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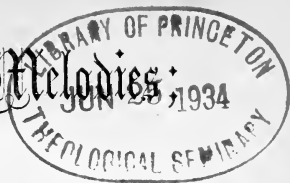




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Debtional

Melodies;



OR,

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

TUNES AND HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR

Congregational and Social Worship.

COMPILED BY A. S. JENKS.

SECOND EDITION :

FOR SALE BY PERKINPINE & HIGGINS, 56 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA;
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PHILADELPHIA :
A. S. JENKS, PUBLISHER.
1859.

Notice.

As no pains and expense have been spared on this little Work, nearly every piece having been newly arranged, and the Work being copyrighted (indeed of many pieces a separate copyright has been secured); I would caution the public not to use any of them without special permission.

A. S. JENKS.

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Publisher's Notice.

THE Book which is hereby offered to the lover of sacred song, will be found to contain many of the best selections from the "*Choral Hymn-Book*," numerous editions of which have been disposed of during the past year. In this book suitable music has been adapted to each piece, thereby greatly facilitating its general use. It also presents some old popular airs, deemed worthy of being preserved from oblivion.

Besides these selections, there will be found many *original* hymns, written expressly for this work, and accompanied with appropriate music, all adapted to social and congregational worship, and to seasons of religious revival.

The Publisher hereby gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Messrs. *Firth, Pond & Co.*, of New York; together with Messrs. *Oliver Ditson & Co.*, and Messrs. *Russell & Tolman*, of Boston, for permitting the use, for sacred words, of several of their most popular melodies. His thanks are also due to Rev. *Wesley Kenney*, for many beautiful original compositions; to Messrs. *Perkinpine & Higgins*, Philadelphia, for some of Rev. *William Hunter's* compositions; and to Mr. *W. J. Kirkpatrick*, for the simple and appropriate arrangement of a large number of the musical compositions found in the work.

With the earnest desire that this little volume may promote the divine glory, and prove a blessing to many, it is hereby submitted to all whose delight it is to "praise God in the sanctuary."

Preface.

IN presenting the "DEVOTIONAL MELODIES" as a candidate for popular favor among those whose spiritual joy and edification are derived largely from "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," as they sing and make melody in their hearts unto the Lord; we claim for it nothing more than the place of an humble auxiliary among the means for promoting an ardent and cheerful piety in the hearts of the children of God. It will be found, it is hoped and believed, adapted to this desirable end.

Among its compositions, original and selected, and the musical harmonies accompanying them, the humble, spiritual Christian will find the means of quickening his devotions; while the meetings for prayer and Christian conference may be rendered more enlivening and profitable by their use.

Many musical compositions will be found in this little volume, which have been used hitherto almost exclusively for secular or sensual purposes, but whose touching melodies are well adapted to higher and holier ends, and one object in the present publication is to rescue these from popular profanation, and consecrate them to the nobler ends of Christian edification and comfort. It claims no place among the higher departments of sacred poetry and song. It enters the common field as a *helper* to works of a justly higher pretension, and offers its aid to all who love to "serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing."

To all who recognize the authority of the Divine declaration, that "It is good to sing praises to our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely," this little volume is offered, in the sincere and ardent hope that it may be found useful in their preparation to join the "Song of Moses and the Lamb," in the everlasting kingdom of God.

Philadelphia, July 1, 1859.

Devotional Melodies.

[Written expressly for this Work.]

“Of Him who did salbation bring.” L. M.

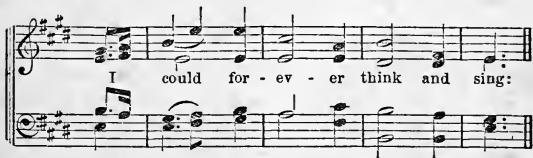
ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

TREBLE
AND
ALTO.



OF Him who did sal - va - tion bring,

TENOR
AND
BASS.



I could for - ev - er think and sing:



CHORUS.

Come, let us sing un - to the Lord, To the Lord God of



Hosts, We will sing Jehovah's triumph, his people are free.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Stay, sinner, stay!" L. M.

Words by REV. W. KENNEY.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ANDANTE.

1. STAY, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;

The Ho-ly Spi-rit strives no more, And Je-sus gives his pleadings o'er.

2. Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call
Now bids you come forsaking all;
Oh, come, and he will bid you live,
Oh, come, and freely he'll forgive.
3. Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
4. Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.
5. Stay, sinner, stay! your life soon past,
Will end in mourning at the last;
As death's dark vale comes full in view
With none to guide you safely through.
6. Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.
7. Come, sinner, come! a home above,
Where all is light, and joy, and love,
Invites you now to haste away,
To realms of everlasting day.
8. See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.

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[Composed for this Work.]

"The Judgment Day." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THE judg-ment day is com-ing, Is com-ing, is

com-ing! The judgment day is com-ing, Oh, that great day.

CHORUS.

Oh, turn, poor sin-ner, And es-cape e-ter-nal

ru-in, For you must stand the tri-al, In that great day!

2. You'll hear the trumpet sounding, &c.
3. You'll see the graves opening, &c.
4. Then we'll see the dead arising, &c.
5. Then we'll see the Judge descending, &c.
6. Then we'll hear the saints a shouting, &c.
7. Then we'll hear the wicked crying, &c.
8. You'd better come to Jesus, &c.
9. You'd better be converted, &c.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Look Away to Calvary." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

MODERATO.

1. A-LAS! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would

he de-vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way to Calva-

ry! Look a-way? Look a-way! Look a-way to Cal-vary!

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
Chorus.—Look away! Look away! &c.
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.
Chorus.—Look away! Look away! &c.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Oh! Yes, Free Grace." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, With-

out one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, free grace, free grace! Oh! yes, free grace, free grace! Oh!

yes, free grace, free grace, to all, To all in Je - sus' name.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.
Chorus.—Oh! yes, free grace, free grace! &c.
3. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
Chorus.—Oh! yes, free grace, free grace! &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Living Vine." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ the liv - ing

vine; His grace I long have slighted, But now I feel him mine.

Chorus.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall

see, And before I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down and die.

2. I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in,
And free'd my soul from danger,
And pardon'd all my sin.

Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.

3. Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.

Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.

4. Still Christ is my salvation;
 What can I covet more?
 I fear no condemnation;
 My Father's wrath is o'er.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
5. By floods and flames surrounded,
 I now my way pursue;
 Nor shall I be confounded
 With glory in my view.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
6. I taste a heavenly pleasure,
 And need not fear a frown;
 Christ is my joy and treasure,
 My glory and my crown.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.

TUNE.—“LIVING VINE.”

1. **T**HOUGH in a world of sickness,
 While on my Saviour's breast,
 He strengthens all my weakness,
 And makes me truly blest.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
2. He cheers my drooping spirit,
 And fills me with his love,
 And soon I shall inherit
 Those shining realms above.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
3. While on the banks of Jordan,
 I now would launch away;
 But, oh! this earthly burden
 Still forces me to stay.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
4. Could I but see my Jesus,
 And scale the mountain height,
 How would I shout his praises
 In yonder realms of light!
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
5. Christian, be not faint-hearted,
 Though least among the flock,
 From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,
 While built upon the rock.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.
6. Let's mend our pace to glory,
 We soon shall meet above,
 And sing the pleasing story
 Of his redeeming love.
Chorus.—Christ is all the world to me, &c.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Oh! Come, and Go along with Me." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. COME, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest: Ye

need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all man-kind.

Chorus.

Oh! come, and go a - long with me, A-long with me, a - long with me! Oh!

come, and go a - long with me, A - way to the prom-ised land!

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
Chorus.—Oh! come, and go along with me! &c.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
Chorus.—Oh! come, and go along with me! &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Crying, Save Me!" C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. FA- THER, I stretch my hands to thee : No o-ther help I know : }
If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah ! whither shall I go ? }

Chorus.

Cry-ing, Save me, save me ! Save me, blessed Saviour ! Cry-ing,

Save me, save me ! O thou Lamb of God !

2. What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death !
Chorus.—Crying, Save me, save me ! &c.
3. O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel my power ;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.
Chorus.—Crying, Save me, save me ! &c.
4. Author of faith ! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes ;
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.
Chorus.—Crying, Save me, save me ! &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"On the Flowery Banks of Jordan's River." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' born to suf-fer and to die: On the flow'ry banks of Jordan's river.
From grief and wo my soul shall fly; On the flow'ry, &c. [Chorus.]
Bright angels shall convey me home. On the flow'ry, &c.
A - way to New Je - ru - sa - lem. On the flow'ry, &c. [Chorus.]

Chorus.

There we'll sing redeeming love, With the shining hosts above: On the flow'ry, &c.

2. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
Chorus.—There we'll sing redeeming love, &c.
3. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
Chorus.—There we'll sing redeeming love, &c.
4. I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath,
And then my happy soul shall tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well.
Chorus.—There we'll sing redeeming love, &c.
5. I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet your Saviour in the clouds.
Chorus.—There we'll sing redeeming love, &c.
6. When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
Chorus.—There we'll sing redeeming love, &c.
7. Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.
Chorus.—There we'll sing redeeming love, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I Want to Live a Christian Here." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

JE - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Oh! glo - ry, hal - le -
 Chorus.—I want to live a Chris-tian here, I want to die a

lujah! He whom I fix'd my hopes upon, Oh! glory, hallelujah!
 shouting, I want to feel my Saviour near, When soul and body's parting.

"Come, and Join our Pilgrim Band." C. M.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal
 Chorus.—Oh! come, and join the pil - grim band, Our toils and triumphs

reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
 share; We soon shall reach that happy land, And rest for-ev - er there.

[Arranged for this Work.]

Rejoicing in the Prospect of Heaven. P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A FEW more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and

cares shall end, Then I shall see my God and Friend, And praise his name on high.

There's no more sighs and no more tears, There's no more pains and

no more fears, But God and Christ and heaven appears Unto the ravished eye.

2. Then, O my soul! despond no more,
 The storm of life will soon be o'er.
 And I shall find the peaceful shore,
 Of everlasting rest.
 O happy day! O joyful hour!
 When freed from earth, my soul shall tower
 Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
 To be forever blest.

3. My soul anticipates the day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summons then my soul away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.
4. Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before:
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood;
The heavenly Canaan sweet and fair,
Before my ravished eyes appear;
It makes me almost think I'm there,
In yonder bright abode.
5. To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with them who're gone before,
Who sing and shout, their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.
6. Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow,
A better world's in view,
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here forever stay:
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day!
Vain world, once more, adieu.

TUNE.—"REJOICING IN THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN."

1. **C**OME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

Indian Mission

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Let me Go to my Home." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.

ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

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1. LET me go to my home, to my home far a - way;

For why should I linger, oh! why should I stay?

Where the waves are so high, and the stormy winds blow; To that

calm, peaceful haven, I will go, I will go! To that

calm. peace-ful ha-ven, I will go, I will go.

2. Let me go to my home, where I'll suffer no more,
Where the contest is ended, the battle is o'er;
Where my Saviour, the palm and the crown will bestow;
To the home that awaits me, oh! now let me go!
3. Let me go to that home, where the saints ever blest,
Where my friends and my kindred eternally rest;
Where the glorified spirit no languor shall know,—
To that home prepared for me, oh! when shall I go!
4. Let me go to that land, where the bright flowers bloom,
Where mortals no more feel the chill of the tomb,
Where life's crystal waters unceasingly flow;
To that home in the heavens, let me go, let me go!
5. Let me go to that home, where earth's sorrows are past,
And the skies never more are with clouds overcast.
Where the storm rages not, nor the chilling winds blow,
To that calm, happy home, let us go, let us go!
6. I shall soon be at rest in the mansions above,
When I'll bask in the smile of the Saviour I love,
And a crown never fading his hand will bestow;
To my home in bright glory, oh! now let me go!
7. Oh! then come, sinner, come, oh, why will you stay?
'Tis the voice of the Saviour now calls you away;
Oh! come to that home, and its bliss you shall know;
Oh! come, then, dear sinner, let us go, let us go!

"I Want to Go." C. M.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal
Chorus.—I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there

The first system of musical notation for the song "I Want to Go." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
too; I want to go where Je-sus is, I want to go there too.

The second system of musical notation for the song "I Want to Go." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Palms of Victory." 8s & 7s.

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MODERATO.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

COME, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
Streams of mer-cy ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise- }

Chorus.

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

Crowns of glory, palms of victory, Crowns of glory, &c.

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

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"Sorrows shall Come Again no More." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.
MODERATO.ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.
MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.

1. WHAT to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears? What are
all the sorrows I de-plore? There's a song ev-er swelling—still

lin-gers on my ears: Oh, sor-row shall come a-gain no more.

Chorus.

'Tis a song from the home of the wea-ry; Sor-row, sor-row

is for-ev-er o'er; Hap-py now—ev-er hap-py on

Canaan's peaceful shore. Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!

2. I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;
I covet not this world's gilded store;
There are voices now calling from the bright realms of day
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song from the home of the weary, &c.
3. Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my life away,
With a lone heart still clinging to the shore,
Yet I hear happy voices which ever seem to say,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song from the home of the weary, &c.
4. 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'Tis a song that I've heard upon the shore:
'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song from the home of the weary, &c.
5. 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem—the victor's holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er;
When the saved ones forever, in joyous notes prolong,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song from the home of the weary, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Watch and Pray!" P. M.

WORDS BY REV. N. HESTON.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray! watch and pray! Pil - grim on life's tear - ful way!

Strength ye need each fleet - ing hour, While ye feel the tempter's pow -

er Watch and pray—watch and pray, Pilgrim on life's tear - ful way.

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2. Hope and trust! hope and trust!
Child of sorrow, child of dust!
Place not here thy fond desire,
But to heavenly things aspire!
See on high—see on high
Joys that ne'er will fade or die.
3. Pray and fight! pray and fight!
Keep thine armor ever bright!
Soon thy trials will be done,
Soon the crown of victory won!
Watch and pray—watch and pray,
Looking for the better day.
4. Watch and pray! watch and pray!
Ye that seek the brighter day!
Grace can all thy foes subdue,
Grace thy fainting strength renew!
Watch and pray—watch and pray,
Pilgrim on life's tearful way.

[Composed for this Work.]

Shurai. S. M.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call;

I can-not live if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Hope of Heaven." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

1. WHEN pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale, And storms of life are
 fiercely driv'n, When fairest prospects quickly fall,
 How sweet to have a hope of heav'n!

2. When lone and wandering far from home,
 No kind relief to us is given;
 Oh! what would then of us become,
 If we had not a hope of heaven?

3. When friends that seemed most near and dear,
 Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
 And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
 How sweet to have a hope of heaven!

4. And when the end is drawing nigh
 Of life, through which we long have striven,
 When we, alas! must droop and die,
 How sweet to have a hope of heaven!

"I Will Believe." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And

sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

Chorus.

I will believe, I do be-lieve that Je-sus died for me, And

here and here - af - ter I hap - py shall be.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
6. Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!
7. 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine:
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Come Unto Me." P. M.

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COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. WITH tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and

stormy sea; Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whis-per—

"Come to me!" "Come to me!" "Come to me!"

2. It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding—"Come to me!"
3. When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—"Come to me!"
4. When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me—"Come to me!"
5. When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—"Come to me!"
6. "Come, for all else must fail, and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy Portion—"Come to me!"
7. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In death's last fearful agony,
Support me—cheer me—from above!
And gently whisper—"Come to me!"

[Composed for this Work.]

"Hark! What mean those Holy Voices." 8s & 7s.

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COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

HARK! what mean those holy voi-ces, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re-joy-ces, Heav'n-ly hal-le-lu-jahs * rise.

Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Saviour's name.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah to the Saviour's name.

2. Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.
3. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.
4. Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.
5. Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Itinerant." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

ANDANTE.

1. WHEN Je - sus, my Sa - viour, first call'd me to go. And

* pub - lish sal - va - tion and peace; He told me if faith - ful while

toil - ing be - low, His care for my soul should not cease.

2. With God and my Bible I parted from home,
And bade my dear kindred adieu;
O'er mountains and valleys a stranger to roam,
Where places and scenes were all new.
3. My path has been varied by pleasure and pain,
By friendship and hatred most keen;
But like the bright bow on the clouds after rain,
God's care o'er my pathway has been.
4. Deserted by friends and derided by foes,
Exhausted by toils and alarms,
My soul has been happy in constant repose,
Enfolded in Christ's loving arms.
5. In perils by land and in perils by sea,
In cruel reproaches and pain,
A pillar of cloud has my Lord been to me,
To shelter, refresh, and sustain.
6. But God has been with me my soul to sustain,
And bring me to glory and peace;
And soon in his kingdom a crown I shall gain,
And then shall my sorrows all cease.

TUNE.—“THE ITINERANT.”

1. **O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
3. O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
6. Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
7. He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for the word;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord!

SAME TUNE.

1. **L**ET others delight in the gambols of mirth,
In pleasures of riot and glee;
But among all the places frequented on earth,
The class-room is sweetest to me.
2. There kindred souls meet and converse as of old,
Their record on high is the same;
For the Lord looketh down and includes in his fold,
The faithful who think on his name.
3. There spirit meets spirit, and eye speaks to eye,
And cords of sweet sympathy bind;
And together they press to their home in the sky,
Forgetting the sorrows behind.
4. There hope plumes her wings and exultingly goes,
To bring, from the land of the blest,
Those sweet leaves from the tree that in Paradise grows,
To heal all the wounds of the breast.
5. Hope sings of a land where none ever shall die,
Where friendships shall never be riven,
Where the tears shall be wiped from each sorrowing eye,
And all shall be happy in heaven.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Sinner's Invitation." 6s & 7s.

WORDS BY REV. C. B. DAVIDSON.

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1. SIN-NER, come, will you go To the high-lands of hea-ven,
Where the storms ne-ver blow, And the long sum-mer's giv-en?

Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o-dors e-mit-ting.

And the leaves of the bow'rs In the soft winds are fit-ting.

2. Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day.
Nor be feared for the morrow.
3. Where the rivers of joy
O'er the bright plains are flowing;
There our bliss ne'er shall cloy!
To that land we are going.
Then say, will you go,
And the world leave behind you?
Since its pleasures you know
Have but dazzled to blind you.

4. Will you go to that land
 Where your friends wait to greet you?
 There a beautiful band
 Join with us to entreat you;
 They are waiting above,
 Waiting happy to hail you,
 In those regions of love
 Where no ills can assail you.
5. He's prepared thee a home,
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

SINNER'S REPLY.—SAME TUNE.

1. **I** WILL go, I will go,
 To that bright home in heaven,
 Nor will tarry below,
 Where true joy ne'er is given.
 I will follow the just
 In the highway and holy,
 Taking God for my trust,
 With the meek and the lowly.
2. I have wandered from light,
 I have wandered in sorrow,
 I have dreamed in the night
 Of the joy of the morrow;
 But the joy of the morn
 Was still mingled with sadness,
 And the evening's return
 Brought no comfort or gladness.
3. I will bid earth adieu,
 With its vain empty pleasures,
 And my journey pursue
 To a land of bright treasures;
 I will sing of His love,
 I will trust in His merit.
 Who will call me above,
 Endless joys to inherit.
4. Blessed Saviour on high!
 Help a sinner to serve thee!
 If salvation is nigh,
 Oh, protect and preserve me!
 And when devils assail,
 Or the wicked allure me,
 May thy strength still prevail,
 And thy Spirit assure me.
5. Thus encompassed about
 By His grace and His power,
 I will triumph and shout
 In the glad final hour!
 I will sing of His grace
 As I pass o'er the river,
 And beholding his face
 Shout His praises forever.—*Rev. C. B. Davidson.*

[Arranged for this Work.]

"There are no Tears in Heaven." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

1. WHAT if our bark o'er life's rough wave By ad - verse winds be driv'n.
D. C. Still, let it nev - er be for - got—There are no tears in heav'n.

FINE.

And howl - ing tem - pests round us rave—There are no tears in heav'n.

2. What though af - flic - tion be our lot, Our hearts with an - guish riv'n ;

D. C.

3. Our sweetest joys here banish all,
And fade like hues at even,
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.
4. The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.
5. Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven ;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.
6. There from the blooming tree of life,
The healing fruit is given ;
There, there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in heaven.

[Composed for this Work.]

Elizur. C. M.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

O THOU from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my

soul to thee; In all my sor-rows, con-flicts,

woes, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2. If for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me.
3. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.
4. When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me
5. And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Christian Experience." 8 lines 8s.

WORDS BY BISHOP HEDDING.
ALLEGRETTO.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. YE an-gels who mortals at-tend, And min-is-ter com-fort in wo,

Come, lis-ten, ye hea-ven-ly friends, My hap-pi-er sto-ry to know:

I sing of a theme most su-blime, No sor-row my song can con-trol,

I sing of the rap-tur-ous time, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

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2. When guilt my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wandered from God,
I strove my sad case to bewail,
My sins were a cumbrous load.
O Saviour, have mercy, I cried!
Oh, pardon a wretch that's so foul!
Then quickly his blood was applied.
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
3. My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
Was chased in a moment away;
The joy of my soul, newly born,
Increased like the dawning of day.

- My Saviour redeemed me from sin,
 He saves not in part but in whole;
 He writes his salvation within—
 For, oh! he spoke peace to my soul.
4. I now am so blessed with his love,
 I covet not earth's greatest store;
 He visits me oft from above—
 I have him, I want nothing more;
 Resigned to his pleasure I'd live,
 Till time's latest circle shall roll,
 His utmost salvation receive,
 For, oh! he spoke peace to my soul.
5. Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
 No danger my soul can affright,
 While onward to mansions of day
 I go in Immanuel's might:
 Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
 From the centre quite through to each pole,
 I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
6. Ye angels who wait while I sing,
 And patiently bear my glad song,
 Come, hear me to Jesus, my King,
 To join with the heavenly throng.
 'Tis there I'll eternally feast,
 On joys that enrapture the whole:
 All heaven would welcome the guest,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
7. Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
 Farewell to my friends and my foes;
 I haste from these scenes to the skies,
 Where pleasure eternally flows:
 He bids me leave all for his sake—
 I'll run till I reach the blessed goal;
 Then me to his arms he will take,
 Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

TUNE—"CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE."

1. **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me:—
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
2. His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I.—
 My summer would last all the year.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Christian Soldier." C. M.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. AM I a sol-dier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,— }
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name. }

Chorus.

Let us nev-er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear, 'Twill on-ly make the crown the

bright-er to shine When we have the crown to wear.

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?
Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

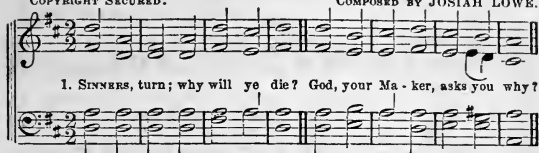
3. Are there no fears for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

[Composed for this Work.]

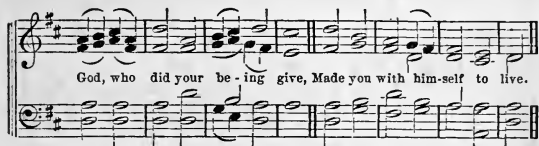
"Sinners, Turn; why will ye Die?" 4 lines 7s.

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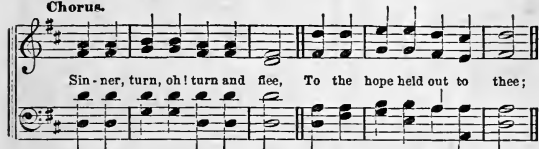


1. SINNERS, turn; why will ye die? God, your Ma-ker, asks you why?

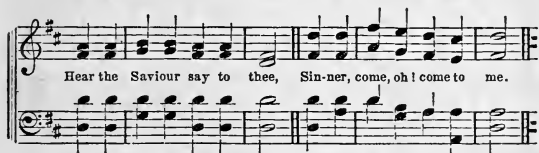


God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live.

Chorus.



Sin-ner, turn, oh! turn and flee, To the hope held out to thee;



Hear the Saviour say to thee, Sin-ner, come, oh! come to me.

2. He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die? (Chorus.)
3. Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live. (Chorus.)
4. Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die? (Chorus.)

[Arranged for this Work.]

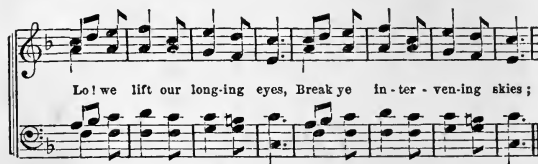
"Burst, ye Emerald Gates." P. M.

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MODERATO.

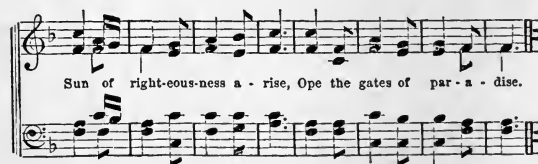
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. BURST ye em'rald gates, and bring To my raptur'd vi-sion; }
All th' ecs-ta-tic joys that spring, A-round the bright e-ly-sian. }



Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes, Break ye in-ter-ven-ing skies;



Sun of right-eous-ness a-rise, Ope the gates of par-a-dise.

2. Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angelic trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3. Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;

Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy! holy! holy One!

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we to the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song.
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus—flows along.

TUNE.—“BURST, YE EMERALD GATES.”

1. **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters 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,
 O receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is 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.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

[From the "Sabbath Bell."]

"My Days are Gliding swiftly By." P. M.

BY PERMISSION OF MASON & BRO., N. Y.

COMPOSED BY G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would

not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.

Chorus.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver, And

just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. (*Chorus.*)
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. (*Chorus.*)
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever! (*Chorus.*)

[Composed for this Work.]

Arthur. 4 lines 7s.

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COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. DEPTH of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?

Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

Chorus.

Wash me, Lord, from all sin Cleanse and make me clean.

2. I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
Chorus.—Wash me, Lord, from all sin, &c.
3. Now incline me to repent:
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
Chorus.—Wash me, Lord, from all sin, &c.
4. Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
Chorus.—Wash me, Lord, from all sin, &c.
5. There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
Chorus.—Wash me, Lord, from all sin, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Christian Pilgrim." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

1. Now the Chris-tian pil - grim sings, Heaven's my home, heaven's my

home! Now the Chris-tian pil - grim sings, Heaven's my home!

Through the tel - e-scope of faith, He looks o'er the riv - er of

death; And ex - ult - ing - ly exclaims, Heaven's my home, heaven's my

home! And ex - ult - ing - ly ex-claims, Heaven's my home!

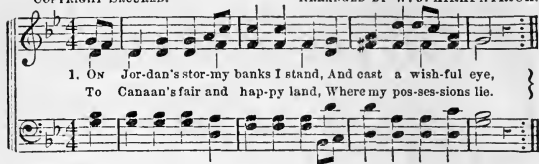
2. Though dull poverty's my lot,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Though dull poverty's my lot,
 Heaven's my home;
 Though dull poverty's my lot,
 And the fig-tree blossoms not,
 Yet I'll sing the song of hope,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Yet I'll sing the song of hope,
 Heaven's my home.
3. Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home;
 Though the world may me disown,
 And I'm little and unknown;
 I'm an heir to yonder throne,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 I'm an heir to yonder throne,
 Heaven's my home.
4. Though temptations me assail,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Though temptations me assail,
 Heaven's my home;
 From the tempter I will flee;
 And my soul draw nigh to thee;
 And I'll sing triumphantly,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 And I'll sing triumphantly,
 Heaven's my home.
5. Oh, that every soul could say,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Oh, that every soul could say,
 Heaven's my home.
 Oh, that every soul could say,
 If I die this blessed day,
 I should rise and soar away,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 I should rise and soar away,
 Heaven's my home.
6. Glory to God that I can say,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Glory to God that I can say,
 Heaven's my home.
 Glory to God for sins forgiven,
 I'm a royal heir of heaven;
 And to me the song is given,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 And to me the song is given,
 Heaven's my home.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"We're all United, Heart and Hand." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

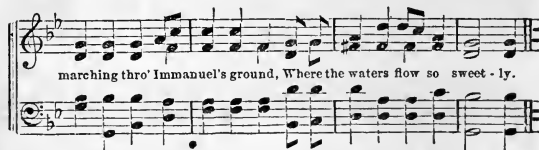


1. ON Jor-dan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

Chorus.



We're all u-nit-ed heart and hand, Join'd in one band complete-ly; We're



marching thro' Immanuel's ground, Where the waters flow so sweet-ly.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight. (*Chorus.*)
3. There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow. (*Chorus.*)
4. O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away. (*Chorus.*)
5. No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more. (*Chorus.*)
6. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest? (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"There is a Land of Pure Delight." C. M.

By permission of FIRTH, POND & Co., N. Y.

MELODY BY S. C. FOSTER.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus.

Weep no more, oh! my friends, Weep no more for me; Though we

part for a while, We will soon meet again, We will soon meet again, farewell!

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

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[Composed for this Work.]

Heaven. P. M.

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COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, Of that coun - try so

bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con - fess'd;

But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be to be there?
3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be to be there?
4. We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first born above;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be to be there?
5. Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or wo,
For thy heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
Shall feel what it is to be there,
Shall feel what it is to be there.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Just as I Am." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. JUST as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was
 Chorus.—I come, I come, with - out de - lay, Oh! take this load of

shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, &c.
 guilt a-way, And then for-ev - er with me stay, O Lamb of God, 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! (*Chorus.*)
3. Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within and wars without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! (*Chorus.*)
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! (*Chorus.*)
5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come! (*Chorus.*)
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone—
 O Lamb of God, I come! (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"How swiftly the Years of our Pilgrimage Fly." P.M.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF

1. How swift - ly the years of our pil - grim - age fly, As

days, months, and years roll si - lent - ly by! Our days are soon

num - ber'd, and Death sounds our knell; We scarce know our

friends, till we bid them fare - well—Till we bid them fare - well!

2. The righteous and unrighteous all move along,
In crowds towards the grave, both the old and the young:
The good rise to heaven—the bad sink to hell;
They take on its verge an eternal farewell!
An eternal farewell!
3. O God! are mankind hastening on to the tomb?
Must hard-hearted sinners soon meet their sad doom?
Save, save, great Redeemer! O break the sad spell—
Forgive and prepare them to bid earth farewell!
To bid earth farewell!

4. To you, fellow-Christian, I turn with delight;
The grave cannot harm you—your prospects are bright:
Be faithful and humble, temptations repel,
You'll soon leave the world with a cheerful farewell—
With a cheerful farewell!
5. We've met here with joy, but, alas! cannot stay—
Stern time bids us part, and we all must away
To life's busy duties—to buy and to sell;
But, oh, in yon heaven there's no parting farewell!
There's no parting farewell!
6. Farewell, then, my brother! in body we part,
But one common Saviour unites us in heart;
Through his grace we'll conquer the world, flesh, and hell,
And then bid this earth a triumphant farewell!
A triumphant farewell!
7. Farewell to its pains! farewell to its cares,
Its thousand misfortunes, temptations, and snares!
We'll mount on faith's pinions with angels to dwell,
Where saints never hear the sad parting farewell!
The sad parting farewell!
8. Farewell, trembling sinner, I'm free from your blood;
My message delivered, I leave you with God;
I've begged and entreated, but dare not compel,
Till the great judgment day I now bid you farewell!
I now bid you farewell!—*Rev. Dr. A. Means.*

[Arranged for this Work.]

"He Dies! the Friend of Sinners, Dies!" L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners, dies! He died on the cross for sinners. }
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around, He died on the cross for sinners, }

A solemn darkness veils the skies, He died on the cross for sinners. }
A sudden trembling shakes the ground, He died on the cross, &c. }

Chorus.

I love the Lord, for he first loved me: And he died on the cross for sinners.

[Composed for this Work.]

"He Died for Me!" L. M.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners, dies! He died for me!

Lo! Sa - lem's daughters weep a - round, He died for me!

Chorus.

Come to Cal - va - ry, come to Cal - va - ry, And see the Sa - vour die!

A solemn darkness veils the skies,—*He died for me!*

A sudden trembling shakes the ground;—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two—*He died for me!*

For him who groaned beneath your load;—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

He sheds a thousand drops for you—*He died for me!*

A thousand drops of richer blood.—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:—*He died for me!*

The Lord of glory dies for man!—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

But lo! what sudden joy we see:—*He died for me!*

Jesus, the dead, revives again.—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

The rising God forsakes the tomb:—*He died for me!*

(In vain the tomb forbids his rise:)—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

Cherubic legions guard him home.—*He died for me!*

And shout him welcome to the skies.—*He died for me!*

Chorus.—Come to Calvary, come to Calvary, &c.

[Composed for this Work.]

"The only Plea." L. M.

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COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

LIVELY.

1. JE-SUS, the sin-ner's friend, to thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee;

Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and sin: O - pen thine arms and

take me in, O - pen thine arms and take me in.

2. Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.
3. At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine,
Thine is the work, and only thine.
4. What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside.—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died,
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"There is a Heaven above the Skies." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THERE is a heav'n a - bove the skies, A heav'n where pleasure

ne - ver dies; A heav'n I sometimes hope to see, Yet of - ten fear 'tis

Chorus.
not for me. But Je - sus, Je - sus is my friend, oh! hal -

le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus, Je - sus is my friend!

2. The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein;
Ten thousand snares to take me in.
Chorus.—But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, &c.

3. I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
Chorus.—But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, &c.

4. Through glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
Dimly the heavenly way appears;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of him that died for me.
Chorus.—But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, &c.
5. I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustained my load;
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he passed this way.
Chorus.—But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, &c.
6. Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
Chorus.—But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, &c.
7. Then, O my soul, arise and sing;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown." (*Chorus.*)
8. "Prove faithful, then, a few more days;
Fight the good fight, and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain." (*Chorus.*)
9. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Oh! what a Happy Day!" L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. JE - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon;

Chorus.

Oh! what a happy day when the Christians meet,
When they meet to part no more.

5*

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Oh, how He Loves!" 8s & 4s.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

MODERATO.

1. THERE'S a friend a - bove all o - thers, Oh, how he loves! }
His is love be - yond a brother's, Oh, how he loves! }

Earth-ly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, to - mor - row grieve us ;

But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, Oh, how he loves!

2. Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him?

Oh, how he loves!

Give thyself e'en this day to him,

Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?

Unbelief and trials tease thee?

Jesus can from all release thee?

Oh, how he loves!

3. Love this friend who longs to save thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Think no more then of to-morrow,

Take his easy yoke and follow,

Jesus carries all thy sorrow,

Oh, how he loves!

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,

Oh, how he loves!

Backward all thy foes be driven,

Oh, how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee ;
Oh, how he loves!

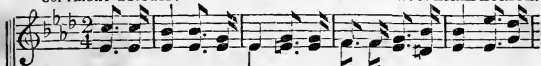
5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
Oh, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation ;
Oh, how he loves!

6. Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavour,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever,
Oh! how he loves!

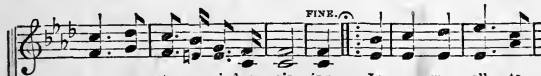
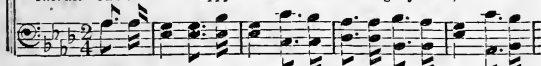
"Oh! the Blessed Happy Land." L. M.

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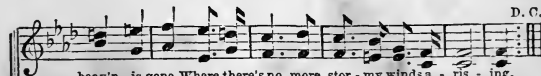
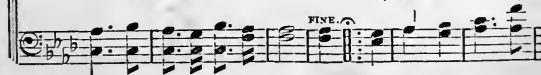
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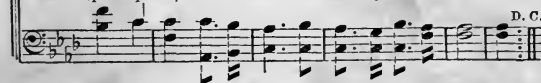
Chorus.—Oh! the bless'd happy land Where the saints in glory stand, Where there's



no more stor-my winds a - ris - ing. Je - sus, my all, to
He, whom I fix my



heav'n is gone, Where there's no more stor - my winds a - ris - ing.
hopes up - on ; Where there's no more stor - my winds a - ris - ing.



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“Though the Pleasures of Earth be Fleeting.” 8 ls. 8s.

WORDS COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK,
BY REV. W. KENNEY.
DOLCE.

MELODY BY JAMES POWER.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THOUGH the pleasures of earth be fleet - ing, And its joys linger not in their

stay ; Tho' the voices now kind - ly greet - ing Be hush'd ere the close of the day,

There are pleasures that perish ne - ver, There are joys that e - ter - nal - ly
Chorus. Then I'll sing and I'll shout Hosan - na ! While I haste to the mansions a -

bloom ; There are voices will greet me ev - er, Beyond the cold chill of the tomb.
bove ; And I'll feast on the heav'nly manna, And drink from the fountain of love.

2. Though the days linger sad and dreary,
 Though dark be the shadows of night,
 Though my spirit be downcast and weary,
 And naught to afford me delight ;
 Still the days of my sadness and sorrow,
 And the nights of my darkness and gloom,
 Will give place to a bright to-morrow,
 When Jesus will summon me home.
Chorus.—Then I'll sing, &c.

3. Then I'll wait till the Saviour shall call me,
 Nor murmur though long he delay;
 For no danger can ever appal me,
 While he is my comfort and stay.
 He will come to receive me to glory,
 With himself he will take me to rest;
 Then I'll chant evermore the glad story,
 And join in the song of the blest.
Chorus.—Then I'll sing, &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

TUNE.—“THOUGH THE PLEASURES OF EARTH BE FLEETING.”

1. **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in Him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
2. His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,—
 My summer would last all the year.
3. Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky:
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

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“Oh! 'tis not Here Below is my Treasure.” P. M.

WORDS COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK,
By REV. W. KENNEY.

MELODY BY JAMES POWER.
Arranged by J. H. VON NARDROFF.

1. Oh! 'tis not here below is my treasure, Not here do I wish long to

stay ; For the earth yields no soul-cheering pleasure, To lighten the toils of my

Chorus.

way. Oh! I long for the joys ever springing,
Gushing forth from the throne of the

Lamb ; Oh! I long with the saints to be singing The praise of Immanuel's name.

2. As a pilgrim on earth—as a stranger,
No home do I claim here below ;
But I press on through darkness and danger,
To a mansion my Lord will bestow.
Chorus.—For I long for the joys, &c.

3. Though this world be so dark and so dreary,—
 Though its joys are so fleeting and vain;—
 There is rest for the weeping and weary,
 Where peace shall eternally reign.
Chorus.—Oh! I long for the joys, &c.

4. Then I'll wait, though in sorrow and sadness,
 All the days of my sojourning here;
 For I know that with joy and with gladness,
 The redeemed shall in Zion appear.
Chorus.—For I long for the joys, &c.

5. Therewith all who have entered bright glory,
 I'll join in the rapturous song:
 While all heaven, the theme and the story,
 Shall forever and ever prolong.
Chorus.—Oh! I long for the joys, &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

“Say, Brothers, will you Meet Us?” L. M.

NOT TOO FAST.

ARRANGED BY E. P. RESTERN.

1. SAY, brothers, will you meet us? Say, brothers, will you meet us?
 SAY, sis-ters will you meet us? Say, sis-ters, will you meet us?

Say, brothers, will you meet us? On Canaan's hap - py shore!
 Say, sis-ters, will you meet us? On Canaan's hap - py shore!

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 Where parting is no more;
 That will be a happy meeting,
 On Canaan's happy shore.

3. Jesus lives, and reigns forever,
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 Glory! glory! hallelujah!
 Forever, evermore!

[Composed for this Work.]

"Beautiful World!" P. M.

COMPOSED BY JOSEPH KENNEDY.

MODERATO.

1. WE'RE going home, we've had visions bright, Of that holy land, that

world of light ; Where the long dark night of time is past, And the morn of eternity

dawns at last ; Where the weary saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a happy,

peaceful home ; Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd,
And the waves of bliss are

flowing around. O that beautiful world ! O that beautiful, beautiful world !

AD LIB. Rit.

Rit.

2. We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear and all are free,
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strain;
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
 And beams on a world that is fair and good;
 Where the stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom;
 O that beautiful world! O that beautiful, beautiful world!
3. Where the tears and sighs which here were given,
 Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven;
 Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine,
 Are guarded well by a band divine;
 Where the banner of love, and friendship's wand,
 Are waving above that princely band;
 And the glory of God like a boundless sea,
 Will cheer that immortal company;
 O that beautiful world! O that beautiful, beautiful world!
4. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear,
 Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
 Through endless years we then shall prove,
 The depth of a Saviour's matchless love,
 O that beautiful world! O that beautiful, beautiful world!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Needy." 8s & 7s. Double.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NAEDEFF.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The accompaniment is written in chords and eighth notes. A 'FINE.' marking with a repeat sign is at the end of the first system. Below the first system, the lyrics are written in two lines, with a large right-facing curly brace grouping them. The lyrics are: 'Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore: } Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power: }'. Below the lyrics, the text 'D. C. He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.' is written. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a 'D. C.' marking above the staff. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a 'D. C.' marking above the staff. The score concludes with a final 'D. C.' marking above the staff.

COME, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore: }
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power: }
 D. C. He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Dilks." 8s & 7s.

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COMPOSED BY J. PATTERSON.

1. SA-UIOUR, breathe an ev' - ning bless - ing, Ere re

pose our spi - rits seal; Sin and want we come con -

fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"We'll be There in a Little While." C. M.

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MELODY BY DANIEL JOHNSON.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye; To

Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

Chorus.

We'll be there, we'll be there in a lit - tle while, We'll join the pure and the

blest; We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown. And forever be at rest.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
3. There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

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"A Pilgrim in this Desert World." C. M. Double.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.
MODERATO.MELODY BY W. R. DEMPSTER,
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A PIL-GRIM in this desert world, 'Mid snares and dangers dread, I

look up-on the dre-a-ry way, As life's rough path I tread;

And sigh to feel my ex-ile state, And weep that here I roam, In a

dark and fear-ful wil-der-ness, A-way from my sweet home.

2. But oft amid the darkness gleams
A bright and cheering ray,
And sheds a heavenly radiance
O'er all the gloomy way;
Then I lift up my drooping head,
To see whence it doth come,
And lo! I find that radiant beam
Shines from my own sweet home.
3. Then how my heart with rapture thrills
To find I'm almost there,
To feel my weary fainting frame
Fanned by its balmy air!

- And thence how quickened are my steps,
 To reach that peaceful dome.
 Where centre all my dearest hopes,
 My glorious heavenly home!
4. Onward I haste with steadfast aim,
 With eager, longing gaze;
 Nor heed my sufferings as I pass
 Along the thorny maze;
 Though threatening clouds often arise,
 And furious tempests come,
 I travel on in joyful hope,
 Of my blest heavenly home.
5. O blissful thought! when I shall leave
 This world of sin and wo,
 I leave my sorrows all behind,
 My sufferings here below:
 O heaven! bright land of cloudless day,
 There earth's woes ne'er can come;
 Its pains, its toils, its strife and sin,
 Will not reach my sweet home.
6. There all is peace and holy love,
 There health and bliss abound,
 There rapturous scenes, unfailing sweets,
 And priceless gems are found;
 Oh! richer and more beauteous far
 Than costliest earthly dome,
 Is my bright mansion in that world,
 My happy, heavenly home.

[Arranged for this Work.]

Gartimeus. 8s & 7s.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace.
Chorus—Oh! how precious, oh! how precious, Is the sound of Je-sus' name!

Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Oh! how precious, oh! how precious, Is the sound of Je-sus' name!

[Arranged for this Work.]

"A Hope of Heaven, a Precious Treasure." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

1. A HOPE of heav'n, a precious treasure, The richest boon that man can crave; }
For it af-fords unfading pleasure, A hope of heav'n beyond the grave: }

This hope has been my stay and comfort Thro' many a dark and gloomy

hour; Of it the world can never rob me, Long as I trust Almighty power.

2. When sorrow, death, and wo surround me,
And all about me's filled with gloom,
My mind is peaceful, calm, and even—
I have a hope beyond the tomb;
Strong ties by death long since were riven,
And those I loved I see no more,
Nor will until we meet in heaven—
There we shall meet to part no more.
3. When friends are few, and the world alluring,
And through temptation I'm cast down,
My way is dark and nothing cheering,
A hope of heaven still cheers me on.
Though prospects fade and friends should fail me,
And all seems cheerless on the road,
And though the powers of hell assail me,
I'll hope for heaven and trust in God.
4. And when I pass through death's dark valley,
A light shall shine around my way—
His rod and staff shall then support me,
He'll bring me through to endless day.
Until that hour still let me cherish
A hope of heaven and its joy,
Well-grounded on my Saviour's merits,
Whose praises shall my tongue employ.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Attend, Young Friends." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

LENTO.

1. ATTEND, young friends, whilst I re - late, The dan - ger you are in.

The e - vils that a - round me wait, Whilst sub - ject un - to sin.

2. Although you flourish like the rose,
Whilst in its branches green,
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
And never more be seen.
3. In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell,
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.
4. How small this world will then appear,
At that tremendous hour,
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power!
5. In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone,
Your golden hours are spent at last,
And never to return.
6. Oh! come this moment and begin,
Whilst life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive what's past.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Our Bondage it will End, By-and-By." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. OUR bon-dage it will end, by-and-by, by-and-by,

Our bon-dage it will end, by-and-by; From Egypt's yoke set

free, In that glorious Ju-bi-lee; And to Canaan we'll re-turn, by-and

by, by-and-by, And to Canaan we'll re-turn, by-and-by.

2. Our Deliverer he will come, by-and-by, by-and-by,
 Our Deliverer he will come, by-and-by.
 And our sorrows have an end, with our three-score years and ten,
 And vast glory crown the day, by-and-by, by-and-by,
 And vast glory crown the day, by-and-by.

3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on,
Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on.
If our hearts dissolve with fear, lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.
4. And when to Jordan's flood we are come, we are come,
And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide, and the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout, we are come, we are come,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout, we are come.
5. There we shall meet again those we loved, those we loved,
There we shall meet again those we loved.
Our embraces shall be sweet, at the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, those we loved, those we loved,
When we meet to part no more, those we loved.

TUNE.—"OUR BONDAGE IT WILL END, BY-AND-BY."

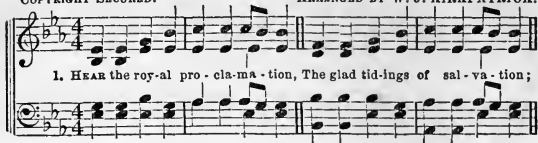
1. **W**HAT wondrous love is this, O! my soul! O! my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O! my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caused the Lord of bliss,
To send this precious peace to my soul, to my soul,
To send this precious peace to my soul!
2. When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for my soul!
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul!
3. Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing.
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.
4. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.
5. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing, and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And through eternity I'll sing on.

[Arranged for this Work.]

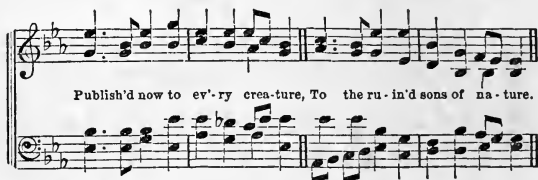
"Hear the Royal Proclamation." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. HEAR the roy-al pro-cla-ma-tion, The glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion;



Publish'd now to ev'-ry crea-ture, To the ru-in'd sons of na-ture.



Chorus. Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns. **Rit.**

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, &c.
3. Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, &c.
4. Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, &c.
5. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, &c.

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"Joyfully, Joyfully, onward I Move." P. M.

WORDS BY WM. HUNTER.

MUSIC BY REV. A. D. MERRILL.

1. JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits above; }
An-ge-lic choristers sing as I come, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home. }

2. Soon with my pilgrimage ended below, Home to that land of delight will I go;

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3. Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
4. Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
5. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
6. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

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"A Home in Heaven." P. M.

WORDS BY WM. HUNTER.
MODERATO.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A HOME in heav'n! what a joy-ful thought, As the poor man toils in his

wea-ry lot, His heart oppress'd and with an-guish driv'n, From his

home be-low to his home in heav'n, From his home below to his home in heav'n.

2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.
3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
4. A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.
6. A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
7. Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit joined with the bride says "Come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

"When I Can Read my Title Clear." C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to

Chorus.

ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll

anchor by-and-by, We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by.

"Happy Day." L. M.

1. O HAPPY day! that fix'd my choice On thee my Sa-viour and my God; }
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

Chorus.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic - ing ev'-ry day.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way!

2. O happy bond! that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Chorus.—Happy day, happy day, &c.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Chorus.—Happy day, happy day, &c.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
 With him of every good possessed.
Chorus.—Happy day, happy day, &c.

5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.
Chorus.—Happy day, happy day, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Glory to the Lamb." L. M.

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 ALLEGRETTO.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

JE - SUS, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; }
 His track I see and I'll pursue The nar-row way till him I view. }

Chorus.

Oh glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! Throughout my soul I feel the flame;

Oh! had I wings like No-ah's dove, I soon would shout with those above.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Christian's Robe." C. M. Double.

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ARRANGED BY J. H. VON NARDROFF.

1. DRESS'D u - ni - form Christ's soldiers are, When du - ty calls a - broad; Not

purchased by their cost and care, But by their Prince bestow'd. Christ's

soldiers, too, have Christ-like bread, And re - gi - men - tal dress; 'Tis

heav'nly white and mix'd with red, 'Tis Christ our right-cous-ness.

2. A rich and costly robe it is,
 And to the soldier dear:
 No rose can learn to blush like this,
 No lily look so fair.
 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skillful hand,
 And stained with his own blood.
 Which makes the angels gazing stand
 To view this robe of God.
3. No art of man can weave this robe,
 'Tis of such texture fine,
 Nor could the wealth of all the globe
 By purchase make it mine;

- 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout
So curiously, that none
Can dress up in this uniform,
Till Jesus puts it on.
4. This vesture never waxes old,
Nor spot thereon can fall;
It makes the soldier brisk and bold,
And dutiful withal.
This robe put on me, Lord, each day,
And it shall hide my shame;
'Twill make me shout, and sing, and pray,
And bless my Captain's name.
5. How brisk and bold Christ's soldiers are,
When dressed up in this robe!
They look like men equipped for war,
And like the sons of God.
Their shield is faith—their helmet, hope,
And thus they march Christ's road;
Christ's spirit is their glittering sword
To fight the war for God.
6. When dressed up in this uniform,
In order march along:
Christ Jesus is their leader now,
And conscience beats the drum.
The trumpet sounds, at God's command,
A long and joyful sound:
Christ's soldiers shout, and praise their King,
And the walls come tumbling down.

"There you'll sing Hallelujah." C. M.

Musical score for the hymn "There you'll sing Hallelujah." The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

THERE is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor tal reign;
Chorus.—There you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And I'll sing hal-le-lu - - - jah,

In - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, In that sweet world a-bove.

7 *

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Beautiful Valley." P. M.

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ALLEGRETTO.AS SUNG BY WM. E. MANLOVE.
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Low down in this beautiful valley, Where the
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,

loud storms of en-vy and fol-ly May roll on their bil-lows in vain.

The poor soul that is under subjection, Where
May here find unshaken protection,

soft gales of cheering re-flection The mind soothe from sorrow and pain.

2. This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
No dark wiles of evil invention
Can find out this region of peace;
Oh there, there the Lord will deliver,
And the soul shall drink from that beautiful river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3. Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither,
 Where joys bloom and never shall wither,
 Where faith binds all Christians together,
 In love to the sovereign I AM;
 There, there surrounded with glory,
 O Lord, we will worship before Thee,
 And shouting redemption's glad story,
 We sing the praise of God and the Lamb.

"Oh! Come, and Will you Go?" L. M.

COME, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev' - ry soul be

Chorus.

Je - sus' guest;
 Chorus.—Oh! come, and will you go, will you go, will you

go? Oh! come, and will you go, Where plea-sures ne-ver die?

Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God has bidden all mankind. (*Chorus.*)

2. Sent by my Lord on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:— (*Chorus.*)
 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou?
 All things in Christ are ready now. (*Chorus.*)

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"The Eden Above." 12s & 11s.

WORDS BY WM. HUNTER.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly,
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road to fol - ly:

The home of the hap - py, the king - dom of love. }
Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? }

Chorus.

Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go? Oh,

say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

2. In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Chorus.—Will you go? will you go? &c.

3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there—not a shade of transgression :
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Chorus.—Will you go? will you go? &c.
4. No poverty there;—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love ;
Nor sickness can reach them—that country is healthy :
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Chorus.—Will you go? will you go? &c.
5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move ;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished ;
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Chorus.—Will you go? will you go? &c.
6. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Chorus.—We will go! we will go! &c.
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above!
7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee ;
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move ;
Oh, come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Chorus.—Will you go? will you go? &c.
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?
8. Methinks thou art now, in thy wretchedness saying,
Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience remove ?
No other but Jesus;—then come to him praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Chorus.—Will you go? will you go? &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

“Martyrdom, or Abon.” C. M.

H. WILSON.

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free ;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.

The second system of musical notation, continuing from the first. It also consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

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"Conversion." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. C. COOKE.

MUSIC BY B. R. HANBY.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this low dark val-ley, where so ma-ny sorrows grow, I have

spent ma-ny gloomy hours in pain; In weeping, praying, seeking my Re-

deem er's love to know, But fail'd peace or par-don to ob-tain.

Chorus.

O my Sa- vour and Lord, they have tak-en thee a- way, And I

fear I'll ne-ver see thee a- ny more; I'm gloo-my and I'm weary, as I



2. When the moon's in her zenith, and the stars are shining bright,
Then I wander in fields and humbly pray;
The chilling, moaning night winds bear away, on pinions light,
My sighs and my prayers till dawn of day.

Chorus.—O my Saviour and Lord, &c.

3. When the Sabbath-day has come, I go to church to hear
If there's mercy for such a wretch as I;
I listen while I'm sitting, and I give myself to prayer,
But oh! there's no pity ever nigh.

Chorus.—O my Saviour and Lord, &c.

4. It is evening, and the people meet for prayer again,
I will go, humbly kneeling as before;
The Saviour's word is faithful, and, though there I may be slain,
If lost yet his favor I'll implore.

Chorus.—O my Saviour and Lord, &c.

5. Oh my soul's full of sorrow!—but the light begins to dawn,
And I see men as trees in motion near—
I'm believing and I'm feeling that Jesus is my own,
And I'm his, for I know he heareth prayer.

Chorus.—O my Saviour and Lord, thou hast taken sin away,
And I'll never wander from thee any more;
I'm drinking consolation with each bright and passing day,
And with rapture my Saviour I adore.

6. My vision now is failing, and my strength's declining too,
Hark! hark! there's a strange knocking at the door!
I hear the angels calling! I must bid my friends adieu,
I'm going home to live forever more!

Chorus.—O my Saviour and Lord, up in glory far away,
We'll be happy in thy presence evermore;
There is no night in heaven, but an endless happy day,
And there will we love thee and adore.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Oh, Sing to me of Heaven." S. M.

1. Oh sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing
Chorus. This world is not my home, This world is not my home, This

songs of sweetest ecs-ta-sy, To waft my soul on high.
 world's a wil-der-ness of wo, This world is not my home.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow,
 Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
 Let heaven begin below.
Chorus.—This world is not my home, &c.
3. When the last moment comes,
 Oh, watch my dying face,
 And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
 Which o'er each feature plays.
Chorus.—This world is not my home, &c.
4. Then to my raptured ears
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.
Chorus.—This world is not my home, &c.
5. Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest,
 And clasp my pale and icy hands
 Upon my lifeless breast.
Chorus.—This world is not my home, &c.
6. Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.
Chorus.—This world is not my home, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I'm Going Home to Die no More." L. M.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

Chorus.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more; I'm go-ing home to die no more!

2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
Chorus.—I'm going home, &c.
3. While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
Chorus.—I'm going home, &c.
4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
Chorus.—I'm going home, &c.
5. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be.
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
Chorus.—I'm going home, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"None but the Righteous shall be Saved." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, that my load of sin were gone, *None but the righteous shall be saved.* Oh,

that I could at last sub-mit, *None but the righteous shall be saved.*

CHORUS. Oh, no! oh, no! *None but the righteous shall be saved!*

1ST TIME. 2D TIME.

At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet. (*Chorus.*)

2. Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art. (*Chorus.*)
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart. (*Chorus.*)
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free; (*Chorus.*)
I cannot rest till pure within.—
Till I am wholly lost in thee. (*Chorus.*)
4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God:
Thy light and easy burden prove; (*Chorus.*)
The cross all stained with hallowed blood
The labour of thy dying love. (*Chorus.*)
5. I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release; (*Chorus.*)
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Weep, weep, Mourn, mourn." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear, Repent, thine end is nigh; Death

at the farthest can't be far, Oh! think before thou die,
Chorus.—Weep, weep, mourn, mourn, for-

sake your e-vil way, And to a smiling God return, Before the judgment day.

2. Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
 Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dark account?
Chorus.—Weep, weep, mourn, mourn, &c.
3. Death enters, and there's no defence:
 His time there's none can tell:
 He'll in a moment call thee hence
 To heaven, or down to hell.
Chorus.—Weep, weep, mourn, mourn, &c.
4. Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
 Shall unto dust consume:
 But, ah! destruction stops not there;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.
Chorus.—Weep, weep, mourn, mourn, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"It was for you that Jesus Died." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, It was for you that Je - sus died, I

could for - ev - er think and sing; It was for you that Je - sus died.

Chorus.

Oh! yes, oh! yes, it was for you that Je - sus died!

Oh! yes, oh! yes, it was for you that Je - sus died.

Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve:
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive. (*Chorus.*)

2. Ask but his grace, and lo. 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven; (*Chorus.*)
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul.
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole. (*Chorus.*)
3. To shame our sins he blushed in blood:
He closed his eyes to show us God: (*Chorus.*)
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show. (*Chorus.*)

4. 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan; (*Chorus.*)
Where'er I am, where'er I move.
I meet the object of my love. (*Chorus.*)
5. Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry: (*Chorus.*)
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough? (*Chorus.*)

[From the "New Lute of Zion."]

"How sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds." C. M.

BY PERMISSION.

ARRANGED BY H. P. M.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place:
My never-failing treasure filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
5. I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Specious World Promiscuous Flows." 8s & 7s.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THE specious world promiscuous flows, Enrapt in fan - cy's vi - sion ;

Al - lur'd by sound, be - guil'd by shows, And emp - ty dreams, nor

scarce - ly knows There is a bright - er hea - ven.

2. Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth be given ;
All-varying time our forms invade.
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade—
There's nothing lasts but heaven.
3. Creation's mighty fabric all
Will be to atoms riven ;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball,
There's nothing firm but heaven.
4. This world with all its wealth is poor,
And like a baseless vision ;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

5. A stranger, lonely, here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom;
This earth is lonely as a tomb,
I have no home but heaven.
6. The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;
Roll on, ye suns, fly swift, ye years,
I'm on the wing for heaven.
7. And now I bid the world adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven,
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I will pursue,
To live with him in heaven.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Heavenly Rest in Anticipation." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

WHEN I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to

Chorus.

ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Chorus.—There you'll sing hal-le - lu - jah ! When

we arrive at home ; And we'll all sing hallelujah ! Around our Father's throne.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Heavenly Union." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. COME saints and sinners, hear me tell The wonders of Im-man-u-el, Who

saved me from a burn-ing hell, And brought my soul with him to dwell, And

gave me heav'n-ly u - nion, And gave me heav'n-ly u - nion.

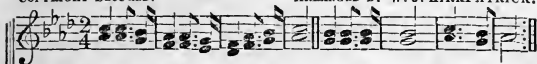
2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie.
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."
3. Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.
4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union!
5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"We're Homeward Bound!" P. M.

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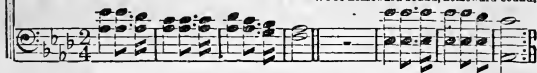
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



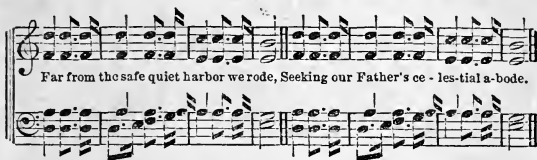
1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, &c. }

Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide, We're homeward bound, &c. }

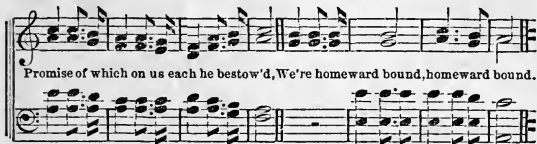
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



We're homeward bound, &c.



Far from the safe quiet harbor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode.



Promise of which on us each he bestow'd, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, &c.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
 Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
 Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud cracking sail,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last, home at last.
 Softly we drift on its soft, silver tide,
 We're home at last, home at last.
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last, home at last

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Skeptic! Spare that Book." P. M.

ANDANTE.

MELODY BY HENRY RUSSELL.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. SKEPTIC! spare that book, Touch not a single leaf, Nor in its pages

look With eyes of un-be-lief, 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's stay, In the

hour of a-go-ny; Skep-tic go thy way, Go let that old book be.

2. Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When in my grandsire's halls,
 I heard its tales of truth.
 I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er the volume as he read;
 But that was long ago,
 The good old man is dead.
3. My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy,
 I've seen her eyes of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joy;
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear they are to me;
 Skeptic! forego thy will.
 Go, let that old book be.

4. A sure unerring guide
 This book has proved to me,
 While on the stormy tide
 Of life's tempestuous sea.
 'Twill safely guide me o'er,
 Where trials never come,
 To Canaan's blissful shore,
 The Christian's peaceful home.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"There we'll Sing and Shout with the Angels." P. M.

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Chorus.—And oh! I will go, And oh! I will go, And oh! I will go in-to

yon bright world.

HYMN.—There we'll sing and shout with the angels, Shout with the angels,

shout with the angels, There we'll sing and shout with the angels
 In that congregation.

2. Oh! there we'll live forever, &c.
3. There we'll walk and talk with Jesus, &c.
4. There we'll meet our friends in glory, &c.
5. Oh! father, will you meet me? &c.
6. Oh! mother, will you meet me? &c.
7. Oh! brother, will you meet me? &c.
8. Oh! sister, will you meet me? &c.
9. Oh! children, will you meet me? &c.
10. Oh! mourner, will you meet me? &c.
11. Oh! sinner, will you meet me? &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Vain World, Adieu!" 8s & 4s.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. WHEN for eternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, }
And faith in live-ly ex-er-cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise, }

The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely sonnet sings,

dim. Vain world, a - dieu! *cres.* Vain world a - dieu! *f*
dim. *cres.* *f*

m And loud her love - ly son-net sings, *dim.* Vain world, a - dieu!
m *dim.*

2. With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore:
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home!

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 I'm safe at home!

"Sessions." L. M.

BY PERMISSION.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found and peace is given;

But soon, ah! soon approaching night, Shall blot out ev' - ry hope of heav'n.

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,—
 Before His bar your spirits bring.
 And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.
5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

[Composed for this Work.]

Hush. L. M.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry

soul to rest! How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes!

How gent - ly heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around.—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
5. Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

[Arranged for this Work.]

"We are Passing Away." C. M.

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1. AND must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day For ev'ry vain and

Chorus.

idle thought, And ev'ry word I say?
Chorus.—We are pass-ing a - way, We are

pass-ing a - way, We are pass-ing a - way To the great judgment day.

2. Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
Chorus.—We are passing away, &c.
3. How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!
Chorus.—We are passing away, &c.
4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow:
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.
Chorus.—We are passing away, &c.
5. If now thou standest at the door,
Oh let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.
Chorus.—We are passing away, &c.

"Home is Sweet." C. M.

MUSIC BY M. S. PIKE.

1. JE - RU - SALEM! my hap-py home! Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end, In joy and peace in thee?

Chorus.

Home is sweet, home is sweet, On Canaan's hap-py shore,

And oh! 'twill fill my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

2. O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbath has no end?
Chorus.—Home is sweet, home is sweet, &c.
3. Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
 Or feel, at death, dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
Chorus.—Home is sweet, home is sweet, &c.

4. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Chorus.—Home is sweet, home is sweet, &c.

5. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Chorus.—Home is sweet, home is sweet, &c.

“There’s Power in Jesus’ Blood.” C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; }
And sin-ners plunge beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }

Chorus.

There's power in Jesus' blood, There's power in Jesus' blood, There's

power in Je - sus' blood, To wash a - way my sins.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away. (*Chorus.*)
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Mercy Seat." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

MODERATO.

1. FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There

is a calm a sure retreat, 'Tis found be - neath the Mer-cy Seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;

A place than all be-sides 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.
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?

5. There—*there* on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6. Oh, let my hand forget her skill.
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

“View the Promised Land.” L. M.

1. JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone, *View the land, view the land,* He whom I fix my

hope up-on, *View the promised land.* A-way o-ver Jor-dan,

view the land, view the land, Away over Jordan, view the promised land.

His track I see, and I'll pursue, &c.
The narrow way, till him I view, &c.
Chorus.—Away over Jordan, &c.

The way the holy prophets went.—
The road that leads from banishment,—
Chorus.—Away over Jordan, &c.
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
Chorus.—Away over Jordan, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I'm Bound to Die in the Army." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm glad that I am born to die, O glo-ry hal-le hal-le - lu - jah! }
From grief and wo my soul shall fly, O glo-ry hal-le hal-le - lu - jah! }

Chorus.

Thro' grace I'm bound to die in the army, And to join the blood-wash'd throug.

Bright angels shall convey me home, &c.

Away to New Jerusalem, &c.

Chorus.—Through grace I'm bound, &c.

2. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death;

Chorus.—Through grace I'm bound, &c.I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.*Chorus.*—Through grace I'm bound, &c.

3. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,

Chorus.—Through grace I'm bound, &c.Kind angels beckon me away,
To sing his praise in endless day.*Chorus.*—Through grace I'm bound, &c.

4. My brethren, will you meet me there,
And in God's kingdom have a share?

Chorus.—Through grace I'm bound, &c.Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there.*Chorus.*—Through grace I'm bound, &c.

5. And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,

Chorus.—Through grace I'm bound, &c.Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.*Chorus.*—Through grace I'm bound, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I'm Bound for the Promised Land." C. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. WE'RE marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright;
Chorus.—I'm bound for the promised land, I'm bound for the promised land.

Come, join our hap-py pilgrim band, And seek the plains of light.
 Oh! who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promised land.

2. The Saviour feeds his little flock;
 His grace is richly given:
 The living water from the rock,
 And daily bread from heaven.
Chorus.—I'm bound for the promised land, &c.
3. To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
 And guides our feet aright;
 A cloudy pillar leads by day,
 A fiery one by night.
Chorus.—I'm bound for the promised land, &c.
4. "Come with us, we will do you good,"
 Here is our heart and hand,
 To meet you over Jordan's flood,
 And share the promised land.
Chorus.—I'm bound for the promised land, &c.
5. There in that land no tears are shed,
 No sighs escapes the heart:
 To joy's full fountain all are led,
 And there they never part.
Chorus.—I'm bound for the promised land, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Christian Band." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. HERE is a band of brethren dear, *I be-long to this band, hal-le-lu-jah!* }
 Who live as pilgrim strangers here, *I belong to this band, hal-le-lu-jah!* }

Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! *I be-long to this band, hallelujah!*

2. King David on his throne of state
 Did belong to this band. hallelujah!
 And Lazarus at the rich man's gate,
 Did belong to this band, hallelujah!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
3. This is the way I long have sought,
 I belong to this band. hallelujah!
 And mourn because I found it not,
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
4. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
5. Nothing but sin have I to give,—
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
 Nothing but love shall I receive,
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
6. Then will I tell to sinners round,
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 I belong to this band, hallelujah!
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.

[From the "New Lute of Zion"—by permission.]

"Oron." 6 lines 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

EARNESTLY.

1. By thy birth and by thy tears; By thy hu - man griefs and fears; }
By thy con - flict in the hour Of the sub - tle tempter's power; }

Saviour, look with pitying eye; Saviour, help me, or I die,

Saviour, help me, Saviour, help me, Saviour, help me, or I die!

- 2. By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode.—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die!
- 3. By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die!
- 4. By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own.—
Saviour, look with pitying eye,
Saviour, help me, or I die!

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Lord will Provide." 10s & 11s.

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MELODY BY S. LOVER, Esq.
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THOUGH troubles as - sail and dangers affright; Tho' friends should all

fall, And foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us what -

ev - er be - tide, The pro - mise as - sures us, — The Lord will provide.

2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, — The Lord will provide.
3. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, — The Lord will provide.
4. He tells us we're weak, — our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, — The Lord will provide.
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, — The Lord will provide.
6. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, — The Lord will provide.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"To Glory I will Go." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. WHEN I set out for glo - ry, I left the world behind, Determined for a

ci - ty, That's out of sight to find, And to glo - ry I will go.

Chorus.

And to glo-ry I will go, I'll go, I'll go, And to glo-ry I will go.

2. I left my worldly honour,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name,
And to glory I will go.
Chorus.—And to glory I will go, &c.
3. Some said I'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young,
For to prepare for dying:
But that was all my theme,
And to glory I will go.
Chorus.—And to glory I will go, &c.
4. Come, all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry:
All you that are backsliders,
Must shortly beg or die,
And to glory I will go.
Chorus.—And to glory I will go, &c.

"We'll Wait till Jesus Comes." C. M.

1. O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When shall I lay my

Chorus.

ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home ?
Chorus.—We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll

wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, and we'll be gathered home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home. (*Chorus.*)
3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He made me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home. (*Chorus.*)
4. I should at once have quit this field,
Where foes with fury foam;
But ah! my passport was not sealed,—
I could not yet go home. (*Chorus.*)
5. When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home. (*Chorus.*)
6. Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground.
And dwell with Christ at home. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I Would not Live Alway." 4 lines 11s.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

MODERATO.

1. I WOULD not live al-way; I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter

storm rises dark o'er the way, The few lu-rid mornings that
Chorus.—I love thee, I love thee, thou

Pause marks are for Chorus only.

dawn on us here, Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.
 know-est full well, But how much I love thee, I ne-*ver* can tell.

2. I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there. I dread not its gloom:
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
Chorus.—I love thee, I love thee, &c.
3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
Chorus.—I love thee, I love thee, &c.
4. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
Chorus.—I love thee, I love thee, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Christian Army." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ALLEGRO.

1. O WHEN shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - bove; O

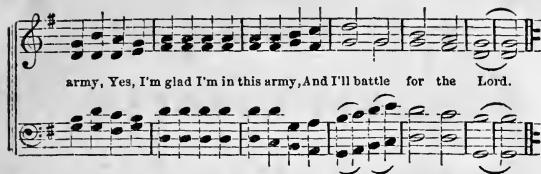
when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him above; To drink the flowing

fountain, To drink the flowing foun-tain Of e - ver - last - ing love ?

Chorus.

I'm glad I'm in this ar-my; Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar-my, Yes, I'm

glad I'm in this ar-my, And I'll bat-tle for the Lord, I'm glad I'm in this



army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the Lord.

When shall I be delivered,
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?
Chorus.—I'm glad I'm in this army, &c.

2. But now I am a soldier.
 My captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear; (*Chorus.*)
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers,
 Eternal life shall have.
Chorus.—I'm glad I'm in this army, &c.
3. Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I fly; (*Chorus.*)
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them all adieu,
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
Chorus.—I'm glad I'm in this army, &c.
4. And if you meet with troubles,
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray. (*Chorus.*)
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.
Chorus.—I'm glad I'm in this army, &c.
5. O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend: (*Chorus.*)
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.
Chorus.—I'm glad I'm in this army, &c.

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“Oh! here I'm Sad and Weary.” P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.

MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.

1. Oh! here I'm sad and weary — far, far from home, My path is lone and

drea-ry — a pilgrim here I roam; But 'tis my Saviour calls—and it

makes my heart re-joice, As I catch the soft-est whis-per of that

dear fa-mi-liar voice; Breathing music on my ear—sounding sweetly thro' the

gloom, Oh! it bids the wea-ry pil-grim — welcome, welcome home.

2. Oh! how I long to greet them—the friends gone before;
 Soon, soon I'll go to meet them on Canaan's happy shore:
 They watch me as I come, and I hear their blissful song,
 As they in thrilling numbers still the joyous notes prolong;—
 Making music to my ear, sounding sweetly through the gloom,—
 Oh! they bid the weary pilgrim—welcome, welcome home.
3. What though the days be dreary, and long be my stay,—
 Though still my soul be weary, and pant to soar away;
 I wait my Saviour's call, for it soon will greet my ear,
 Then I'll join my friends and kindred, who no longer suffer here;
 For I hear their joyous song sounding sweetly through the gloom,—
 Oh! it bids the weary pilgrim—welcome, welcome home.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

“Let us Walk in the Light.” P. M.

1. CHILDREN of the heav'nly King, *In the light, in the light,* As we journey

Chorus.

let us sing, *In the light of God.* Let us walk in the light,

Walk in the light, Walk in the light, In the light of God.

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, &c.
 Glorious in his works and ways, &c. (*Chorus.*)

2. We are travelling home to God
 In the way our fathers trod; (*Chorus.*)
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see. (*Chorus.*)

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"Hope on, Press on, Ever Singing." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.

MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. MURMUR not, my soul, tho' in sorrow, Thou dost count the weary, weary days ;

FINE.

If it now be dark, yet the morrow Dawning brightly will cheer thee with its rays.
D. C. Ev-er to his cross firmly clinging, Till it bear thee unto thy rest a-bove.

FINE.

Chorus. D.C.

Hope on, press on, ever sing-ing, Ev-er hap-py in a Saviour's love;

D.C.

2. Murmur not, my soul, though the flowers,
Blooming here, shall surely fade away ;
Jesus says, Haste thee to those bowers,
Where the roses of pleasure ne'er decay.
Chorus.—Hope on, press on, ever singing, &c.
3. Murmur not, my soul, though in sadness
Thou shalt linger awhile here below :
Ere long thou shalt rest thee with gladness.
Where the streams of pure joy will ever flow.
Chorus.—Hope on, press on, ever singing, &c.
4. Murmur not, for Jesus has told thee,
There are mansions prepared for thee there ;
Where the arms of love shall enfold thee,
And his glory forever thou shalt share.
Chorus.—Hope on, press on, ever singing, &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Christian's Song." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

FINE.

My brethren, I have found A land which doth abound With food as sweet as manna, }
 The more I eat I find. The more I am inclined To shout and sing hosanna. }
 D.C. And as we march along, We'll sing the Christian's song, We hope to live forever.

FINE.

Chorus.

My soul doth long to go. Where it shall fully know, The beauties of my Saviour.

D.C.

D.C.

2. What must the fountain be,
 From which grace flows so free,
 It yields both peace and pleasure;
 There's no terrestrial bliss
 Could ever equal this.
 A foretaste of my Saviour.
Chorus.—My soul doth long to go, &c.
3. Perhaps you think I'm wild
 And simple as a child;
 I am a child of glory.
 My joy is from above,
 My heart is filled with love,
 I long to tell the story.
Chorus.—My soul doth long to go, &c.
4. Now, brethren, can you say,
 That you are on your way—
 Are on your way to glory?
 I care not for your name;
 Religion is the same;
 Come tell the pleasing story.
Chorus.—My soul doth long to go, &c.
5. My soul doth sit and sing,
 And practices her wing,
 And contemplates the hour,
 When the messenger shall say,
 Come quit this house of clay.
 And with bright angels tower.
Chorus.—My soul doth long to go, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Rise, my Soul, and Stretch thy Wings." 7s & 6s.

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AS SUNG BY REV. T. W. MACLARY.

1. Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, To heav'n, thy na-tive place. }
D.C. Rise, my soul, and haste a-way, To seats pre-pared a-bove.

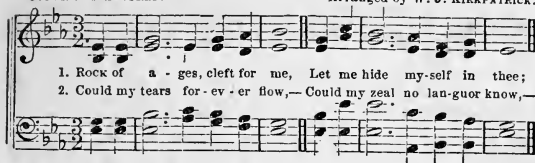
Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time will soon this earth re-move. }
D.C.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
3. Fly my riches, fly my cares,
While I that course explore:
Flattering world, with all your snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night:
When the last dear morn shall come,
We'll rise to glorious light.
4. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return.
Triumphant through the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

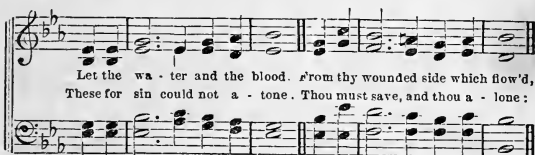
[Arranged for this Work.]

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." 6 lines 7s.

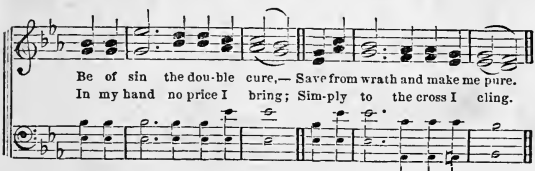
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AS SUNG BY REV. T. W. MACLARY,
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


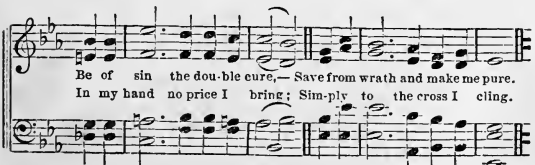
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, — Could my zeal no lan-guor know, —



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone. Thou must save, and thou a - lone:



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, — Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to the cross I cling.



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, — Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to the cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne, —
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Mercy's Free, Mercy's Free!" P. M.

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MODERATO.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By faith I view my Sa-viour dy-ing On the tree, on the tree; }
To ev'-ry na-tion he is cry-ing, Look to me, look to me; }

He bids the guilty now draw near, Re-pent, believe, dismiss their

fear; Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free!

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—
He is my Prophet, Priest and King—
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!
3. Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved;
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

4. Jesus my weary soul refreshes :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free!
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me :
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove—
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love ;
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !
5. This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !
 Ye ministers of God, declare it :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !
 Visit the heathen's dark abode,
 Proclaim to all the love of God,
 And spread the glorious news abroad,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !
6. Long as I live I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free !

“ Essex.” 8 lines 7s.

Jx - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly ; }
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high ; }
 D.C. Safe in-to thy ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

FINE.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;
 D.C.

D.C.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Soldiers of the Jubilee." P. M.

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1. I love this pure re - li - gion, Sol - diers of the Ju - bi - lee;

I love this pure re - li - gion, Sol - diers of the cross.

Chorus.

Re-mem-ber me while toil - ing here, Sol - diers of the Ju - bi - lee;

Re-mem-ber me while toil - ing here, Sol - diers of the cross.

2. Oh! do not be discouraged, &c.
3. Farewell to sin and sorrow, &c.
4. I'm glad I'm in this army, &c.
5. I'll meet you in the kingdom, &c,
6. I have some friends in glory, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Farewell, my Loving Friends, Farewell!" L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and tra-vel on, Till I a bet - ter coun-try view. }

Chorus.

Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, My loving friends, farewell!

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss ;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Chorus.—Farewell, farewell, farewell, &c.
3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
Chorus.—Farewell, farewell, farewell, &c.
4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross.
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
Chorus.—Fight, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.
5. Farewell, poor, careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
Oh turn, and find salvation near
Chorus.—Oh turn, oh turn, oh turn,
And find salvation near.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Hallelujah to Jesus!" P. M.

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1. WHEN the last trumpet's sound shakes the earth all a-round, When the

saints shall arise, and ascend to the skies, There to praise Him who died, With his

glo - ri - ous bride, And to praise him for - ev - er by Im - mau - u - el's side.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, a - gain and a - gain, We will

praise him for - ev - er, Amen and Amen To the Lamb that was slain, and that



2. There the patriarchs all,
 And prophets great and small,
 In one company join, singing praises divine,
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 But from death rose again,
 And ascended to heaven in triumph to reign.
Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again, &c.

3. The apostolic band,
 With their uplifted hands,
 Give to Jesus the praise, salvation by grace;
 While the martyrs that bled,
 Shall have crowns on their heads,
 And from glory to glory, by Jesus be led.
Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again, &c.

4. There a Wesley doth stand,
 In the midst of his band,
 With his bright shining face, praising God for free grace,
 While a Fletcher unites
 With the old Israelites,
 Giving glory to Jesus in rapturous delight.
Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again, &c.

5. Now arrayed all in white,
 Saints and angels unite,
 And in ecstasy gaze on the Ancient of Days;
 In melodious lays,
 All their voices they raise,
 And all heaven is filled with Immanuel's praise.
Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again, &c.

6. Now redemption they sing,
 To their glorious King,
 All their voices they raise, while the angels sing bass!
 How it rolls o'er the plains,
 In what glorious strains,
 Hallelujah to Jesus! forever he reigns.
Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Come in Welcome, Come in Welcome." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, come, sinners, come to the Saviour to-day, Come, for all things are

Chorus.

ready, oh, haste ye a-way.
Chorus.—Come in welcome, come in welcome, Come in

welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Come in welcome to Jesus, nor longer de-lay.

2. He invites you to come, to his words attend,
He calls you in love, he's the sinner's best friend.
Chorus—Come in welcome, come in welcome, &c.
3. He died that the souls of the sinners might live,
He lives now in glory their prayers to receive.
Chorus.—Come in welcome, come in welcome, &c.
4. The Spirit says, Come! his gentle voice hear,
To-day pray for pardon while Jesus is near.
Chorus.—Come in welcome, come in welcome, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Oh! Heaven, Sweet Heaven!" C. M.

1. How hap-py ev'-ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-given!

This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in
D.C. How I long to be there in its glo-ries to share, And to lean on Je-sus'

FINE. Chorus. D.C. *S:*
heaven. } Oh! heav'n sweet heaven! Oh! heaven of the blest;
breast. }
FINE. D.C. *S:*

2. A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh! by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.
Chorus.—Oh! heaven, sweet heaven, &c.
3. Oh! what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
Chorus.—Oh! heaven, sweet heaven, &c.
4. We feel the resurrection near.—
Our life in Christ concealed.—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
Chorus.—Oh! heaven, sweet heaven, &c.

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"There is a Land of Pleasure." P. M.

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1. THERE is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for - ev - er roll;

'Tis there I have my trea - sure, And there I hope to land my soul:
D.C. But since my Saviour found me, A light has shone a - long my way.

Long darkness dwelt a-round me, With scarcely once a cheer-ing ray;

2. I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
Oh, come along, poor sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land!
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a last farewell!
Oh come, or you'll repent it
When you shall reach the gates of hell!

3. The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before:
Oh, how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there;
From sinking down to darkness,
The doleful regions of despair?

4. The waves shall not affright me,
 Although they're deeper than the grave,
 If Jesus will stand by me,
 I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
 His word hath cheered the ocean,
 His lamp hath calmed the gloomy vale;
 Oh, may this friend be with me,
 When through the gates of death I sail!
5. Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy weapons lay me low!
 I soon shall reach that region
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 Now, Christians, I must leave you,
 A few more days to suffer here;
 Through grace I soon shall meet you:
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.
6. Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll:
 Then shall I see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransomed people home.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"He was Found Worthy!" L. M.

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OF Him who did sal-va-tion bring, He was found worthy: }
 I could for-ev-er think and sing, He was found worthy. }

Chorus.

Oh! the bleeding Lamb, Oh! the bleeding Lamb, Oh! the bleeding Lamb,
 He was found worthy.

Arise, ye needy.—he'll relieve;—*He was found worthy;*
 Arise, ye guilty.—he'll forgive.—*He was found worthy.*
Chorus.—Oh! the bleeding Lamb, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Son of Man they Did Betray." P. M.

AS SUNG BY REV. T. W. MACLARY.
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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I. THE SON of Man they did betray, He was condemn'd and led a-way.

Think, O my soul, on that dread day: Look on Mount Cal-va-ry.

Be-hold him, lamb-like, led along, Surrounded by a wicked throng, Ac-

cused by each lying tongue, And then the Lamb of God they hung,
Upon the shameful tree.

2. 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nailed to the wood;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down again.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around them mocked,
And scoffed at his pain.

3. Now hung beneath the earth and skies,
Behold! in agony he dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come see his torturing pain.
The mourning sun withdrew his light,
Blushed and refused to view the sight:
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourned and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.
4. Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help, but oh! there's none,
He treads the wine press all alone;
His garments stained with blood.
In lamentations hear him cry:
"Eloi, lama sabaethani!"
Though death may close his languid eye,
He soon will mount the upper sky,
The conquering Son of God.
5. The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
And mocking say, "Come save the land,
Come try yourself to free."
A soldier pierced him when he died;
Then healing streams came from his side;
And thus my Lord was crucified;
Stern justice then was satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me.
6. Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell:
Though he endured exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains;
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains;
With music fill bright Eden's plains;
He conquered death and hell.
7. 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood;
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.
8. All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be given;
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion sing—his grace abounds,
In hopes to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When swallowed up in heaven.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Arnon." S. M.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. COME, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with

sweet accord, While ye surround the throne,
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye, &c.

2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
4. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
5. There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
6. Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
7. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
8. "The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."
9. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

[Composed for this Work.]

Malbina. 886, 886.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come To take thy ransomed people

home, Shall among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,

Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4. Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
There loud among the rest I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Oh! how Charming is the Radiant Band!" P. M.

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AS SUNG BY REV. T. W. MACLARY.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

I. Oh! how charming, oh! how charming, Is the radiant band
Of music, music, music, music,

Oh! how charming is the radiant band of mu-sic play-ing thro' the air:

An-gelic ar-mies tune their harps, An-gelic ar-mies tune their harps, }
Enraptured spirits play their parts, Angelic armies tune their harps; }

Shout! shout! shout! the great Mes-si-ah's come to reign.

2. Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brings the joyful news, oh joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful!
Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
The great Messiah's come to earth;
Good-will to men I now proclaim,
Good-will to men I now proclaim,

The Saviour's born in Bethlehem,
 Good-will to men I now proclaim.
 Shout! shout! shout! the King of glory's come to reign!

3. See his star arising, see his star arising!
 In the eastern sky, now rising, rising, rising, rising,
 See his star arising in the eastern sky,
 The day-spring opening from on high,
 The types and shadows flee away,
 The types and shadows flee away
 And now begins the gospel day,
 The types and shadows flee away.
 Shout! shout! shout! the King of glory's come to reign!
4. Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
 Glory be to God, oh glory, glory, glory, glory!
 Wise men have found him by the rising star,
 And come to worship from afar,
 Their golden gifts they now present,
 Their golden gifts they now present,
 And spices of the sweetest scent,
 Their golden gifts they now present.
 Shout! shout! shout! the King of glory's come to reign!
5. Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
 To praise their infant King, oh praise him, praise him, praise
 him, praise him,
 Jews and Gentiles praise their infant King,
 And loud Hosannahs sweetly sing;
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Shout! shout! shout! the King of glory's come to reign!
6. I am happy, I am happy,
 Glory be to God, oh glory, glory, glory, glory!
 I am happy, glory be to God!
 My soul's on flame for the realms above:
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
 I feel my Saviour in my heart,
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart.
 Shout! shout! shout! the King of glory's come to reign!
7. Reign, reign, sweet Jesus, reign within and around us,
 By the Holy Spirit, holy, holy, holy, holy!
 By the Holy Spirit keep us in the way,
 That we may shout as we sing and pray:
 With all the saints that have gone home,
 With all the saints that have gone home,
 Unite to sing redeeming love,
 With all the saints that have gone home,
 Shout! shout! shout! to sing hallelujahs round the throne.

[Words from "Revival Melodies," by permission.]

"There is Rest for the Weary." 8s & 7s.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the Christian's hon-our, m-glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest,

There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.

Chorus.

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

rest for the wea-ry And I'll rest there too. }
tree of life is bloom-ing, And I'll rest there too. }

2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

Chorus.—There is rest for the weary, &c.

3. Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor wo my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

Chorus—There is rest for the weary, &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

Chorus.—There is rest for the weary, &c.

5. Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go:
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Chorus.—There is rest for the weary, &c.

“We'll all Sing Glory, Glory!” C. M.

1. THERE is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign.
Cho. With the land in view, we'll journey on, And tell the pleasing sto - ry;

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
And when we reach our Father's house, We'll all sing glo - ry, glo - ry!

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides,
This heavenly land from ours. (*Chorus*.)
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between. (*Chorus*.)
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. (*Chorus*.)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"A Pilgrim and a Stranger Here." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A PILGRIM and a stranger here, hap-py, hap-py, I seek the home to

Chorus.

pilgrims dear, hap-py in the Lord.
Chorus.—Then we'll cross the river of Jor-dan,

hap-py, happy, We'll cross the river of Jor-dan, hap-py in the Lord.

2. I leave the world and sin behind, happy, happy,
That better home in heaven to find, happy in the Lord; (*Chorus.*)
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, happy,
But fairer is my home up there, happy in the Lord. (*Chorus.*)
3. When death shall come, my soul shall fly, happy, happy,
On wings of angels through the sky, happy in the Lord; (*Cho.*)
What though I weep a while below, happy, happy,
In heaven my tears will cease to flow, happy in the Lord. (*Cho.*)
4. In that fair clime of endless day, happy, happy,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in the Lord; (*Cho.*)
To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, happy,
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in the Lord. (*Cho.*)
5. The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, happy,
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in the Lord; (*Cho.*)
No death shall visit them again, happy, happy,
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in the Lord. (*Cho.*)
6. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, happy, happy,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in the Lord; (*Cho.*)
No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, happy,
But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in the Lord. (*Cho.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Foretaste of Endless Bliss." 11s & 12s.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

ARRANGED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. My God I am thine; what a comfort di - vine! What a blessing to
Chorus. Press forward, press forward, keep the prize in view, There a crown of bright

know that my Je - sus is mine! In the hea - ven - ly Lamb,
 glo - ry is wait - ing for you, Is wait - ing for you,

thrice hap - py I am, And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.
 is waiting for you, There a crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

2. True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
 And whoever hath found it, hath Paradise found,
 My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
 This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

Chorus.—Press forward, press forward, &c.

3. Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
 That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

Chorus.—Press forward, press forward, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

“Ye Weary, Heavy Laden Souls.” C. M. Double.

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AS SUNG BY REV. T. W. MACLARY.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ye wea - ry, hea - vy la - den souls, Who are op - press - ed sore;

Ye trav - lers thro' this wil - der - ness, To Canaan's peace - ful shore;

Through chilling winds and beating rains, The wa - ters deep and cold,

And en - e - mies surrounding you, Take cour - age and be bold.

2. Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear,
Through the enchanted ground;
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,
And dragons often roar;
But while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3. We're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate.
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on ;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
4. Sometimes, like mountains to the sky,
Black Jordan's billows roar ;
Which often makes the pilgrims fear
They never will get o'er.
But when we gain Mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain ;
To fright our souls, may Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.
5. By faith I now already see
The borders of that land !
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.
The wintery time will soon be gone,
Sweet flowers will appear ;
The fiftieth year is rolling around,
The great Sabbatic year.
6. Oh ! what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes !
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies !
Oh ! that my faith were strong to rise
And bear my soul away ;
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
In one eternal day.
7. By faith, my gracious God, I see,
On his eternal throne ;
At his right hand the loving Lamb,
And Spirit, three in One ;
The angels whisper me away,
Saying, " My brother, come,"
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.
8. Farewell ! my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound ;
And should we never meet again
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore,
In oceans of eternal bliss.
Where parting is no more.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Oh! how Long have I on Earth to Stay?" C M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ON Jordan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye;
 Chorus.—Oh! dear Je-sus oh! how long have I on earth to stay?

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time, That bear my soul a - way.

"A Home in Glory." L. M.

LIVELY.

FINE.

1- Oh! we're a band of brethren dear, Who have a home in glo-ry;
 And Je-sus tells us not to fear, We have a home in glo-ry.* }
 D.C. There's room enough in Pa-ra-dise For all a home in glo-ry.

Chorus

Oh! glo-ry, oh! glo-ry,

* The balance of the words will be found on the opposite page.

[Arranged for this Work,]

"Oh! there is Glory." L. M.

1. Oh! we're a band of brethren dear Who have a home in glo - ry ; }
And Je - sus tells us not to fear, We have a home in glo - ry. }

Chorus.

1st. And oh! there is glo - ry, And oh! there is glo - ry, And
2d. We're march - ing to glo - y, We're march - ing to glo - ry, We're
Either Chorus may be used.

oh! there is glo - ry, There is a home in glo - ry.
march - ing to glo - ry, To meet our friends in glo - ry.

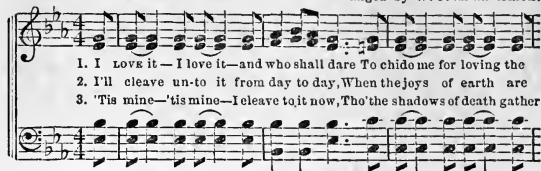
2. A pilgrim and a stranger here, &c.,
I'll seek the home to pilgrims dear, &c., (*Chorus.*)
I'll leave the world and sin behind, &c.,
That better home in heaven to find, &c. (*Chorus.*)
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
In that blest house there still is room.
4. In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away;
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear.
5. Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

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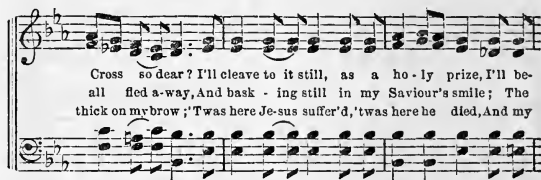
"I Love the Cross." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.
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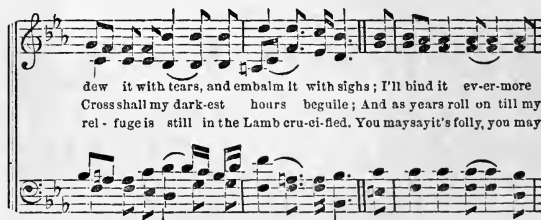
MUSIC BY HENRY RUSSELL.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



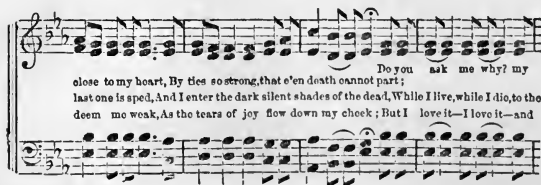
1. I LOVE it — I love it — and who shall dare To chide me for loving the
2. I'll cleave un-to it from day to day, When the joys of earth are
3. 'Tis mine — 'tis mine — I cleave to it now, Tho' the shadows of death gather



Cross so dear? I'll cleave to it still, as a ho-ly prize, I'll be-
all fled a-way, And bask - ing still in my Saviour's smile; The
thick on my brow; 'Twas here Je-sus suffer'd, 'twas here he died, And my



dew it with tears, and embalm it with sighs; I'll bind it ev-er-more
Cross shall my dark-est hours beguile; And as years roll on till my
rel - fuge is still in the Lamb cru-ci-fied. You may say it's folly, you may



Do you ask me why? my
close to my heart, By ties so strong, that e'en death cannot part;
last one is sped, And I enter the dark silent shades of the dead, While I live, while I die, to the
deem me weak, As the tears of joy flow down my cheek; But I love it — I love it — and

Sa-viour died there, And a sa - cred thing is the Cross so dear.
 Cross I'll re-pair, For my on - ly hope's in the Cross so dear.
 none shall tear My trust - ing heart from the Cross so dear.

“Rockaway.” L. M.

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1. He dies! the friend of sinners, dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around, }
 A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground. }
 D.C. He died for you and he died for me, And he died to set poor sinners free.

Chorus.

Oh! he died for you and he died for me, And he died to set poor sinners free.

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two;
 For him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,—
 A thousand drops of richer blood. (*Chorus.*)
3. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus, the dead, revives again. (*Chorus.*)
4. The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies. (*Chorus*)

[Composed for this Work.]

Omar. 4 lines 7s.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. To thy pas - tures fair and large, Heav'n-ly Shep - herd,

lead thy charge; And my couch with tend'rest care,

Midst the springing grass pre-pare, Midst the springing grass prepare.
Midst the springing, &c.

Midst the springing, &c.

2. When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet,
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard and that my guide.
4. Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Down in that Garden." C. M.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

1. A - LAS! and did my Sa-vour bleed? And did my Sov'reign

die? Would he de-vote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?

Chorus.

Down in that gar-den, Hear that mourn-ful sound;

There the Saviour lies weep-ing, weeping on the cold, damp ground.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
Chorus.—Down in that garden, &c.
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.
Chorus.—Down in that garden, &c.

"Come, Let us Join our Friends Above." C. M.

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1. COME, let us join our friends above, That have obtain'd the prize ;
And on the ea - gle wings of love, To joys ce - les - tial rise. }

Chorus.

Then raise the song—let ev' - ry tongue, The glo - rious an - them swell ;

For soon we'll join that hap - py throng, And safe with Je - sus dwell.

2. Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one. (*Chorus.*)
3. One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death. (*Chorus.*)
4. One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now. (*Chorus.*)
5. Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die. (*Chorus.*)
6. His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land. (*Chorus.*)

"Beautiful Morning." L. M.

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WM. E. MANLOVE.

1. Oh! who will come and go with me? *We'll all rise together in the morning;* }
 I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see; *We'll all rise together in the morning.* }

Chorus.

In the morning, What a beautiful morning that will be,
 When we all rise together in the morning!

- I'll join with those who're gone before, &c.,
 Where sin and sorrow are no more, &c. (*Chorus.*)
2. A few more rolling years at most
 Will land my soul on Canaan's coast; (*Chorus.*)
 There on the mount of sweet repose,
 I'll bid adieu to all my woes. (*Chorus.*)
3. Oh! may my soul march boldly on,
 And never end the blessed song! (*Chorus.*)
 Oh! may I always persevere,
 And never stop till I get there! (*Chorus.*)
4. Oh! what a happy time 'twill be,
 When I my friends in heaven shall see! (*Chorus.*)
 There we may tell our sufferings o'er,
 When we shall reach that happy shore. (*Chorus.*)
5. Oh! what a happy company!
 May I be there that sight to see, (*Chorus.*)
 And join in praise to Jesus' name,
 All glorious in Jerusalem. (*Chorus.*)
6. I little thought he'd been so nigh,
 His speaking makes me laugh and cry:— (*Chorus.*)
 He said, "I'm come for thee, my love,
 I have a place for thee above."
7. Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land; (*Chorus.*)
 My hand again I give to thee,
 Hoping thy face in heaven to see. (*Chorus.*)

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"Rest in Heaven." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.
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MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. PILGRIM and stranger, sad - ly I 'roam, 'Mid toil and dan - ger,

far, far from home, Faint, yet pur - su - ing, by fierce tempests driven, My

Chorus.

strength still renewing, my hope is in heaven. Soon my conflicts will be o'er,

Soon I'll gain that blissful shore, Where I'll toil and weep no more, At rest in heaven.

2. Friends, fondly cherished, wait for me there,
Happy with Jesus, his glory they share;
Soon will I greet them no, tie shall be riven.
For there I shall meet them all happy in heaven.

Chorus.—There we'll meet to part no more,
United on that blissful shore.
Together sing our sufferings o'er,
All saved in heaven.

3. There free from anguish, free from all fear,
No more I'll languish, shedding no tear,
Weeping! no, never! the crown will be given,
Forever and ever be happy in heaven.

Chorus.—There I'll join the thrilling strains,
That echo o'er the heavenly plains,
Where perfect love forever reigns,
Where all is heaven.

4. Loved ones in glory beckon me on ;
I list to their story, see their bright crown ;
Joys everlasting to me will be given,
Treasures unwasting, glory in heaven.

Chorus.—There we'll dwell with Christ above,
There we'll praise redeeming love,
More than angels' joy we'll prove,
Happy in heaven.

“Turn to the Lord and Seek Redemption.” 8s & 7s.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Je-sus rea-dy stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power. }
D.C. Glo-ry, ho nor, and sal - vation, Christ the Lord is come to reign. }

Chorus. Turn to the Lord and seek re-demption, Sound the praise of Jes-us' name.

2. Now, ye needy, come in welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh. (*Chorus.*)
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I Know that my Redeemer Lives." L. M.

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1. I KNOW that my Re-deem-er lives, *Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!* }
 What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives! *Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!* }

He lives, he lives, who once was dead, *Oh! glory hal-le-lu-jah!* He

lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head, *Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!*

2. He lives, to bless me with his love; &c.
 He lives, to plead for me above; &c.
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed; &c.
 He lives to help in time of need. &c.
3. He lives, and grants me daily breath, &c.
 He lives, and I shall conquer death; &c.
 He lives, my mansion to prepare; &c.
 He lives, to bring me safely there. &c.
4. He lives, all glory to his Name; &c.
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same; &c.
 What joy the blest assurance gives! &c.
 I know that my Redeemer lives. &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Show Pity, Lord, O Lord, Forgive." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord forgive; *Save, blessed Saviour,* Let a repenting
D.C. *Save, blessed Saviour,* And send converting

Chorus.
re-bel live, *Save, mighty Lord.* Save, oh, save!
power down, *Save, mighty Lord.*

FINE. *D.C. from S*

Are not thy mercies large and free? &c.
May not a sinner trust in thee? &c. (*Chorus.*)

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace; (*Chorus.*)
Great God, thy nature hath no bound.—
So let thy pardoning love be found. (*Chorus.*)
3. Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean; (*Chorus.*)
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes. (*Chorus.*)
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace; (*Chorus.*)
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear. (*Chorus.*)
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death; (*Chorus.*)
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well. (*Chorus.*)
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word, (*Chorus.*)
Would light on some sweet promise there.—
Some sure support against despair. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Come, Humble Sinner, in whose Breast." C. M.

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1. COME, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
Chorus. Oh, come! oh, come! and go with me, Where pleasure nev - er dies;

Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve.*
 And you the sinner's Friend shall see, And reign above the skies.

* The balance of the hymn will be found on the opposite page.

"There's Room Enough in Heaven for You." C. M.

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1. COME, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
Chorus. There's room e - nough in heav'n for you, There's room enough for all;

Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve.
 There's room e - nough in heav'n for you, There's room enough for all.

2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose. (*Chorus.*)
3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace. (*Chorus.*)
4. Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there. (*Chorus.*)
5. I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die. (*Chorus.*)

“Oh! the Loving Lamb.” C. M.

1. A - LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
Chorus.—Oh! the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry!

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
The Lamb was slain but lives a-gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! (*Chorus.*)
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin. (*Chorus.*)

[Composed for this Work.]

"Doak." 8s & 7s. Double.

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COMPOSED BY J. PATTERSON.

1. COME, thou Fount of ev'-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace :

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up-on it; Mount of thy re-deem-ing love!

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh! take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

[Composed for this Work.]

In the Book of Life. S. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. Thou Je - sus thro' my life, My guide, my friend hast been ; And when dis-

Chorus.

may'd by worldly strife, Thy hand has still been seen.
Chorus.—Now in the Book of Life,

Write my name, O Lord, In the Book of Life, Write my name, O Lord.

2. Oh! guide me by thy love,
 And never more depart,
 Till with the ransomed throng above,
 I see thee as thou art. (*Chorus.*)
3. And when I come to die,
 To lay this body down,
 Oh! take my soul to dwell on high,
 And wear a starry crown. (*Chorus.*)
4. Then I shall sing the song,
 Of praise to Jesus' name;
 And men and angels shall prolong
 The joyful, joyful strain. (*Chorus.*)
5. Hosanna to the Lamb!
 Hosanna still repeat!
 And louder, louder swell the strain,
 When we each other greet. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Hallelujah to God!" 10s & 11s.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh! tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such

Chorus.

tri-fles with me now is o'er; A country I've found, Where
Chorus.—Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le-

true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - termined on that hap-py ground.*
 lu - jah to God! We will praise him for-ev - er and ev . er. A - men!

* The balance of the hymn will be found on the opposite page.

"Oh! Tell Me no More." 10s & 11s.

1. Oh! tell me no more of this world's vain store.
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

Chorus. Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! oh, hal-le-lu-jah! oh, hal-le, oh, ha-lle, oh, hal-le-lu-jah!

- A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground. (*Chorus.*)
2. The souls that believe in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive: (*Chorus.*)
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day. (*Chorus.*)
3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go; (*Cho.*)
Lo! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove. (*Chorus.*)
4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within: (*Chorus.*)
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why. (*Chorus.*)
5. But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind: (*Chorus.*)
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face. (*Chorus.*)
6. And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings; to seek them, will none of you dare? (*Cho.*)
In bondage, oh! why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh? (*Chorus.*)

“I Can, I Will Believe.” C. M.

LIVELY.

A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? A-las! and did my Saviour bleed?
Chorus.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

A-las! and did my Sa-voir bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me.

[Arranged for this Work.]

“There Weary Souls shall be at Rest.” C. M. Double.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

MELODY BY G. W. H. GRIFFIN.
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PINK.

1. AND let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; }
My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high; }
D.C. That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re-deem-er's breast.

Shall join the dis - em - bodied saints, And find its long-sought rest. D.C.
D.C.

Chorus.

There wea - ry souls shall be at rest, From sin and sor - row free,

And rapturous joy swell ev' - ry breast, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

2. In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home. (*Chorus.*)

3. Oh! what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear. (*Chorus.*)

4. Oh! what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day. (*Chorus.*)

"Victory! Victory!" 8 lines 7s.

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FINE.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King, As we jour-ney let us sing; }
 Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways. }
 1st D.C. They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see.
 2d D.C. Oh! how hap-py we shall be, When we've gain'd the vic - to - ry!

FINE.

We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fa - ther's trod;

1st D.C.

1st D.C.

Chorus.

Vic - to - ry! vio - to - ry! When we've gain'd the vic - to - ry!

2d D.C.

2d D.C.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I Never shall Forget the Day." L. M.

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ARRANGED BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. I NE-VER shall for-get the day When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way;

Chorus.

Oh! my soul was ve-ry hap-py, Will you go a-long with me?

Oh! my soul was ve-ry hap-py, Come and sound the ju-bi-lee!

2. I burdened was with sin and shame,
But Jesus took away the stain.

Chorus.—And my soul was very happy,
Will you go along with me?
And my soul was very happy,
Come and sound the jubilee!

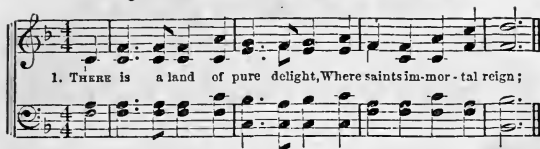
3. I'm going now to heaven above,
To sing the Saviour's dying love.

Chorus.—And my soul is very happy,
Will you go along with me?
And my soul is very happy,
Come and sound the jubilee!

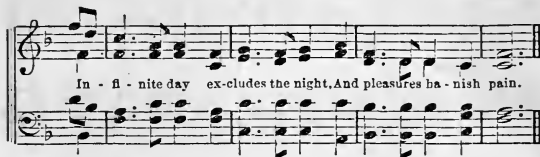
4. There's fathers there, and mothers too,
And don't you want to go there too?

Chorus.—Oh! your soul will be so happy,
Won't you go along with me?
Oh! your soul will be so happy,
Come and sound the jubilee!

“There Sorrow is no More.” C. M.

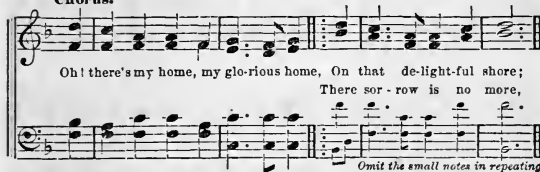


1. THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;



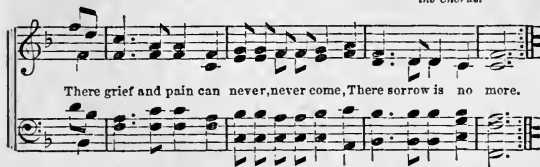
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ha - nish pain.

Chorus.



Oh! there's my home, my glo-rious home, On that de-light-ful shore;
There sor - row is no more,

Omit the small notes in repeating the Chorus.



There grief and pain can never, never come, There sorrow is no more.

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours. (*Chorus.*)
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between. (*Chorus.*)
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. (*Chorus.*)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Praise to the Saviour." 11s & 8s.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.
COPYRIGHT SECURED.MELODY BY I. B. WOODBURY.
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I LOVE thee, my Saviour, for thou from above Didst stoop to redeem me from sin ;

Thy heart ever tender—thy bosom of love, Was open'd to welcome me in.
D.C. Thy soul bow'd with sorrow and agony there, In shame thou didst suffer for me.

Oh ! how should I love thee ! who freely didst bear, My burden of guilt on the tree ;

2. I love thee, my Saviour, for when sore distressed,
My spirit no refuge could find ;
Thou calledst the weary, and gavest me rest,
Thine ear to my prayer was inclined ;
And when in my sorrow I fled to thy side,
Thy promise was sweet to my ear.
It whispered of Jesus, who for me had died,
And soothed all my anguish and fear.

3. I love thee, my Saviour, for thou as a friend,
Hast aided when danger was near ;
And still in my weakness, thine arm will defend,
Thy presence dispel all my fear ;
And when the fierce tempest sweeps by on life's shore,
And clouds have come over my sky,
I'll bask in the sunshine of peace evermore,
For Jesus, my refuge, is nigh.

4. I love thee, my Saviour, to thee will I cling,
 When life's fleeting joys are all past;
 The swellings of Jordan no terror can bring,
 For thou wilt be mine to the last;
 And when the glad morning shall dawn on the grave,
 And saints in thine image shall shine,
 I'll sing of thy power, almighty to save,
 And safe on thy bosom recline.
5. Then let all hearts love thee, let all give thee praise,
 To thee let the glory be given;
 Till all voices blending, the echo shall raise,
 And earth blend its anthem with heaven.
 Then joining the chorus to God and the Lamb,
 With angels I'll love and adore;
 And vie with the seraphs in praise to thy name,
 Where love is the theme evermore.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

“Father, I Stretch my Hands to Thee.” C. M. Double.

1. FA-THER, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know; }
 If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go? }
 D.C. What pain, what labor to se-cure, My soul from end-less death!

What did thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath!

2. O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power;
 And all my wants thou wouldst relieve
 In this accepted hour.
 Author of faith! to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 Oh! let me now receive that gift—
 My soul without it dies.

[From "Cottage Melodies," by permission.]

"Salvation's Free." S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pard'ning grace:
Come, yield your hearts up

Chorus.

to him now, And learn to love and praise.
Chorus.—Sal - vation's full and free, Sal -

vation's full and free, Sal - vation's free for you and me,
Praise the Lord, salvation's free.

2. He bought you with his blood,
He'll wash you white as snow,
And through your soul the peaceful stream
Of love and joy shall flow. (*Chorus.*)
3. Say, sinners, can you still
Resist his dying love—
Refuse the offer of his grace,
And lose a home above? (*Chorus.*)
4. Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now think, he only died to save
From hell—from sin's reward! (*Chorus.*)
5. No longer steel your heart!
'Twill not avail you aught;
Why ruin your immortal soul?
Your liberty is bought. (*Chorus.*)

[Words from " Sacred Melodies," by permission.]

"I Soon shall Rest in Heaven." P. M.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How of-ten am I wea-ry, How of-ten sad and drea-ry;
2. What then of tri-bu-la-tion! What then of sore tempta-tion!

What then but this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at home?
Be this my con-so-la-tion, I soon shall rest in heaven.

Chorus.

When this poor body lies mould'ring in the tomb,
When soft winds gently sigh o'er its quiet home,

When strange, sweet flow'rs in beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home.

3. Then welcome death and mourning,
I see the night approaching,
Joy cometh in the morning,
The day of rest in heaven. (*Chorus.*)
4. Then shall my happy spirit
Sing of my Saviour's merit,
Who brought me to inherit,
Eternal rest in heaven. (*Chorus.*)

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"The Joys of my Life are Fleeting." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.
COPYRIGHT SECURED.MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.
Arranged by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. THE joys of my life are fleeting, Passing swift away ;
Like clouds of morn retreating

With the ris-ing day ; Joy-less I wander o'er life's desert wide, But

Chorus.

Je - sus will keep me safe - ly by his side.
Chorus.—Dear Saviour, be thou near,

Near me still a-bide, Safe - ly, safe - ly keep me, Clinging to thy side.

2. The storm sweeping o'er life's ocean,
Tosses my frail bark ;
But high o'er the wild commotion,
When night is dark ;
Christ's word of power calms the swelling tide,
And in that trying hour, I'm safe by his side.
Chorus.—Dear Saviour, ever near, &c.

3. No foe can appal me ever,
 No ill do I fear;
 For Jesus forsaketh never,
 He always is near;
 He will my friend be, let what will betide,
 For still he'll defend me, clinging to his side.
Chorus.—Dear Saviour, be thou near, &c.

4. And when earth's fond ties are rending
 Upon death's dark shore,
 Bright angels from glory bending,
 Shall bear me safe o'er;
 Then free from sorrow evermore abide,
 With Jesus, my Saviour, reigning by his side.
Chorus.—With Jesus always near.
 With him I'll abide;
 Evermore I'll praise him,—
 Always by his side.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"We'll Join the Pilgrim Band." C. M.

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WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,

I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 D.C. We're trav'ling to the bet - ter land, Our home is not be - low.

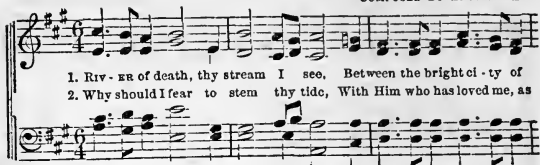
Chorus.

We'll join the pil - grim band, And home to glo - ry go;
 D. C. S.

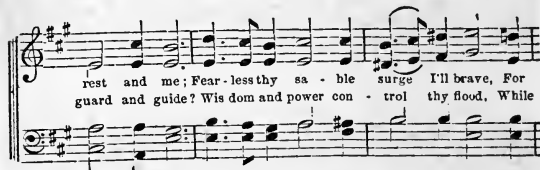
[From "COTTAGE MELODIES," by permission.]

"River of Death." P. M.

COMPOSED BY S. J. VAIL.

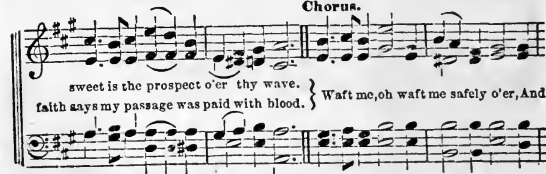


1. Riv-ER of death, thy stream I see, Between the bright ci - ty of
2. Why should I fear to stem thy tide, With Him who has loved me, as

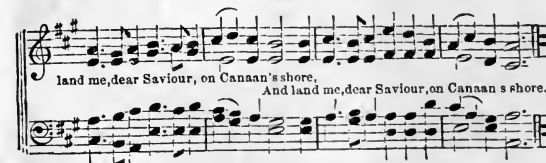


rest and me; Fear-less thy sa - ble surge I'll brave, For
guard and guide? Wis dom and power con - trol thy flood, While

Chorus.



sweet is the prospect o'er thy wave. } Waft me, oh waft me safely o'er, And
faith says my passage was paid with blood. }



land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore,
And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear. (Chorus.)
4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary. (Chorus.)

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Here in Sadness and Sorrow I Linger Alone." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.

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1. HERE in sad-ness and sor-row I lin-ger a-lone; }
 All my for-mer com-panions are fad-ed and gone. }
 D.C. To re-joice in my pleasures, or e-cho my sigh.

No kin-dred are with me, no loved ones are nigh,

2. For the friends that were loving were faithful and true,
 All have murmur'd, in sadness, their parting adieu;—
 Have passed the dark valley, and sunk to the tomb,
 And I weep their departure, in silence and gloom.
3. But a Friend is still with me, the light of whose smile,
 All the days of my sorrow, will sweetly beguile;
 His grace, all sustaining, my spirit will cheer,
 And I cannot be lonely, while he is still near.
4. Then I'll check every murmur, and hush every sigh,
 And the tear that still lingers, I'll wipe from my eye,
 With Jesus so precious, all sadness is gone.
 And with loved ones I'll praise him, when life's work is done.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[Composed for this Work.]

"Stand Up for Jesus!" P. M.

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WORDS AND MELODY COMPOSED BY REV. W. KENNEY,
ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. STAND up for Je - sus! hark! 'tis sounding, From the gloomy gates of death;

'Midst darkest shadowa there surrounding, Ling'ring on the parting breath;

Stand up, stand up, stand up for Je - sus.
Stand up for Je - sus, stand up, stand up for Je - sus.
Stand up stand up for Je - sus.
Stand up for Je - sus, stand up stand up, for Je - sus.

2. Stand up for Jesus! falter never,—
Firm, unmoved in his great might;
In his blest name proclaiming ever,—
Soldiers battling for the right—
Stand up for Jesus!
3. Stand up for Jesus! still confessing,—
Spread his name—a world-wide joy;
That name of all most rich in blessing;—
Let it be thy life's employ,
To stand for Jesus!
4. Stand up for Jesus! raise his banner,
Fling it widely to the breeze;
And march with song and loud hosanna,—
Shouting over land and seas—
Stand up for Jesus

5. Stand up for Jesus! still proclaiming,—
Sound his truth in every ear;
His love thy languid zeal inflaming,—
Moved by neither doubt nor fear,—
Stand up for Jesus!
6. Stand up for Jesus! he'll defend thee,
'Gainst the powers of earth and hell;
In all the conflict he'll attend thee:—
'Mid the strife the accent swell.—
Stand up for Jesus!
7. Stand up for Jesus! he'll be near thee,
In life's hours of grief and pain;
His promised grace will ever cheer thee,
And thy sinking heart sustain,—
Stand up for Jesus!
8. Stand up for Jesus! then, when dying,
Thou shalt part with all below;
With steadfast faith death's power defying,
Home in triumph thou shalt go.—
To stand with Jesus!

"I'm on my Way to Zion!" L. M.

ALLEGRO. COPYRIGHT SECURED.

1. THEN will I tell to sinners round, I'm on my way to Zi - on,
What a dear Sa - viour I have found. I'm on my journey home.

Chorus.

I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, I'm on my way to Zi - on; I'm

hap - py, I'm hap - py, I'm on my jour - ney home.

[Dedicated to the "FLEET STREET SABBATH SCHOOL," Brooklyn, N. Y.]

"Pilgrim's Song." P. M.

Boys.

COMPOSED BY HENRY WELLS.

Boys.—I. WHITHER, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Each with staff in hand?

Girls.

Girls.—We are go - ing on a jour - ney, At the king's command;

Chorus.

O-ver plains, and hills, and valleys, We are go - ing to his palace,

We are go - ing to his pa - lace, In the bet - ter land.

2. Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You, a feeble band?
 No, for friends unseen are near us,
 Angels round us stand;

Chorus.—Christ our leader walks beside us,
 He will guard, and he will guide us,
 He will guard, and he will guide us,
 To the better land.

3. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In the better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's hand.

Chorus.—We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In the better land.

4. Will you let me travel with you
To the better land?
Come away, we bid you welcome,
To our little band.

Chorus.—Come, oh, come! we cannot leave you,
Christ is waiting to receive you,
Christ is waiting to receive you,
In the better land.

“Hallelujah to the Lamb!” C. M.

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A - LAS! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? }
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I? }

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Who died on Mount

Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I Love Thee, my Lord." P. M.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord, I love thee, my

Saviour, I love thee, my God, I love thee, I love thee, And

that thou dost know, But how much I love thee, I never can show.

2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
3. O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
4. Oh! who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King,
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

[Composed for this Work.]

"And must I Bear the Cross Alone." P. M.

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COMPOSED BY JOSIAH LOWE

1. AND must I bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. We'll bear the con - se - crat - ed cross, Till from the cross we're free,

No! there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go up to wear a crown, For there's a crown for me;

Yes, there's a cross on Cal - va - ry, Thro' which by faith the crown I see,
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above; The purchase of a Saviour's love,

To me 'tis par - don bring - ing, Oh! that's the cross for me.
For me it is ap - pear - ing, Oh! that's the crown for me.

3. This world, with all its fleeting show,
Is not the world for me;
'Tis mixed with many tears I know,
And scenes of misery;
But there's a world so pure and fair;
And none but saints can enter there,
From sin and sorrow free,
Oh! that's the world for me.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Pearl." P. M.

1. THE road that ma - ny tra - vel, Is not the road for me;

It leads to death and sor - row, In it I would not be.

But there's a road that leads to God, It's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,

The pas - sage here is free, Oh! that's the road for me, Oh!

that's the road for me, Oh! that's the road for me.

2. The pearl that worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see.
Oh! that's the pearl for me, &c.
3. The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free.
But there's a hope that's fixed in God,
It leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee.
Oh! that's the hope for me, &c.
4. The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me—
It dazzles but a moment;
Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepared above,
For those who walk in humble love;
Forever bright 'twill be.
Oh! that's the crown for me, &c.

“Atonement.” C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood. Lose all their guilt - ty stains, }
 D.C. And sinners plunged beneath that flood. Lose all their guilt - ty stains.

Lose all their guilt - ty stains, Lose all their guilt - ty stains,

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Sing of a Saviour's Love." P. M.

WORDS BY REV. W. KENNEY.

ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

I. *Oh! come, happy children, unite in our song, Sing of a Sa- viour's love; }
With hearts full of gladness his praises prolong, He is the friend we love. }

Chorus.

Then join in hosannas to Jesus our king, Loud let the chorus exultingly ring,

Boys.

Girls.

All together.

Sing of his love, Sing of his love, Sing of a Sa- viour's love.

2. We'll sing of his mercy who for us hath died,
Sing of a Saviour's love;
Rejoicingly sing of our Lord crucified,
He is the friend we love.
Chorus.—Then join in hosannas, &c.

3. We'll praise him for coming our souls to redeem,
Sing of his wondrous love;
Till earth's happy millions shall join in our theme,
Praising the friend we love,
Chorus.—Then join in hosannas, &c.

4. Oh! do you not hear him now bidding you come,
Come to his arms of love,
Then why will you tarry for yet there is room?
Room in his arms of love?
Chorus.—Then join in hosannas, &c.

* For general use change "Oh! come, happy children," in the first line, to
"Come, Christian companions, unite in our song."

5. Oh! come, then, and join in the song that we sing,
Singing of him we love;
Join all your glad voices in praise to our King,
Praises to him we love.
Chorus.—Then join in hosannas, &c.

6. Then glory to Jesus shall still be our song,
Glory to him we love;
For glory and praises unto him belong,—
Praises to him we love.
Chorus.—Then join in hosannas, &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

“Fatherland.” C. M.

On Jordan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
Come favor my flight, an-ge-lic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

Chorus.

That blissful place is my fa-ther-land, By faith its delights I ex-plore.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"We're a Happy Band." L. M.

1. Soon will our suffering time be o'er, *We're a happy, happy band, hallelujah!* }
 When we shall weep and sigh no more, *We're a happy, happy band, hallelujah!* }

Chorus.

Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu - jah! *We're a happy, happy band, hallelujah!*

2. Jesus himself shall guide our way, &c.
 'Till safe we rest in endless day. &c.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
3. A few more rolling years at most,
 Will land us safe on Canaan's coast.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
4. From sleeping clay and beds of dust,
 Our Jesus will call home the just.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
5. Our ransomed souls shall soar away,
 To praise our God in endless day.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
6. When landed on the heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
7. And when we Christ in glory meet,
 Our thrilling hopes will be complete.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
8. Then shall we sing the song of grace,
 Safe in our glorious hiding-place.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
9. Each soul shall feel what glories shine
 In our Immanuel all divine.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.
10. Filled with his light, and life, and joy,
 Praise shall our every hour employ.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah! &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I'm a Pilgrim, and I'm a Stranger." P. M.

I. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
 Cho. D.C. I'm a pil-grim. and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

Do not detain me, for I am go - ing, To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

2. Of that temple to which I'm going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light ;
 Within a country unknown and dreary,
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
Chorus.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
3. There the sunbeams are ever shining,—
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
 There is no sorrow nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
Chorus.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
4. There the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary, and the weary are at rest ;
 There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
 Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
Chorus.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
5. If we're holy, we soon shall meet there,
 And we never, and we never more shall part ;
 But with angels and spirits holy,
 We will join with the meek and lowly.
Chorus.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"We will be Happy." P. M.

WORDS BY J. NICHOLSON.

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1. A HOME in heaven! when life shall end,
Oh! the blest assurance! This thought doth all earth's

Chorus.

joys transcend, How sweet it is! *Chorus.*—We will be hap - py,

With our friends forever, We will be hap - py With our Je - sus too.

2. A home in heaven! where angels shine,
Blest anticipation!
'Tis heaven to feel my Jesus mine,
While on the way. (*Chorus.*)
3. A home in heaven! where friends shall meet,
Glory, glory, glory!
And cast our crowns at Jesus's feet,
When we get there. (*Chorus.*)
4. A home in heaven! with Christ to reign,
Bright in all his glory!
Sweet hope! it cures all earthly pain,
While suffering here. (*Chorus.*)
5. Brethren, gird your armor on,
Fight a little longer!
We will have rest around his throne,
In endless day. (*Chorus.*)

"What's all this World to Me?" P. M.

WORDS BY G. ARMSTRONG.

MUSIC BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. WHAT'S all this world to me? Je - sus not here. } What's all the joy and mirth,
 What is't I long to see? Saviour appear. }

In the whole heaven and earth?
 Oh! sure they're fled and gone, Jesus not here.

2. What made my heart divine?
 Jesus drew near;
 And in his likeness shine,
 He did appear.
 What made my moments sweet,
 When I knelt at his feet?
 Oh! sure I'll ne'er forget,
 Jesus was there.
3. And I'll once more entreat,
 Saviour appear;
 Yea, and I'll supplicate,
 Oh! now draw near.
 He whom I love so well,
 He in my heart shall dwell,
 And to the world I'll tell,
 Jesus is dear.
4. And through the gloom of death,
 Jesus is dear;
 When I resign my breath,
 He will appear.
 Angel bands will convey
 My happy soul away,
 And through eternity,
 Jesus is dear.
5. Then I'll see face to face,
 Jesus is dear;
 See all the ransomed race,
 How they draw near!
 All the saints in a throng,
 Join the extatic song,
 Shout, as they move along,
 Jesus is dear!

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[Dedicated to the "GREEN STREET M. E. CHURCH" Juvenile Missionary Society.]

"Speed Away! Speed Away!" P. M.

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

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WORDS BY REV. C. COOKE.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM I. B. WOODBURY.

1. SPEED a - way! speed a - way! O ye he - ralds of light, There are

millions enshrouded in nature's dark night, Who are willing to hear and the

truth to receive, But know of no Saviour in whom to believe.
Oh! they're dying by thousands in

Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a-way!
sin ev'ry day! Speed a - way! Speed away! speed away! speed away!

2. Let the Church to the help of Jehovah draw near—
Come with love, and with faith, and with fervor in prayer!
Let her fling to the breeze the pure banner of truth,
And enlist in the struggle her warm-hearted youth;
Let the parents and children, and every one say—
Speed away! speed away! speed away!
3. We will lay on the altar our money and prayers:
And we'll bathe every offering in sympathy's tears—
For the Jews and Mohammedans, Gentiles and all;
On Jehovah by night and by day will we call,
And ye heralds of mercy, oh! make no delay!
Speed away! speed away! speed away!
4. Go, angels! go, angels! fly away through the heaven—
To all nations of men, let the tidings be given,
That Messiah has triumphed—His foes are all slain,
And the earth, as an Eden, is blushing again!
O great Saviour, let nothing this conquest delay!
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

“We have but the One More River to Cross.” L. M.

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My suffer-ing time will soon be o'er, And then we'll sing ho-san-na!
Chorus. We have but the one more riv-er to cross, And then we'll sing ho-san-na!

Then shall I sigh and weep no more, And then we'll sing ho-san-na!
We have but the one more riv-er to cross, And then we'll sing ho-san-na!

"What! Never Part Again?" C. M.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; }
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain. }

Chorus.

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We soon shall hear the trumpet's sound,

And soon we shall with Je-sus reign, And ne-ver, ne-ver part a - gain.
D.C. And soon we shall with Je-sus reign, And ne-ver, ne-ver part a - gain.

p What! ne-ver part a - gain? No, ne-ver part a - gain!
p *f*

p *f* D.C. What! ne-ver part a - gain? No, ne-ver part a - gain!
p *f* D.O.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Come, Let us Anew our Journey Pursue." 10,5,11.

1. COME, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the

year, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the

Mas - ter ap - pear, And ne - ver stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve, &c.,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away, &c.
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
 The arrow is flown.—the moment is gone;
 The millennial year, &c.,
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3. Oh! that each in the day of His coming, may say,—
 I have fought my way through; &c.
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do:
 Oh! that each from the Lord may receive the glad word,—
 Well and faithfully done! &c.,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Saviour, wilt Thou Cleanse Me?" P. M

COPYRIGHT SECURED. WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOSEPH KENNEDY.

1. SA - VIOUR, wilt thou cleanse me, From trans-gres-sion all?

May I thy sal - va - tion see, When on thee I call.

Sa - viour, I would claim thee, As my por - tion here;

May thy love dis-play'd to me, Quell each ris - ing fear.

2. Saviour, now in heaven,
 Fill me with thy love;
 May there now to me be given
 Joy, like that above.
 Saviour, wilt thou own me,
 When thou shalt appear?
 Oh! may I immortal be,
 When the trump I hear.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I'm Bound for the Kingdom." 8s & 7s.

1. WHETHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Passing thro' this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage . . . fail?

Chorus.

No, I'm bound for the kingdom, will you go to glory with me? Hal-le-lu-jah,

hallelujah! I'm bound for the kingdom, will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah,

2. Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide. (Cho.)

3. Such a guide!—No guide attends thee:
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes. (Chorus.)

4. Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends:
He'll in every straight relieve me—
He from every harm defends. (Chorus.)

"The Eden of Love." P. M.

NEWLY ARRANGED.

MELODY BY JOHN J. HICKS.

1. How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In yon blissful

re - gion, the ha - ven of rest, Where glo - ri - fied spi - rits with

welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest.

En - cir - cled in light, and with glo - ry en - shroud - ed, My
I'll bathe in the ocean of plea - sure un - bound - ed, And

hap - pi - ness per - fect, my mind's sky un - cloud - ed.
range with de - light thro' the E - den of Love.

1st. 2d.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
 The song of redemption shall echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the *Eden of Love*.
3. Hail! blessed estate! hail, ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love,"
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me when freed from probation:
 My heart's now in heaven, the *Eden of Love*.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"There are Angels Hovering Round." P. M.

1. THERE are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round.

There are an - gels, an - gels hov' - ring round.
 There are an-gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round.

1. To carry the tidings home, &c.
2. To the New Jerusalem, &c.
3. Poor sinners are coming home, &c.
4. And Jesus bids them come, &c.
5. Let him that heareth come, &c.
6. Let him that thirsteth come, &c.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"The Rock that is Higher than I." 11s.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-

whelm'd with sorrow and care, From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry—

Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, high-er than I,

high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

2. When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
 To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
 I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, &c.

*The small notes marked thus * and the slurs following are for the 3d and 4th verses.

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I, &c.
4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I, &c.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Canaan." C. M.

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MUSIC BY JOSIAH LOWE.

LIVELY.

1. ON Jor-dan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

Chorus.

We're on our way to Ca-na-an, We're on our jour-ney home.

We're on our way to Ca-na-an, We're on our jour-ney home.

[Composed for this Work.]

"Jesus our Guide." 8s & 7s.

WORDS BY MRS. C. F. JENKS.

MUSIC BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On life's dark un-fathom'd o - cean, To a far and distant shore,

Join us in our heart's de - vo-tion, Loud a - bove the tempest's roar.

Chorus.

Nought to fear from storm or sor-row, Je - sus is our guard and guide ;

In our heavenly home to-morrow, We shall rest us by his side.

2. Storms may lower and winds affright us,
Darkly from the angry sky,
Midnight gloom and doubt benight us,
Jesus still is ever nigh.

Chorus.—Nought to fear from storm or sorrow, &c.

3. He can hush the tempest's roar,
To the wind say, "Peace, be still;"
All dark evils own his power,
And are harmless 'neath his will. (*Chorus.*)
4. Distant, see our home is shining,
With its golden domes and spires,
No more cares or sad repining,
In the port of our desires. (*Chorus.*)
5. On the shore our friends will meet us,
Loved and lost ones gone before,
With their echoing welcomes greet us,
And we'll rest for evermore. (*Chorus.*)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. S. JENKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Zophar." L. M.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

I. FROM all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn "Zophar." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "I. FROM all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;" are placed between the two staves.

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

The second system of musical notation for the hymn "Zophar." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/2. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue." are placed between the two staves.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
4. In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

"Will you Go?" P. M.

FINE.

1. WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above; Will you go? will you go? }
 To sing a Saviour's ty-ing love; Will you go? will you go? }
 D.C. Our days of mourning past and gone, Will you go? will you go?

FINE.

D.C.

Our sun shall there no more go down, Our moon shall never be withdrawn,

D.C.

2. We're going to walk the plains of light!
 Will you go? will you go?
 Where perfect day dispels the night;
 Will you go? will you go?
 The crown of life we all shall wear,
 And palms of victory shall bear,
 And heavenly joys forever share;
 Will you go? will you go?
3. We're going to strike the golden lyre;
 Will you go? will you go?
 And sing with all the angels' choir;
 Will you go? will you go?
 We'll tell of God's redeeming grace;
 We'll see our Saviour face to face;
 And evermore proclaim his praise;
 Will you go? will you go?
4. The way to heaven is free for all;
 Will you go? will you go?
 Both Jew and Gentile, great and small;
 Will you go? will you go?
 Make up your mind, give God your heart,
 From every sin and idol part;
 And on the way to glory start;
 Will you go? will you go?
5. Oh! could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go; I will go;
 I'll start this moment on my way;
 I will go; I will go;
 My old companions, fare you well;
 I will not go with you to hell;
 With my Redeemer I will dwell;
 Let me go; let me go.

"Wesley." C. M.

I KNOW that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me; }
A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of li - ber - ty. }

Chorus.

I feel some-thing like glo-ry in my soul, I

I feel some-thing like
I

I feel something like glo-ry in my soul, I feel some-thing like

feel some - thing like glo-ry in my soul, I feel, I

glo-ry in my soul, I feel some-thing like glo-ry in my soul, I
feel some - thing like glo-ry in my soul, I feel some-thing like

glo-ry in my soul, I feel, I feel like

feel I feel like shout - ing home.

feel like shout-ing home, I feel like shout - ing home.
glo-ry in my soul, I feel like shout - ing home.

shout - ing home, I feel like shout - ing home.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"How Happy is the Man." P. M.

1. How hap - py is the man who has cho - sen wis - dom's ways;
D.C. In po - ver - ty he's hap - py, for he knows he has a Friend.

And measured out his span to his God in prayer and praise;
Who ne - ver will for - sake him tho' the world shall have an end. FINE.

His God and his Bi - ble are all that he de - sires;

To ho - li - ness of heart he con - ti - nually as - pires. D.C.

2. He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays;
Then he offers up a tribute to his God in prayer and praise;
Then to his daily labours he will cheerfully repair,
With confidence believing that his God will answer prayer;
Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
His object is to honor and to glorify his God.

3. In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the living Vine;
In deepest tribulation he leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest;
For the yoke of God is easy and his burden always light,
And they'll never make him weary while Canaan is in sight.
4. The jewels of the earth cannot his affections win,
For he knows they have a tendency to lead him into sin;
He looks beyond old Jordan, he hears the billows roar,
But he knows he has a mansion on Canaan's happy shore.
Where the presence of the Lord is the sunlight of the day,
And the walls are decked with jewels that never fade away.
5. He hails with joy the morning that rules the Sabbath round,
And in the courts of Zion he is ever to be found,
His place among his brethren he is ever sure to fill,
And always ready with them to do his Master's will;
He trusts in the Lord, by his mercy and his love,
He'll be guided through life's pilgrimage triumphantly above.
6. Then, Christians, be determined and let us travel on,
Where storms of persecution and affliction never come;
And when these feeble bodies lie mouldering in the clay,
We'll wear a crown of glory that shall never fade away;
There we'll shout and sing hosanna! around the throne of God,
Who purchased our pardon with his most precious blood!

[Composed for this Work.]

"Azziel." 76,76,77,76.

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COMPOSED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heaven thy native place. }

D.C. Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.*

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth remove; }
D.C.

* The balance of the hymn will be found on page 118.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"Home, Sweet Home." 4 lines 11s.

1. WHEN clad in the gar-ments of sor-row and pain, And wand'ring dis-

tressed in temp-tation's do-main; When pressed by rude foes from my

Sa-viour to roam, Oh! how I de-sire to en-ter my home.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Assist me, my Saviour, in seeking my home.

2. The world is delusive, its charms soon must fade,
 A vortex of trifles, where trials invade;
 But while these combine to invest me with gloom,
 The Christian is cheered with the prospect of home.
Chorus.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c

3. When tempests and dangers with fury molest,
And fearful emotions are tossing the breast,
The love of my Saviour disperses the gloom,
And fear is dispelled by the vision of home. (*Chorus.*)
4. The beamings of love my spirit shall cheer,
Shall chase all my gloom and dispel all my fear;
And joy shall support, while continuing to roam
On the road which will lead to my heavenly home. (*Cho.*)
5. While sickness assails, and death is in view,
Ere I sink in its arms and bid earth adieu,
The smiles of his grace the path shall illumine,
And light up the passage which leads to my home. (*Cho.*)
6. And when I arrive at the port of repose,
Released from afflictions, distresses, and woes,
My praises shall echo through glory's high dome,
And I'll never more leave my eternal sweet home. (*Cho.*)

[Composed for this Work.]

"When I Surbey the Wondrous Cross." L. M.

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COMPOSED BY J. PATTERSON.

1. WHEN I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory

died, My rich-est 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.

"Contrast." P. M.

1. I HAVE sought round the verdant earth, For un - fad - ing joy ; }
I have tried ev' - ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy. }

Lord, bestow on me Grace to set my spirit free ;
Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2. I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark
My spirit to bless.
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?
3. I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray.
Here I found release ;
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss—
Eternal day.
4. When my life's fearful strife is done,
Its sorrows all past,
Before my Redeemer's throne
My crown I will cast:
There where angels dwell,
Saints their highest rapture tell ;
This my song shall swell,
He died for me.
5. Oh ! come, then, ye weary ones,
Who comfort ne'er know,
And here at the Saviour's throne
In prayerfulness bow ;
Guilt shall then remove,
Light shall cheer thee from above ;
Come—come—share his love—
Come, come away.

[Arranged for this Work.]

"I'm Happy! I'm Happy!" 4 lines 11s.

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ARRANGED BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py! O won - drous ac - count!
My joys are in - mor - tal, I stand on the mount.

I gaze on my trea - sure, And long to be there,

With Je - sus, my Sa - viour, the king - dom to share.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

2. O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest!
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest!
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song:
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue. (*Chorus.*)
3. Oh, who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill. (*Chorus.*)

[Composed for this Work.]

"Crown Him! Crown Him!" 8s & 7s.

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MUSIC BY JOSIAH LOWE.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the man of sorrows now, From the fight re-

turn'd victorious, Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,

Crowns become the victor's brow.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, &c.

2. Crown the Saviour, angels crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
3. Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Index to the Tunes.

	PAGE
A Home in Glory.....	142
A Home in Heaven.....	72
A Hope of Heaven, a Precious Treasure.....	66
And Must I Bear the Cross Alone?.....	177
A Pilgrim and a Stranger Here.....	138
A Pilgrim in this Desert World.....	64
Arnon.....	132
Arthur.....	41
Atonement.....	179
Attend, Young Friends.....	67
Bartimeus.....	65
Beautiful Morning.....	149
Beautiful World.....	60
Burst, ye Emerald Gates.....	38, 39
Canaan.....	195
Christian Experience.....	34, 35
Christian Soldier.....	36
Come, Humble Sinner, in whose Breast.....	154
Come, and Join our Pilgrim Band.....	15
Come in Welcome, Come in Welcome.....	136
Come, let us Anew our Journey Pursue.....	189
Come, let us Join our Friends Above.....	148
Come Unto Me.....	26
Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.....	61
Contrast.....	204
Conversion.....	82, 83
Crown Him, Crown Him.....	206
Crying, Save Me!.....	13
Dilks.....	62
Doak.....	156
Down in that Garden.....	147
Elizur.....	121
Essex.....	33
Farewell, my Loving Friends, Farewell!.....	123
Father, I Stretch my Hands to Thee.....	166
Fatherland.....	181
Glory to the Lamb!.....	75
Hallelujah to God!.....	158
Hallelujah to Jesus!.....	124, 125
Hallelujah to the Lamb!.....	175
Happy Day!.....	74
Hark! What Mean those Holy Voices.....	27
Hear the Royal Proclamation.....	70

	PAGE
Heaven.....	46
Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.....	91
Heavenly Union.....	92
He Died for Me!.....	50
He Dies, the Friend of Sinners Dies!.....	49
Here in Sadness and Sorrow I Linger Alone.....	171
He was Found Worthy.....	129
Home is Sweet.....	100
Home, Sweet Home!.....	202
Hope of Heaven.....	24
Hope on, Press on, Ever Singing.....	116
How Happy is the Man.....	200
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.....	89
How Swiftly the Years of our Pilgrimage Fly.....	48
I Can, I Will Believe.....	159
I Know that my Redeemer Lives.....	152
I Love the Cross.....	144
I Love Thee, my Lord.....	176
I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger.....	183
I'm Bound for the Kingdom.....	191
I'm Bound for the Promised Land.....	105
I'm Bound to Die in the Army.....	104
I'm Going Home to Die no More.....	80
I'm Happy, I'm Happy.....	205
I'm on my Way to Zion.....	173
I Never shall Forget that Day.....	162
In the Book of Life.....	157
I Soon shall Rest in Heaven.....	167
It Was for You that Jesus Died.....	88
I Want to Live a Christian Here.....	15
I Want to Go.....	19
I Will Believe.....	24, 25
I Would Not Live Alway.....	111
Jasher.....	98
Jesus our Guide.....	196
Joyfully, Joyfully, Onward I Move.....	71
Just as I Am.....	47
Let Me Go to my Home.....	18
Let us Walk in the Light.....	115
Living Vine.....	10, 11
Look Away to Calvary.....	8
Love to the Saviour.....	164
Malvina.....	133
Martyrdom, or Avon.....	81
Mercy's Free! Mercy's Free!.....	120
My Days are Gliding Swiftly By.....	40
None but the Righteous shall be Saved.....	86
Of Him who Did Salvation Bring.....	5
Oh! Come, and Go Along with Me.....	12
Oh! Come, and Will you Go?.....	79
Oh! Heaven, Sweet Heaven!.....	127
Oh! Here I'm Sad and Weary.....	114

	PAGE
Oh! how Charming is the Radiant Band.....	134
Oh! how He Loves!.....	54
Oh! how Long have I on Earth to Stay?.....	142
Oh! Sing to Me of Heaven!.....	84
Oh! tell Me no More.....	158
Oh! the Blessed Happy Land.....	55
Oh! the Loving Lamb!.....	155
Oh! there is Glory!.....	143
Oh! 'tis not Here Below is my Treasure.....	58
Oh! what a Happy Day!.....	53
Oh! Yes; Free Grace.....	9
Omar.....	146
On the Flowery Banks of Jordan's River.....	14
Ornon.....	107
Our Bondage it Will End—by-and-by.....	68, 69
Palms of Victory!.....	20
Pilgrim's Song.....	174
Rejoicing in the Prospect of Heaven.....	16, 17
Rest in Heaven.....	150
Rise, my Soul, and Stretch thy Wings.....	118
River of Death.....	170
Rockaway.....	145
Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.....	119
Salvation's Free!.....	166
Saviour, wilt Thou Cleanse Me?.....	190
Say, Brothers, will you Meet us?.....	59
Sessions.....	97
Sharai.....	23
Show Pity, Lord, O Lord Forgive.....	153
Sing of a Saviour's Love.....	180
Sinners, Turn; Why will ye Die?.....	37
Skeptic! Spare that Book!.....	94
Soldiers of the Jubilee.....	122
Sorrow Shall Come Again No More.....	20, 21
Speed Away!.....	186
Stand Up for Jesus!.....	172
Stay, Sinner, Stay!.....	6
The Beautiful Valley.....	78
The Christian Army.....	112, 113
The Christian Band.....	106
The Christian Pilgrim.....	42, 43
The Christian Robe.....	76
The Christian's Song.....	117
The Eden Above.....	80
The Eden of Love.....	192
The Foretaste of Endless Bliss.....	139
The Itinerant.....	28, 29
The Joys of my Life are Fleeting.....	168
The Judgment Day.....	7
The Lord will Provide.....	108
The Mercy Seat.....	102
The Only Plea.....	51
The Pearl.....	178

	PAGE
The Rock that is Higher than I.....	194
The Sinner's Invitation.....	30
The Sinner's Reply.....	31
The Son of Man they did Betray.....	130
The Specious World Promiscuous Flows.....	90
There are Angels Hovering Round.....	193
There are no Tears in Heaven.....	32
There is a Heaven Above the Skies.....	52
There is a Land of Pleasure.....	128
There is a Land of Pure Delight.....	45
There is Rest for the Weary.....	136
There Sorrow is no More.....	163
There Weary Souls shall be at Rest.....	160
There you'll Sing Hallelujah!.....	77
There you'll Sing and Shout with the Angels.....	95
There's Power in Jesus' Blood.....	101
There's Room Enough in Heaven for You.....	154
Though the Pleasures of Earth be Fleeting.....	56, 57
To Glory I will Go.....	109
Turn to the Lord and Seek Redemption.....	161
Vain World, Adieu!.....	96
Victory! Victory!.....	161
View the Promised Land.....	103
Watch and Pray!.....	22
We are Passing Away.....	99
We Have but the One More River to Cross.....	187
We will be Happy.....	184
We're a Happy Band.....	182
We're all United, Heart and Hand.....	44
We're Homeward Bound.....	93
We'll all Sing Glory.....	137
We'll be there in a Little While.....	63
We'll Join the Pilgrim Band.....	169
We'll Wait till Jesus Comes.....	110
Weep, Weep, Mourn, Mourn.....	87
Wesley.....	199
What! Never Part Again?.....	188
What's all this World to Me?.....	185
When I Can Read my Title Clear.....	73
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.....	203
Will you Go?.....	198
Uzziel.....	201
Ye Weary, Heavy Laden Souls.....	140
Zophar.....	197

Index to the Hymns.

	PAGE
A few more days on earth to spend.....	16
A home in heaven! what a joyful thought.....	72
A home in heaven! when life shall end.....	184
A hope of heaven! a precious treasure.....	66
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?.....	8, 147, 155, 159, 175
Am I soldier of the cross?.....	36
And let this feeble body fail.....	160
And must I bear the cross alone.....	177
And must I be to judgment brought.....	99
A pilgrim and a stranger here.....	138
A pilgrim in this desert world.....	64
Attend, young friends, whilst I relate.....	67
Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring.....	38
By faith I view my Saviour dying.....	120
By thy birth and by thy tears.....	107
Children of the heavenly King.....	115, 161
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.....	154
Come, let us anew our journey pursue.....	189
Come, let us join our friends above.....	148
Come on, my partuers in distress.....	17
Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell.....	92
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....	12, 79
Come, thou Fount of every blessing.....	20, 65, 156
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	61, 151
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	132
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	41
Dressed uniform Christ's soldiers are.....	76
Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone.....	123
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....	13, 165
From all that dwell below the skies.....	197
From every stormy wind that blows.....	102
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....	27
Hear the royal proclamation.....	70
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!.....	49, 50, 145
Here in sadness and sorrow I linger alone.....	171
Here is a band of brethren dear.....	106
How blest the righteous when he dies!.....	98
How happy every child of grace.....	127
How happy is the man.....	200
How often am I weary.....	167
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	89
How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me.....	192
How swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly.....	48
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	35, 57

	PAGE
I have sought round the verdant earth.....	204
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	152, 199
I love it—I love it—and who shall dare.....	144
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord.....	176
I love thee, my Saviour, for thou from above.....	164
I love this pure religion.....	122
I never shall forget the day.....	162
In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair.....	194
In the Christian's home in glory.....	136
In this low valley where so many sorrows grow.....	82
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger.....	183
I'm glad that I am born to die.....	104
I'm happy, I'm happy.....	205
I will go, I will go.....	31
I would not live away.....	111
Jerusalem! my happy home!.....	100
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	39, 121
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	15, 53, 55, 75, 103
Jesus, the sinners' Friend, to thee.....	51
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....	71
Just as I am, without one plea.....	47
Let me go to my home, to my home far away.....	18
Let others delight in the gambols of mirth.....	29
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....	206
Low down in this beautiful valley.....	78
My brethren, I have found.....	117
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	40
My God, I am thine; what a comfort divine.....	139
My God, my life, my love.....	23
My heavenly home is bright and fair.....	85
My soul is now united.....	10
My suffering time will soon be o'er.....	187
Murmur not, my soul, though in sorrow.....	116
Now come and seek the Lord.....	166
Now the Christian pilgrim sings.....	42
Of Him who did salvation bring.....	5, 88, 129
Oh! for a heart to praise my God.....	81
O happy day! that fixed my choice.....	74
Oh! come, happy children.....	180
Oh! come, sinners, come to the Saviour to-day.....	126
Oh! here I'm sad and weary, far, far, from home.....	114
Oh! how charming, oh! how charming.....	134
Oh! sing to me of heaven.....	84
Oh! tell me no more of this vain world's store.....	158
Oh! that my load of sin were gone.....	86
Oh! 'tis not here below is my treasure.....	58
Oh! we're a band of brethren dear.....	142, 143
Oh! who will come and go with me?.....	149
O land of rest! for thee I sigh.....	110
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	44, 63, 142, 181, 195
O thou from whom all goodness flows.....	33

	PAGE
On life's dark unfathomed ocean.....	166
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight.....	29
O when shall I see Jesus?.....	112
Our bondage it will end, by and by.....	168
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride.....	93
Pilgrim and stranger sadly I roam.....	150
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	9
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	118, 201
River of death, thy stream I see.....	170
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	119
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	62
Saviour, wilt thou cleanse me?.....	190
Say, brothers, will you meet us?.....	59
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.....	153
Skeptic! spare that book.....	94
Sinner, come, will you go?.....	30
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?.....	37
Soon will our suffering time be o'er.....	182
Speed away! speed away! O ye heralds of light.....	186
Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on.....	6
Stand up for Jesus! hark! 'tis sounding.....	172
The joys of my life are fleeting.....	168
The judgment day is coming.....	7
The road that many travel.....	178
The Son of Man they did betray.....	130
The specious world promiscuous flows.....	90
Then will I tell to sinners round.....	173
There are angels hovering round.....	193
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	24, 101, 179
There is a heaven above the skies.....	52
There is a land of pleasure.....	128
There is a land of pure delight.....	15, 19, 45, 77, 137, 163, 188
There we'll sing and shout with the angels.....	95
There's a Friend above all others.....	54
Thou Jesus through my life.....	157
Though born to suffer and to die.....	14
Though in a world of sickness.....	11
Though the pleasures of earth be fleeting.....	56
Though troubles assail, and dangers affright.....	108
To thy pastures fair and large.....	146
Vain map, thy fond pursuits.....	87
Watch and pray! watch and pray!.....	22
We speak of the realms of the blessed.....	48
We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy.....	86
We're going home, we've had visions bright.....	60
We're marching to the promised land.....	100
What if our bark o'er life's rough wave.....	35
What's all this world to me.....	182
What to me are earth's pleasures?.....	25
What wondrous love is this?.....	60
When clad in the garments of sorrow and pain.....	202

	PAGE
When for eternal worlds we steer.....	90
When I can read my title clear.....	73, 91, 166
When I set out for glory.....	109
When Jesus, my Saviour, first called me to go.....	29
When the last trumpet's sound.....	124
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.....	133
When pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale.....	24
While life prolongs its precious light.....	97
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger.....	191
Whither, pilgrims, are you going?.....	174
With tearful eyes I look around.....	26
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	203
We're traveling home to heaven above.....	198
Ye angels who mortals attend.....	34
Ye weary, heavy laden souls.....	14

Index to the Choruses.

And oh! I will go.....	95
And oh! there is glory.....	143
And to glory I will go.....	109
Away over Jordan, view the promised land.....	103
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend.....	52
Christ is all the world to me.....	104
Come in welcome, come in welcome.....	126
Come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	5
Come to Calvary, come to Calvary.....	50
Crown him, crown him, crown him.....	202
Crying, Save me, save me!.....	13
Dear Saviour, be thou near.....	168
Down in that garden.....	147
Farewell! farewell! farewell!.....	123
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand.....	40
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I belong.....	106
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to God!.....	158
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to the Lamb!.....	200
Hallelujah, hallelujah, to the Saviour's name!.....	27
Hallelujah, hallelujah, we're a happy band!.....	182
Hallelujah to Jesus again and again!.....	124
Hallelujah to the Lamb!.....	175
Happy day, happy day!.....	74
Home is sweet, home is sweet.....	100
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.....	202
Hope on, press on, ever singing.....	116

	PAGE
I can, I will, I do believe.....	159
I come, I come, without delay.....	47
I feel something like glory in my soul.....	199
I love the Lord, for he first loved me.....	49
I love thee, I love thee, thou knowest full well.....	111
In the morning—what a beautiful morning that will be.....	149
I'm bound for the kingdom.....	191
I'm bound for the promised land.....	105
I'm glad I'm in this army.....	112
I'm going home. I'm going home.....	85
I'm happy, I'm happy.....	173
I want to go, I want to go.....	19
I want to live a Christian here.....	15
I will believe, I do believe.....	25
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world.....	36
Let us walk in the light.....	115
Look away! look away!.....	8
My soul doth long to go.....	117
Nought to fear from storm or sorrow.....	196
Now in the Book of Life.....	157
Oh! come, and go along with.....	12
Oh! come, and join the pilgrim band.....	15
Oh! come, and will you go?.....	79
Oh! come, oh! come, and go with me.....	154
Oh! dear Jesus, oh! how long have I on earth to stay.....	142
Oh! glory, glory to the Lamb!.....	75
Oh! glory, oh! glory.....	142
Oh! hallelujah, oh! hallelujah.....	159
Oh! heaven, sweet heaven!.....	127
Oh! he died for you, and he died for me.....	145
Oh! how precious, oh how precious.....	65
Oh! I long for the joys ever springing.....	58
Oh! my soul was very happy.....	162
Oh! no, oh! no, none but the righteous shall be saved.....	86
Oh! the bleeding Lamb.....	129
Oh! the blessed happy laud.....	55
Oh! the Lamb, the loving Lamb.....	155
Oh! there's my home, my glorious home.....	163
Oh! turn, poor sinner.....	7
Oh! what a happy day when the Christians meet.....	53
Oh! yes, free grace, free grace!.....	9
Oh! yes, oh! yes. it was for you that Jesus died.....	88
O my Saviour and Lord, they have taken thee away.....	82
Over plains, and hills, and valleys.....	174
Palms of victory, crowns of glory!.....	20
Press forward, press forward, keep the prize in view.....	139
Remember me while toiling here.....	122
Salvation's full and free!.....	166
Save, oh! save.....	153
Sinner, turn, oh! turn and flee.....	37
Soon my conflicts will be o'er.....	150

	PAGE
That blissful place is my fatherland.....	181
Then I'll sing and I'll shout hosanna !.....	56
Then join in hosannas to Jesus our King.....	180
Then raise the song, let every tongue.....	148
Then we'll cross the river of Jordan, happy, happy.....	138
There is rest for the weary.....	136
There you'll sing hallelujah !.....	77. 91
There weary souls shall be at rest.....	160
There we'll sing redeeming love.....	14
There's power in Jesus' blood.....	101
There's room enough in heaven for you.....	154
This world is not my home.....	84
Through grace I'm bound to die in the army.....	104
'Tis a song from the home of the weary.....	21
Turn to the Lord and seek redemption.....	151
 Victory! victory !.....	 161
 Waft me, oh! waft me safely o'er.....	 170
Wash me, Lord, from all sin.....	41
We are on our way to Canaan.....	195
We are passing away.....	99
We have but the one more river to cross.....	187
We will be happy.....	184
When this poor body lies mouldering in the tomb.....	167
Weep no more, oh! my friends.....	45
Weep, weep, mourn, mourn.....	87
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while.....	63
We'll join the pilgrim band.....	169
We'll wait till Jesus comes.....	110
We're all united, heart and hand.....	44
We're marching through Immanuel's ground.....	188
We're marching to glory.....	143
Will you go? will you go? will you go?.....	80
With the land in view we'll journey on.....	137



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