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WESTMINSTER

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

THE HYMNS CONTAINED IN THE WEST-
MINSTER SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL.

FOR USE IN

Sabbath-Schools and Social Meetings.

PHILADELPHIA :
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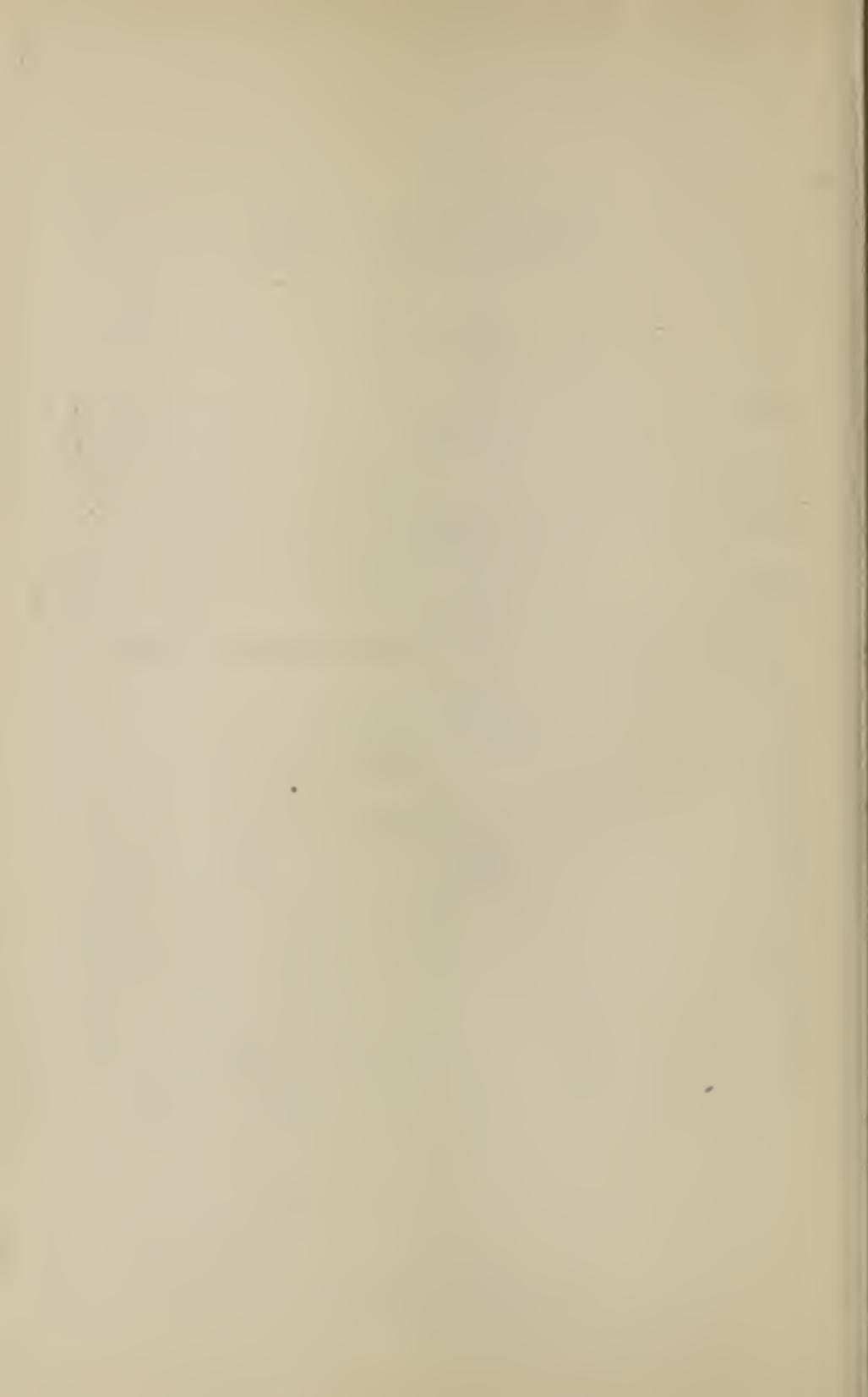
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P R E F A C E.

THE WESTMINSTER SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS contains the hymns which, in the *Westminster Sabbath-School Hymnal*, are accompanied by tunes. The two books are intended to be used together when desired, whilst each is complete in itself. There are decided advantages in having the music before the eyes of the singers, even if they know little or nothing of the science, yet for economy and convenience many will desire to purchase the hymns only. For such this book is prepared. May it be truly profitable to all who shall use it!



WESTMINSTER

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

1 Lyons. 10s & 11a.

- 1 YE servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

2 Glory and Praise and Honor. 7s & 6a.

- 1 GLORY and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

REFRAIN.—Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,
 The King and blessed One.

REFRAIN.—Glory and praise, etc.

3 Thou didst accept their praises ;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King !

REFRAIN.—Glory and praise, etc.

3 Golden Harps are Sounding. 63 & 53.

1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
 Angel voices sing,
 Pearly gates are opened—
 Opened for the King.
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Jesus, King of love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To his throne above.

REFRAIN.—All his work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing :
 Jesus hath ascended !
 Glory to our King !

2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory
 At his Father's side.
 Nevermore to suffer,
 Nevermore to die,
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Has gone up on high.—REFRAIN.

3 Praying for his children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them his grace,

His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you,—
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.—REFRAIN.

4 **No Other Name.** **C. M.**

1 No other name but thine, O Lord,
 Can save a dying soul,
 And yet to plead that name in faith
 Would make the vilest whole.

REFRAIN.—No other name such hope can bring,
 Or heavenly rest impart;
 No other name such balm can give
 To soothe a breaking heart.

2 Thy name oh how I love to breathe
 In softly whispered tone,
 When in my closet, closed and still,
 I talk with thee alone!—REF.

3 I feel, I know, thou hearest prayer
 And answ'rest my request,
 Bestowing what thy love decides
 The wisest and the best.—REF.

4 And when I reach thy dear abode,
 And all its joys are mine,
 No other name shall be my song—
 No other name but thine.—REF.

5 **Praise to Thee.** **8s & 7s**

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
 Praise be thine from every tongue;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, source of all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
 Hail the God of our salvation,
 Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise;
 Then, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

6 Shout the Glad Tidings.

1 SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.
 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon
 earth.

REF.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
 round;
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
 How his people with joy everlasting are
 crowned!

REF.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing.
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
 One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies.

FINAL REF.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is
 King.
 Messiah is King, Messiah is King.

7

Coronation.

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 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!
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

8

Missionary Chant.

L. M.

- 1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.
- 2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
Ye cannot want while God endures;
Ye cannot fail while God is love.
- 3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

- 4 Though sin defile our worship here,
 We hope ere long thy face to view ;
 And when our souls in heaven appear,
 We'll praise thy name as angels do.

9 Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 HARK ! from the mansions of glory the song,
 " Worthy the Lamb that was slain !"
 Thousands of angels the anthem prolong,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !
 Loud as the thunder's re-echoing roar,
 Loud as the billows that dash on the shore,
 Sweet as the notes which the glad harpers pour,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !

- 2 We here on earth would assist in the strain,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !
 We would take up the glad anthem again,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !
 He hath redeemed us from sin and from woe,
 Taught us his mercy and glory to know :
 Ever his rapturous praise we would show,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !

- 3 Soon shall we shout by the side of the King,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !
 Soon with the angels his praise we shall sing,
 Worthy the Lamb that was slain !
 Soon in his glory and pow'r he shall come,
 Soon shall he gather his ransomed ones home ;
 Then shall we shout, as we sit on his throne,
 " Worthy the Lamb that was slain !"

10 Saviour, Blessed Saviour. 6s & 5s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.

All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul and spirit,
 All we yield to thee.

REFRAIN.—Saviour, blessed Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee :
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die ;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.—REF.

3 Great and ever greater
 Are thy mercies here,
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there,
 Where no pain or sorrow,
 Toil or care, is known,
 Where the angel-legions
 Circle round thy throne.—REF.

11 Hark! the Notes of Angels. 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! the notes of angels singing,
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
 Praising high the Saviour's name.
 See! the angelic hosts have crowned him ;
 Jesus fills the throne on high ;
 Countless myriads, hovering round him,
 With his praises rend the sky.

- 2 Filled with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above;
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation,
 Fruit of everlasting love.
 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name;
 Glory, honor, power and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb.

12 Zion, thy King Behold!

- 1 GOD of eternal truth,
 Joyful we praise thee;
 Thou hast delivered us,
 Thou art our King;
 Oh, let the anthem roll
 Sweetly on, from pole to pole,
 Till every living soul
 Praise to thee shall sing.

REFRAIN.—Zion, thy King behold!
 Rise in thy beauty;
 Sing! for the night is past;
 Thy light has come.

- 2 Through thy victorious arm
 Thy foes are captive;
 Death and the hosts of sin
 Conquered for aye;
 Now on thy Father's throne,
 Risen Saviour, God alone,
 Earth shall thy sceptre own,
 Thy unbounded sway.—REF.

- 3 Swell your triumphant songs,
 Angels in glory!
 There let your golden harps
 Ring evermore;
 From Eden's lovely plain,
 Where immortal pleasures reign,
 Hail him who lives again,
 Praise him and adore.—REF.

13

C. M.

Come, let us Join our Cheerful Songs.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

REF.—Let us join, angels' songs,
 While they sing round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 “Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus;”
 “Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “For he was slain for us.”

REF.—Let us join, etc.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

REF.—Let us join, etc,

14**Holy, Holy, Holy!**

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to
 thee;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around
 the glassy sea;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
 thee,
 Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
 not see ;
 Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee,
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth
 and sky and sea ;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !

15 To God be the Glory.

- 1 To God be the glory ! great things he hath done :
 So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
 Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
 And opened the life-gate that all may go in.

REFRAIN.—Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Let the earth hear his voice ;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Let the people rejoice.
 Oh, come to the Father thro' Jesus the Son,
 And give him the glory : great things he
 hath done.

- 2 Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
 To every believer the promise of God !
 The vilest offender who truly believes,
 That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

REFRAIN.—Praise the Lord, etc.

- 3 Great things he hath taught us, great things
 he hath done,
 And great our rejoicings through Jesus the Son ;
 But purer and higher and greater will be
 Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

REFRAIN.—Praise the Lord, etc.

16 Awake, and Sing.

1 THE Lord is in his holy temple ;
Wide as the world its portals stand,
To gather home his holy people,
From every age, from every land.

REFRAIN.—Awake, and sing the song of triumph !
O ransomed of the Lord, awake !
Come thron'g his gates with glad
thanksgiving,
While earth and heaven their silence
break.

2 His star of promise shines above thee,
And lights thee to his temple gates ;
And then, to greet thy glad home-coming,
The King of heaven in patience waits.

REFRAIN.—Awake, and sing, etc.

3 Come home, come home ! The Father calls thee
And Christ the Shepherd bids thee come ;
The tender lambs his arm shall gather,
His love their light, his heart their home.

REFRAIN.—Awake, and sing, etc.

17 Sing Aloud. (Anthem.)

1 SING aloud, sing aloud !
Sing to the praise of Christ our Lord ;
Sing aloud, sing aloud !
Sing ye the triumph of his word.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord !
Now let the earth his love proclaim.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord !
Come, with a song adore his name.
Sing aloud, sing aloud !
Sing to the praise of Christ our Lord.
Sing aloud, sing aloud !
Sing ye the triumph of his word.

All our days he like a shepherd feedeth us!
 With his hand how tenderly he leadeth us!
 Where cool streams the peaceful vale are gliding
 through,

We shall dwell, shall dwell for evermore.

Sing aloud, sing aloud!

Sing to the praise of Christ our Lord.

Sing aloud, sing aloud!

Sing ye the triumph of his word. Amen.

18 Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

1 HALLELUJAH, praise the Lord!

Sing Messiah's glory;

Heaven and earth, with one accord,

Shout the wondrous story;

Praise him for his mighty deeds;

Praise ye Him whose grace exceeds

All that heaven in song concedes;

Worlds of bliss, his praise record.

2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,

Far and wide resounding;

Praise him with the harp well strung,

While your hearts are bounding;

Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;

Let his praise the lute inspire;

Praise him in a mighty choir;

Let his praise be loudly sung.

19 Christ my Lord.

1 O THOU unseen but present Christ,

My loved and loving Lord,

Thou art the Friend above all friends

Within my heart adored.

REFRAIN.—Praises high, and praises holy,

Loud and long I sing.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Unto Christ my King.

- 2 Thou art the source of all the life
That in my life I see ;
The fountain of my faith and hope,
My springs are all in thee.—REF.
- 3 Thou art the pearl of greatest price,
My truest, noblest wealth ;
Thou the indwelling quickener,
My soul's eternal health.—REF.
- 4 Thou art my succor in distress
My guard, behind, before ;
My shield from fiery darts of sin,
My help for evermore.—REF.
- 5 Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but thee ?
And who on earth beside ?
Within thy heart thou holdest me ;
In mine thou dost abide.—REF.

20

8s & 7s

Lord, thy Glory Fills the Heaven.

- 1 LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stered ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Heav'n is still with anthems ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry ;
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high !
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite ;
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

- 3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus, thy glorious day confessing,
 'We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !

21

Exaltation.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 King of glory ! reign for ever ;
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour ! hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King !"

22

Mornington.

S. M.

- 1 OH, bless the Lord, my soul,
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name
 Whose favors are divine.

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

23

Nettleton.

8s & 7s

- 1 HAIL, my ever-blessèd Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin, I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passèd by:
Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love;

That blest moment I received him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

24**Silver Street.**

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
 Come, bow before the Lord:
 We are his works, and not our own;
 He formed us by his word

25**God Eternal, Lord of All.**

7a.

- 1 GOD eternal, Lord of all,
 Lowly at thy feet we fall;
 All the world doth worship thee:
 We amidst the throng would be.
 All the holy angels cry,
 Hail, thrice holy God most high!
 Lord of all the heav'nly powers,
 Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 2 Glorified apostles raise,
 Night and day, continual praise;
 Hast thou not a mission too
 For thy children here to do?
 With the prophets' goodly line
 We in mystic bond combine:

For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

- 3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast ;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear,
All thy Church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail thy spotless birth :
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own.

26

De Fleury.

32

- 1 YE angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise .
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.
- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat :
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair ;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong ;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

27

Heber.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

28

Tucker.

S. M.

- 1 I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.
- 2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
- 4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.
- 5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

29

Park Street.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose 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 loud Amen.

30

Glory to our King.

- 1 ENDLESS praises, endless praises
To our Lord!
Ever be ||: his name adored. :||
- SOLL.—Glory, glory to our King!
- REF.—Glory, glory to our King!
- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| Angels singing, | Glad harps ringing |
| "Crown the Lamb," | Sound his fame: |
| He is worthy, praise his name! | |
- 2 Angels, crown him, angels, crown him,
Crown the Lamb!
He is worthy, praise his name,
Oh, praise his name!
- REF.—Glory, glory, etc.

- 3 Saints, adore him, saints, adore him,
 Sound his fame :
 You he saves ||: from endless shame.:||
 REF.—Glory, glory, etc.
- 4 Saints and angels, saints and angels,
 Jointly sing,
 Glory to ||: th' almighty King.:||
 REF.—Glory, glory, etc.

31

Ariel.

C. P. M

- 1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine ;
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, glorious dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne ;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face :
 Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

32

Aurelia.

7s & 6s.

- 1 LORD of the vast creation,
 Support of worlds unknown,
 Desire of every nation,
 Behold us at thy throne ;
 We come for mercy crying
 Through thine atoning blood,
 And, on thy grace relying.
 We seek each promised good.
- 2 Oh, when shall thy salvation
 Be known through every land,
 And men, in every station,
 Obey thy great command ?
 In God's own Son believing,
 From sin may they be free,
 And, gospel-grace receiving,
 Find life and peace in thee.

33

Around the Throne.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Thousands of children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band,
 REFRAIN.—Singing glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high!
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade.—REF.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace and joy and love?—
 How came those children there?—REF.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin :

Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.—REF.

- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.—REF.

34

Old Hundred.

L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

35

We Praise Thee, O God.

- 1 WE praise thee, O God!
For the Son of thy love—
For Jesus who died,
And is now gone above.
- REFRAIN.—Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Revive us again.
- 2 We praise thee, O God!
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour
And scattered our night.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.
- 3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins,
And has cleansed every stain.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

36

Boylston.

S. M.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

37

Italian Hymn.

6s & 4s

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

- 4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be
 Hence, evermore ;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

38**Arlington.**

C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
 With messages of grace,
 Who comes in God his Father's name
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The Church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler praise.

39**Italian Hymn.**

6s & 4s.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !
 Let praises fill the sky ;
 Praise ye his name ;
 Angels, His name adore
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 And, saints, cry evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad :
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 To him our hearts we raise ;
None else shall have our praise ;
Praise ye his name ;
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord :
"Worthy the Lamb!"

40

Wilmot.

8s & 7s

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

41

Go and Tell Jesus.

10s.

- 1 Go and tell Jesus, weary, sinsick soul !
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee
whole :

Look up to him, he only can forgive ;
Believe on him, and thou shalt surely live.

REF.—Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive ;
Go and tell Jesus, oh, turn to him and live.
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus when your sins arise
Like mountains of dark guilt before your eyes ;
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you should have.

REF.—Go and tell Jesus, etc.

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

REF.—Go and tell Jesus, etc.

42 O Day of Rest and Gladness. 7s & 6s

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee the high and lowly
Before th' eternal throne
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To God the Three in One.

2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

- 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land;
 A day of sweet refection,
 A day of holy love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
- 4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One!

43 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

- 1 ALL glory to Jesus be given
 That life and salvation are free;
 And all may be washed and forgiven,
 And Jesus can save even me.
- REF.—Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
 And all his salvation may know;
 On his bosom I lean,
 And his blood makes me clean,
 For his blood can wash whiter than snow.
- 2 From the darkness of sin and despair,
 Out into the light of his love,

He has brought me and made me an heir
 To kingdoms and mansions above.
 REF.—Yes, Jesus is mighty, etc.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
 The measureless depths of his grace!
 My soul all his fullness would prove,
 And live in his loving embrace.
 REF.—Yes, Jesus is mighty, etc.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
 His love makes my heaven below,
 And freely his blood is applied,
 His blood that makes whiter than snow.
 REF.—Yes, Jesus is mighty, etc.

44 Jesus, Tender Saviour.

1 JESUS, tender Saviour, hast thou died for me?
 Make me very thankful in my heart to thee;
 When the sad, sad story of thy grief I read,
 Make me very sorry for my sins indeed.

2 Now I know thou lovest and dost plead for me,
 Make me very thankful in my prayers to thee;
 Soon I hope in glory at thy side to stand:
 Make me fit to meet thee in that happy land.

45 God is my Strong Salvation. 7s & 6s

1 GOD is my strong salvation:
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation
 My Light, my Help, is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand:
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul with courage wait;

His truth be thine affiance
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen:
 The Lord will give thee peace.

46 **Though in Darkness.** 8s & 7s

1 Do not faint when tribulation
 Darkens, like a cloud, thy sky—
 When the storms of desolation
 On thee beat and o'er thee fly.

REFRAIN.—Though in darkness, God will never
 Cease to love, or thee forsake;
 In thy sorrow he will ever
 Be thy stay for Jesus' sake.

2 Should thy way be rough and dreary,
 With a gloomy shade o'er cast,
 Should thy feet be sore and weary,
 Thou shalt reach thy home at last.—REF.

3 Onward press, amid thy sadness,
 Till thy toils and cares are o'er:
 All thy grief shall turn to gladness
 On the fair celestial shore.—REF.

47 **The Rock that is Higher.** L M

1 OH, sometimes the shadows are deep,
 And rough seems the path to the goal;
 And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
 Like tempests down over the soul!

REF.—Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me
 fly—
 To the Rock that is higher than I;
 Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me
 fly—
 To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
 And sometimes how weary my feet!
 But, toiling in life's dusty way,
 The Rock's blessèd shadow how sweet!
 REF.—Oh, then, to the Rock, etc.

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
 If blessings or sorrows prevail,
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
 Or walking the shadowy vale.
 REF.—Then, quick to the Rock, etc.

48 I'm a Pilgrim.

1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the fountains are ever flowing.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining:
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
 Within a country unknown and dreary
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country to which I'm going
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the Light;
 There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

49 Close to Thee.

8s & 7s.

1 THOU my everlasting portion,
 More than friend or life to me,
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with thee.

REFRAIN.—Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to thee, close to thee!
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
 Nor for fame, my prayer shall be ;
 Gladly will I toil and suffer :
 Only let me walk with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Gladly will I toil and suffer :
 Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;
 Then the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Then the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with thee.

50

Never Alone.

1 FAR out on the desolate billow
 The sailor sails the sea,
 Alone with the night and the tempest,
 Where countless dangers be ;

REFRAIN.—Yet never alone is the Christian
 Who lives by faith and prayer ;
 For God is a Friend unfailing,
 And God is everywhere.

2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom
 The miner mines the ore ;
 Death lurks in the dark behind him,
 And hides in the rock before ;
 REF.—Yet never alone, etc.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
 The steadfast soldier goes,
 No friend, when he lies a-dying,
 His eyes to kiss and close ;
 REF.—Yet never alone, etc.

- 4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
 Or delve in its mines of woe,
 Or fight in its terrible conflict,
 This comfort all to know :
 REF.—That never alone, etc.

51

A Crown of Glory.

- 1 A CROWN of glory bright
 By faith's clear eye I see
 In yonder realms of light,
 Prepared for me.

REF.—I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
 Nearer my home to-day—
 Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day—
 Than ever I was before.

- 2 Oh, may I faithful prove,
 And keep the crown in view,
 And through the storms of life
 My way pursue.
 REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

- 3 Jesus, be thou my guide ;
 Do thou my steps attend ;
 Oh, keep me near thy side :
 Be thou my friend.
 REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

- 4 Be thou my shield and sun,
 My Saviour and my guard,
 And when my work is done
 My great reward.
 REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

52

Wonderful Words of Life.

- 1 SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of life ;

Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of life.
 Words of life and beauty
 Teach me faith and duty ;

REFRAIN.—Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life.

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of life ;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of life,
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.

REF.—Beautiful words, etc.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of life ;
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify for ever.

REF.—Beautiful words, etc.

53 I Could not Do without Thee.

1 I COULD not do without thee,
 O Saviour of the lost !
 Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost.
 Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood, must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.

REFRAIN.—I could not do without thee ;
 I cannot stand alone ,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own.

- 2 I could not do without thee :
 I cannot stand alone ;
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own.
 But thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And weakness will be power
 If leaning hard on thee.—REF.
- 3 I could not do without thee ;
 For oh, the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without thee ?
 I do not know the way :
 Thou knowest and thou leadest,
 And will not let me stray.—REF.
- 4 I could not do without thee ;
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon, in solemn loneliness,
 The river must be past ;
 But thou wilt never leave me,
 And, though the waves roll high,
 I know thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, " It is I."—REF.

54

Arlington.

C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?

Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

55**Arlington.**

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears—
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

56**Silver Street.**

S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

57**Retreat.**

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat:
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place than all beside more sweet:
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

58 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
 All thy lambs are dear to thee;
 Gathered in thine arms and carried
 In thy bosom may we be,
 ||: Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.:||
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
 From thy fold to go astray;
 By thy look of love directed,
 May we walk the narrow way!
 ||: Thus direct us, and protect us,
 Lest we fall to sin a prey.:||
- 3 Taught to lisp thy holy praises
 Which on earth thy children sing,

Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
 May we our thank-offering bring,
 ||: Then, with all the saints in heaven,
 Join to praise our Lord and King! :||

59

Christ in the Vessel.

1 **BEGONE**, unbelief!
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear.
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

REFRAIN.—By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my Guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide;
 Though cisterns be broken
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Shall surely prevail.—**REF**.

3 His love in times past
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink.
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.—**REF**

4 Why should I complain
 Of want and distress,

Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less.
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.—REF.

60 " 'Tis I ! be not Afraid ! "

1 TOSSED with rough winds and faint with fear,
 Above the tempest, soft and clear,
 What still, small accents greet mine ear?
 'Tis I ! be not afraid !

REFRAIN.—'Tis I ! 'tis I ! 'tis I ! be not afraid !
 'Tis I ! thy Lord, thy Life, thy
 Light—
 'Tis I ! be not afraid !

2 These raging winds, this surging sea,
 Bear not a breath of wrath to thee :
 That storm has all been spent on me.
 'Tis I ! be not afraid !—REF.

3 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessing is around thee shed.
 'Tis I ! be not afraid !—REF.

4 When on the other side thy feet
 Shall rest where welcome thousands meet,
 One well-known voice thy heart shall greet :
 'Tis I ! be not afraid !—REF.

61 Out Amid the Waves of Ocean.

1 OUT amid the waves of ocean,
 Raging oft in wild commotion,
 Kept securely, I am singing,
 For to Christ my soul is clinging,
 Safe when comes the tempest's shock,
 Resting on the solid Rock.

REFRAIN.—On the Rock, on the Rock ;
 Resting safely on the Rock—
 On the Rock, the solid Rock ;
 Resting safely on the Rock.

- 2 What though darkness now surround me ?
 What though winds be howling round me,
 Threatening with desolation ?
 Christ the Rock is my salvation.
 Calm amid the wildest shock,
 On the everlasting Rock.—REF.
- 3 With my Saviour, what can harm me ?
 Satan's hosts cannot alarm me ;
 Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
 Sweetly is my soul reposing,
 Sheltered from the fiercest shock
 By the ever-blessed Rock.—REF.
- 4 Praise the Rock of our salvation !
 With increasing adoration,
 Laud and bless His name for ever
 From whose love no force can sever.
 Saved, we wait the final shock
 On the strong eternal Rock.—REF.

62

No, not Despairingly.

6s & 4s

- 1 No, not despairingly
 Come I to thee ;
 No, not distrustingly
 Bend I the knee.
 Sin hath gone over me,
 Yet is this still my plea,
 Jesus hath died.
- 2 Lord, I confess to thee,
 Sadly, my sin ;
 All I am tell I thee,
 All I have been.

Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day ;
Lord, make me clean.

- 3 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all ;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood—
Blood of the Lamb of God—
Pass o'er my soul.

63**Bethany.**

- 1 MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee !
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea :
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now thee alone I seek :
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain :
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain
When they can sing, with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

64**Trusting, Lord, in Thee.**

- 1 I AM coming to the cross :
I'm poor and weak and blind ;

I'm counting all but dross ;
I shall full salvation find.

REFRAIN.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at thy cross I bow ;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee ;
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me :
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—REF.
- 3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends and time and earthly store ;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—for evermore.—REF.
- 4 Jesus comes ! he fills my soul !
Perfected in love I am ;
I am every whit made whole ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—REF.

65

Bethany.

6s & 4s.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer.
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;

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

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

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

66 In Heavenly Love Abiding. 7s & 6s.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear ;
 And safe is such confiding.
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed ?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack ;
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim ;
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

- 3 Green pastures are before me
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been ;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free ;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

67

8s & 7s.

Come, thou Long-Expected Jesus.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

68

Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.

2 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing—
 A kingdom without end.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever :
 That name to us is Love.

69 Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly halleluias rise.
 Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing :
 Oh, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest and King!

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
 Learn his name and taste his joy,

Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 'Glory be to God most high!'"
 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of his glory
 Till it cover all the earth. Amen.

70 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing. 7s. D.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!"
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell;
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!
 Hark! the herald angels, etc.
- 3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild, he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels, etc.

71

Beautiful Morning Star.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 Before thy fires
 The night retires,
 And gates of morn unbar.

REFRAIN.—Beautiful morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 The prophets of old
 Thy rising foretold,
 Beautiful morning star!

- 2 Beautiful morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 Thy glories shine,
 O Christ divine,
 Like yon bright orb afar.—REF.

- 3 Beautiful morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 When fears control
 My trembling soul,
 Thy beams my comfort are.—REF.

- 4 Beautiful morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 Thy glory bright
 Shall fill with light
 The shining land afar.—REF.

72

There was Joy in Heaven.

- 1 THERE was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 Joy in heaven,
 When, this goodly world to frame,
 The Lord of might and mercy came;
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky:
 "Glory to God in heaven!
 Glory to God in heaven!"

2 There was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 Joy in heaven,
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow's wat'ry span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man
 And peace with God in heaven,
 And peace with God in heaven.

3 There was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 Joy in heaven,
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on favored Bethlehem,
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, "On earth good-will,
 Glory to God in heaven,
 Glory to God in heaven."

73 Softly, Sweetly through the Air.

1 SOFTLY, sweetly through the air
 Hear the angels singing,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,
 Peace on earth is bringing,
 Love divine in him revealed,
 Love—all love—excelling;
 Though he in a manger lay,
 Hearts shall be his dwelling,
 Hearts shall be his dwelling.

REFRAIN.—Softly, sweetly through the air
 Hear the angels singing,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,
 Peace on earth is bringing.

2 Shepherds gathered at his feet,
 Loving hearts outpouring,
 While above the holy One
 Angels bent adoring.

They who worshiped Jesus there
 Knew not half the measure
 Of the fullness of his grace,
 Of his love the treasure,
 Of his love the treasure.—REF.

- 3 Now revealed the Saviour stands,
 With a full salvation,
 Man in God, and God in man—
 Wondrous incarnation!
 Glad hosannas, then, we'll raise,
 Through the earth resounding:
 Peace, good-will, for evermore,
 Love divine abounding.—REF.

74

Wonderful Night.

- 1 WONDERFUL night! wonderful night!
 Angels and shining immortals,
 Thronging thine ebony portals,
 Fling out their banners of light.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!
- 2 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Dreamed of by prophets and sages,
 Manhood, redeemed for all ages,
 Welcomes thy hallowing night.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!
- 3 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Down o'er the stars, to restore us,
 Leading his flame-wingèd chorus,
 Comes the Eternal to sight.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!
- 4 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
 Making the dull heart and dreary
 Laugh in a dream of delight.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!

5 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Let me, as long as life lingers,
 Sing with the cherubim singers:
 "Glory to God in the height!"
 Wonderful, wonderful night!

75 When, his Salvation Bringing. 7s & 6s.

- 1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing,
 "Hosanna to his name!"
 Nor did their zeal offend him,
 But as he rode along
 He let them still attend him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still—
 Though now as King he reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill—
 We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"
- 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well "Hosanna!" raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! While our hearts are tender
 They too shall be the Lord's.

76 TUNE.—When, his Salvation. 7s & 6s.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended,
 And Him who once was slain
 A second time descended
 In righteousness to reign?

- 2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
 The sacred shout shall fly,
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply ;
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the hymn around,
 All "Hallelujah!" swelling
 In one continued sound.

77 The Sweet Story of Old.

- 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs to his
 fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my
 head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look when
 he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love ;
 And if I now earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

78

Antioch.

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King ;

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

79

Hermon.

C. M.

- 1 THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.
- 2 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 3 His name shall be the Prince of peace
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 4 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

80

O Sacred Head.

7s & C.

- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown;
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now was thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve thy place;
 Look on me with thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide.
 My Lord of life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside thy cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to thee.

81

TUNE.—O Sacred Head.

7s & 6s.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious
 Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my guilt on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

82

The Man of Sorrows.

- 1 **WHEN** to those who sin and suffer
 Jesus came to bring relief,
 Lo! he was despised, rejected,
 Man of sorrows, full of grief.
 While we thought him stricken, smitten,
 By the hand of God alone.
 He was bearing others' burdens,
 Sins and sorrows not his own.

REFRAIN.—Hallelujah! Swell the chorus,
 Praising him the Crucified;
 Oh, believe him, oh, receive him,
 Who for sinners bled and died!

- 2 He, for our transgressions wounded,
 Bruised for our iniquity,
 By his chastisement procured us
 Peace and pardon full and free.
 We like wayward sheep had wandered
 From our Father's fold astray,
 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him,
 And on him our sins to lay.—**REF.**
- 3 He was led, a lamb, to slaughter;
 By his stripes we are all healed;

In his blood our souls find cleansing,
 By his death to glory sealed.
 Break, my heart, with godly sorrow
 That thy sins such ruin brought ;
 Break, my heart, with holy rapture
 That his grace thy rescue wrought.—REF.

83

Zion.

8s, 7s & 4

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All in earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

84

Rathbun.

8s 4

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me :
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

85**Rockingham.**

L. M.

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

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

86**All Hail, Blessed Morning.**

1 ALL hail, blessed morning,
 With sunshine adorning
 The world that lay weeping o'er Him that was
 slain;
 Thou comest with gladness,
 Dispelling our sadness,
 Thou bringest good tidings: he liveth again.

REFRAIN.—Our Rock is secure,
 Our Anchor is sure :
 The Lord our Redeemer is mighty to save ;
 Go, heralds of glory,
 And publish the story
 That Jesus has triumphed o'er death and
 the grave.

2 No more shall he languish,
 Or suffer the anguish
 He bore on the cross when his life-blood was
 shed ;
 Lo ! angels in wonder
 The grave rent asunder,
 Beheld when their Monarch arose from the
 dead.—REF.

3 He liveth victorious,
 He liveth all-glorious,
 Through him shall the captive from bondage be
 free ;
 The volume of ages
 Proclaims on its pages
 For ever established his kingdom shall be.—REF.

4 Then, while we adore him,
 And gather before him,
 Our hearts and our voices united shall praise
 The great Intercessor
 For every transgressor,
 The Son of the Highest, the Ancient of
 days.—REF.

87

Olmutz.

S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove :
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

88

Cooling.

C. M.

- 1 ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down :
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire—
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give ;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad—
 Life's ever-springing well—
 Till God in us and we in God
 In love eternal dwell.

89**Come, ye Faithful.**

- 1 COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
 Of triumphant gladness!
 God hath brought his Israel
 Into joy from sadness—
 Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
 Jacob's sons and daughters,
 Led them with unmoistened feet
 Through the Red Sea waters.
- 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
 Christ hath burst his prison;
 From the frost and gloom of death
 Light and life have risen.
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His face to whom we give
 Thanks and praise undying.
- 3 Now the queen of seasons—bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts—
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesus' resurrection.

90**“Weary of Wandering.”**

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my Saviour
 Humbly again I'll seek his face,
 Pleading his promises to save me,
 Tasting again his pardoning grace.

Jesus, my Saviour, have mercy,
 Freely forgive and restore;
 Oh, for thy love have compassion,
 Keep me from sin evermore.

2 Sinful, unworthy, but repenting,
 Prostrate I bow before thy throne;
 Seeking forgiveness and thy blessing,
 Comfort and peace from thee alone.
 Saviour, Redeemer, accept me,
 Grant me thy presence and love;
 Bear with my weakness and folly;
 Send me thy strength from above.

3 Helpless I come, my sin confessing;
 Trusting in thee, why need I fear,
 Knowing that all so heavy-laden
 Surely will find thee ever near?
 Take, then, dear Saviour, my burden;
 Teach me to walk in thy way;
 Tenderly shelter and keep me;
 Be thou my help and my stay.

91 Jesus is Calling.

1 JESUS is tenderly calling thee home—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
 Farther and farther away?

REF.—Calling to-day, calling to-day,
 Calling, calling to-day, to-day,
 Calling, calling to-day, to-day,
 Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling
 to-day.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest:
 He will not turn thee away.—REF.

3 Jesus is waiting; oh, come to him now—
 Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;

Come with thy sins ; at his feet lowly bow ;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

- 4 Jesus is pleading ; oh, list to his voice :
Hear him to-day ; hear him to-day ;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice :
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

92 Voice of Love.

- 1 COME to Jesus now ;
His voice of love is gently calling ;
Come, before him bow
Ere shades of night are darkly falling.
Hark ! I hear my Saviour calling, calling me :
“ I have died for thee,
Died to set thee free ;
Crowned in everlasting glory thou shalt be.
Weary sinner, come to me.”

REF.—Lord, I gladly come,
Thy gracious voice of love obeying !
Saviour, take me home ;
Oh, kindly keep thy child from straying.

- 2 Come to Jesus now ;
His gracious love thy sin forgiving,
Soon with him shalt thou
At his right hand be ever living.
From the throne above my Saviour welcomes
me :
“ Thou shalt reign with me ;
All my glory see—
See the crown and kingdom I have bought for
thee.
Ransomed sinner, live with me.”—REF.

93 At the Door.

- 1 MY Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the
door—
Has knocked, and is knocking again ;

I hear his kind voice : I'll reject him no more,
 Nor let him stand pleading in vain.
 In infinite mercy he came from above
 To ransom, to cleanse me from sin :
 I'll yield to the voice of his merciful love,
 And let my dear Saviour come in.

REF.—Saviour, come in, cleanse me from sin ;
 Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in !
 Enter the door,
 Waiting no more,
 Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and Friend,
 The Life and the Truth and the Way,
 On thy precious merit alone I depend ;
 Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.
 Thy goodness hath opened the door of my
 heart :
 'Tis open in welcome to thee ;
 Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart ;
 Come in, with thy mercy, to me.—REF.

94 "Come unto Me."

1 FLOATING through the sunlight that brightens
 our way,
 A sweet voice has sounded—is sounding to-day ;
 "O ye weary and troubled," it softly says,
 "come ;
 Why longer in pain and sorrow will you roam ?"

REF.—Come, come, come, come, come unto me ;
 All ye that are weary, come unto me !

2 "Are you weary of sin, of its weight and its
 pain ?

Then come unto me : I can cleanse its deep stain.
 Does the thought of your guilt make you
 fearful and weak ?

Come, come unto me : your pardon I will
 speak."

REF.—Come, come, come, etc.

- 3 "Are you weary of straying? My own hand
shall guide
Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide.
Are you hungry and thirsty? Your soul shall
be fed
With the water of life, and with the heavenly
bread."
REF.—Come, come, come, etc.

95

The Gospel Call.

- 1 THE Spirit and the Bride say, "Come
And take of the water of life!"
Oh blessed call!
Good news to all
Who tire of sin and strife!
REF.—The Spirit says, "Come!" The Bride says,
"Come
And take of the water of life freely."
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come
And take the water of life freely."
- 2 Let every one who hears say, "Come!"
And joyful witness give.
I heard the sound,
The stream I found,
I drank and now I live.—REF.
- 3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first;
Then come, partake:
One draught will slake
Your soul's consuming thirst.—REF.
- 4 Yea, whosoever will may come:
Your longings Christ can fill;
The stream is free
To you and me,
And whosoever will.—REF.

96 Art thou Weary.

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
 Be at rest."
- 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide?
 "In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And his side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns?
 "Yes, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns."
- 4 If I find him, if I follow,
 What my guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended.
 Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

97 Come, Come to Jesus!

- 1 COME, come to Jesus!
 He waits to welcome thee.
 O wanderer! eagerly;
 Come, come to Jesus!
- 2 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to ransom thee,
 O slave! so willingly;
 Come, come to Jesus!

- 3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee;
O burdened! trustingly
Come, come to Jesus!
- 4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!
- 5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!
- 6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

98

Child of Sin and Sorrow.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high.
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide

Like the flitting arrow
 Or the rushing tide.
 Ere time is o'er
 Heaven's grace implore ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

99**Only Trust Him.**

1 COME, every soul by sin oppressed :
 There's mercy with the Lord ;
 And he will surely give you rest
 By trusting in his word.

REFRAIN.—Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now ;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow ;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.—REF.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest ;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.—REF.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land
 Where joys immortal flow.—REF.

100**Give your Heart to Jesus.**

1 WOULD you be a Christian child ?
 Give your heart to Jesus ;
 Though it be by sin defiled,
 Give your heart to Jesus.

Never will it better grow,
 Never happiness will know,
 Till you to the fountain go:
 Give your heart to Jesus.

2 Now his loving voice regard:
 Give your heart to Jesus;
 Though it be both cold and hard,
 Give your heart to Jesus.
 He can take that heart of thine,
 Warm it, melt it, and refine
 By the fires of love divine:
 Give your heart to Jesus.

3 Stained by sins of crimson hue,
 Give your heart to Jesus;
 He can cleanse and make it new,
 Give your heart to Jesus.
 Wait not till another day:
 Worse it grows while you delay;
 Then the tender call obey:
 Give your heart to Jesus.

101 The Wondrous Stranger.

1 CALLING, calling!
 Who is calling me?
 Waiting, waiting,
 Kindly waiting, see.

REFRAIN.—Oh, this wondrous stranger!
 Is the King of kings;
 'Tis the loving Saviour,
 Who salvation brings.

2 Listen! listen!
 "Peace be unto thee!"
 Pardon, pardon
 He is bringing me.—REF.

- 3 Sweetly, sweetly
 Sounds that loving voice:
 "Mourner, mourner,
 Sin no more! arise!"—REF.
- 4 Glory, glory,
 Praise and victory,
 Ever, ever
 To my Saviour be!—REF.

102**To-day.**

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
 Ye wanderers, come;
 Oh, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls:
 Oh, hear him now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls:
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
 Yield to his power;
 Oh, grieve him not away;
 'Tis mercy's hour.

103**Come, Sinner, Come.**

- 1 COME, sinner, come! Oh, why, why delay?
 Hear thy Saviour calling, haste away.
 Night gathers dark, and where wilt thou flee?
 Turn, oh, turn to Him who died for thee.
- REF.—Haste to the cross! thy Saviour is there;
 Every sin and burden he will bear:
 Low at his feet with love meekly bow:
 Rest in him, and he will save thee now.

- 2 Come, sinner, come! Oh, grieve not thy Lord;
Still he gently calls thee: trust his word.
What though thy sins as crimson may be?
Yet the cleansing fountain flows for thee.
REF.—Haste to the cross, etc.
- 3 Come, sinner, come! Oh, why wilt thou roam
In the dreary desert far from home,
Hungry and cold, sad and oppressed?
Seek and find in Jesus rest—full rest.
REF.—Haste to the cross, etc.
- 4 Come, sinner, come! Oh, linger no more:
Haste thee now to enter Mercy's door.
Come, sinner, come! The time flies apace:
Come, or death may close thy day of grace.
REF.—Haste to the cross, etc.

104**God is Love.**

- 1 COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love;
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
For God is love.
- 2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bounds,
God is love;
In Christ we have redemption found,
God is love.
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say
That God is love.
- 3 How happy is our portion here!
God is love;
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love.

He is our sun and shield by day—
 Our help, our hope, our strength and stay ;
 He will be with us all the way :
 Our God is love.

105**Love Divine.**

8s & 7s.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh breathe, thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, Almighty to deliver ;
 Let us all thy grace receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Nevermore thy temples leave.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation :
 Pure and spotless may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee,
 Changed from glory into glory
 Till in heaven we take our place—
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

106**Come, Shout Aloud.**

C. M.

- 1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
 And sing the Saviour's love ;
 Soon shall you join the glorious theme
 In loftier strains above.

God, the eternal mighty God,
 To dearer names descends—
 Calls you his treasure and his joy,
 His children and his friends.

- 2 My Father, God! and may these lips
 Pronounce a name so dear?
 Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
 Delight my listening ear.
 Thanks to my God for every gift
 His bounteous hands bestow,
 And thanks eternal for that love
 Whence all those comforts flow.

107 Thou art my Shepherd.

- 1 THOU art my Shepherd,
 Caring for all my need,
 Thy little lamb to feed.
 Trusting thee still,
 In the green pastures low,
 Where living waters flow,
 Safe by thy side I go,
 Fearing no ill.
- 2 Or if my way lie
 Where death, o'erhanging nigh,
 My soul would terrify
 With sudden chill,
 Yet I am not afraid:
 While softly on my head
 Thy tender hand is laid,
 I fear no ill.

108 My Shepherd.

- 1 LORD, do not leave me!
 I'm but an erring child,
 Weak, poor and sin-defiled,
 Afraid, alone;

But thou art strong and wise :
 No ill can thee surprise ;
 Beneath thy loving eyes
 Danger is none.

2 If thou wilt guide me,
 Gladly I'll go with thee:
 No harm can come to me,
 Holding thy hand ;
 And soon my weary feet,
 Safe in the golden street,
 Where all who love thee meet,
 Redeemed shall stand.

109

Just Now.

1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now ;
 Just now come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

110 Jesus' Arm Sustains Thee.

- 1 JESUS' arm sustains thee:
Peaceful be, peaceful be;
When a hand restrains thee,
Surely it is he.
Though the world submission spurns,
And from faith felly turns,
In his love if thou abide,
He will be thy guide.
- 2 Humbly, uncomplaining,
In his hand, in his hand,
Leave whatever things thou
Canst not understand.
Ever let his wisdom guide,
And in his love confide:
Faithful hath he been for years,
Shaming all thy fears.
- 3 Whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day, night or day,
Know his love provideth
Benefits alway.
Every cross he bids thee take
Bravely bear for his sake;
Humbly bending to his will,
Trust and love him still.

111 Onward Now!

- 1 ONWARD now! the trumpet call is sounding:
Onward now! with holy rapture bounding,
Heart and voice in harmony resounding,
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies.

REF.—Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;
Praise our God: his blessed name adore.
Onward now! his mighty love proclaiming,
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies.

- 2 Onward now! be valiant, brave and daring;
 Onward now, the Christian armor wearing;
 Onward now! the royal standard bearing,
 Let our songs in happy concert rise.
 REF.—Praise our God, etc.
- 3 Onward now! our King has gone before us:
 Strong in him, our triumph will be glorious.
 Onward now! his loving care is o'er us;
 In his hand behold the heavenly prize.
 REF.—Praise our God, etc.
- 4 Onward now! be firm and faithful ever;
 Onward now, our courage failing never,
 Looking home, beyond the silent river—
 Looking home, where pleasure never dies.
 REF.—Praise our God, etc.

112 Praise to the Trinity.

7s.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give—
 God, in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring—
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
 He reclaims the sinner lost:
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

113 **Bringing in the Sheaves.**

1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
 Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve ;
 Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN.—Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing,
 Bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze ;
 By and by the harvest, and, the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves ;
 When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome :
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.

114 **Bright Dawns the Day.**

1 MARCH on, child of God, heart firm and light ;
 God's love will comfort thee in the darkest night.
 Trust him in every hour, watch, hope and pray ;
 Jesus will strengthen thee all thy pilgrim way

2 March on, child of God ! Sin may oppose :
 Trust God for victory over all thy foes ;

- Christ's power will overcome death and the
grave ;
Christ reigns in glory now—reigns to bless and
save.
- 3 March on, child of God! Weary thy way?
Toilsome thy pilgrimage? Brighter dawns the
day.
Patient in hope abide—hope, trust and love ;
Walk with thy Saviour here, reign with him
above.
- 4 March on, child of God ! Heaven shines beyond ;
Mansions are waiting thee : nevermore despond.
Here all thy burdens bear, there lay them down ,
Jesus will welcome thee with a heavenly crown.

115 Press Forward and Fear Not. 11s.

- 1 PRESS forward and fear not ! The billows may
roll,
But the power of Jesus their rage can control ;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumult shall
cease :
One word of his bidding shall hush them to
peace.
- REF.—Press forward and fear not ! Be strong in
the Lord,
In the power of his promise, the truth of
his word ;
Through the sea and the desert our path-
way may tend,
But He who hath saved us will save to
the end.
- 2 Press forward and fear not ! Though danger
be near,
The Lord is our refuge : whom, then, shall we
fear ?

His staff is our comfort ; our safeguard his rod :
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our
God.—REF.

- 3 Press forward and fear not ! We'll hold on our
way.
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in
dismay ?
We tread but the road which our Leader has
trod,
Then let us press forward, and trust in our
God.—REF.

116

Fear Not !

- 1 FEAR not ! God is thy shield,
And he thy great reward ;
His might has won the field :
Thy strength is in the Lord.

REFRAIN.—Fear not ! Tis God's own voice
That speaks to thee this word ;
Lift up thy head : rejoice
In Jesus Christ thy Lord.

- 2 Fear not, for God has heard
The cry of thy distress ;
The water of his word
Thy fainting soul shall bless.—REF.
- 3 Fear not ! be not dismayed !
He evermore will be
With thee, to give his aid,
And he will strengthen thee.—REF.
- 4 Fear not, ye little flock ;
Your Saviour soon will come,
The glory to unlock
And bring you to his home.—REF.

117 **Take me, O my Father.**

1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
 Take me; save me, through thy Son;
 That which thou wouldst have me make me:
 Let thy will in me be done.
 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying:
 Take me to thy love, my God.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.
 Freely now to thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely life and soul I offer—
 Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bare our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee.
 Father, take me, all forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast!
 In thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest.

118 **Now the Sowing and the Weeping.**

1 Now the sowing and the weeping.
 Working hard and waiting long;
 Afterward the golden reaping,
 Harvest home and grateful song.

REFRAIN.—Then work, work for Jesus;
 Toil through the cloud or sun
 Till the Master bids thee rest
 From labor when thy work is done.

- 2 Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.—REF.
- 3 Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.—REF.
- 4 Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward the triumph given,
And the victor-crown of life.—REF.
- 5 Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"—REF.

119 Press Toward the Mark.

- 1 RING out the word from Christ the Lord—
Our Captain in the skies—
To all the saved who have believed:
"Press toward the mark for the prize!"
- REF.—Press toward the mark for the prize!
Press toward the mark for the prize!
Let us suffer with him, and the "Well
done" win:
Press toward the mark for the prize!—REF
- 2 He'll give the grace to win the race
To him who bravely tries;
For Jesus' sake the message take:
"Press toward the mark for the prize!"—REF.
- 3 Keep, then, the road: fight on for God,
Though enemies arise;
The Lord with thee thy strength shall be:
"Press toward the mark for the prize!"—REF.

- 4 Bear, then, the cross: count all things loss;
 On Jesus fix your eyes;
 Till Christ has come, till heaven is won,
 "Press toward the mark for the prize!"—REF.

120

Stand Up for Jesus!

7s & 6s.

- 1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross!
 Lift high his royal banner:
 It must not suffer loss.
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day.
 "Ye that are men, now serve him"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone:
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel-armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long:
 This day the noise of battle;
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

121 Hear the Master Say.

1 HEAR the Master say, "Go and work to-day,
For the lab'ers still are few."
Shall his earnest cry pass unheeded by,
When there's work for all to do?
He has need of thee, and his urgent plea
Is, "The harvest now is white;"
Let us quickly haste, lest the sheaves lie waste,
For too soon will come the night.

REF.—Hear the Master say, "Go and work to-day,
For the lab'ers still are few."
Shall his earnest cry pass unheeded by,
When there's work for all to do?

2 Go! the hungry feed, and the weary lead
To the rest of Jesus' love.
Though your strength be small, God is over all
With a blessing from above.
Seek for souls to win from the ways of sin;
Work with cheerful heart, and true;
And the jewels rare, that have been your care,
Shall at last be given to you.—REF.

3 Go and work to-day! Oh, do not delay,
For the night is coming on;
And the least you do shall be blest to you,
If for Jesus it is done.
Though the seeds that fall may be few and small,
They shall not be sown in vain:
In the garnered sheaves, which the Lord re-
ceives,
Will be found the ripened grain.—REF.

122 Forth to the Fight.

1 FORTH to the fight, ye ransomed!
Mighty in God's own might.

Stemming the tide of battle,
Routing the hosts of night.

REF.—Lift ye the blood-red banner,
Wield ye the Spirit's sword,
Raise ye the Christian's war-cry :
"The cross of Christ the Lord!" Amen.

2 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you—
Fight, for he bids you fight :
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.—REF.

3 Fear not the din of battle :
Follow where he has trod,
Perfecting strength in weakness—
Jesus, incarnate God.—REF.

123 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe :
Forward into battle
See his banner go.

REFRAIN.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God :
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divide^d ;
All one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.—REF.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail :
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
 Join our happy throng ;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song.
 "Glory, laud and honor
 Unto Christ the King"—
 This, through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.—REF.

124**Gather them In.**

1 GATHER them in, for there yet is room
 At the feast that the King has spread ;
 Oh, gather them in—let his house be filled,
 And the hungry and poor be fed.

REF.—Out in the highway, out in the byway,
 Out in the dark paths of sin,
 Go forth, go forth, with a loving heart,
 And gather the wanderers in.

2 Gather them in, for there yet is room ;
 But our hearts how they throb with pain
 To think of the many who slight the call
 That may never be heard again !—REF.

3 Gather them in, for there yet is room :
 'Tis a message from God above ;
 Oh, gather them in to the fold of grace,
 And the arms of the Saviour's love.—REF.

125 **Each Day to Live for Jesus.**

- 1 EACH day to live for Jesus!
 How blessed life would be,
 If gratefully, dear Saviour,
 We gave each day to thee!
 Thy love to us, so boundless,
 We never can repay,
 But we a loving service
 May render day by day.
- 2 Each day to speak for Jesus,
 With sympathy and love,
 To those who're sorely tempted,
 And bid them look above,
 Where Christ, the only Refuge,
 Is waiting to receive
 All those who need a helper,
 And on his name believe.
- 3 Each day to work for Jesus—
 To try, for his dear sake,
 Wherever he has placed us,
 The bread of life to break;
 To do some deed of kindness,
 Another's burden bear,
 And with the poor and needy
 Our blessings freely share.
- 4 Then help us all, dear Saviour,
 This blessed life to know—
 Our hearts with love o'erflowing,
 Each day like thee to grow;
 Thy Spirit dwelling in us,
 May this our mission be—
 In consecrated service
 To give ourselves to thee.

126 **Who hath Sorrow?**

- 1 WHO hath sorrow? who hath woe?
 Who hath babbling? who hath strife?

Who to swift destruction go,
Turning from the path of life?

REFRAIN.—Who hath sorrow? who hath woe?
They that tarry long at the wine.
Who hath sorrow? who hath woe?
They that tarry long at the wine.

2 They that tarry at the wine,
They that love the feast and song,
They that fiery drinks combine,
Early haste and tarry long.—REF.

3 Drinker, turn, and leave the bowl:
Drunkards cannot enter heav'n.
Christ hath died to save thy soul;
Flee to him, and be forgiven.—REF.

127 Yield not to the Tempter.

1 YIELD not to the tempter;
Pass by and be free;
For yielding is ruin
And sorrow for thee.
Why should you now barter
The jewel of youth
With shame for your honor
And wrong for the truth?

REFRAIN.—Yield not to the tempter;
Pass by and be free;
For yielding is ruin
And sorrow for thee.

2 Yield not to the tempter;
Turn quickly away;
Go mingle with honor
In life's busy fray.
Fall not from your station,
Whatever it be;
Keep clear from the danger
That beckons to thee.—REF.

- 3 Yield not to the tempter ;
 Be firm and be true ;
 And God in your weakness
 Your strength shall renew.
 To him your petition
 Send up day by day ;
 God giveth the victory :
 Watch then while you pray.—REF.

128**Christmas.**

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun,
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my laurels down.

129**Laban.**

S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch and fight and pray !
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down ;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

130

Bishop.

L. M

- 1 Go, labor on ; spend and be spent,
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went :
 Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go, labor on ; 'tis not for naught :
 Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
 The Master praises : what are men ?
- 3 Go, labor on, enough, while here,
 If he shall praise thee—if he deign
 Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;
 No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice :
 For toil comes rest ; for exile, home.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal : " Behold, I come !"

131

Stockwell.

8s & 7s.

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine ;
 Precious fruits will thus be given
 Through an influence all divine.

- 3 Sow thy seed ; be never weary ;
 Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo ! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear.
 Look again : the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest-time is near.

132

Pleyel's Hymn.

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing—
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.

133

Temperance Bells.

- 1 HARK ! the temperance bells are ringing ;
 Joyous music fills the air ;
 Strength and hope their tones are bringing
 To the homes where dwelt despair.
- REFRAIN.—Hear the bells—joyous bells !—
 Chime the anthem of the free ;
 Hear the bells—merry bells !—
 Sound the temperance jubilee.
- 2 Long the tyrant foe hath taken
 Cherished loved ones for his own ,
 Now his cruel power is shaken :
 Soon will fall his tottering throne.—REF.

- 3 Brothers, come! the hosts are forming;
Sisters, join the proud array;
Bright the hills with tints of morning,
Dawning of a better day.—REF.

134**Work-Song.**

7s, 6s & 5

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming:
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor:
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

135**Vigil.**

S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

136

Brigham.

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is:
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

137

Kentucky.

S. M.

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

138

We Plough the Fields.

7s & 6s.

- 1 WE plough the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine
 And soft refreshing rain.

REF.—All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
 Then thank the Lord—oh, thank the
 Lord—
 For all his love!

- 2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey him,
 By him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, his children,
 He gives our daily bread.—REF.
- 3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good—
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.
 Accept the gift we offer
 For all thy love imparts,
 And, what thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.

139 On the Mountain's Top. 8s, 7s & 4

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive!
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning:
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blessed ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

140 Go Bear the Joyful Tidings.

- 1 Go bear the joyful tidings
 That first on Judah's plain
 Awoke the wond'ring shepherds
 To praise Messiah's name ;
 Exalt the King of glory,
 Who left his throne on high
 And came on earth, a ransom,
 For guilty man to die.

REFRAIN.—Go sound the gospel trumpet
 Beyond the rolling sea,
 From chains of sin and darkness
 To set the captive free.

- 2 Go in your Master's vineyard,
 And labor heart and hand ;
 The word of life eternal
 Proclaim to ev'ry land—
 The sweet and precious promise
 To all who will believe :
 Free grace and full salvation
 For all who will receive.—REF.

- 3 Go tell the broken spirit
 That vainly sighs for rest
 There is a home in glory—
 A home for ever blest ;
 Go bring the lost to Jesus,
 His tender love to share ;
 Go forth to every nation :
 Immortal souls are there.—REF.

- 4 **Haste on your work of mercy :**
 The heavenly call obey ;
 Go in the strength of Jesus,
 The true and living Way ;
 Go like the old disciples.
 And tread the path they trod.
 Your duty lies before you ;
 Go ! Leave the rest to God.—REF.

141**Missionary Hymn.**

7s & 6s.

- 1 **FROM** Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 **What** though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 **Shall** we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

142**Webb.**

7s & 6s.

- 1 **THE** morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;

The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears.
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above,
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel-call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay—
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

143 Give! 'tis the Saviour's Precept.

1 GIVE! 'tis the Saviour's precept—
 Give from your bounteous store;
 Give to the poor and needy:
 Gladly your offerings pour!
 Round us our hungry brothers
 Ask of our kindly hand;
 Ever the cry of sorrow
 Echoes throughout the land.

REF.—Give! Give! Give to the poor and needy:
 God will repay your love;
 Give! Give! Give, and your blessed
 treasures
 Lay ye up in heaven above.

- 2 Give, for your gifts are welcome;
 Give, though the gift be small;
 Give, for a willing giver
 God loveth best of all.
 None are so poor and needy
 That they can nothing spare;
 Hark to the cries for pity,
 Hark to the orphan's prayer.—REF.

144 Cheerfully Give.

- 1 CHEERFULLY give, cheerfully give—
 Give for the cause of the Lord.
 Give from the heart, and willingly too;
 Give as the Lord hath given to you:
 Something for Jesus you all may do;
 Blessings shall be your reward.
- 2 Cheerfully give, cheerfully give;
 Lay up your treasures above.
 All that you give is written on high;
 Riches beyond for you it will buy—
 Riches eternal in yonder sky.
 Give for the Master in love.
- 3 Cheerfully give, cheerfully give—
 Give with a liberal hand.
 Give for the cause of Jesus, your Friend:
 God will return you more than you lend:
 Blessings divine unto you will send.
 Give with a liberal hand.

145 Happy are We.

- 1 HAPPY are we—God's own little flock—
 Sheltered so close in the cleft of the Rock.
 Far above storm or danger or shock,
 Happy are we in Jesus.
- 2 What shall we do for the Master so dear?
 Oh, there are many in need of our cheer,

Souls that know nothing but darkness and
fear—

Souls in the dark without Jesus.

- 3 Many he has who are not of this fold,
Out in the storm and the pitiless cold ;
These we will win by our prayers and our gold—
Win them to love our Jesus.
- 4 Over the mountains and over the seas,
Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these,
Seeking to save them by tenderest pleas—
Save by the blood of Jesus.
- 5 Joyfully, then, let us spread the glad news :
Never this service for Jesus refuse ;
Never a moment to work for him lose.
Joyfully work for Jesus.

146**Groton.**

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, arise—
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

147 **Standing at the Portal.**

1 **STANDING** at the portal of the opening year,
 Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear,
 Spoken through the silence by our Father's
 voice,
 Tender, strong and faithful, making us rejoice.

REF.—Onward, then, and fear not, children of
 the day,
 For his word shall never, never pass
 away. Amen.

2 For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies!
 For the poor and needy living streams shall
 rise;
 For the sad and sinful shall his grace abound;
 For the faint and feeble perfect strength be
 found.—**REF.**

3 He will never fail us, he will not forsake;
 His eternal covenant he will never break.
 Resting on his promise, what have we to fear?
 God is all-sufficient for the coming year.—**REF.**

148 **The Water of Life.**

1 **JESUS** the water of life will give,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus the water of life will give
 Freely to those that love him.
 Come to that fountain, oh drink and live.
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to that fountain, oh drink and live,
 Flowing for those that love him.

REF.—The Spirit and the Bride say come,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 And he that is thirsty, let him come,
 And drink of the water of life.

The fountain of life is flowing,
 Flowing, freely flowing,
 The fountain of life is flowing,
 Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love him ;
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely to those that love him.—REF.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him ;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.—REF.

4 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him ;
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely to all that love him.—REF.

149

With Broken Heart.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
 A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;
 Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :
 O God ! be merciful to me !

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;

Christ and his cross my only plea ;
O God ! be merciful to me !

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But thou dost all my anguish see ;
O God ! be merciful to me !

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee ;
O God ! be merciful to me !

150 Suffer Little Children.

1 What did our Lord and Saviour say
When others wished to drive us away ?

REF.—Suffer little children to come unto me :
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

2 What did he say who from above
Came down to teach us kindness and love ?
REF.—Suffer, etc.

3 What were the words of him who bled,
Nailed to the cross, with thorns on his head ?
REF.—Suffer, etc.

4 What did he say whose Spirit shed
Hope for the living, life for the dead ?
REF.—Suffer, etc.

5 If on his mercy we rely,
What will his words be when we die ?
REF.—Suffer, etc.

151 The Children's Saviour.

1 JESUS is our loving Saviour,
He our best, our constant, Friend :

In his service life is pleasure,
 For he loveth to the end.
 Loving Saviour,
 Here we at thy footstool bend.

- 2 Jesus is the sinners' Saviour :
 'Twas for them he shed his blood ;
 Died that poor and needy sinners
 Might be reconciled to God.
 Dying Saviour,
 Bearing thus our sinful load.
- 3 Jesus is the children's Saviour.
 "Suffer them," he says, "to come ;"
 If they seek his face and favor,
 They shall share his heavenly home,
 Risen Saviour !
 Nevermore from thee to roam.
- 4 Loving, suffering, dying Saviour,
 Risen, glorious on thy throne,
 Hasten the day when every idol
 Shall by truth be overthrown,
 And the kingdoms
 Of the earth to thee belong.

152**Lebanon.**

S. M. D.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep ;
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice ;
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child ;
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice ;
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child ;
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.

He found me nigh to death.
 Famished and faint and lone ;
 He bound me with the bands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole ;
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled ;
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice ;
 I love the peaceful fold.
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam ;
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

153**Olivet.**

6s & 4s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray :
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

154**Gentle Jesus.**

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, Saviour mild,
 Hear thy lowly, suppliant child :
 Nothing bring I to thy feet,
 Naught for thine acceptance meet
 But a soul for sin distressed :
 Gentle Jesus, give it rest.
- 2 In this dreary vale below
 Thou hast trod a path of woe ;
 Thou hast known the dreadful power
 Of the tempter's evil hour ;
 Felt the time of gloom and fear ;
 Shed, like us, the bitter tear.
- 3 Now I bend before thy throne,
 All my guilt and folly own ;
 Yet with earnest heart I plead
 Comfort, pardon in my need ;
 This my plea, and naught beside :
 Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.

155**Summer Suns are Glowing.**

- 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea ;

- Happy light is flowing,
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays ;
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.
- 2 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And his banner gleameth,
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious,
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.
- 3 Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour ;
 For thy loving-kindness
 Makes us love thee more.
 And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be thou nigh.
- 4 We will never doubt thee,
 Though thou veil thy light :
 Life is dark without thee ;
 Death with thee is bright.
 Light of light, shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way ;
 Go thou still before us
 To the endless day.

156

Martyn.

7s. D.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none :
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

157 Saviour, Teach me Day by Day,

- 1 SAVIOUR, teach me day by day
 Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,
 Loving him who first loved me.
- 2 With a child-like heart of love
 At thy bidding may I move,
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,
 Loving him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from thee,
 Loving him who first loved me.
- 4 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe ;

Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

158 Lead, Kindly Light.

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene : one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost a while.

159 Horton.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul :
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be :
Let me ever cleave to thee ;
Let me choose the better part :
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below ?
Thee, and only thee, I know ;
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Thou art all in a'1 to me.

160

Naomi.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

161

Enter In.

- 1 WHY shouldst thou longer knock
At the door of my soul ?
Dear Saviour, enter in :
Thou alone canst make me whole.

REFRAIN.—Enter in, enter in
At the door of my soul ;
Enter in, blessed Lord :
Thou alone canst make me whole.

- 2 I know thou art the life,
Flowing full, flowing free ;
Come, Jesus, and abide :
All my hopes are fixed on thee.—REF.
- 3 Oh, hide my life in thine,
Let me seek but thy will,
All self to sacrifice,
And thy law of love fulfill.—REF.

162

Haydn.

S. M.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love

Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

163

Fulton.

7s.

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

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

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

164

Shepherd.

8s, 7s & 4

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; thine we are.

2 We are thine: do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;

Keep thy flock ; from sin defend us ;
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

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

165**Maitland.**

C. M

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone
 And all the world go free ?
 No ! There's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
 Who once went sorrowing here !
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear ;
 For there's a crown for me.

166**Sweet Hour of Prayer.**

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

167

Newbold.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find—
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around,
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near:
 Teach me to love thy sacred word
 And view my Saviour there.

168 Holy Father, Hear my Cry.

- 1 HOLY Father, hear my cry,
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
- 2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son and Spirit, save!
- 3 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son and Spirit, bless!
- 4 Father, Son and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah—shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

169

What a Friend.

8s, 7s. D.

- 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

170

Dennis.

S. M.

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

171 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

- 1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
 My heart, awaking, cries,
 "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
 Alike at work and prayer,
 To Jesus I repair:
 "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
- 2 The night becomes as day
 When from the heart we say,
 "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

The powers of darkness fear
 When this sweet chant they hear :
 "May Jesus Christ be praised !"

3 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this :
 "Let Jesus Christ be praised !"
 Let earth and sea and sky
 From depth to height reply :
 "May Jesus Christ be praised !"

4 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine :
 "May Jesus Christ be praised !"
 Be this th' eternal song
 Through all the ages on :
 "May Jesus Christ be praised !"

172

Zebulon.

H. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessings from on high.
 We plead the promise of thy word ;
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry—
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their varied wants supply—
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;
 We, children of thy grace ;
 Oh, let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place ;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, send thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word,
 Till heathen lands shall own thy sway
 And cast their idol-gods away.

173 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

- 1 CROWN him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon his throne:
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of him who died for thee,
 And hail him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown him, the Lord of peace,
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease
 And all be prayer and praise.
 His reign shall know no end,
 And round his piercèd feet
 Fair flowers of paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 3 Crown him; the Lord of years,
 The Potentate of time,
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime.
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For thou hast died for me;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

174

Even Me.

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free—

Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me.

REFRAIN.—Even me, even me !
Let some droppings fall on me.

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

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to thee ;
I am longing for thy favor :
When thou comest call for me.—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

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.—REF.

175

I Love to Tell the Story.

7s & 6s

1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above—
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true ;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

REFRAIN.—I love to tell the story :
'Twill be my theme in glory—
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story :
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
 I love to tell the story,
 It did so much for me ;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.—REF.
- 3 I love to tell the story :
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.—REF.
- 4 I love to tell the story,
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story
 That I have loved so long.—REF.

176

TUNE.—I Love to Tell.

7s & 6s

- 1 I LOVE to hear the story
 Which angel-voices tell—
 How once the King of glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.
 I am both weak and sinful,
 But this I surely know :
 The Lord came down to save me,
 Because he loved me so.
- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
 To show how pure and holy
 His little ones may be :

And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,
 He never will forget me,
 Because he loves me so.

- 3 To sing his love and mercy
 My sweetest songs I'll raise;
 And, though I cannot see him,
 I know he hears my praise;
 For he has kindly promised
 That even I may go
 To sing among his angels,
 Because he loves me so.

177**Toplady.**

78.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which flowed
 Be of sin the double cure:
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
 In my hand no price I bring:
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

178**Do no Sinful Action.**

- 1 Do no sinful action;
 Speak no angry word:

Ye belong to Jesus,
 Children of the Lord.
 Christ is kind and gentle
 Christ is pure and true,
 And his faithful children
 Must be holy too.

REFRAIN.—Do no sinful action ;
 Speak no angry word :
 Ye belong to Jesus,
 Children of the Lord.

2 There's a wicked spirit
 Watching round you still,
 And he tries to tempt you
 To all harm and ill ;
 But you must not hear him,
 Though 'tis hard for you
 To resist the evil
 And the good to do.—REF.

3 Jesus knows your weakness ;
 He is good and kind :
 In his presence ever
 Help and strength you'll find.
 Learn to lean upon him,
 Learn to trust his name ;
 Then his love will keep you
 From all guilt and shame.—REF.

179

Stockwell.

8s & 7s

- 1 YES, for me, for me he careth
 With a brother's tender care ;
 Yes, with me, with me he shareth
 Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
 At the mercy-seat above,
 Ever for me interceding,
 Constant in untiring love.

- 3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joys unearthly, love and light;
 And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.
- 4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth—
 I in him, and he in me;
 And my empty soul he filleth
 Here and through eternity.

180**He Leadeth Me.**

L. M.

- 1 HE leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought!
 Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
 By his own hand he leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.—REF.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When by thy grace the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—REF.

181**Portuguese Hymn.**

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

What more can he say than to you he hath said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

- 2 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 4 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no, never—no, never—forsake."

182

Arcadia.

C. M.

- 1 OH, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threatening her
And tempests are abroad,

- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

183 Now I have Found a Friend.

- 1 Now I have found a friend :
Jesus is mine ;
His love shall never end :
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace :
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine ;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply ;
His precious blood is nigh ;
Naught can my hope destroy :
Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine ;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
" Jesus is mine !"
- 4 Father, thy name I bless :
Jesus is mine ;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be thine.

Spirit of holiness,
 Sealing the Father's grace
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace,
 Jesus is mine.

184

Woodworth.

L. M

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind—
 Yea, all I need—in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

185

Nettleton.

8s & 7s.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
 Welcome to this heart of mine;
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be thine;
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages thine.

- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear,
 Or in vain attempt possession
 When they find the Lord is near.
 Shout, O Zion!
 Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

186**Vigil.**

S. M.

- 1 OH, what, if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above,
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours—
 Like them, in faith, to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief or pain
 May be our portion here.

187**America.**

6s & 4s.

- 1 GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night.
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On him we wait.

Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
"God save the State!"

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

188**Northampton.**

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble hearts and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here.
Let all thy people worship thee.

189**Regent Square.**

8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;

Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us:

Well our feeble frame he knows;

In his hands he gently bears us,

Rescues us from all our foes.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore him:

Ye behold him face to face;

Saints, triumphant bow before him,

Gathered in from every race.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Praise with us the God of grace.

190

I've been Redeemed.

I'VE been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

1 Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
That flows from Calvary.

I've been redeemed, etc.

2 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
I've been redeemed, etc.

- 3 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
I've been redeemed, etc.

191 The Sweetest Name. 8s & 7s D

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

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

- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.—REF.

- 3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.

- 4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.—REF.

192 We March to Victory.

WE march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us.

With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light,
With armor bright, to meet him ;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet him.
We march, etc.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high ;
Our helmet, his salvation ;
Our banner, the cross of Calvary ;
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, etc.

193 Thou Sweet-Gliding Kedron.

1 THOU sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver
stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft
beam,
And by thy bright waters till midnight would
stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !
How hard was his pillow ! how humble his bed !
The angels, beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot !
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot,
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him, and bow at his
feet ;
Oh give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

194 The Lambs of the Flock.

- 1 WE'RE the lambs of the flock,
 And no danger we fear
 When the voice and the call
 Of the Shepherd we hear.

REFRAIN.—We will follow, we will follow,
 We will follow our Shepherd,
 We will follow our Shepherd,
 While he is so near.

- 2 We are tiny and weak,
 But our Shepherd is strong;
 From the wolf he defendeth
 Us all the day long.—REF.
- 3 Oh that all the dear lambs
 Had a heart to reply,
 When the great Shepherd calls
 From his fold in the sky.—REF.

195 The Morning Bright.

- 1 THE morning bright
 With rosy light
 Has waked me up from sleep,
 Father, I own
 Thy love alone
 Thy little ones doth keep.
- 2 All through the day,
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide;
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Blest Jesus, near thy side.
- 3 Oh make thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace;

Make me like thee :
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

196 Come, ye Children !

COME, ye children ! hearken unto me :
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
Come, ye children ! hearken unto me :
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good ?
Keep thy heart from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile. Amen.

197 Love at Home.

- 1 THERE is beauty all around
When there's love at home ;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
- 2 In the cottage there is joy
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.
- 3 Kindly heaven smiles above
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love
When there's love at home.

Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
 Brighter beams the azure sky—
 Oh, there's One who smiles on high—
 When there's love at home.

- 4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine :
 Then there's love at home ;
 Sweetly whisper I am thine :
 Then there's love at home.
 Source of love, thy cheering light
 Far exceeds the sun so bright—
 Can dispel the gloom of night :
 Then there's love at home.

198 The Son of God goes forth to War.

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar :
 Who follows in his train ?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below—
 He follows in his train.
- 2 The martyr first whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save—
 Like him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame ;
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;

They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

- 4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

199**Wondrous Love.**

- 1 GOD loved the world of sinners, lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

REF.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love—
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.—REF.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin
Through faith in Christ alone.—REF.

- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go:
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.—REF.

200**Oh, how he Loves.**

- 1 ONE there is above all others:
Oh, how he loves!

His love is beyond a brother's :

Oh, how he loves !

Earthly friends may fail or leave us—

One day soothe, the next day grieve us ;

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :

Oh, how he loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know him :

Oh, how he loves !

Think—oh think!—how much we owe him ;

Oh, how he loves !

With his precious blood he bought us ;

In the wilderness he sought us ;

To his fold he safely brought us :

Oh, how he loves !

3 All your sins shall be forgiven :

Oh, how he loves !

Backward shall your foes be driven :

Oh, how he loves !

Best of blessings he'll provide you ;

Naught but good shall e'er betide you ;

Safe to glory he will guide you :

Oh, how he loves !

201

O Lamb of God.

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me

Near to thy wounded side ;

'Tis only there in safety

And peace I can abide.

What foes and snares surround me !

What doubts and fears within !

The grace that sought and found me

Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding

I know my life secure—

Only in thee abiding

The conflict can endure :

Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe ;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

- 3 Sooner shall my eyes behold thee
 With rapture face to face ;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all thy power and grace ;
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all thy saints above.

202 There is a Green Hill far Away.

- 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified
 Who died to save us all.
 We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pain he had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.
- 2 He died that we might be forgiven ;
 He died to make us good—
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by his precious blood.
 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin :
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.
- 3 Oh dearly, dearly has he loved,
 And we must love him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try his works to do ;
 For there's a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified
 Who died to save us all.

203 **Beulah-Land.**

- 1 I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
 And, all its riches freely mine,
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

REFRAIN.—O Beulah-land, sweet Beulah-land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me.
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heaven, my home for evermore

- 2 The Saviour comes and walks with me;
 And sweet communion here have we;
 He gently leads me with his hand,
 For this is heaven's border-land.—REF.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
 And flowers that never-fading grow
 Where streams of life for ever flow.—REF.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels, with the white-robed throng,
 Join in the sweet redemption-song.—REF.

204 **Jesus is our Shepherd.**

- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd—
 Jesus, ever near;
 Folded in his bosom,
 What have we to fear?
 Only let us follow
 Whither he doth lead—
 To the thirsty desert
 Or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
 Well we know his voice;

How its gentlest whisper
 Makes our heart rejoice!
 Even when he chideth,
 Tender is his tone.
 None but he shall guide us;
 We are his alone.

- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
 Guided by his arm,
 Safely we may follow;
 None can do us harm.
 When we tread death's valley,
 Dark with fearful gloom,
 We will fear no evil,
 Victors o'er the tomb.

205 O Word of God Incarnate. 7s & 6s.

- 1 O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,—
 We praise thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth,
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.
- 3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;

Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended.
 They see thee face to face.

206 Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus!

1 OH, I am so happy in Jesus!
 His blood has redeemed me from sin;
 I weep and I sing in my gladness
 To know he is dwelling within.

REF.—Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
 From sin and from sorrow so free—
 So happy that he is my Saviour,
 So happy that Jesus loves me!

2 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
 He taught me the secret of faith—
 To rest in believing his promise,
 And trust whatsoever he saith.—REF.

3 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
 I lay my whole soul at his feet;
 The love he has kindled within me
 Makes service and suffering sweet.—REF.

4 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
 How sweet to win others to him!
 Lord, let not my lamp burn in secret;
 Oh, let not the shining be dim.—REF.

5 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
 If earth in his love is so blest,
 What joy, in his glorified presence,
 To sit at his feet as his guest.—REF.

207 Oh, how I Love Jesus!

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend:
 As such I look to thee;

Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

REFRAIN.—Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus!
Because he first loved me.
How can I forget thee?
How can I forget thee, Lord?
How can I forget thee?
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.—REF.

3 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.—REF.

208 The Sands of Time are Wasting.

1 THE sands of time are wasting,
The dawn of heaven breaks:
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn—awakes.
Oh, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain—
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted:
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean-fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
 And my Beloved's mine :
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into his house divine.
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 My soul redeemed shall stand,
 Where glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

209 Whom have I in Heaven.

- 1 WHOM have I in heaven above?
 Only thee, my Saviour;
 Whom have I on earth to love?
 Only thee, my Saviour.
 Who my wounded heart can heal,
 Who my every sorrow feel,
 Who the light of joy reveal?
 Only thou, my Saviour.
- 2 Who has led me all my days?
 Only thou, my Saviour;
 Who deserves my highest praise?
 Only thou, my Saviour.
 In my weakness who is strong,
 Who has loved and loved me long,
 Who should claim my noblest song?
 Only thou, my Saviour.
- 3 Who my inmost thoughts can read?
 Only thou, my Saviour:
 Who for me doth intercede?
 Only thou, my Saviour.
 Who my secret thoughts can know,
 Who such tender mercy show,
 Who can make me white as snow?
 Only thou, my Saviour.

210 The Great Physician.

- 1 THE great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer :
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

REFRAIN.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven :
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—REF.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus ;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—REF.

4 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.—REF.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise :
Oh, praise the name of Jesus ;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise :
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.—REF.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear—
No other name but "Jesus ;"
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!—REF.

7 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name—the name of Jesus.—REF.

211 Jesus, I come to Thee.

1 JESUS, I come to thee : no one beside
Cares for the sorrow I'm striving to hide.
Helpless and desolate, tired with my sin,
Open thine arms for me ; Lord, take me in !

REFRAIN.—Open now thine arms for me;
 Pity, Lord, and comfort me;
 Open now thine arms for me,
 Lord, take me in.

2 Unto thy love like a bird to its nest,
 Sadly out-wearied, I come back for rest;
 Nothing I bring to thee, Christ, but my sin:
 Open thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!

REF.—Open now, etc.

3 Far from the narrow way long I have strayed;
 Dark clouds have covered me where I have
 prayed;

Now to thy mercy I come with my sin:
 Pity and comfort me; Lord, take me in!

REF.—Open now, etc.

4 Back to thy dear love for shelter and rest
 Flee I, O Lord, like a bird to its nest;
 Nothing I bring thee but sorrow and sin:
 Open thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!

REF.—Open now, etc.

212 Entire Consecration.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love.

REF.—Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
 the precious blood;

Cleanse me in its purifying flood, the
 healing flood.

Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
 Thine, henceforth eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee;
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.—REF.

- 3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold:
Not a mite would I withhold.—REF.
- 4 Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.—REF.
- 5 Take my will, and make it thine:
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own:
It shall be thy royal throne.—REF.
- 6 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.—REF.

213 Jesus, my Saviour, All in All.

- 1 JESUS is all in all to me;
Glory and grace in him I see,
Wisdom and riches, truth and love,
Mercy and goodness from above.

REFRAIN.—Low at thy feet I humbly fall,
Jesus, my Saviour, all in all.
Glory to thee, O Lord of all,
Jesus, my Saviour, all in all.

- 2 Jesus is all in all to me;
Unto his arms of love I flee;
Casting on him my load of care,
Jesus, my Saviour, hears my prayer.—REF.
- 3 Jesus is all in all to me:
Jesus from sin can set me free;
Jesus it is who calms my fears,
Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.—REF.

214

I Heard the Voice.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary and worn and sad:
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream:
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun,
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till all my days are done.

215

8s & 7s.

Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing—
 Which before the cross I spend,
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven:
 I'm a miracle of grace.

216 Is there One for Me?

- 1 MANSIONS are prepared above
 By the gracious God of love;
 Many will those mansions see:
 Is there one prepared for me?

REFRAIN.—Is there one for me?

Is there one for me?
 Many will those mansions see:
 Is there one prepared for me?

- 2 Crowns there are for all to wear
 Who on earth the cross will bear;
 Many will those bright crowns be:
 Is there one prepared for me?—REF.
- 3 Robes of spotless white are given
 By the glorious King of heaven;
 All can have them—they are free:
 Is there one prepared for me?—REF.

217

Clinton.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

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

218 Shining Shore.

7s. D.

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

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

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word:
Let every lamp be burning.—REF.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home
For ever—oh, for ever!—REF.

219 The Better Land.

- 1 *Boys.* WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?

Girls. We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to his palace,
||: We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land. :||

- 2 *Boys.* Fear ye not the way so lonely—
 You, a little, feeble band?
Girls. No, for friends unseen are near us:
 Holy angels round us stand.
 Christ, our Leader, walks beside us:
 He will guard and he will guide us,
 ||: He will guard and he will guide us,
 Guide us to that better land. :||

220 Come, ye Thankful People.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come!
 Raise the song of harvest-home;
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied.
 Come, to God's own temple come!
 Raise the song of harvest-home.
- 2 What is earth but God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield?
 Wheat and tares are therein sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown,
 Ripening with a wondrous power
 Till the final harvest hour.
 Grant, O Lord of life, that we
 Holy grain and pure may be.
- 3 For we know that thou wilt come,
 And wilt take thy people home;
 From thy field wilt purge away
 All that doth offend, that day,
 And thine angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In thy garner evermore.
- 4 Come, then, Lord of mercy, come!
 Bid us sing thy harvest-home;

Let thy saints be gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 All upon the golden floor,
 Praising thee for evermore.
 Come, with thousand angels come!
 Bid us sing thy harvest-home.

221 Rest a While.

1 IN the green pastures of thy love, our Saviour,
 By the still waters 'neath thy gracious smile,
 Praying but trusting, then we pause to listen:
 Yes, thou art calling us to rest a while.

REF.—In the green pastures,
 By the still waters,
 'Neath thy gracious smile,
 Praying but trusting,
 Pause we to listen,
 For thou art calling us to rest a while.

2 Care doth oppress and sorrow's shadows brood;
 Temptation beckons with seductive smile:
 But, Lord, we come to thee in loving trust.
 For thou art calling us to rest a while.—REF.

3 Saviour, we rise and follow, at thy bidding.
 The path of duty: dark that path may be;
 We hear thy voice, "'Tis I, be not afraid!"
 Whilst thou art calling us to rest with
 thee.—REF.

4 Buried with thee, we rise again in power;
 Thou for our sins for ever didst atone:
 Till at the last we hear thy joyful summons:
 "Come, rest for ever in thy Father's
 home."—REF.

222 The Holy Day of Rest.

1 LORD, we would ask this holy day
 Rich blessings from above;

To spend with thee in thine own way
 The day we dearly love ;
 ||: To spend with thee
 The day we dearly love. :||

2 We cast on thee our every care,
 That nothing may annoy ;
 To us do thou thyself declare
 Glad tidings of great joy ;
 ||: To us declare
 Glad tidings of great joy. :||

3 Help us to lay all self aside
 And wait our royal Guest ;
 With us, dear Lord, do thou abide
 On this thy day of rest ;
 ||: With us abide
 On this thy day of rest. :||

4 Our Sabbaths here will soon be o'er ;
 Then Jesus, our dear Friend,
 Will call us home to yon bright shore,
 Where Sabbaths have no end ;
 ||: Will call us home
 Where Sabbaths have no end. :||

223

We shall Rest.

1 LET us work for God and follow his commands
 With a cheerful heart and ever-willing hands
 In the field of life, rejoicing every day,
 Let us work and trust and pray.

REF.—We shall rest by and by,
 Sweetly rest when earthly toil is o'er
 In a land bright and fair,
 We shall rest when earthly toil is o'er

2 He will give us strength our vigor to renew,
 He will grant us grace that falleth like the dew
 And the seeds of love immortal fruit shall bear
 Ever guarded by his care.—REF.

- 3 To a glorious work he calleth us away ;
 Let us bear the heat and burden of the day ;
 'Tis the faithful souls that reap the bright
 reward
 At the coming of the Lord.—REF.

224 Beautiful Mansions.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL mansions, home of the blest,
 Land where the faithful ever shall rest,
 There is my treasure, there shall I be ;
 Lord, I am weary : lead me to thee.
- REF.—Saviour, be near me : thy gentle voice can
 cheer me ;
 O Jesus, my Saviour, lead me to thee.
- 2 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here :
 Why should I doubt thee ? What do I fear ?
 Light in the distance breaking I see,
 Yet I am weary : lead me to thee.—REF.
- 3 Jesus, I love thee : dwell in my heart ;
 Never—oh never—from me depart.
 Hope like a rainbow shining I see,
 Yet I am weary : lead me to thee.—REF.

225 There's Rest on the Bosom of Jesus.

- 1 THERE'S rest on the bosom of Jesus
 For all who are weary of sin ;
 There's pardon and peace for the erring,
 For those who as conquerors win.
- REFRAIN.—Rest, rest, rest !
 Yes, rest for the weary and sad ;
 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus :
 He makes all the sorrowing glad.
- 2 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus,
 And joy that the world cannot give ;
 Oh, bring all your sorrows unto him ;
 Oh, trust in his mercy and live.—REF.

- 3 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus—
 Yes, life everlasting and blest;
 We'll fear not the grave, for our Saviour
 Will lead us to heavenly rest.—REF.

226 Tender Shepherd, thou hast Stilled.

- 1 TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
 Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
 Ah! how peaceful, pale and mild
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus! grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though thou take what most we love.

227 There is a Fountain.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its power

Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

228 Rest in Thee.

1 BLESSED Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou who gav'st thyself for me,
Leave me not in sin to wander:
Bid me come and rest in thee.

REFRAIN.—Rest in thee, rest in thee,
Bid me come and rest in thee;
Rest in thee, rest in thee,
Bid me come and rest in thee.

2 Hope of all the meek and lowly,
Thou my hope and joy shalt be;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—REF.

3 Draw me from each sinful striving;
From myself oh set me free;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—REF.

4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure
Shall thy service bring to me;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—REF.

229 Rest.

L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—

- A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

230**Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.**

- 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.
'Tis finished, all is finished—
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!

What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late,
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

231 The Land Beyond the River.

- 1 No mortal eye that land hath seen
 Beyond, beyond the river,
 Its smiling valleys, hills so green,
 Beyond, beyond the river.
 Its shores are coming nearer,
 The skies are growing clearer,
 Each day it seemeth dearer—
 That land beyond the river.

REF.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the
 storm :

Its rage is almost o'er ;
 We'll anchor in the harbor soon,
 In the land beyond the river.

- 2 That glorious day will ne'er be done
 Beyond, beyond the river,
 When we've the crown and kingdom won,
 Beyond, beyond the river.
 There is eternal pleasure,
 And joys that none can measure,
 For those who have their treasure
 In the land beyond the river.—REF.

- 3 When shall we look from Zion's hill
 Beyond, beyond the river?
 With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
 Beyond, beyond the river.
 There angels bright are singing,
 There golden harps are ringing ;
 We ne'er shall cease our singing
 In the land beyond the river.—REF.

232 Jesus, Still Lead On.

- 1 JESUS, still lead on
 Till our rest be won ;
 And, although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless.
 Guide us by thy hand
 To our fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
 For through many a foe
 To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When oppressed by new temptations,
 Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.
- 4 Jesus, still lead on
 Till our rest be won ;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us.
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.

233 In the Far-Better Land

- 1 IN the far-better land of glory and light
 The ransomed are singing in garments of white,
 The harpers are harping, and all the bright train
 Sing the song of redemption : "The Lamb that
 was slain."

REF.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the
 Lamb,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah ! Amen.

- 2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus
of praise
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of
days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of glory eternal to him that was slain.—REF.
- 3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will
gain
With the song of redemption: "The Lamb that
was slain."—REF.

234 Hallelujah to the Lamb.

- 1 COME, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings
along;
We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our
days.
- REF.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the
Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee:
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may
stray.—REF.
- 3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may
dwell
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be
well.—REF.

235**Woodland.**

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home—
Name ever dear to me—
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?
- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

236 Beautiful Zion Built Above.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple, God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

REFRAIN.—Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.
- 2 Beautiful heaven where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,

Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir!
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.—REF.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there!
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.—REF.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace!
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
 Haste to this heavenly home with me.—REF.

237 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

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

REFRAIN.—Oh, the land, the lovely land—
 The land o'er Jordan's foam:
 On the golden strand
 Wait the happy, happy band
 To welcome the ransomed home

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.—REF.

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

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
 Those gloomy doubts that rise—
 And view the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes;—REF.

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

238 Hark, Hark, my Soul!

1 HARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are
 swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
 shore;

How sweet the truths those blessed strains are
 telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

REF.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
 night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing:
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ring-
 ing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
 thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and
 dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be
 past;
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
 at last.—REF.

- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping—
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above—
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-
 ing,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless
 love.—REF.

239 Angel Voices.

- 1 ANGEL voices ever singing
 Round thy throne of light,
 Angel harps for ever ringing,
 Rest not day nor night;
 Thousands only live to bless thee,
 And confess thee,
 Lord of might.
- 2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
 Mortal eye can scan,
 Can it be that thou regardest
 Songs of sinful man?
 Can we feel that thou art near us,
 And wilt hear us?
 Yea, we can.
- 3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
 Of thine own to thee,
 And for thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

240 Jerusalem the Golden. 7s & 6s.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice, opprest.
 I know not—oh, I know not—
 What joys await me there,

What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
 Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Oh, royal land of flowers!
 Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect—
 Oh, 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.

241 Nevermore be Sad or Weary.

1 THIS is not my place of resting:
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hast'ning—
 On to my eternal home.

REFRAIN.—Nevermore, nevermore,
 Nevermore be sad or weary;
 Nevermore, nevermore,
 Nevermore to sin again.

- 2 In it all is light and glory ;
 O'er it shines a nightless day ;
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse, has passed away.—REF.
- 3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
 By the streams of life along,
 On the freshest pasture feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.—REF.

242 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

- 1 O PARADISE ! O Paradise !
 Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ?

REFRAIN.—Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

- 2 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 The world is growing old :
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold ?—REF.
- 3 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me.—REF.
- 4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 Oh, keep me in thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above !—REF.

243 When He shall Appear.

- 1 No one can tell when the Saviour shall come—
 Whether in day or in night's solemn gloom ;
 But this we know, and it bringeth sweet cheer :
 We shall be like him when he shall appear.

- REF.—When he shall appear, when he shall
appear,
We shall be like him when he shall appear.
- 2 Oh, blessed hope, that hath lifted the weak,
And thrilled with rapture the thirsty who seek
Joy at the Fountain that flows ever clear:
We shall be like him when he shall ap-
pear.—REF.
- 3 Even to me this sweet promise is given—
That I may shine in the glory of heaven;
Life's heavy burdens I'll cheerfully bear:
We shall be like him when he shall ap-
pear.—REF.
- 4 Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will;
Soon he will come and his promise fulfill;
Ever be ready his summons to hear:
We shall be like him when he shall ap-
pear.—REF.

244 The Day is Past and Over.

- 1 THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to thee;
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.
- 2 The joys of day are over:
We lift our hearts to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over:
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.

O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

- 4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

245**Abide with Me.**

- 1 ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me.
- 4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

246 Fading, still Fading!

1 FADING, still fading! The last beam is shining;
 Father in heaven, the day is declining:
 Safety and innocence fly with the light;
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the
 night.

From the fall of the shade till the morning
 bells chime,

Shield me from danger, save me from crime.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,

Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Father in heaven, oh hear when we call—

Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all:

Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;

In doubting and darkness thy love be our light.

Let us sleep on thy breast while the night
 taper burns—

Wake in thine arms when morning returns.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,

Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

247 Saviour, again to thy Dear Name.

1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise,
 With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
 And, humbly bowing, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
 shame,

That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
 night; -

Turn thou for us its darkness into light;

From harm and danger keep thy children free,

For dark and light are both alike to thee.

- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly
 life—
 Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict
 cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

248 Now the Day is Over.

- 1 Now the day is over;
 Night is drawing nigh;
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close!
- 3 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In thy holy eyes. Amen.

249 Hursley.

L. M

- 1 SUN of my Soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near:
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, "How sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!"
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

250**Greenville.**

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

251**Oh, come, let us Sing.**

- 1 OH, 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 presence 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 hands are all the corners | 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- | pared " the | dry — | land.
- 6 Oh, come, let us worship | 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 pasture, | and " the |
sheep " of his | hand.
- 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty " of |
holiness; ¶ let the whole earth | stand " in
| awe " of | him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge " the
| earth, ¶ and with righteousness to judge
the world, and the | peo - ple | with " his
| truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ¶
and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever
" shall | be, ¶ world | without | end. A-
| men.

252 The Lord is my Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd: I | shall not |
want. ¶
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
he leadeth me beside the still | wa- — |
ters. |

- 3 He re- | storeth my | soul; ||
- 4 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his | name's — | sake.
- 5 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: ||
- 6 For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff
they | comfort | me.
- 7 Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-
ence of mine | ene- | mies, ||
- 8 Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup |
runneth | over.
- 9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the | days of my | life; ||
- 10 And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord
for | ever. || A- | men.

253**The Lord's Prayer.**

- 1 OUR Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be
thy | name; ||
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth
.. as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread; ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our
| debtors.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver
| us from | evil; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and
the glory, for | ever. | A- — | men.

254**Oh, Give Thanks.**

- 1 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.

- 2 Oh, give thanks unto the God of gods;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 3 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 4 To him who alone doeth great wonders;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 6 To him that stretched out the earth above the
waters;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 7 To him that made great lights;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to
rule by night;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 9 Who remembered us in our low estate;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 10 And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 11 Who giveth food to all flesh;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever.
- 12 Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth for ever. Amen.

255 I will Lift Up mine Eyes.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from
whence | cometh my | help.]
- 2 My help cometh from the Lord which made |
heaven and | earth.

- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that
keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not |
slumber nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy shade
upon thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the |
moon by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : he
shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy
coming in, from this time forth, and even
for evermore. | A— | men.

256**Thy Will be Done,**

- 1 "THY will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying streams of | life may·| run ; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done!"
- 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine : |
"Thy will be | done!"
- 3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort, one, |
Is ours : to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

257**TUNE.—Troyte's Chant.**

- 1 THERE is a calm for | those who | weep, ||
A rest for weary | pilgrims | found ; ||
They softly lie, and | sweetly | sleep, ||
Low | in the | ground.

- 2 The storm that sweeps the | wintry | sky
 No more disturbs their | deep re- | pose
 Than summer evening's | latest | sigh
 That | shuts the | rose.
- 3 Then, traveler in the | vale of | tears
 To realms of ever- | lasting | light,
 Through time's dark wilder- | ness of | years.
 Pur- | sue thy | flight.
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by | grace di- | vine,
 In God's own image, | freed from | clay,
 In heaven's eternal | sphere shall | shine
 A | star of | day.

258 TUNE.—Troyte's Chant.

- 1 GOD of my life, thy | boundless | grace
 Chose, pardoned and a- | dopted | me;
 My Rest, my Home, my | Dwelling- | place,
 Father, I | come to | thee.
- 2 Jesus, my Hope, my | Rock, my | Shield,
 Whose precious blood was | shed for | me,
 Into thy hands my | soul I | yield,
 Saviour, I | come to | thee.

DOXOLOGIES.

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

C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4

7s.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to thee
Now and through eternity.

5

7s & 6s.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,

Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise thee evermore;
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 All glory be to thee.

6

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.

7

8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

8

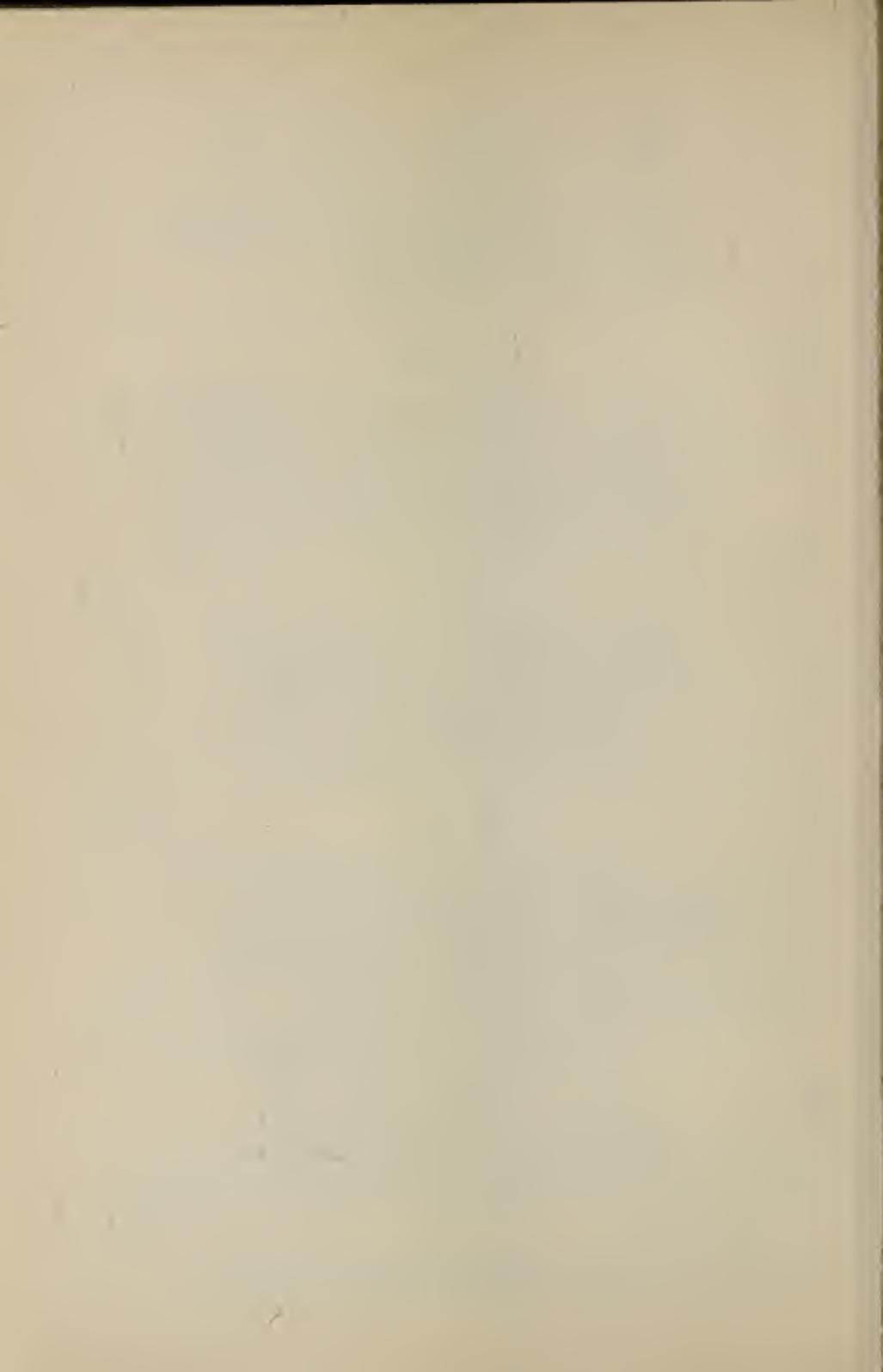
L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

9

11s.

O FATHER almighty! to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
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 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.



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