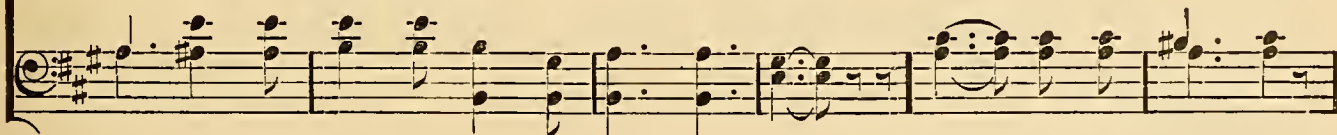
o - cean's wave - beat shore : How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come ; " And, thro' the dark its.. ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea,.. And la - den souls by.. thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 dark - some night be past ;.. All journeys end.. in.. wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy.. shall end the night of weep - ing,



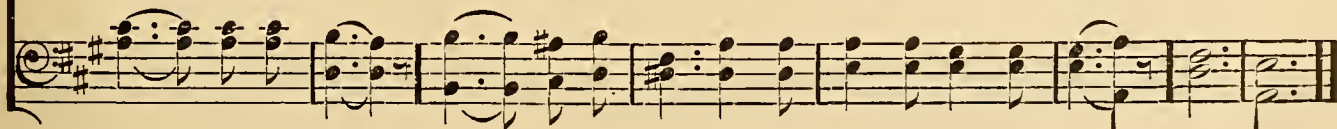
CHORUS.

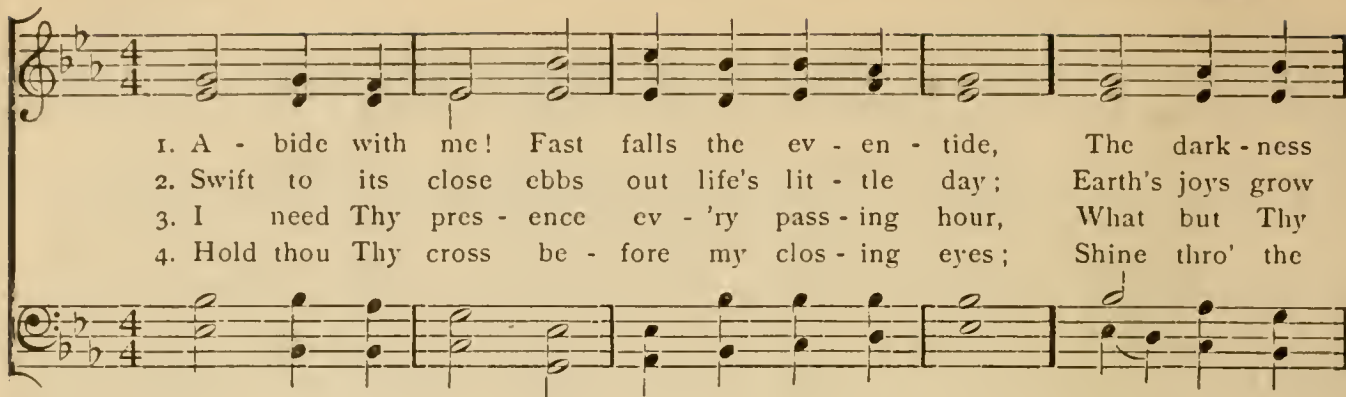


Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

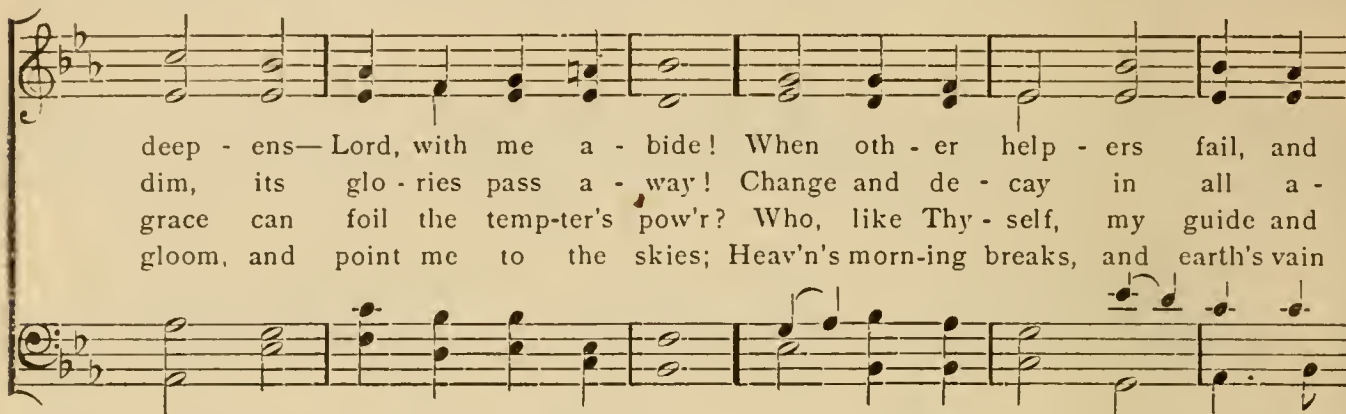


An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grim of the night. A - men.

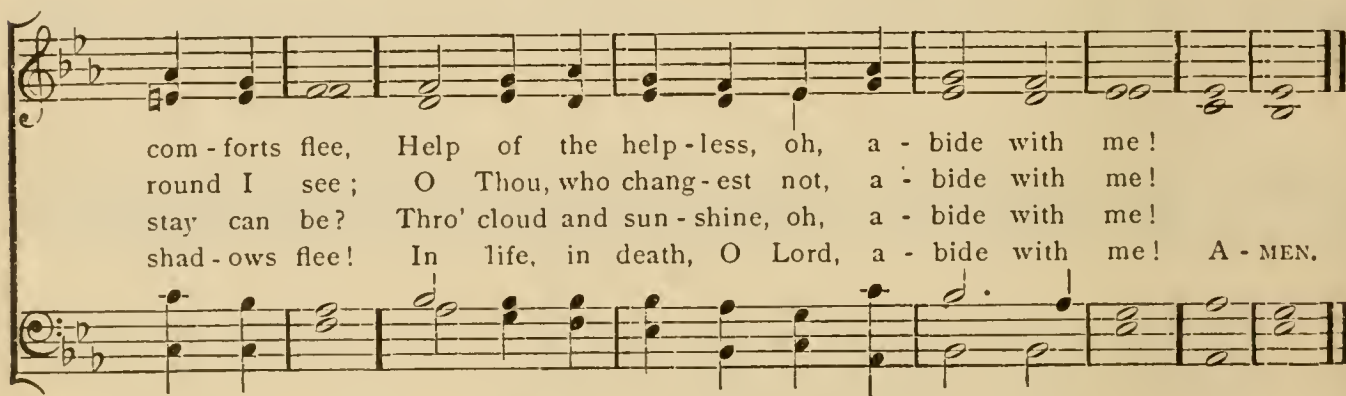


*Abide with me**H. F. Lyte**W. H. Monk*


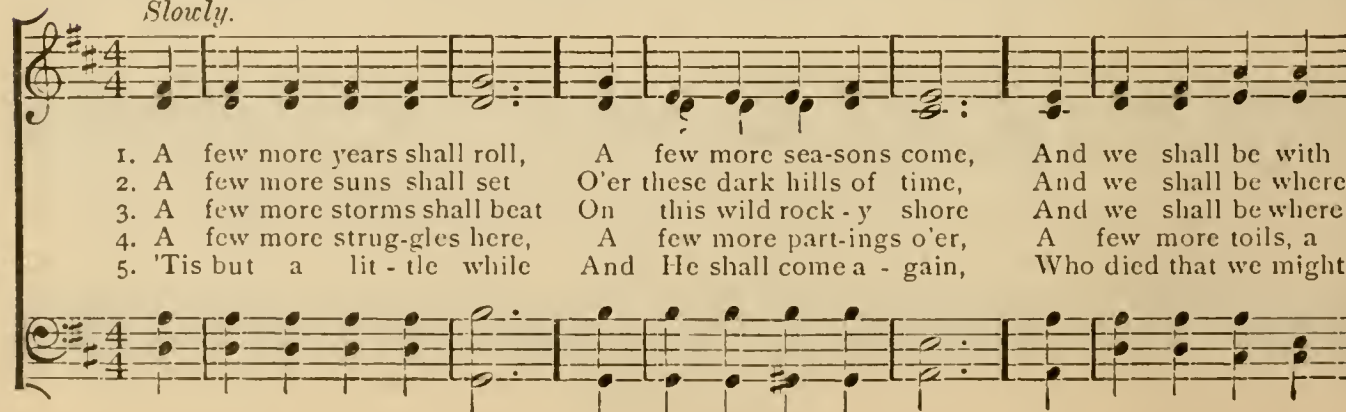
1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
 4. Hold thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way! Change and de - cay in all a -
 grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain

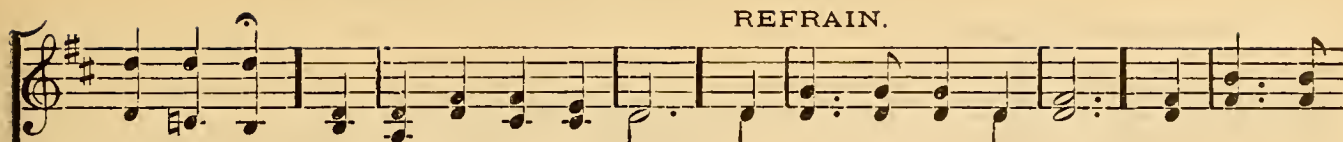


com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!
 round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid with me!
 stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid with me!
 shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me! A - MEN.

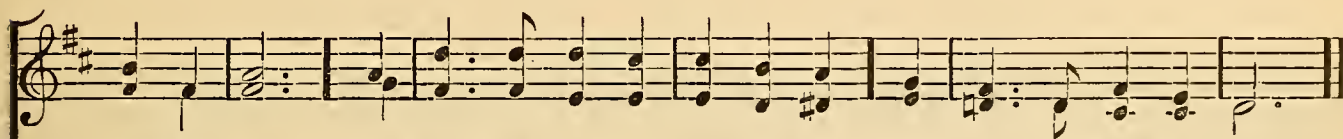
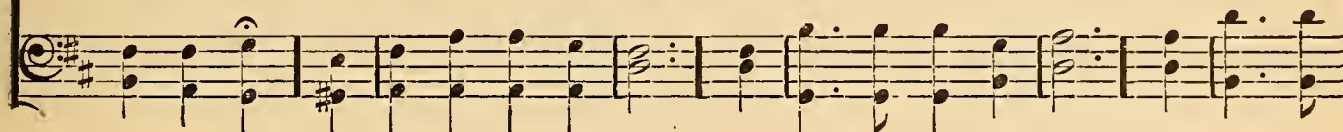
*A few more Years shall Roll**Horatius Bonar**Arr. by A. S. Sullivan**Slowly.*


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with
 2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where
 3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore And we shall be where
 4. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a
 5. 'Tis but a lit - tle while And He shall come a - gain, Who died that we might

REFRAIN.



those that rest A-sleep with - in the tomb :
 suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime :
 tem-pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more :
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more ;
 live, who lives That we with Him may reign :
 Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for



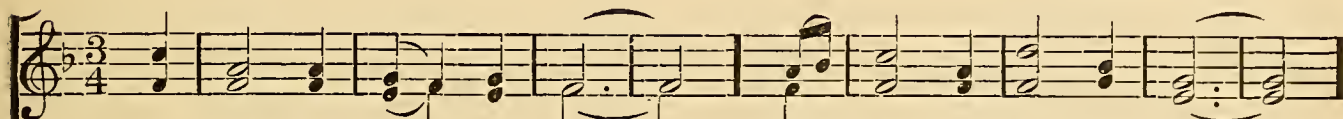
that great day ; Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.



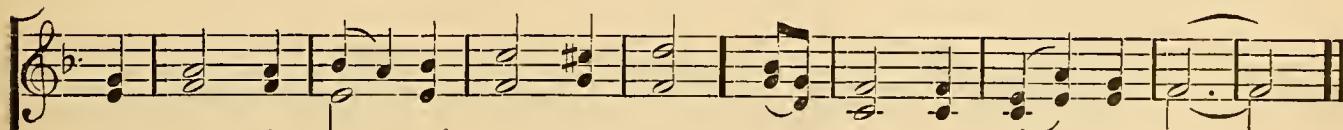
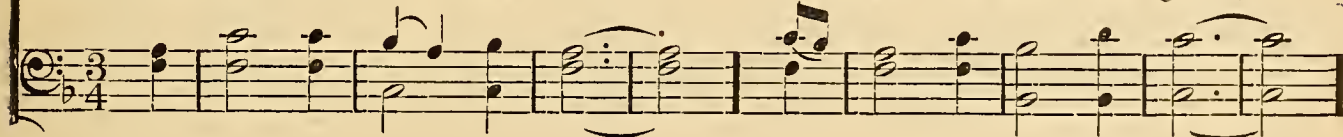
I have a Home Above

H. Bennett

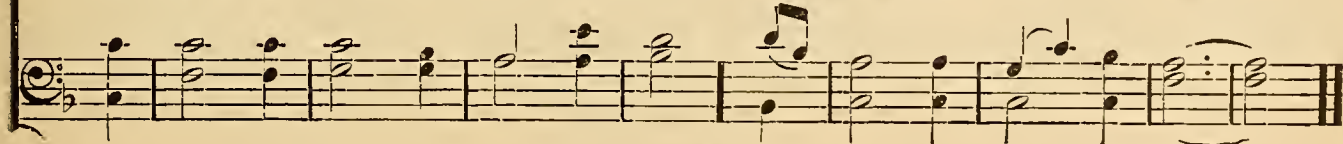
G. Paiesello, 1787



1. I have a home a - bove,.... From sin and sor - row free ;....
 2. My Fa - ther's gra - cious hand.... Has built this sweet a - bode ;...
 3. My Sav - iour's pre - cious blood.... Has made my ti - tle sure ;....
 4. The Com - fort - er... has come,.... The earn - est has been given ;...



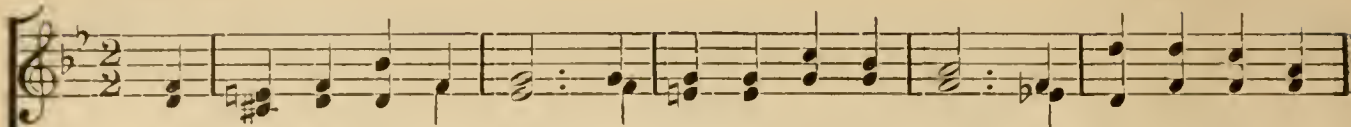
A man - sion which e - ter - nal love De - signed and formed for me,....
 From ev - er - last - ing it was planned - My dwell - ing - place for God,....
 He passed thro' death's dark rag - ing flood To make my rest se - cure,....
 He leads me on - ward to the home Re - served for me.. in heaven...



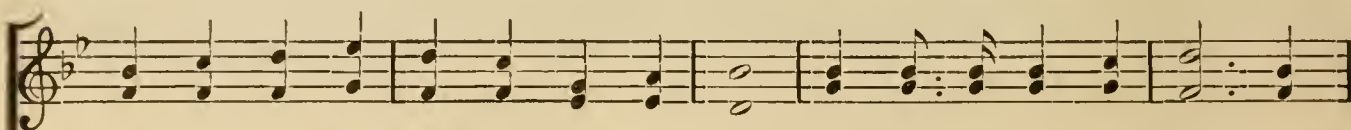
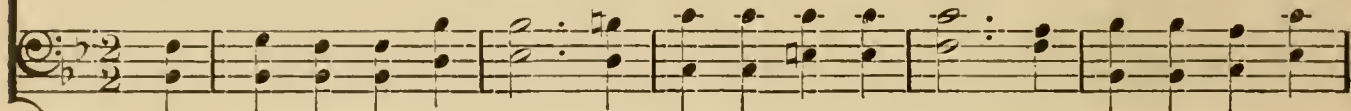
One sweetly solemn Thought

Phoebe Cary, alt., 1852

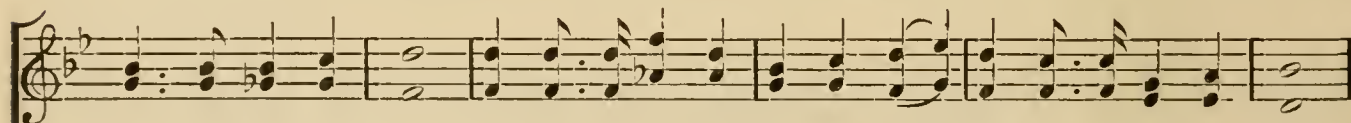
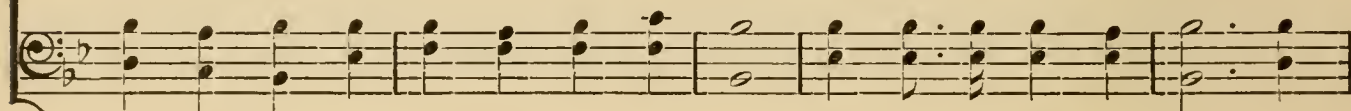
S. M. Bixby



1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er home to-
2. Near - er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down, Where we shall lay a-
3. Per - haps my wea-ry feet Have al-most gain'd the brink, I may be near-er



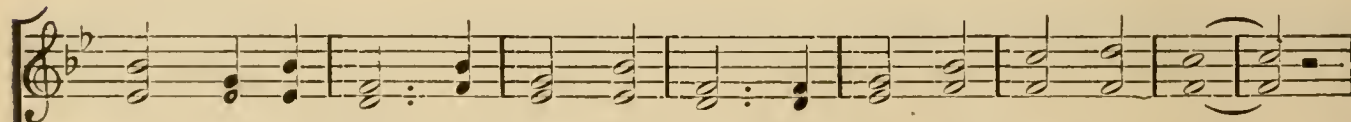
day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore. Near - er my Fa - ther's home, Where
side the cross, And win and wear the crown. Near - er death's si - lent stream, That
home to - day, Far near - er than I think. Fa - ther, per - fect my trust, To



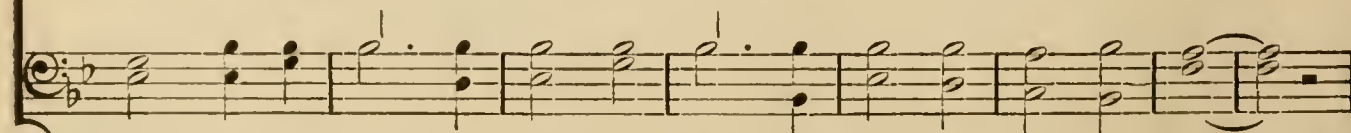
man - y mansions be; Near-er the great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
winds 'mid shades unknown, Nearer the ra-diant shores that gleam With glory from the throne.
feel in life or death, My wea-ry feet se - cure-ly rest On Christ, my Rock, by faith.

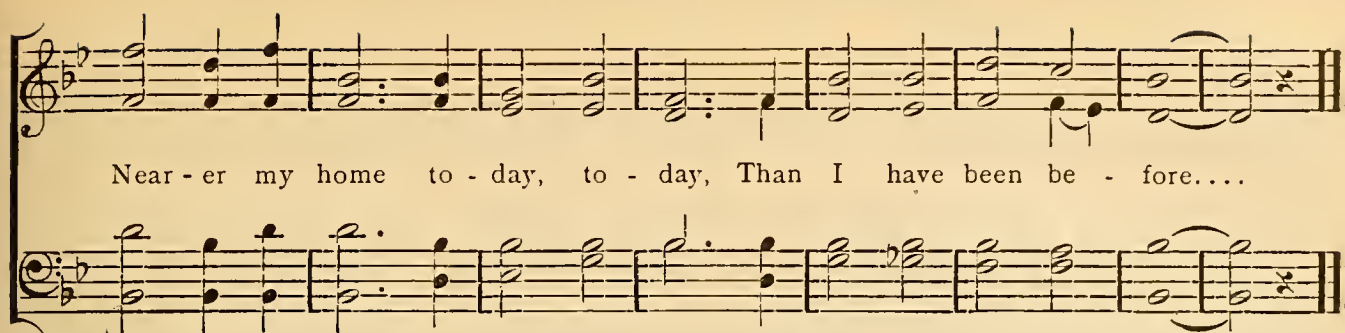


REFRAIN.



Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.





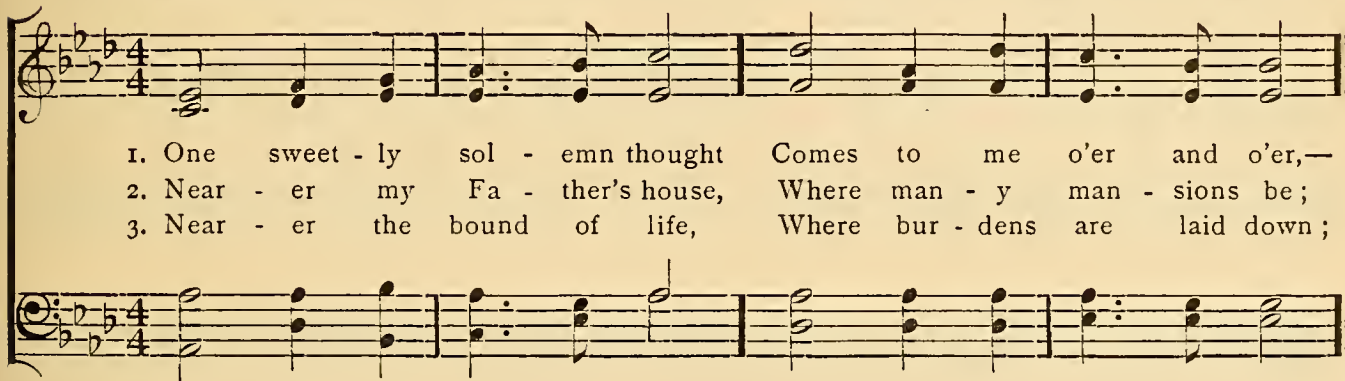
Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore....

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

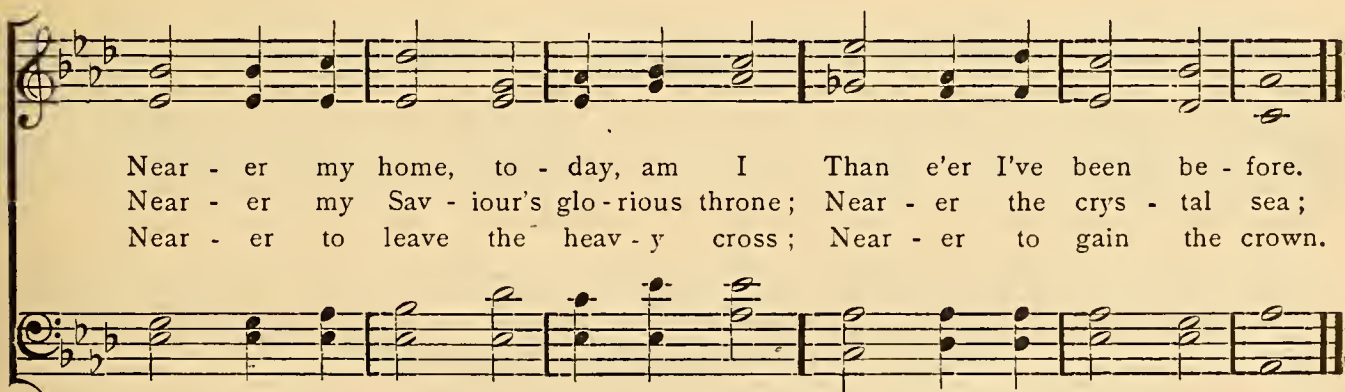
One sweetly solemn Thought

Phæbe Cary, 1852

Rev. E. P. Parker, D.D., hy per.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down;



Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 Near - er my Sav - iour's glo - rious throne; Near - er the crys - tal sea;
 Near - er to leave the heav - y cross; Near - er to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
 Winding down through the night,
 There rolls the deep and unknown stream
 That leads at last to light.


5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
 Are slipping on the brink,
 And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
 Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
 Strengthen my power of faith!
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone
 Upon the shore of death.

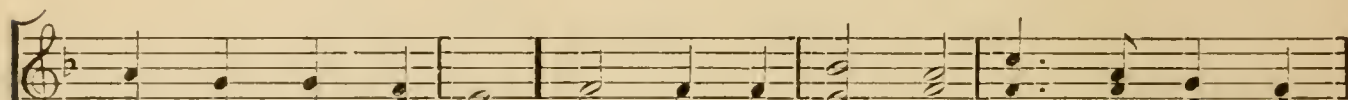
262 *Weary of Earth, and Laden with my Sin*

Rev. S. J. Stone

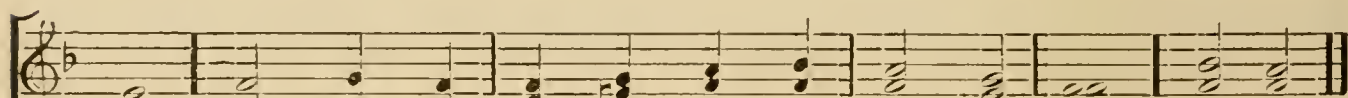
Jas. Langran



1. Wea - ry of earth, and lad - en with my sin, I look at heav'n, and
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry
 3. The while I fain would tread the heav'n - ly way, E - vil is ev - er



long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a
 of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the white - ness of that throne ap -
 with me, day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious tid - ings



home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
 pear? Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
 fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all." A - MEN.

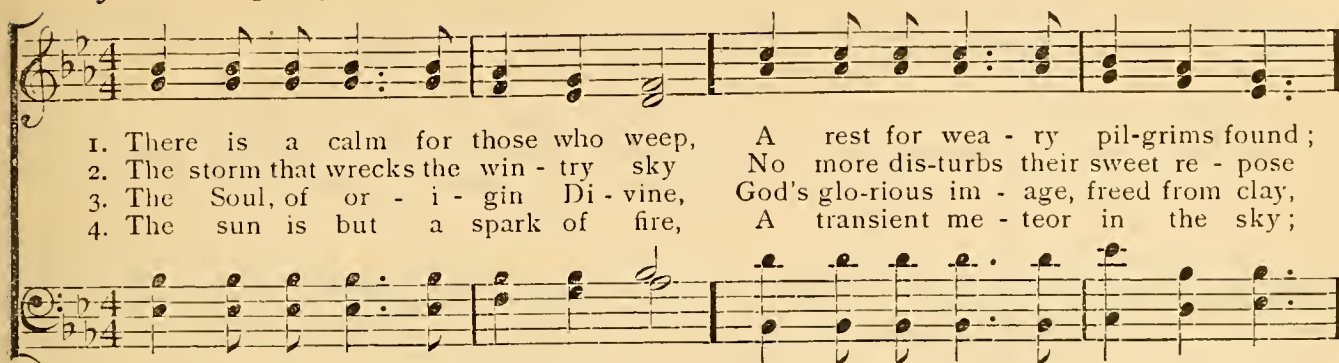
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
 And His the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. AMEN.

There is a Calm for those who Weep

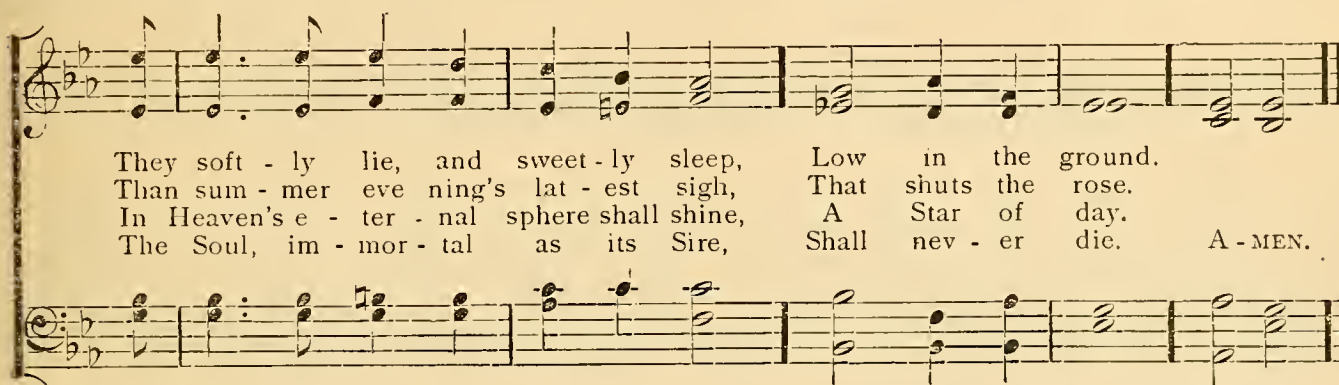
263

James Montgomery, abr.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.



1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil-grims found;
 2. The storm that wrecks the win - try sky No more dis-turbs their sweet re - pose
 3. The Soul, of or - i - gin Di - vine, God's glo-rious im - age, freed from clay,
 4. The sun is but a spark of fire, A transient me - teor in the sky;



They soft - ly lie, and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground.
 Than sum - mer eve ning's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.
 In Heaven's e - ter - nal sphere shall shine, A Star of day.
 The Soul, im - mor - tal as its Sire, Shall nev - er die. A - MEN.

Another Voice is Still

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

Hubert P. Main



1. An - oth - er voice is still A loved face gone,— It is our heaven-ly
 2. While with un - bid - den tears Our eyes are dim, Our loved one sits at
 3. O when our Fa - ther's voice Shall bid us "Come,"— May we with will - ing



Fa - ther's will, It is our heaven-ly Fa - ther's will, His will.... be done.
 Je - sus' feet, Our loved one sits at Je - sus' feet, And learns of Him.
 hearts re - joice, May we with will - ing hearts re - joice To be..... at home.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

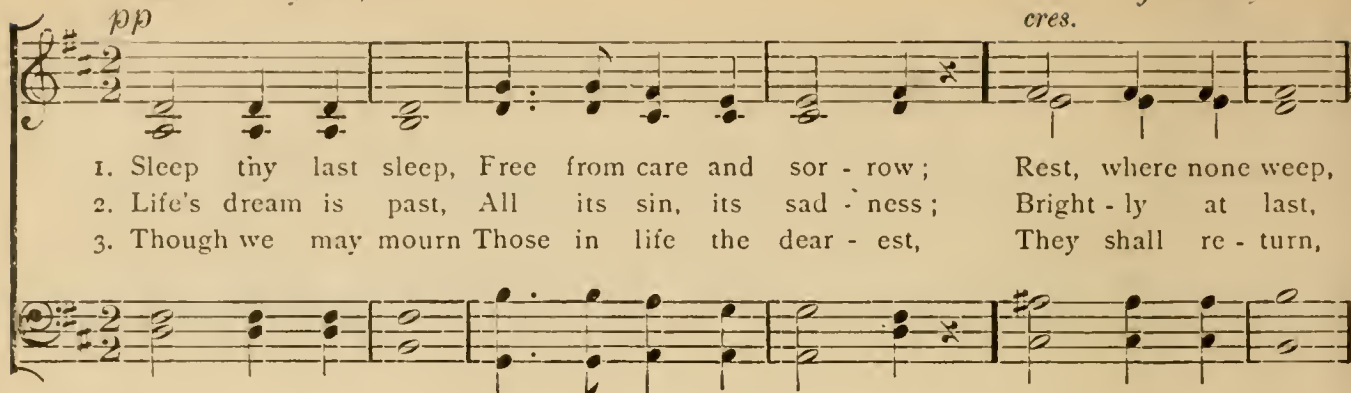
DEATH

Sleep thy Last Sleep

Edward A. Dayman, 1868

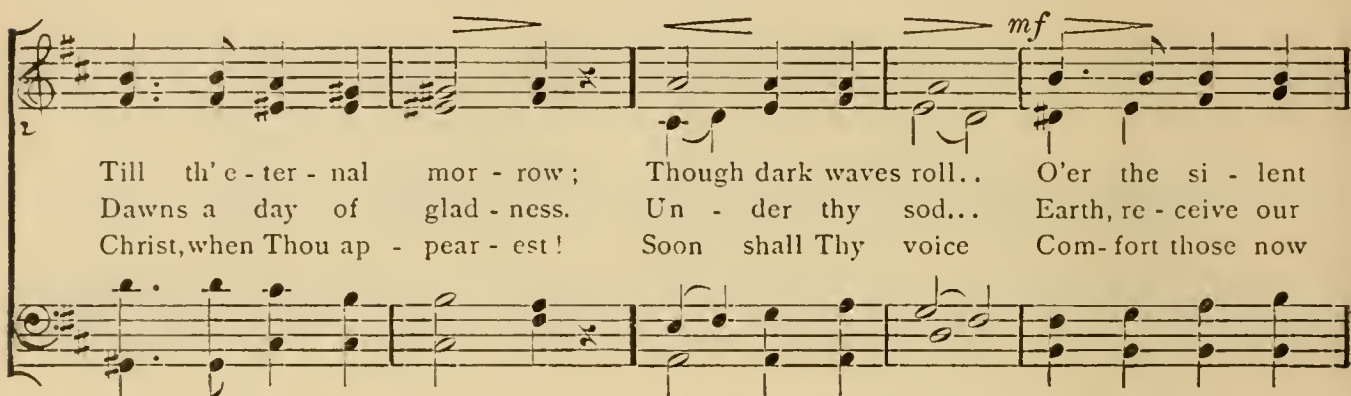
J. Barnby

pp *cres.*



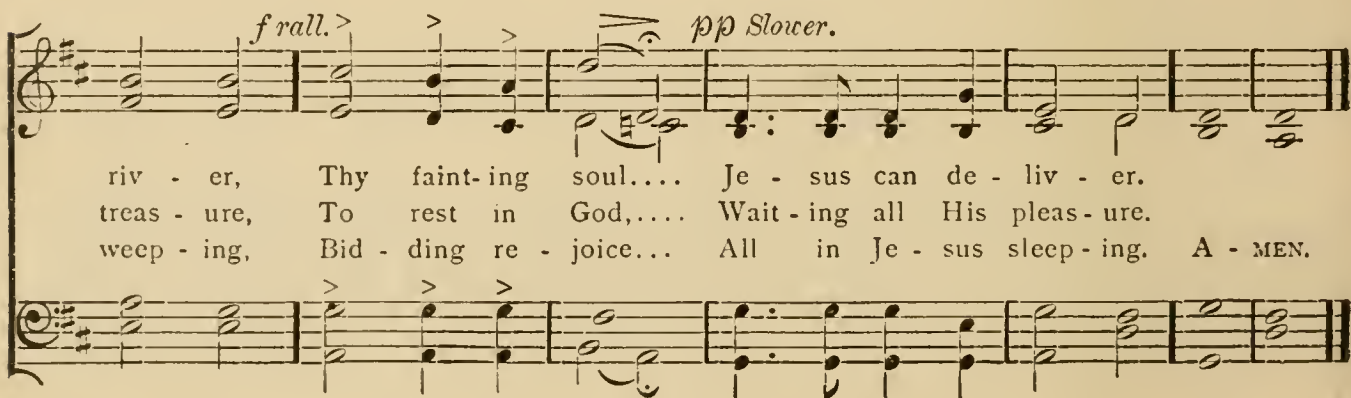
1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
 2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness; Bright - ly at last,
 3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dear - est, They shall re - turn,

mf



Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll.. O'er the si - lent
 Dawns a day of glad - ness. Un - der thy sod... Earth, re - ceive our
 Christ, when Thou ap - pear - est! Soon shall Thy voice Com - fort those now

f rall. > *pp Slower.*

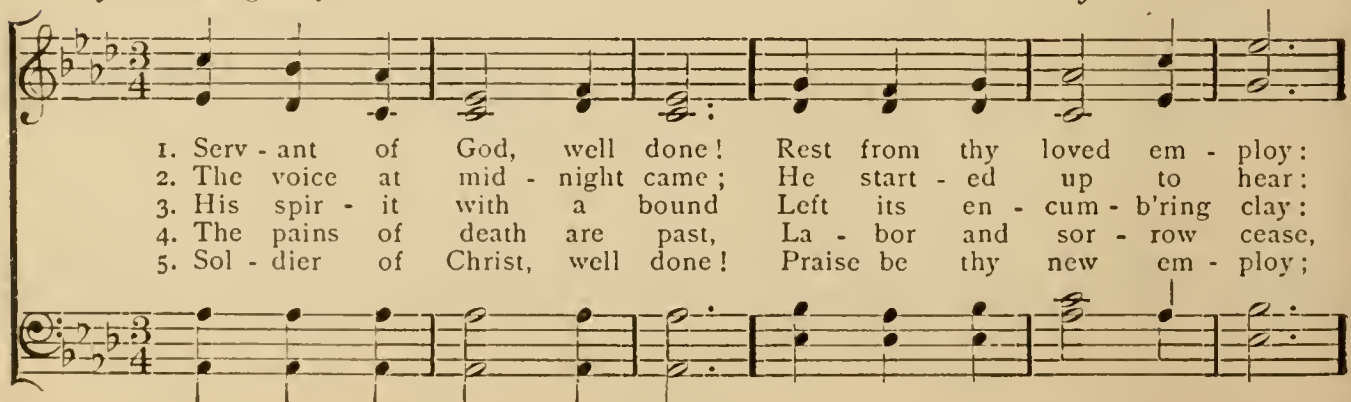


riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul.... Je - sus can de - liv - er.
 treas - ure, To rest in God,.... Wait - ing all His pleas - ure.
 weep - ing, Bid - ding re - joice... All in Je - sus sleep - ing. A - MEN.

Servant of God, well done

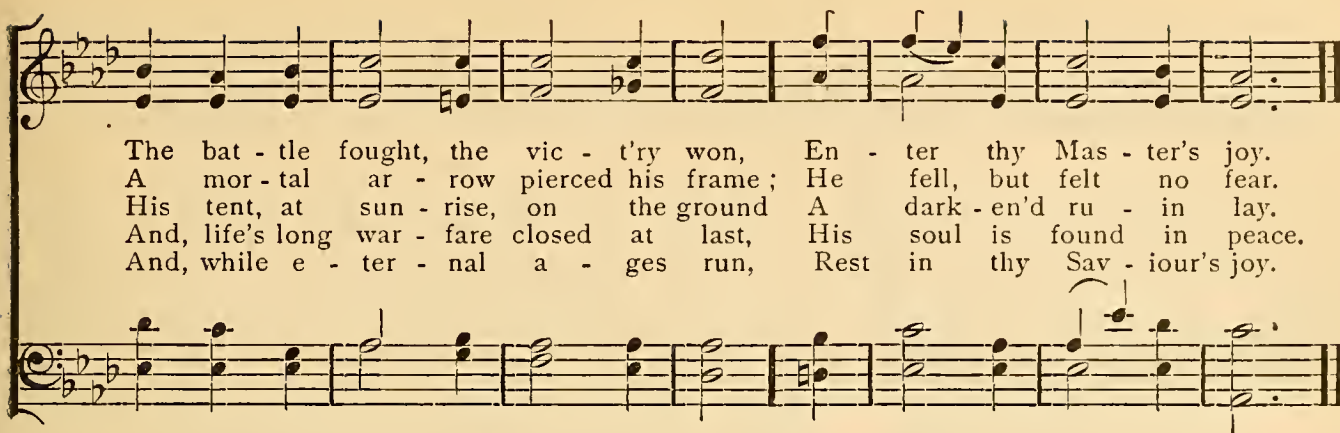
James Montgomery

J. E. Sweetser



1. Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy:
 2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear:
 3. His spir - it with a bound Left its en - cum - b'ring clay:
 4. The pains of death are past, La - bor and sor - row cease,
 5. Sol - dier of Christ, well done! Praise be thy new em - ploy;

DEATH



The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy.
 A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
 His tent, at sun - rise, on the ground A dark - en'd ru - in lay.
 And, life's long war - fare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
 And, while e - ter - nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Sav - iour's joy.

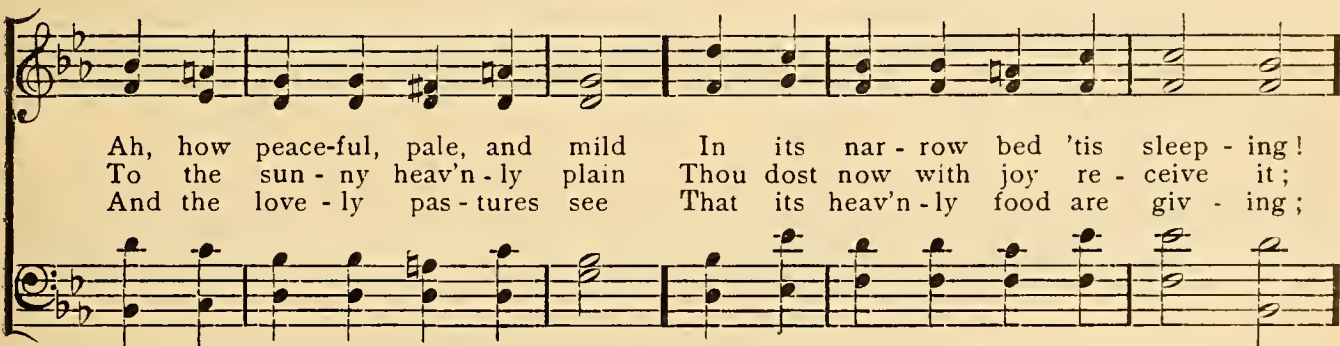
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast Stilled

Miss C. Winkworth, tr.

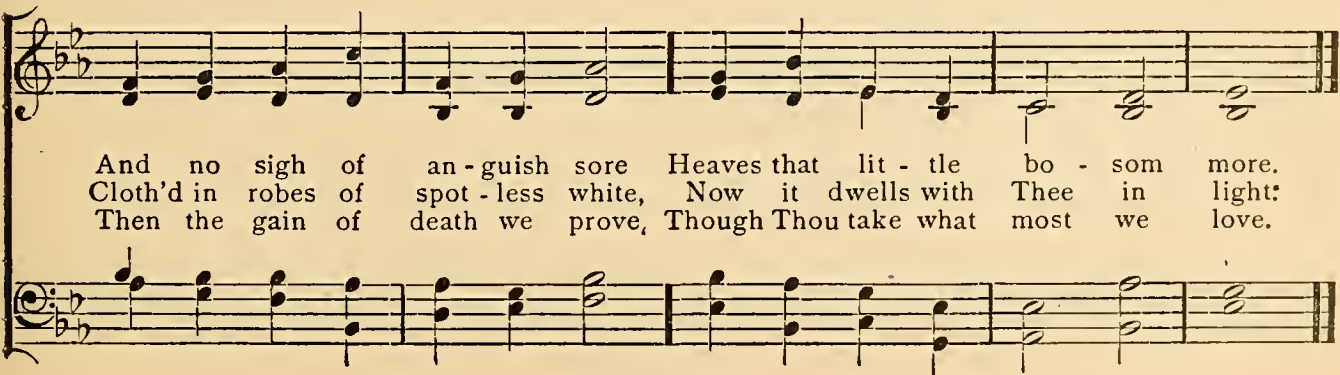
A. S. Sullivan



1. Ten - der Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing :
 2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no long - er leave it ;
 3. Ah, Lord Je - sus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be liv - ing,



Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing !
 To the sun - ny heav'n - ly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it ;
 And the love - ly pas - tures see That its heav'n - ly food are giv - ing ;



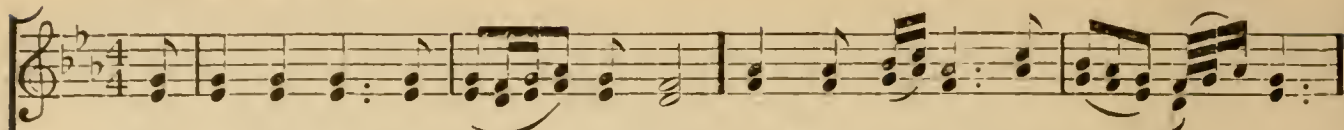
And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.
 Cloth'd in robes of spot - less white, Now it dwells with Thee in light :
 Then the gain of death we prove, Though Thou take what most we love.

DEATH

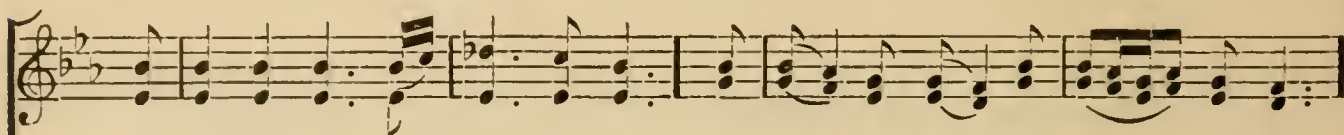
Unveil thy Bosom, faithful Tomb

Rev. James Watts, alt.

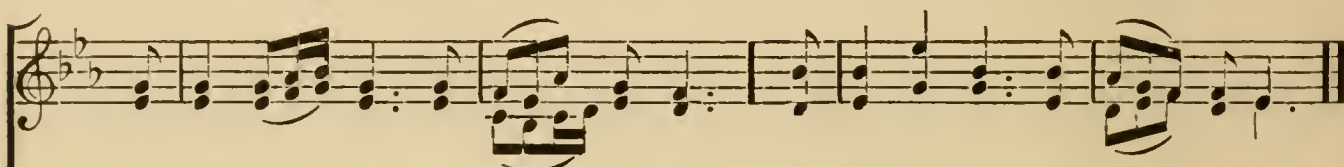
From George Frederick Handel



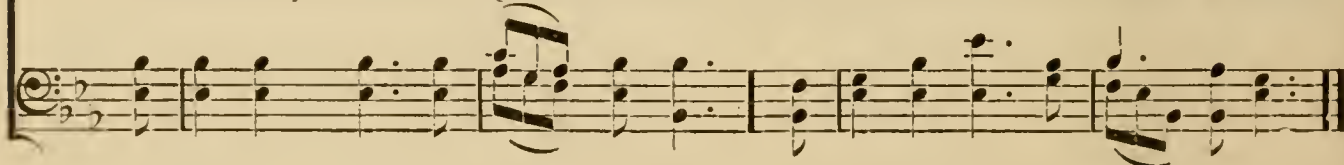
1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb ; Take this new treas - ure to . . . thy . . . trust,
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear In - vade thy bounds. No mor - tal . . . woes
3. So Je - sus slept ; God's dy - ing Son Passed thro' the grave, and blest the . . . bed ;
4. Break from His throne, il - lus - trous morn ; At - tend, O earth, His sov - 'reign word ;



And give these sa - cred rel - ics room, To seek a slum - ber in . . . the dust ;
 Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here While an - gels watch the soft . . . re - pose ;
 Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne The mor - ning break, and pierce the shade ;
 Re - store thy trust : a glo - rious form Shall then as - cend to meet . . . the Lord ;



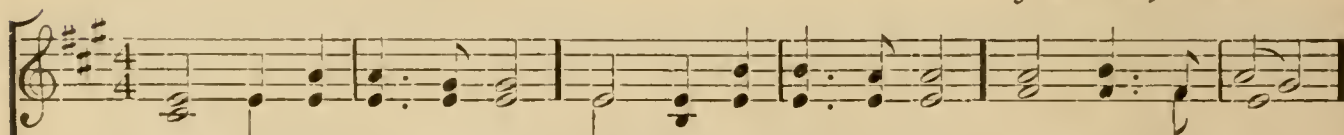
And give these sa - cred rel - ics room, To seek a slum - ber in . . . the dust.
 Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the sweet re - pose.
 Rest here, blest saint, till from . . . His throne The mor - ning break, and pierce the shade.
 Re - store thy trust : a glo - rious form Shall then as - cend to meet the Lord.



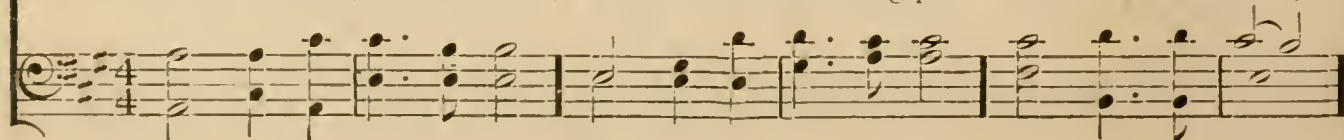
Lowly and Solemn be

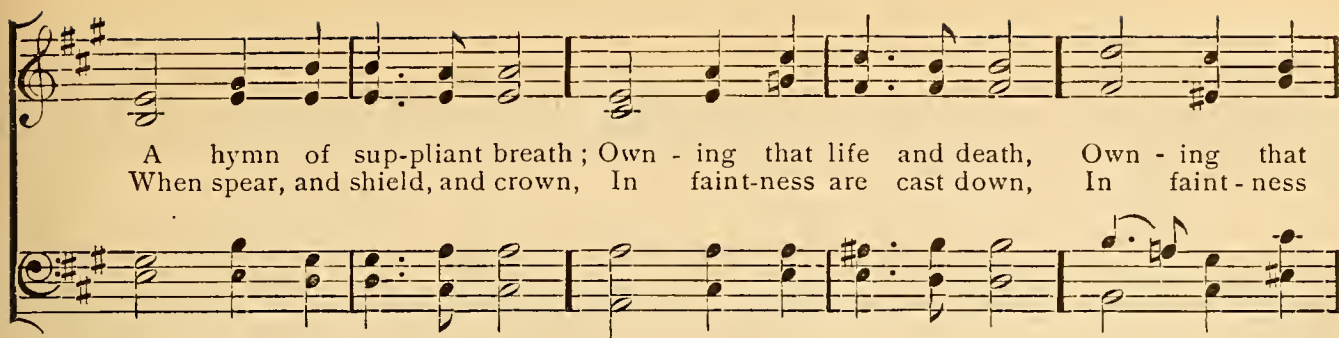
Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, Abr.

John Henry Cornell

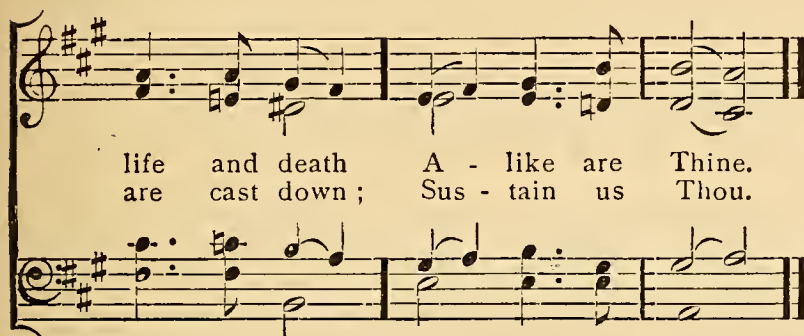


1. Low - ly and sol - emn be Thy chil - dren's cry to Thee, Fa - ther di - vine :
2. O Fa - ther, in that hour, When earth all suc - c'ring power Shall dis - a - vow ;





A hymn of suppliant breath; Own - ing that life and death, Own - ing that
When spear, and shield, and crown, In faint-ness are cast down, In faint-ness



life and death A - like are Thine.
are cast down; Sus - tain us Thou.

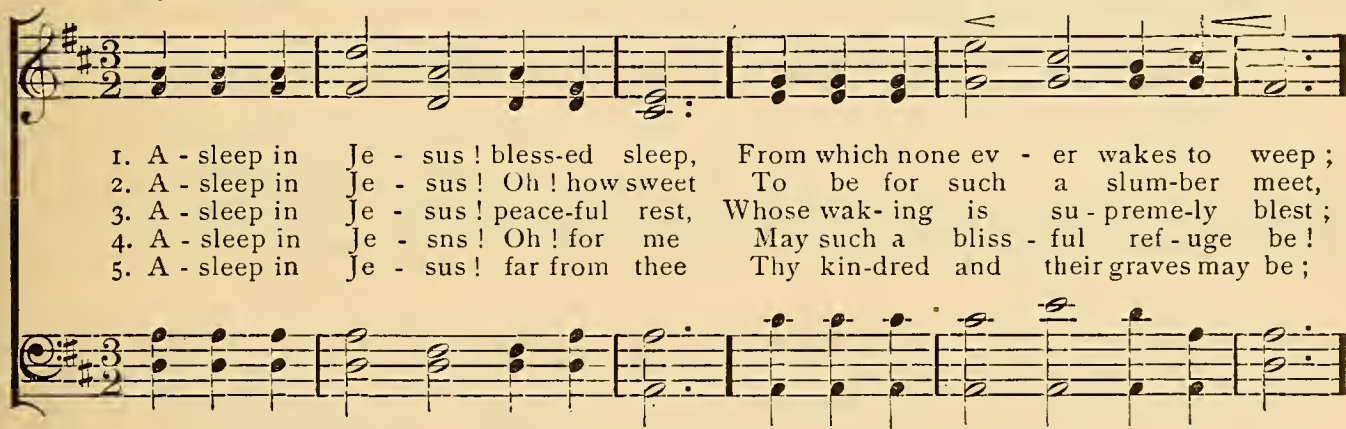
3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God.

4 Trembler beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

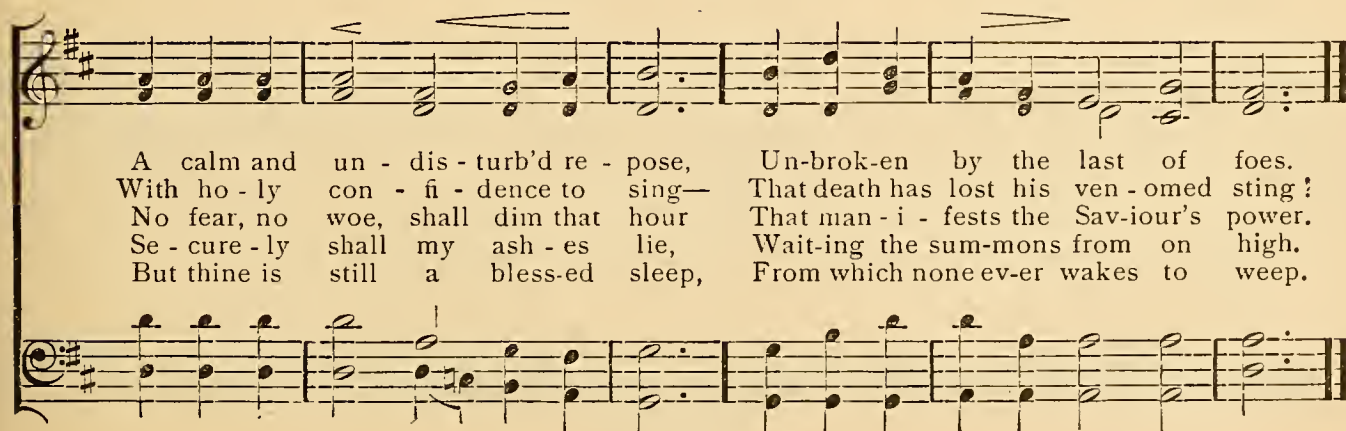
Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep

Margaret Mackay, 1832, abr.

William B. Bradbury, 1843



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh! how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet,
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak-ing is su - preme-ly blest;
4. A - sleep in Je - sns! Oh! for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
5. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred and their graves may be;



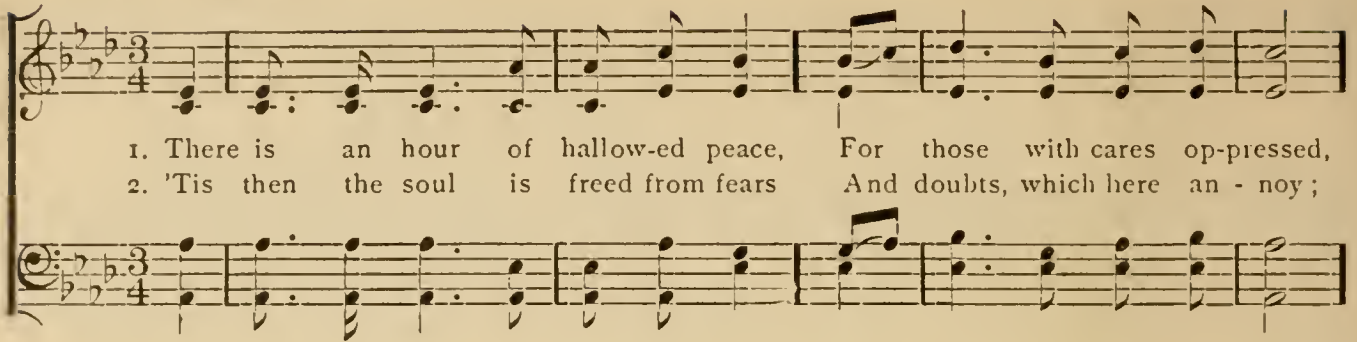
A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing— That death has lost his ven - omed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav-iour's power.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep.

DEATH

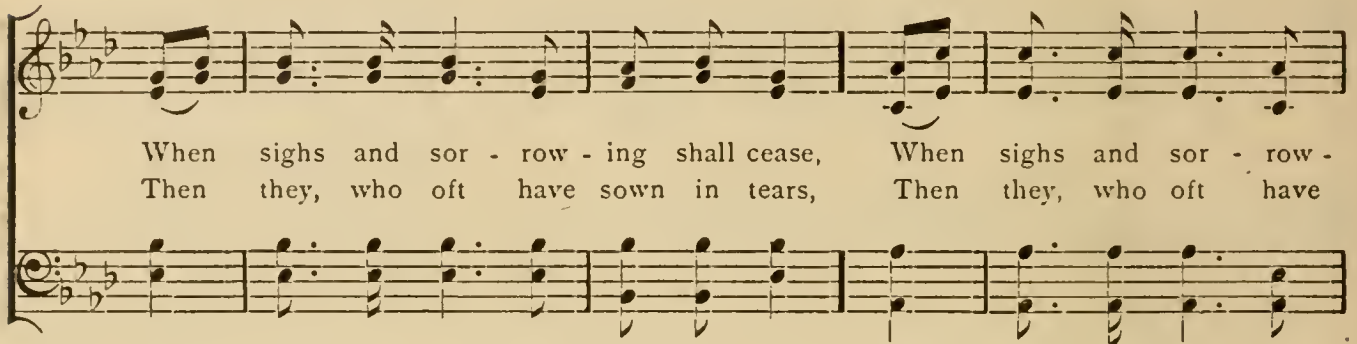
There is an Hour of Hallowed Peace

W. B. Tappan

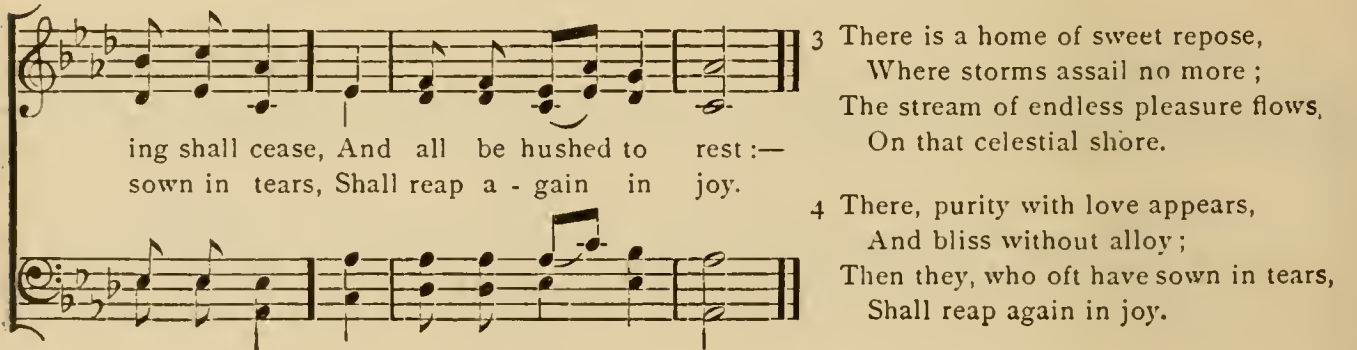
J. A. Naumann



1. There is an hour of hallow-ed peace, For those with cares op-pressed,
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, which here an - noy ;



When sighs and sor - row - ing shall cease, When sighs and sor - row -
Then they, who oft have sown in tears, Then they, who oft have



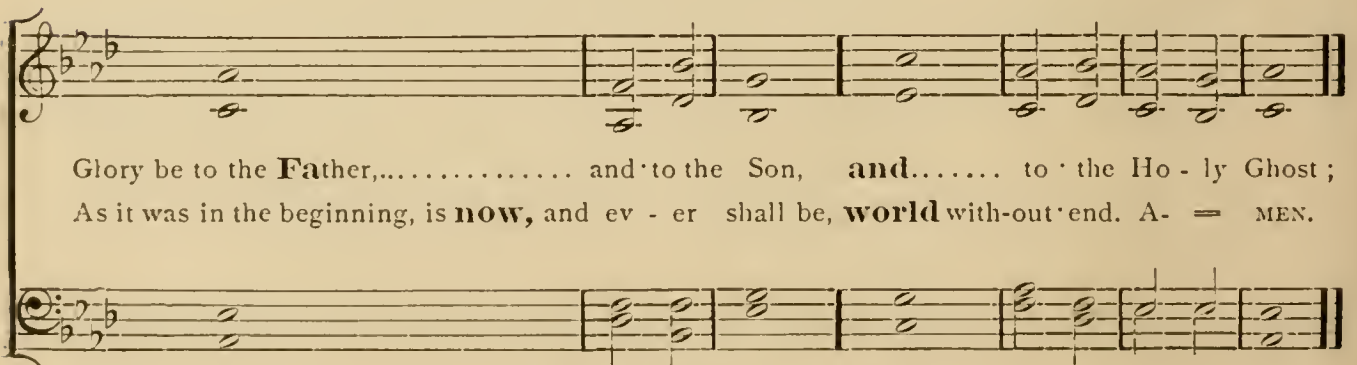
ing shall cease, And all be hushed to rest :—
sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

Gloria Patri

Dean Aldrich



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - = MEN.

O Paradise!

269

F. W. Faber

Joseph Barnby

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'T is wea - ry wait - ing here;
 3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep us in Thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest?
 We long to be where Je - sus is, To feel and see Him near.
 And guide us to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.

CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - - - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
 loy - - - - al

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - - ly sight.

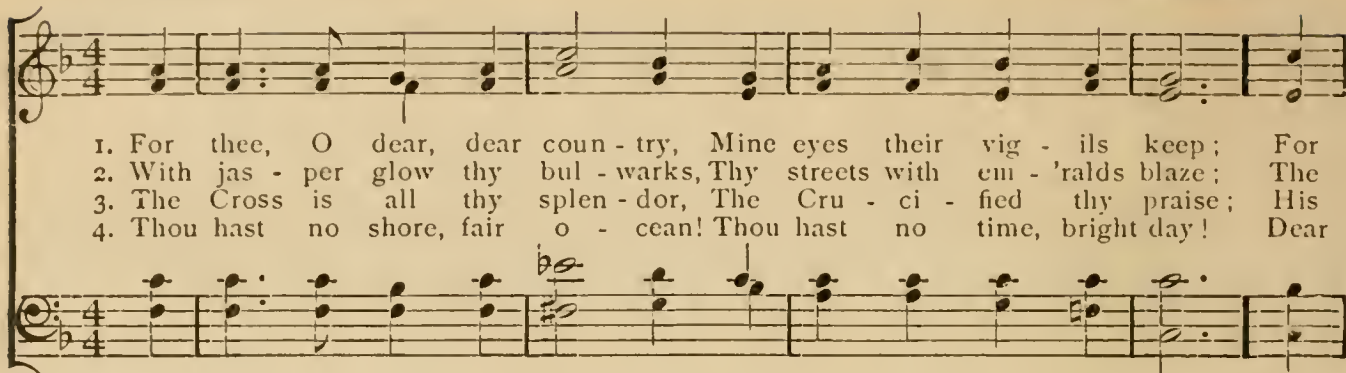
2

HEAVEN

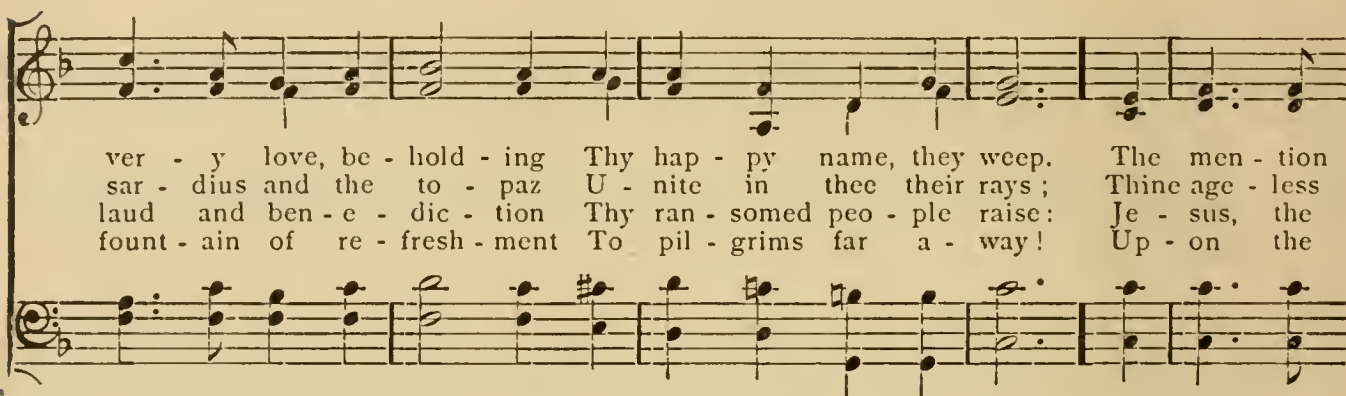
For thee, O dear, dear Country

St. Bernard, Tr. Neale

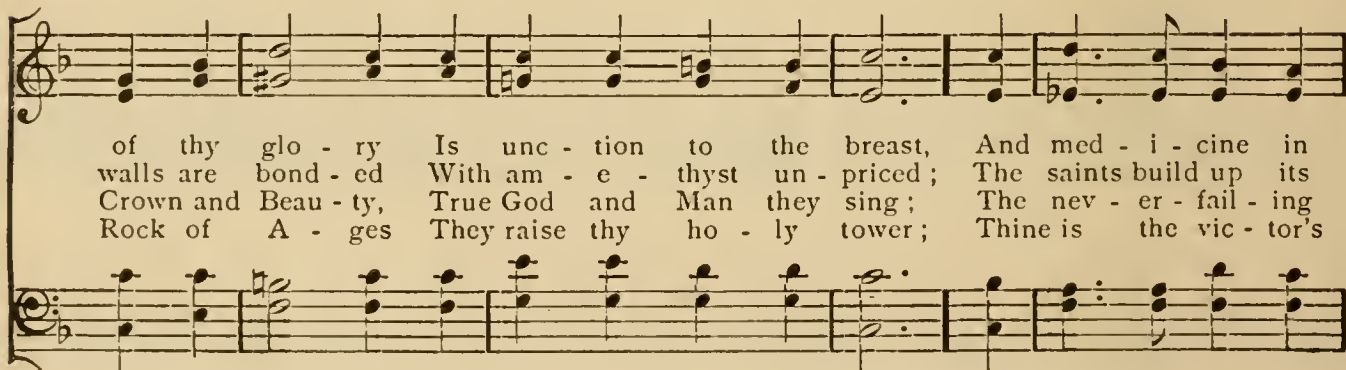
S. M. Bixby



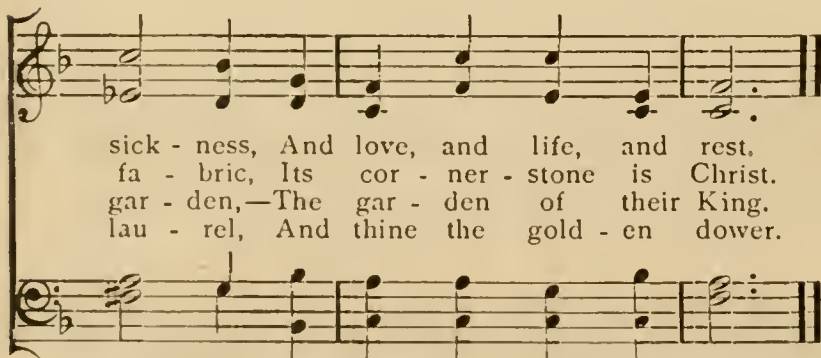
1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep ; For
 2. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with em - 'rals blaze ; The
 3. The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise ; His
 4. Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean ! Thou hast no time, bright day ! Dear



ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion
 sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays ; Thine age - less
 laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran - somed peo - ple raise : Je - sus, the
 fount - ain of re - fresh - ment To pil - grims far a - way ! Up - on the



of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in
 walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced ; The saints build up its
 Crown and Beau - ty, True God and Man they sing ; The nev - er - fail - ing
 Rock of A - ges They raise thy ho - ly tower ; Thine is the vic - tor's



sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest,
 fa - bric, Its cor - ner - stone is Christ.
 gar - den, — The gar - den of their King.
 lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dower.

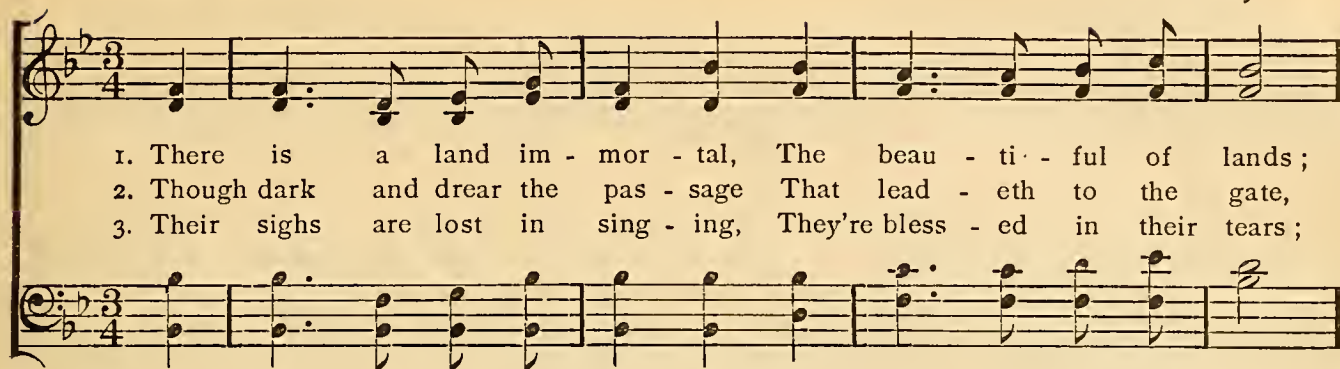
O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest :
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

There is a Land immortal

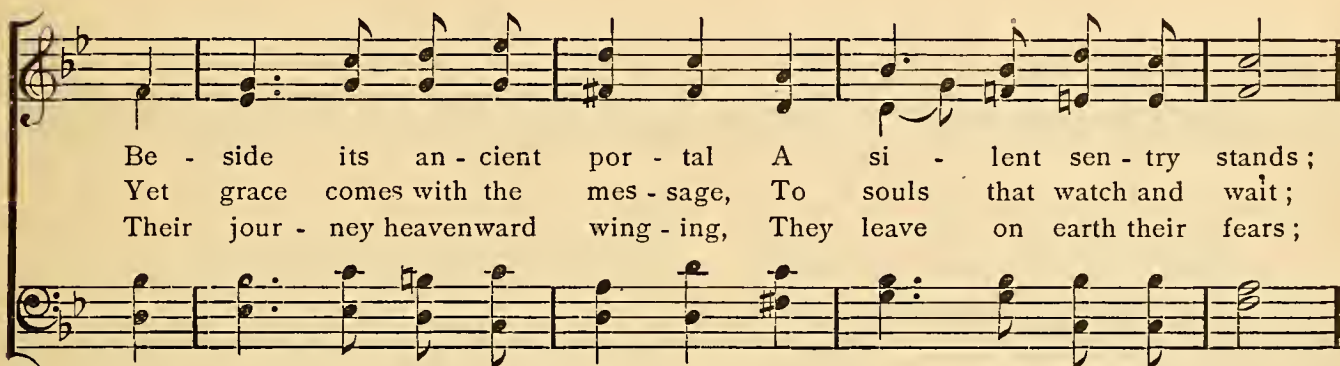
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Thomas MacKellar, 1846

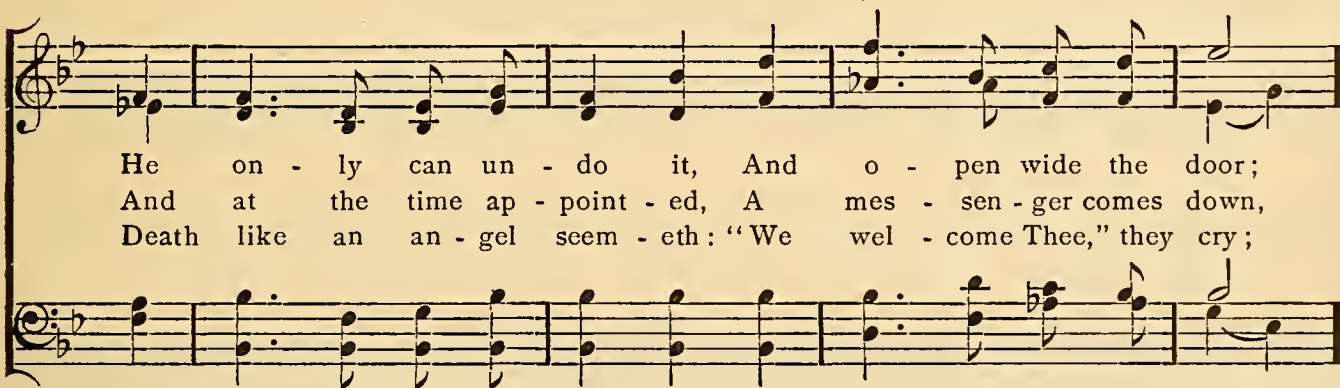
S. M. Bixby



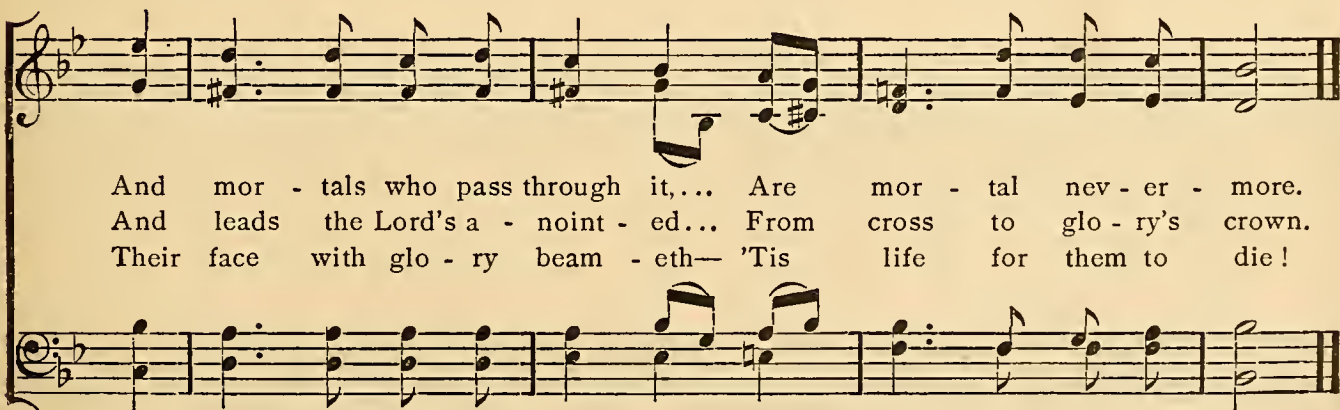
1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands ;
 2. Though dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate,
 3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're bless - ed in their tears ;



Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands ;
 Yet grace comes with the mes - sage, To souls that watch and wait ;
 Their jour - ney heavenward wing - ing, They leave on earth their fears ;



He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door ;
 And at the time ap - point - ed, A mes - sen - ger comes down,
 Death like an an - gel seem - eth : " We wel - come Thee," they cry ;



And mor - tals who pass through it... Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
 And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed... From cross to glo - ry's crown.
 Their face with glo - ry beam - eth— 'Tis life for them to die !

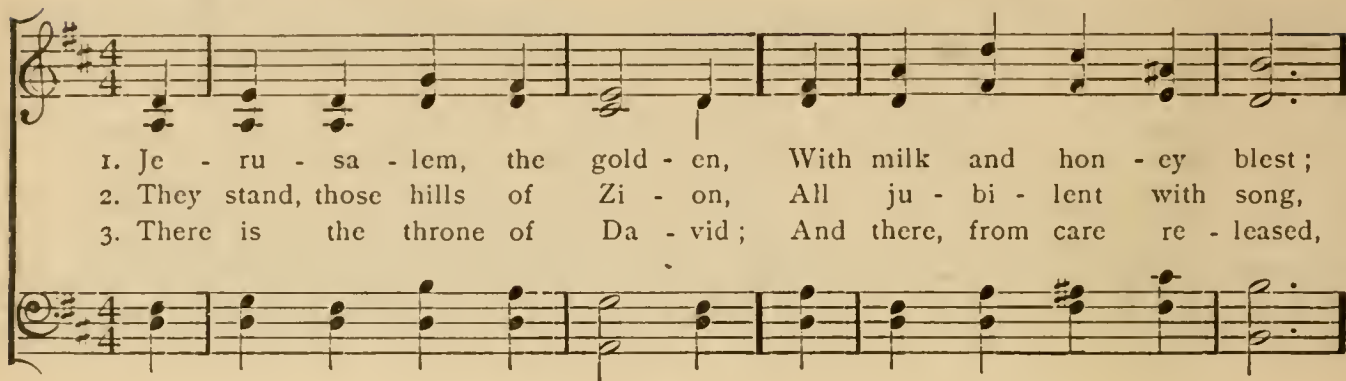
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HEAVEN

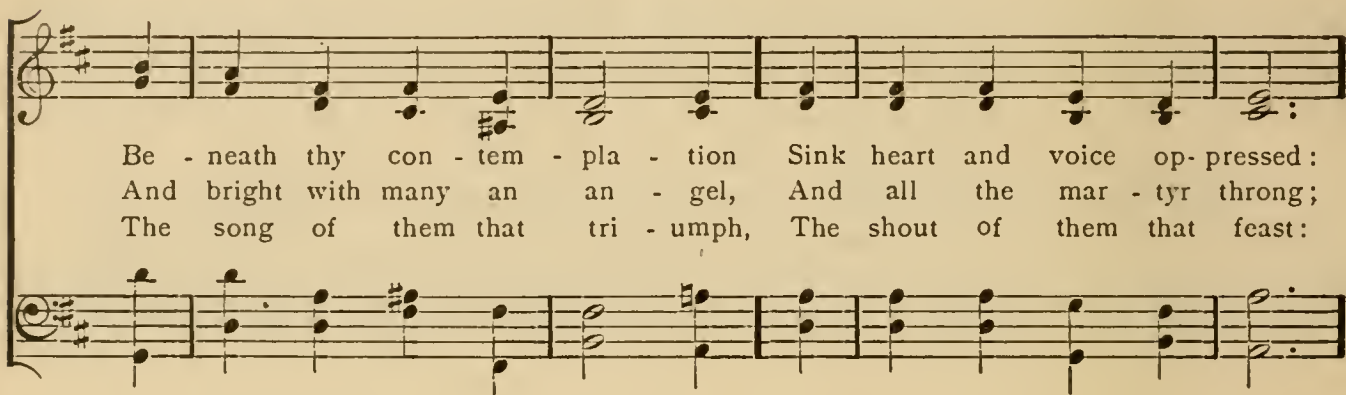
Jerusalem, the Golden

Lat. Bernard de Morlaix, 1150, abr
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851

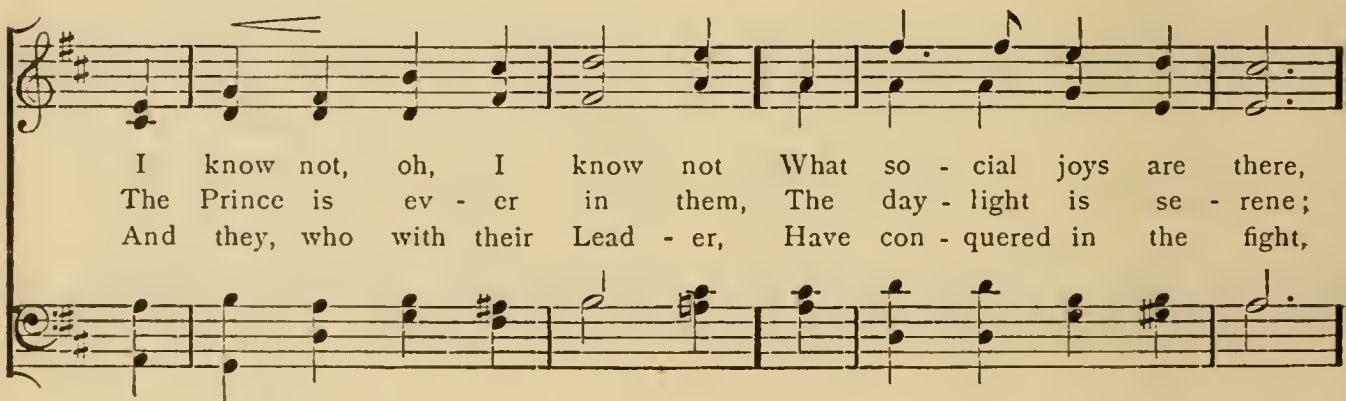
Alexander Ewing, 1853



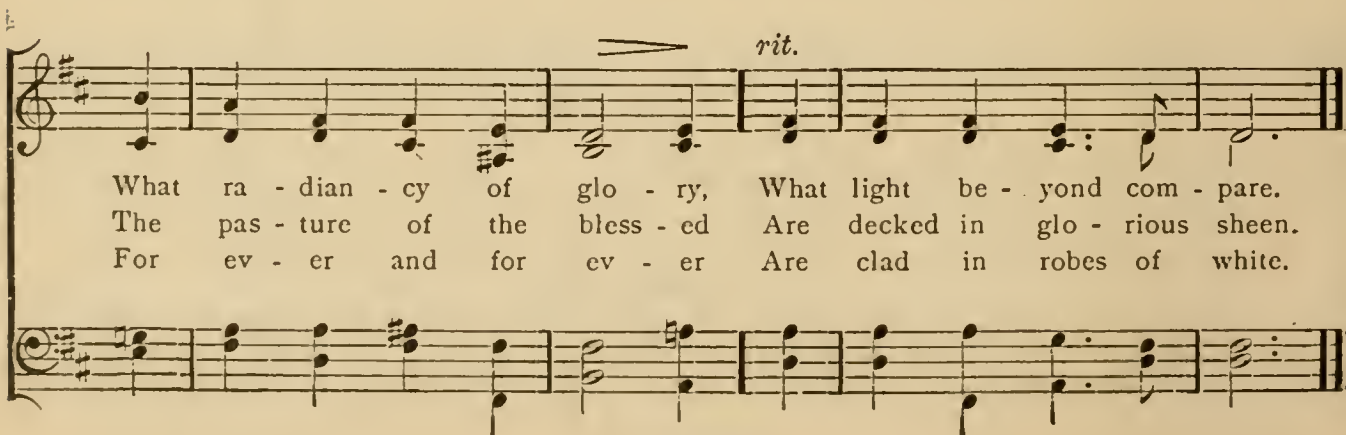
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those hills of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lent with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast:



I know not, oh, I know not What so - cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,



rit.
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The pas - ture of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

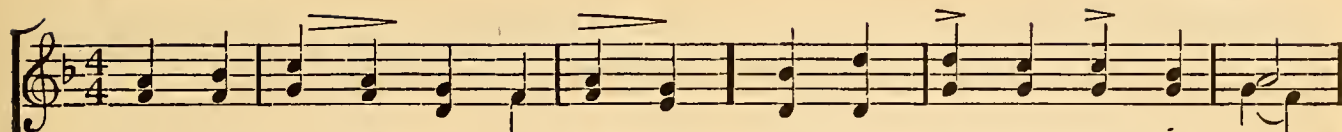
HEAVEN

In the Paradise of Jesus

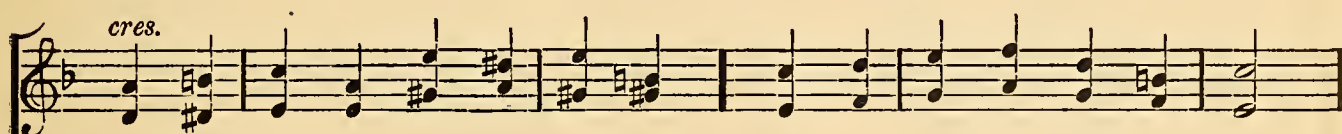
273

Mrs. Streatfield

E. G. Monk



1. In the Par - a - dise of Je - sus There are man - y homes of light,
2. In those qui - et rest - ing - plac - es, Midst the pas - tures green and fair,
3. Can we see those hap - py fac - es Of the dear ones gone be - fore?
4. Then the pearl - y gates, un - fold - ing, Nev - er shall be closed a - gain,
5. Oh, to join the Al - le - lu - ia, And the glad thanks-giv - ing raise,

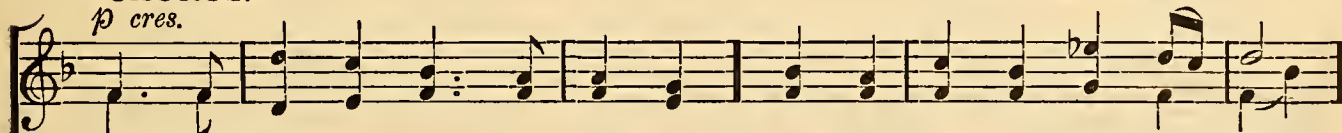


And they shine be - yond the dark - ness With a ra - diance clear and bright.
Je - sus gath - ers in the home - less, And He dwells a - mong them there.
They are read - y now to greet us, When we gain that bless - ed shore.
We shall see with - in the cit - y Je - sus, 'mid His white-robed train.
With the ran - som'd hosts of Je - sus, In their songs of end - less praise!

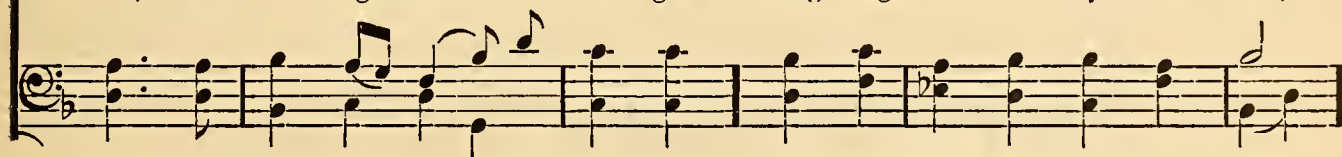


CHORUS.

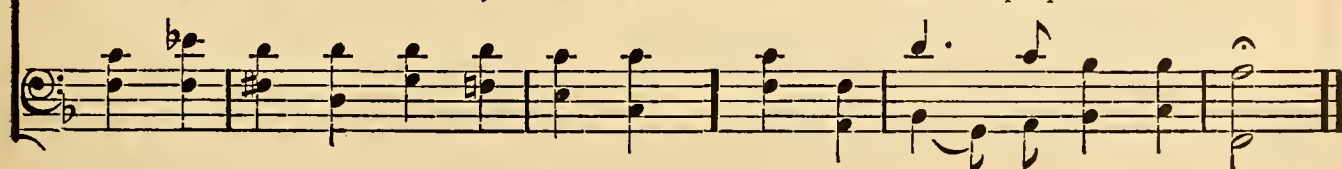
p cres.



Oh, that I might hear the an - gels Sing - ing o'er the crys - tal sea,



And a - midst the man - y man - sions Find a - home prepared for me!

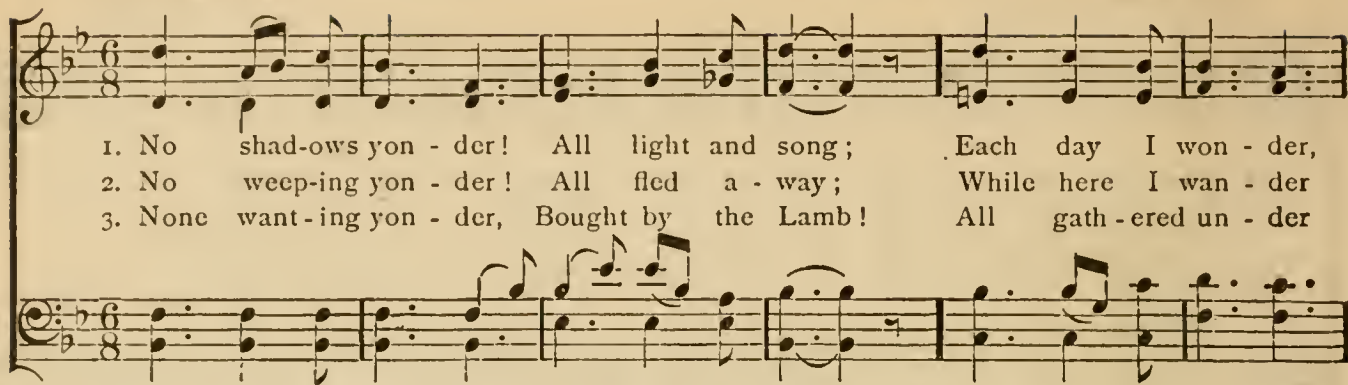


HEAVEN

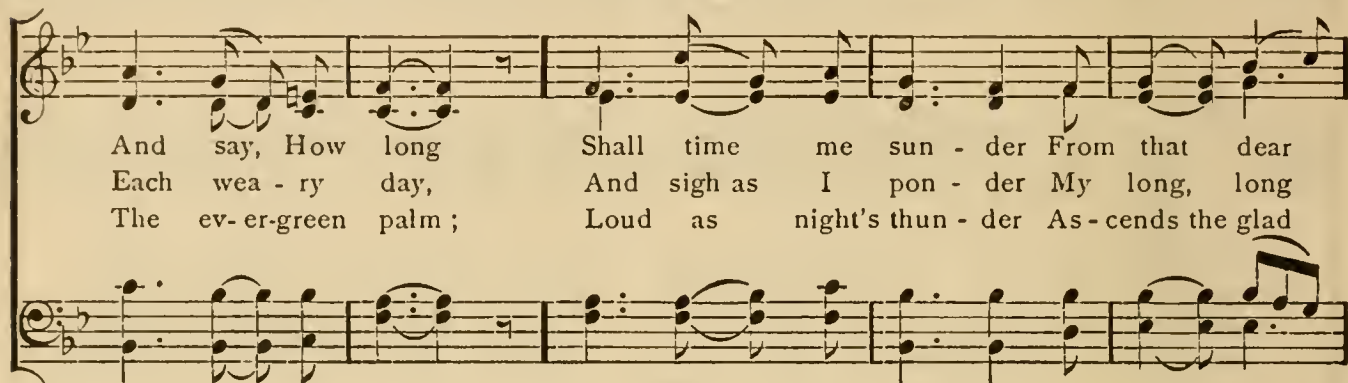
No Shadows Yonder

Horatius Bonar

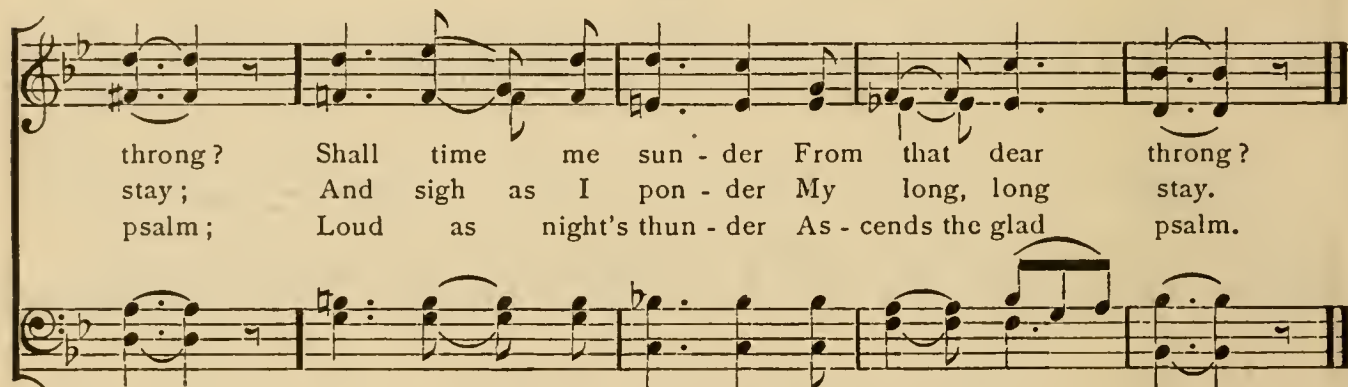
S. M. Bixby



1. No shad-ows yon - der! All light and song; Each day I won - der,
 2. No weep-ing yon - der! All fled a - way; While here I wan - der
 3. None want-ing yon - der, Bought by the Lamb! All gath - ered un - der



And say, How long Shall time me sun - der From that dear
 Each wea - ry day, And sigh as I pon - der My long, long
 The ev - er-green palm; Loud as night's thun - der As - cends the glad



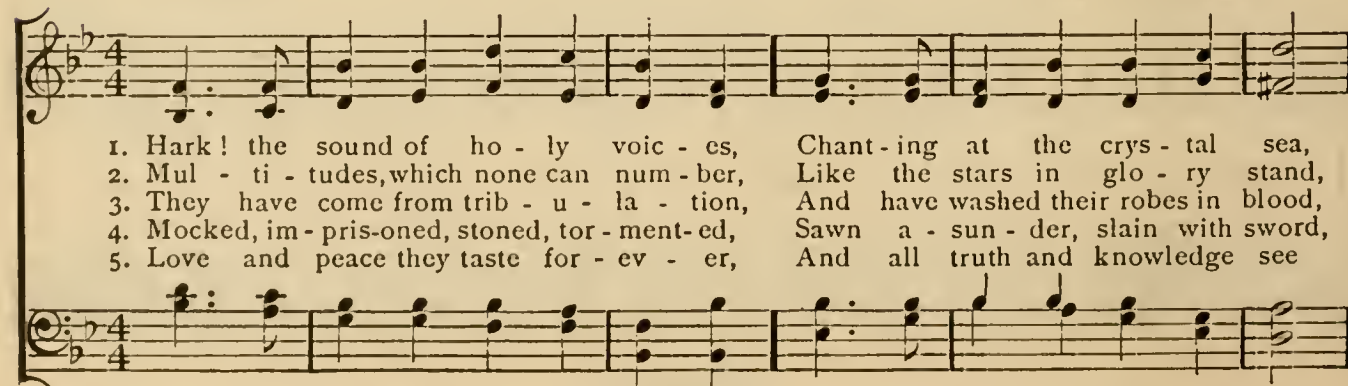
throng? Shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?
 stay; And sigh as I pon - der My long, long stay.
 psalm; Loud as night's thun - der As - cends the glad psalm.

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Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices

C. Wordsworth

A. M. Bartholemew



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,
 2. Mul - ti - tudes, which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
 3. They have come from trib - u - la - tion, And have washed their robes in blood,
 4. Mocked, im - pris - oned, stoned, tor - ment - ed, Sawn a - sun - der, slain with sword,
 5. Love and peace they taste for - ev - er, And all truth and knowledge see

HEAVEN

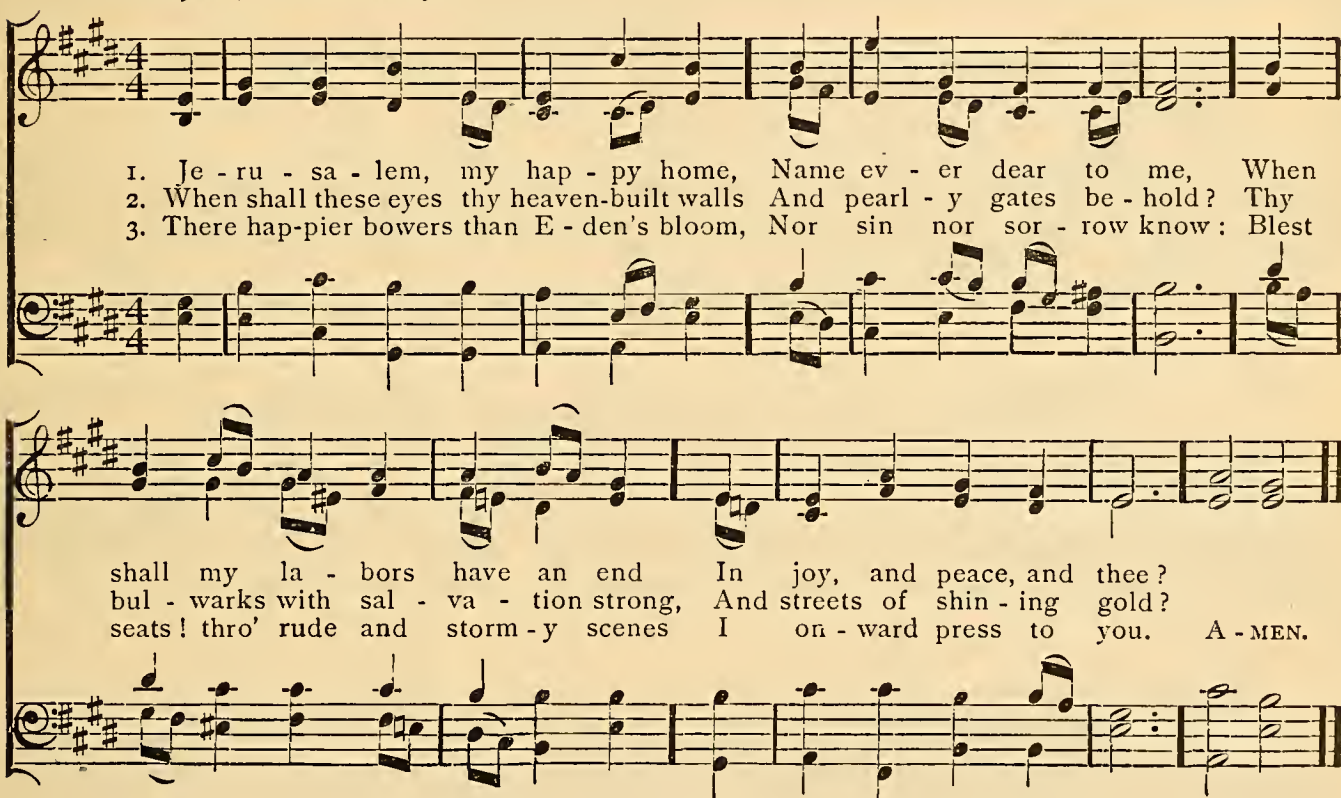


Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Lord, to Thee!
 Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands.
 Washed them in the blood of Je - sus; Tried they were and firm they stood.
 They have conquered death and Sa - tan By the might of Christ the Lord.
 In the Be - a - tif - ic Vis - ion Of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

Jerusalem, my Happy Home

Lat. Hymn, Ninth Century

Dr. H. S. Irons



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me, When
 2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold? Thy
 3. There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know: Blest

shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
 bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 seats! thro' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you. A - MEN.

4 Why should I shrink from pain or woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand:
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

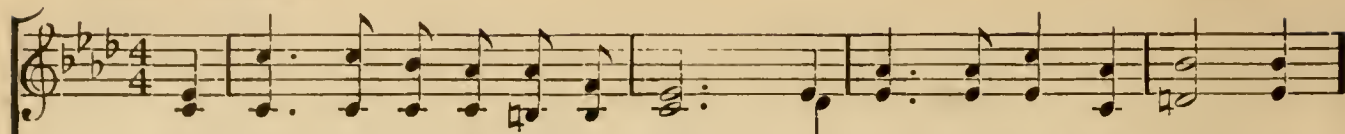
6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joy shall see. AMEN.

HEAVEN

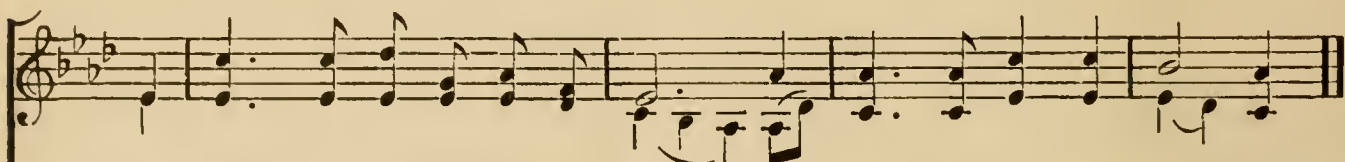
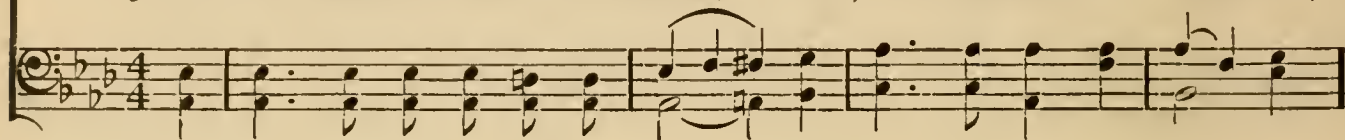
276 *This World is Bright and Fair we know*

Albert Loughton

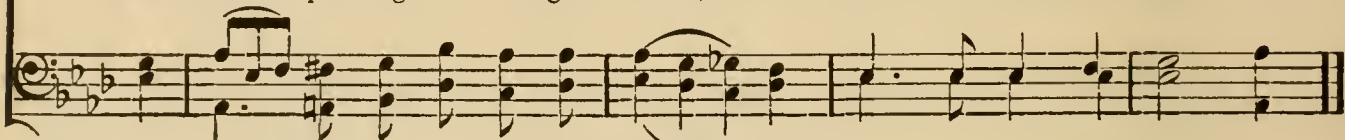
S. M. Bixby



1. This world is bright and fair, we know; The skies are arched in glo - ry;
2. But soft - er than the summer's breath, And fair - er than its ros - es,
3. The land where brok-en ties shall twine, And fond hearts will not sev - er;



The stars shine on, the sweet flow'r's blow, And tell their bless-ed sto - ry.
Will be the clime a - far, when death... The pear - ly gate un - clos - es;
Where love's pure light shall brighter shine,... For - ev - er and for - ev - er!



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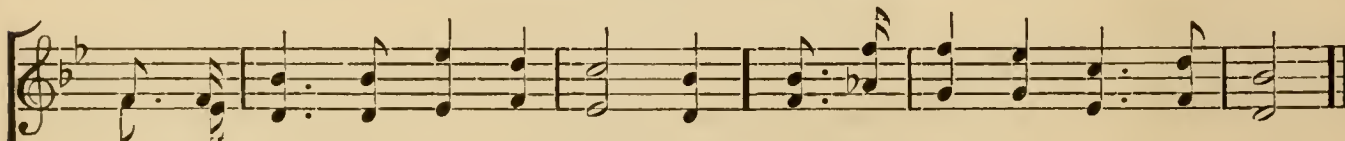
This is not my Place of Resting

Horatius Bonar

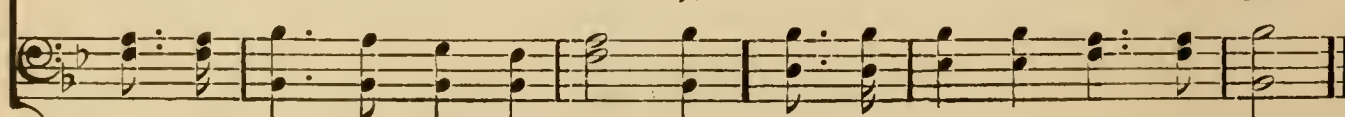
Arr. from Flotow



1. This is not my place of rest - ing, — Mine's a cit - y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a night-less day:
3. There the Lamb, our Shep-herd, leads us By the streams of life a - long, —
4. Soon we pass this des - ert drear - y, Soon we bid fare - well to pain;



On - ward to it I am hast - ing — On to my e - ter - nal home.
Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed a - way.
On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
Nev - er - more are sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.



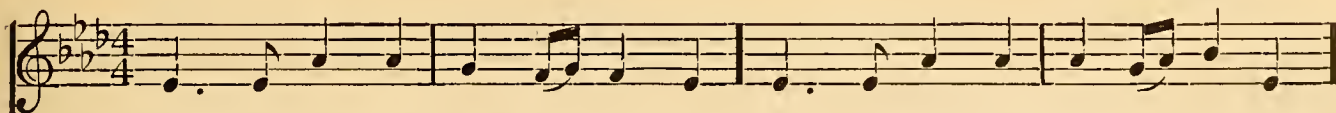
HEAVEN

Upward where the Stars are Burning

277

Horatius Bonar

John B. Calkin



1. Up - ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,
2. Far be - yond that arch of glad-ness, Far be - yond these clouds of sad-ness,



Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole ; Up - ward where the sky is bright - est,
Are the man - y man-sions fair. Far from pain and sin and fol - ly,



Up-ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.....
In that pal-ace of the ho - ly, I would find my man - sion there.....

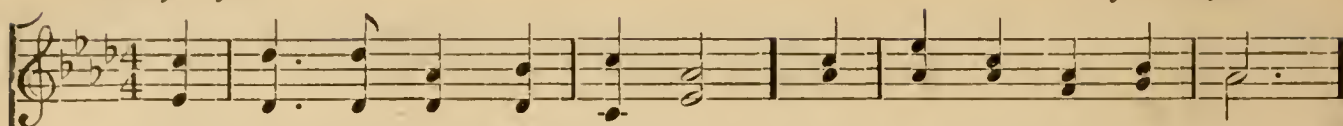


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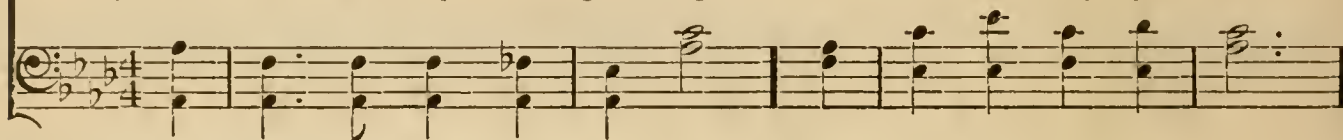
Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand

Henry Alford

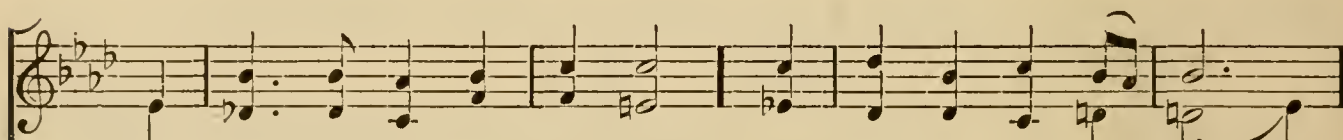
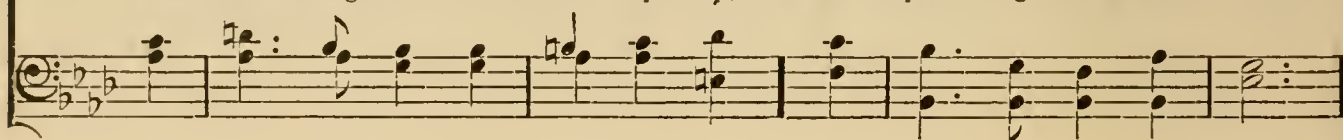
J. B. Dykes



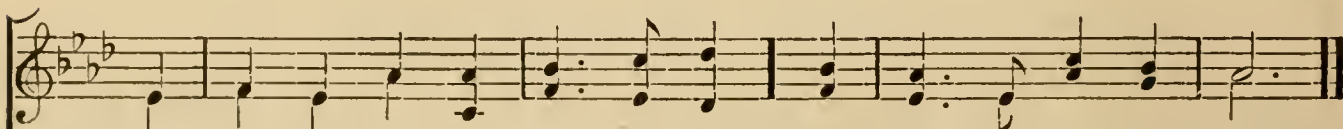
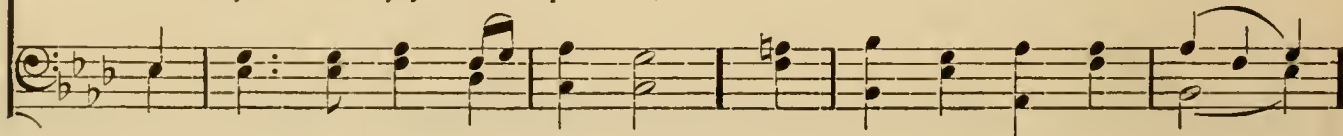
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
 2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
 3. Oh, then what rap - tur'd greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore!



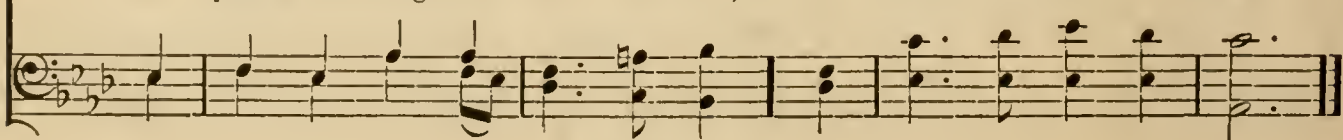
The ar - mies of the ran - som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:
 What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
 What knit - ting sev - ered friendships up, Where part - ings are no more!



'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:....
 O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!..
 Then eyes with joy shall spark - le, That brimm'd with tears of late:....



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
 O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand-fold re - paid.
 Or - phans no long - er fath - er - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.



HEAVEN

Now that the Sun is Gleaming Bright

279

J. H. Newman

Geo. Kirbye



1. Now that the sun is gleam-ing bright, Im - plore we, bend - ing low,
 2. No sin - ful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that i - dly rove;
 3. And while the hours in or - der flow, O Christ, se - cure - ly fence
 4. And grant that to Thine hon - or, Lord, Our dai - ly.. toil may tond;
 5. Now to our God, the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly.. Spir - it, sing:



That He, the un - cre - a - ted Light, May guide us.. as we go.
 But sim - ple truth be.. on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
 Our gates, be - lea - guered by the foe, The gate of.. ev - 'ry sense.
 That we be - gin it.. at Thy word, And in Thy fa - vor end.
 With praise to God, the Three in One, Let all cre - a - tion ring.

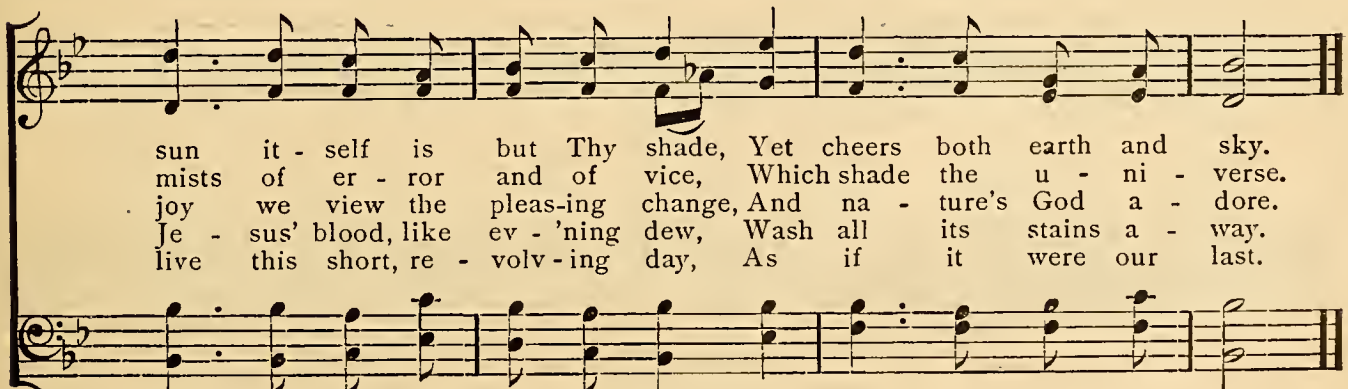
We lift our Hearts to Thee

John Wesley

S. M. Bixby



1. We lift our hearts to Thee, Thou Day - star from on high; The
 2. Oh, let Thy ris - ing beams The night of sin dis - perse; The
 3. How beau - teous na - ture now! How dark and sad be - fore! With
 4. Oh, may no gloom-y crime Pol - lute the ris - ing day; Or
 5. May we this life im - prove, To mourn for er - rors past; And

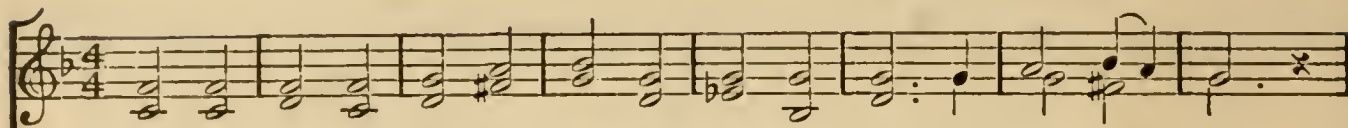


sun it - self is but Thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.
 mists of er - ror and of vice, Which shade the u - ni - verse.
 joy we view the pleas-ing change, And na - ture's God a - dore.
 Je - sus' blood, like ev - 'ning dew, Wash all its stains a - way.
 live this short, re - volv - ing day, As if it were our last.

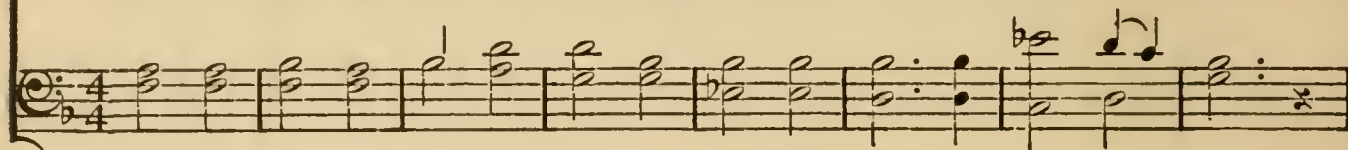
God of Morning and of Evening

From the Oratorio of "Absalom," by A. Mine

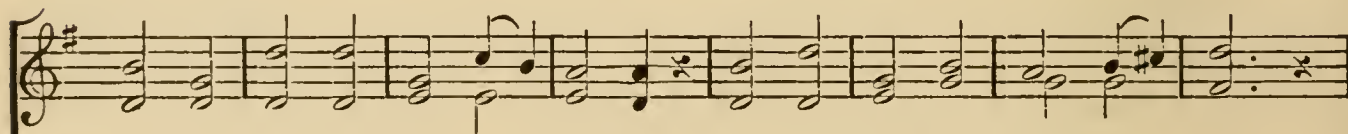
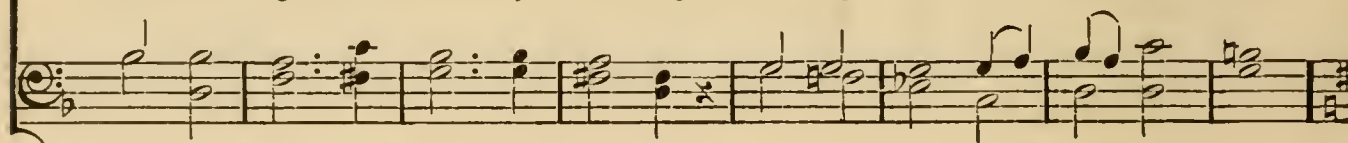
Arr. by F. N. Shepperd



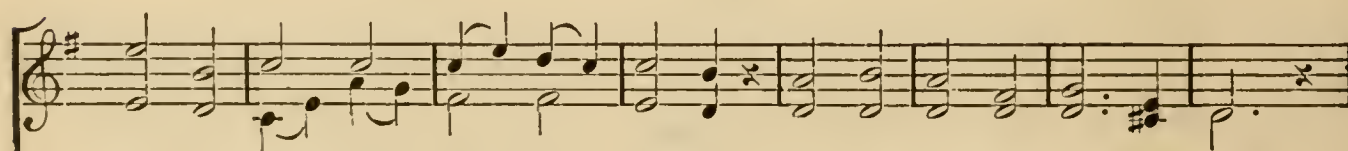
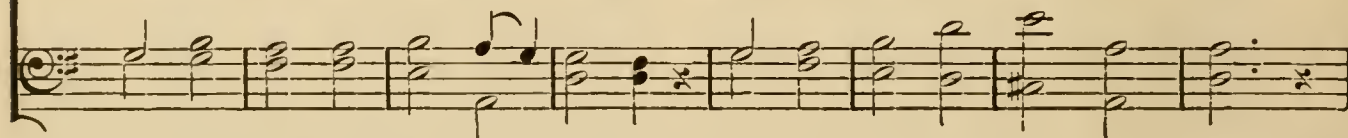
God of morn-ing and of eve-ning, Boundless source of light and love;



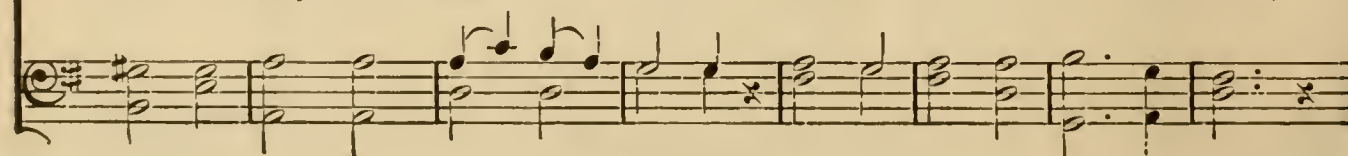
Now the light is sweet-ly dawn-ing, Shine up - on us from a - bove.




Sav-iour, keep us, and be near us, Where we go or where we be;



Sav-iour, keep us, and be near us, Till we rise to dwell with Thee;



MORNING



O deign to hear us, deign to hear us, O deign to hear us while we pray ;



O deign to hear us, deign to hear us, Deign to hear us while we pray. A - - men.

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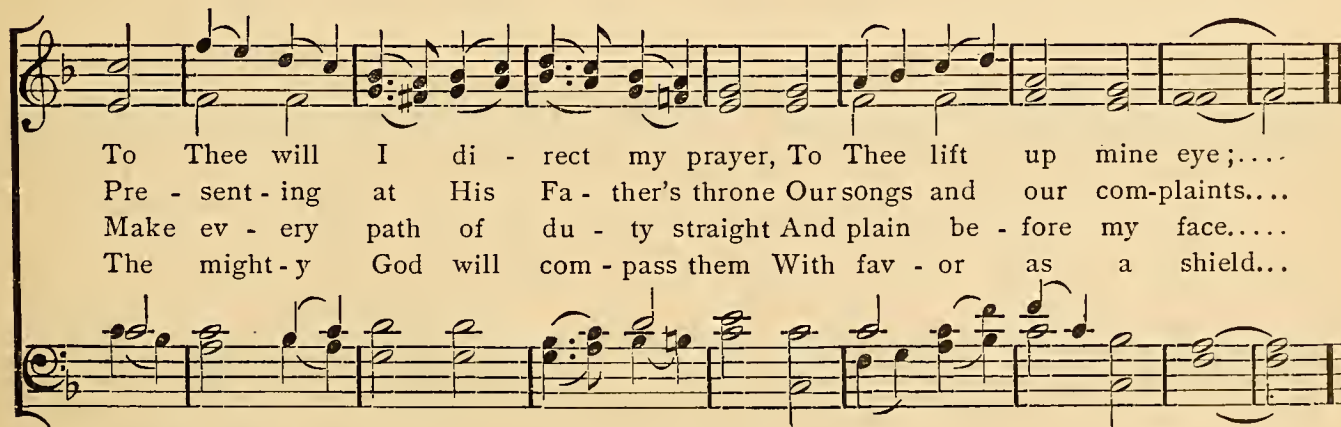
Lord, in the Morning

Isaac Watts, abr., 1719

S. M. Bixby



1. Lord ! in the mor - ning Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;...
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints, ...
 3. Oh, may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right - eous - ness !...
 4. The men that love and fear Thy name Shall see their hopes ful - filled ;...



To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye ;...
 Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com - plaints...
 Make ev - ery path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face....
 The might - y God will com - pass them With fav - or as a shield...

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MORNING

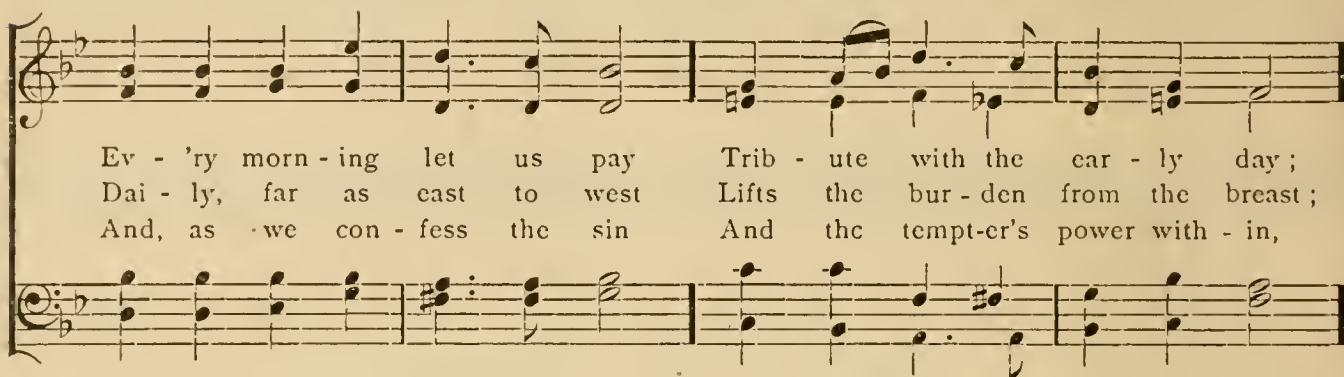
Every Morning Mercies new

G. Phillimore, 1868

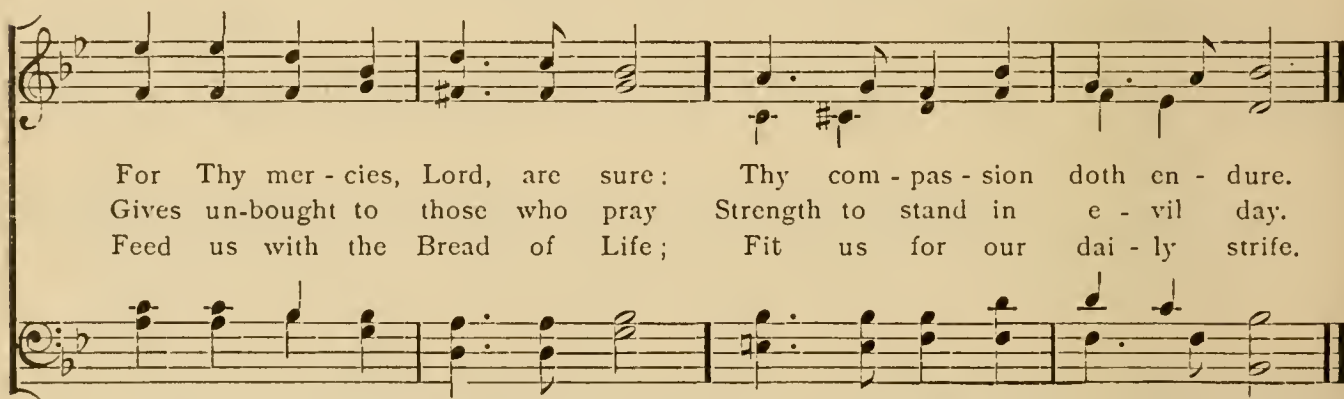
E. J. Hopkins, 1818



1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as ear - ly dew ;
 2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move ;
 3. Let our pray'rs each morn pre - vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail ;



Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day ;
 Dai - ly, far as east to west Lifts the bur - den from the breast ;
 And, as we con - fess the sin And the tempt - er's power with - in,

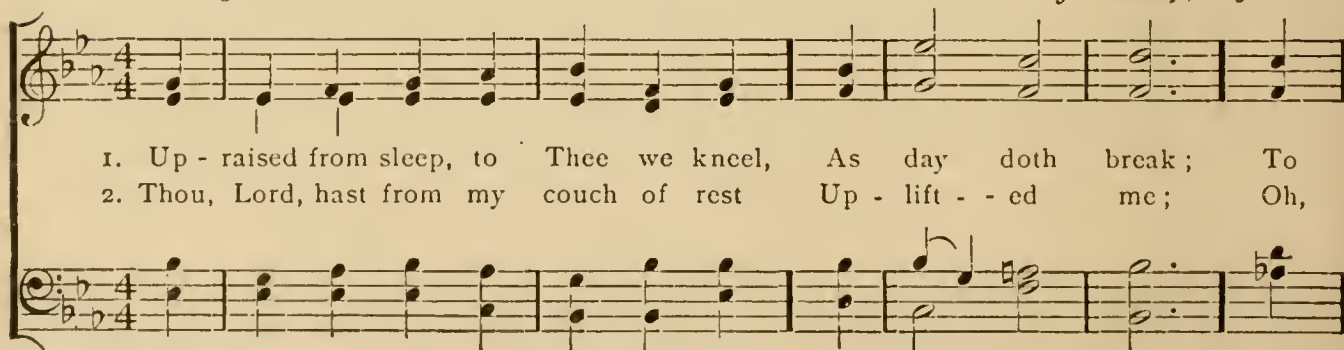


For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure : Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.
 Gives un - bought to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day.
 Feed us with the Bread of Life ; Fit us for our dai - ly strife.

Upraised from Sleep, to Thee we Kneel

R. C. Singleton

J. Barnby, 1838



1. Up - raised from sleep, to Thee we kneel, As day doth break ; To
 2. Thou, Lord, hast from my couch of rest Up - lift - - ed me ; Oh,

MORNING

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves, each with four parts. The lyrics are: 'Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring; light my mind; oh, light my heart, And ope my lips to take their part'. The second system also has two staves with four parts. The lyrics are: 'For mer - cy's sake, Oh, pit - y take, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly. In prais - ing Thee, Blest Trin - i - ty, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly.' The music features a variety of note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, with some rests.

Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring;
light my mind; oh, light my heart, And ope my lips to take their part

For mer - cy's sake, Oh, pit - y take, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly.
In prais - ing Thee, Blest Trin - i - ty, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly.

Saviour, when Night Involves the Skies

Rev. F. Gisborne

Dr. Henry Hiles

The musical score is written for a four-part choir in 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves, each with four parts. The lyrics are: '1. Sav - iour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing turns to Thee: 2. On Thee my wak - ing rap - tures dwell, When crim - son gleams the east a - dorn, 3. When noon her throne in light ar - rays, To Thee my soul tri - umph - ant springs; 4. O'er earth, when shades of eve - ning steal, To death and Thee my tho'ts I give;'. The second system also has two staves with four parts. The lyrics are: 'Thee, self - a - bas'd in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. Thee, vic - tor of the grave and hell, Thee, source of life's e - ter - nal morn. Thee, throned in glo - ry's end - less blaze, Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings. To death, whose power I soon must feel, To Thee, with Whom I trust to live. A-MEN.' The music features a variety of note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, with some rests.

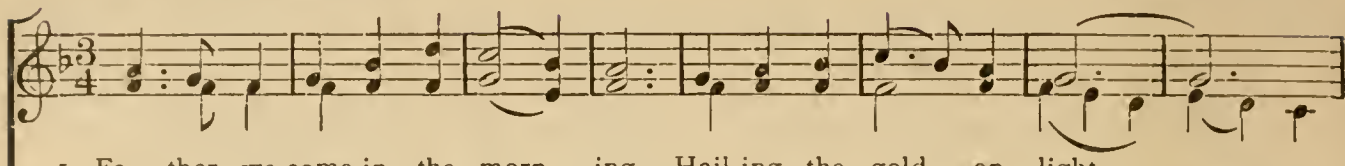
1. Sav - iour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing turns to Thee:
2. On Thee my wak - ing rap - tures dwell, When crim - son gleams the east a - dorn,
3. When noon her throne in light ar - rays, To Thee my soul tri - umph - ant springs;
4. O'er earth, when shades of eve - ning steal, To death and Thee my tho'ts I give;

Thee, self - a - bas'd in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.
Thee, vic - tor of the grave and hell, Thee, source of life's e - ter - nal morn.
Thee, throned in glo - ry's end - less blaze, Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.
To death, whose power I soon must feel, To Thee, with Whom I trust to live. A-MEN.

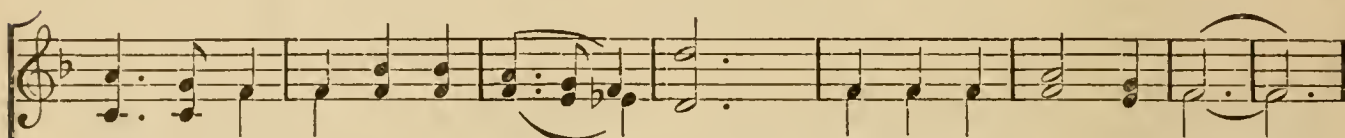
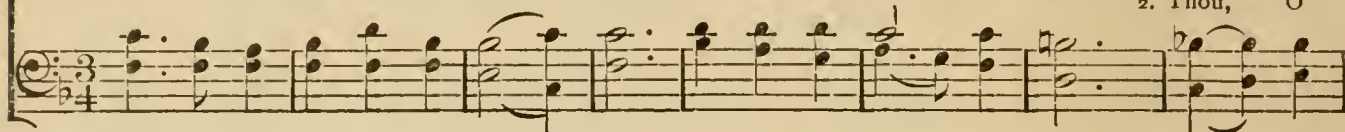
Father, we come in the Morning

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

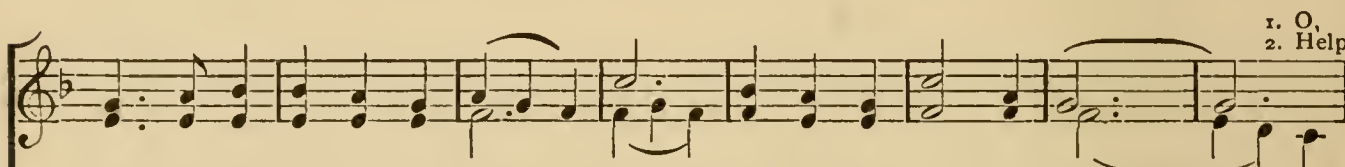
S. M. Bixby



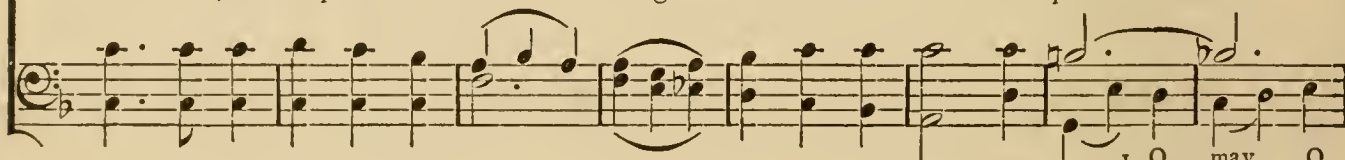
1. Fa - ther, we come in the morn - ing, Hail-ing the gold - en light,.....
 2. Hold Thou our hearts in Thy keep - ing, Guide us, for Je - sus' sake;.....
1. Blessing, yes,
2. Thou, O



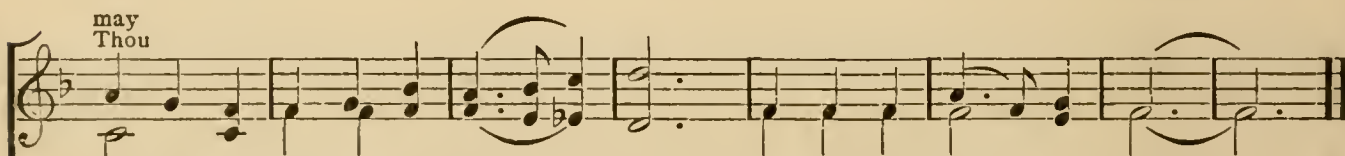
Bless-ing Thy hand for the dawn - - ing, Thanking Thee for the night.
 Thou, who didst watch o'er us sleep - - ing, Care for us when we wake.



Lord, let Thy goodness sur-round us,.... Lead-ing us all the day;.....
 Fa - ther, O keep us from sin - - ning!.. Par-don our er - rors past!.....



1. O, may, O,
2. Help Thou, help



may
Thou
O, may the love that has found.... us Through all our jour - ney stay!....
 Help Thou love's fee-ble be - gin - - ning, Fit us for heav'n at last!.....



may
Thou
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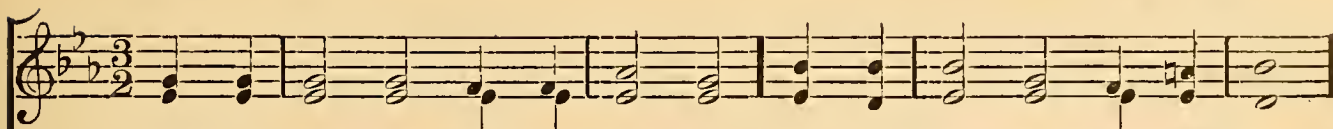
MORNING

Day is Ended, O how Calmly

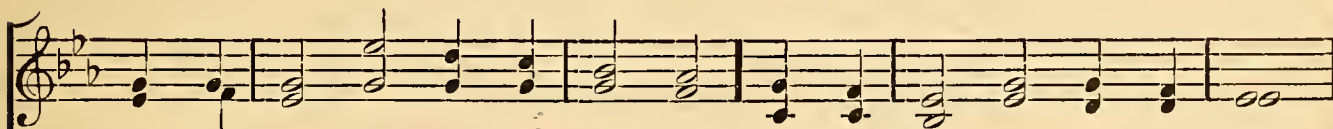
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Frances J. Crosby, 1892

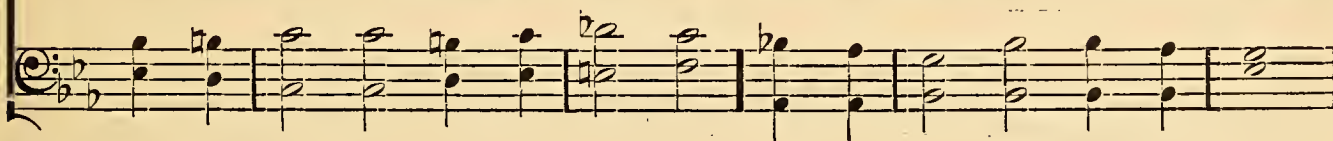
S. M. Bixby



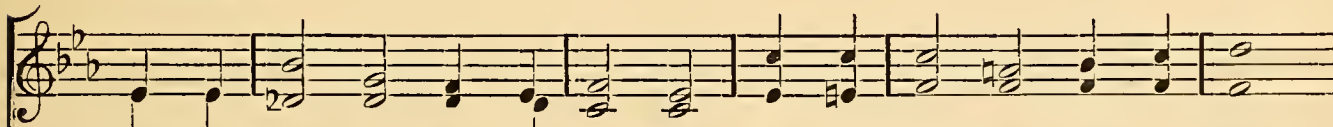
1. Day is end - ed, O how calm - ly, In the bright and glow - ing west ;
2. Day is end - ed, toil is o - ver, Bus - y sounds are hushed and still ;
3. Day is end - ed, toil is o - ver, Our Re - deem - er, Friend, and Guide,
4. Day is end - ed, toil is o - ver, Time for us will soon be done ;



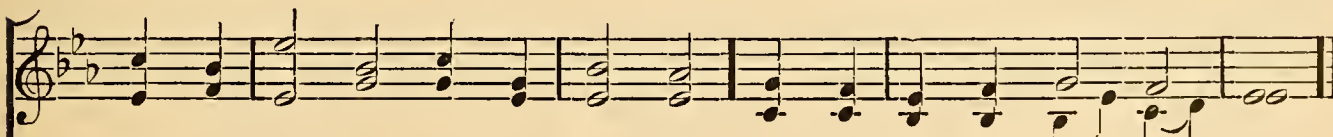
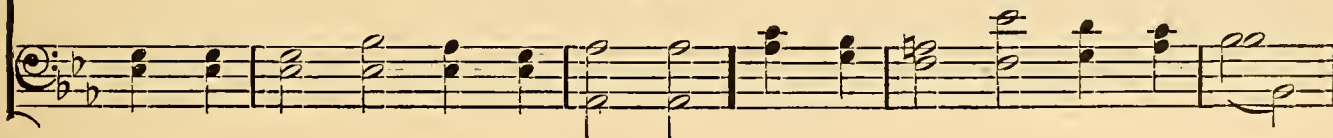
One by one its beams are dy - ing, One by one they sink to rest.
Grate - ful thoughts of our Cre - a - tor Now the tran - quil spir - it fill.
Bless the home we love so dear - ly, Still for all its wants pro - vide.
Then with - in the gates e - ter - nal May we gath - er ev - ery one.



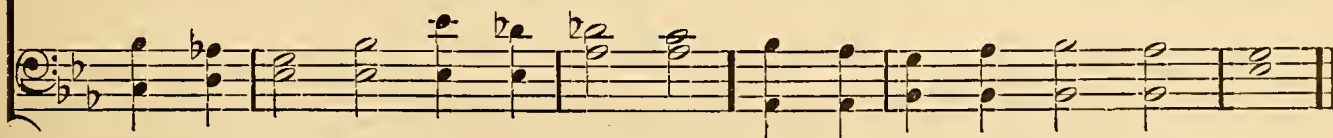
CHORUS.



Fa - ther, hear us while we lin - ger At Thy throne of grace in prayer ;



Through the night-watch keep us safe - ly, May we all Thy bless - ing share.



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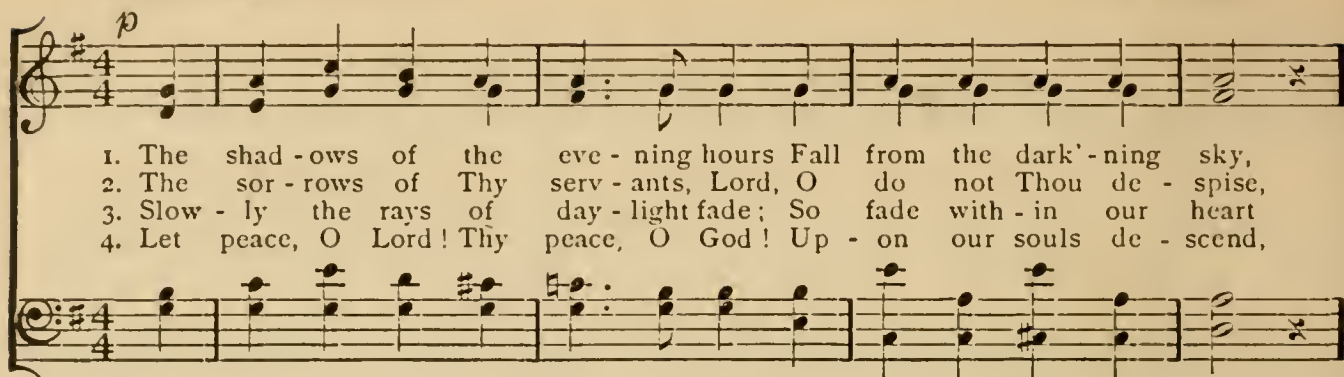
EVENING

The Shadows of the Evening Hours

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1858

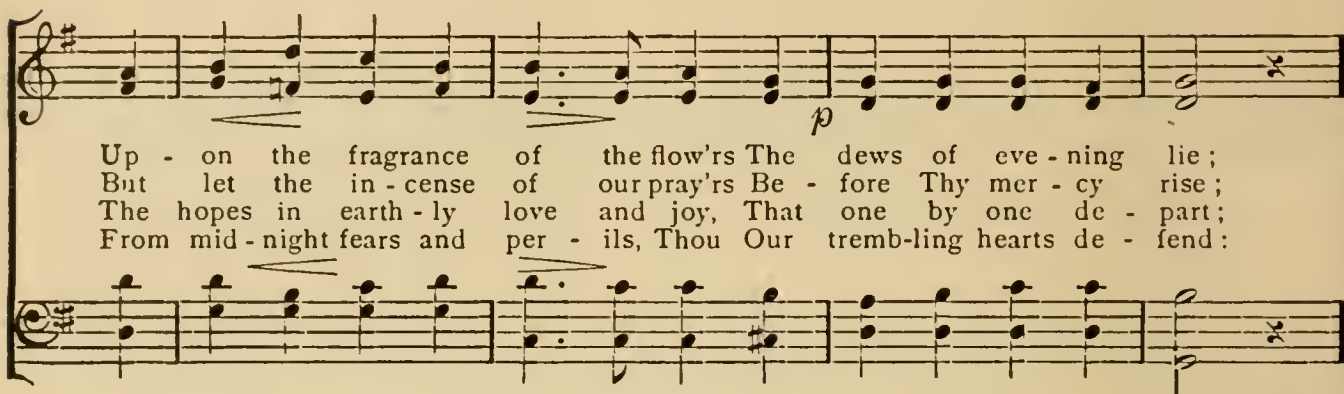
Dr. H. Hiles

p



1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark' - ning sky,
 2. The sor - rows of Thy serv - ants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,
 3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with - in our heart
 4. Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God! Up - on our souls de - scend,

p



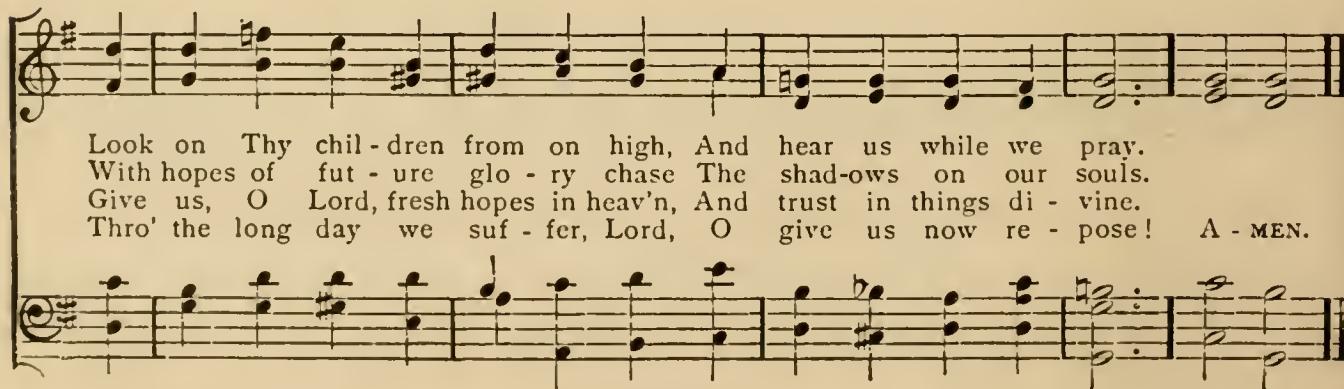
Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve - ning lie;
 But let the in - cense of our pray'rs Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise;
 The hopes in earth - ly love and joy, That one by one de - part;
 From mid - night fears and per - ils, Thou Our tremb - ling hearts de - fend:

cres.



Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day:....
 The bright-ness of the com - ing night Up - on the dark - ness rolls:....
 Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav - ens shine:—
 Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm and sub - due our woes:....

cres.

Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
 With hopes of fut - ure glo - ry chase The shad - ows on our souls.
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.
 Thro' the long day we suf - fer, Lord, O give us now re - pose! A - MEN.

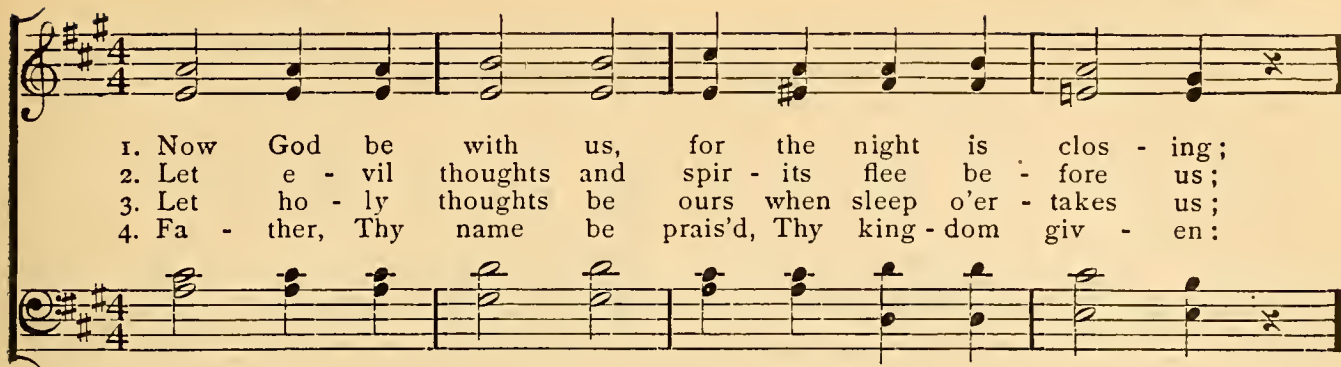
EVENING

Now God be with us

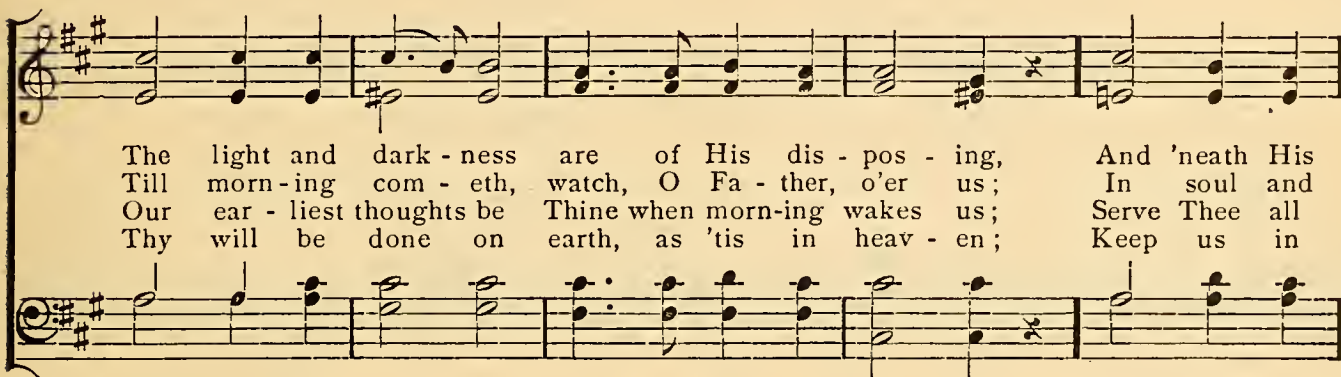
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Tr. by C. Winkworth

F. F. Flemming



1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing;
 2. Let e - vil thoughts and spir - its flee be - fore us;
 3. Let ho - ly thoughts be ours when sleep o'er - takes us;
 4. Fa - ther, Thy name be prais'd, Thy king - dom giv - en:

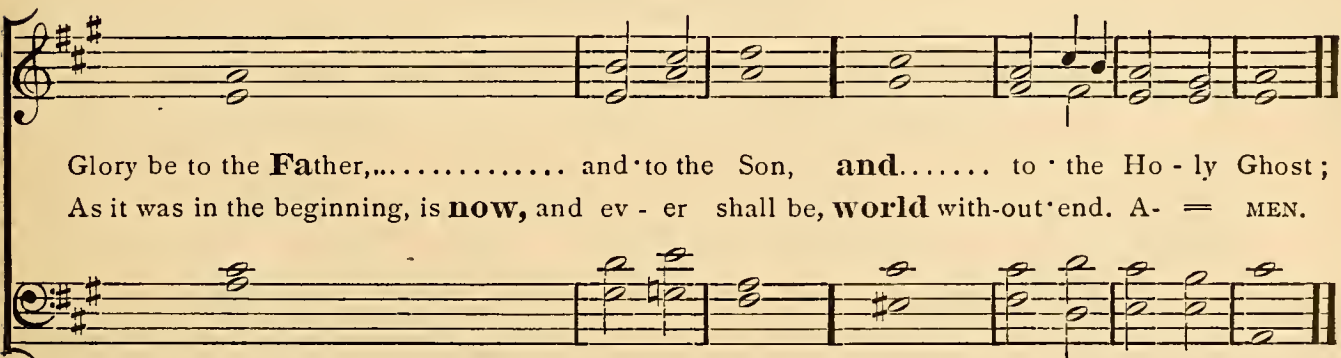


The light and dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His
 Till morn - ing com - eth, watch, O Fa - ther, o'er us; In soul and
 Our ear - liest thoughts be Thine when morn - ing wakes us; Serve Thee all
 Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in heav - en; Keep us in



shad - ow we to rest may yield us, For He will shield us.
 bod - y - Thou from harm de - fend us; Thine an - gels send us.
 day; in all that we are do - ing Thy praise pur - su - - ing.
 life, for - give our sins, de - liv - er Us, now and ev - - er.

Gloria Patri



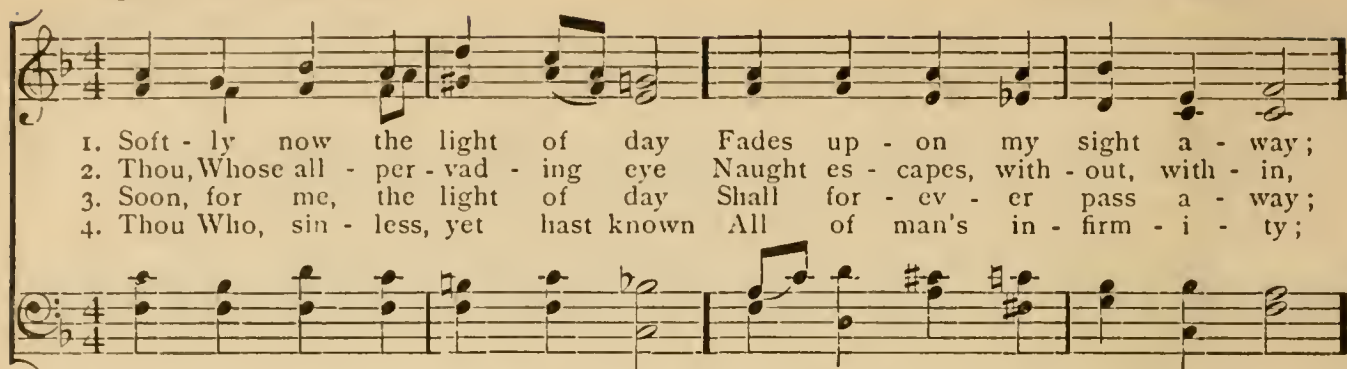
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A - = MEN.

EVENING

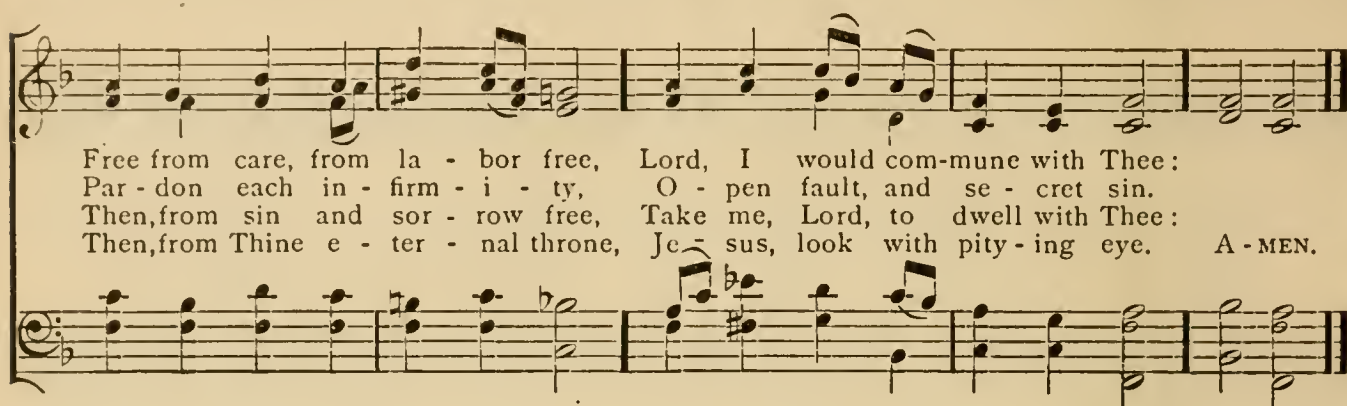
Softly now the Light of Day

Bp. G. W. Doane, 1824

From Von Weber



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;
 2. Thou, Whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way ;
 4. Thou Who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty ;

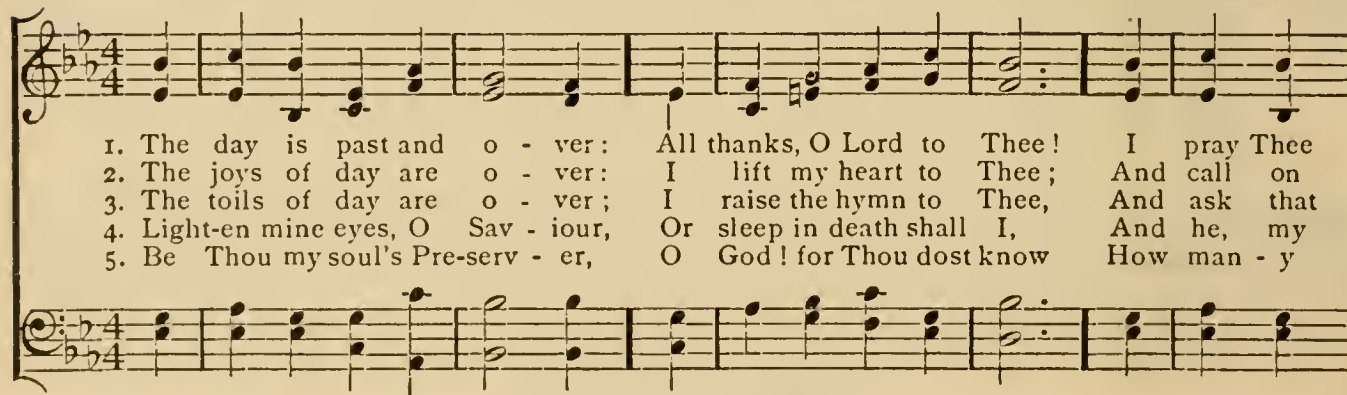


Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee :
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee :
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye. A - MEN.

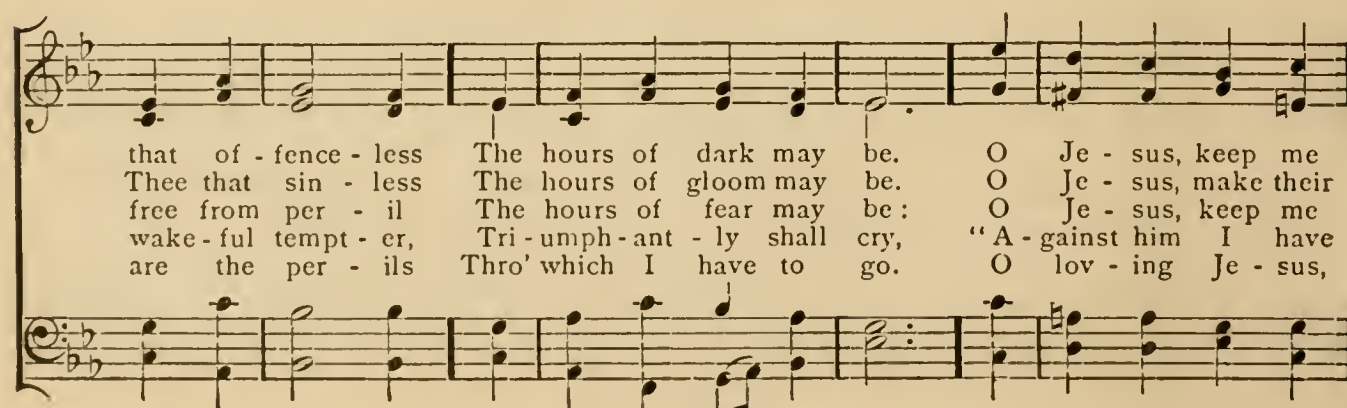
The Day is Past and Over

St. Anatolius, 450. Tr. by Bp. Neale

A. H. Brown



1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord to Thee ! I pray Thee
 2. The joys of day are o - ver: I lift my heart to Thee ; And call on
 3. The toils of day are o - ver: I raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that
 4. Light-en mine eyes, O Sav - iour, Or sleep in death shall I, And he, my
 5. Be Thou my soul's Pre-serv - er, O God ! for Thou dost know How man - y



that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me
 Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may be. O Je - sus, make their
 free from per - il The hours of fear may be: O Je - sus, keep me
 wake - ful tempt - er, Tri - umph - ant - ly shall cry, "A - gainst him I have
 are the per - ils Thro' which I have to go. O lov - ing Je - sus,

EVENING

in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night!
 dark - ness light, And save me thro' the com - ing night!
 in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the com - ing night!
 now pre - vailed: Re - joice! the child of God has failed."
 hear my call. And guard and save me from them all! A - - MEN.

The Sun is Sinking Fast

Latin, Tr. by E. Caswall

Rev. J. H. Hopkins

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let
 2. As Christ up - on the cross His head in - clined, And
 3. So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give In -

love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.
 to His Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - sign'd;
 to His sa - cred charge, In Whom all spir - its... live; A - MEN.

4 So now beneath His eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
 Whate'er betide;
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
 Not I, but He,
 In all His power and love,
 Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity,
 One Lord Divine,
 May I be ever His,
 And He for ever mine. AMEN.

Thro' the Day Thy Love has Spared us

T. Kelly, 1806

Heinrich Albert, 1643

1. { Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest, }
 { Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest; }
 2. { Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwelling in the midst of foes; }
 { Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re - pose; }

Je - sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
 And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last. A - MEN.

Now from the Altar of our Hearts

Rev. J. Mason, 1683

Bp. Turton

1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts, Let flames of love a - rise;
 2. Min - utes and mer - cies mul - ti - plied Have made up all this day;
 3. New time, new fa - vors, and new joys Do a new song re - quire;

As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve - ning sac - ri - fice.
 Min - utes came quick, but mer - cies were More swift, more free than they.
 Till we shall praise Thee as we would, Ac - cept our hearts' de - sire. A - MEN.

EVENING

The Day is past and gone

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Latin. Tr. William John Blew, 1849

S. M. Bixby

1. The day is past and gone:..... Great God, we bow to Thee;.... A -
2. Oh, when shall that day come,..... Ne'er sink - ing in the west,.... That
3. Where we, pre - served be - neath..... The shel - ter of Thy wing,..... For -

gain, as shades of night steal on, Un - to Thy side we flee.....
coun - try and that hap - py home, Where none shall break our rest;....
ev - er - more Thy praise shall breathe, And of Thy mer - cy sing.....

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Glory to Thee, my God this Night

T. Ken

Thos. Tallis

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light:
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed:
4. Oh, let my soul on Thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close!

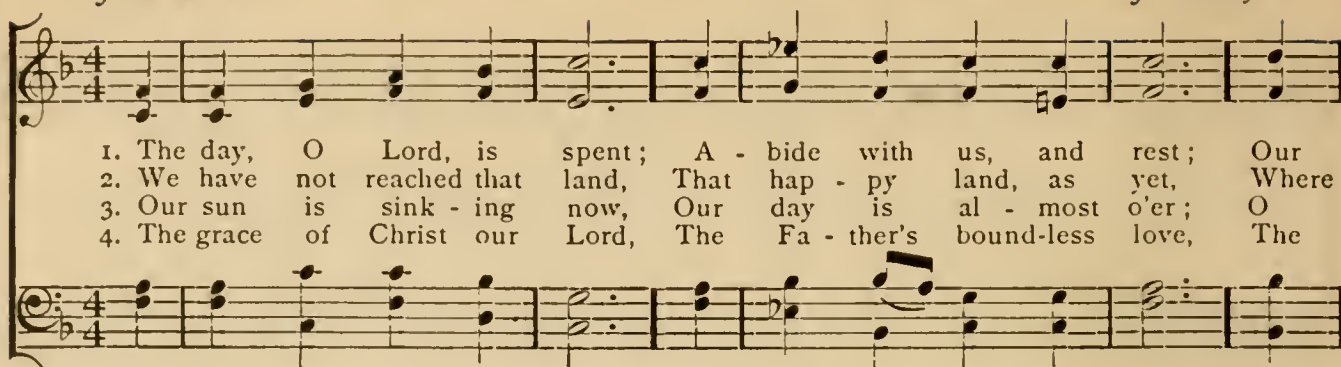
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.
That with the world, my - self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo - rious at the judg - ment - day.
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make, To serve my God when I a - wake.

EVENING

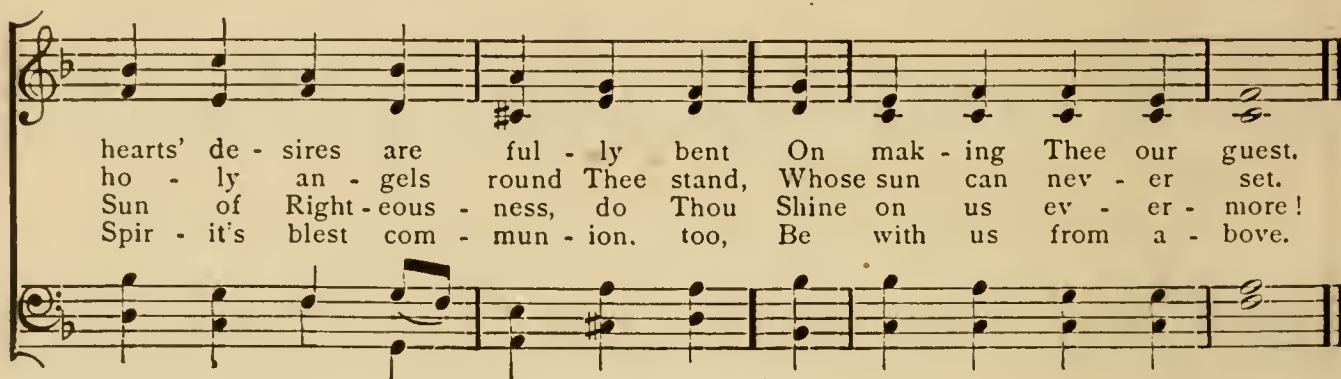
The Day, O Lord, is spent

John M. Neale

J. Barnby



1. The day, O Lord, is spent; A - bid with us, and rest; Our
 2. We have not reached that land, That hap - py land, as yet, Where
 3. Our sun is sink - ing now, Our day is al - most o'er; O
 4. The grace of Christ our Lord, The Fa - ther's bound-less love, The

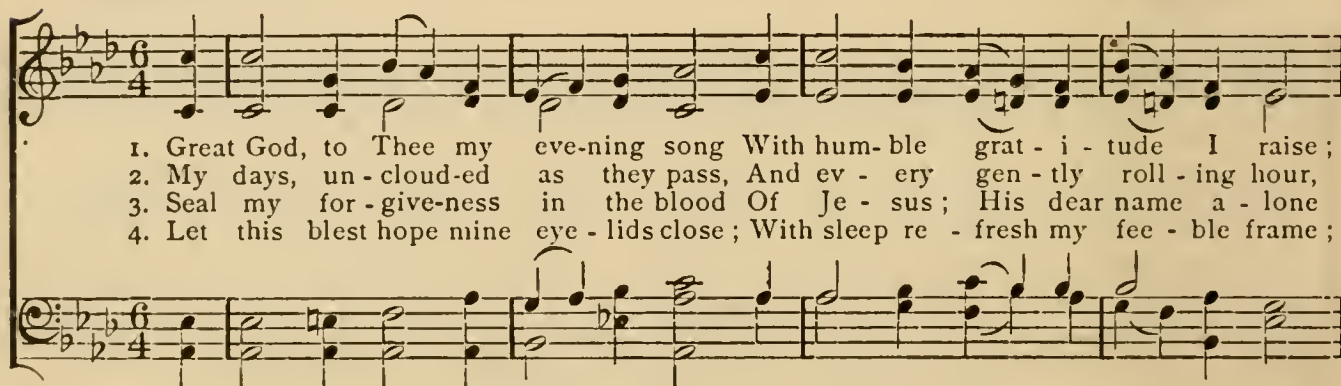


hearts' de - sires are ful - ly bent On mak - ing Thee our guest.
 ho - ly an - gels round Thee stand, Whose sun can nev - er set.
 Sun of Right - eous - ness, do Thou Shine on us ev - er - more!
 Spir - it's blest com - mun - ion, too, Be with us from a - bove.

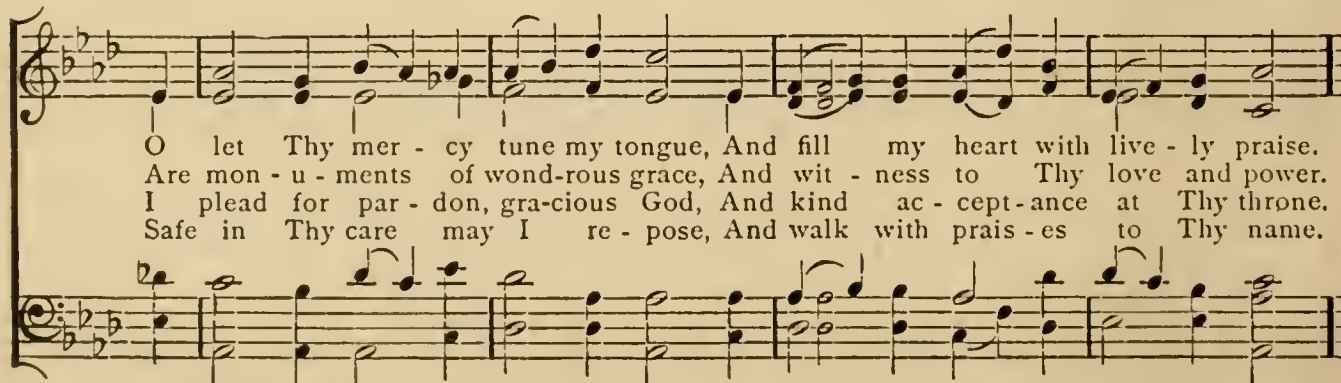
Great God, to Thee my Evening Song

Anne Steele, 1760

S. M. Bixby



1. Great God, to Thee my eve - ning song With hum - ble grat - i - tude I raise;
 2. My days, un - cloud - ed as they pass, And ev - ery gen - tly roll - ing hour,
 3. Seal my for - give - ness in the blood Of Je - sus; His dear name a - lone
 4. Let this blest hope mine eye - lids close; With sleep re - fresh my fee - ble frame;



O let Thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.
 Are mon - u - ments of wond - rous grace, And wit - ness to Thy love and power.
 I plead for par - don, gra - cious God, And kind ac - cept - ance at Thy throne.
 Safe in Thy care may I re - pose, And walk with prais - es to Thy name.

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EVENING

Now the Day is over

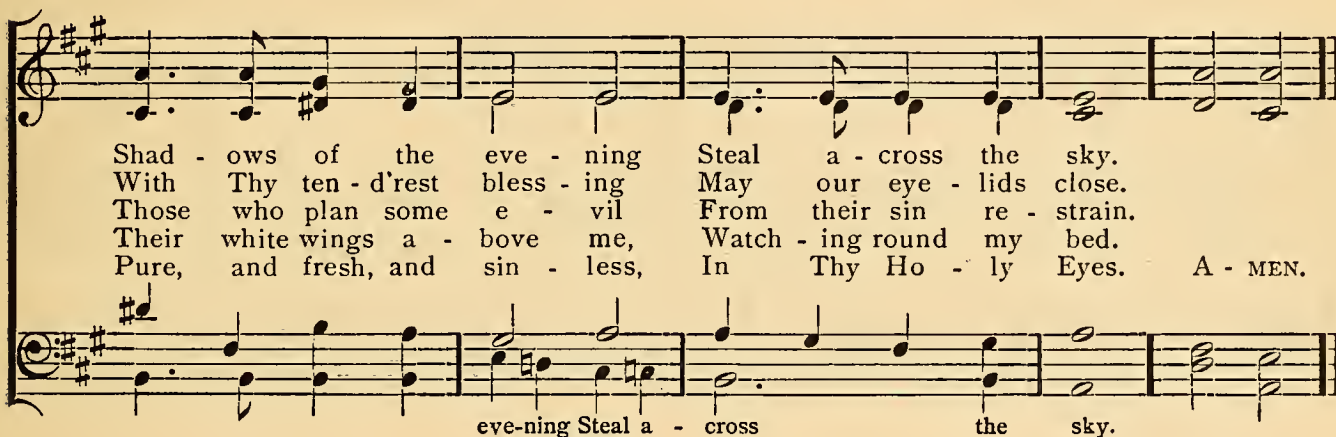
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Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, *abr*

Joseph Barnby



1. Now the day is... o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - - pose,.....
 3. Com - fort ev - 'ry... suf - f'rer Watch - ing late in... pain :.....
 4. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May Thine An - gels spread.....
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - - rise.....



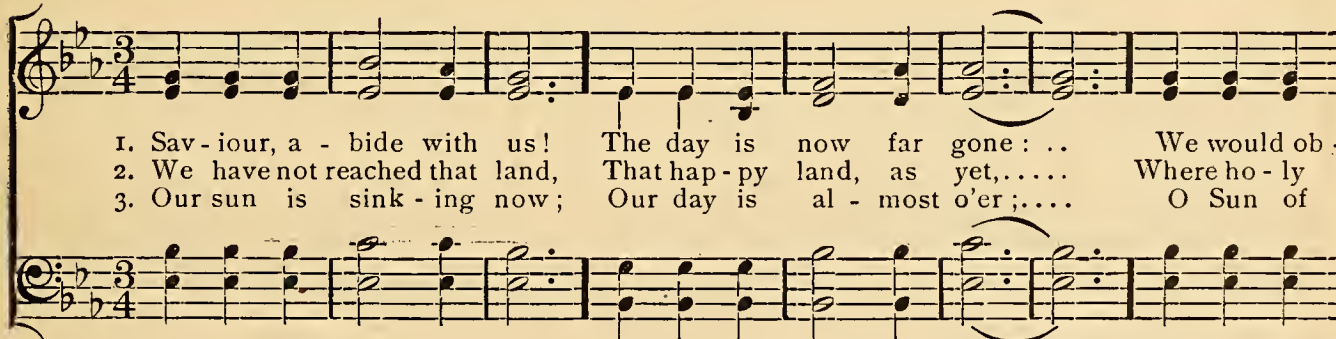
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Those who plan some e - vil From their sin re - strain.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy Ho - ly Eyes. A - MEN.

eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

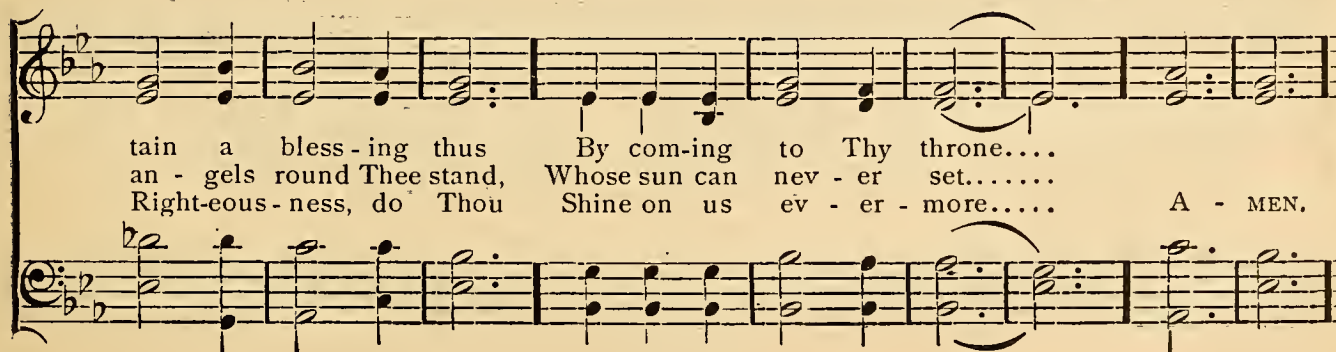
Saviour, Abide with us

J. M. Neale

C. Streatfield



1. Sav - iour, a - bid - e with us! The day is now far gone : .. We would ob -
 2. We have not reached that land, That hap - py land, as yet,..... Where ho - ly
 3. Our sun is sink - ing now ; Our day is al - most o'er ;.... O Sun of



tain a bless - ing thus By com - ing to Thy throne....
 an - gels round Thee stand, Whose sun can nev - er set.....
 Right - eous - ness, do Thou Shine on us ev - er - more..... A - MEN.

EVENING

God, that madest Earth and Heaven

Rev. R. Heber, D.D. v. 1. Rev. R. Whately,
v. 3. Rev. W. Mercer, vv. 2, 4

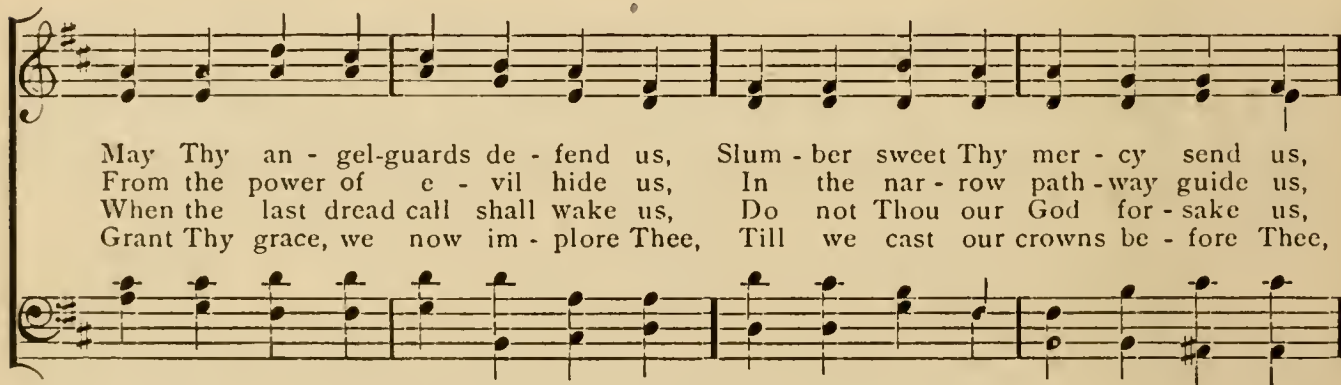
E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.



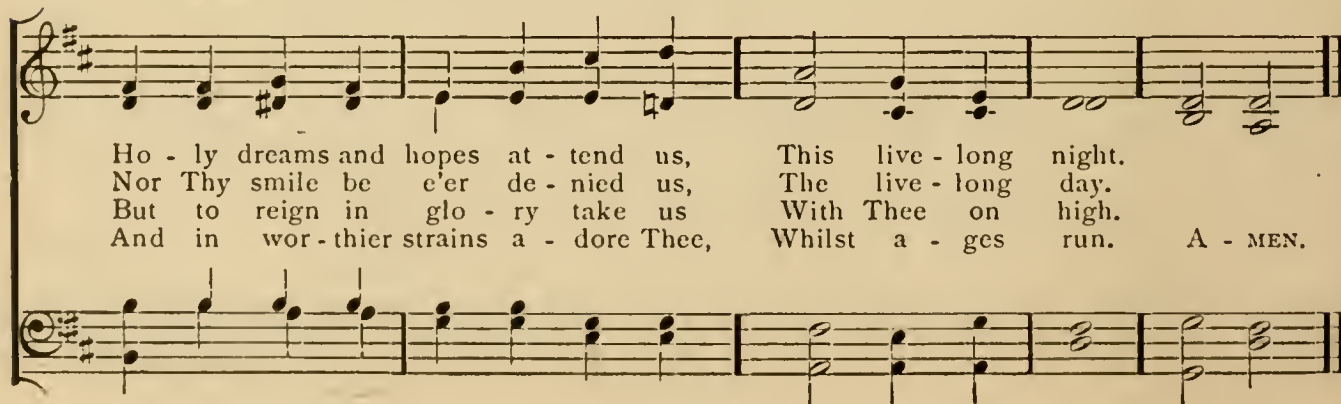
1. God, that mad - est Earth and Heav - en, Dark - ness and light !
2. And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way,
3. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die,
4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, throned in Heav - en, All Ho - ly Son,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night ;
May we still what - e'er be - fall us Thy will o - bey.
May we in Thy might - y keep - ing, All peace - ful lie ;
Ho - ly Spir - it, free - ly giv - en ! Blest Three in One !



May Thy an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
From the power of e - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way guide us,
When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou our God for - sake us,
Grant Thy grace, we now im - plore Thee, Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee,



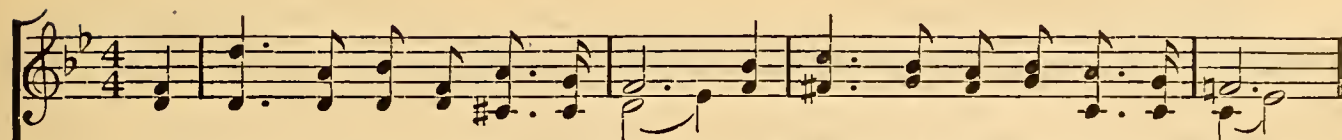
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us, The live - long day.
But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high.
And in wor - thier strains a - dore Thee, Whilst a - ges run. A - MEN.

It is the Gentle Evening Hour

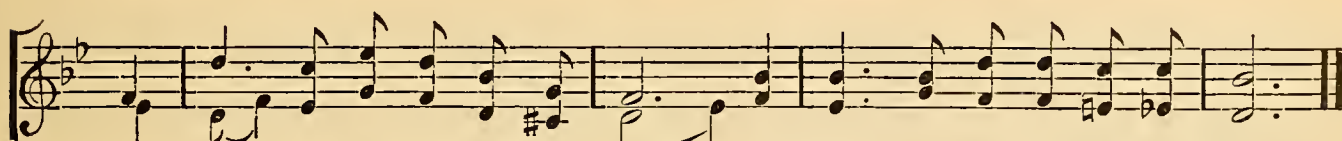
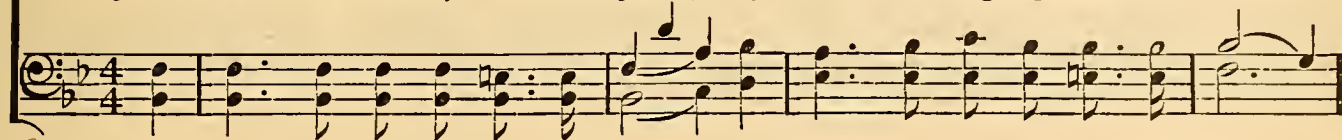
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Eliza Lee Follen

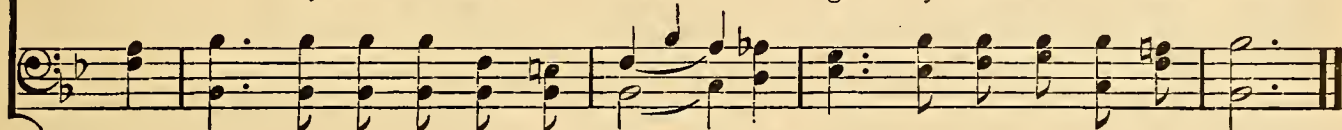
S. M. Bixby



1. It is the gen-tle ev'-ning hour, And see, the shades are length'ning fast;
2. In qui-et beau-ty, fix'd re- pose, The hills, like guardians of the land,
3. All, all is beau-ty, love, and peace; Mys-te-rious long-ings heave and swell



My spir-it feels its soft'ning pow'r, And troub-les, with the day, have pass'd.
Catch last the sun-beam as it glows, And bright in tran-quil grandeur stand.
With-in my soul, and shall not cease Till glo-ry there a-like shall dwell.

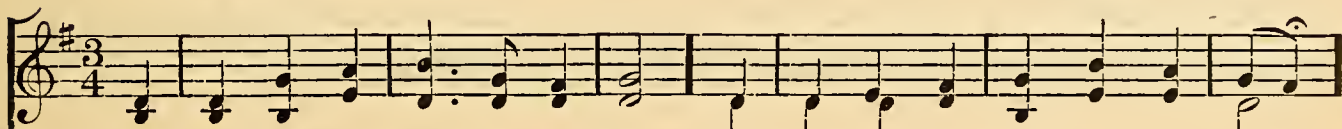


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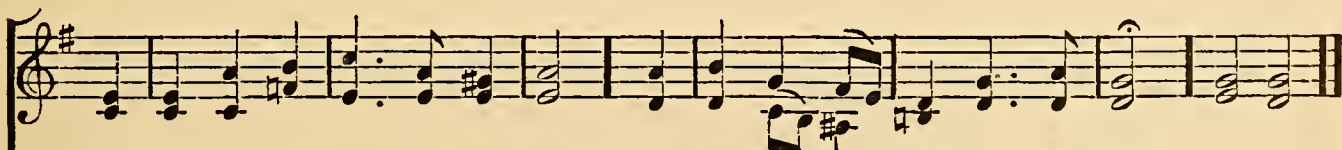
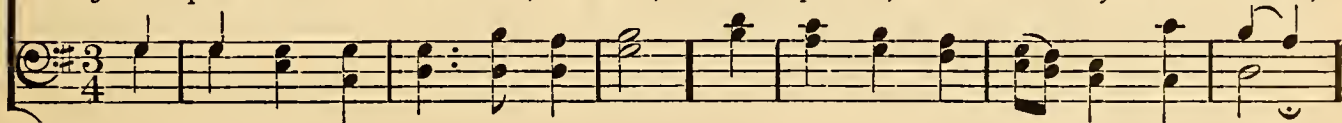
Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1759

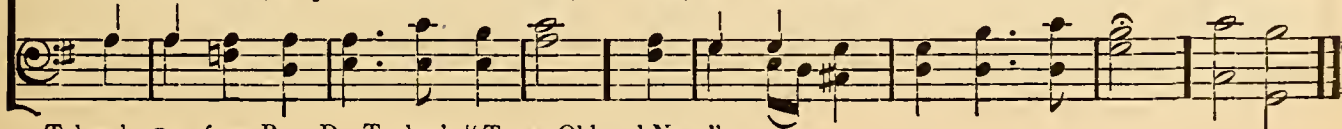
Rev. J. B. Dykes



1. In-spir-er and Hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guard-ian of Thine,
2. If Thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark-ness to me;
3. A sovereign Pro-TECT-or I have Un-seen, yet for ev-er at hand;
4. His smiles and His com-forts a-bound, His grace, as the dew, shall de-scend,
5. All praise to the Fa-ther, the Son, And Spir-it, thrice ho-ly and bless'd,



My all to Thy cov-e-nant care, I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re-sign.
And, fast as my min-utes roll on, They bring me but near-er to Thee.
Un-change-a-bly faith-ful to save, Al-might-y to rule and command.
And walls of sal-va-tion sur-round The soul He de-lights to de-fend.
Th'e-ter-nal, su-preme Three in One, Was, is, and shall still be ad-dress'd. A-MEN.



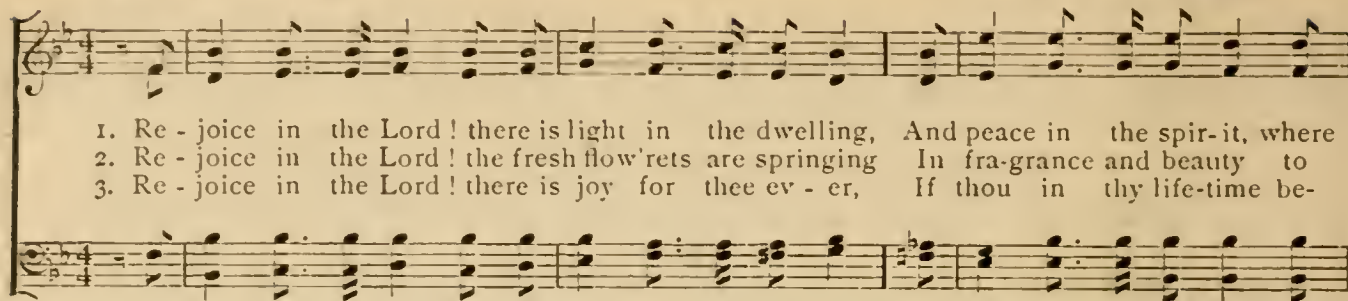
Taken by per. from Rev. Dr. Tucker's "Tunes Old and New"

EVENING

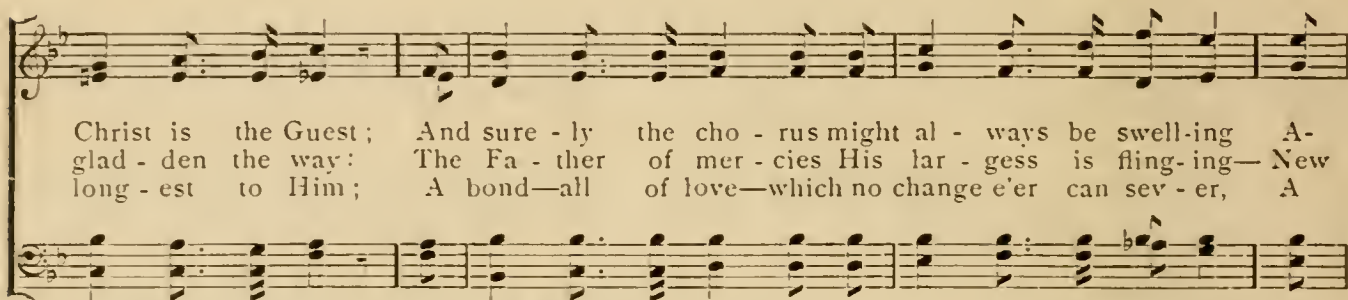
Rejoice in the Lord

Marianne Farningham Hearn

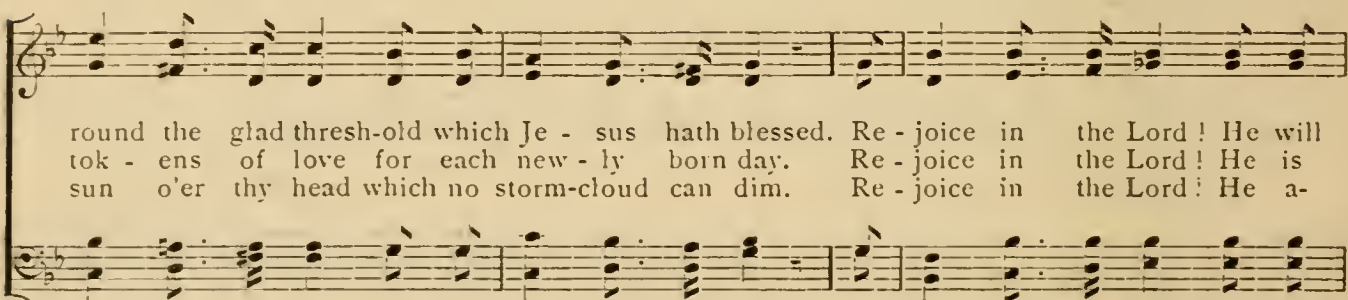
Frank N. Shepperd, 1893



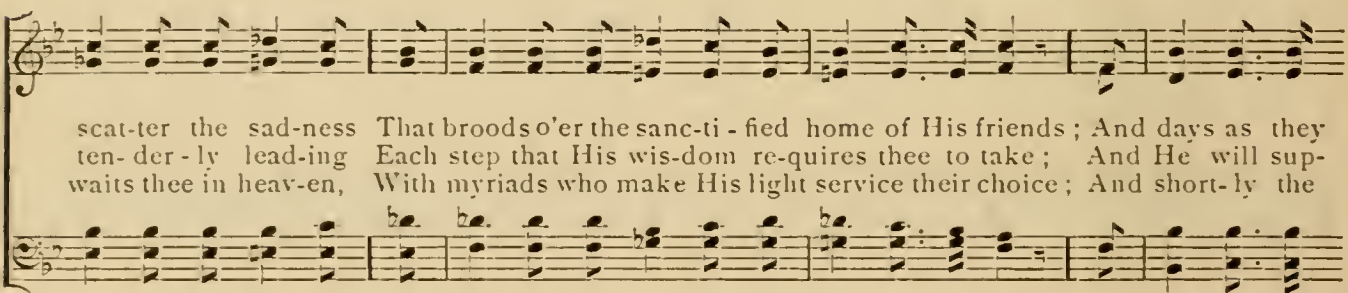
1. Re - joice in the Lord ! there is light in the dwelling, And peace in the spir-it, where
 2. Re - joice in the Lord ! the fresh flow'rets are springing In fra-grance and beauty to
 3. Re - joice in the Lord ! there is joy for thee ev - er, If thou in thy life-time be-



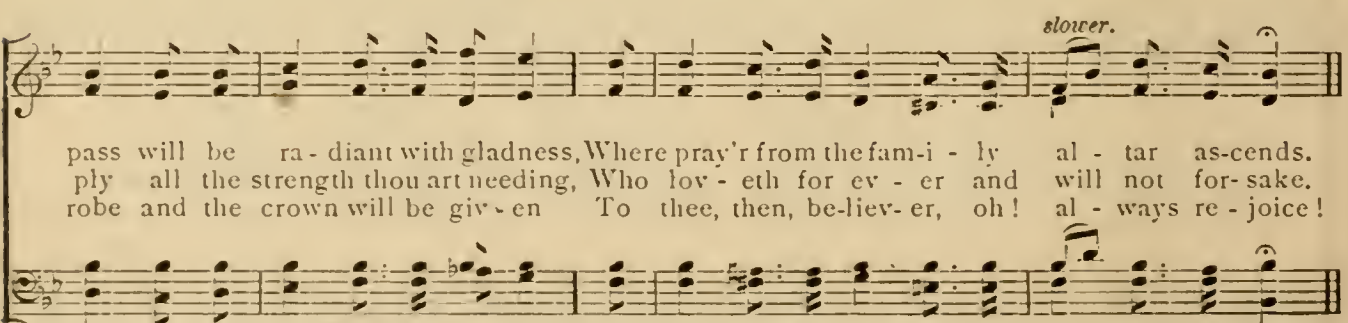
Christ is the Guest ; And sure - ly the cho - rus might al - ways be swell-ing A-
 glad - den the way : The Fa - ther of mer - cies His lar - gess is fling-ing— New
 long - est to Him ; A bond—all of love—which no change e'er can sev - er, A



round the glad thresh-old which Je - sus hath blessed. Re - joice in the Lord ! He will
 tok - ens of love for each new - ly born day. Re - joice in the Lord ! He is
 sun o'er thy head which no storm-cloud can dim. Re - joice in the Lord ! He a-



scat-ter the sad-ness That broods o'er the sanc-ti - fied home of His friends ; And days as they
 ten - der - ly lead-ing Each step that His wis-dom re-quires thee to take ; And He will sup-
 waits thee in heav-en, With myriads who make His light service their choice ; And short-ly the



pass will be ra - diant with gladness, Where pray'r from the fam-i - ly al - tar as-cends.
 ply all the strength thou art needing, Who lov - eth for ev - er and will not for-sake.
 robe and the crown will be giv - en To thee, then, be-liev - er, oh ! al - ways re - joice !

Each Morning, Noon and Night

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Merrill

S. M. Bixby

1. Each morn-ing, noon and night, In prayer on bend - ed knee, Thou,
2. Up to the throne of grace, Where God in wait - ing stands, De -

Source of Mer - cy, Love and Light, In faith we come to Thee ;
clares He ne'er will hide His face Or e'er with - hold His hands ;

Like per - fume from the flowers, As in - cense up - ward tends, So
E'en when the sun is high And when the day is done, In

may our hearts at stat - ed hours In grate - ful hom - age bend.
prayer He bids us to draw nigh, Till He shall call us home.

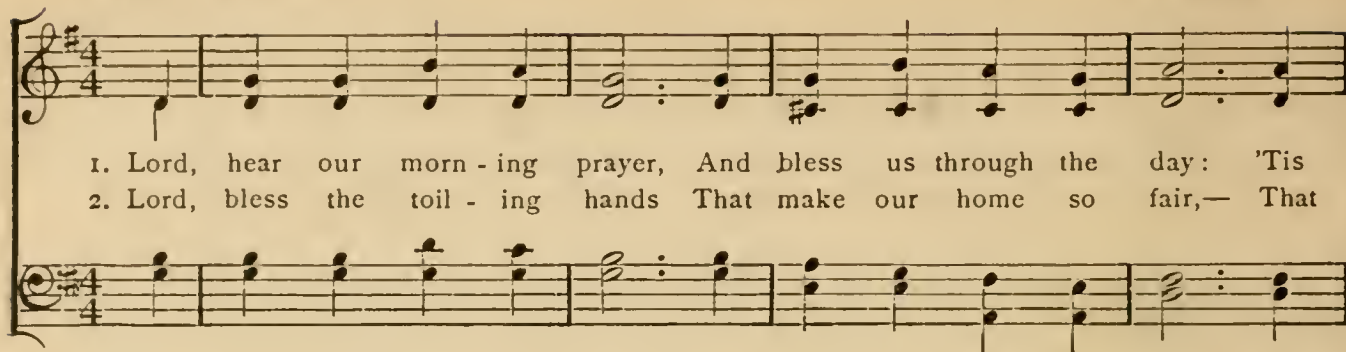
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THE FAMILY

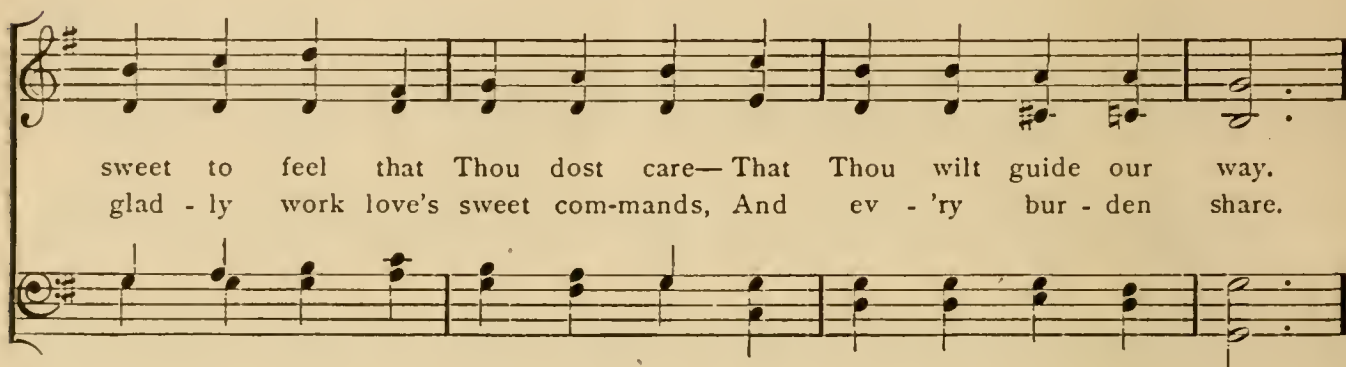
Lord, hear our Morning Prayer

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

S. M. Bixby



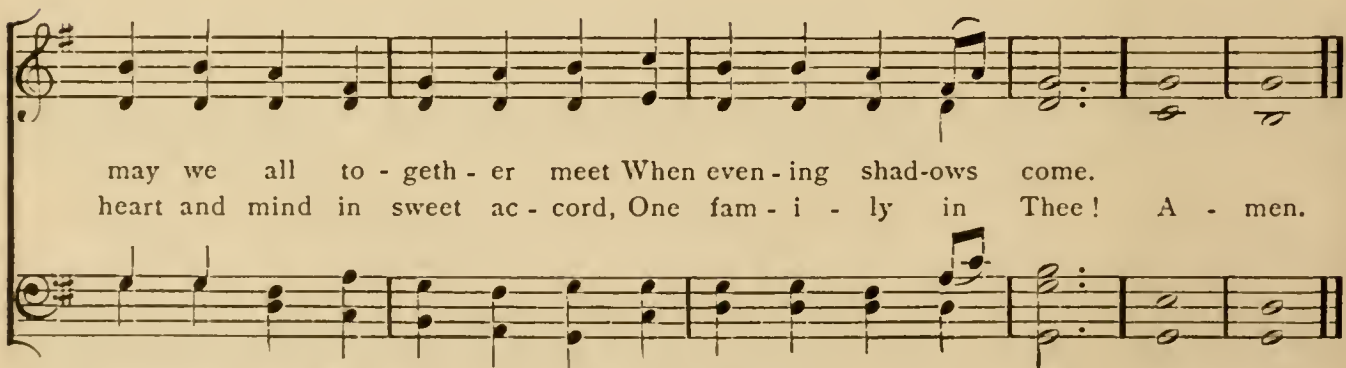
1. Lord, hear our morn - ing prayer, And bless us through the day: 'Tis
2. Lord, bless the toil - ing hands That make our home so fair,— That



sweet to feel that Thou dost care— That Thou wilt guide our way.
glad - ly work love's sweet com-mands, And ev - 'ry bur - den share.



O keep the bus - y feet That jour - ney from the home, And
O may the par - ents, Lord, And all the chil - dren be, With



may we all to - geth - er meet When even - ing shad-ows come.
heart and mind in sweet ac - cord, One fam - i - ly in Thee! A - men.

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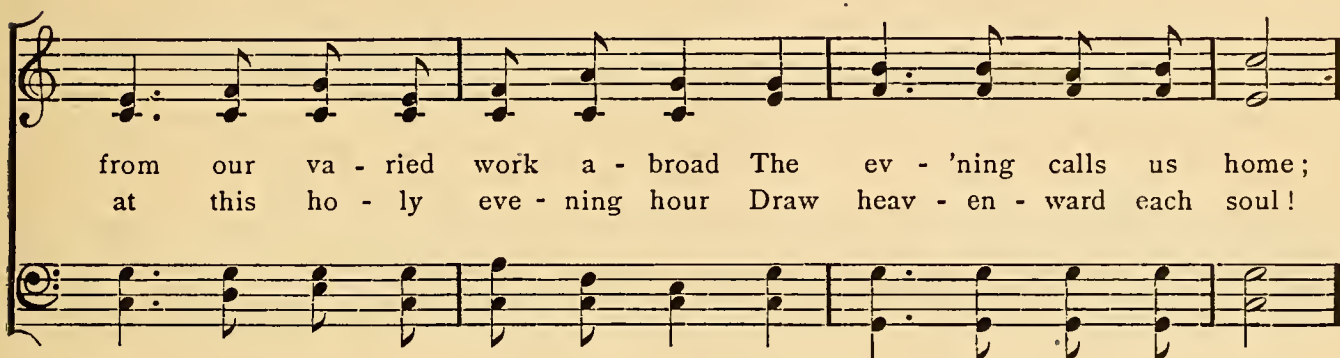
THE FAMILY

Evening Prayer

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*Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891.**S. M. Bixby*

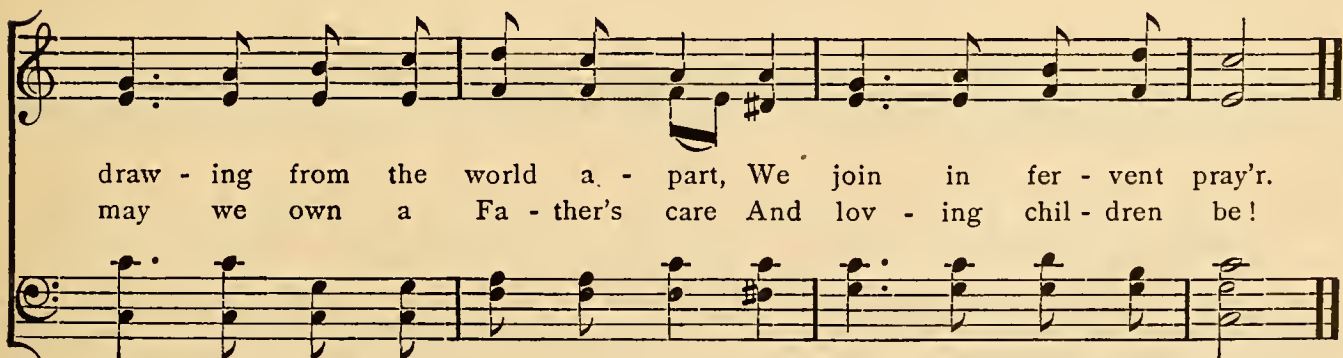
1. Once more to Thee, O Lord, A fam - i - ly we come, As
2. O let Thy love and pow'r Our ev - 'ry thought con - trol, And



from our va - ried work a - broad The ev - 'ning calls us home;
at this ho - ly eve - ning hour Draw heav - en - ward each soul!



Lord, lift from ev - 'ry heart The load of anx - ious care, While
The lives which Thou dost spare Be - long, O Lord, to Thee; O



draw - ing from the world a - part, We join in fer - vent pray'r.
may we own a Fa - ther's care And lov - ing chil - dren be!

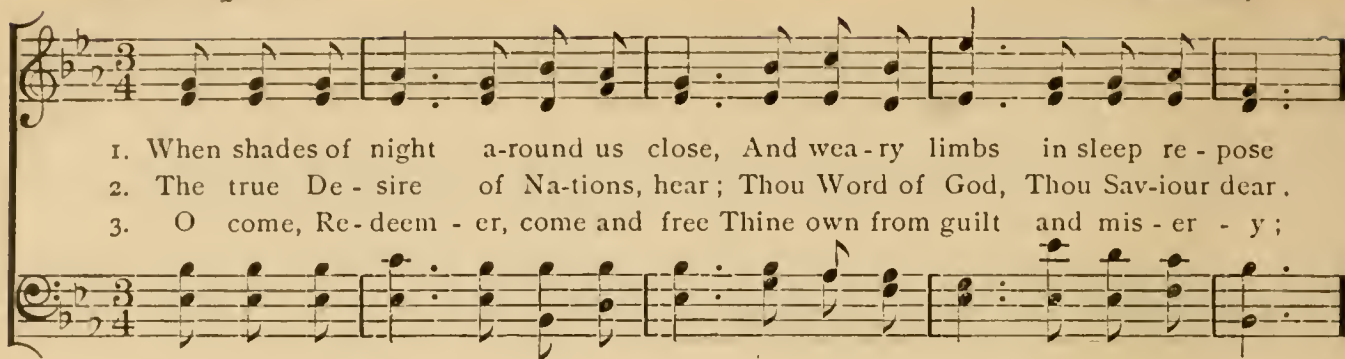
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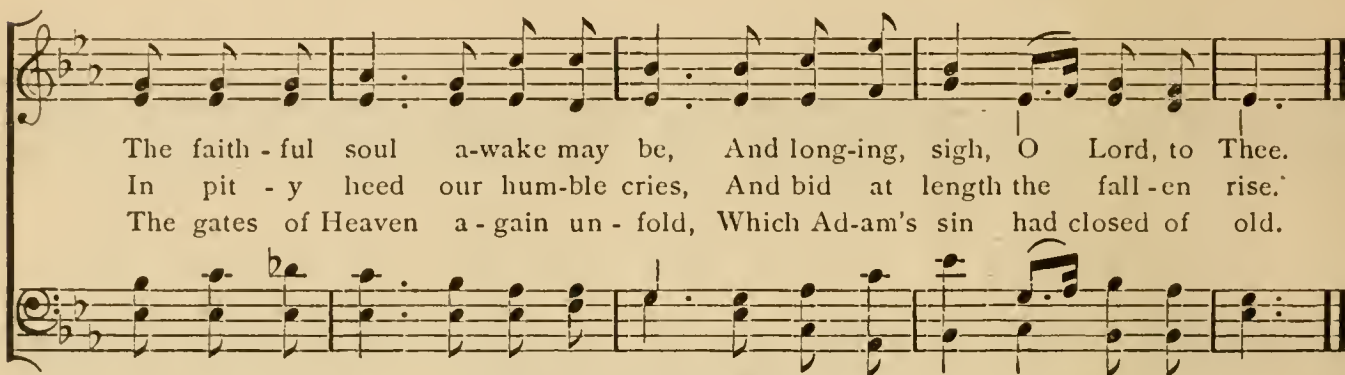
When Shades of Night

Tr. C. Coffin, 1736

S. M. Bixby



1. When shades of night a-round us close, And wea-ry limbs in sleep re - pose
 2. The true De - sire of Na-tions, hear; Thou Word of God, Thou Sav-iour dear.
 3. O come, Re-deem - er, come and free Thine own from guilt and mis - er - y;



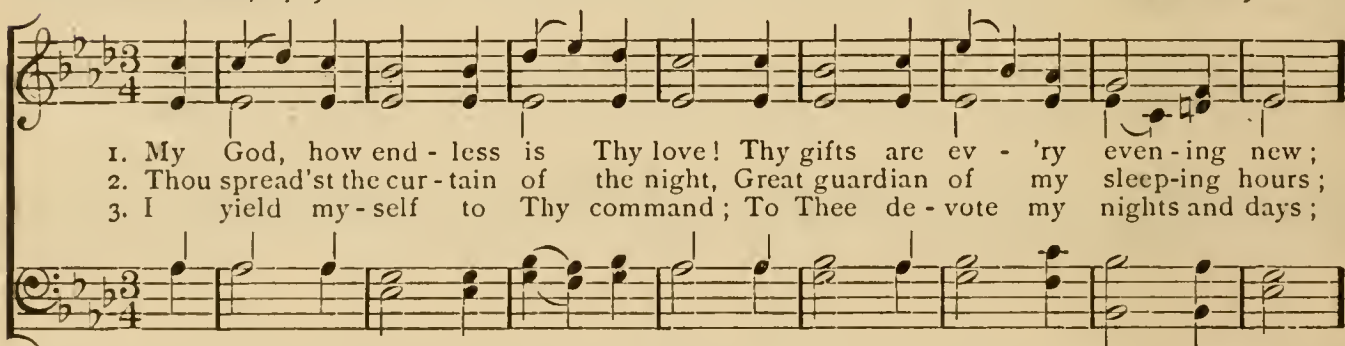
The faith - ful soul a-wake may be, And long-ing, sigh, O Lord, to Thee.
 In pit - y heed our hum-b-le cries, And bid at length the fall-en rise.
 The gates of Heaven a - gain un - fold, Which Ad-am's sin had closed of old.

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My God, how endless is Thy Love

Isaac Watts, 1709

S. M. Bixby



1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry even-ing new;
 2. Thou spread'st the cur - tain of the night, Great guardian of my sleep-ing hours;
 3. I yield my - self to Thy command; To Thee de - vote my nights and days;



And morn-ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly de - scend like ear - ly dew.
 Thy sovereign word re - stores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy powers.
 Per - pet - ual bless-ings from Thy hand, De-mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

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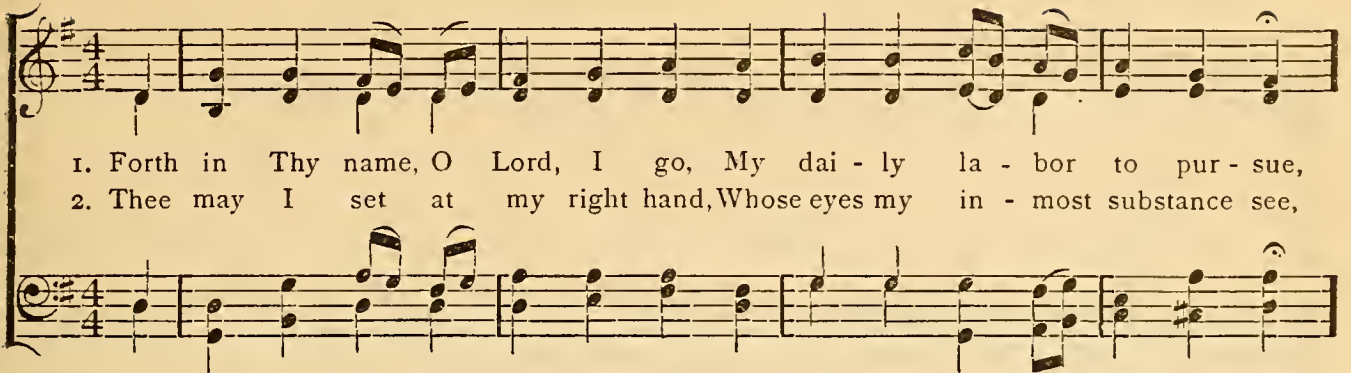
THE FAMILY

Forth in Thy Name

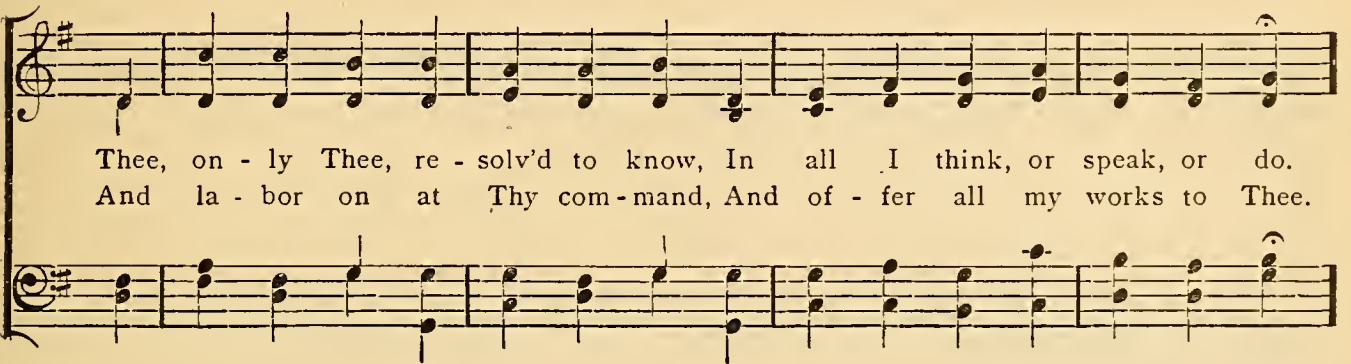
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Charles Wesley, 1749, abr

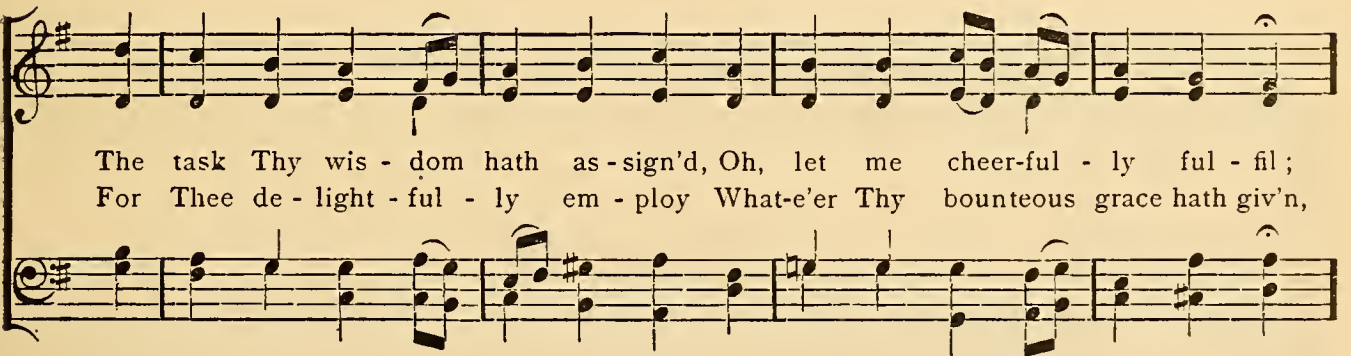
S. M. Bixby



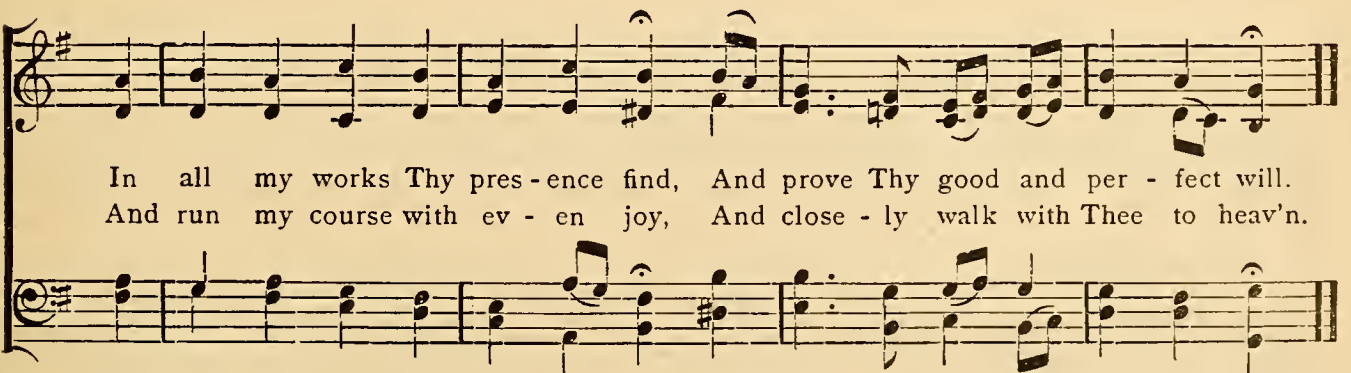
1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
2. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my in - most substance see,



Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solv'd to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.
And la - bor on at Thy com - mand, And of - fer all my works to Thee.



The task Thy wis - dom hath as - sign'd, Oh, let me cheer - ful - ly ful - fil;
For Thee de - light - ful - ly em - ploy What - e'er Thy bounteous grace hath giv'n,



In all my works Thy pres - ence find, And prove Thy good and per - fect will.
And run my course with ev - en joy, And close - ly walk with Thee to heav'n.

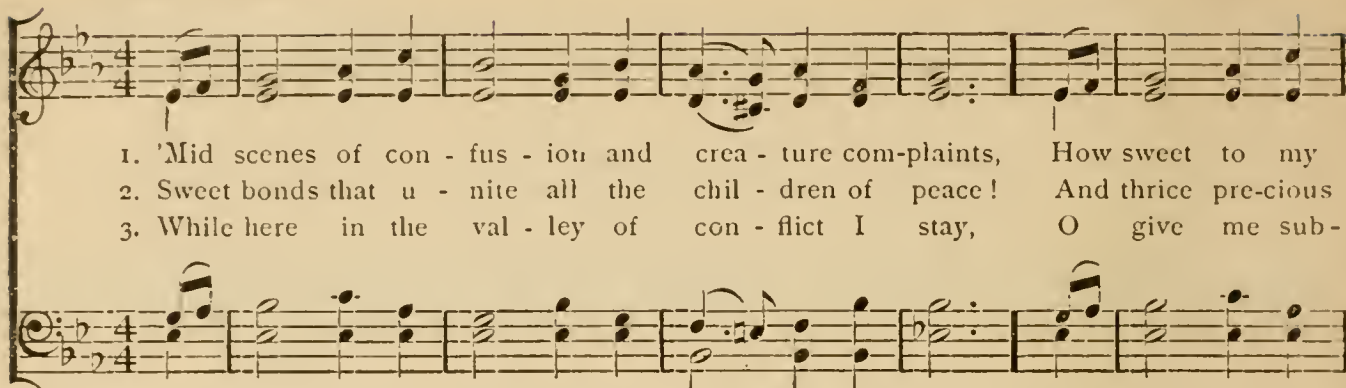
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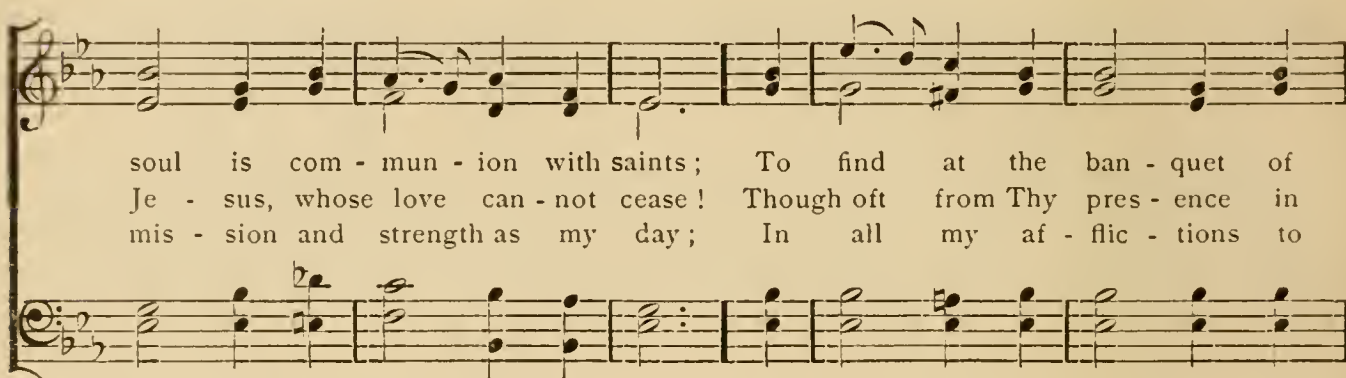
'Mid Scenes of Confusion

David Denham, 1837

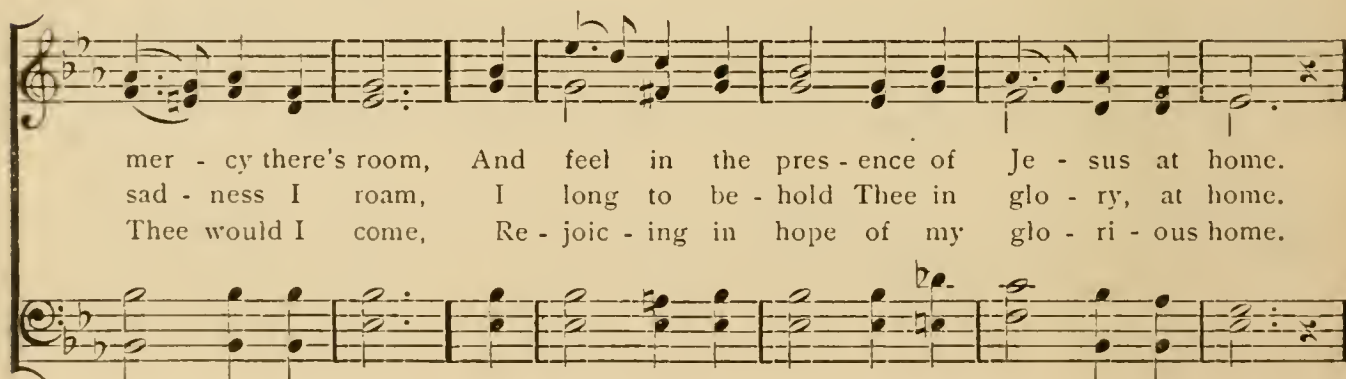
Henry R. Bishop



1. 'Mid scenes of con - fus - ion and crea - ture com-plaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice pre-cious
 3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me sub-

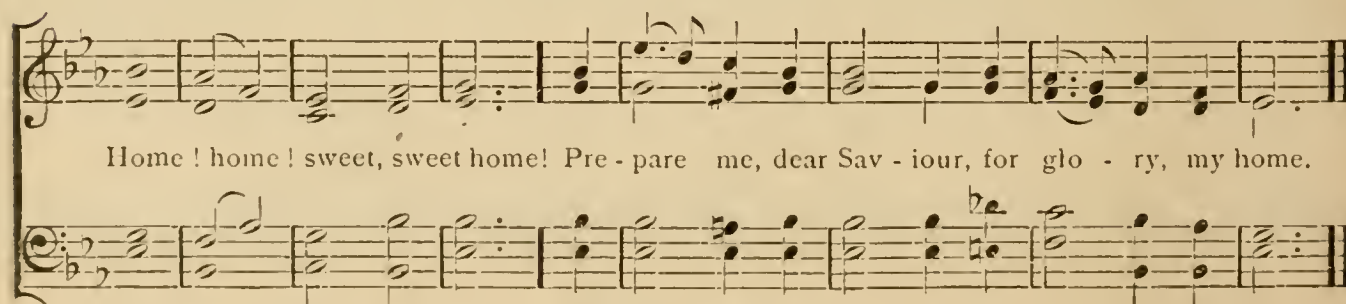


soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
 Je - sus, whose love can - not cease! Though oft from Thy pres - ence in
 mis - sion and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to



mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home.
 sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry, at home.
 Thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.

REFRAIN.



Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

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THE FAMILY

Thy Gentleness hath made me great

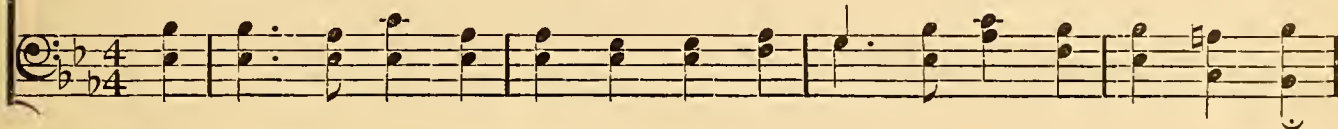
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Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

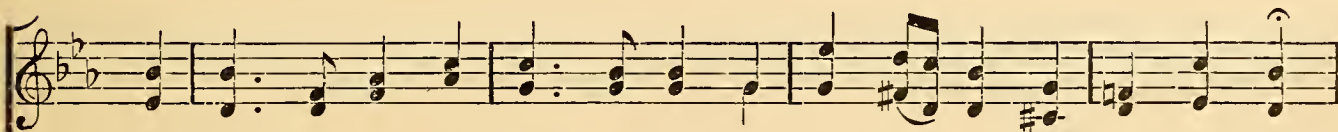
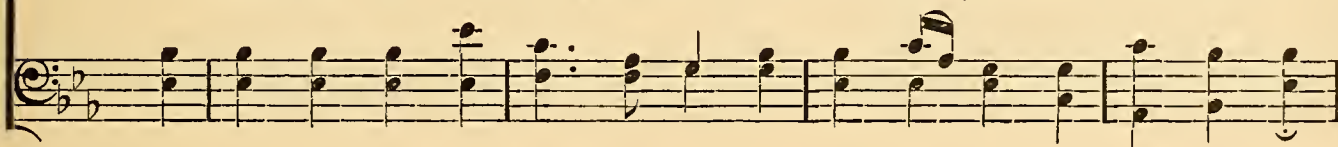
S. M. Bixby



1. "Thy gen - tleness!" O gra - cious word! It binds me to my bless - ed Lord;
2. Oh, why should God thus con - de - scend To treat a mor - tal as a friend?
3. My God, I thank Thee for Thy love, Whose dai - ly min - is - try I prove!



Wher-e'er He leads me I will go— His gen - tle - ness doth help me so!
And why should He with lov - ing care My dai - ly por - tion so pre - pare?
I thank Thee for my friends and home, And all the joys that from them come,



He teach - es me and makes me strong, He helps me in the war with wrong;
I on - ly know that ev - 'ry hour I trust His mer - cy and His pow'r!
I thank Thee for the wondrous grace That gives my soul a hid - ing - place;



He shields my soul from wick - ed hate! His gen - tle - ness hath made me great!
And while from Him the wick - ed flee He shows His gen - tle - ness to me!
Thy count - less mer - cies I con - fess, And bless Thee for Thy gen - tle - ness.



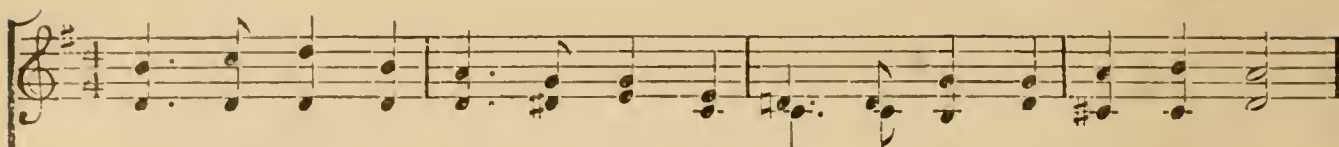
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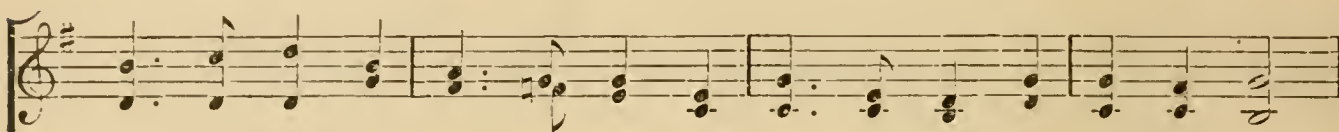
Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing

Robert Robinson

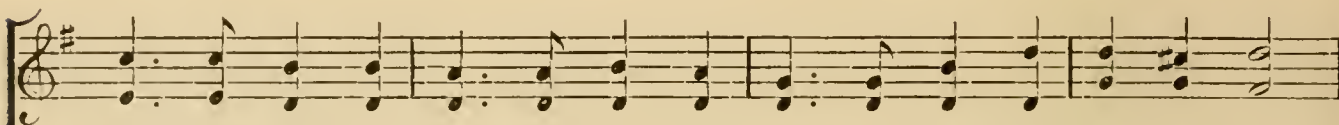
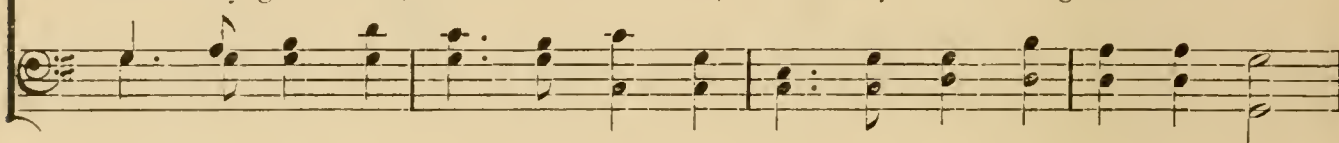
S. M. Bixby



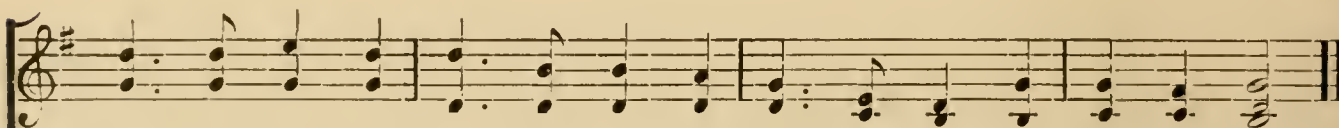
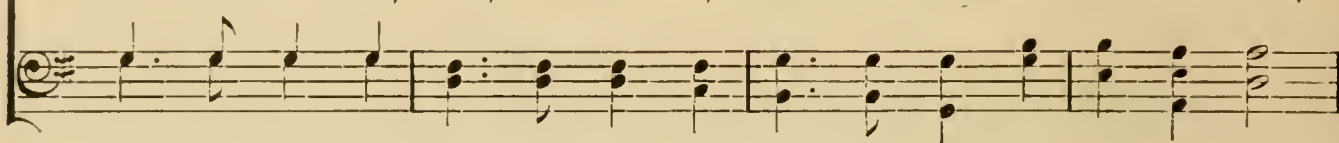
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O... to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!



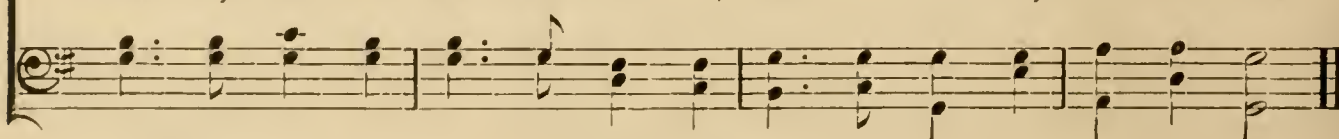
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let.. Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger. Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

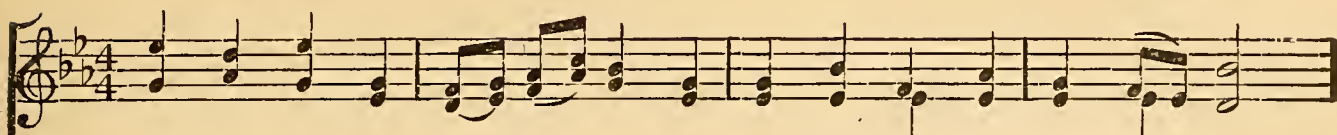


Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

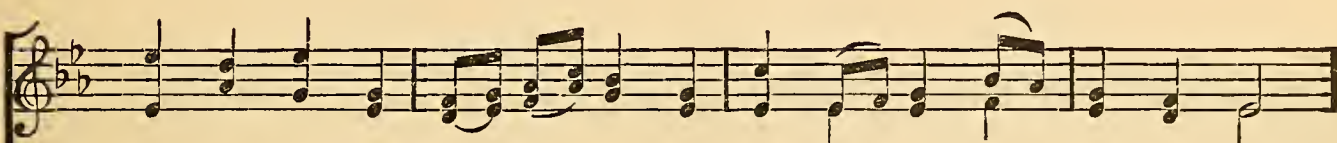


Heavenly Father, send Thy Blessing

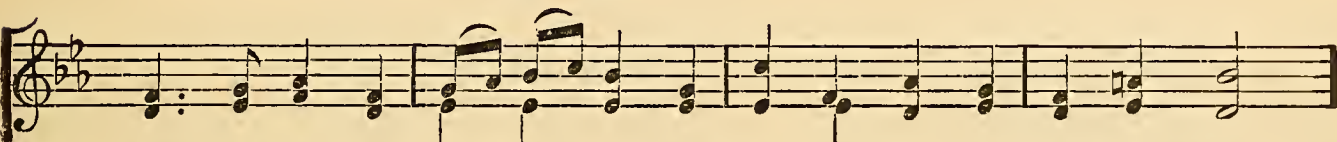
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*Christopher Wordsworth, D.D**S. M. Bixby*

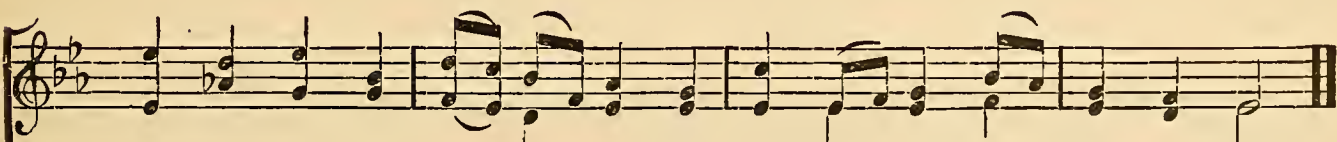
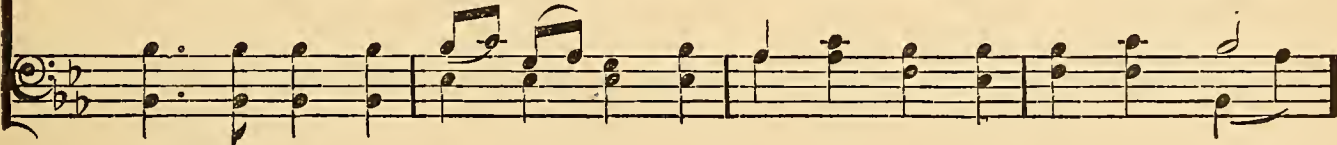
1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - er'd here,
2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meek - ness Didst vouchsafe a child to be,



May they all, Thy name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear.
Guide their steps and help their weak - ness, Bless and make them like to Thee;



May they ev - er - more be lov - ing, Pa - tient, du - ti - ful, and pure,
Bear Thy lambs when they are wea - ry In Thine arms and on Thy breast,



And in tri - al stead-fast prov - ing, May their faith to death en - dure.
Thro' life's des - ert dry and drea - ry, Bring them to Thy heav'n - ly rest.



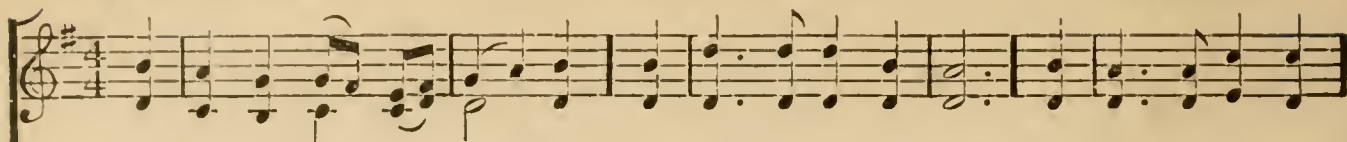
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YOUNG PEOPLE

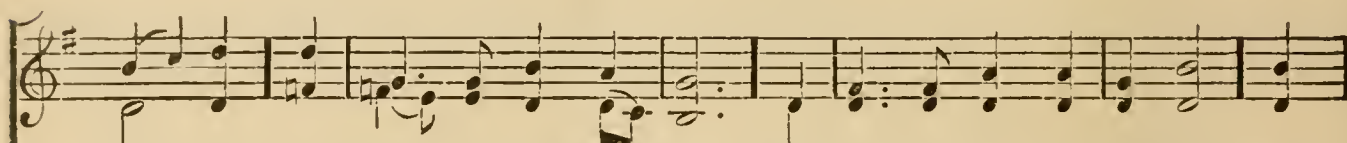
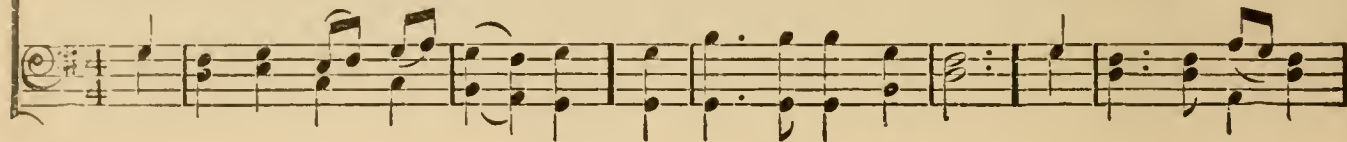
Accept my Grateful Praises

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 (CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLEDGE.)

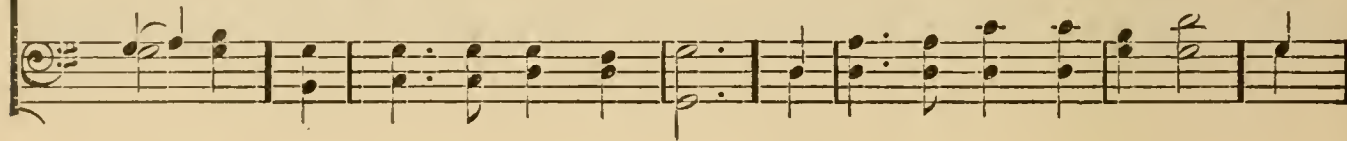
S. M. Bixby



1. Ac - cept my grate - ful prais - es, O Je - sus Christ, my Lord, For ev - 'ry pre - cious
2. Up - on Thy strength de - pend - ing, I give my promise true, What - ev - er Thou wouldst
3. Wher - ev - er du - ty calls me, There, Saviour, will I be: I'll join with Thy dis -



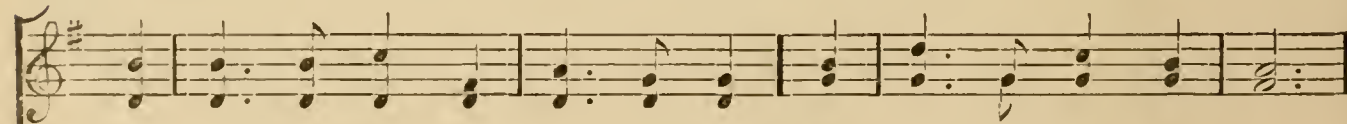
prom - ise I find with - in Thy word! What serv - ice can I ren - der? What
have me That will I strive to do! In prayer I'll seek Thee dai - ly, And
ci - ples, And tes - ti - fy for Thee. For Thy dear Church I'll la - bor, My



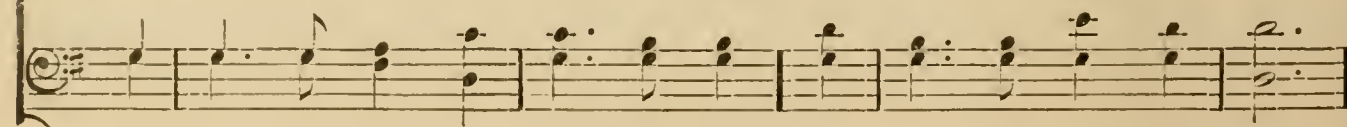
prom - ise can I make, For all Thou hast ac - com - plish'd And suf - fer'd for my sake?
read Thy ho - ly word; And make my life's en - deav - or To fol - low Thee, dear Lord.
will - ing serv - ice give; The Church my Sav - iour died for, For her I'll glad - ly live!



REFRAIN.



Now trust - ing on - ly in Thy strength, Which Thou hast pledged to me,



YOUNG PEOPLE

My will - ing heart would thus re - spond, And pledge it - self to Thee.

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While Jesus Whispers to You

W. E. Witter

H. R. Palmer, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you. Come, sin - ner, come; While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come; Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come; Come, and re -

pray - ing for \ you, Come, sin - ner, come. Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come. Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come. While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come; Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come.
Come, sin - ner, come; Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come.
Come, sin - ner, come; While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

YOUNG PEOPLE

I Know my Sin and Weakness

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

(Y. P. S. C. E.)

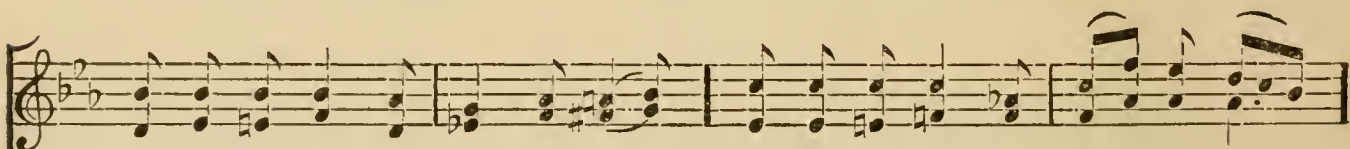
Frank N. Shepperd, 1892

With expression, f

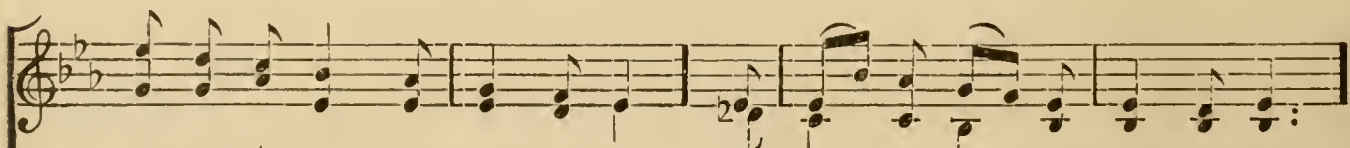
1. I know my sin and weak-ness, My faults and fol-lies too,
 2. To Thee, my pre-cious Sav-iour, My prom-ise I re-new,
 3. As-sist me, O my Sav-iour, My heart and mind re-new,



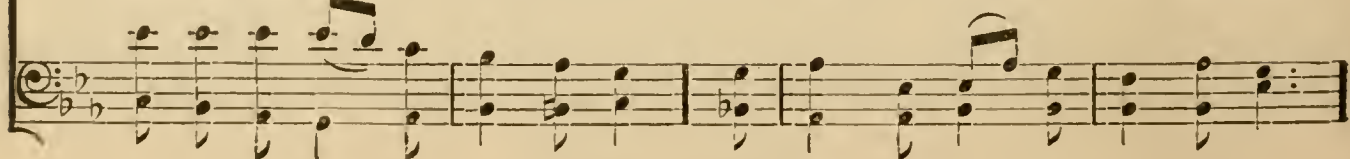
Yet this is my en-deav-or, And this one thing I do:..
 And with my best en-deav-or, Lord, this one thing I do:..
 And help my weak en-deav-or, While this one thing I do:..



I'll leave the past that I de-plore, And seeking things that are be-fore,
 Since Thou hast died my debt to pay, Since Thou hast washed my sins a-way,
 Since Thou hast shed Thy blood for me, I con-se-crate my life to Thee;



I will press on to win the prize That waits for me be-yond the skies!
 I trust Thy blood and right-eous-ness, And t'ward the prize I on-ward press.
 And trust Thy mer-cy and Thy grace To help me on to win the race.



REFRAIN.

This is my chief en - deav-or, With pur-pose firm and true ; I will press on to

win the prize, That waits for me be-yond the skies. Lord, this one thing I do !

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Suppliant, lo ! Thy Children bend

Thos. Gray, jr.

W. A. Mozart

1. Suppliant, lo ! Thy chil - dren bend, Fa - ther, for Thy bless - ing now :
 2. With the peace Thy word im - parts Be the taught and teach - er blest ;
 3. Pour in - to each long - ing mind Light and knowl - edge from a - bove ;

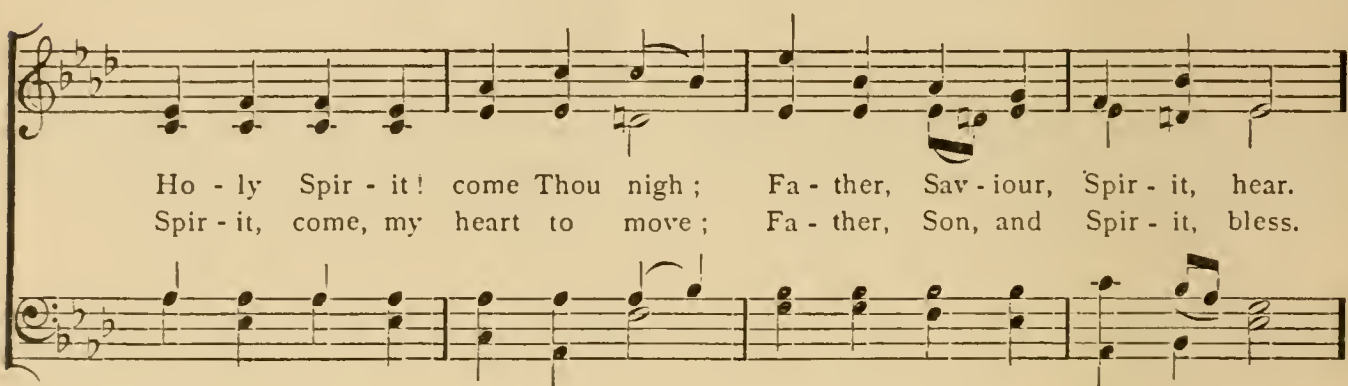
Thou canst teach us, guide, de - fend ; We are weak ; al - might - y Thou.
 In their lives and in their hearts, Fa - ther, be Thy laws im - pressed.
 Char - i - ty for all man - kind,— Trust - ing faith, en - dur - ing love.

From Pilgrim Songs, by permission.

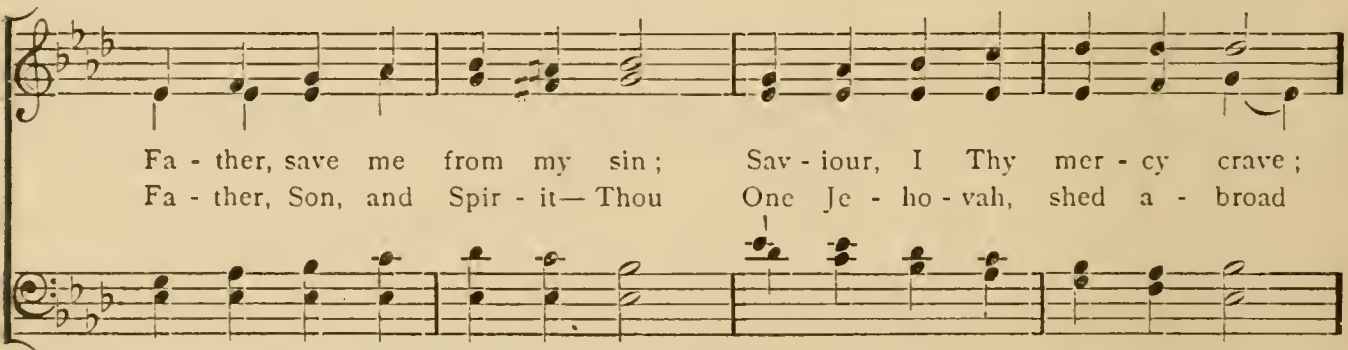
YOUNG PEOPLE

*Holy Father! hear my cry**Horatius Bonar**A. J. Holden*

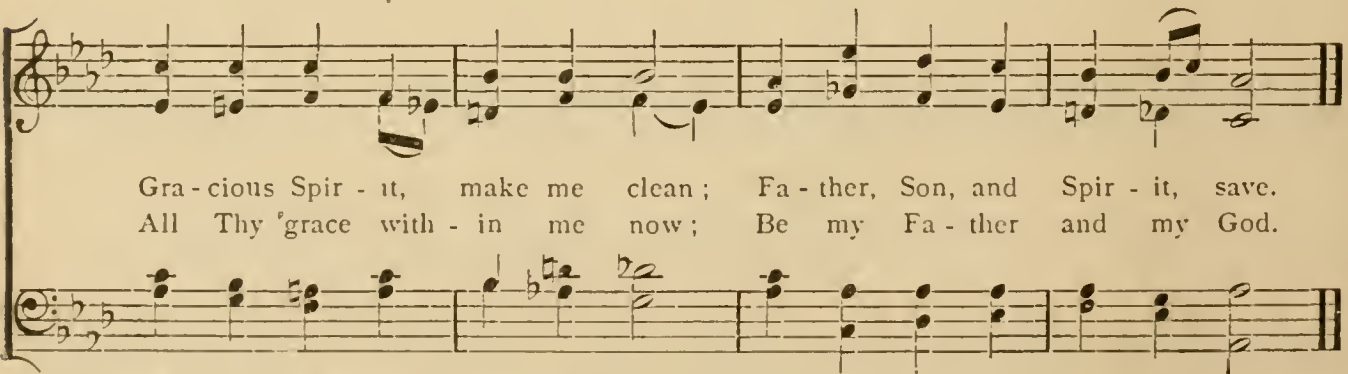

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther! hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour! bend Thine ear;
2. Fa - ther, let me taste Thy love; Sav - iour, fill my soul with peace;



Ho - ly Spir - it! come Thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear.
Spir - it, come, my heart to move; Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, bless.



Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sav - iour, I Thy mer - cy crave;
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it—Thou One Je - ho - vah, shed a - broad



Gra - cious Spir - it, make me clean; Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, save.
All Thy 'grace with - in me now; Be my Fa - ther and my God.

Dear Saviour, thro' Grace we have Promised 311

Frances J. Crosby, 1892

S. M. Bixby



1. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised With rev'rence to hon - or Thy laws,
2. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised To res - cue the poor and op - pressed,
3. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised Thy faith - ful dis - ci - ples to be,



CHORUS. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised With rev'rence to hon - or Thy laws,



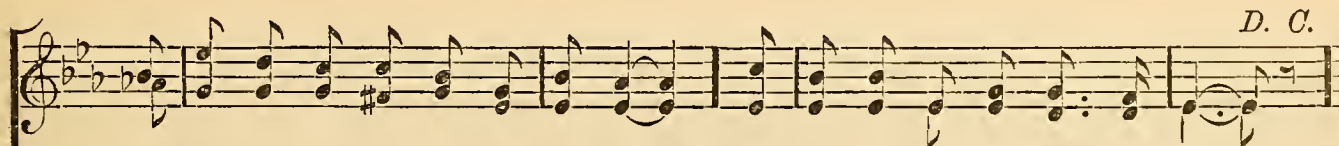
To go as Thy word has com - mand-ed, And work for Thy king-dom and cause.
To care for the weak and the faint - ing, And point to their ref - uge and rest.
To find our de - light in Thy serv - ice, And give our-selves whol-ly to Thee.



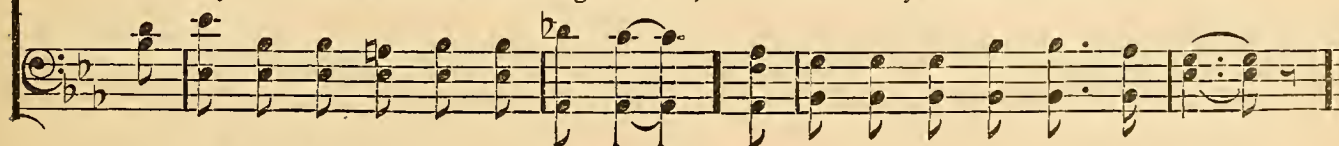
To go as Thy word has com - mand-ed, And work for Thy king-dom and cause.



To those who are mourning in sor - row, Glad tid - ings of joy to pro - claim,
Wher-ev - er the field of our la - bor, Its du - ties to - geth - er we'll share,
And then when at sun - set Thou call - est To yon - der blest man-sions a - bove,




To stand by the Church Thou hast pur-chased, The Church that is called by Thy name.
And pa - tient-ly car - ry our bur - dens To Thee, our Re - deem - er, in prayer.
We'll lay down the sheaves we have gath - ered, And hear Thy sweet wel - come of love.




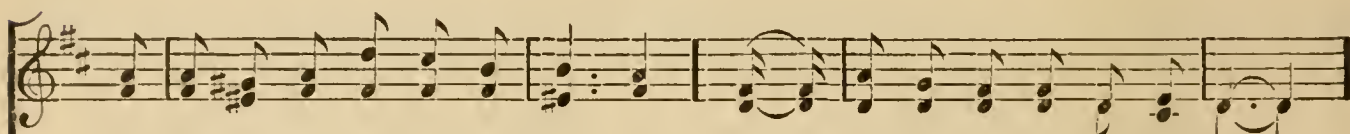
O Speak to the Sinners around you

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

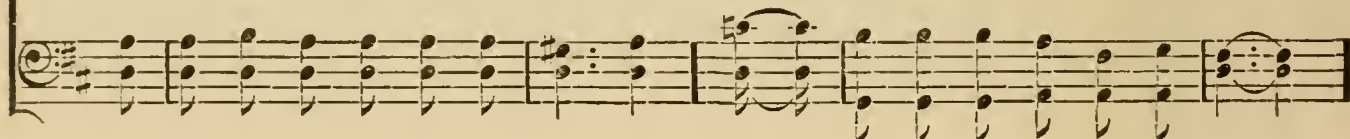
Frank N. Shepperd, 1892



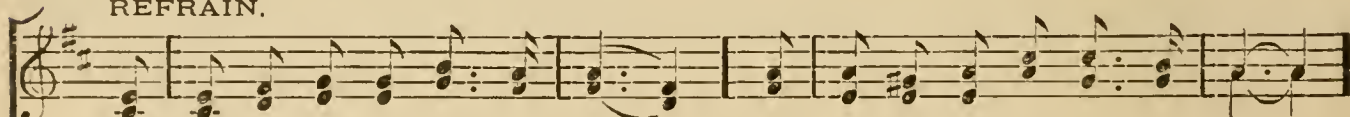
1. O speak to the sin - ners a - round you, And help them the flood-tide to stem ;
 2. O tell them the Sav-iour is will - ing, And lead them be-fore Him to bow, .
 3. O give them the kind in - vi - ta - tion, And tell them 'tis mad-ness to wait ;


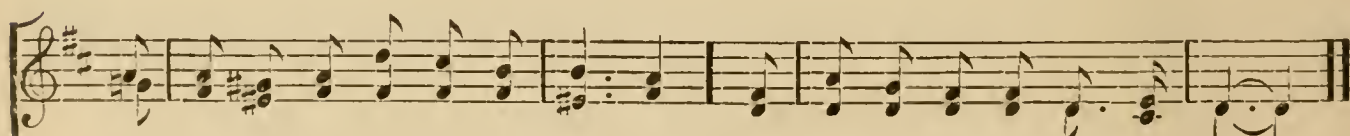
O tell of the Sav-iour that found you, And the love that is seek-ing for them.
 For, ev - 'ry sweet promise ful - fill - ing, He is wait-ing to bless e - ven now.
 O tell them the news of sal - va - tion, Be - - fore 'tis for - ev - er too late.



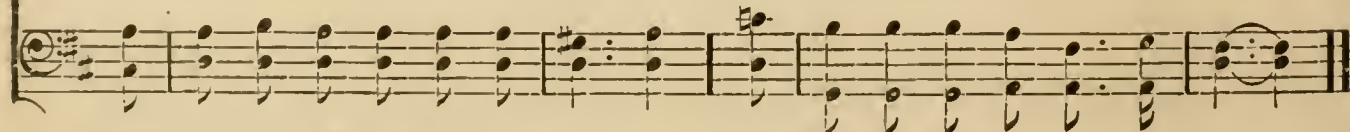
REFRAIN.



No long-er a mo-ment de - lay,... But lead them to Him while you may ;

For souls may be lost while you lin - ger ; O hast-en, and tell them to - day !

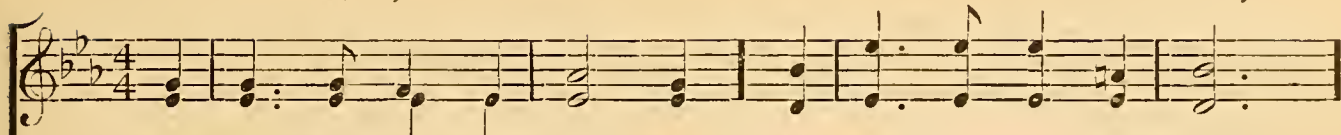


O Saviour, we have proved it

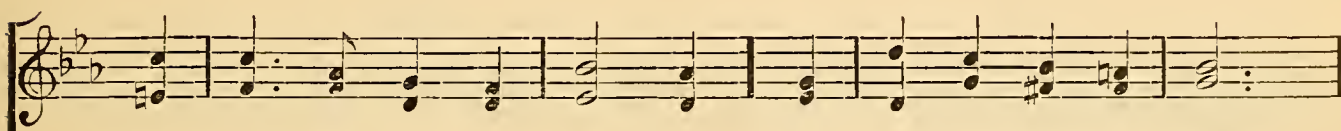

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Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

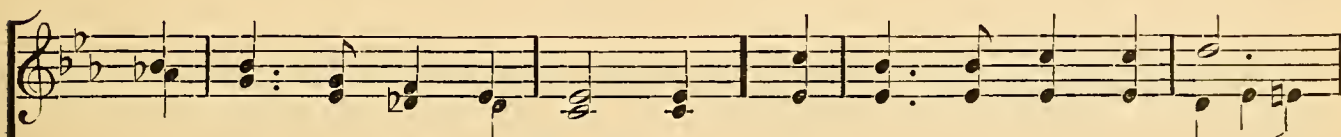

S. M. Bixby



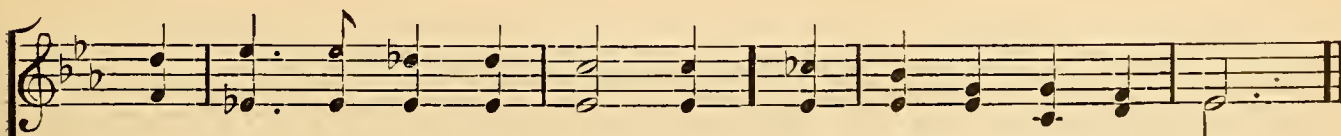
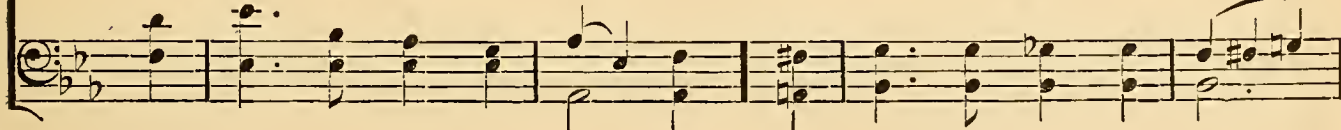
1. O Sav - iour, we have proved it, Thy prom - ised gift of rest!
2. And now we long to tell it, That pre - cious word of Thine,
3. O lis - ten to His prom - ise, That prom - ise, tried and true!




When worn and heav - y - la - den, Thy love has cheered and blessed!
To ev - 'ry bur - dened spir - it, That longs for peace di - vine:
O trust the lov - ing Sav - iour, He sweet - ly calls to you.



The won - drous gift a - maz - es,— That calm from heaven a - bove,—
Oh come, with all your sad - ness, And seek the Sav - iour's breast!
This world is sad and drea - y, With sin and grief op - pressed—



Our lips are full of prais - es, Our hearts are full of love!
He'll fill your heart with glad - ness, And bless your soul with rest.
O come to Him, ye wea - ry, And He will give you rest.



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YOUNG PEOPLE

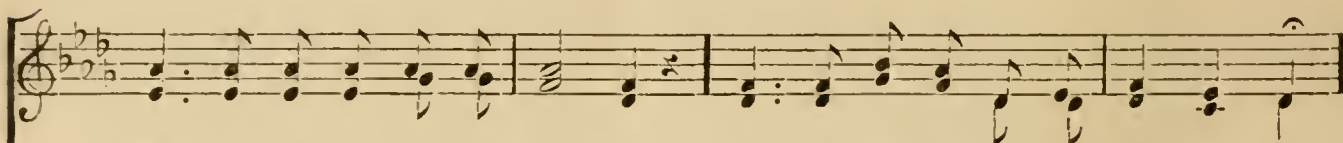
God be with You till we Meet Again

J. E. Rankin, D.D

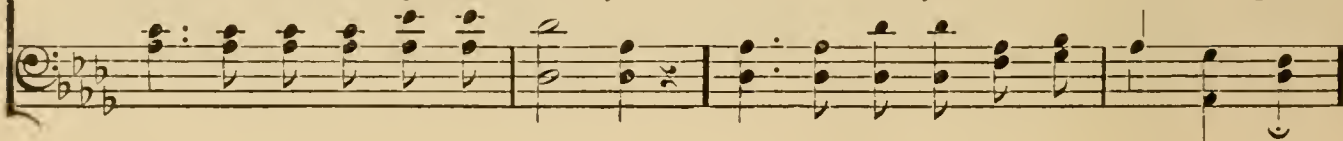
W. G. Tomer



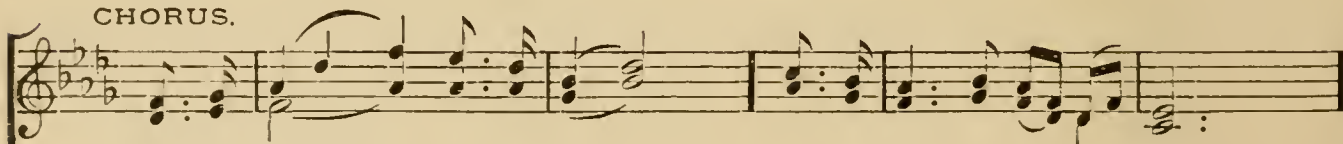
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly hide you ;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick confound you ;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you ;



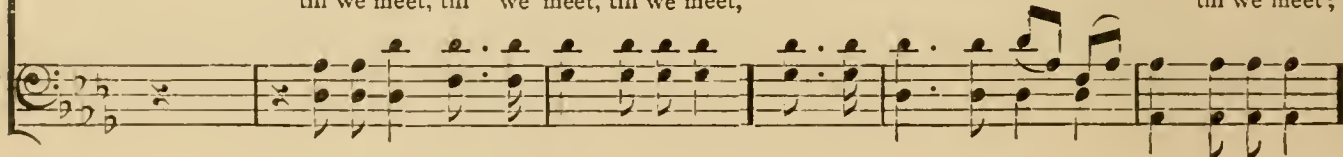
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



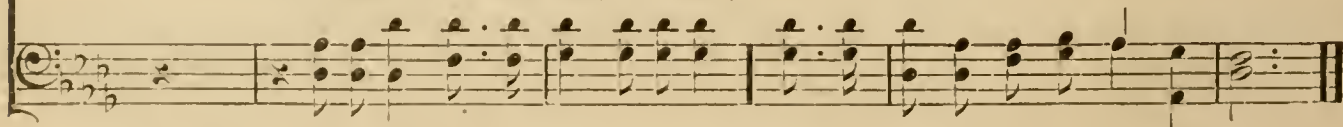
CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet ;
 till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet ;



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,




Jesus, Gentlest Saviour

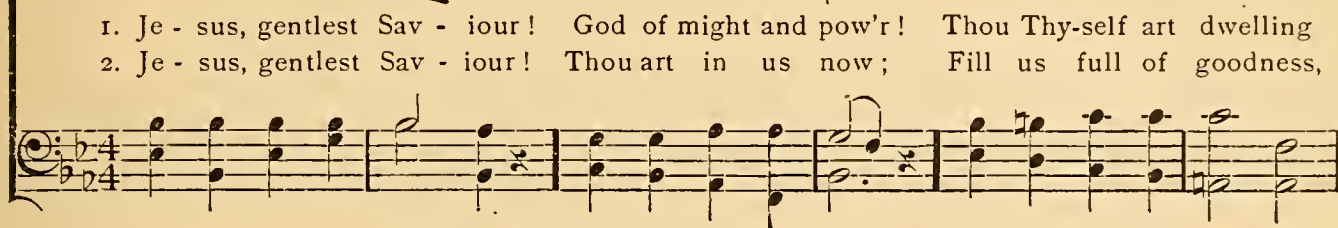
315

F. W. Faber


J. W. Tufts



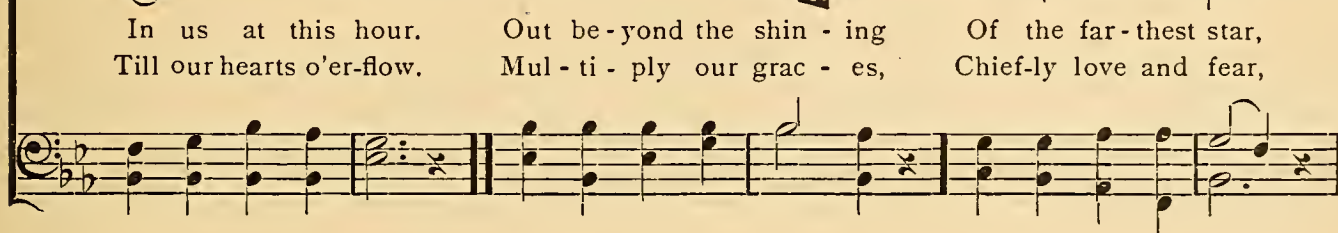

1. Je - sus, gentlest Sav - iour! God of might and pow'r! Thou Thy-self art dwelling
2. Je - sus, gentlest Sav - iour! Thou art in us now; Fill us full of goodness,



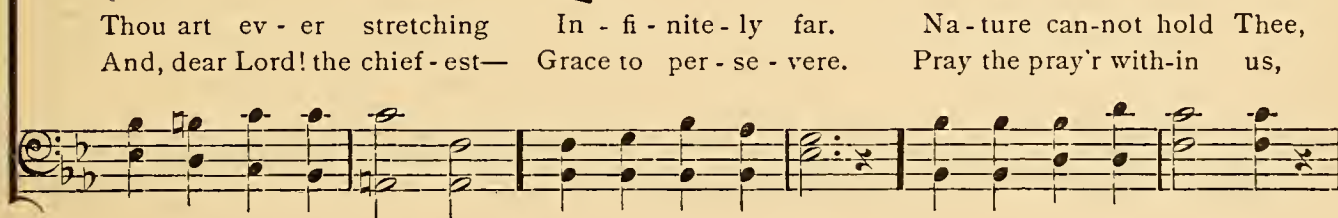
Fine.



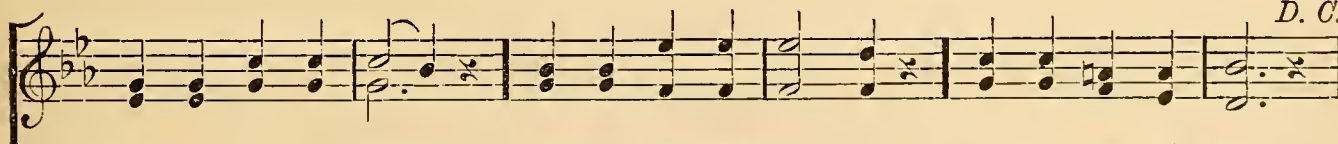
In us at this hour. Out be-yond the shin - ing Of the far - thest star,
Till our hearts o'er-flow. Mul - ti - ply our grac - es, Chief-ly love and fear,

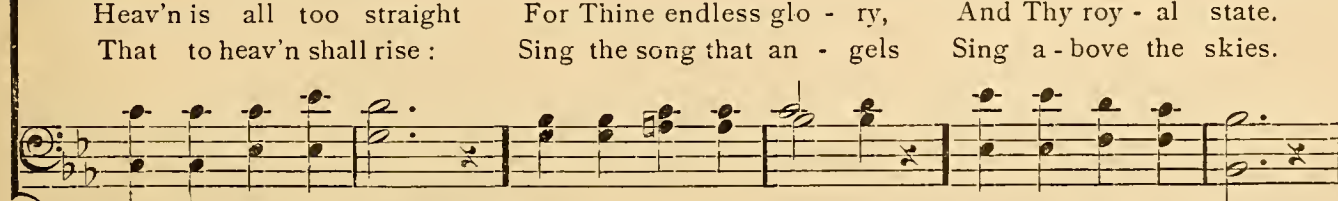
Thou art ev - er stretching In - fi - nite - ly far. Na - ture can-not hold Thee,
And, dear Lord! the chief - est— Grace to per - se - vere. Pray the pray'r with-in us,



D. C.



Heav'n is all too straight For Thine endless glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.
That to heav'n shall rise: Sing the song that an - gels Sing a - bove the skies.



Another Happy Hour has passed

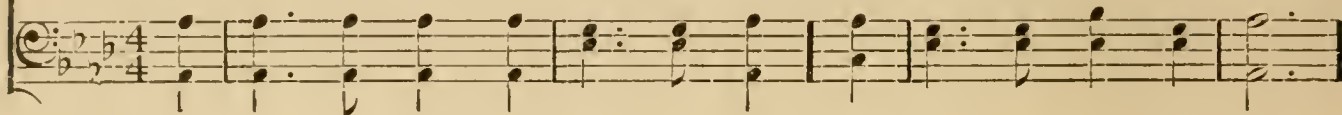
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR BENEDICTION.)

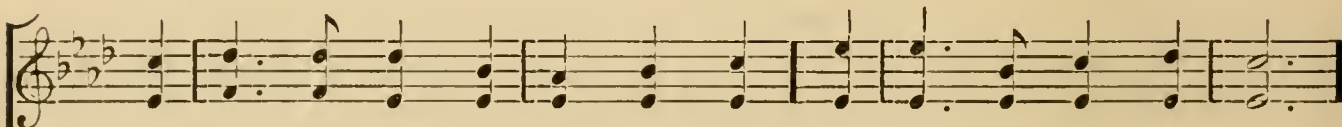
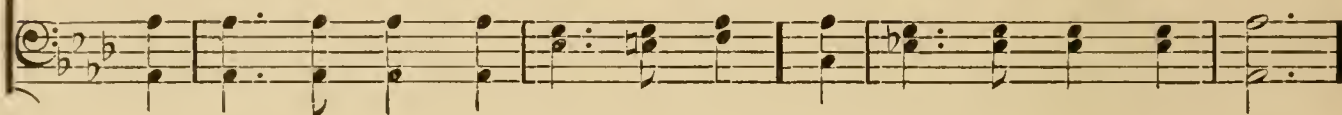
S. M. Bixby



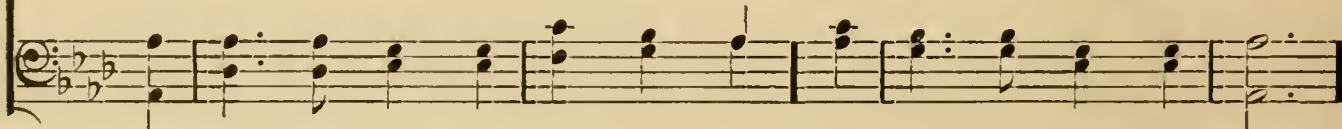
1. An - oth - er hap - py hour has passed In prayer and con - verse sweet ;
2. May gen - tle words and kind - ly thoughts Go with us as we part,
3. U - nit - ed un - der Thy dear name, O Lord, Thy Spir - it give,



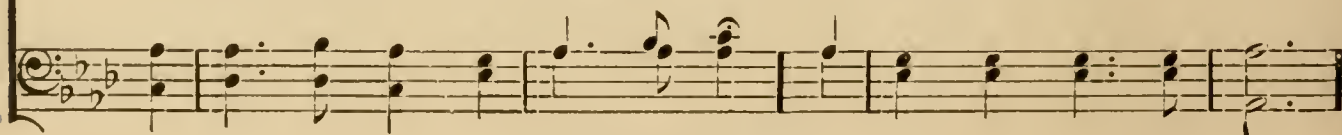
Lord, keep us faith - ful, kind and true, Till here a - gain we meet.
 And ten - der Chris - tian sym - path - y Fill ev - ery lov - ing heart.
 And may our first en - deav - or be A Chris - tian life to live.



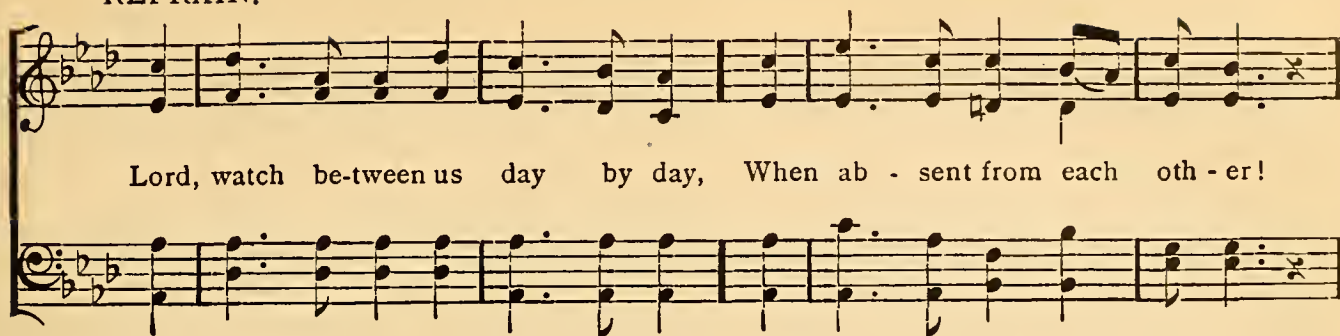
Lord, watch be - tween us day by day, Do Thou our wit - ness - be,—
 Lord, watch be - tween us as we go, And wit - ness from a - bove,
 And in this ho - ly part - ing hour Do Thou our wit - ness be,




In all we do and all we say We would be true to Thee!
 If aught shall break this ho - ly bond, This fel - low - ship of love.
 That naught shall ev - er rule our hearts But heav'n - ly char - i - ty!



REFRAIN.



Lord, watch be-tween us day by day, When ab - sent from each oth - er!



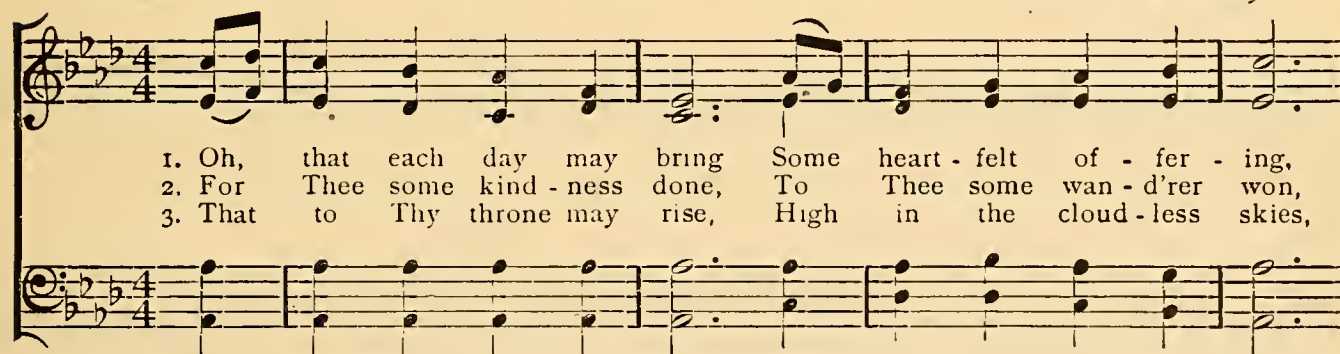
And may we ev - er faith - ful be To Thee and one an - oth - er.

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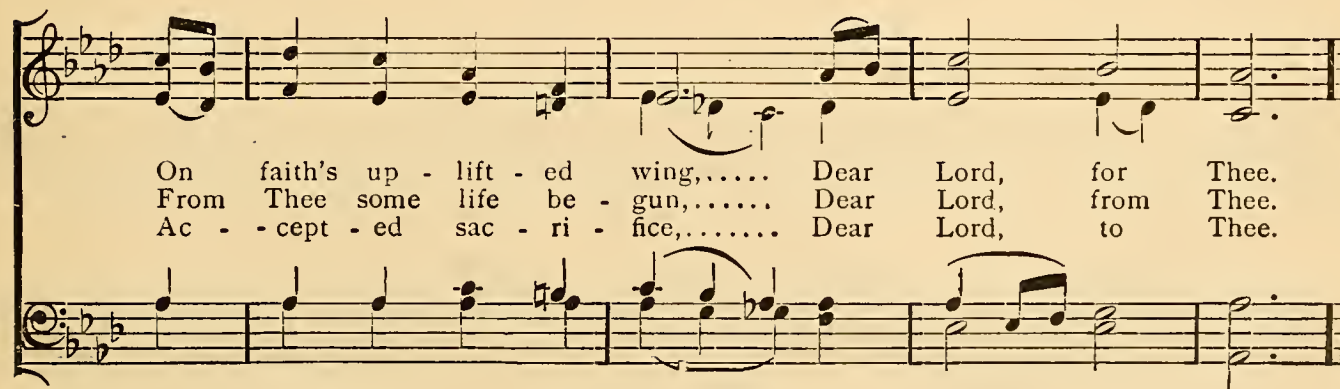
Oh, that each Day may Bring

Anon

S. M. Bixby



1. Oh, that each day may bring Some heart - felt of - fer - ing,
2. For Thee some kind - ness done, To Thee some wan - d'r'er won,
3. That to Thy throne may rise, High in the cloud - less skies,



On faith's up - lift - ed wing,..... Dear Lord, for Thee.
From Thee some life be - gun,..... Dear Lord, from Thee.
Ac - - cept - ed sac - ri - fice,..... Dear Lord, to Thee.

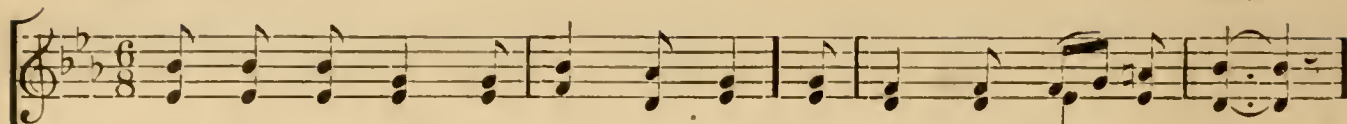
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YOUNG PEOPLE


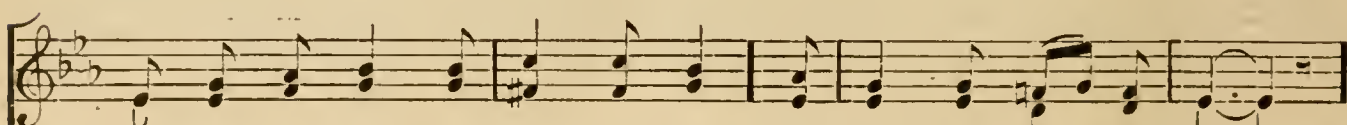
Saviour, I know how Kind Thou art

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

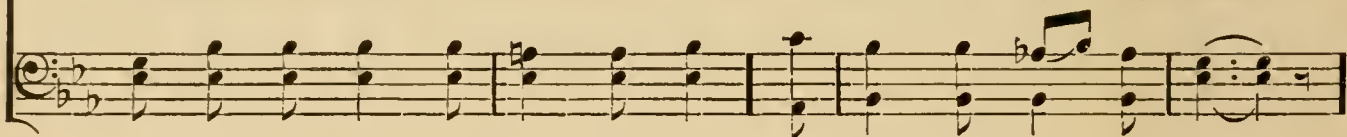
S. M. Bixby




1. Sav - iour, I know how kind Thou art, How great Thy love to me,—
 2. Sav - iour, with shame must I con - fess How prone I am to sin;
 3. Pit - y my weak - ness, Lord, I plead, And give me strength to stand;

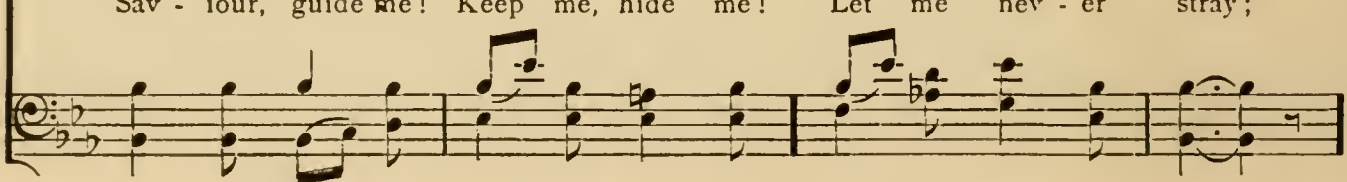

And yet my weak, mis - guid - ed heart Is drawn a - way from Thee.
 O clothe me with Thy right - eous - ness, And cleanse my heart with - in...
 Thou on - ly know - est all my need— O hold me by.. Thy hand!



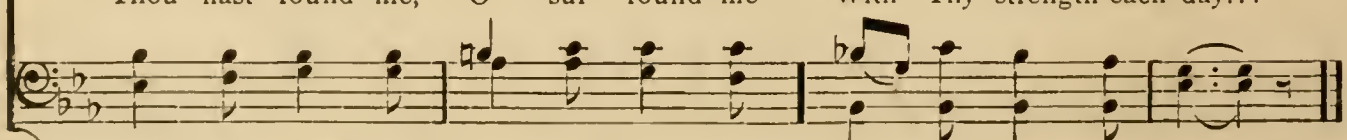
REFRAIN.



Sav - iour, guide me! Keep me, hide me! Let me nev - er stray;

Thou hast found me, O sur - round me With Thy strength each day...




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YOUNG PEOPLE



Oh Happy Day, that Fixed my Choice

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Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755



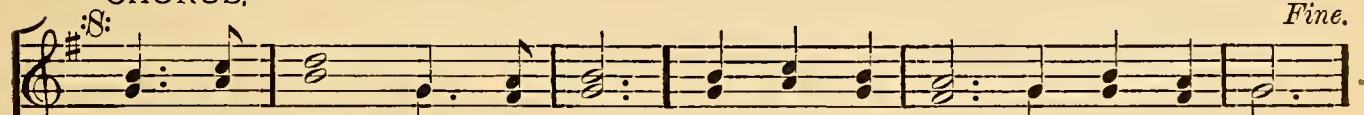
1. Oh hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God ;
 2. Oh hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love !
 3. 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tion's done I am my Lord's, and He is mine :
 4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre rest ;
 5. High heaven, that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear,

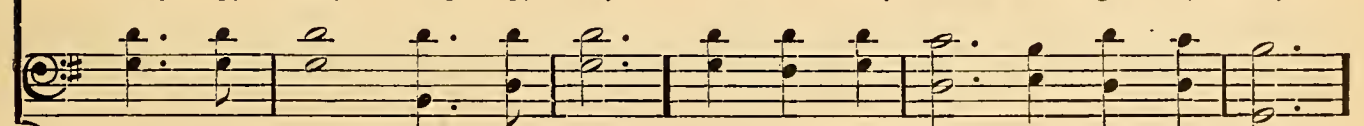
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to His sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 With ash - es who would grudge to part, When called on an - gels' bread to feast?
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



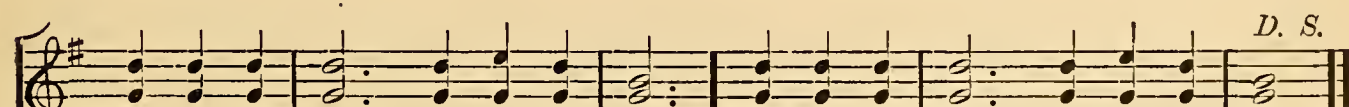
CHORUS.



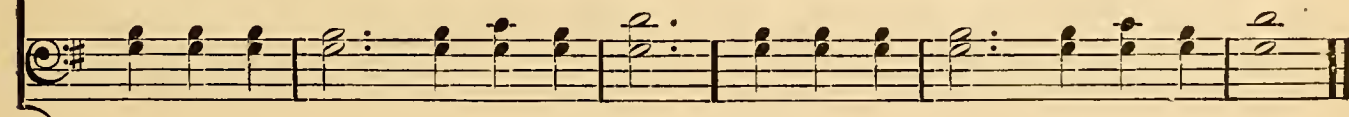
Hap - py day, hap - py day, Here in Thy courts we'll glad - ly stay,



d. s. Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a - way.



And at Thy foot - stool hum - bly pray, That Thou wouldst take our sins a - way !

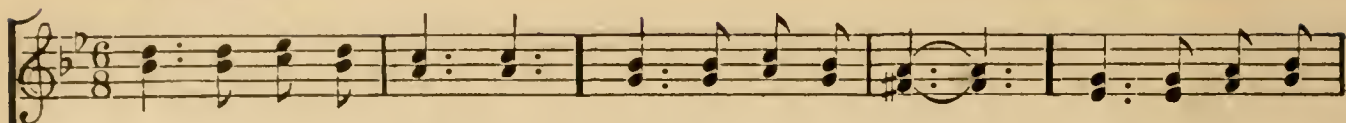


YOUNG PEOPLE

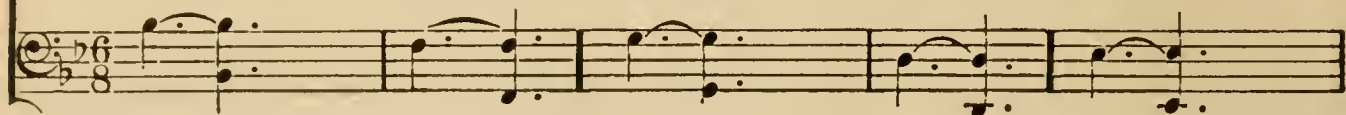
Yield not to Temptation

H. R. Palmer, 1868

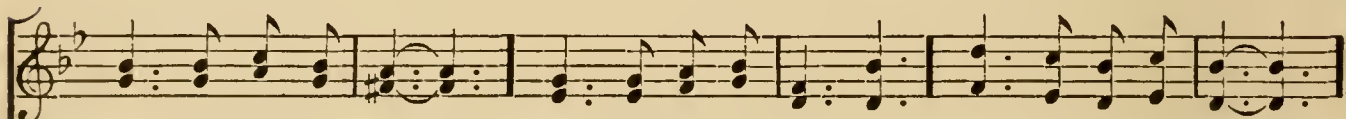
H. R. Palmer by per.



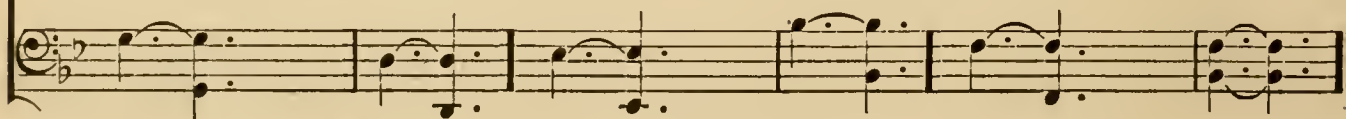
1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For weakness is sin,... Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain,.. God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



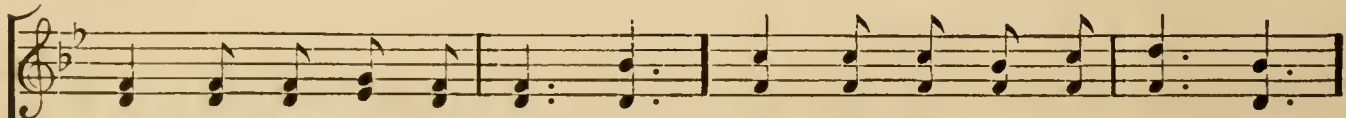
help us, Some oth - er to win;.. Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev' - rence, Nor take it in vain;.. Be thought - ful and ear - nest,
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down;.. He who is the Sav - iour,



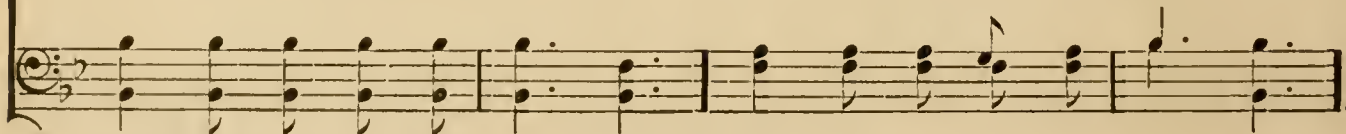
Dark passions sub - due,.. Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind - heart - ed and true,.. Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will re - new,.. Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you,



Copyright, 1868, by Dr. H. R. Palmer.

YOUNG PEOPLE

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

We Praise Thee, O God!

Dr. William P. Mackay, 1866

John J. Husband, 1798

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For.... Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry,
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

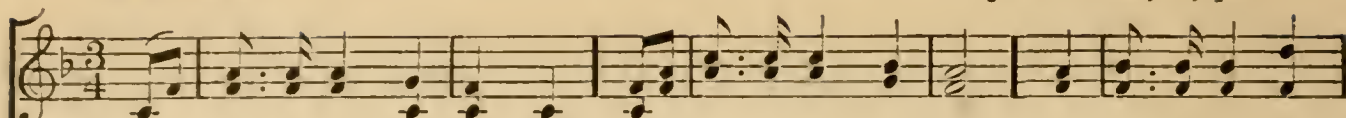
Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

YOUNG PEOPLE

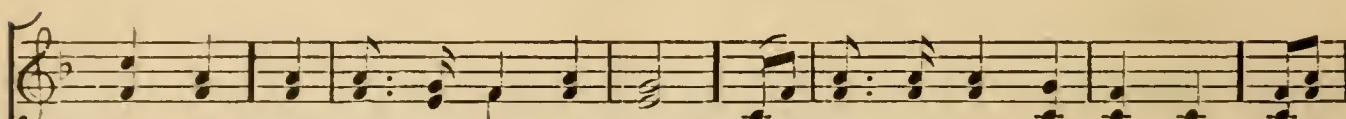
O Toilers in the Vineyard

E. R. Latta


J. H. Tenney, by per.



1. O toil-ers in the vine-yard, The vineyard of the Lord, Work on both late and
 2. O toil-ers in the vine-yard, The pre-cious seed you sow, To an e-ter-nal
 3. O toil-ers in the vine-yard, If sore-ly now op-prest, In heav'n's e-ter-nal




ear - ly, O - be - dient to His word ; Shrink not from heat or bur - den, Do
 har - vest In heav'n at last shall grow ; Then do not stop to ques - tion If
 morn-ing, More sweet will be the rest ! In heav'n no heav - y bur - dens ! In



not your ef - forts stay, And ye shall be re - ward - ed At clos-ing of the day.
 this or that may be, But work in faith and pa - tience, Till Je - sus sets you free.
 heav'n no scorching heat ! No spir - it sore - ly troubled ! No wea - ry hands or feet !

REFRAIN.



Work on, work on, O broth - ers, Your la - bors blest shall be ;

YOUNG PEOPLE

Work on, work on for Je - sus, Till death shall set you free.

Copyright, 1885, by F. H. Revell--used by permission.

Angel Voices ever singing

F. Pott

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan;
 3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own - to - Thee;

An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly,

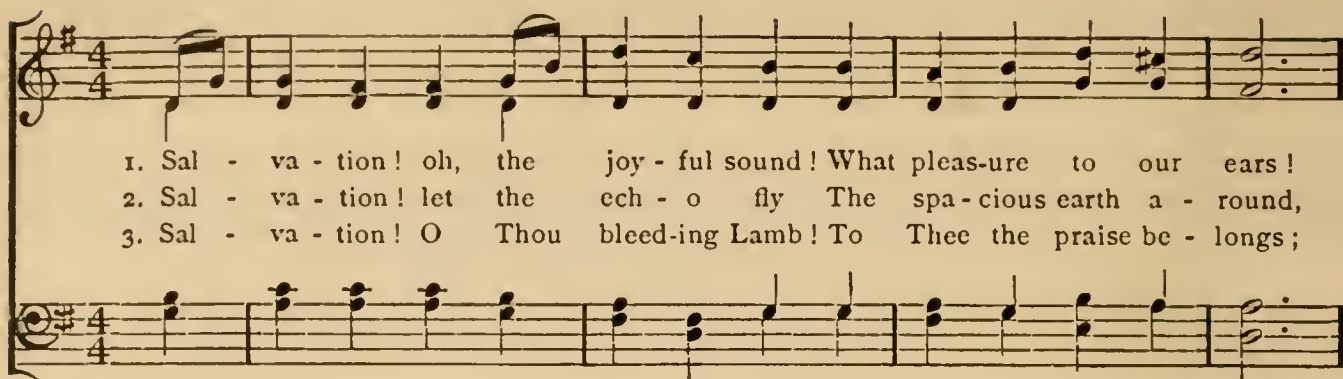
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might.
 Can we know that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

YOUNG PEOPLE

Salvation! oh, the joyful Sound

Isaac Watts. 3d verse by W. W. Shirley, 1786

S. M. Bixby

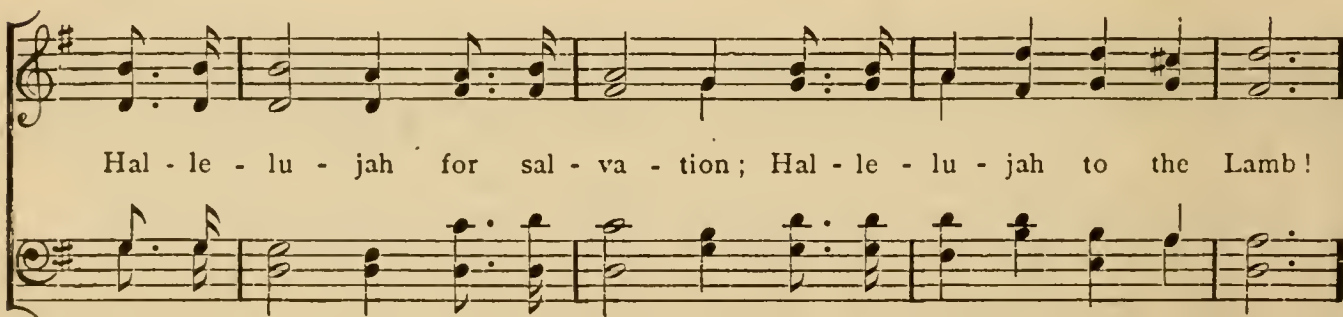


1. Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound! What pleas - ure to our ears!
 2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,
 3. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleed - ing Lamb! To Thee the praise be - longs;

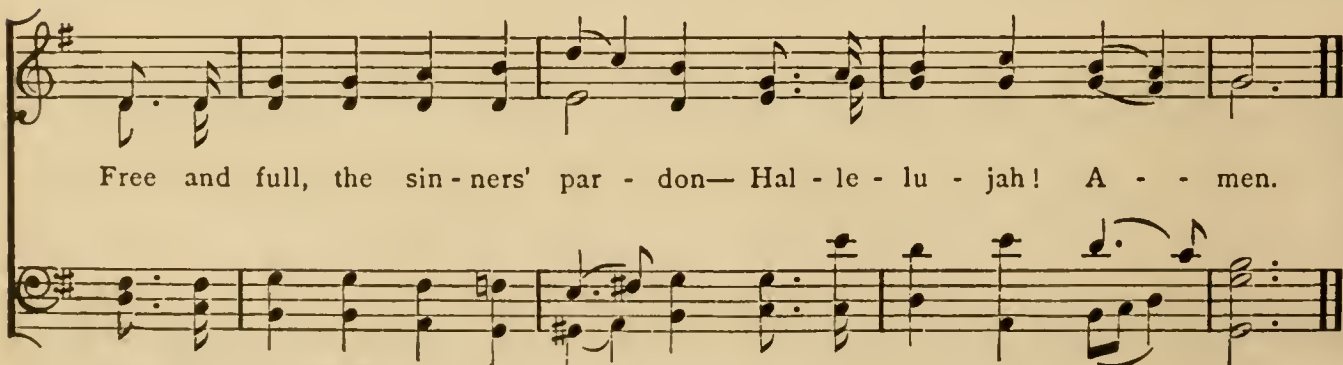


A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
 Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah for sal - va - tion; Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



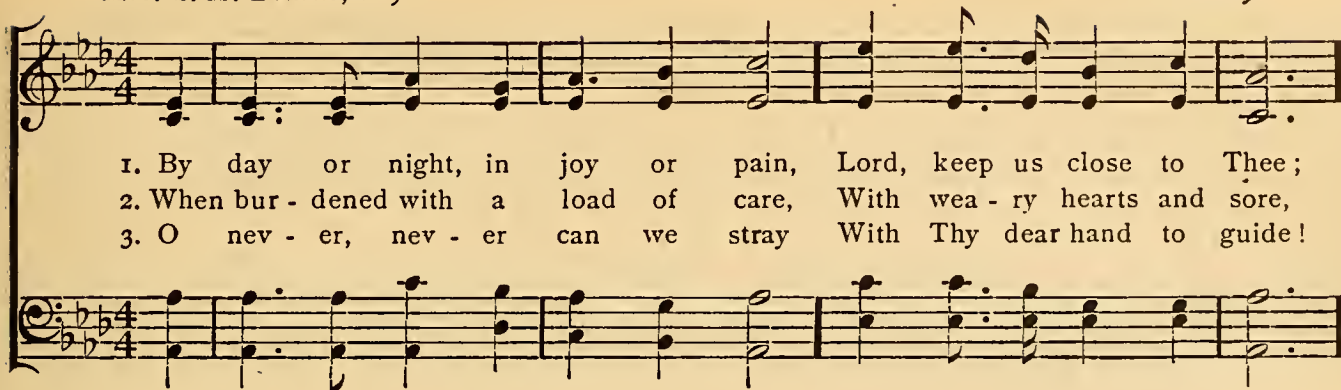
Free and full, the sin - ners' par - don— Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men.

Lord, with us Abide

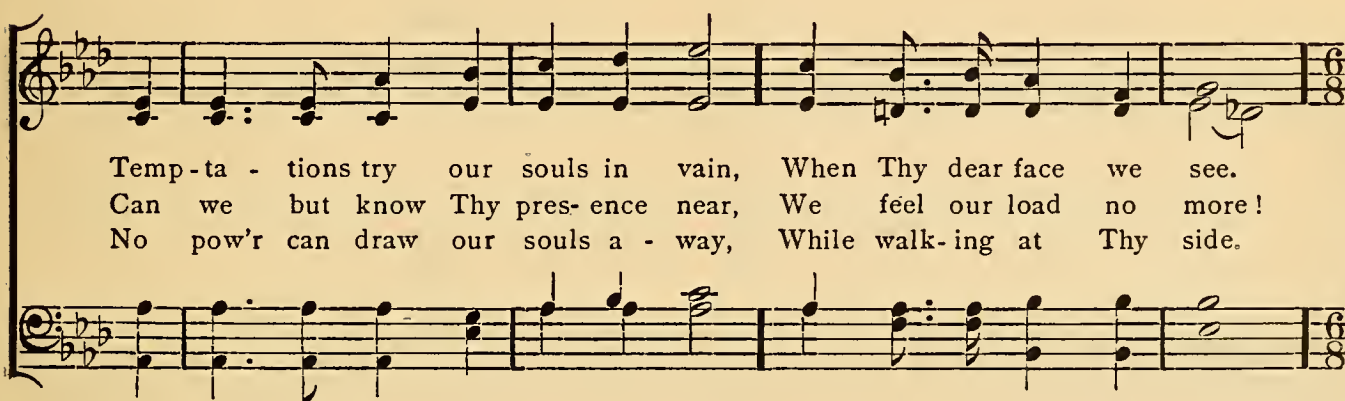
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Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

S. M. Bixby



1. By day or night, in joy or pain, Lord, keep us close to Thee;
2. When bur - dened with a load of care, With wea - ry hearts and sore,
3. O nev - er, nev - er can we stray With Thy dear hand to guide!



Temp - ta - tions try our souls in vain, When Thy dear face we see.
Can we but know Thy pres - ence near, We feel our load no more!
No pow'r can draw our souls a - way, While walk - ing at Thy side.

REFRAIN.



Walking with Je - sus by... the way, Walking with Je - sus all... the day!



Ev - er our grate - ful hearts.. shall say, "Lord, with.. us a - bide!"

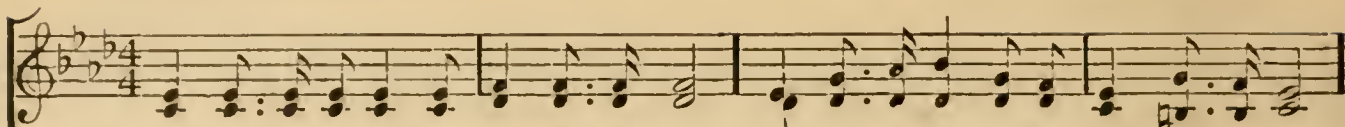
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YOUNG PEOPLE

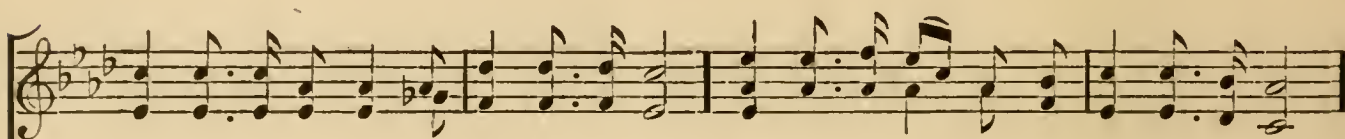
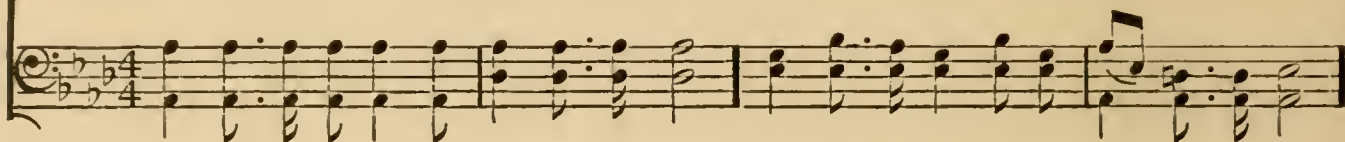
Out in the Sunshine

Frances J. Crosby, 1892

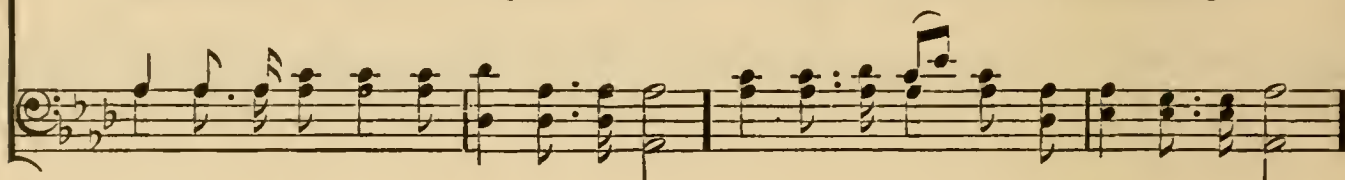
S. M. Bixby



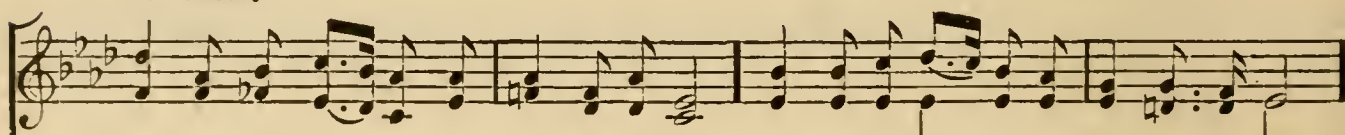
1. Out in the sunshine With Je-sus, my Lord, Trust-ful - ly rest-ing My hope on His word ;
2. Out in the sunshine With Je-sus, my Guide, Pre-cious the mo-ments I spend at His side,
3. Out in the sunshine With Je-sus, my King, There of His mer-cy With rap-ture I sing ;



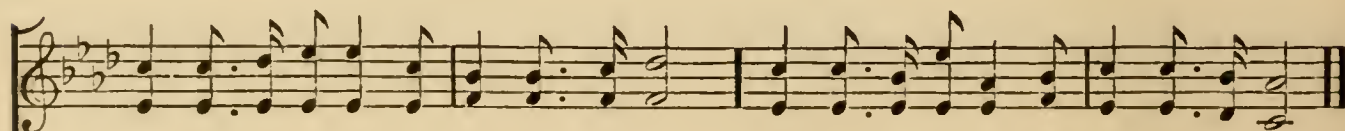
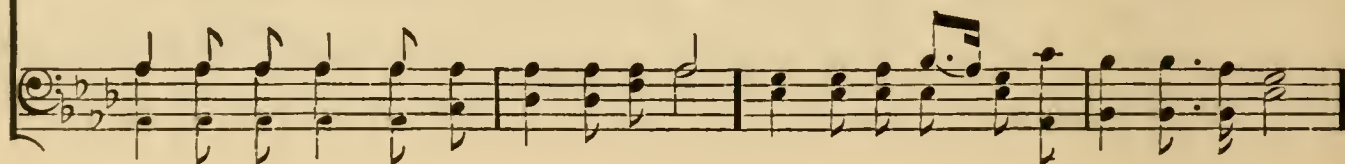
Tell-ing the sto - ry That nev - er shall cease, Lav - ing my spir - it In foun-tains of peace.
Rich are the blessings That flow in my heart, Blessings no lan-guage Can ev - er im-part.
There on the mountain Trans-port-ed I see, E-den where loved ones Are watching for me.



REFRAIN.



Out in the sun-shine of per-fect de-light, Out in the sun-shine, no shadows in sight,



Out in the sun-shine, O there would I be Hap - py for-ev - er, my Sav-iour, with Thee.



Lord, this Day Thy Children Meet

327

Wm. W. How

J. B. Calkin

1. Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet ;
2. Not a - lone the day of rest With Thy wor - ship shall be blest ;
3. Help us un - to Thee to pray Hal - low - ing our hap - py day ;
4. All our pleas - ures here be - low, Sav - iour, from Thy mer - cy flow ;
5. Make, O Lord, our child - hood shine With all low - ly grace like Thine !

Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise.
In our pleas - ure and our glee, Lord, we would re - mem - ber Thee.
From Thy pres - ence thus to win Hearts all pure and free from sin.
Lit - tle chil - dren Thou dost love ; Draw our hearts to Thee a - bove.
Then thro' all e - ter - ni - ty We shall live in heav'n with Thee.

Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow

T. Ken

Guillaume Franc

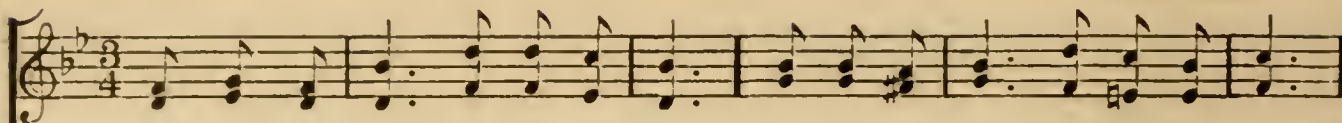
1. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow ; Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low ;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host ; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

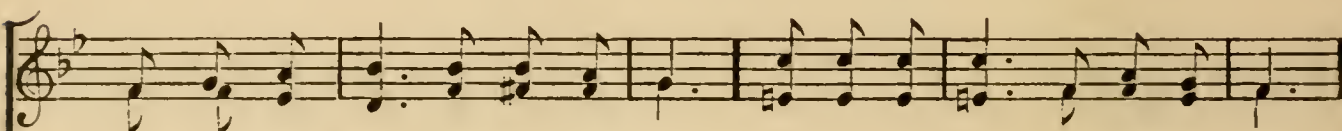
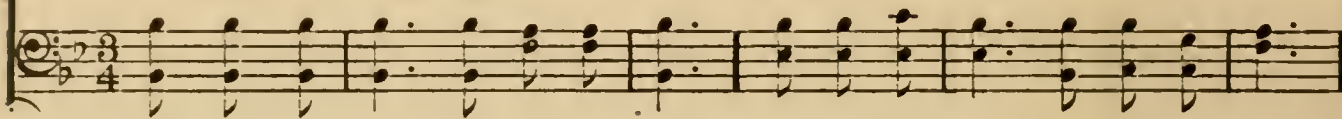
CHILDREN

Oh! Sacred Day, oh! Blessed Hour

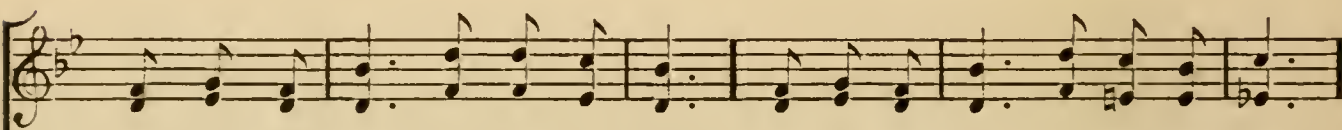
S. M. Bixby



1. Oh! sa - cred day, oh! bless-ed hour! To prayer and praise and stud - y given;
 2. Write on our hearts each "Gold-en Text," Weave thro' our lives each "Central Truth,"



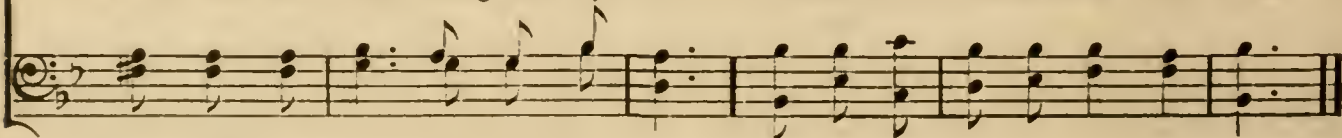
Lord, grant that we some truth may find To help us on our way to heav'n.
 And by Thy Spir - it give them power To make us Chris - tians in our youth.



Oh! bless-ed hour! Lord, may it be A sea-son spent a - part with Thee;
 Be this our prayer, this day and hour, O Lord, dis - play Thy wondrous pow'r!



An hour of thought, of work and prayer, Thy word to search with ear - nest care.
 With ten - der care bring ev - ery one To know Thee, Saviour, as His own.

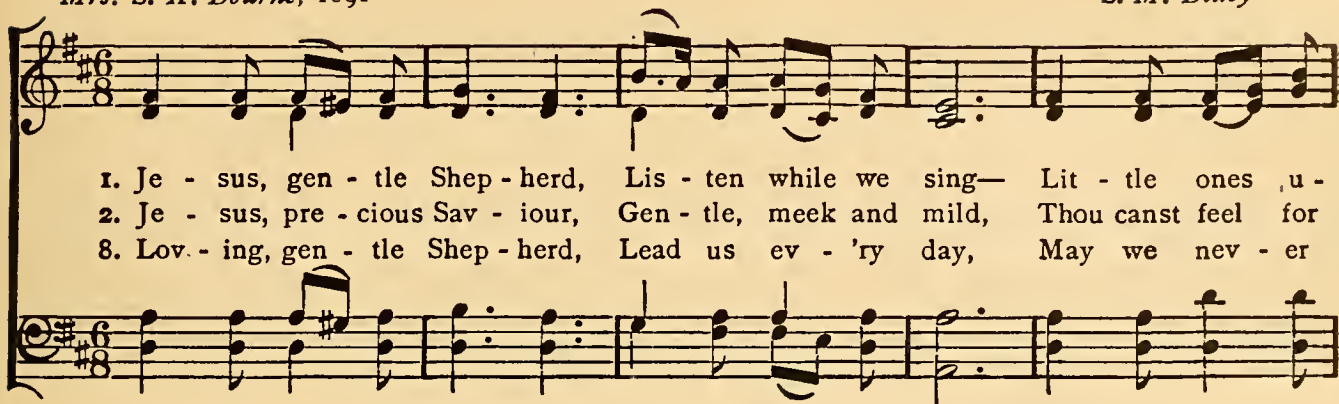


Jesus, Gentle Shepherd

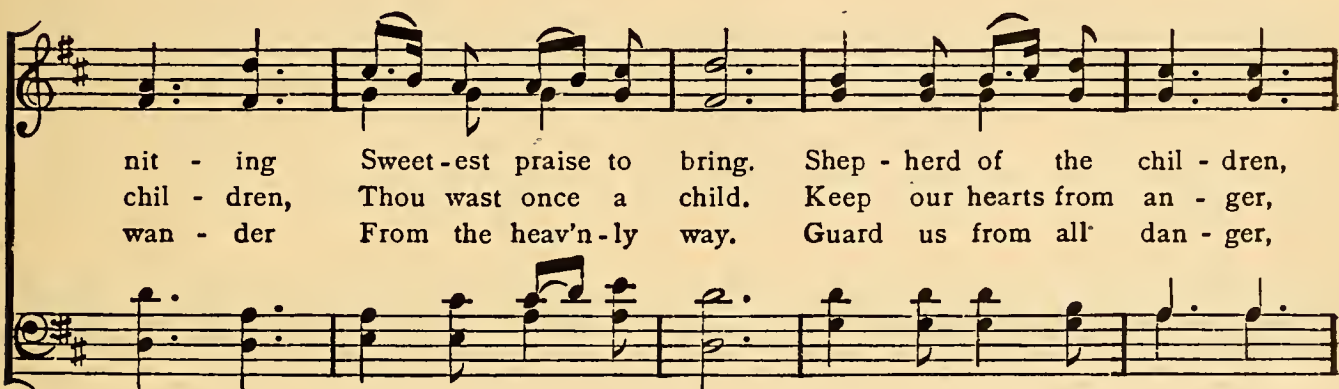
329

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

S. M. Bixby



1. Je - sus, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lis - ten while we sing— Lit - tle ones, u -
2. Je - sus, pre - cious Sav - iour, Gen - tle, meek and mild, Thou canst feel for
8. Lov - ing, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lead us ev - 'ry day, May we nev - er

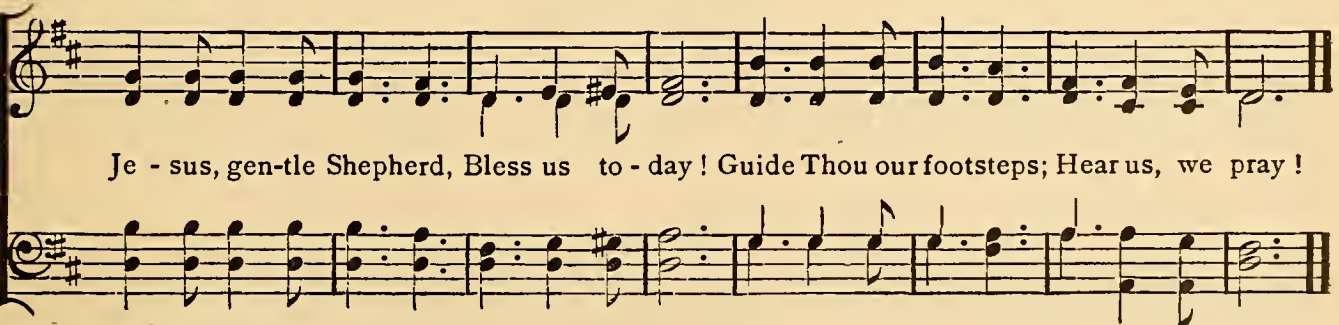


nit - ing Sweet - est praise to bring. Shep - herd of the chil - dren,
chil - dren, Thou wast once a child. Keep our hearts from an - ger,
wan - der From the heav'n - ly way. Guard us from all dan - ger,



Keep Thy lambs to - day— Gen - tly lead our foot - steps In Thy pleas - ant way.
Keep our lips from wrong, Teach us how to serve Thee,—We to Thee be - long.
Shel - ter us from harm,— In Thy love safe fold - ed, Shield - ed by Thine arm.

CHORUS.



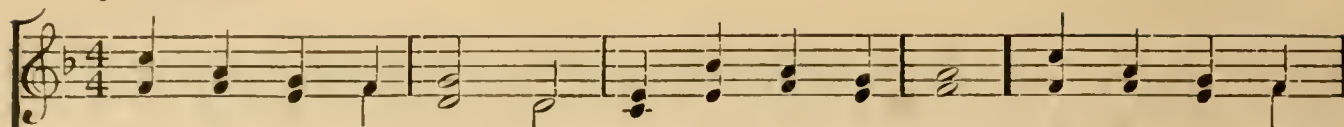
Je - sus, gen - tle Shepherd, Bless us to - day! Guide Thou our footsteps; Hear us, we pray!

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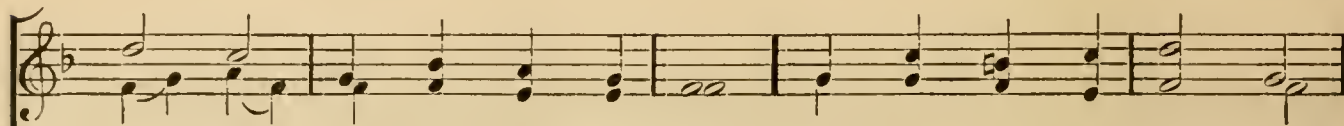
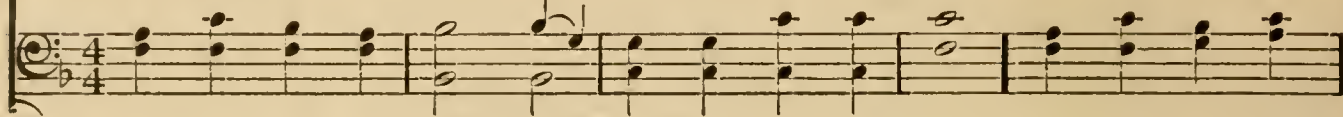
CHILDREN

In God's Holy Dwelling

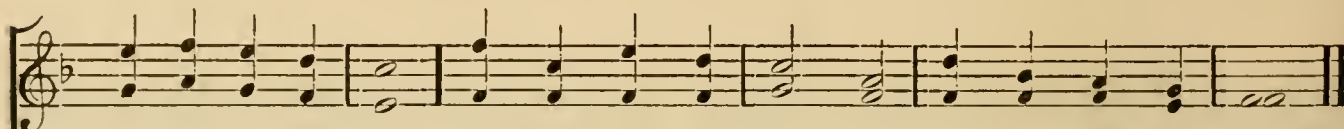
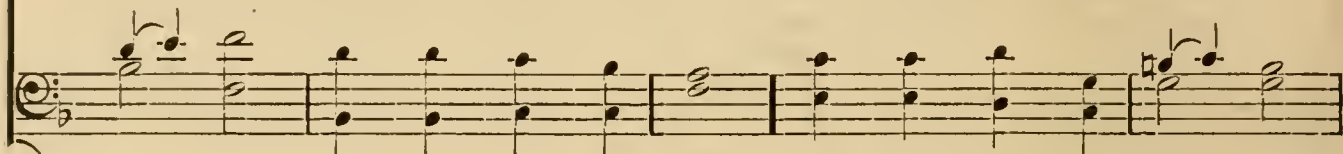
J. A. Stowell



1. In God's ho - ly dwell - ing, Spared to meet a - gain, Hark! glad voi - ces
2. All things tell His glo - ry—Earth and heaven a - bove; And the gos - pel
3. Oh, how blest to know Him, And His love so true! Oh, how sweet to
4. Then with - in His dwell - ing, Raise the joy - ous song; Let glad voic - es



swell - ing, Raise their joy - ous strain. Chil - dren, bend - ing low - ly,
sto - ry Tells His won - drous love: How the Fa - ther gave us
show Him How we love Him too! For to us is giv - en
swell - ing Still the strain pro - long; Chil - dren, bend - ing low - ly,



Join the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord on high!"
His own Son to die; How the Son to save us, Left His throne on high!
Here to test His grace, And the hope in Heav - en To be - hold His Face.
Join the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord most High!"



Doxology



Sing we to our God a - bove, Praise e - ter - nal as His love;



CHILDREN

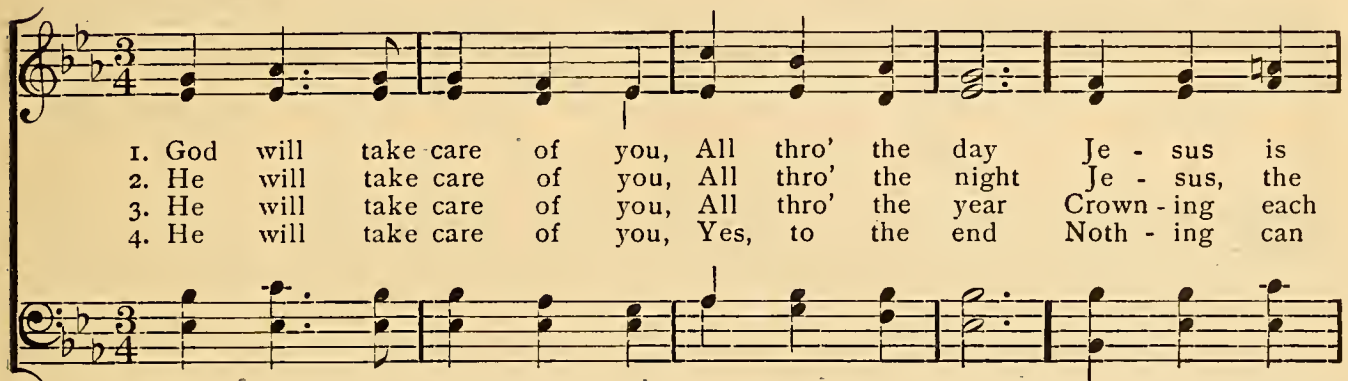


Praise Him, all ye heaven-ly host, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost !

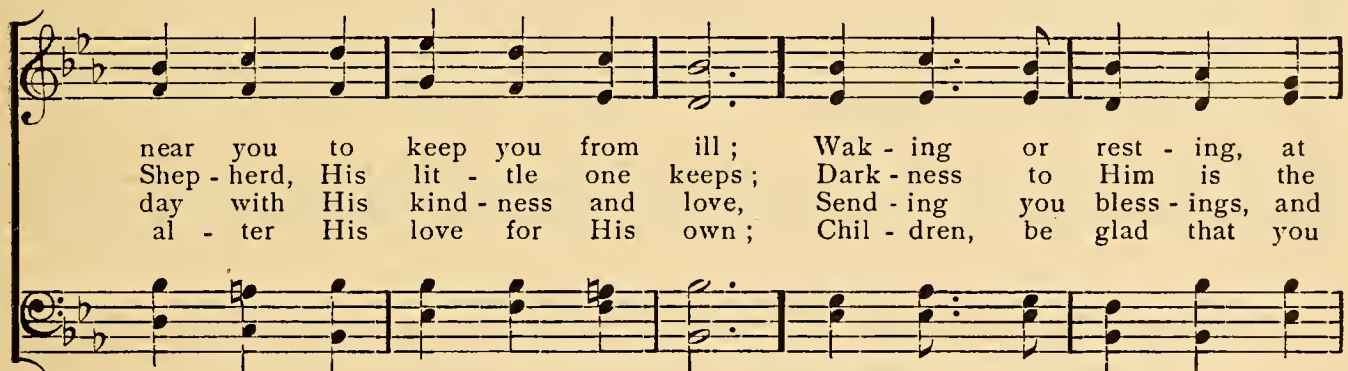
God will take Care of You

F. R. Havergal

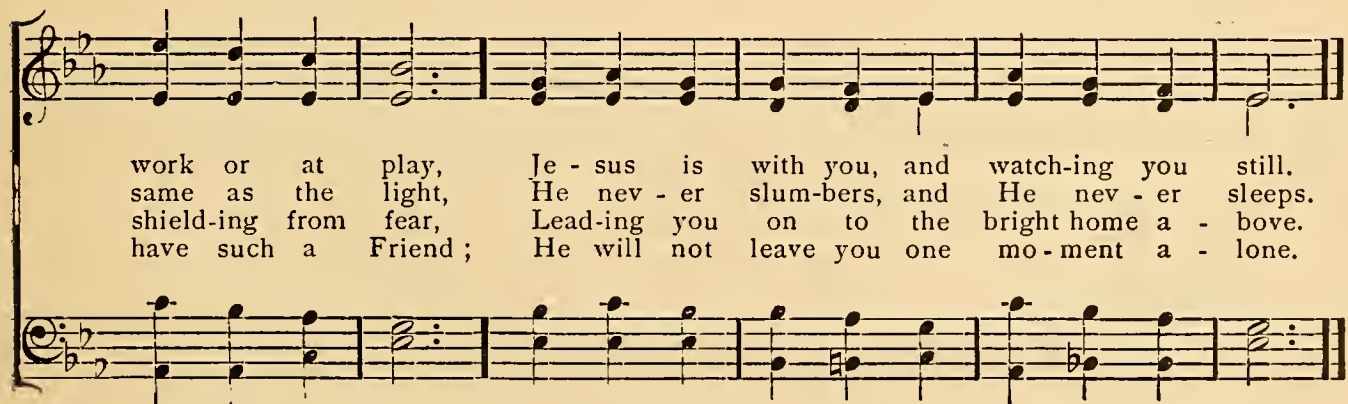
F. R. Havergal



1. God will take care of you, All thro' the day Je - sus is
 2. He will take care of you, All thro' the night Je - sus, the
 3. He will take care of you, All thro' the year Crown - ing each
 4. He will take care of you, Yes, to the end Noth - ing can



near you to keep you from ill ; Wak - ing or rest - ing, at
 Shep - herd, His lit - tle one keeps ; Dark - ness to Him is the
 day with His kind - ness and love, Send - ing you bless - ings, and
 al - ter His love for His own ; Chil - dren, be glad that you



work or at play, Je - sus is with you, and watch - ing you still.
 same as the light, He nev - er slum - bers, and He nev - er sleeps.
 shield - ing from fear, Lead - ing you on to the bright home a - bove.
 have such a Friend ; He will not leave you one mo - ment a - lone.

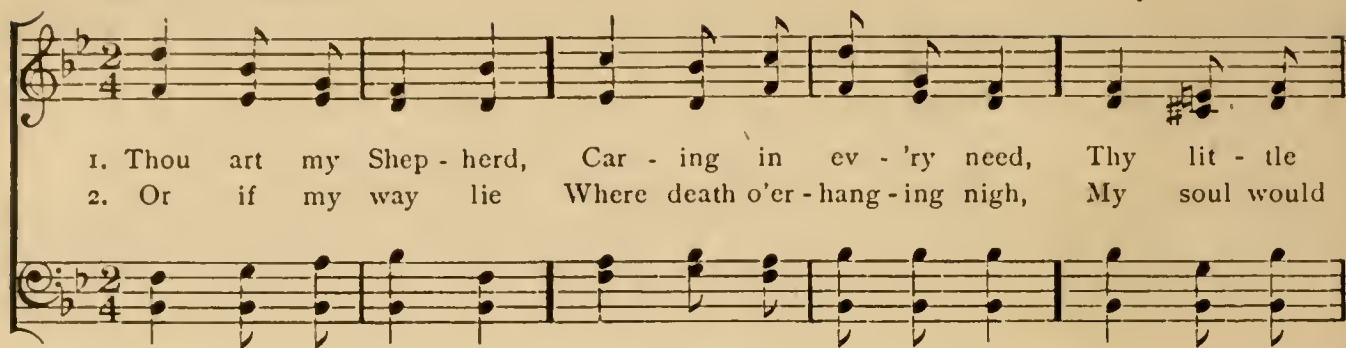
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CHILDREN

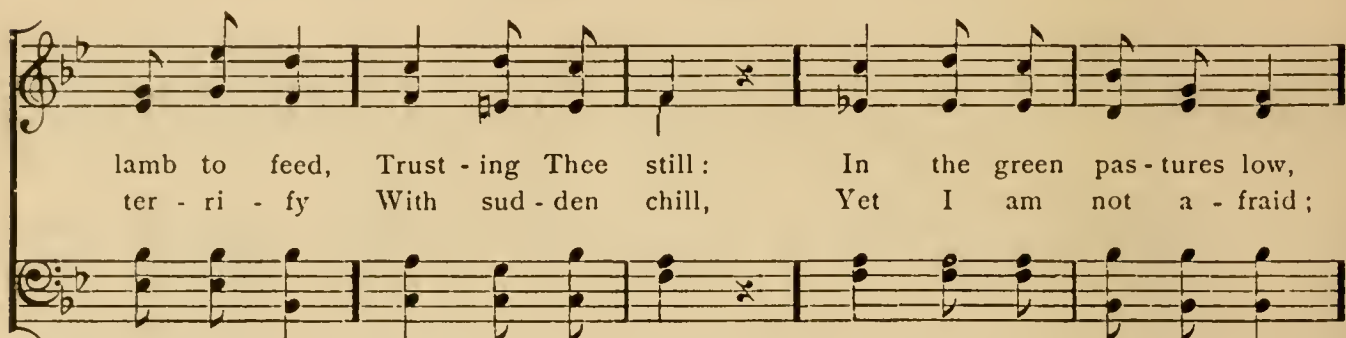
Thou art my Shepherd

M. Elsie Thalheimer

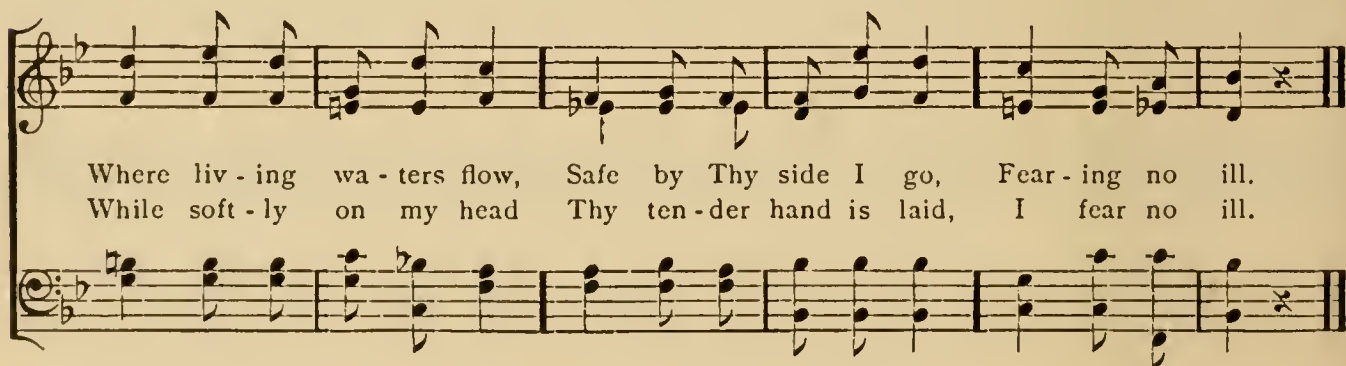
J. Cramer



1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need, Thy lit - tle
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'er - hang - ing nigh, My soul would



lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still: In the green pas - tures low,
ter - ri - fy With sud - den chill, Yet I am not a - fraid;

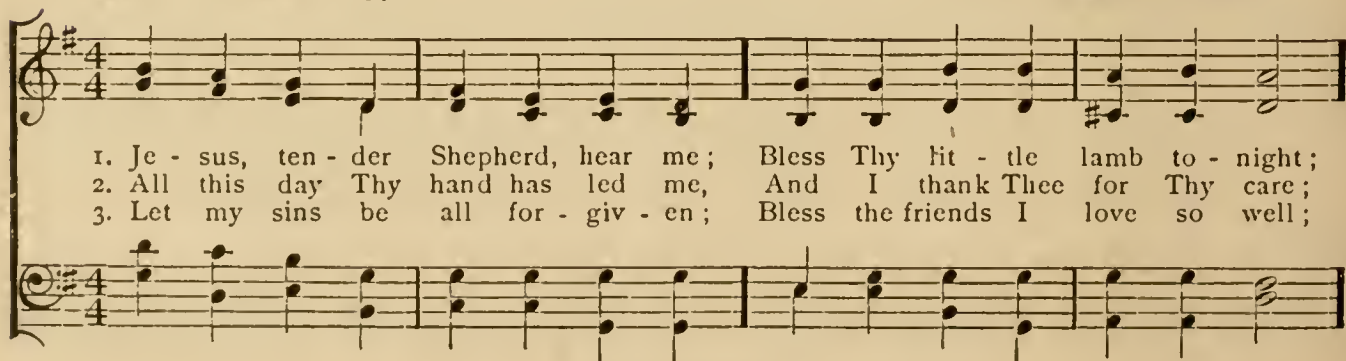


Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
While soft - ly on my head Thy ten - der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear me


Mary L. Duncan, 1839

Sacred Musical Cabinet



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

CHILDREN

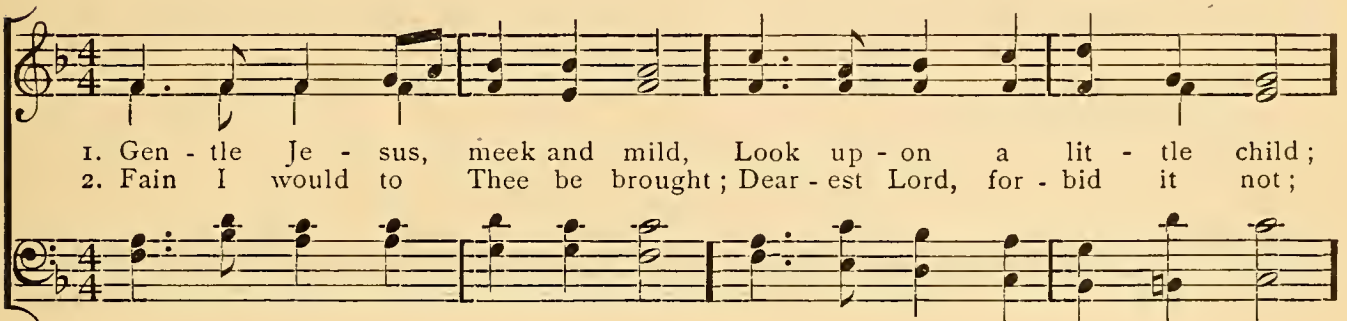


Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
 Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me, List-en to my eve-ning pray'r !
 Take us all at last to heav-en, Hap-py there with Thee to dwell. A-MEN.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild

Rev. Charles Wesley

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D.



1. Gen-tle Je-sus, meek and mild, Look up-on a lit-tle child ;
 2. Fain I would to Thee be brought ; Dear-est Lord, for-bid it not ;



Pit-y my sim-ple-ci-ty ; Suf-fer me to come to Thee.
 Give me, dear-est Lord, a place In the king-dom of Thy grace. A-MEN.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
 Thou shalt my example be :
 Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
 Thou wast once a little Child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
 Give me Thy obedient heart ;
 Thou art pitiful and kind,
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will ;
 Never His Good Spirit grieve,
 Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek Thine own ;
 Thou Thyself didst never please ;
 God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In Thy gracious hands I am ;
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
 Live Thyself within my heart.

8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days ;
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me. AMEN.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me

Mary L. Duncan

John B. Dykes

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night ;
 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care :
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well ;

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r.
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story

Mrs. Jemima Luke

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
 arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind
 ask for a share of His love ; And.... if I now ear - nest - ly



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 look when He said, "Let the lit - - tle ones come un - to me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him be - low.

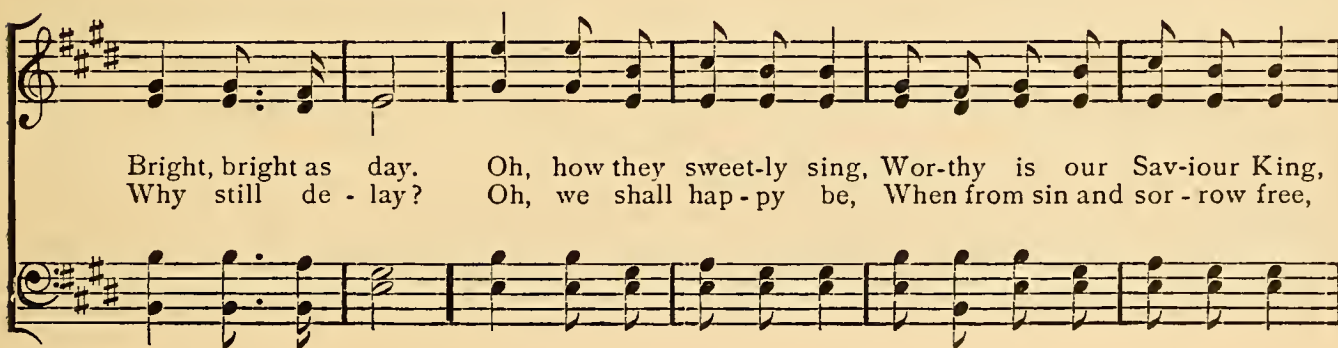
The Happy Land

Andrew Young, 1838

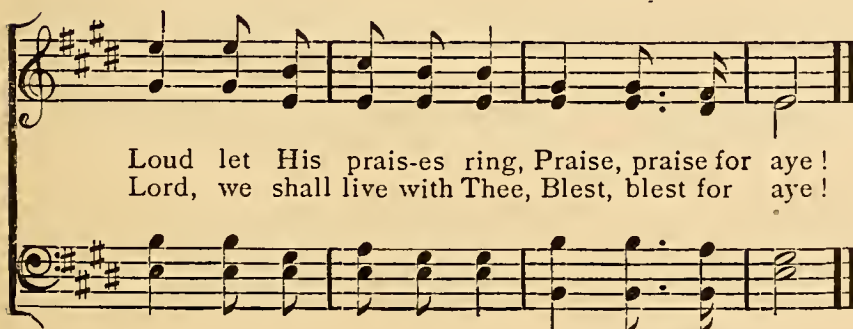
Hindoostan Air



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand,



Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King,
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sor - row free,

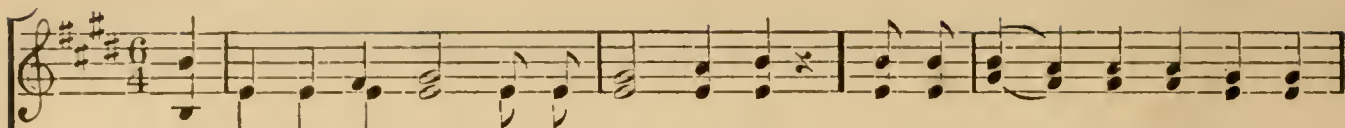


Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

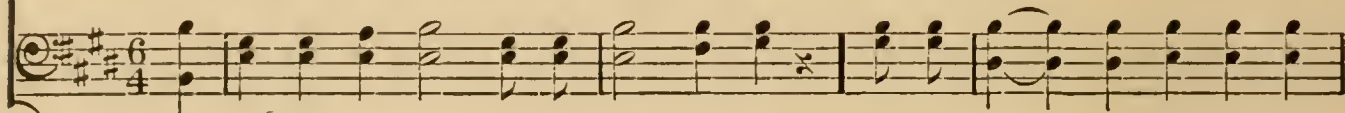
3.

Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign, reign for aye!

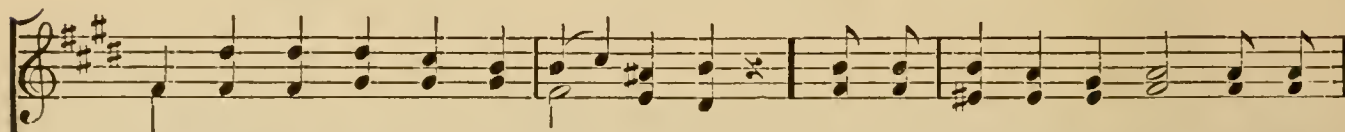
CHILDREN

*Hosanna we sing**G. S. Hodges**J. W. Tufts*

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the
 2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joic-es the hymns of His



Lord lived here; He bless'd lit - tle chil-dren and smiled on them, When they
 own.. to hear: We know that His heart will nev - er wax cold To the

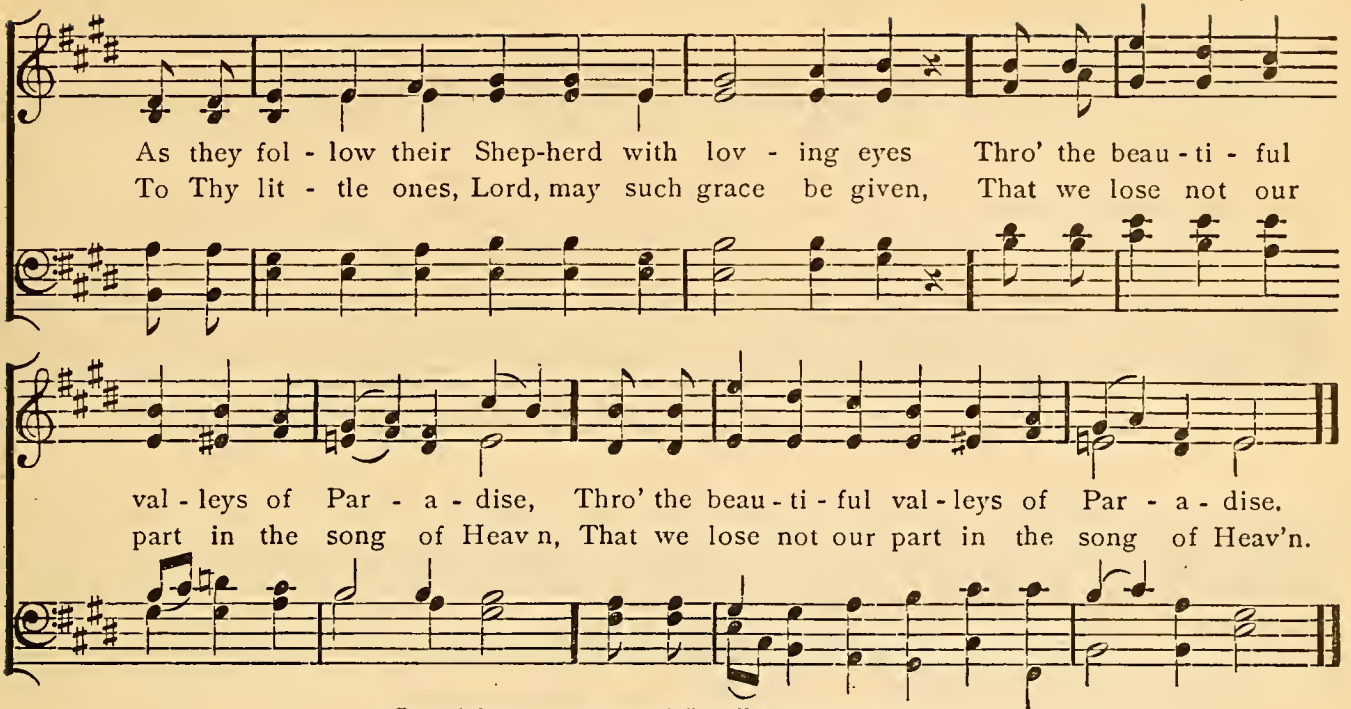


chant-ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, like the
 lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold. Hal - le - lu - jah we sing in the



chil - dren bright, With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white;
 Church we love, Hal - le - lu - jah re - sounds in the Church a - bove;

*CHILDREN*



As they fol - low their Shep-herd with lov - ing eyes Thro' the beau - ti - ful
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our

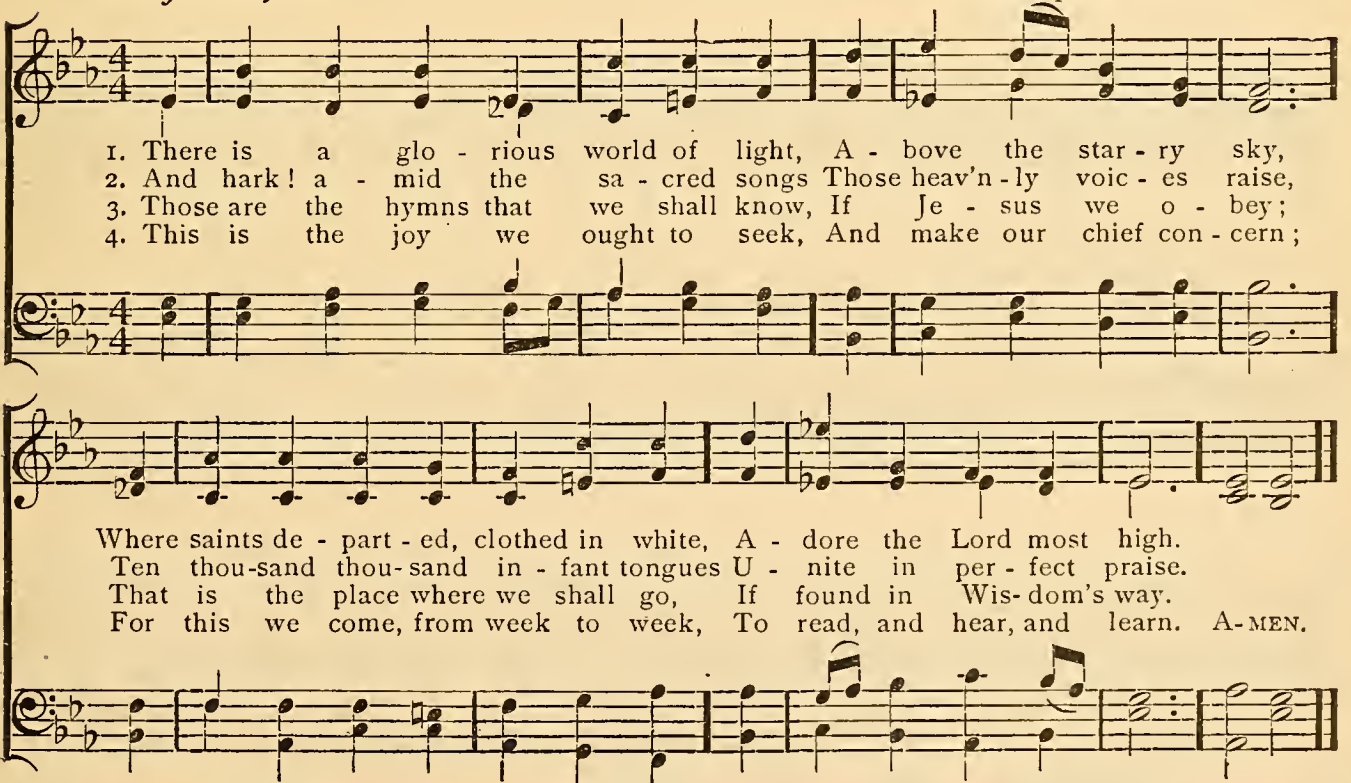
val - leys of Par - a - dise, Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise,
part in the song of Heav'n, That we lose not our part in the song of Heav'n.

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There is a Glorious World of Light

Miss Jane Taylor

William Sparks, Mus. D.



1. There is a glo - rious world of light, A - bove the star - ry sky,
2. And hark! a - mid the sa - cred songs Those heav'n - ly voic - es raise,
3. Those are the hymns that we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey;
4. This is the joy we ought to seek, And make our chief con - cern;

Where saints de - part - ed, clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high.
Ten thou-sand thou-sand in - fant tongues U - nite in per - fect praise.
That is the place where we shall go, If found in Wis - dom's way.
For this we come, from week to week, To read, and hear, and learn. A-MEN.

5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop and pass away.

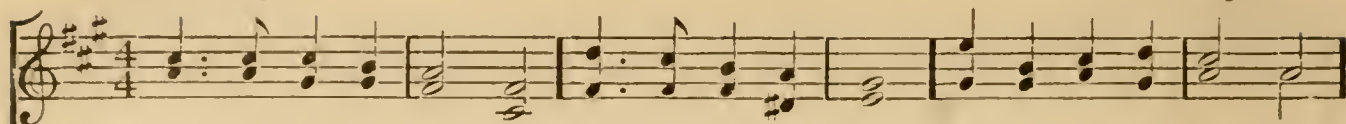
6 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to Thy Rest. AMEN.

CHILDREN

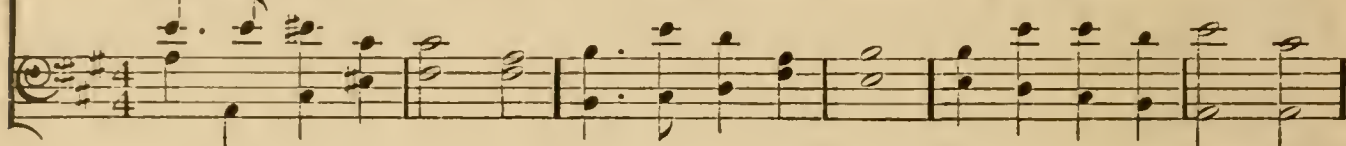
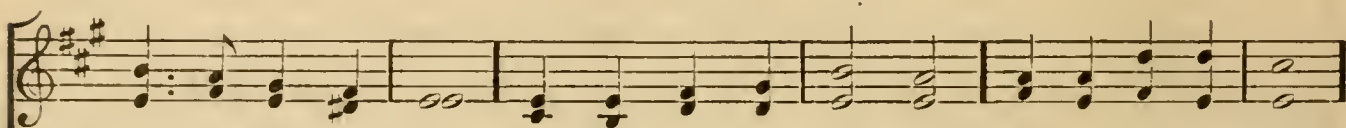
Golden Harps are Sounding

F. R. Havergal

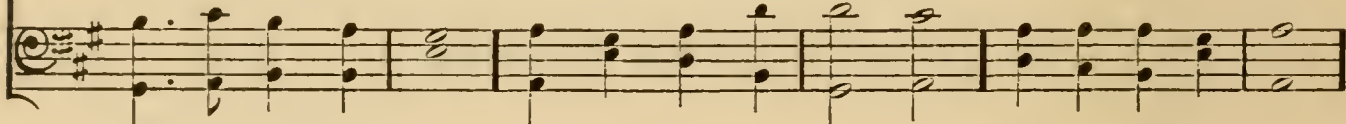
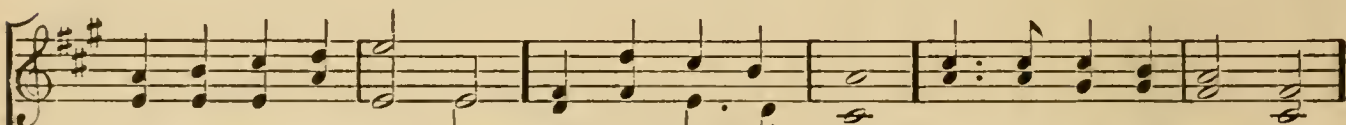
F. R. Havergal



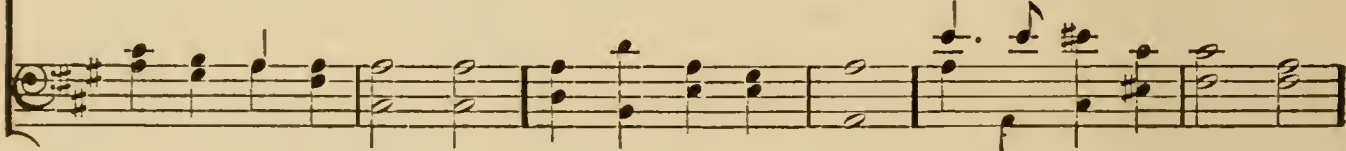
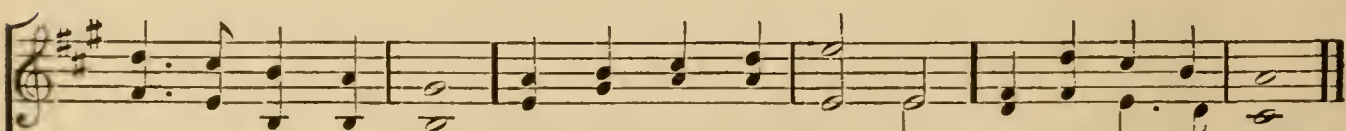
1. Gold - en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o - pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glad-ness
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless-ed Place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,

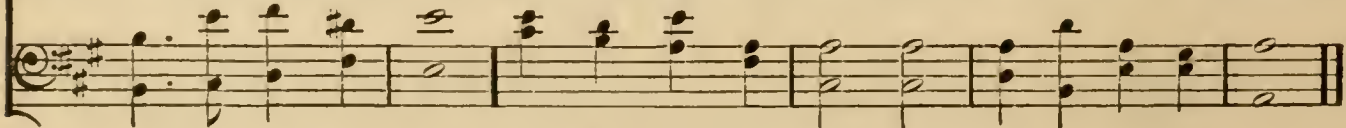
O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
 At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die,
 Send-ing them His grace ; His bright home pre - par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you ;

Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove. All His Work is end - ed,
 Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

Joy - ful - ly we sing ; Je - sus hath as - cend-ed ! Glo - ry to our King !



CHILDREN

There's a Friend for little Children

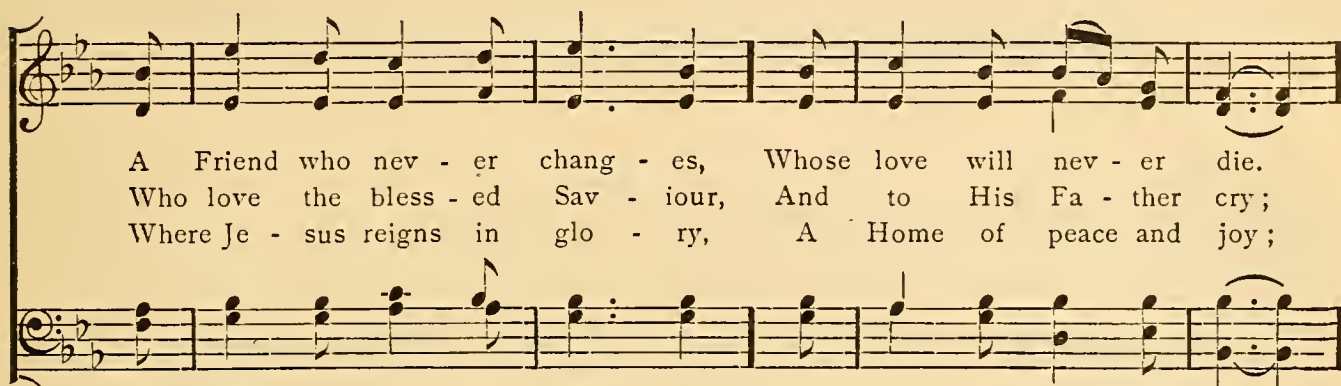
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A. Midlane

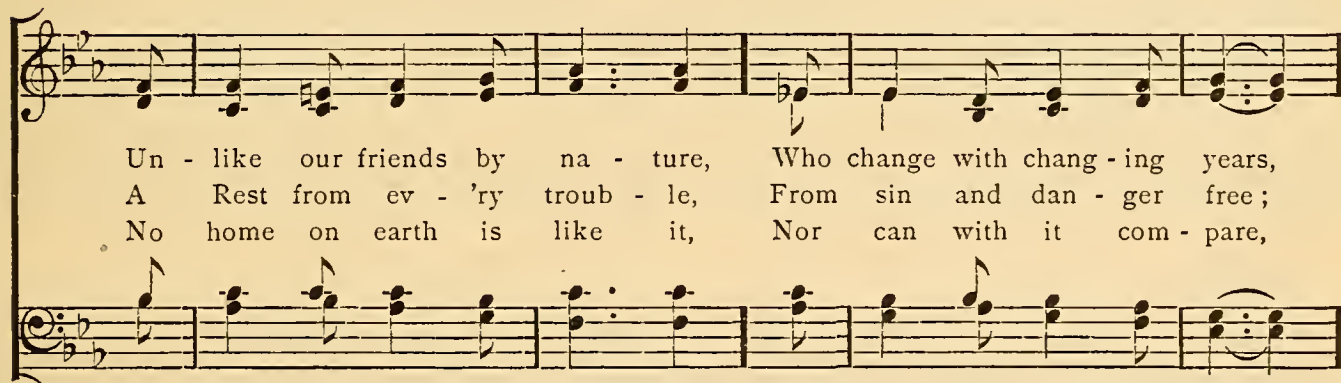
J. Stainer



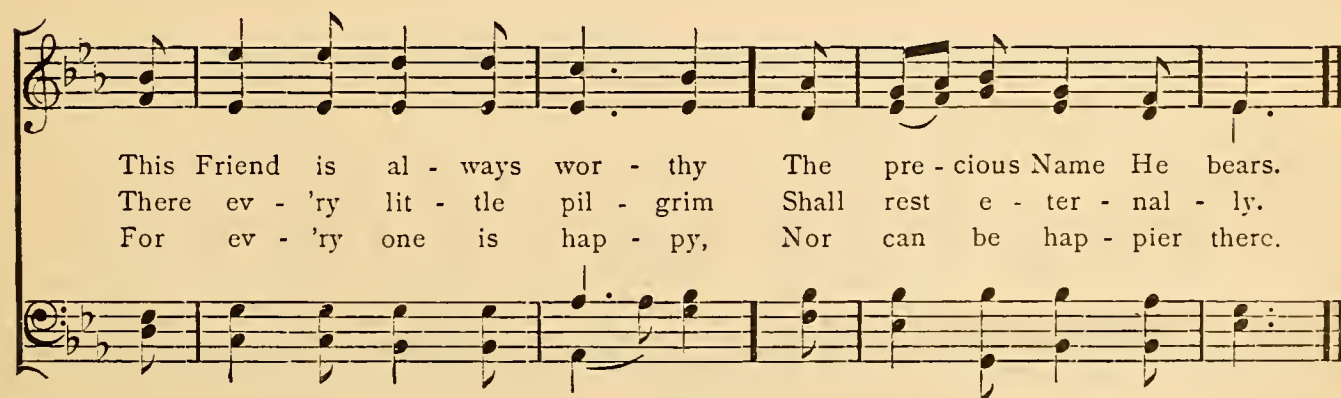
1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
 2. There's a Rest for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
 3. There's a Home for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,



A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die.
 Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And to His Fa - ther cry;
 Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A Home of peace and joy;



Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang - ing years,
 A Rest from ev - 'ry troub - le, From sin and dan - ger free;
 No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare,



This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious Name He bears.
 There ev - 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
 For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.

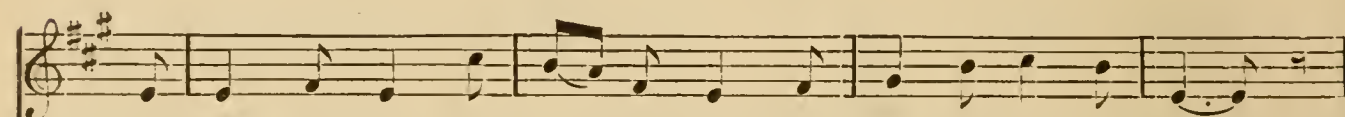
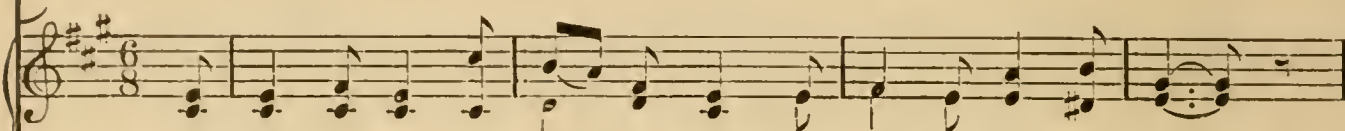
CHILDREN

Thou art the True and Loving God

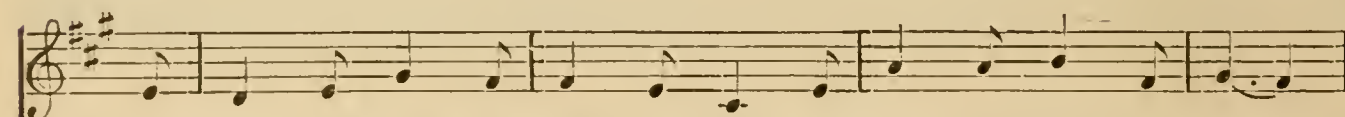
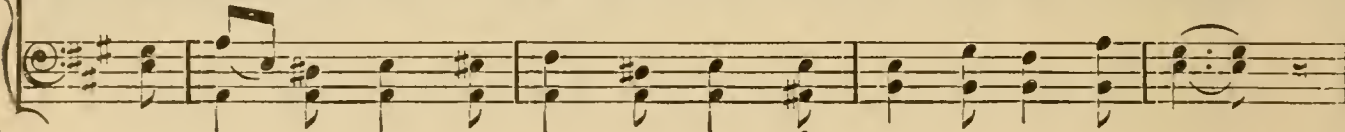
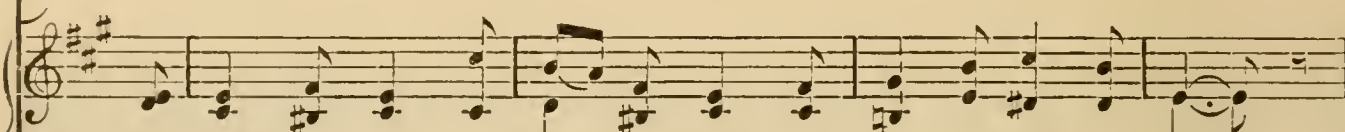
Albert J. Holden



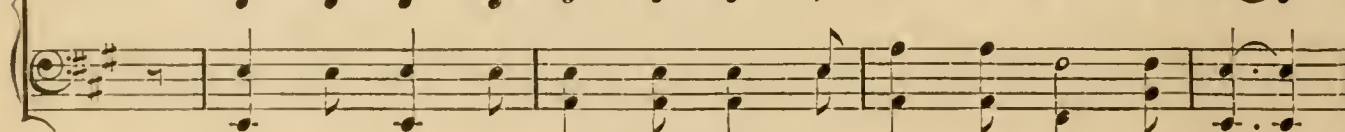
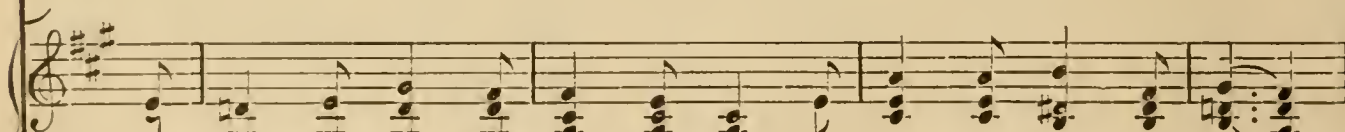
1. Thou art the true and lov - ing God ; So speaks whate'er I see,—
2. The sun in all his splen - did gold, With bless-ings rich doth shine



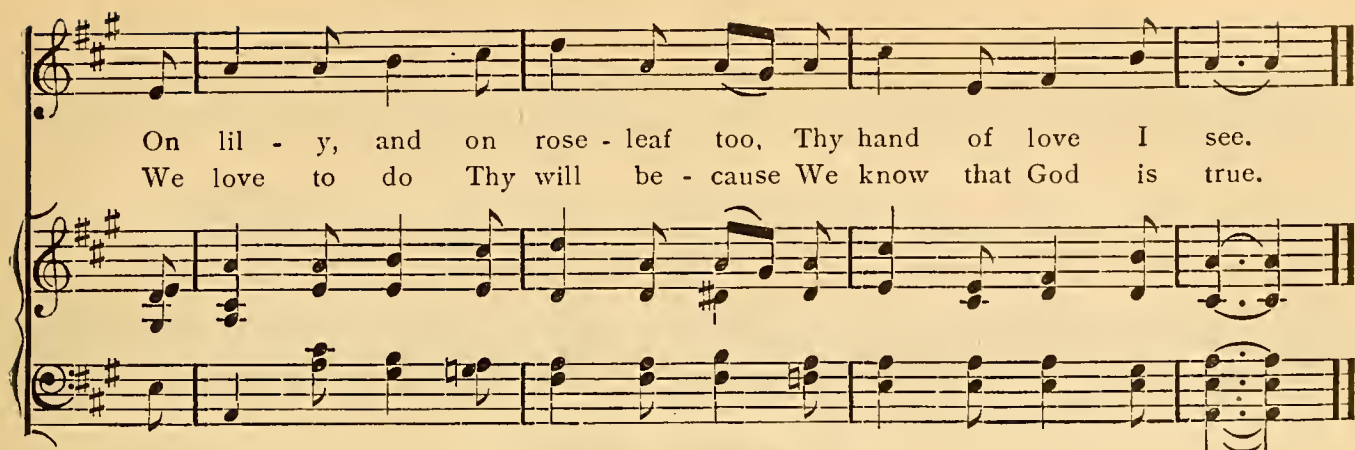
The morn - ing star, the eve - ning red, The grass up - on the lea...
On good and e - vil, day and night, Thy im - age—Love Di - vine.



The birds both late and ear - ly sing—"O child, He lov - eth thee."
And bless, O Lord, Thy chil - dren dear, In all good things they do.



CHILDREN



On lil - y, and on rose - leaf too, Thy hand of love I see.
We love to do Thy will be - cause We know that God is true.

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Jesus Christ our Saviour

W. Whiting

S. M. Bixby



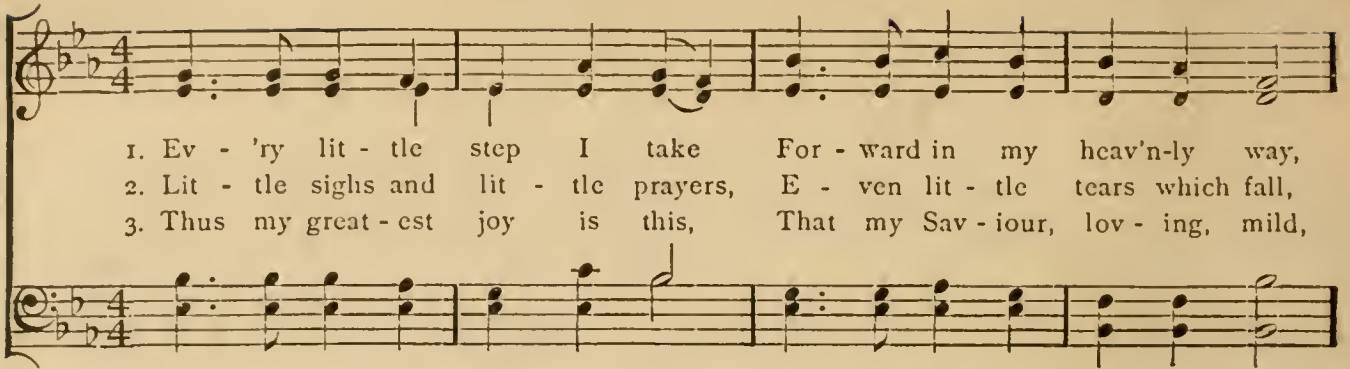
1. Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a Child, In Thy whole be -
2. For the va - ried bless - ings, Giv - en us to share; Moth - er's fond ca -
3. We, Thy chil - dren, rais - ing Un - to Thee our hearts, In Thy con - stant
4. Let Thy an - gels guide us; Let Thy arms en - fold; In Thy bo - som

hav - ior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild: In Thy foot - steps tread - ing We Thy
ress - ings, Fa - ther's guard - ian care; For our friends and kin - dred, For our
prais - ing, Bear our du - teous parts. As Thy love hath won us From the
hide us, Shel - tered from the cold; To Thy - self us gath - er, 'Mid the

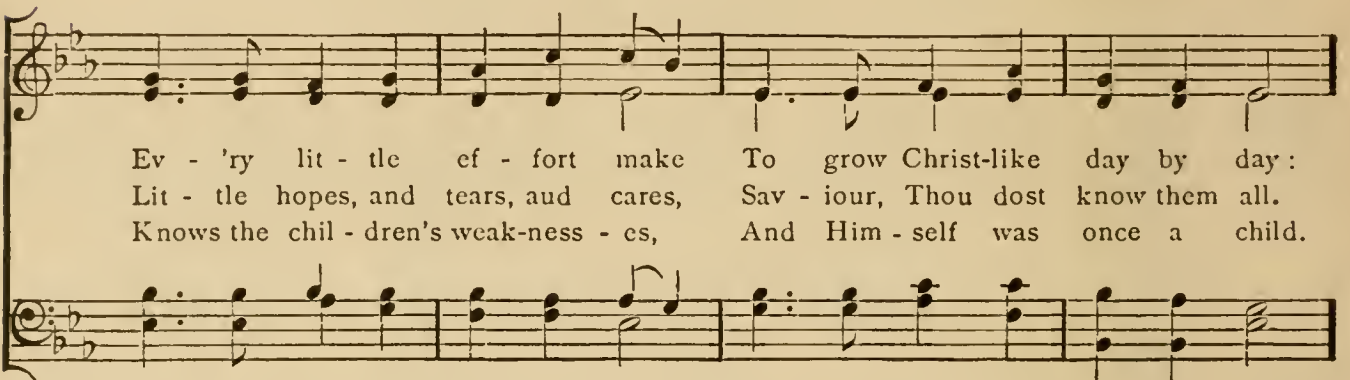
lambs will be, Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low Thee.
dai - ly food, For our wanderings hindered, For our learn - ing good;
world a - way, Still Thy hands put on us; Bless us day by day.
ran - somed host, Prais - ing Thee, the Fa . ther, And the Ho - ly Ghost.

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CHILDREN

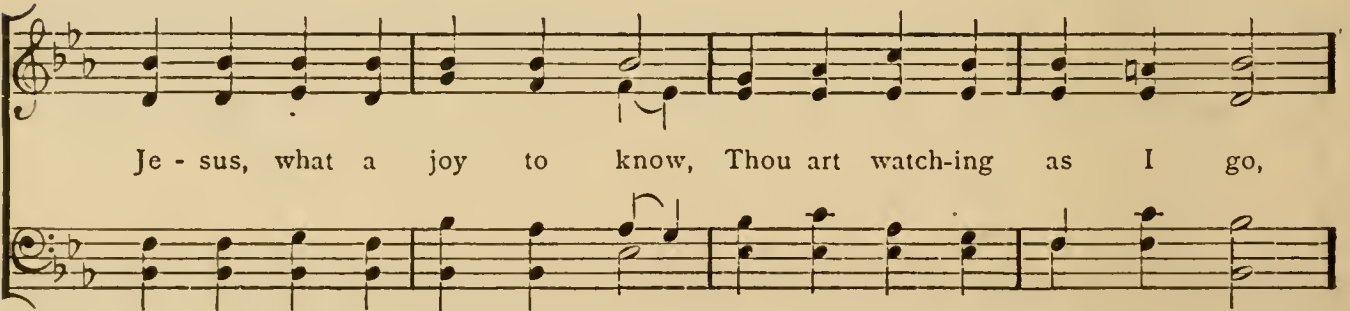
*Every little Step I take**S. M. Bixby*


1. Ev - 'ry lit - tle step I take For - ward in my heav'n-ly way,
 2. Lit - tle sighs and lit - tle prayers, E - ven lit - tle tears which fall,
 3. Thus my great - est joy is this, That my Sav - iour, lov - ing, mild,

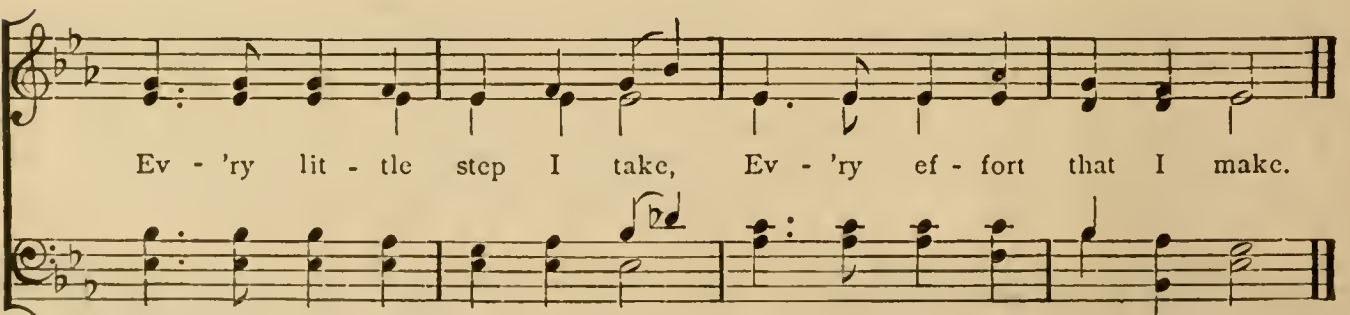


Ev - 'ry lit - tle ef - fort make To grow Christ-like day by day:
 Lit - tle hopes, and tears, and cares, Sav - iour, Thou dost know them all.
 Knows the chil - dren's weak-ness - es, And Him - self was once a child.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, what a joy to know, Thou art watch-ing as I go,



Ev - 'ry lit - tle step I take, Ev - 'ry ef - fort that I make.

Jesus, hear a Little Child

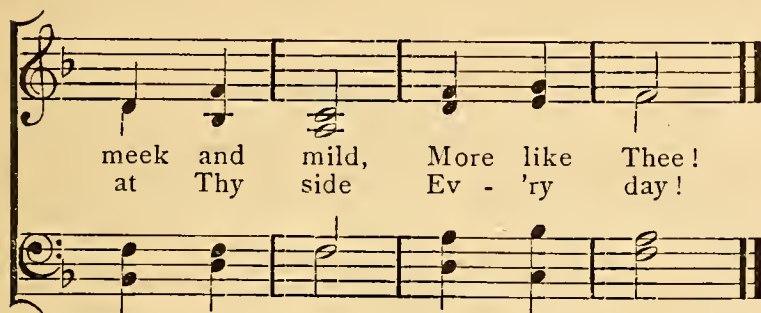
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Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

Hubert P. Main



1. Je - sus, hear a lit - tle child, May I be Kind and gen - tle,
2. Sav - iour, ev - er be my guide All the way! Keep me, Sav - iour,



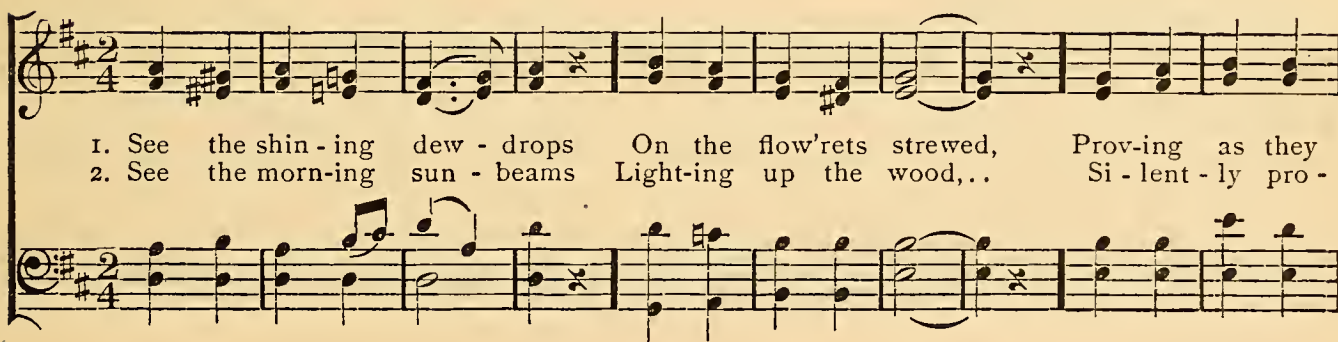
meek and mild, More like Thee!
at Thy side Ev - 'ry day!

3 Hold me by Thy loving hand,
Jesus dear!
Close to Thee I love to stand,—
Oh, so near!

4 I'm Thy loving little lamb,—
Shepherd, Thou!
Though so small and weak I am.
Hear me now!

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See the Shining Dew-drops



1. See the shin - ing dew - drops On the flow'rets strewed, Prov - ing as they
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams Light - ing up the wood,.. Si - lent - ly pro -



spar - kle, "God is ev - er good."
claim - ing, "God is ev - er good."

3.
Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
"God is ever good."

4.
In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Joyous birds are singing,
"God is ever good."

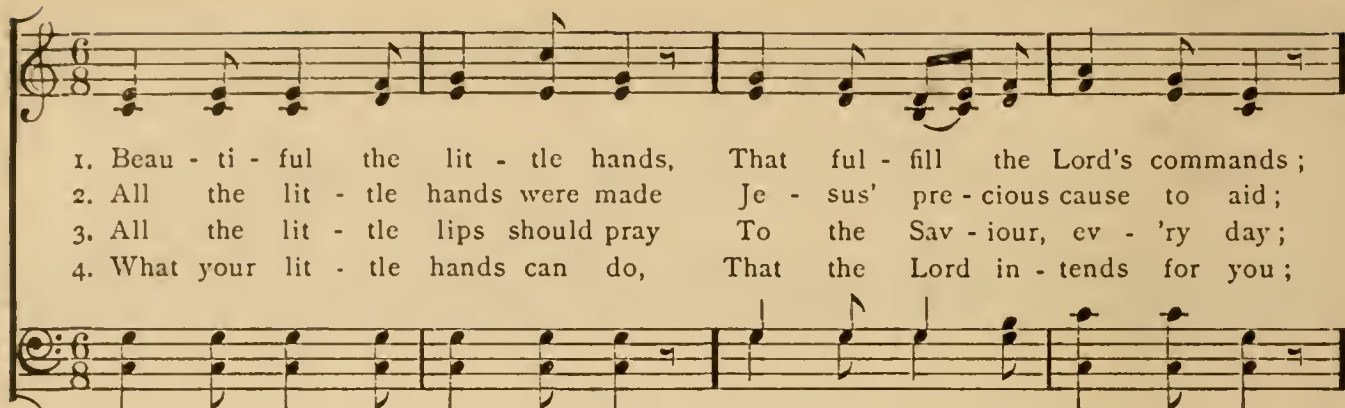
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CHILDREN

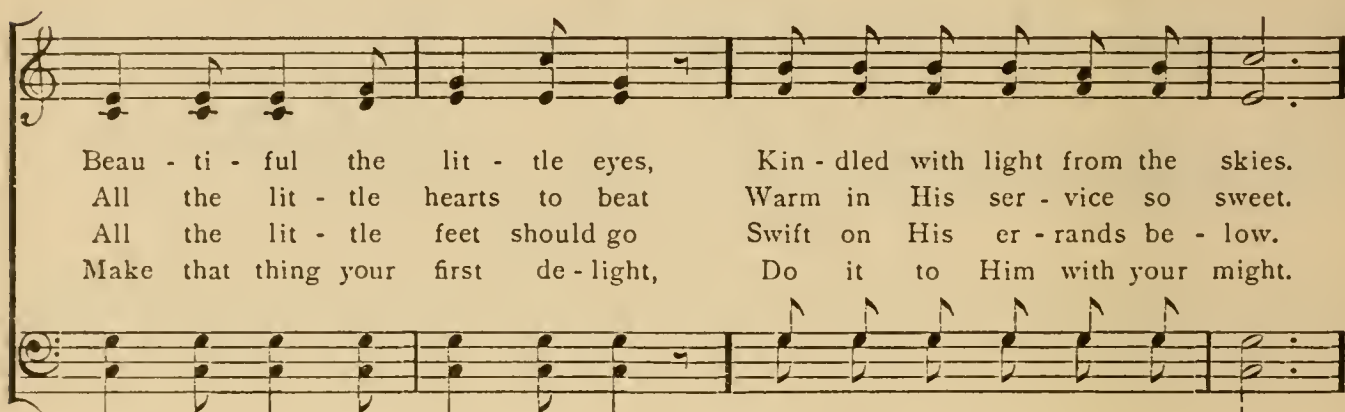
Beautiful the Little Hands

T. Corben

John W. Bischoff

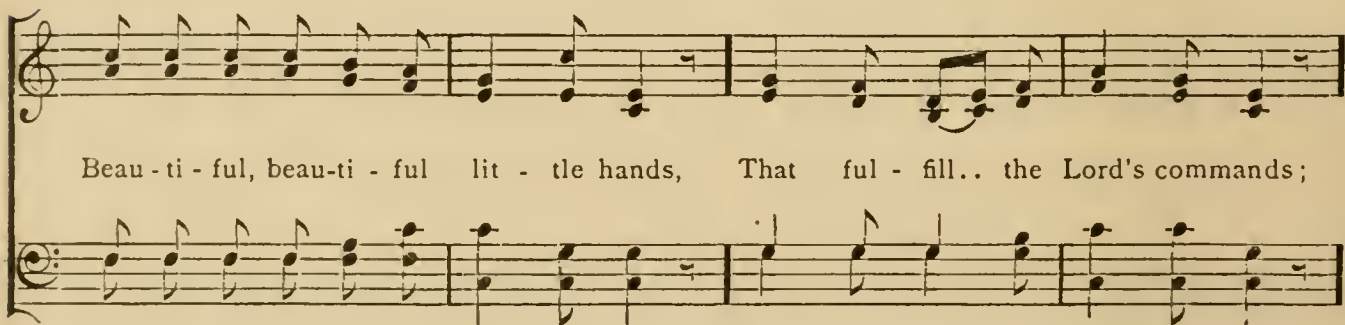


1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands ;
 2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus' pre - cious cause to aid ;
 3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour, ev - 'ry day ;
 4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you ;

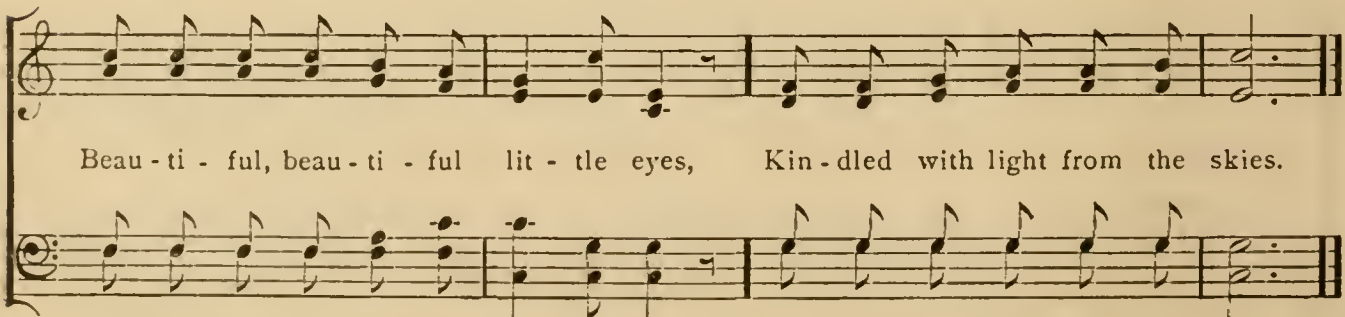


Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.
 All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet.
 All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
 Make that thing your first de - light, Do it to Him with your might.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle hands, That ful - fill.. the Lord's commands ;



Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.

God of Heaven! hear our Singing

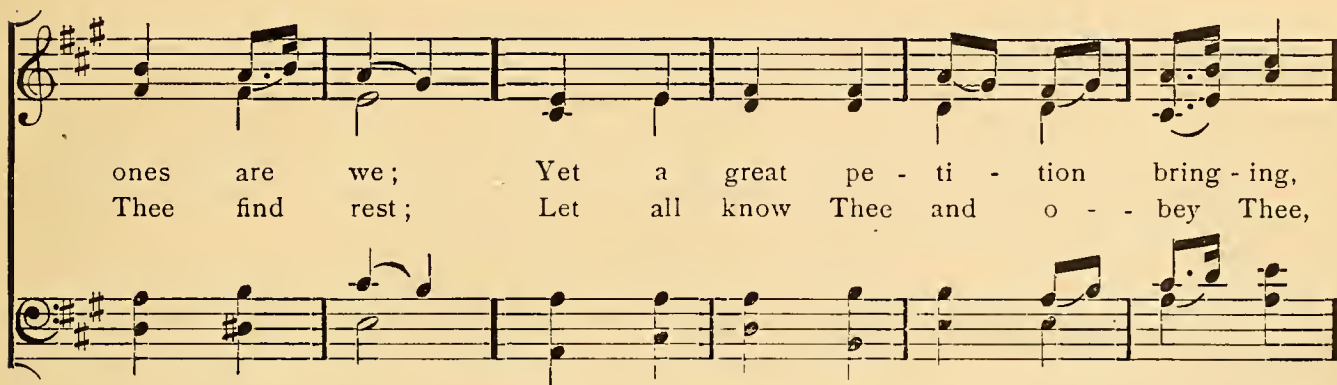
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F. R. Havergal

John W. Tufts



1. God of heav - en! hear our sing - ing; On - ly lit - tle
2. Let Thy king - dom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in



ones are we; Yet a great pe - ti - tion bring - ing,
Thee find rest; Let all know Thee and o - - bey Thee,



Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.
Lov - ing, prais - ing, bless - ing, blest.

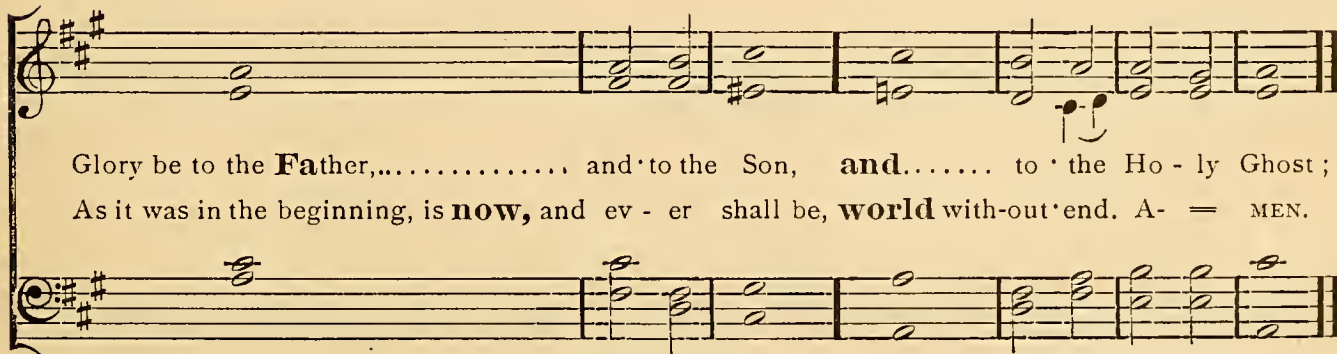
3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour.
Every heart be Thine alone;
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory art Thine own.

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Gloria Patri

V. Novello



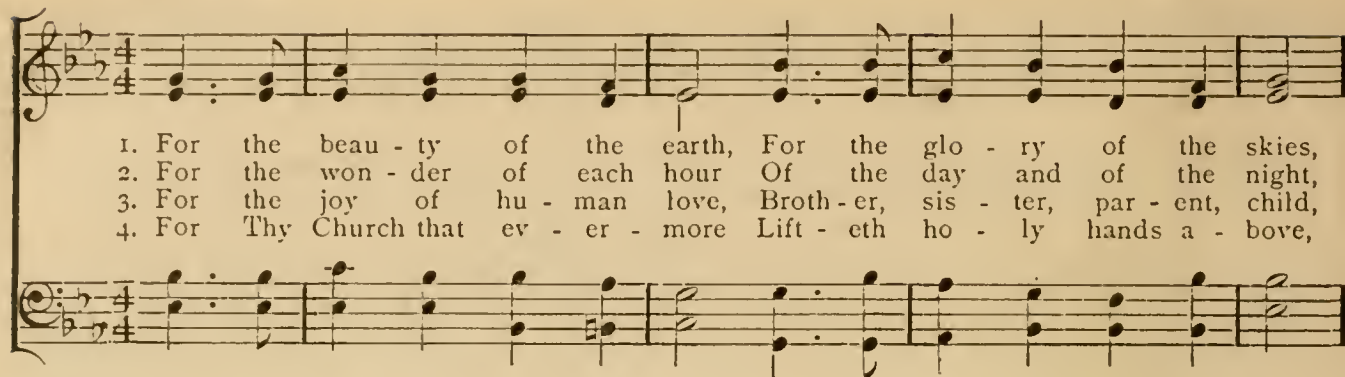
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and 'to the Son, **and**..... to 'the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out 'end. A - = MEN.

CHILDREN

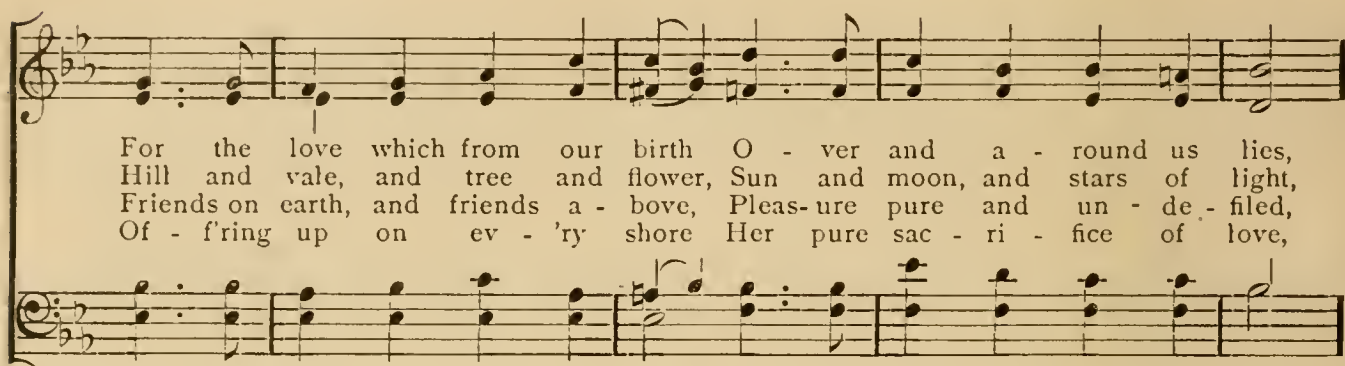
For the Beauty of the Earth

F. S. Pierpont

S. M. Bixby

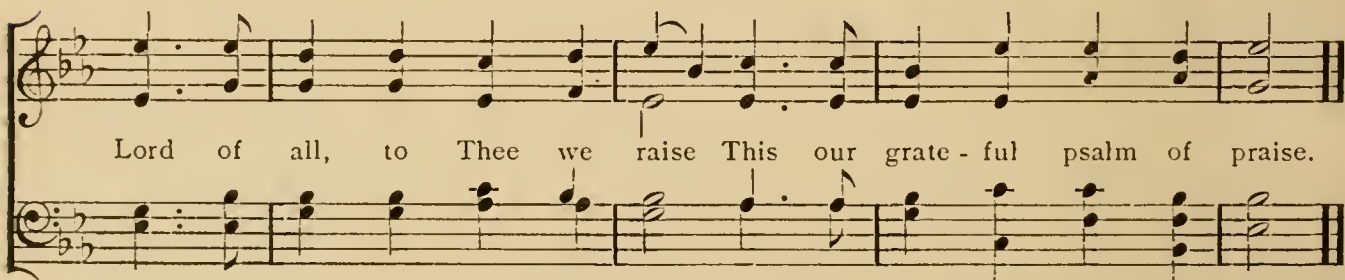


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
 2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
 4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,



For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, Pleas - ure pure and un - de - filed,
 Of - fring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

REFRAIN.



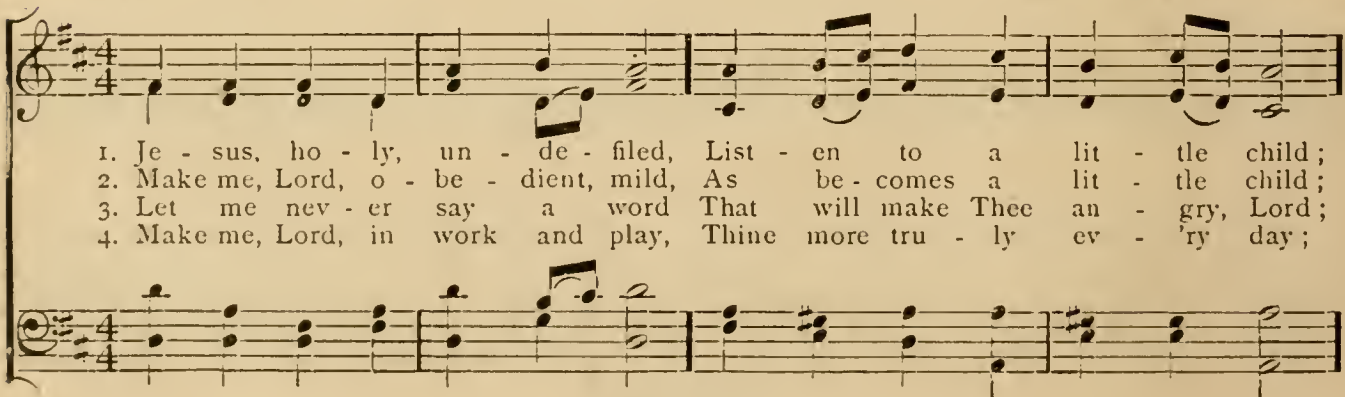
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.

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Jesus, Holy, Undeiled

Mrs. E. Shepcote

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D.



1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, List - en to a lit - tle child;
 2. Make me, Lord, o - be - dient, mild, As be - comes a lit - tle child;
 3. Let me nev - er say a word That will make Thee an - gry, Lord;
 4. Make me, Lord, in work and play, Thine more tru - ly ev - 'ry day;

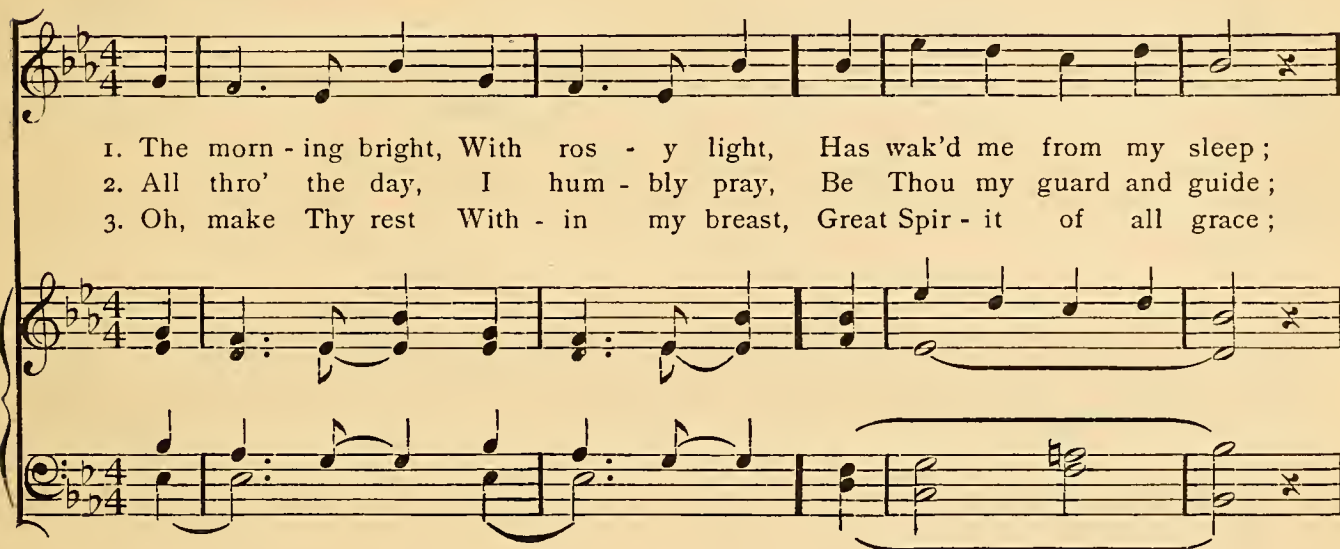
CHILDREN



Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
 All day long, in ev - 'ry way, Teach me what to do and say.
 Help me so to live in love, As Thine An - gels do a - bove.
 And when Thou at last shalt come, Take me to Thy heaven - ly Home. A - MEN.

The Morning Bright

Rev. Thos. O. Summers



1. The morn - ing bright, With ros - y light, Has wak'd me from my sleep ;
 2. All thro' the day, I hum - bly pray, Be Thou my guard and guide ;
 3. Oh, make Thy rest With - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace ;



Fa - ther, I own, Thy love a - lone, Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
 My sins for - give, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.
 Make me like Thee ; Then shall I be Pre - par'd to see Thy face.

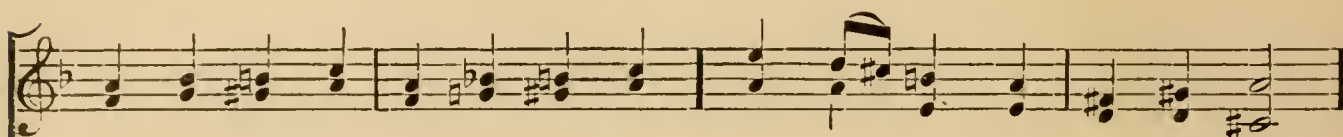
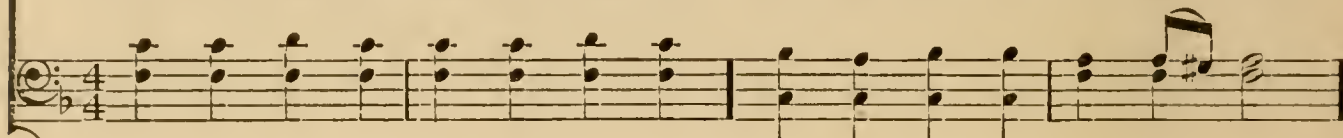
Welcome, Summer, for thou bringest

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

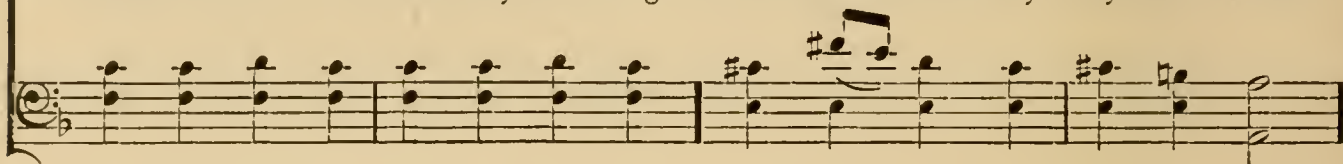
Frank N. Shepperd, 1892



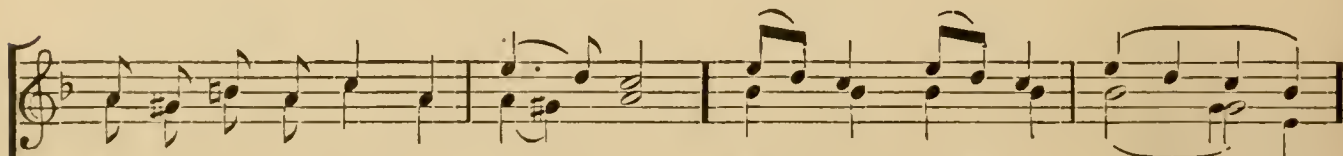
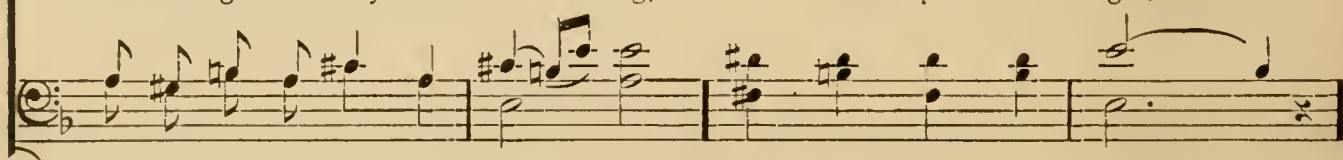
1. Wel - come, sum - mer, for thou bring - est Flow'rs and sun - shine, light and joy ;
 2. Joy - ful meet - ing, gai - ly greet - ing, On this hap - py Chil - dren's Day ;
 3. Ten - der Fa - ther, hear their sing - ing, Hear their voic - es soft and low ;



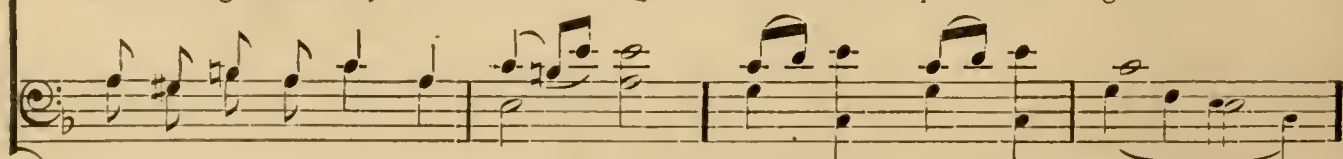
Na - ture's sweet - est hymns thou sing - est, Hap - py birds their songs em - ploy ;
 While the ros - y hours are fleet - ing, Chil - dren's hearts are bright and gay.
 Give the lit - tle ones Thy bless - ing Teach their hearts Thy ways to know.

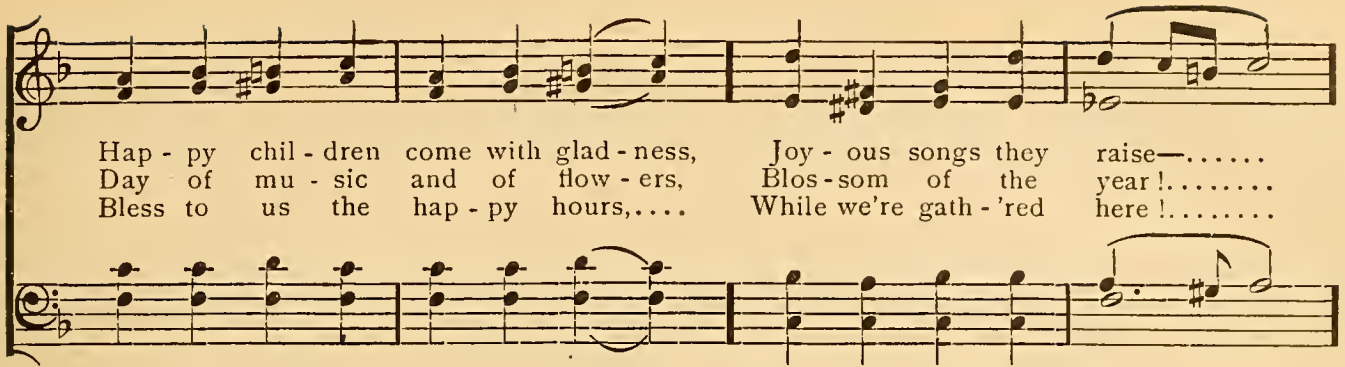


Mer - ry, mer - ry chimes thou ring - est, Na - ture's notes of joy ;.....
 Hap - py in this joy - ful meet - ing On the Chil - dren's Day ;.....
 Wisdom's gen - tle sway con - fess - ing, In her paths to go ;.....

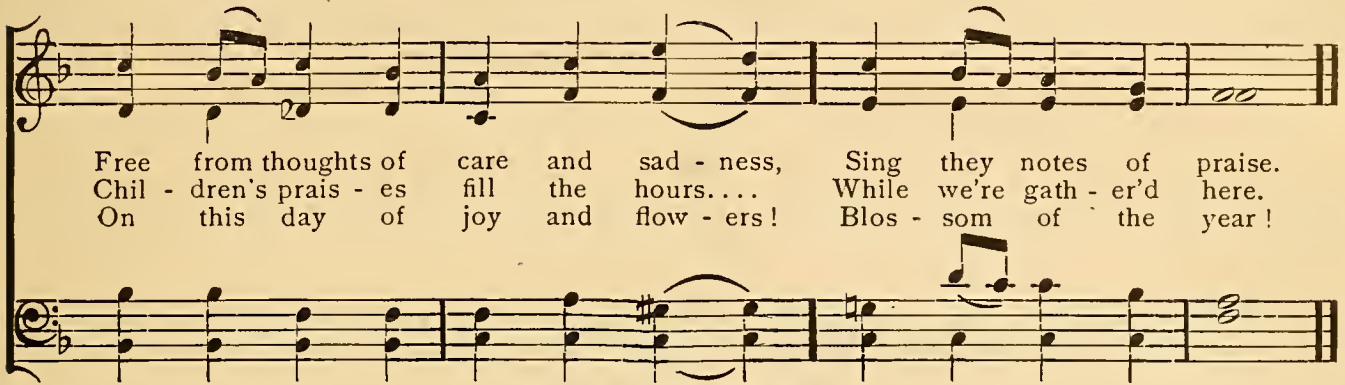


Mer - ry, mer - ry chimes thou ring - est, Na - ture's notes of joy.....
 Hap - py in this joy - ful meet - ing On the Chil - dren's Day.....
 Wisdom's gen - tle sway con - fess - ing, In her paths to go.....





Hap - py chil - dren come with glad - ness, Joy - ous songs they raise—.....
 Day of mu - sic and of flow - ers, Blossom of the year!.....
 Bless to us the hap - py hours,.... While we're gath - 'red here!.....



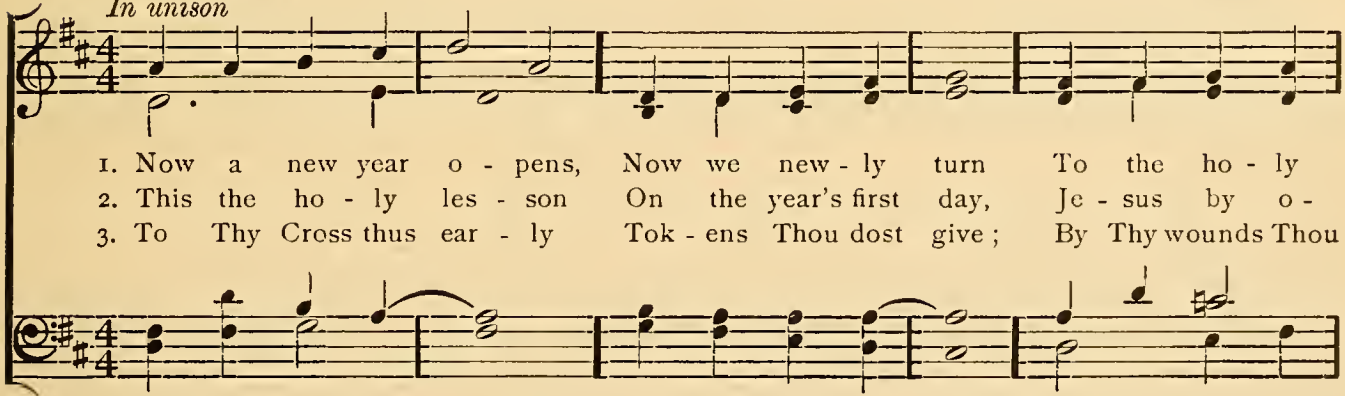
Free from thoughts of care and sad - ness, Sing they notes of praise.
 Chil - dren's prais - es fill the hours.... While we're gath - er'd here.
 On this day of joy and flow - ers! Blossom of the year!

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

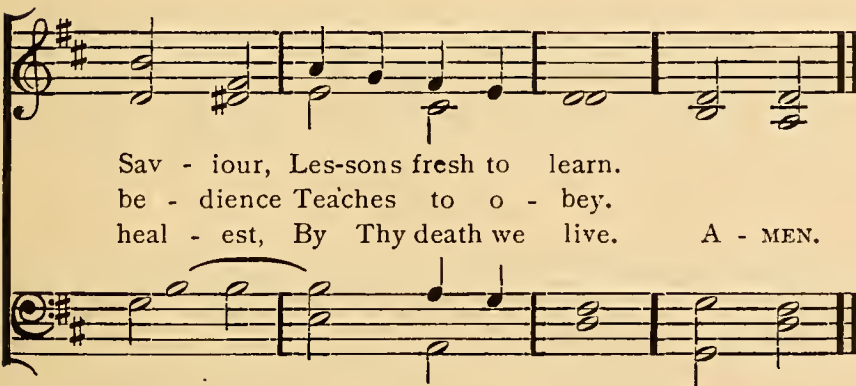
Now a New Year opens

S. Childs Clark
In unison

Rev. F. A. J. Hervey



1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn To the ho - ly
 2. This the ho - ly les - son On the year's first day, Je - sus by o -
 3. To Thy Cross thus ear - ly Tok - ens Thou dost give; By Thy wounds Thou



Sav - iour, Les-sons fresh to learn.
 be - dience Teaches to o - bey.
 heal - est, By Thy death we live. A - MEN.

4 Not to suffer only,
 Jesus, didst Thou come,
 But to leave us way-marks
 Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps
 Ever may we tread,
 Safe when keeping near Thee,
 By Thy Spirit led. AMEN.

From the Calvary Hymnal by per.

CHILDREN

Come, Children, lift your Voices

C. F. Hernaman

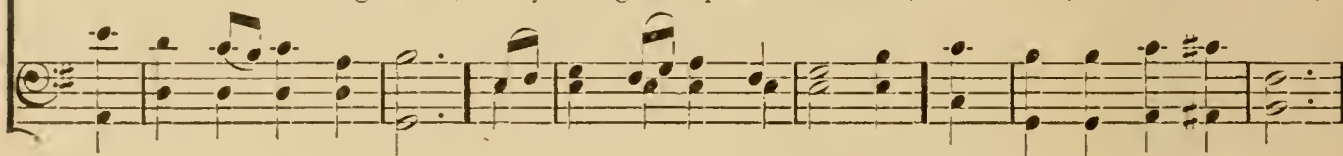
Berthold Tours

With spirit.

1. Come, chil - dren, lift your voices, And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord, our Sav-iour,
2. Come, join our glad Ho-san - na As glad - ly still we sing, Re - joic-ing in the fa - vor
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing Thy prais-es ech-o forth, And tell Thy boundless mercies,



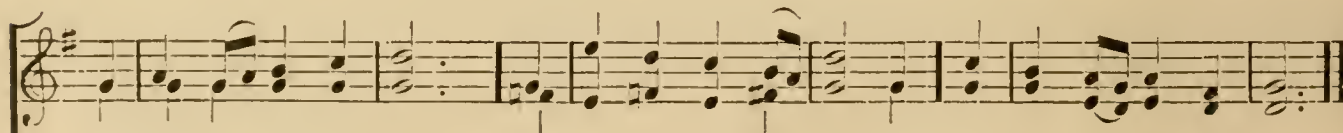
Our grate-ful vows we pay ; We thank Thee, Lord, for sending The gen-tle show'rs of rain ;
 Of Christ, our Lord and King ; For good is His cre - a - tion, All' beau - ti - ful and fair,
 To all the list'ning earth ; May we grow up as branches, In Christ, the one true Vine,



CHORUS.



For summer suns which ri-pen The fields of gold-en grain.
 E'en angels from the heav'nly seats Our grateful gladness share. } Come, children, lift your voices,
 Bear fruit to life E - ter - nal, And be for - ev - er Thine. }



And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord our Sav - iour, Our grateful vows we pay.

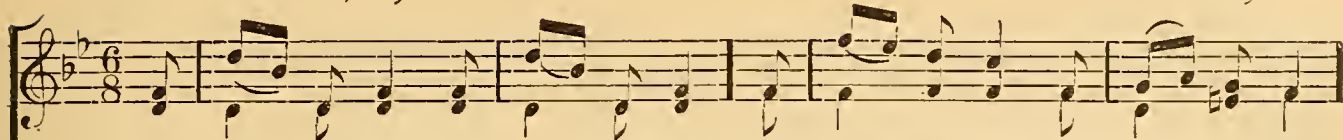


CHILDREN

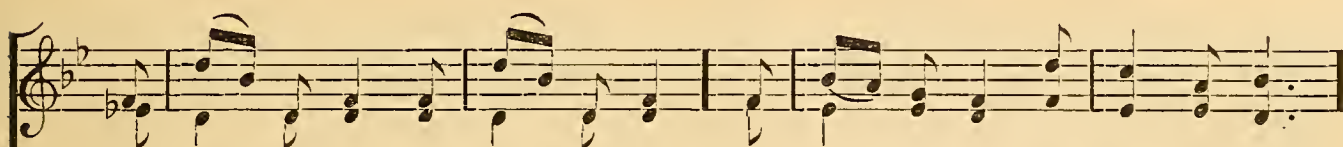
The World was Hushed in Silence deep 351

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

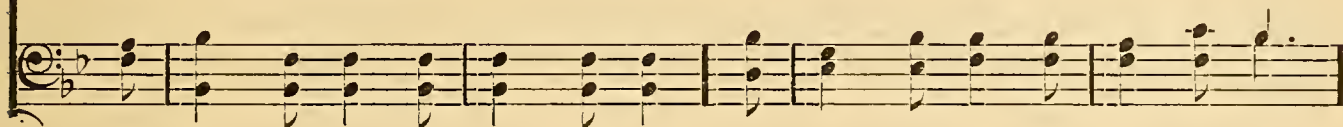
S. M. Bixby



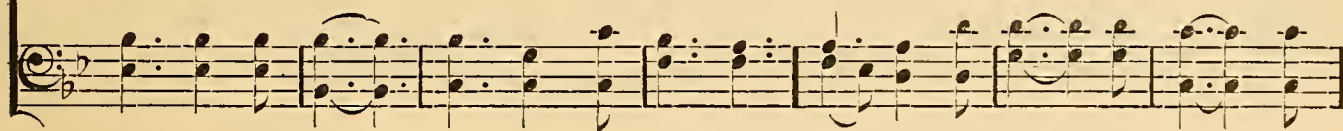
1. The world was hushed in si - lence deep, The wait-ing shepherds watched their sheep,
2. A won-drous star was sent to shine, And show the world the Babe di-vine;
3. 'Twas Love that brought Him here to earth, 'Twas Love that plann'd His hum-ble birth,



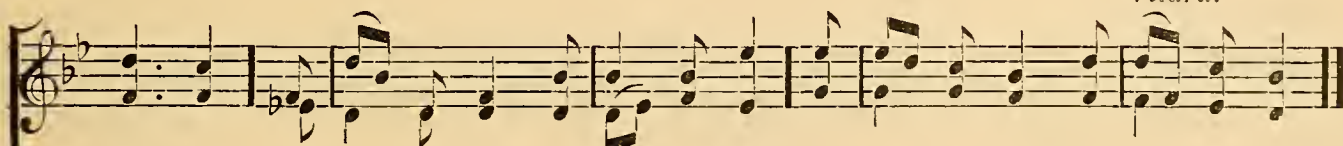
When came the joy - ful an - gel throng, And list - 'ning a - ges caught their song.
And from the East the wise men came, With roy - al hon - ors to His name.
'Tis Love that draws us to Him now, And bids us at His feet to bow.



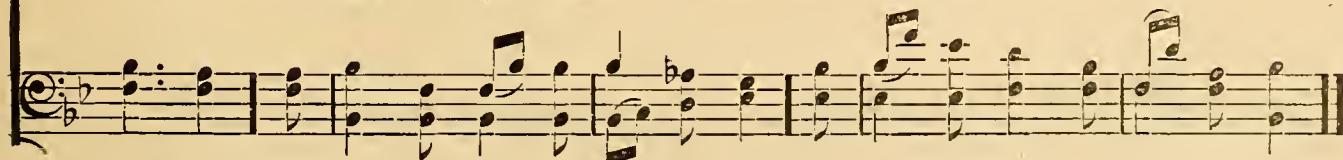
O glori-ous song! O bless-ed sto - ry! It floats a - long from realms of
O guid-ing star, so bright-ly beam-ing! From a - ges far thy ra - diance
O ho - ly Love! in full - est meas-ure, We bring to Thee our rich - est



ritard.



glo - ry. Each Christmas-day it comes a-gain,—“On earth be peace! good-will to men!”
stream-ing, Still draws the na - tions to His feet The Babe of Beth - le - hem to greet!
treas-ure, To grace Thy glow-ing di - a - dem, O bless-ed Babe of Beth - le - hem!



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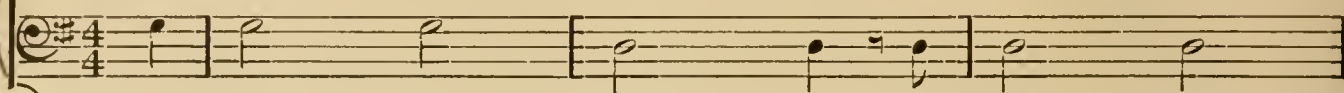
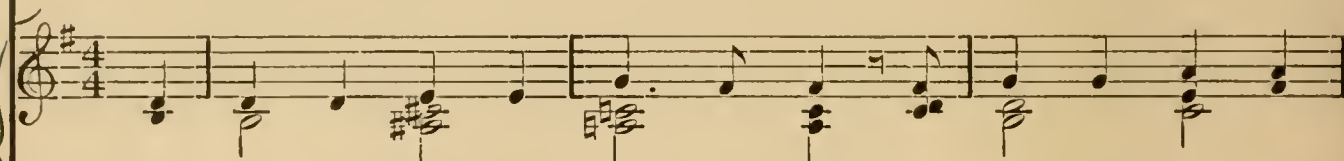
CHRISTMAS

*From East and West, by many a Way**H. E. Curtis**J. W. Tuffts*

SOLO.



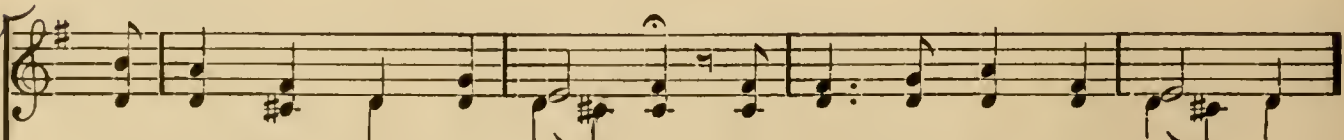
1. From east and west, by many a way, Where sum - mer breez - es
 2. For flowers that bloom on hill and plain, For ten - der show - ers
 3. But most for Him who loves us best, The Sav - iour Christ, who



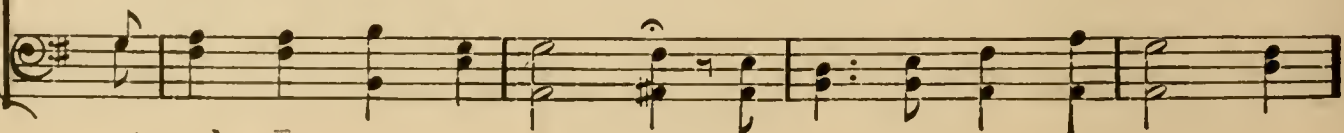
- soft - - ly play, The chil - dren come this Chil - dren's Day,
 ear - - ly rain, For sum - mer fields of rip - 'ning grain,
 gen - - tly bless'd The lit - tle chil - dren on His breast,



CHORUS,

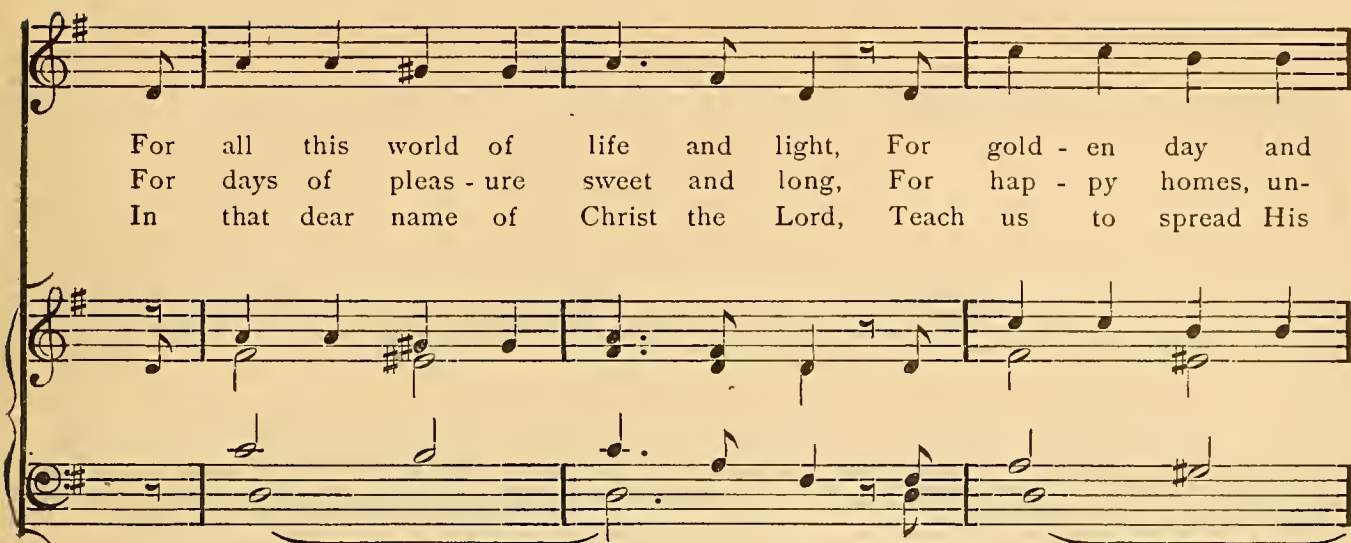


- To praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - ther! To praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - ther!
 We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - ther! We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - ther!
 We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - ther! We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - ther!



CHRISTMAS

SOLO.

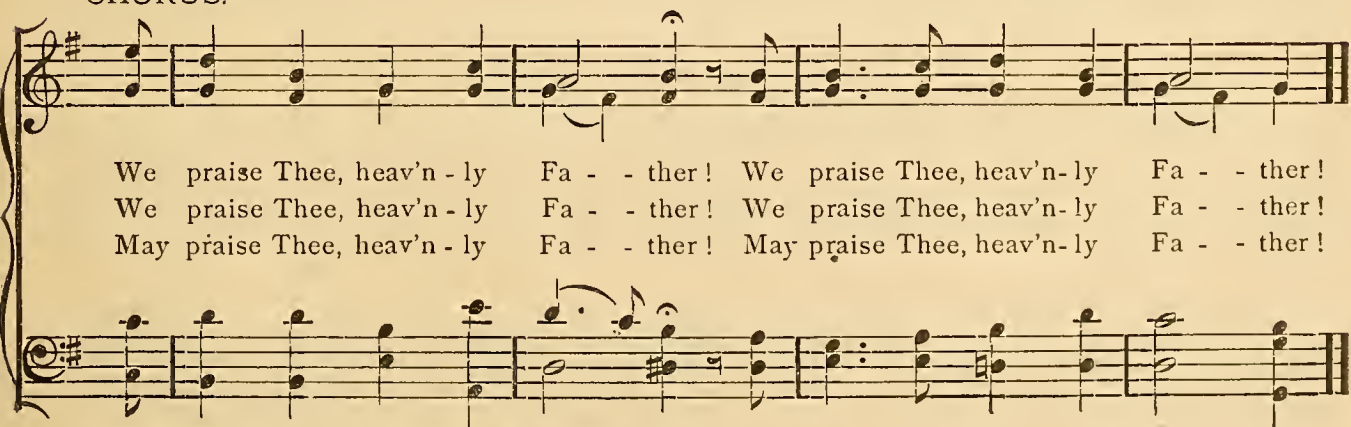


For all this world of life and light, For gold - en day and
For days of pleas - ure sweet and long, For hap - py homes, un -
In that dear name of Christ the Lord, Teach us to spread His



dew - - y night, For shad - ows calm and sun - shine bright,
dimmed by wrong, For love that guards us safe and strong,
gra - - cious word, That all on earth, with one ac - cord

CHORUS.



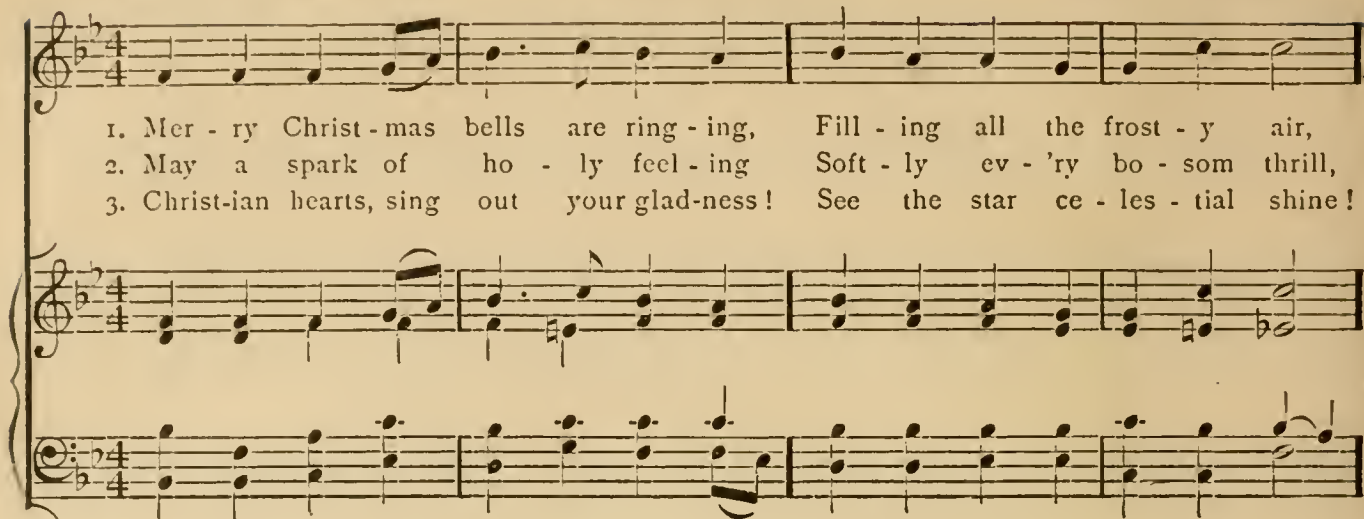
We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - - ther! We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - - ther!
We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - - ther! We praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - - ther!
May praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - - ther! May praise Thee, heav'n - ly Fa - - ther!

Christmas Day has Come Again

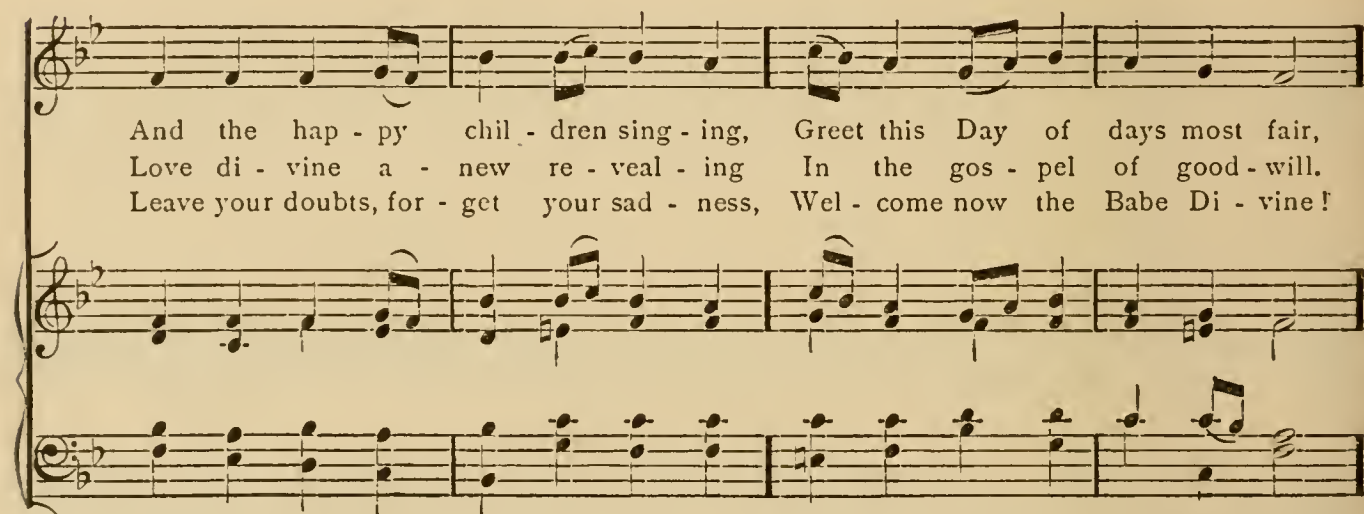
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

(PROCESSIONAL CAROL.)

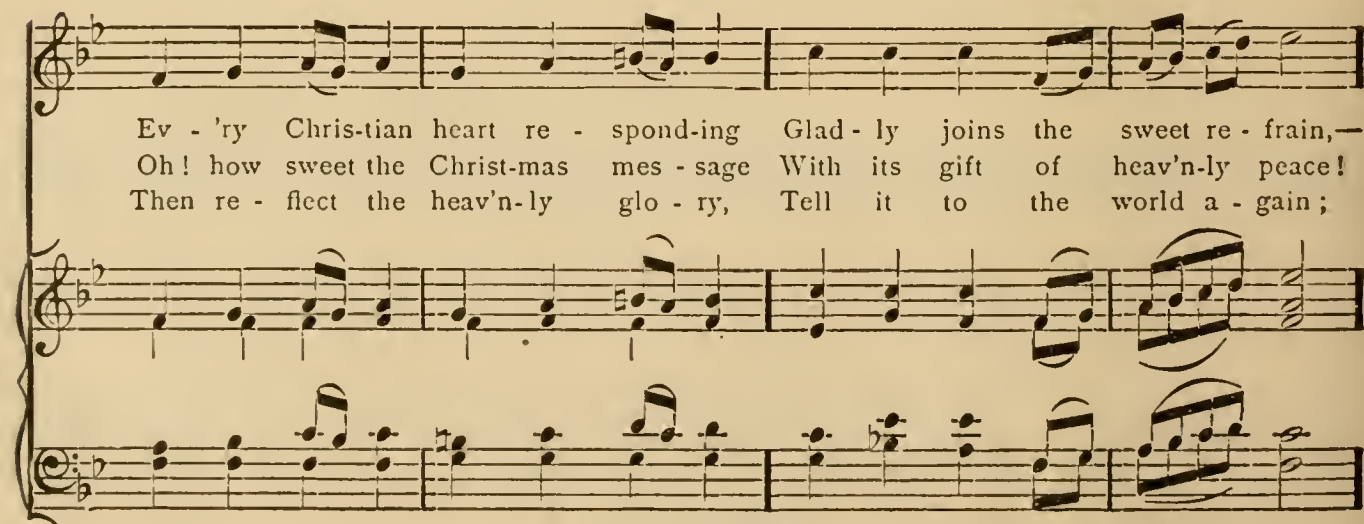
Albert J. Holden



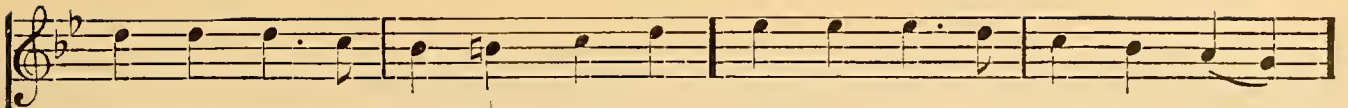
1. Mer - ry Christ - mas bells are ring - ing, Fill - ing all the frost - y air,
2. May a spark of ho - ly feel - ing Soft - ly ev - 'ry bo - som thrill,
3. Christ - ian hearts, sing out your glad - ness! See the star ce - les - tial shine!



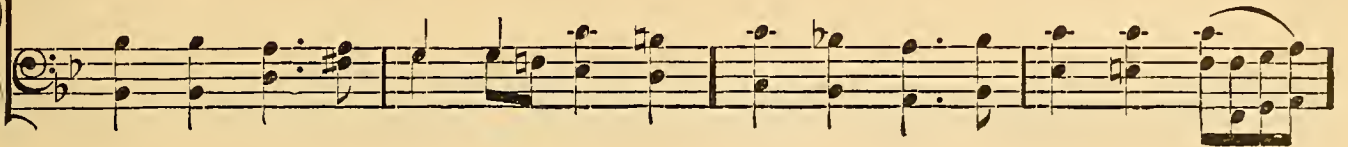
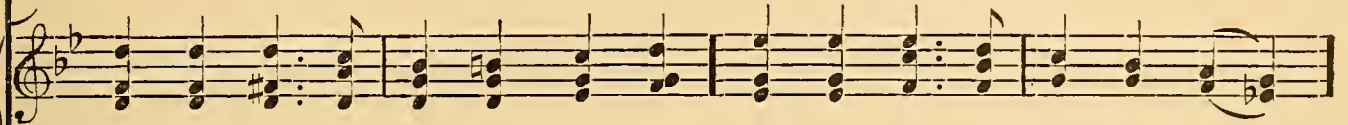
And the hap - py chil - dren sing - ing, Greet this Day of days most fair,
Love di - vine a - new re - veal - ing In the gos - pel of good - will.
Leave your doubts, for - get your sad - ness, Wel - come now the Babe Di - vine!



Ev - 'ry Chris - tian heart re - spond - ing Glad - ly joins the sweet re - frain, —
Oh! how sweet the Christ - mas mes - sage With its gift of heav'n - ly peace!
Then re - flect the heav'n - ly glo - ry, Tell it to the world a - gain;



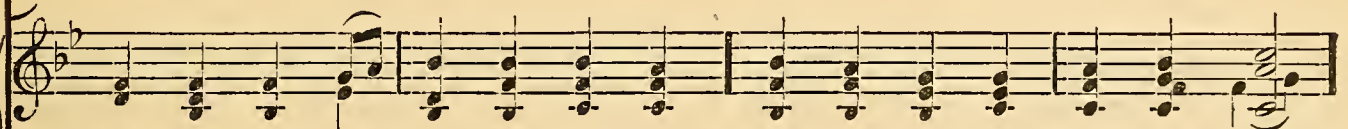
"O ye sons of men, be joy - ful, Christ-mas day has come a - gain."
Words of ho - ly ben - e - dic - tion, Ech - o - ing till time shall cease!
Live the bless - ed Christ-mas sto - ry! "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"



REFRAIN.



Yes, the Christ-mas bells are ring - ing, Ring - ing out the sweet re - frain—



"O ye sons of men, be joy - ful, Christ-mas day has come a - gain."

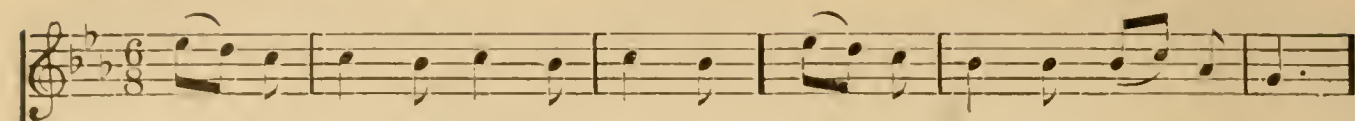


Christmas Day has Come Again


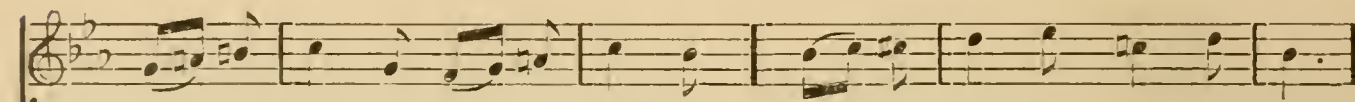
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

(CAROL.)

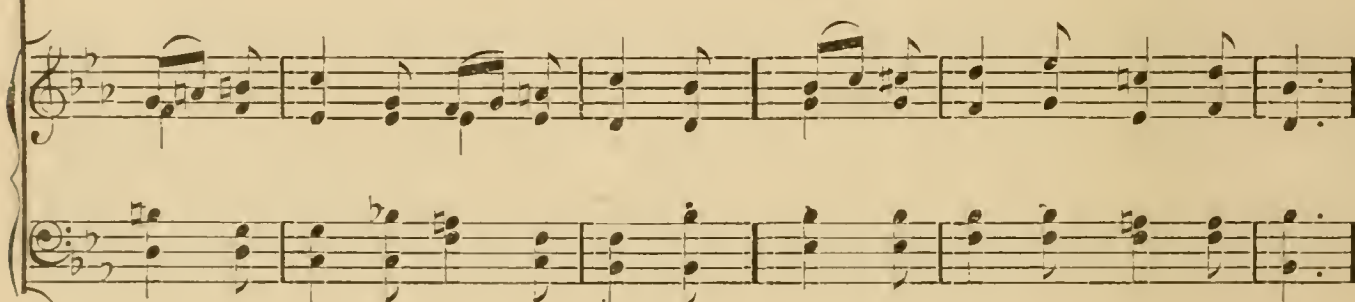
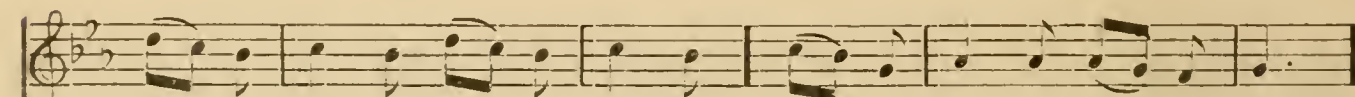
Frank N. Shepperd, 1892



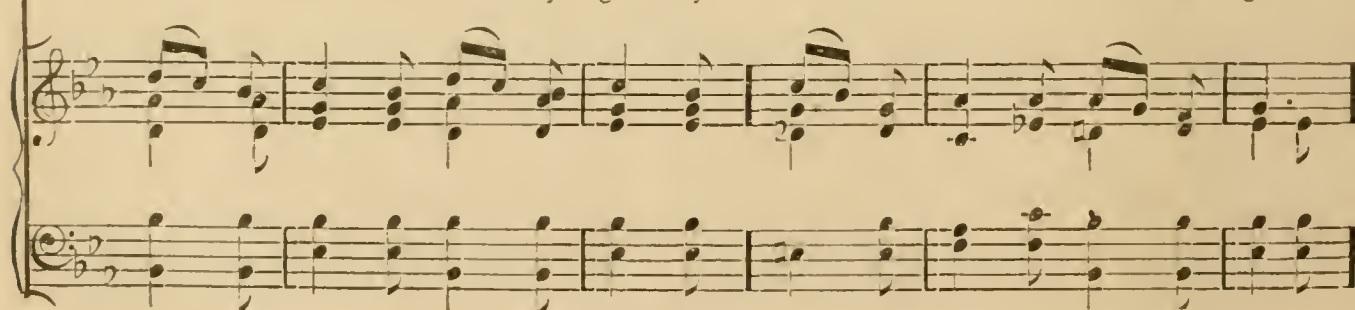
1. Mer - ry Christ - mas bells are ring - ing, Fill - ing all the frost - y air,
 2. May a spark of ho - ly feel - ing Soft - ly ev - 'ry bo - som thrill,
 3. Chris-tian hearts, sing out your glad - ness! See the star ce - les - tial shine!

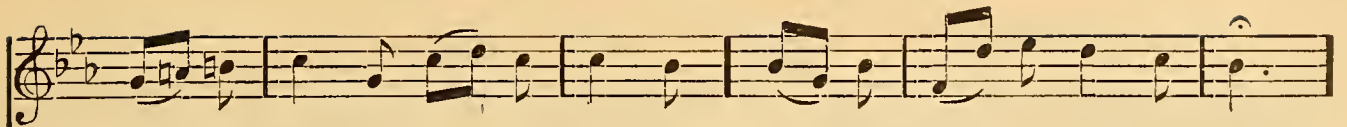



And the hap - py chil - dren sing - ing, Greet this Day of days most fair,
 Love di - vine a - new re - veal - ing In the gos - pel of good - will.
 Leave your doubts, for-get your sad - ness, Wel - come now the Babe Di - vine!

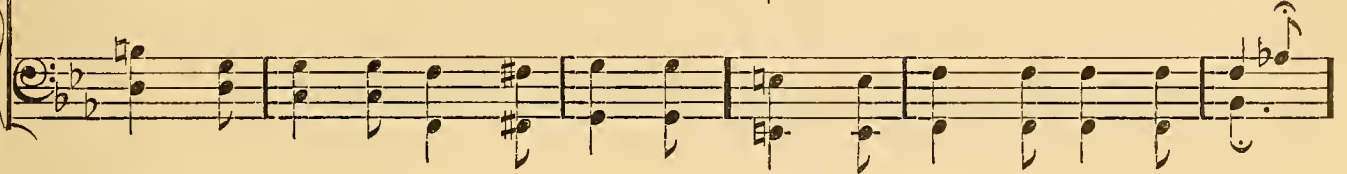
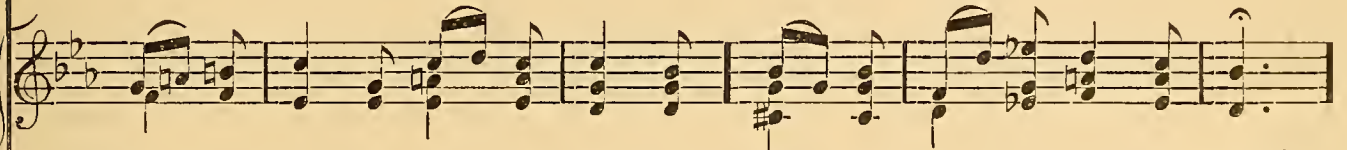



Ev - 'ry Chris-tian heart re - spond-ing Glad - ly joins the sweet re - frain,—
 Oh! how sweet the Christ-mas mes - sage With its gift of heav'n - ly peace!
 Then re - flect the heav'n - ly glo - ry Tell it to the world a - gain;

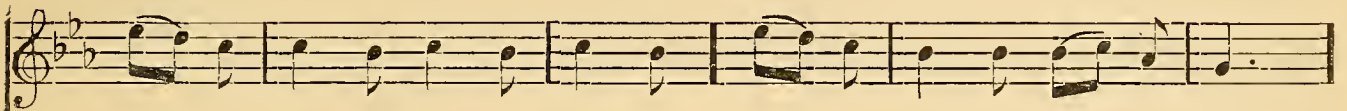




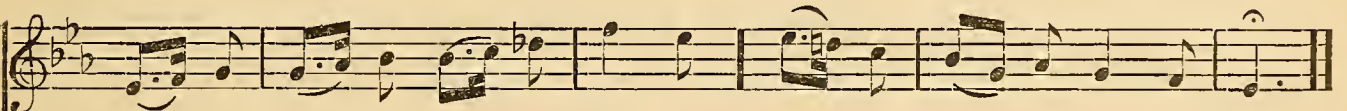
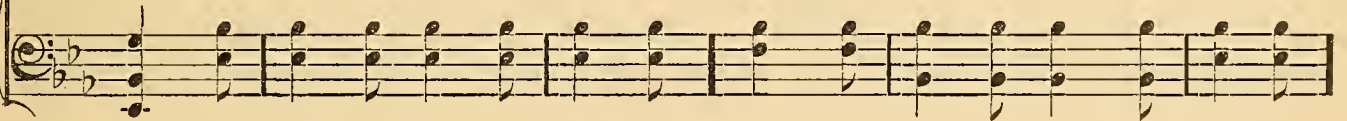
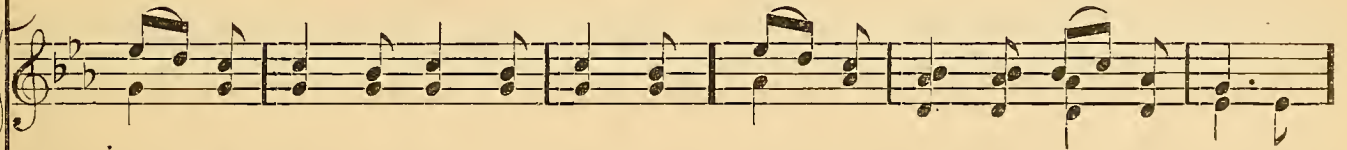
"O ye sons of men, be joy - ful, Christ-mas Day has come a - gain."
 Words of ho - ly ben - e - dic - tion, Ech - o - ing till time shall cease!
 Live the bless - ed Christ-mas sto - ry! "Peace on earth, good will to men!"



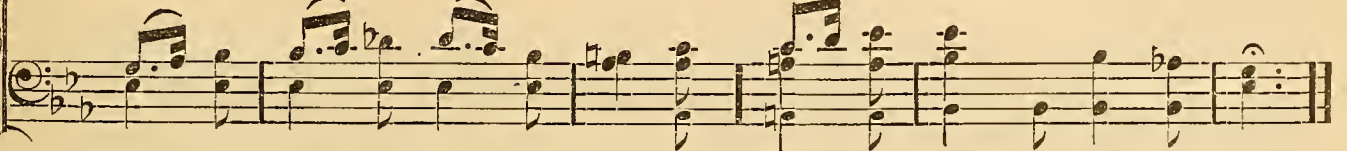
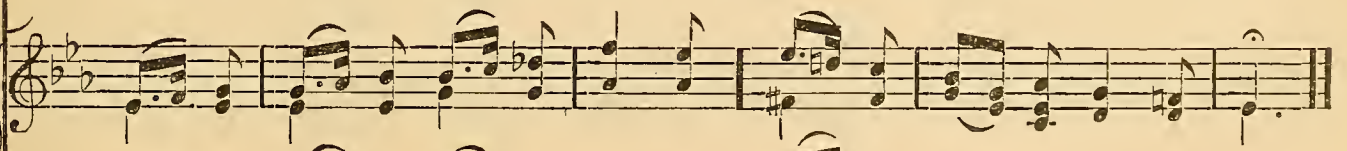
REFRAIN.



Yes, the Christ-mas bells are ring - ing, Ring - ing out the sweet re - frain,—

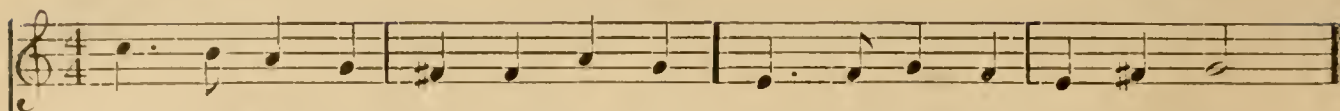


"O ye sons of men, be joy - ful! Christ-mas Day has come a - gain!"



*Hark! what mean those Holy Voices**John Carwood, 1819*

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

S. M. Bixby

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
 2. "Christ is born, the great A - noint - ed; Heav'n and earth His prais - es sing!



Lo, th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Loud - est hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
 Glad re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Proph - et, Priest, and King!

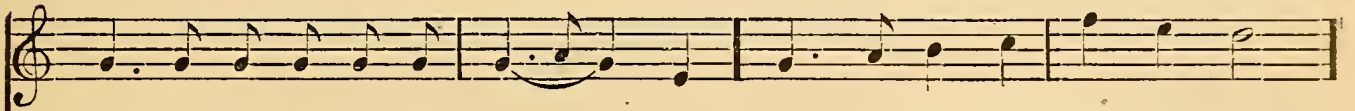


List - en to the won - drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 Hast-en, mor - tals, to a - dore Him; Learn His name, and taste His joy;

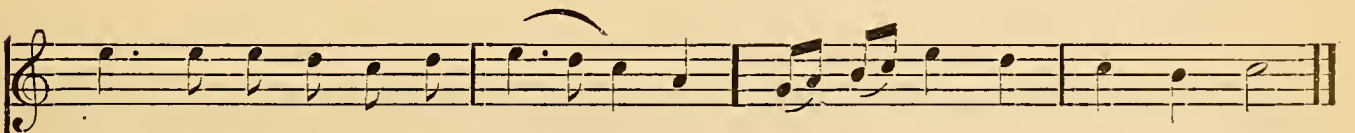




"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"
Till in heav'n you sing be - fore Him, "Glo - ry be to God most high!"



Peace on earth, good-will from heav - - en, Reach - ing far as man is found;
Let us learn the won-drous sto - - - ry Of our great Re - deem-er's birth;



Souls re-deemed, and sins for - giv - - - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.
Spread the brightness of His glo - - - ry Till it cov - er all the earth.



Softly the Echoes come and go

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd
mp Not too fast, with expression.

1. Soft - ly the ech - oes
 2. Soft - ly.. beats the

Moderato. mp *in time.* *slower.*

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

come and go, O - ver the crackling frost and snow, The ech - oes of the
 list - 'ning heart, In all the.. mu - sic tak - ing part; And thro' the cor - ri -

mf

bells which ring, And Christmas greet - ings to us bring! While children's voic - es
 dors of tho't, Come breez - y tones, with bless - ings fraught, The tones which in our

CHRISTMAS

low and mild, Sing prais - es to the heav'n-born child. Far and near,
youth-ful days, Teach us to kneel in pray'r and praise. Far and near,

p

p

Ped. *

High [and low, Soft - ly the ech - oes Come and go! Far and near,
High and low, Soft - ly the ech - oes Come and go! Far and near,

Ped. *

Ped. *

<i>1st Ending. a little slower.</i>	<i>2d Ending. slower.</i>
---	---------------------------

High and low, Soft - ly the ech-oes Come and go!
High and low, Soft - ly the ech-oes [OMIT.....] Come and go!

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*

Ped. *

Ped. * *Ped.* *

When Christ was born of Mary free

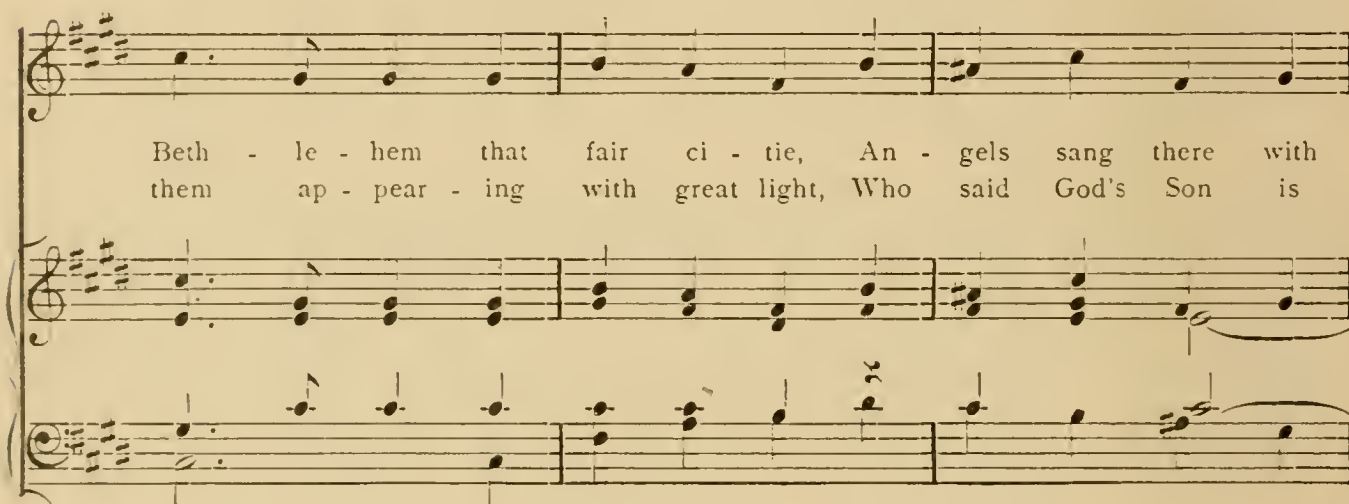
English

SOLO.

J. W. Tufts



1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In
 2. Herds - men be - held these an - gels bright, To



Beth - le - hem that fair ci - tie, An - gels sang there with
 them ap - pear - ing with great light, Who said God's Son is



mirth and glee, An - gels sang there with mirth and glee,
 born to - night, Who said God's Son is born to - night,

CHRISTMAS

CHORUS.

"In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a,

In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a." *rit.*

3.

The King is come to save mankind,
As in the Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind—
"In excelsis Gloria."

4.

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis Gloria."

All this Night bright Angels sing

William Austin

Arthur S. Sullivan

Moderato.

1. All this night bright an-gels sing, Nev - er was such ca - rol - ing, Hark ! a voice which
 2. Wake, O earth, wake ev - 'ry-thing, Wake, and hear the joy I bring : Wake and joy ; for

loud - ly cries, "Mor - tals, mor-tals, wake and rise, Lo ! to glad - ness Turns your
 all this night, Heav'n and ev - 'ry twink - ling light, All a - maz - ing, Still stand

sad - ness ; From the earth is risen a sun, Shines all night, tho' day.. be done.
 gaz - ing ; An - gels, Pow'rs and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun.. to see !"

3. Hail ! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent in - to this world by night ; Let Thy rays and

cres.

heav'nly powers, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du - ly, Thou art

f *ff* *rall.*

tru - ly God and man, we do con-fess; Hail, O Sun of Right-eous - ness!

A Child this Day is Born

Traditional, abr.

Traditional

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high re - nown; Most
2. These ti - dings shep - herds heard, Whilst watch - ing o'er their fold; 'Twas
3. They praised the Lord our God And our ce - les - tial King; All

REFRAIN. Glad ti - dings to all men, Glad ti - dings sing we may, Be -

Repeat for Refrain.

wor - thy of a scep - tre, A scep - tre and a crown.
by an an - gel un - to them That night re - vealed and told.
glo - ry be in Par - a - dise, This heaven - ly host do sing. A - MEN.

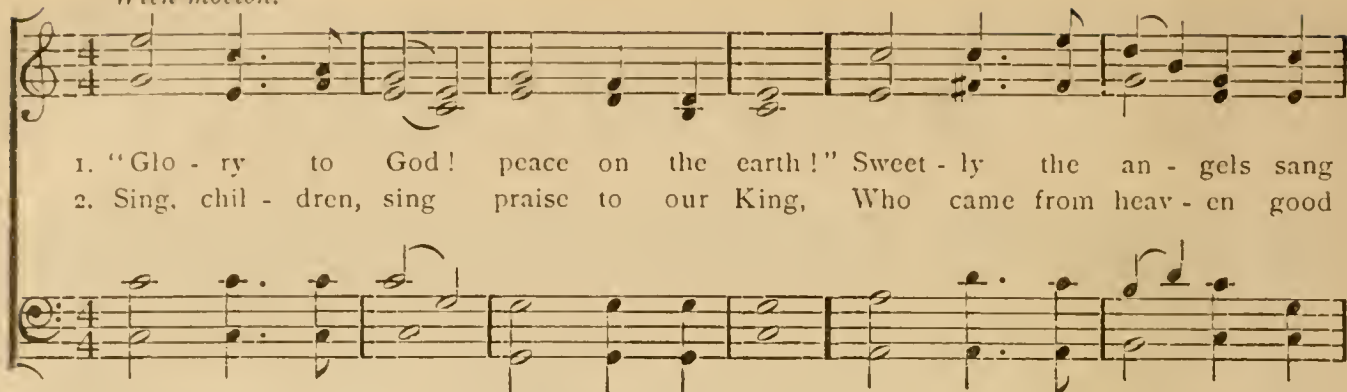
cause the King of kings... Was born on Christ-mas - day.

Praise to our King

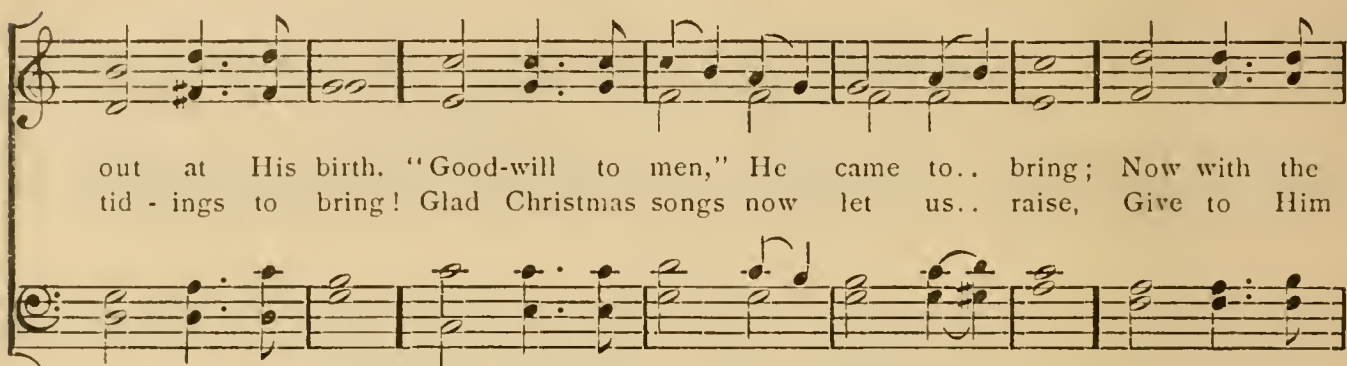
Thos. O. Conant*

S. M. Bixby

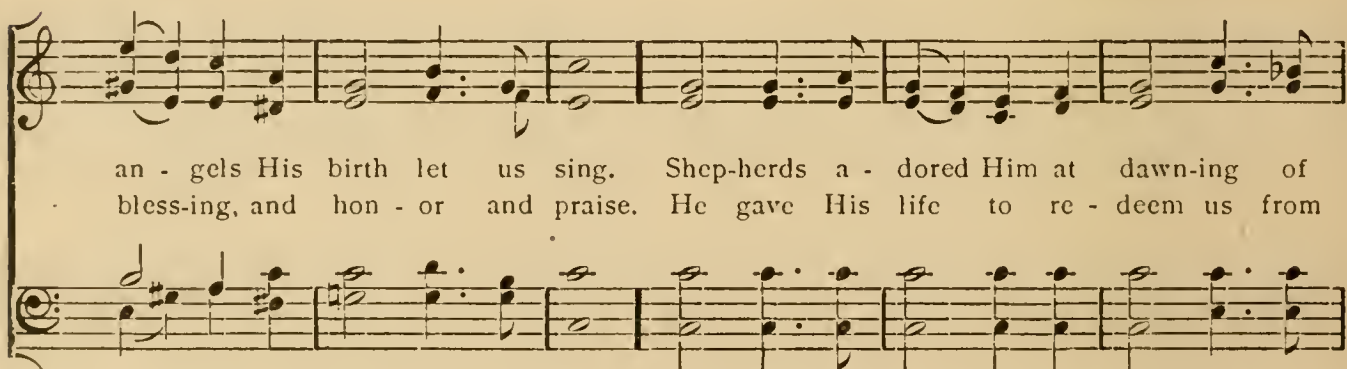
With motion.



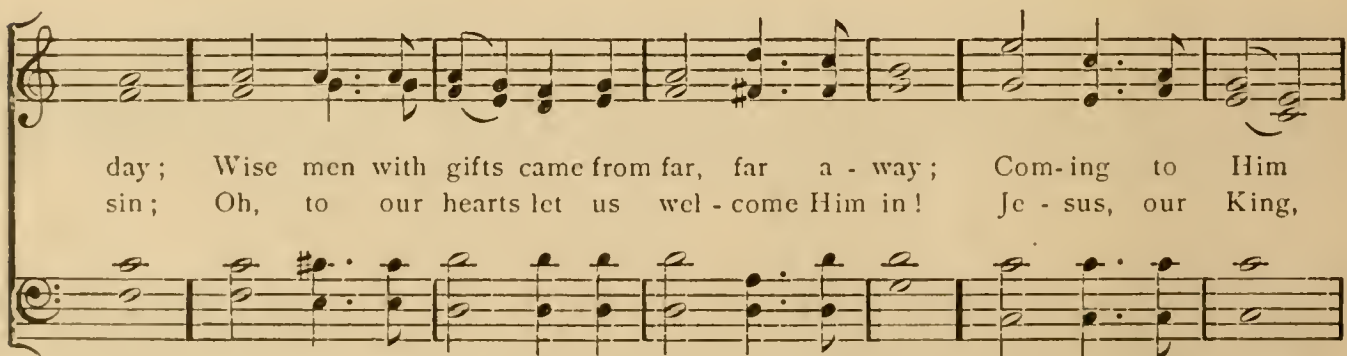
1. "Glo - ry to God! peace on the earth!" Sweet - ly the an - gels sang
2. Sing, chil - dren, sing praise to our King, Who came from heav - en good



out at His birth. "Good-will to men," He came to.. bring; Now with the
tid - ings to bring! Glad Christmas songs now let us.. raise, Give to Him



an - gels His birth let us sing. Shep-herds a - dored Him at dawn-ing of
bless-ing, and hon - or and praise. He gave His life to re - deem us from



day; Wise men with gifts came from far, far a - way; Com-ing to Him
sin; Oh, to our hearts let us wel - come Him in! Je - sus, our King,

* Poem written for Primary Class of First Presbyterian S. S., East Orange, N. J.

CHRISTMAS

let us a - dore, Prais - ing our King for His love ev - er - more.
Thee we a - dore, En - ter our hearts, and a - bide ev - er - more.

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*Luther's Cradle Hymn**

Martin Luther

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord

Je - sus Laid down His sweet head. The stars in the sky... Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look

down where He lay,— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lul - la - by.

* Composed by Martin Luther for his children, and still sung by German mothers to their little ones.

Peace on Earth

Catharine Lee Bates

J. W. Tuffts

Slow.

p

I. Peace on.... earth! The mor - row bring - eth mirth;

p Unison.

The night-tide bringeth us slumbers deep, By His dear grace Who shared our sleep,

rall. e dim.

Once on earth, Once on earth.

2 Here on earth
Our Saviour suffered birth,
While angels smote their harps of flame;
And thrilled the stars with glad acclaim;
Peace on earth.

3 May His peace
Upon the earth increase
Till all hearts bow to His diadem,
And hail the Babe of Bethlehem,
Prince of Peace.

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Gloria Patri

J. Barnby

Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and 'to the Son, **and**..... to 'the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out 'end. A - = MEN.

CHRISTMAS

Sing, Children, Sing

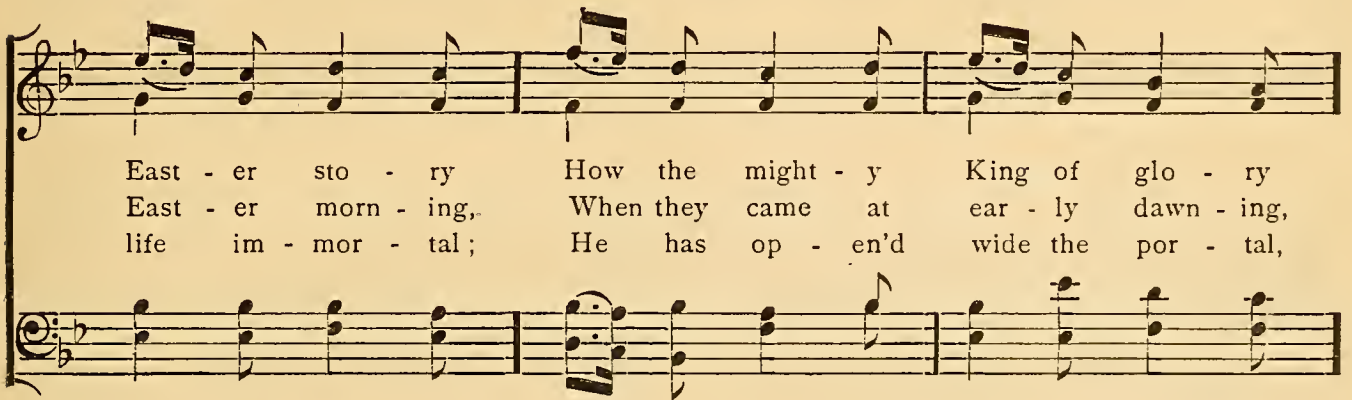
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Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

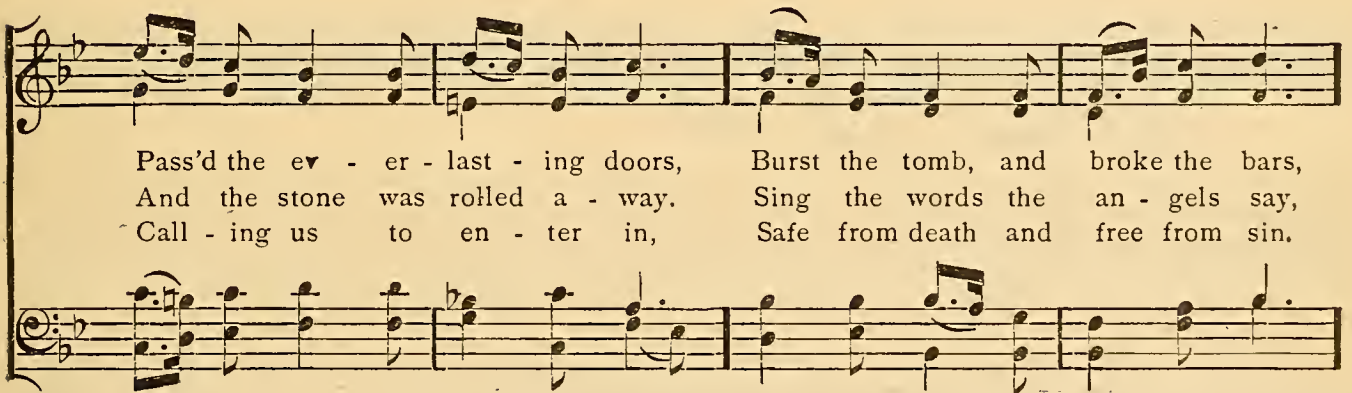
S. M. Bixby



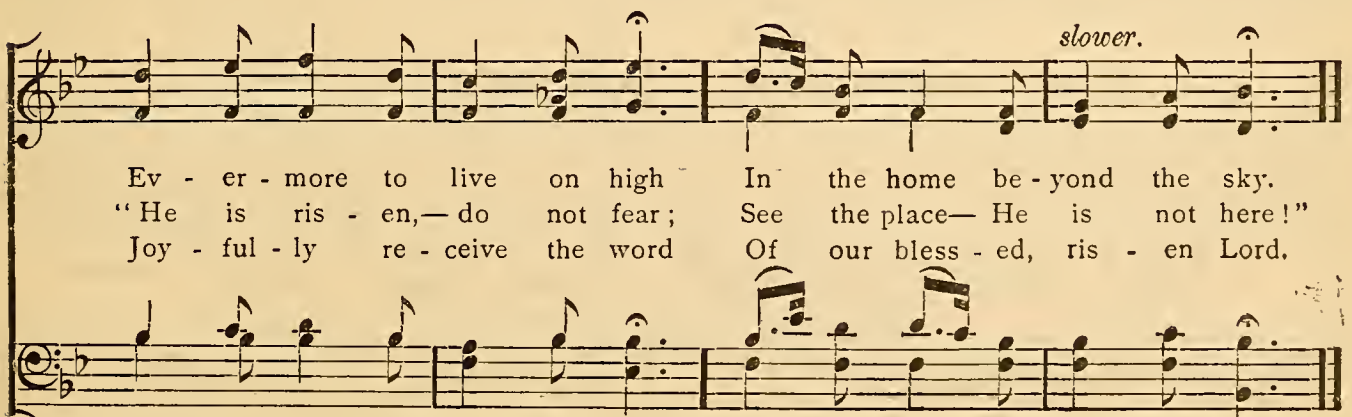
1. Sing, chil - dren, sing! sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing the joy - ful
 2. Sing, chil - dren, sing! sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing a - bout that
 3. Sing, chil - dren, sing! sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing a - bout the



East - er sto - ry How the might - y King of glo - ry
 East - er morn - ing, When they came at ear - ly dawn - ing,
 life im - mor - tal; He has op - en'd wide the por - tal,



Pass'd the ev - er - last - ing doors, Burst the tomb, and broke the bars,
 And the stone was rolled a - way. Sing the words the an - gels say,
 Call - ing us to en - ter in, Safe from death and free from sin.



Ev - er - more to live on high In the home be - yond the sky.
 "He is ris - en,—do not fear; See the place—He is not here!"
 Joy - ful - ly re - ceive the word Of our bless - ed, ris - en Lord.

The Easter Lilies

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

Albert J. Holden

1. The East - er lil - - ies shed their rich per - fume,.....
 2. Let hap - py chil - - dren hail their ris - en Lord,.....
 3. To - - day, ye bells, ring out a joy - ful chime,....

And greet the morn - ing of the Res - ur - rec - tion;
 And in - fant voic - es soft - ly sing His glo - ry;
 With cheer - ful tones and mer - ry notes of glad - ness;

So let our spir - - its sweet ly bud and bloom,....
 Let ev - 'ry Chris - tian spread the heav'n - ly word,.....
 And greet once more the hap - py East - er - time,



And yield the of - - fring of a pure af - fec - tion.
 And tell a - gain the bless - ed East - er sto - - ry!
 And bid each mourn - ing heart dis - pel its sad - ness.

REFRAIN.



We ring the bells of East - er - tide! We sing the praise of Him who died!



We hail the day when He a - rose, Tri - umph - ant o - ver all His foes.

4 O Lord of Life! on this bright Easter morn,
 Accept the tribute of our adoration;
 May life divine in every soul be born,
 And rise from sin and death to full salvation.

REF.—We ring the bells, etc.

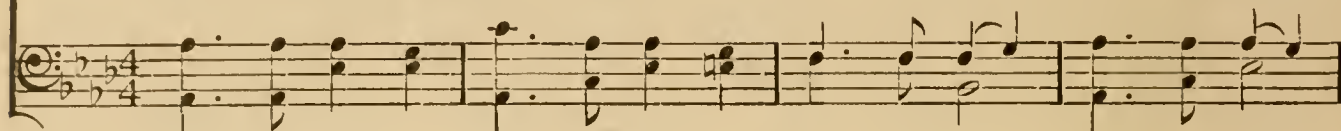
Hallelujah

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

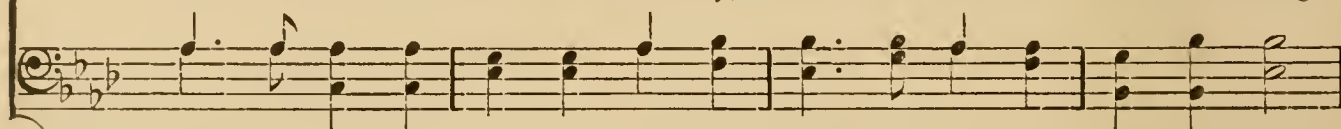
S. M. Bixby



1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Join the cho - rus! Flow - ers bring! An - thems sing!
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en! Lil - ies bring! Chil - dren sing!
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Tell the sto - ry! Ros - es bring! Car - ols sing!



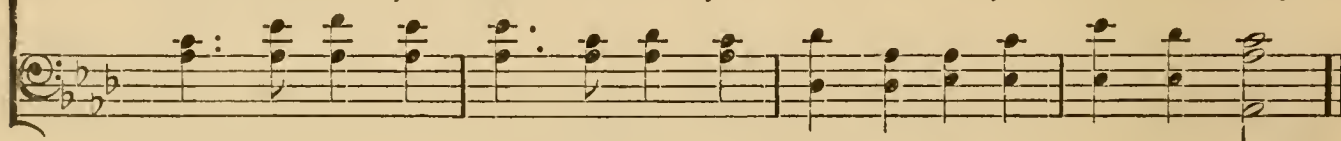
With the an - gels bend - ing o'er us, Raise the song to Christ our King!
 Life has come from death's dark pris - on! Prais - es to our glo - rious King!
 Hail the ris - en Lord of Glo - ry, Prince of Peace and Sav - iour King!



REFRAIN.



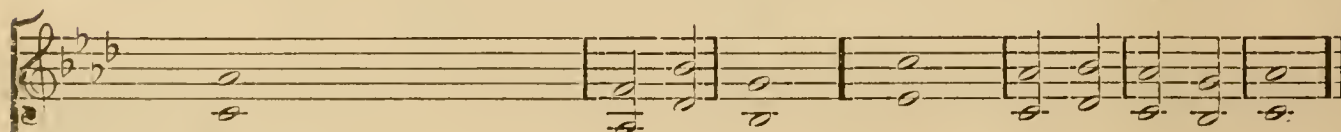
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is King.



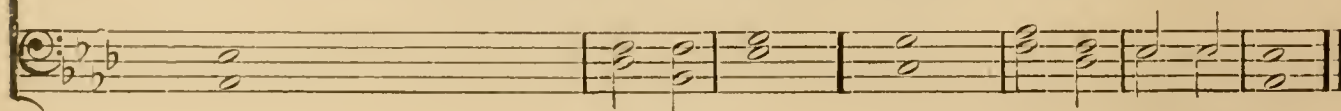
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Gloria Patri

Dean Aldrich



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the **S**on, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with - out end. A - = MEN.



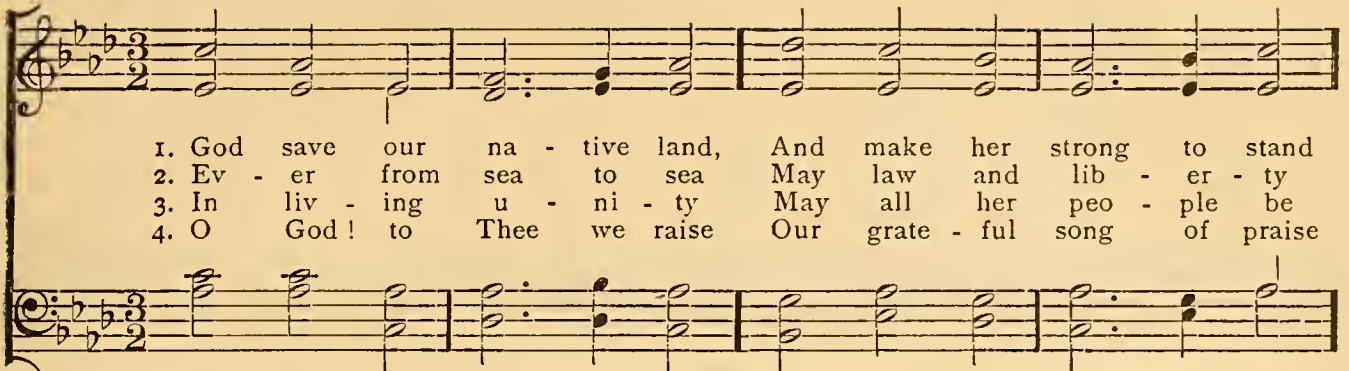
EASTER

An American Hymn

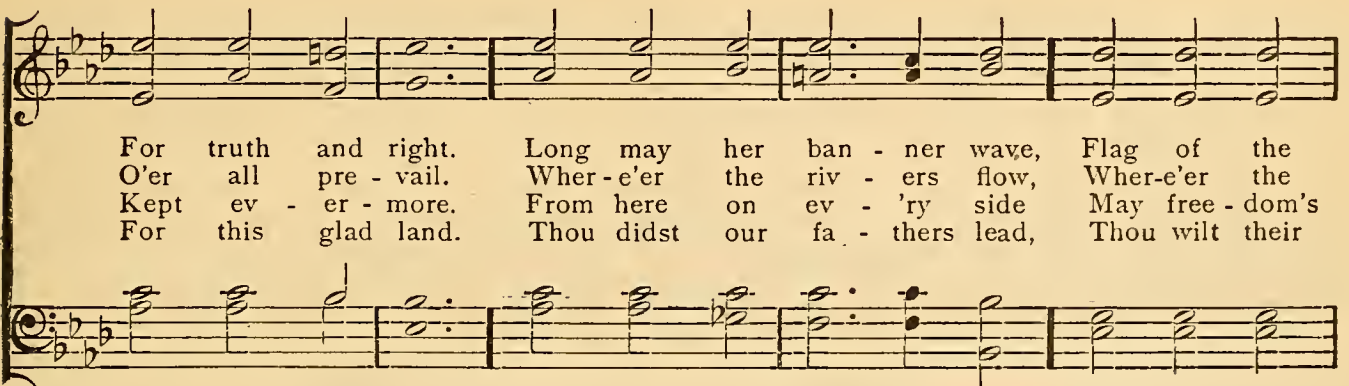
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Julius H. Seelye, (Ex-President of Amherst College)

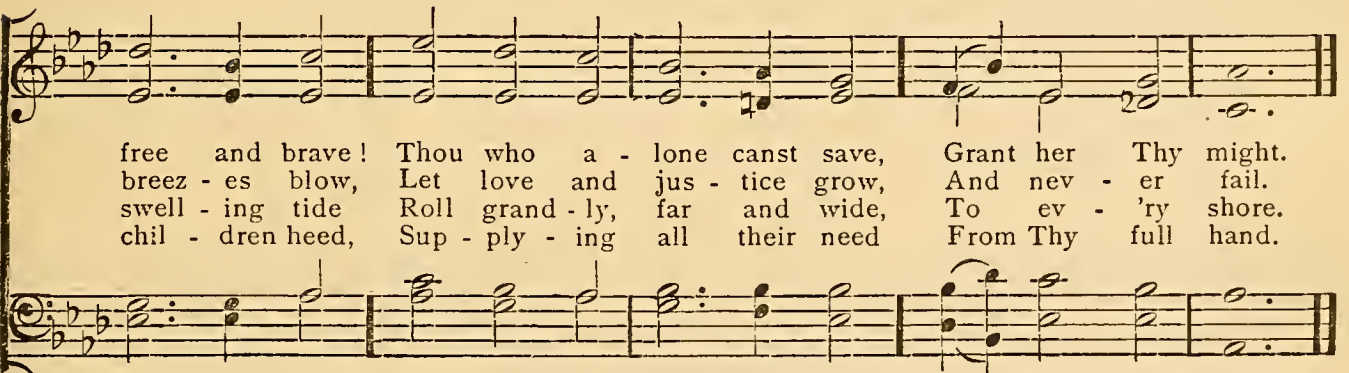
S. M. Bixby



1. God save our na - tive land, And make her strong to stand
2. Ev - er from sea to sea May law and lib - er - ty
3. In liv - ing u - ni - ty May all her peo - ple be
4. O God! to Thee we raise Our grate - ful song of praise



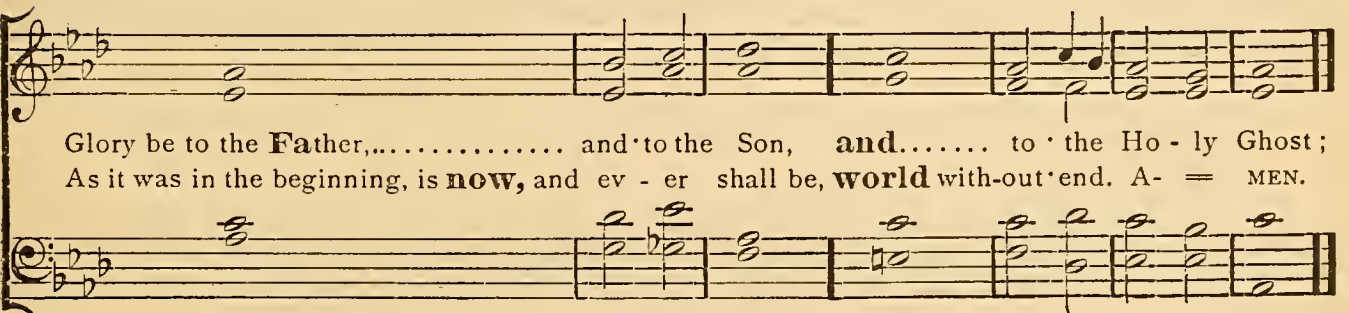
For truth and right. Long may her ban - ner wave, Flag of the
O'er all pre - vail. Wher - e'er the riv - ers flow, Wher - e'er the
Kept ev - er more. From here on ev - 'ry side May free - dom's
For this glad land. Thou didst our fa - thers lead, Thou wilt their



free and brave! Thou who a - lone canst save, Grant her Thy might.
breez - es blow, Let love and jus - tice grow, And nev - er fail.
swell - ing tide Roll grand - ly, far and wide, To ev - 'ry shore.
chil - dren heed, Sup - ply - ing all their need From Thy full hand.

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Gloria Patri



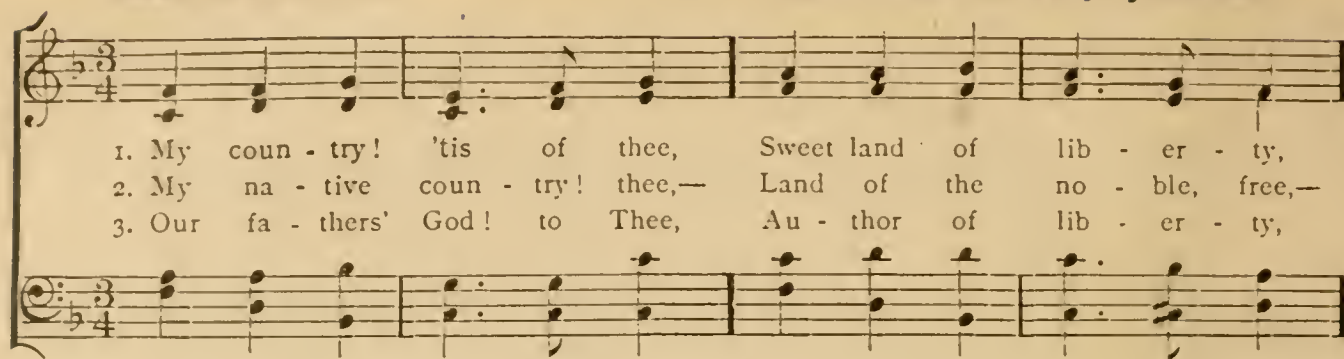
Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev - er shall be, **world** with - out end. A - = MEN.

SPECIAL

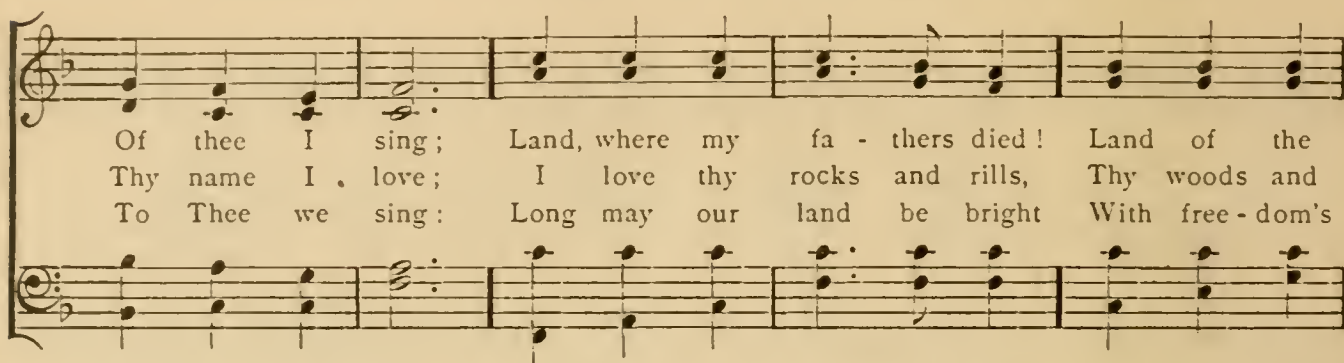
My Country! 'tis of Thee

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

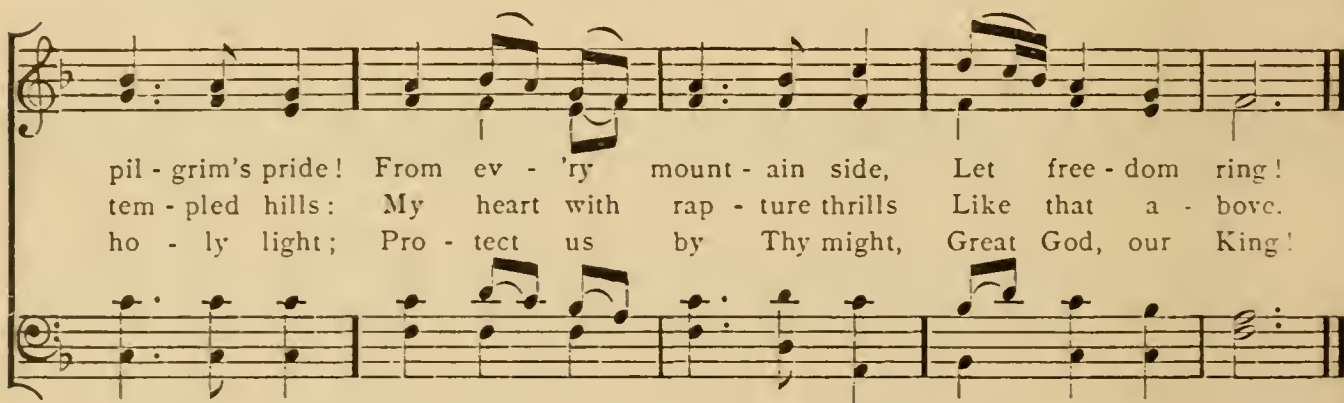
Henry Carey, 1743. *Ad. fr. John Bull*



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, — Land of the no - ble, free, —
 3. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land, where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

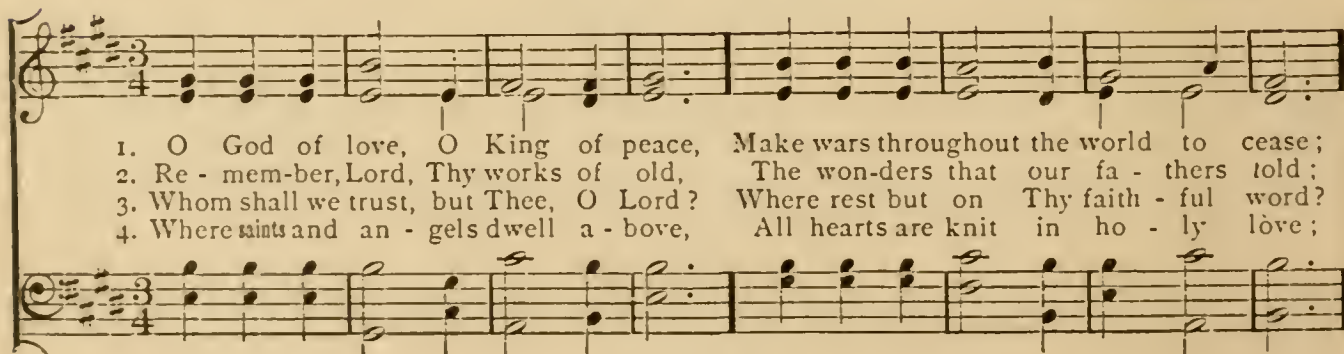


pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount - ain side, Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

O God of Love, O King of Peace

Rev. H. W. Baker, 1861

St. Alban's Tune-Book



1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
 2. Re - mem - ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won - ders that our fa - thers told;
 3. Whom shall we trust, but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith - ful word?
 4. Where an - gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;

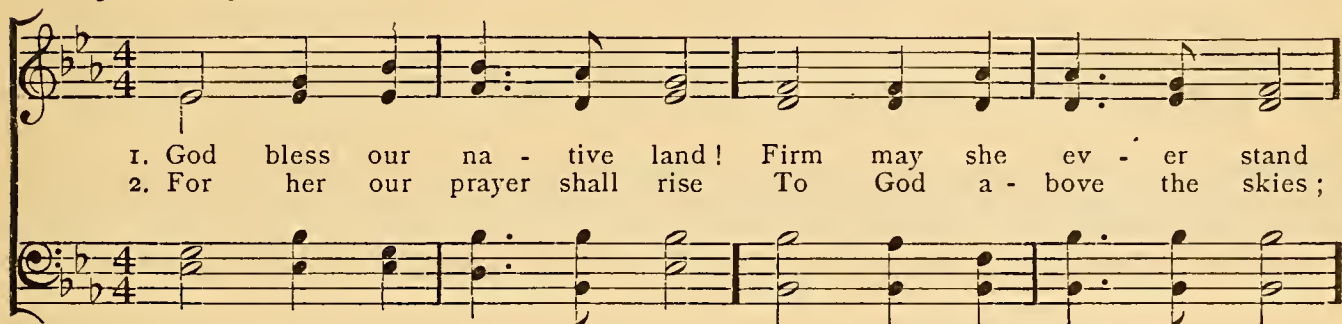


The wrath of sin - ful man re - strain ; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
 Re - mem - ber not our sin's dark stain ; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
 None ev - er call'd on Thee in vain ; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
 O bind us in that heav'n - ly chain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain. A - MEN.

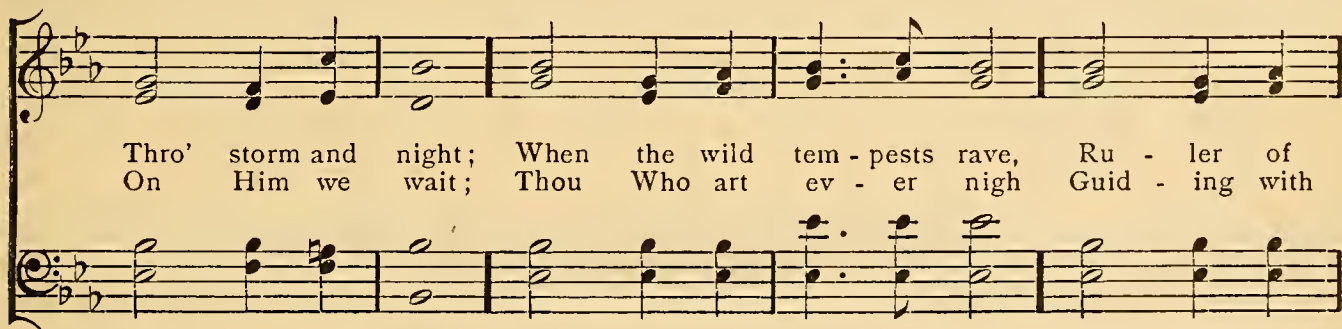
God Bless our Native Land

J. S. Dwight, 1844

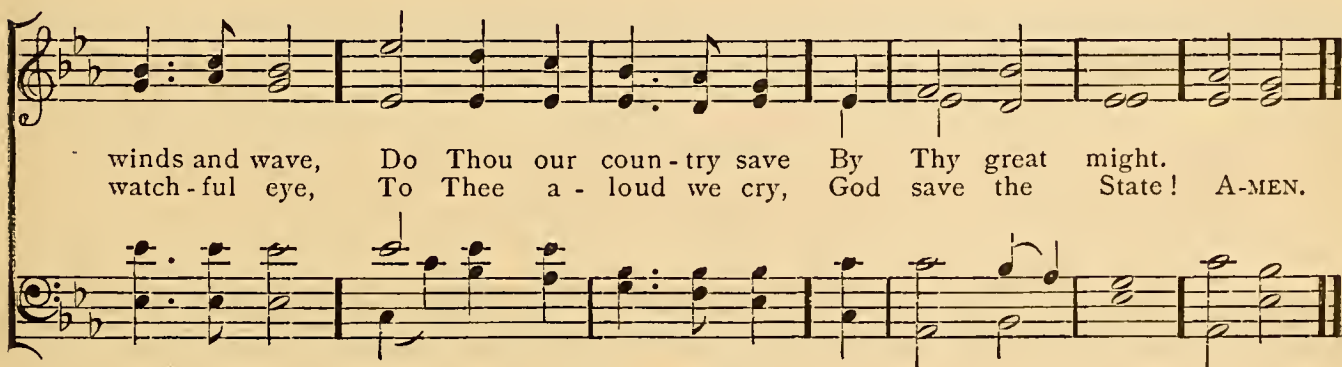
Arr. W. W. Rousseau



1. God bless our na - tive land ! Firm may she ev - er stand
 2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies ;



Thro' storm and night ; When the wild tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of
 On Him we wait ; Thou Who art ev - er nigh Guid - ing with

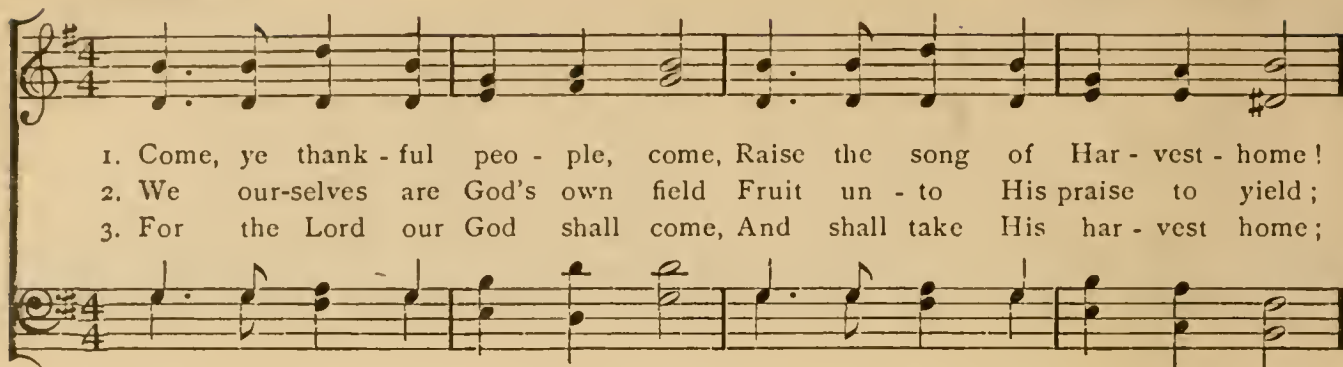


winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
 watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State ! A - MEN.

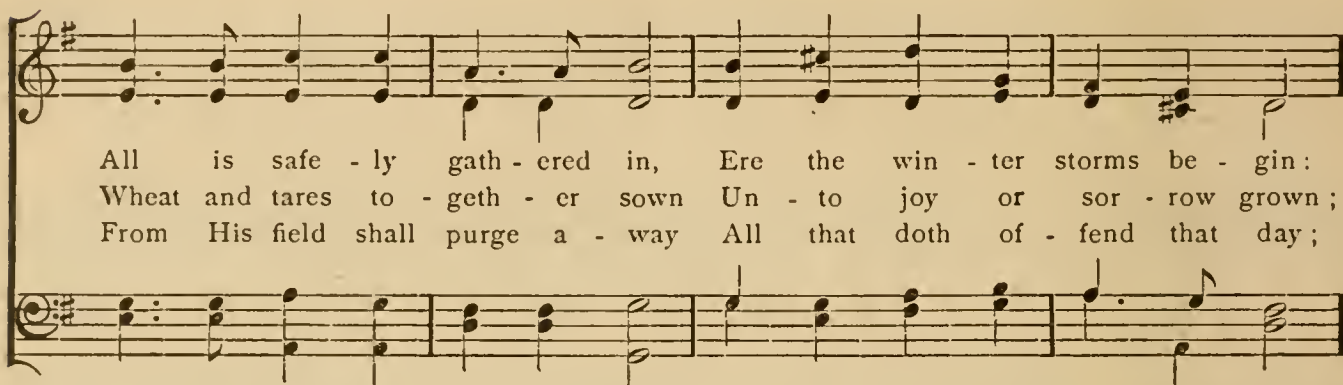
Come, ye thankful People, come

H. Alford

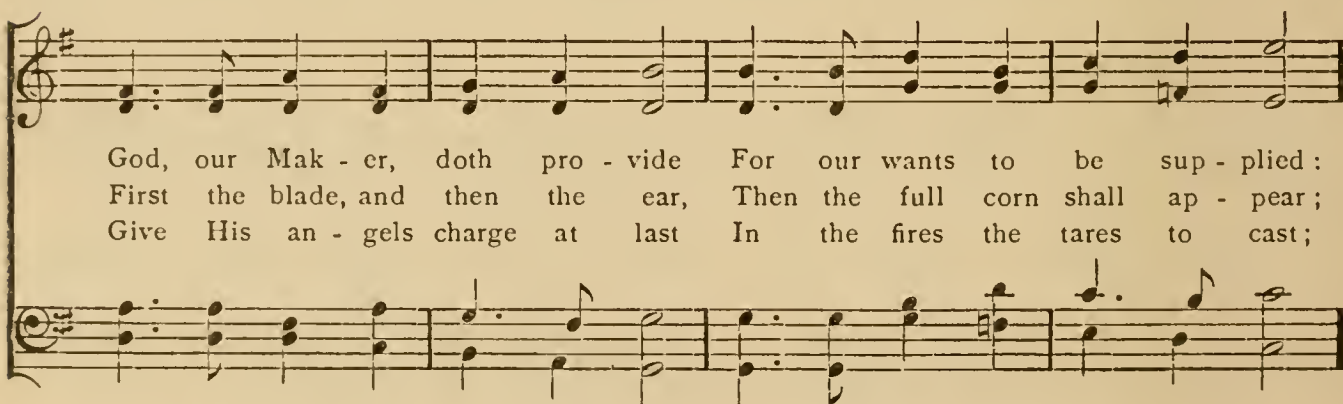
George J. Elvey



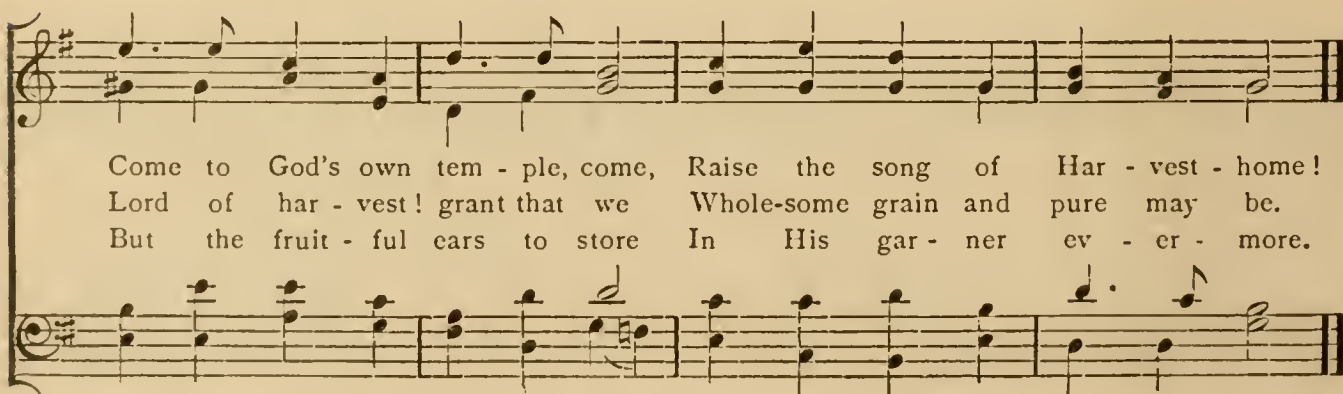
1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home !
 2. We our-selves are God's own field Fruit un - to His praise to yield ;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home ;



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin :
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown ;
 From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day ;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied :
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear ;
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fires the tares to cast ;



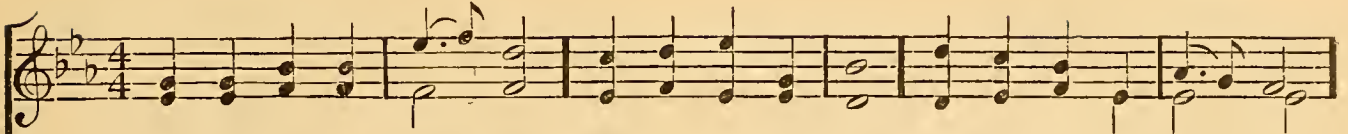
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home !
 Lord of har - vest ! grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

Earth below is Teeming

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John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1863

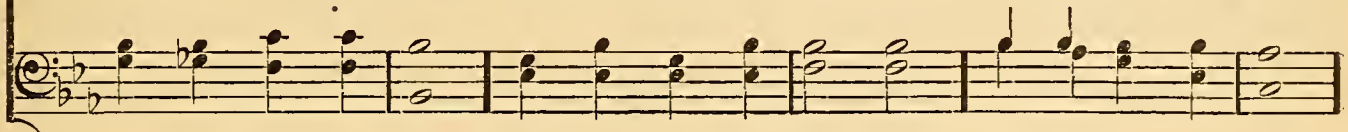
S. M. Bixby



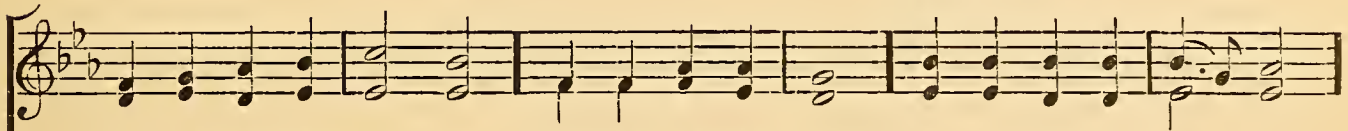
1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove ; Ev - 'ry brow is beam - ing
2. For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the nurturing hours....
3. Earth's broad harvest whit - ens In a bright - er sun Than the orb that light - ens



In the light of love ; Ev - 'ry eye re - joic - es, Ev - 'ry thought is praise ;
Spring and Sum - mer knew ; For the gold - en Aut - umn, And its pre - cious stores,
All we tread up - on ; Send our la - b'ers, Fa - ther ! Where fields rip'ning wave,



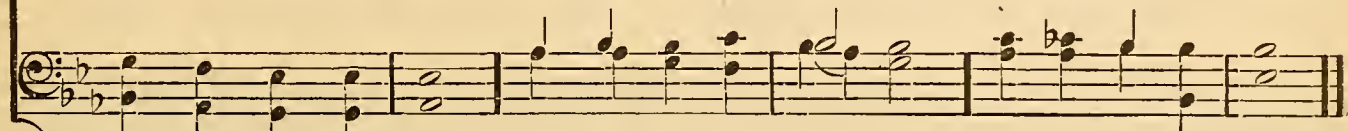
REFRAIN.



Hap - py hearts and voic - es Glad - den nights and days. O Al - might - y Giv - er !
For the love that brought them Teem - ing to our doors. O Al - might - y Giv - er !
All the na - tions gath - er, Gath - er in and save. O Al - might - y Giv - er !



Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest Joy we be - fore Thee.
Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest Joy we be - fore Thee.
Boun - ti - ful and free, Then as joy in har - vest We shall joy in Thee.



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SPECIAL

Praise to God, Immortal Praise

Mrs. Barbauld, 1773

Conrad Kocher

1. { Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ; }
 { Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy ; }
 2. { All the bless - ings of the fields, All the stores the gar - den yields, }
 { Flocks that whit - en all the plain, Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain : }

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise. A - MEN.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise. AMEN.

Before the Lord we bow

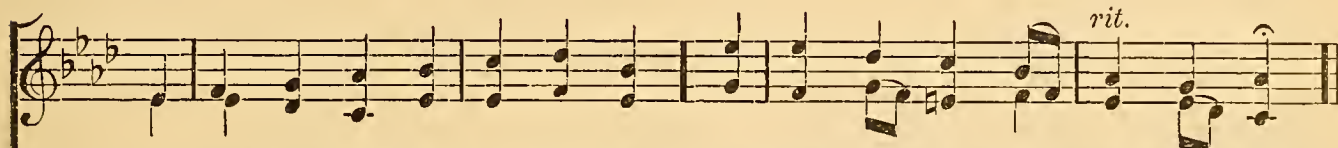
Francis S. Key

S. S. Wesley


1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove,
 2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare,
 3. May ev - 'ry mount-ain height, Each vale and for - est green,



And rules the world be - low, Bound - less in power and love;
From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Thy care.
Shine in Thy word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen!

Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King.
For this fair land, For this bright day, Our thanks we pay— Gifts of Thy hand.
May ev - 'ry tongue Be tuned to praise, And join to raise A grate - ful song.



For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace

Rev. Henry Downton, abr.

Justin Heinrich Knecht



1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year,
2. In our weak - ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
3. Keep us faith - ful, keep us pure, Keep us ev - er - more Thine own!
4. So with - in Thy pal - ace gate We shall praise, on gold - en strings,



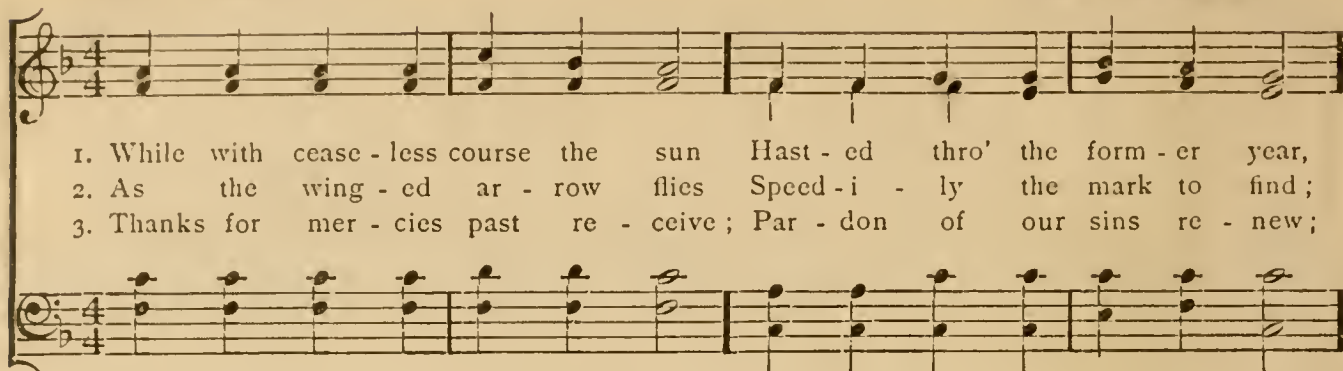

Hear our song of thank - ful - ness, Fa - ther and Re - deem - er, hear!
In the path - less wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way!
Help Thy ser - vants to en - dure! Fit us for the prom - ised crown!
Thee the, on - ly Po - tent - ate, Lord of lords, and King of kings! A - MEN.



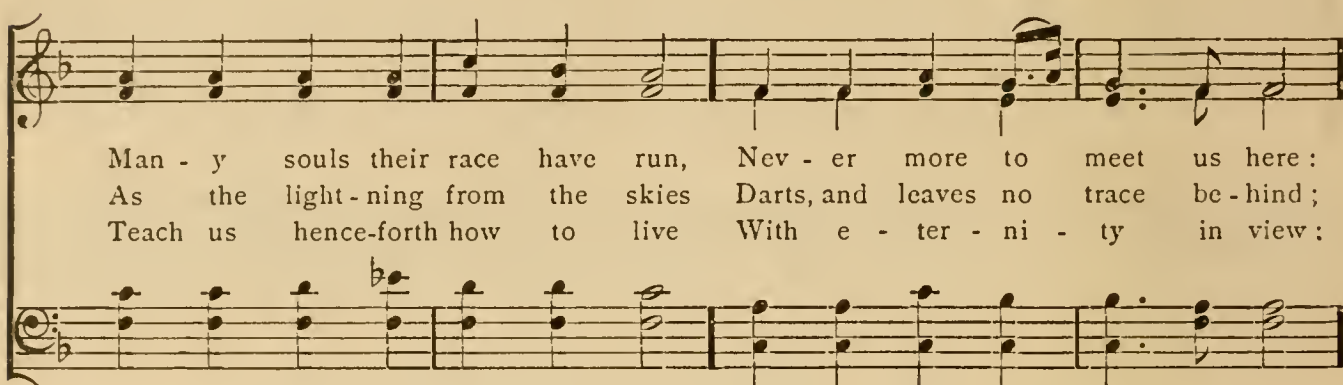
While with Ceaseless Course the Sun

Rev. J. Newton, 1770

Jacques Blumenthal



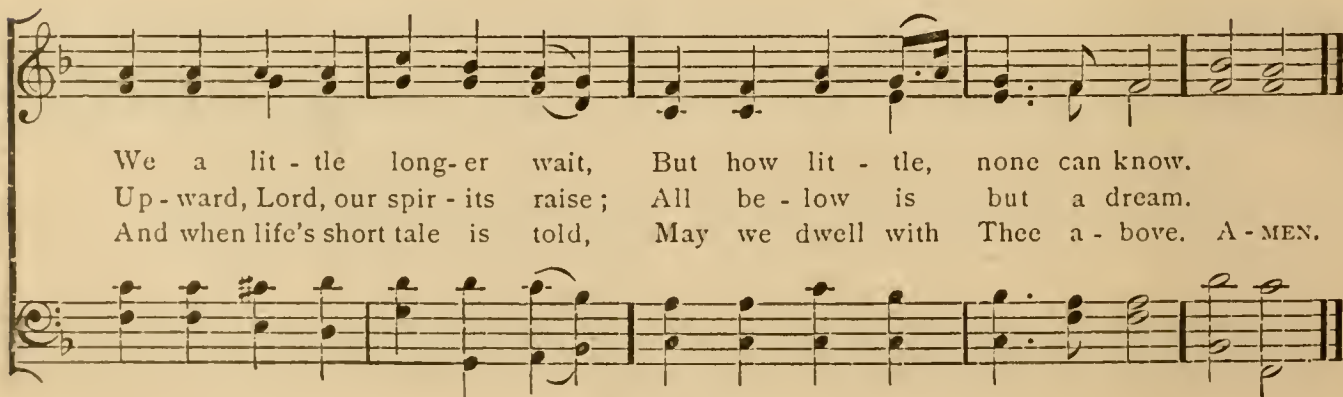
1. While with cease - less course the sun Hast - ed thro' the form - er year,
 2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find;
 3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new;



Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
 As the light - ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind;
 Teach us hence - forth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view:



Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:
 Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream;
 Bless Thy word to young and old; Fill us with a Sav - iour's love;



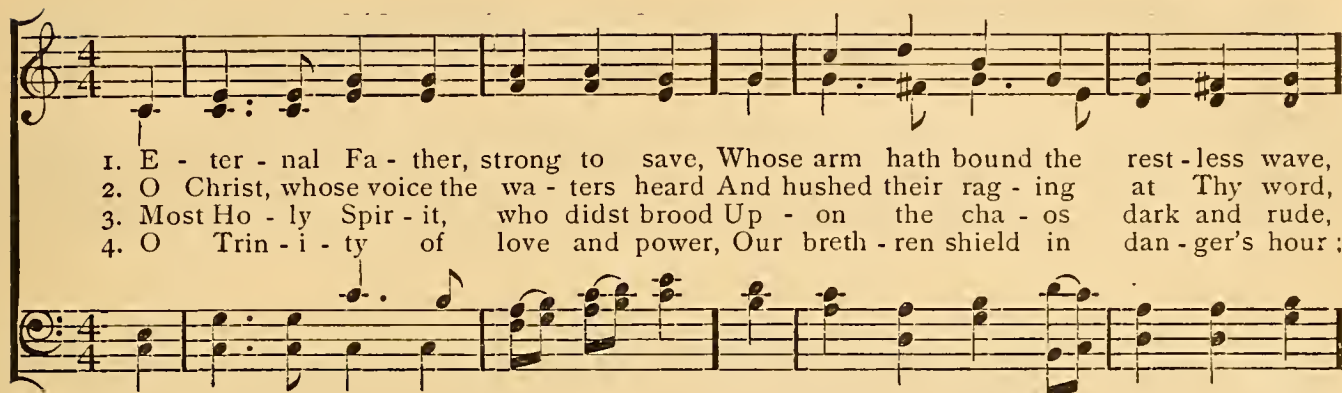
We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.
 Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise; All be - low is but a dream.
 And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a - bove. A - MEN.

Eternal Father, strong to Save

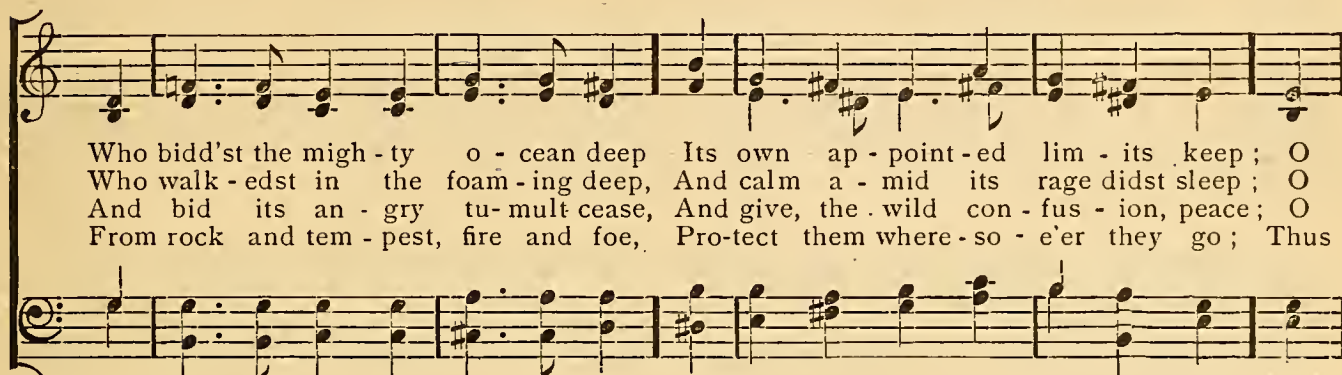
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William Whiting

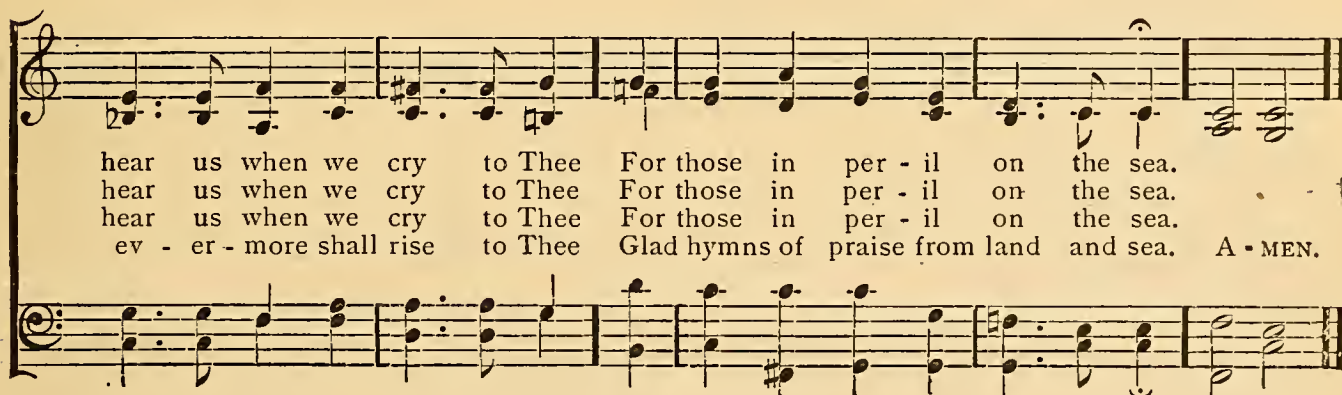
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
 2. O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard And hushed their rag - ing at Thy word,
 3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;



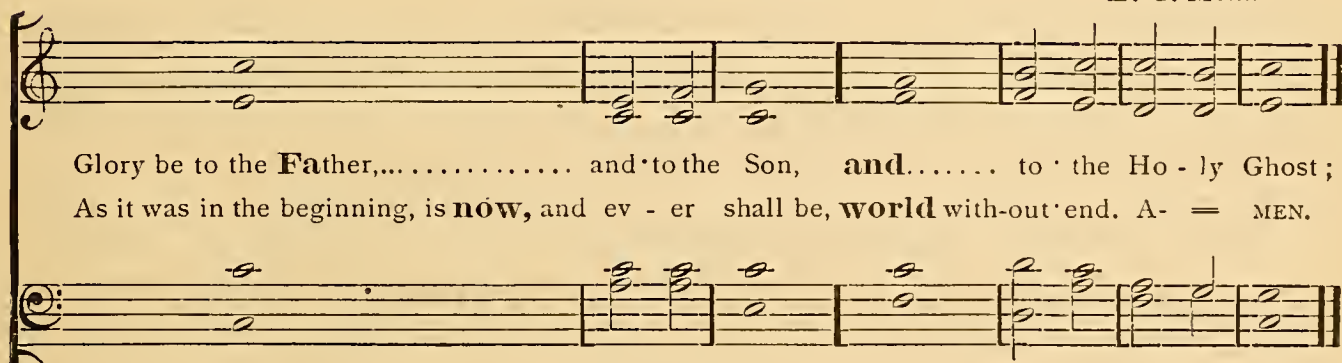
Who bidd'st the migh - ty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O
 Who walk - edst in the foam - ing deep, And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep; O
 And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And give, the wild con - fus - ion, peace; O
 From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus



hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 ev - er - more shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A - MEN.

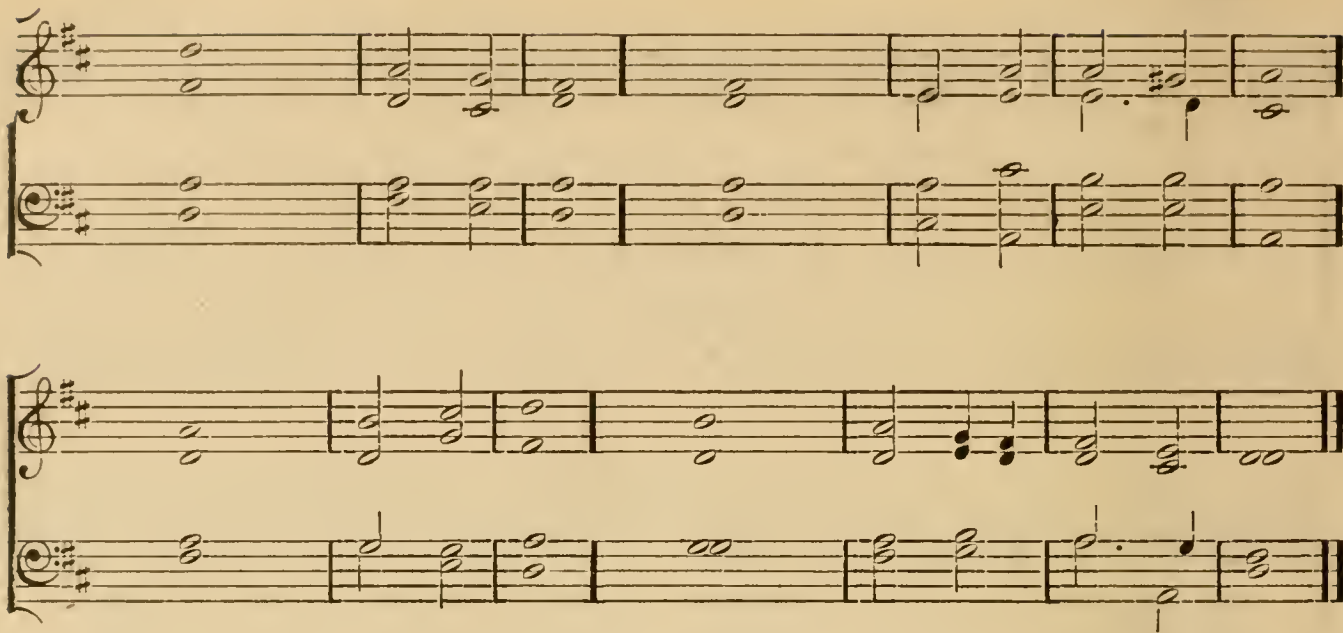
Gloria Patri

E. G. Monk



Glory be to the **F**ather,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **n**ow, and ev - er shall be, **w**orld with - out end. A - = MEN.

SPECIAL

*Venite, exultemus Domino**Dr. Boyce*

1. O come, let us **sing** un- | to · the Lord : || let us heartily **rejoice** in the | strength · of |
our · sal- | vation.
2. Let us come before his **présence** with | thanks- · = | giving : || and show ourselves
glad | in · = | Him · with | psalms.
3. For the **Lord** is a | great · = | God : || and a great **King** a- | bove · = | all · = |
gods.
4. In His hand are all the **côrners** | of · the | earth : || and the strength of the **hills** |
is · = | His · = | also.
5. The sea is **His**, | and · He | made it : || and His **hands** pre- | parèd · the | dry · = |
land.
6. O come, let us **wôrship** | and · fall | down : || and **kneel** be- | fore · the | Lord · our |
Maker.
7. For He **is** the | Lord · our | God : || and we are the people of His **pâsture**, and the |
sheep · of | His · = | hand.
8. O worship the **Lord** in the | beauty · of | holiness : || let the whole **earth** | stand · in |
awe · of | Him.
9. For He cometh, for He **cômeth** to | judge · the | earth : || and with righteousness to
judge the **world**, and the | peo- · ple | with · His | truth.

Glory be to the **Fâther** | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho- · ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev- · er | shall be : || **world** · with- | out ·
end. | A = | men.

Gloria in Excelsis

383

Old Chant



GLORY be to | God · on | high : || and on **earth** | peace · good- | will · towards |
men.

We praise Thee, we bless **Thee**, we | wor - ship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee · for | Thy · great | glory.



O Lord **God**, | heaven - ly | King : || **God** the | Fa - ther | Al - = | mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten **Son**, | Je - sus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of **God**, |
Son · = | of · the | Father.



That takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : || have **mêr**cy up- | on · = | us.

Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : || have **mêr**cy up- | on · = | us.

Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : || re - ceive · our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right **hand** of | God · the | Father : || have **mêr**cy up- |
on · = | us.



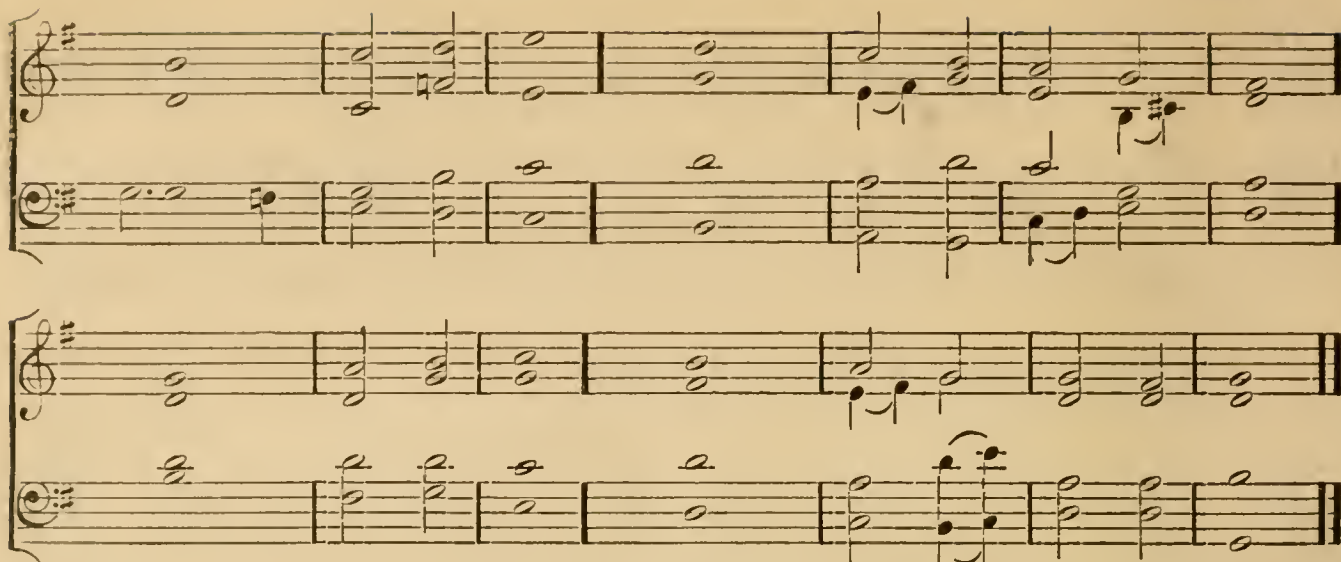
A - MEN.

For **Thou** | only · art | holy : || **Thou** | on - ly | art · the | Lord.

Thou only, O **Christ**, with the | Ho - ly | Ghost : || art most high in the | glory · of |
God · the | Father. || A - MEN.

Benedic, anima mea

Dr. B. Cooke



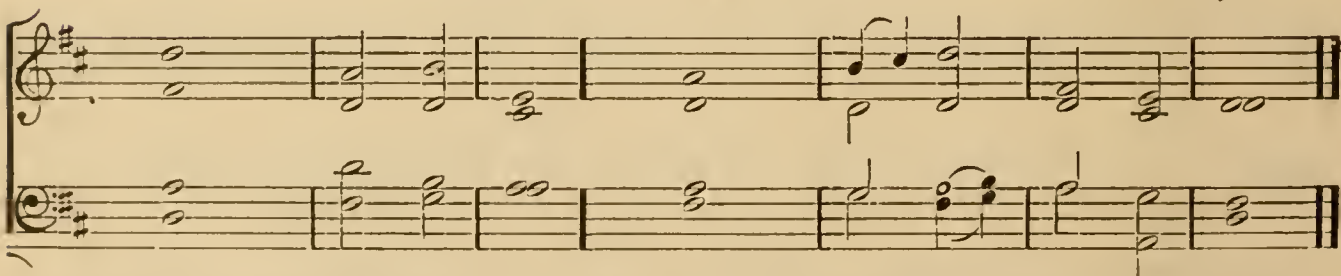
1. Praise the Lord, | O · my | soul : || and all that is **within** me | praise · His | ho - ly | Name.
 2. Praise the **Lord**, | O · my | soul : || and forget **not** | all · His · | ben - e - | fits ;
 3. Who **forgiveth** | all · thy | sin : || and healeth **all** | thine · in - | firm - i - | ties ;
 4. Who saveth thy life | from · de - | struction : || and crowneth thee with **mêr**cy and | lov - ing - | kind - = | ness.
 5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of His, **ye** that ex - | cel · in | strength : || ye that fulfil His commandment, and **hêarken** unto the | voice · of | His · = | word.
 6. O praise the **Lord**, all | ye · His | hosts : || ye **sêrvants** of | His · that | do · His | pleasure.
 7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all **plâces** of | His · do - | minion : | | praise thou the **Lord**, | O · = | my · = | soul.
- Glory be to the **Fâther** | and · to the | Son : || and | to · the | Ho - ly | Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : || **world** · with - | out · end. | A - = | men.

REDEMPTIVE SONGS

Benedictus

(OR SONG OF ZACHARIAS)

Dr. W. Hayes



1. Blessèd be the Lord **God** of | Is - ra - | el : || for He hath **visited**, || and · re - | deemèd · His | people ;

CHANTS

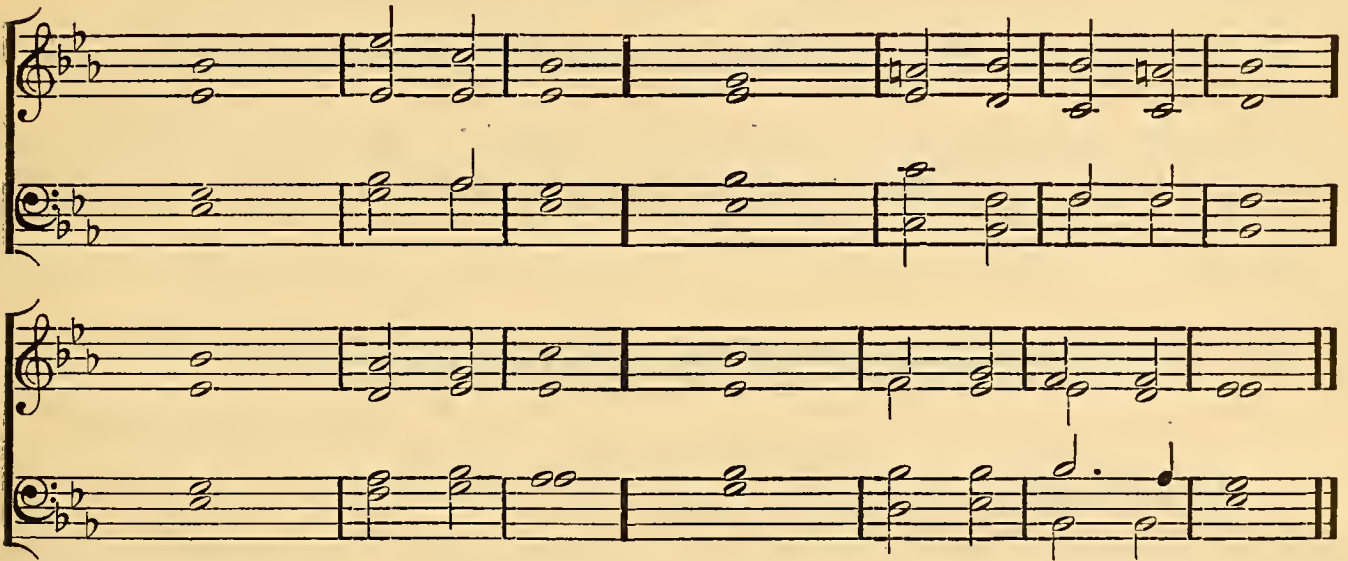
2. And hath raised up a mighty **salvâtion** | for • = | us : || in the **house** | of • His | ser - vant | David ;
3. As he spake by the **mouth** of His | ho - ly | Prophets : || which have **been** | since • the | world • be - | gan ;
4. That we should be **sâvèd** | from • our | enemies : || and from the **hand** of | all • that | hate • = | us.

Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and • to the | Son : || **and** | to • the | Ho - ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : || **world** with - | out •
end. | A - = | men.

Magnificat

(OR SONG OF MARY)

J. Robinson



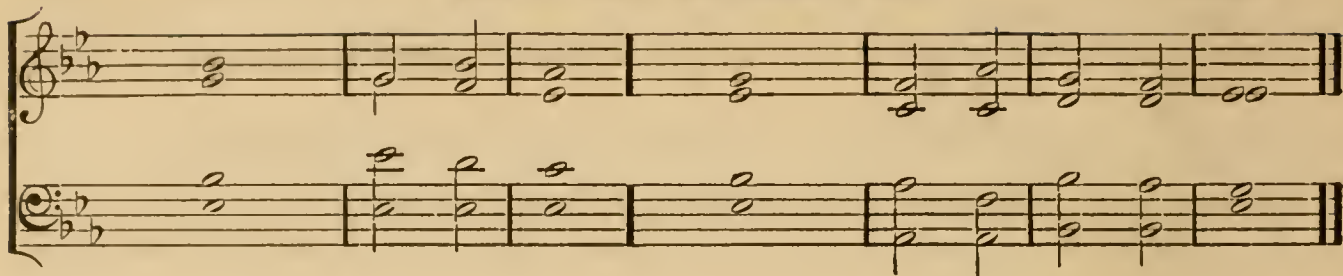
1. My soul doth **mâgni**- | fy • the | Lord : || and my spirit **hath** re- | joicèd • in | God • my | Saviour.
2. **For** He | hath • re- | garded : || the **lôwliness** | of • His | hand- = | maiden.
3. **For** be- | hold, • from | henceforth : | all gener- | ations • shall | call • me | blessèd.
4. For He that is mighty hath **mâgni**- | fi - ed | me : || **and** | ho - ly | is • His | Name.
5. And His mercy is on **them** that | fear • = | Him : || **throughôut** | all • = | gen - er- | ations.
6. He hath showèd **strength** | with • His | arm : || He hath scatterèd the proud in the **imâgin**- | a - tion | of ; their | hearts.
7. He hath put down the **mighty** | from • their | seat : || and **hath** ex- | alted • the | humble • and | meek.
8. He hath fillèd the **hûngry** | with • good | things : || and the **rich** He | hath • sent | empty • a- | way.
9. He remembering His mercy hath holpen His **sêrvant** | Is - ra- | el : || as He promisèd to our forefathers, **Âbraham** | and • his | seed, • for - | ever.

Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and • to the | Son : || **and** | to • the | Ho - ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be ; || **world** • with - | out •
end. | A - = | men.

Nunc dimittis

(OR SONG OF SIMEON)

J. Barnby



1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sêrvant de- | part · in | peace: || ac- | cording | to · Thy | word.
2. For mine | eyes · have | seen: || Thy | sal- = | va- = | tion,
3. Which Thou | hast · pre- | parèd: || befôre the | face · of | all · = | people;
4. To be a light to | lighten · the | Gentiles: || and to be the glôry of Thy | peo - ple | Is - ra- | el.

Glory be to the Fâther, | and · to the | Son: || and | to · the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

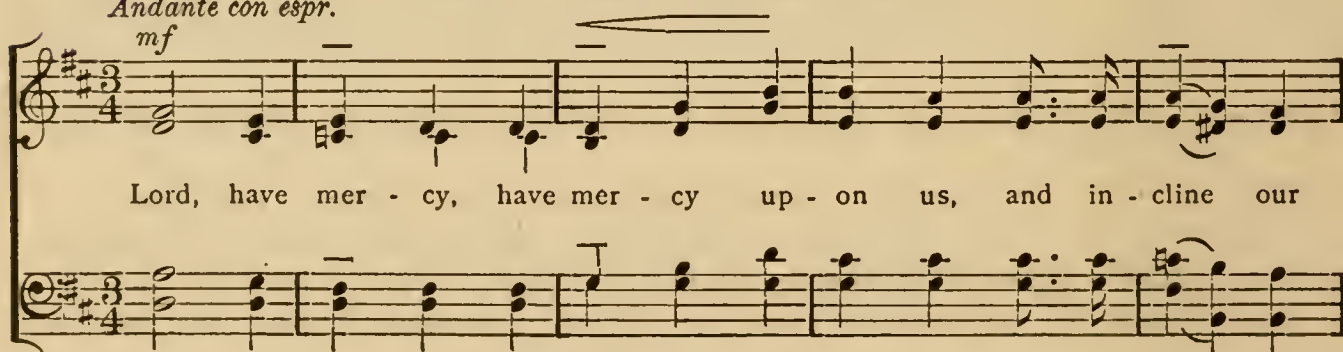
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be; || world · with- | out · end. | A = | men.

Responses after Commandments

Frank N. Shepperd, 1892

AFTER NINE COMMANDMENTS

Andante con espr.
mf



Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our

AFTER TENTH COMMANDMENT

mf



hearts to keep this law.

Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up -

on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

Responses after Commandments

Frank N. Shepperd, 1892

AFTER NINE COMMANDMENTS

*Andante con espr.**mf*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

AFTER TENTH COMMANDMENT

keep this law.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and

write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

The Apostles' Creed

WITH HARMONY

Voices in unison.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, } { And in Jesus Christ His only Son, } { our Lord ; }

Harmony for the Organ only.

pia. *dim.*

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary ; Suffered under Pontius Pilate,

mp *cres*

Was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into hell, The third day He rose from the dead ;

. *cen* *do.*

He ascended into heaven, } { And sitteth on the right hand } { of God the Father Almighty ; } { From thence He shall come } { to judge the quick and the } { dead.

Voices in harmony. *f*

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy Catholic Church ; The Communion of } { Saints ; The For- } { givenness of }

f *Ped.*

ff

sins ; The Resurrection of the body ; And the Life ev - er - last - ing. A - men.

CHANTS

The Lord's Prayer

389

Lowell Mason

Our Fa-ther who art in heaven, hallow-ed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come : Thy will be

done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dai-ly bread ; and for-give us our

p
tres-pass-es, as we for-give them that tres - pass a - gainst us. And lead us not

m
in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil ; for Thine is the

cres. *f*
kingdom, and the pow-er, and the glo-ry : for - ev - er and ev - - er. A - men.

CHANTS

The Lord's Prayer

With moderate motion.

Frank N. Shepperd, 1893

p
Organ.
Ped.

Our Fa-ther, who art in heav'n, hal-low-ed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come, Thy

will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, and for -

mp

give us our debts as we for-give our debt - ors ; and lead us not in - to temp -

cres.

ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil ; for Thine is the king-dom, and the

f, *mf*

pow'r, and the glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - - er. A - - MEN.

1 L. M.
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!

2 L. M. 61.
To GOD the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3 L. M. D.
ETERNAL FATHER, throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

4 C. M.
To FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5 C. M. D.
THE GOD of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one—
Let saints and angels join.

6 S. M.
YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

7 7s.
SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8 7s. 61.
PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

9 7s. D.
PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

10 8s, 7s.
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

11 8s, 7s. D.
PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

12 8s, 7s, 4s.
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One;
Hallelujah!
God, the LORD is God alone.

13 H. M.
To GOD the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

PRAYERS.

WE thank Thee our Heavenly Father that Thou hast not ordained that they who approach Thee should come with a perfect heart and a perfect utterance; then only those who are ripened in the very light of Thy countenance and in the everlasting summer of heaven could speak to Thee. But what do they need of Prayer? Why should they call out, who are without temptations, without sorrow, without any weakness, without infirmities and trials. It is those who are tossed below who need to speak to Thee, and if Thou wouldst accept no offering of our lips but a perfect offering, we would be dumb. Blessed be Thy name! Thou dost hear with Thine heart, Thy pity listens, and Thy compassion, which has spared, and spares still; that goodness which loves to find a way of excuse, and release, and relief, Thou hast for every one of us. And we draw near to Thee, encouraged with this thought, that Thou art our Father which art in Heaven.

For Thy unwearied love, that nourishes when it might destroy, we thank Thee. We pray that a sense of God's goodness may lead us to repentance. We pray that Thou wilt have mercy upon those who are weak—we need to be born as little children and to be borne with—teach us patience and how to edify one another. Open a way to those who find themselves shut up and know not whither to turn—who seem alone—be Thou more than friend or friendship to them. Thou who dost bear time in thine own heart. Thou who dost wear out the spheres with the freshness of Thine enduring youth. O, do Thou teach them that Thou art always a refuge and a friend—an everlasting protector.

Glorify Thyself in the lives of Thy people, make them more and more holy that they may be a blessing to men. Deliver them from van-

ity and ostentation, from spiritual pride, and from all things that are offensive, and untrue before God or men. Make them full of kindness and gentleness. May Thy people love one another; and so with a spirit of unfeigned love bring on that final day of glory when all Thy Church on earth shall be one. When there shall be no more divisions, where the heart shall be united, and sanctified by the Spirit of God. Wilt Thou hear us in our petitions, and answer us for Christ's sake. Amen.

OUR Father in heaven, Creator, and Sustainer of all things, we give Thee thanks for the earth and the fulness thereof, for the day, and the night, for seasons; for the display of Thy great goodness, wisdom, and power in nature. We thank Thee for the revelations made to us through the Scriptures, and through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour—for their redemptive power—their sanctifying efficacy—their immortal hopes. Behind all law and within all displays of creative life, and incarnate love, we believe Thou art dwelling in the light that no man can see and live. Through this which is known we adore Thee, and Thy unknown greatness, glory and infinite goodness; Thy saving compassion, and Thy love which passeth knowledge. Since Thou hast placed us in the midst of things so great, changing and mysterious; uphold us with a sense of Thy presence, and that it is Thy purpose that these tides of Thy creative bounty, and power are to carry us to Thee; and that we shall find Thee after Thou hast enlightened the confusion of our understanding, and made us to become used to Thy great, and good ways. We look to Thee in faith, endure sorrow, bear loss, seek knowledge, and ever ask the continual revelation of Thyself, especially through the spiritual laws and lessons of Jesus, who came to bring life and immortality to light in the gospel, and who said, "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." Amen.

OUR heavenly Father, we kneel in this house consecrated by a thousand gifts of grace from Thy hand. We cannot look back, our way is hedged up with mercies, and we stand upon the beginning of another week, desiring to take encouragement from the past, and to look down into the future with full assurance of Faith. Be pleased this morning, Thou who art the head of the Church, and the Father of this household; be pleased to bless us. In the opening of the services of the day, may we feel that Thou art with us. Out of Thine infinite fulness clothe our poverty to-day. Give us bread from our Father's table. Reach forth Thy hand which hath in it the keys of life and death. Open the doors of our understanding, and open the doors of our hearts, and bring forth into life every grateful thought, every sweet and divine affection, and fill us this day with the spirit of devotion. May we know how to call Thee Father from the swellings of our hearts. May we know how to thank Thee. How to rejoice in Thee. How boldly to express our gladness, and every feeling which comes from our hearts towards Thee. May we be blessed in Thy word, in its reading, and in meditation of its truths. May we be blessed in prayer. May we know the way as Thine angels know it, up through the trackless air by faith, to Thy throne. May we be blessed in the fellowship of song; rejoice together, and sing with the innumerable throng that hymn around about Thee in Heaven, joining our imperfect songs to their glorious anthems. May the whole earth, and all the realm of the universe praise Thee this day. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

GOD of the sabbath and of the sanctuary; in Thy house of prayer, manifest Thyself to us in the fulness of Thy grace, clothe Thy ministers with salvation, and let Thy chosen people be glad; hear the hosannas of the children, and bless Thy word to old and young. In-

crease Thy whole Church, and fill the earth with Thy glory. Graciously be with those whose Sabbath shall be spent in the chamber of solitude and sickness. Let the consolations of Thy spirit abound in the children of sorrow, and suffering, and bereavement. To Thee, heavenly Father, we commend ourselves. O Thou good shepherd, watch over us. O Holy Ghost, the comforter, hallow our thoughts and comfort our hearts. May all who are united to us, be with us united to Thee, and come to the presence of the Father with exceeding joy; and to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost be glory everlasting. Amen.

OH LORD, Who art acquainted with all the manifold interests of men we seek Thee, and bring to Thee all that Thou hast caused us to possess—that it may receive Thy blessing. As the light of day gives life to the earth, so let Thy spirit cleanse and regulate our lives. We thank Thee that we are coming to Thee through time, through experiences of joy and sorrow. We thank Thee for what our eyes have seen and our souls have known of Thy dealings with men. Suffer us to add to our faith virtue, knowledge, patience, temperance, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity. We turn from our failures anew to Thee. Hungering, after righteousness not alone for ourselves, but for those whom, by the frailty of our life, we have offended; and for all mankind overcome by the desires of the flesh and wilfulness of the spirit. When two of us agree as touching any one thing it shall be done unto us; how surely then shall our lives be now renewed; and understanding that Thy purpose is to forgive, cleanse, heal, defend and remember whosoever cometh to Thee, we go forth from Thy presence grateful this day, asking for a personal sense of safety and guidance in the name of Him who said, “in the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” Amen.

O GOD, to whom the whole history of our home is known, we ask of Thy Fatherly love, that Thou wouldst take the charge, and development of this household upon Thyself. Instruct us in the responsibilities of our relationships; give us the spirit to exercise control, or yield obedience. May all the converse, the companionship, the duties and the pleasures of home; train our spirits to love, ennoble our dispositions, and make us heartily ready to serve one another and strong to withstand the subtleties, and bitter temptations to sin. Make us honest and candid, as we see the peace and joy of open-heartedness. As we learn the mutual helpfulness of service, strengthen each one of us to fulfil faithfully our daily tasks. Oh Thou who knewest the years of toil keep us from half-hearted and ill-accomplished work. Thou didst with great patience, and suffering finish the work given Thee to do. As Thou didst live, so may we in daily tasks until we hear Thee say, "well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Give us a sense of the divine appointment of daily toil, and therefore its majesty, responsibility, reward and joy. May our home, and the homes of this nation be reared upon industry, frugality, temperance and honesty. We commit ourselves to Thy Fatherly care in the name of our Saviour, who said "For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Amen.

O LORD, bless our home this day, be with us in our going out and our coming in, deliver us from temptations; defend us from dangers, direct us in our studies, strengthen us for our work. Heal those who are sick. Guard the little children. Teach us to trust Thee, to obey our parents, and superiors; to love one another; to control our thoughts and lives. Bless our parents, pastors and teachers. Make all homes Christian. Give the spirit of obedience to law, unto all peoples, and the spirit of righteousness to all rulers. Hasten the coming of the days of the Son of Man, when all the earth shall know of Thy salvation. This we ask with the forgiveness of our sins for Jesus' sake. Amen.

O GOD, who maketh the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice! we bless Thee for Thy preserving care; conscious of our weakness; humbly confessing our sins, we cast ourselves upon Thine infinite grace, in Christ Jesus our Saviour, for pardon, strength and sanctification. May we as a family honor Thee in our daily walk, and conversation. May old, and young know the beauty of holiness, and the joy of consecration to Christ. Grant Thy peace to all who are dear to us and grant us grace to hold all men dear for Christ's sake, and to win them to the knowledge of His gospel. May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep our hearts, and minds in the knowledge, and love of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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	Yield not to temptation,	Compton,	Pledge,
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Horatius,	6s & 5s, Double.	Faith,	St. Hilda,
	Jesus, gentlest Saviour,	Guide,	Tours,
5s, 6s & 5s.	Magdalene,	Halle,	Vox Jesu,
Hanover,	St. Albans,	Hallett,	Webb,
	St. Gertrude,	Heimweh,	
5, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.	6s, 5s & 6s.	Hope,	7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7.
Thou art my Shepherd,	Lyons,	Kelso,	All this night,
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6s.	6, 6, 5, 6, 5, 5, 10, 6, 11	Toplady,	Long Home,
A Child this day is born,	Songs of praise,	Verona,	
			8s.
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