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PHILADELPHIA.  
JOHN T. ACEF.

1018 Arch St.

BALTIMORE,  
GRAPE, TAYLOR  
& SUPPLEE.

203 Camden St.



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THE

# EMORY HYMNAL.

A COLLECTION OF

## SACRED HYMNS AND MUSIC

FOR USE IN

**PUBLIC WORSHIP, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,**

**SOCIAL MEETINGS AND FAMILY WORSHIP.**

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PHILADELPHIA:

**JOHN J. HOOD,**

1018 Arch Street.

BALTIMORE:

**Grape, Taylor & Supplee,**

203 Camden Street.

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# PREFACE.

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**R**EALIZING the need of a collection of hymns for use by the Emory Grove camp meetings, a committee of musical directors from the churches of the varied branches of Methodism in Baltimore was selected to compile such a work.

The need of a collection of hymns and tunes for all the varied forms of divine service soon became apparent, and the purposes and scope of the undertaking were accordingly enlarged. The aim of the committee has been to glean from all fields the choicest flowers of sacred song, and to present to the church a bouquet of hymns alike grateful to congregation and school, prayer meeting and the social circle.

There has been just criticism upon the poor poetry and worse theology of some of the hymns sung in our churches. To correct this evil, a judicious committee of Divines has carefully examined almost every verse, and has resolutely rejected all which are of inferior quality or doubtful meaning.

There has also been a careful revision and inspection of the tunes used, in order especially that melodies as thin as air shall not be married to words expressing the deepest phases of religious fervor.

The committee return their grateful acknowledgments to the many kind friends who have so generously assisted them by free use of valuable copyrights, by unstinted donation of new selections, and much helpful advice and assistance.

May the Master of Assemblies, before whom the majestic choir of the redeemed hosts praise night and day, make this work a blessing to all who use it is the fervent prayer of

THE COMMITTEE.



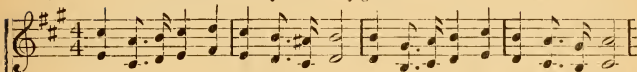
# EMORY HYMNAL.

1

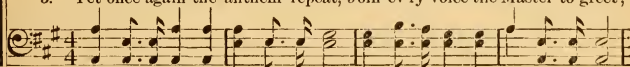
## Our Glad Jubilee.

W. F. S.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Ps. lxxv. 11. Wm. F. SHERWIN



1. Wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee Once more we hail with sweet melody,
2. Marching to Zion, dear, blessed home! Lord, by thy mercy hither we come;
3. Yet once again the anthem repeat, Join ev'ry voice the Master to greet;



*D. C.*—Wake, wake the song, etc.

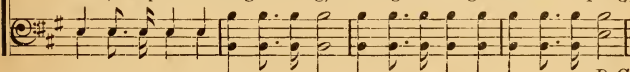


*Fine.*

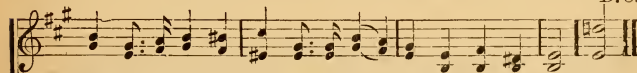
Bring-ing our hymns of praise un - to thee, O most ho - ly Lord!  
Guide us, we pray, wher-e'er we may roam, Keep us in thy fear;  
Love's sac - ri - fice we lay at his feet, In his tem - ple now;



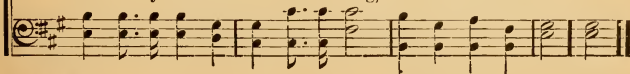
Praise for thy care by day and by night, Praise for the homes by love made so bright;  
Fill ev'ry soul with love all divine, Now cause thy face upon us to shine;  
Jesus, accept the off'ring we bring, Blending with songs the odors of spring;



*D. C.*



Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light Beaming from thy word. Then  
Grant that our hearts may truly be thine All the com-ing year.  
Still of thy wondrous love we will sing, Till in heaven we bow.

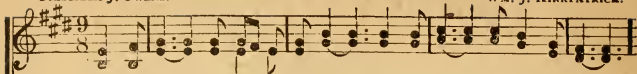




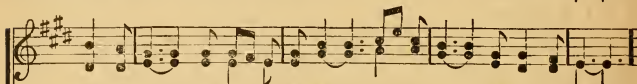
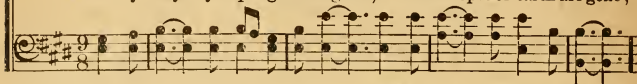
## True and Faithful.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



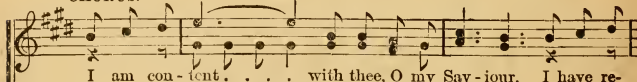
1. Ev-'ry day my soul is hap-py, For I feel my Saviour near;
2. Ev-'ry day, tho' storm and sorrow Dark-ly round my pathway rise,
3. Ev-'ry day my home is hap-py, For with Je-sus I a-bide;
4. Ev-'ry day my hopes grow brighter, Tho' the hopes of earth are gone;



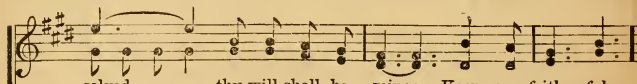
'Tis his presence makes my sunshine, And his love destroys my fear.  
 I am look-ing up for com-fort, Far beyond earth's changing skies.  
 Drinking from the liv-ing fountain, With his good-ness sat-is-fied.  
 Ev-'ry day my rest draws nearer, As my Sav-iour leads me on.



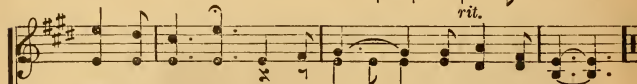
## CHORUS.



I am con-tent. . . . with thee, O my Sav-iour, I have re-



solved . . . thy will shall be mine; Keep me faith-ful,



True and faith-ful; Fill my soul . . . with love di-vine.





# A-bid-ing.

5

REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how en-riching is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day, I'm

fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At  
soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And  
resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And

## CHORUS.

last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a-bid-ing, gracious  
I henceforth, for-ev-er, Lord, am thine.  
Je-sus will be yours as he is mine.

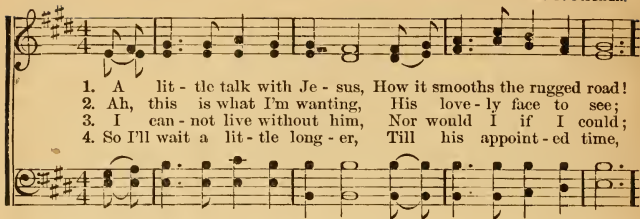
Sav-iour, I'm a-bid-ing in thy precious love to-day; I'm a-

bid-ing, yes, a-bid-ing In thy love, thy precious love, to-day.

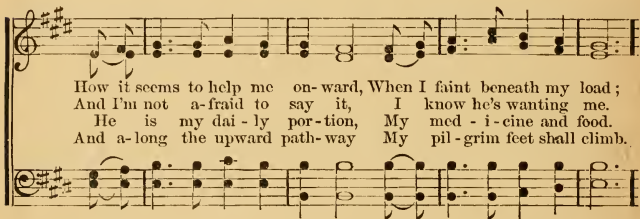


## A little Talk with Jesus.

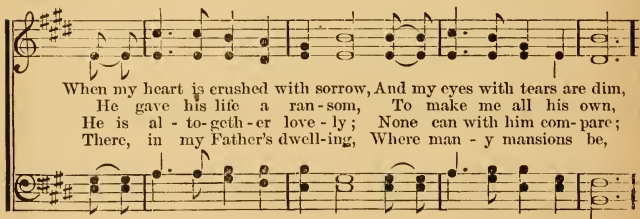
Wm. G. FISCHER.



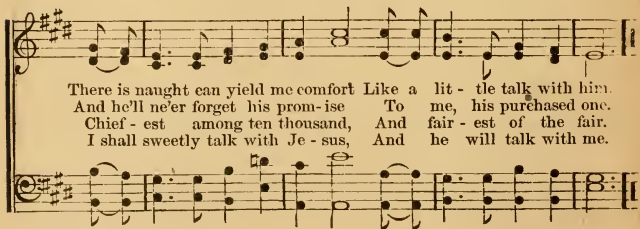
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!  
 2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;  
 3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;  
 4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,



How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;  
 And I'm not a - afraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.  
 He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.  
 And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.



When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,  
 He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,  
 He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;  
 There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,



There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.  
 And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.  
 Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.  
 I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.



# Redeemed.

7

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
 2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,  
 3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,  
 4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,  
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.  
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,  
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

## REFRAIN.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
 redeemed, redeemed,

Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.  
 redeemed, redeemed,



# The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal.  
 2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;  
 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings, or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.  
 But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet  
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow - y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the

Rock that is high - er than I: Oh, then, to the Rock let me  
 is high - er than I,

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

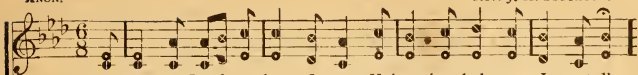


# Take me as I am.

9

ANON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,



Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!



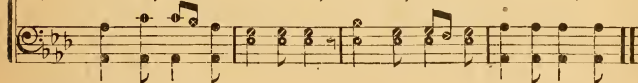
*D. S.*—bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

## REFRAIN.

*D. S.*



Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;



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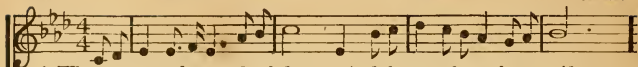
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## JUST AS I AM.

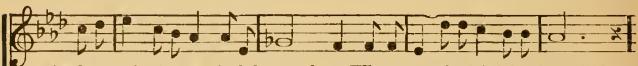
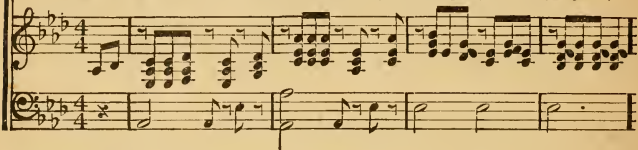
Tune and Chorus above.

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

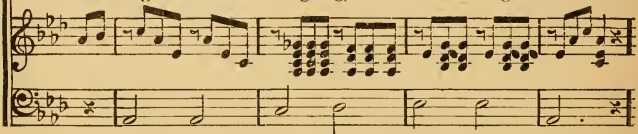




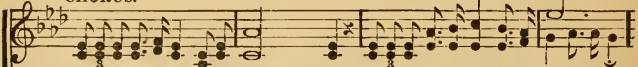
1. When we enter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,
2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from cruel death partings are free,
3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
4. When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glory and majesty see,



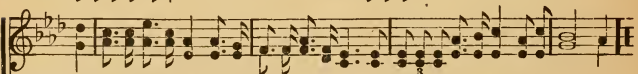
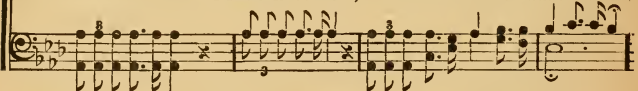
As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!



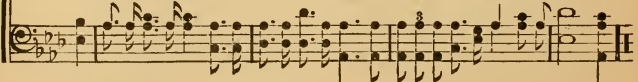
## CHORUS.



Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore;  
 Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore!



Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd host we see,  
 As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.





# Crown Him.

11

THOMAS KELLEY.

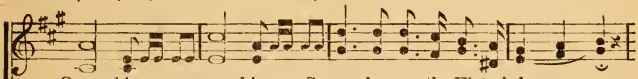
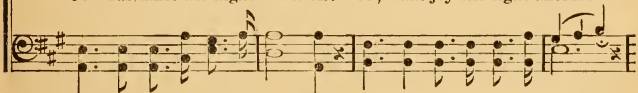
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



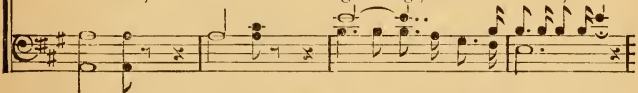
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now!
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de - rision crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!



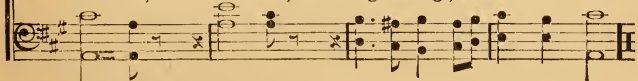
From the fight return'd victorious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:  
In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings:  
Saints and angels crowd around him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name:  
Je - sus takes the highest station: Oh, what joy the sight affords!



Crown him,	crown him;	Crowns become the Victor's brow; . . .
Crown him,	crown him;	Crown the Saviour King of kings; . .
Crown him,	crown him;	Spread abroad the Victor's fame; . . .
Crown him,	crown him	King of kings, and Lord of lords; . . .



Crown him,	crown him;	Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown him,	crown him;	Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown him,	crown him;	Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
Crown him,	crown him;	King of kings, and Lord of lords.

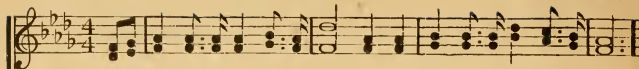




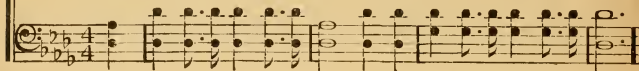
FRANK M. DAVIS.

John iii. 17.

E. C. AVIS.



1. Sing glo - ry to God in the highest, For wonderful things he hath done ;
2. Oh ! perfect redemption to sinners, The purchase of Jesus' own blood,
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye peo - ple, The wondrous transaction is done !



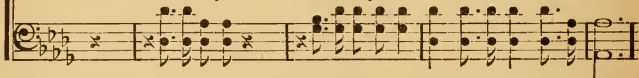
He so loved the world that he gave us His on - ly be - gotten dear Son.  
 The vil - est offend - er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the promise of God.  
 The life - gate is o - pen, come, ent - er, Thro' Jesus, the Cru - cified One.



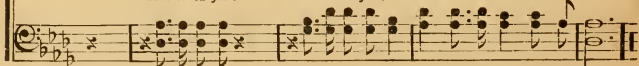
## CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! He saves thro' the death of his Son ;  
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah !



Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! He saves thro' the Crucified One.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah !



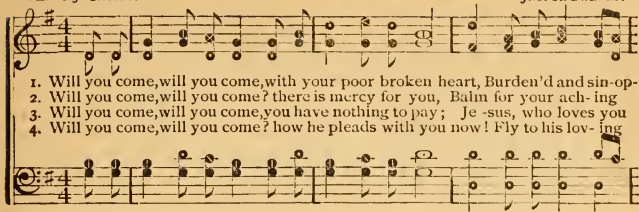


# Jesus will give you Rest.

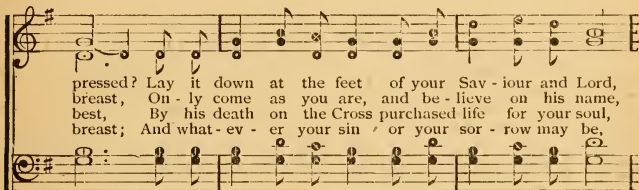
13

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-  
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach-ing  
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you  
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov-ing

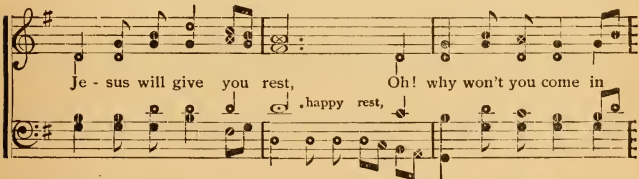


pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,  
 breast, On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,  
 best, By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,  
 breast; And what - ev - er your sin, or your sor - row may be,

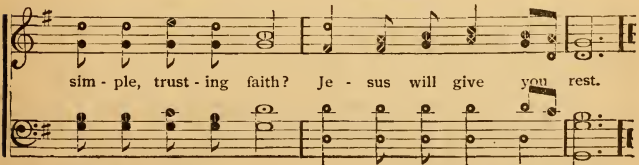
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest! sweet, happy rest!

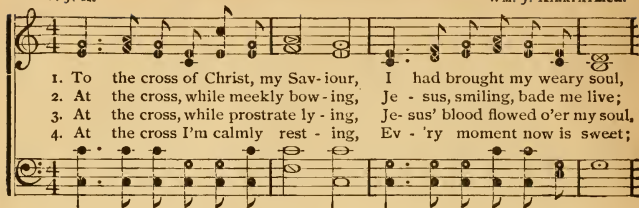


Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in  
 .happy rest,

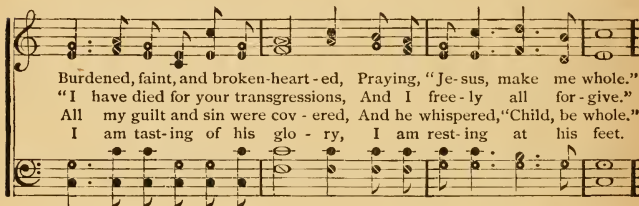


sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



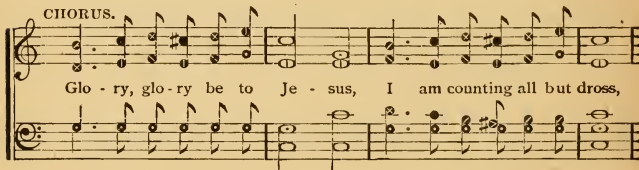


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,  
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live;  
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly-ing, Je-sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,  
 4. At the cross I'm calmly rest-ing, Ev-'ry moment now is sweet;

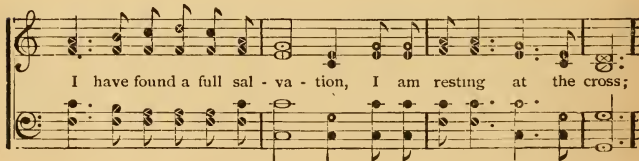


Burdened, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je-sus, make me whole."  
 "I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give."  
 All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."  
 I am tast-ing of his glo-ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.

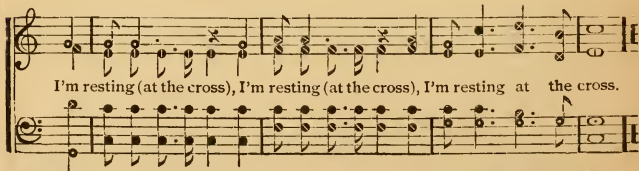
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am resting at the cross;



I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

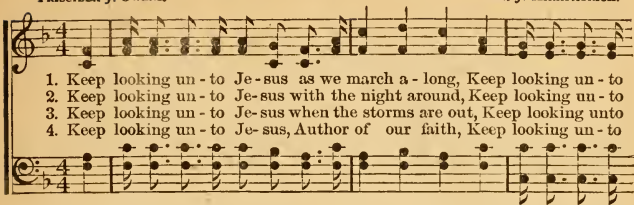


# Keep Looking unto Jesus.

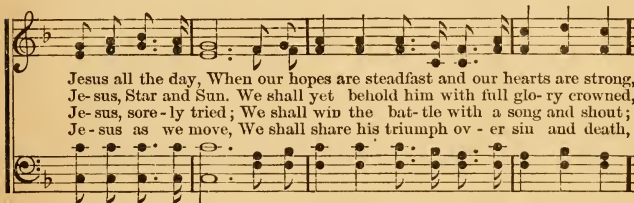
15

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

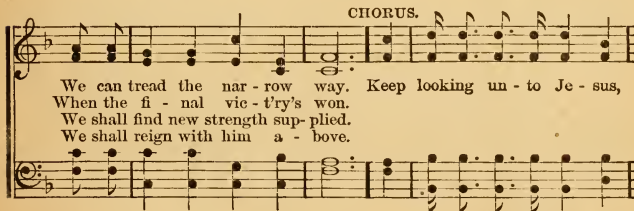


1. Keep looking un - to Je - sus as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to  
 2. Keep looking un - to Je - sus with the night around, Keep looking un - to  
 3. Keep looking un - to Je - sus when the storms are out, Keep looking unto  
 4. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, Author of our faith, Keep looking un - to

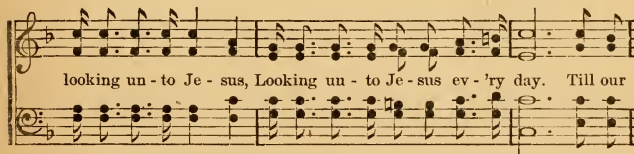


Jesus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are strong,  
 Je - sus, Star and Sun. We shall yet behold him with full glo - ry crowned,  
 Je - sus, sore - ly tried; We shall win the bat - tle with a song and shout;  
 Je - sus as we move, We shall share his triumph ov - er sin and death,

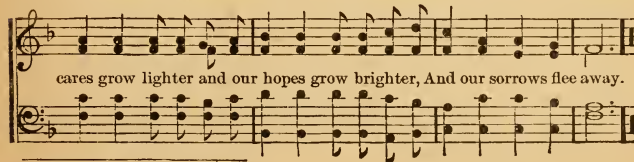
CHORUS.



We can tread the nar - row way. Keep looking un - to Je - sus,  
 When the fi - nal vic - t'ry's won.  
 We shall find new strength sup - plied.  
 We shall reign with him a - bove.

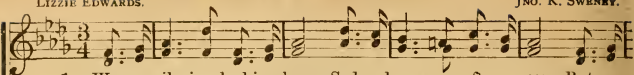


looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Till our

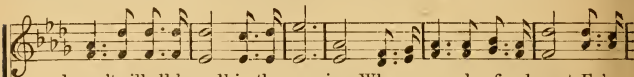
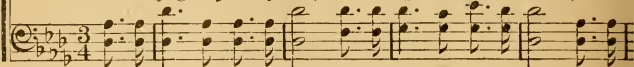


cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee away.

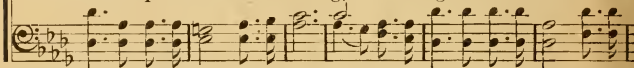




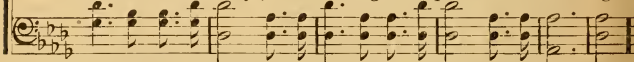
1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us



know'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry  
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our  
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the  
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

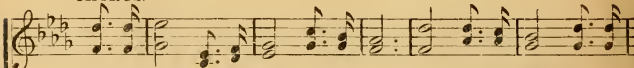


storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.  
robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.  
feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.  
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.



*D. S.*—sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.

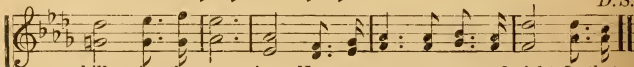
CHORUS.



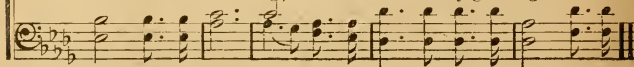
When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming



*D. S.*



hills in the morn-ing; Nev-er more to say good night In that



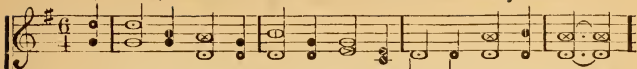


# Outside the Gate.

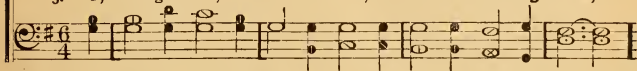
17

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

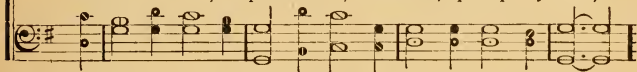
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



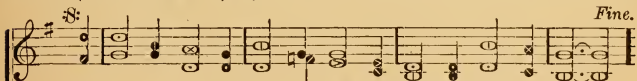
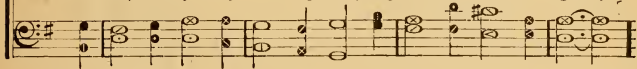
1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Father's home;
2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
3. O, lin-ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb-ing fast;



Why lin-ger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—  
His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em-brace;  
This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;

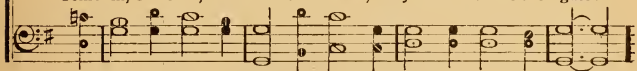


Come in,—be-hold, thy Fa-ther calls; His love for thee is great;  
He longs to hear thee say, for-give; He mourns thy hapless state;  
Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;



*Fine.*

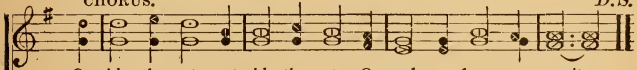
Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?



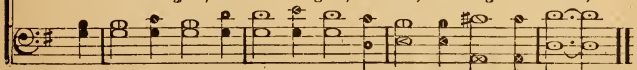
*D.S.*—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?

CHORUS.

*D.S.*



Outside the gate, out-side the gate, O soul, no long-er wait;

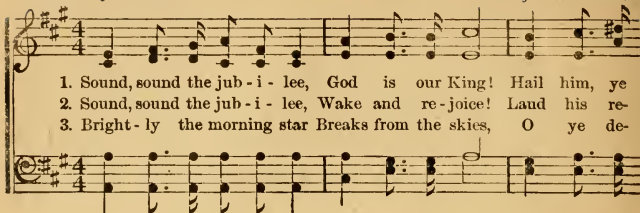




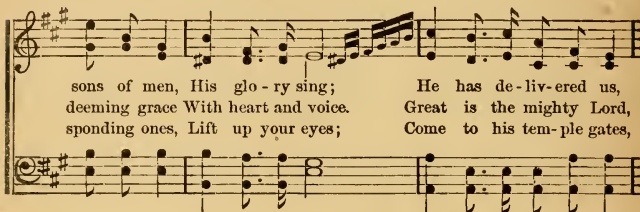
## Sound the Jubilee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

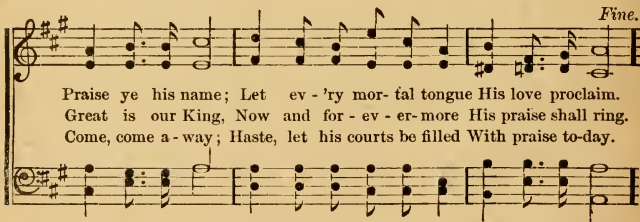
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sound, sound the jub - i - lee, God is our King! Hail him, ye  
 2. Sound, sound the jub - i - lee, Wake and re-joice! Laud his re-  
 3. Bright - ly the morning star Breaks from the skies, O ye de-



sons of men, His glo - ry sing; He has de - liv - ered us,  
 deeming grace With heart and voice. Great is the mighty Lord,  
 sponding ones, Lift up your eyes; Come to his tem - ple gates,



*Fine.*  
 Praise ye his name; Let ev - 'ry mor - tal tongue His love proclaim.  
 Great is our King, Now and for - ev - er - more His praise shall ring.  
 Come, come a - way; Haste, let his courts be filled With praise to-day.



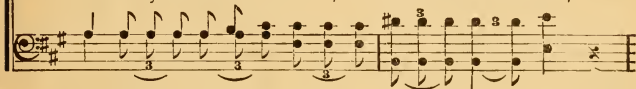
*a little slower.*  
 Our wonder - ful, wonder - ful Lord and Sav - iour,  
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly come u - nit - ed,  
 He ten - der - ly comforts the wea - ry - heart - ed,  
 Our wonder - ful, wonder - ful Lord, our wonder - ful Lord and Sav - iour,  
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly come, oh, joy - ful - ly come u - nit - ed,  
 He tender - ly comforts the wea - ry, comforts the wea - ry - heart - ed,





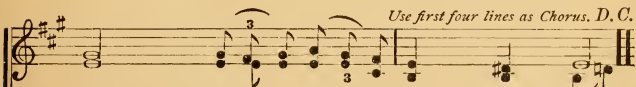
Who rul-eth and reigneth from shore to shore,  
To hon-or and worship the Prince of Peace;  
His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er-more;

Who ruleth and reigneth, who rul-eth and reigneth from shore to shore,  
To hon-or and worship, to hon-or and worship the Prince of Peace;  
His mer-cy en-dureth for-ev-er, en-dureth for-ev-er-more;



To him shall the princes of earth be gath-ered,  
Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly spread his tri-umph,  
Oh, wonder-ful, wonder-ful love of Je-sus!

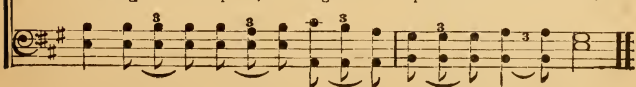
To him shall the princes of earth, the princes of earth be gath-ered,  
Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly spread, oh, joy-ful-ly spread his tri-umph,  
Oh, wonder-ful, wonder-ful love, oh, wonder-ful love of Je-sus!



*Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.*

And ag-es e-ter-nal his name a-dore.  
And get him the glo-ry that ne'er shall cease.  
We'll sing of its rapture when time is o'er.

And ag-es e-ter-nal, and ag-es e-ter-nal his name a-dore.  
And get him the glo-ry, and get him the glo-ry that ne'er shall cease.  
We'll sing of its rapture, we'll sing of its rap-ture when time is o'er.





# Hopefully Trusting.

CALLENA FISK.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. i. 20.

JOHN T. GRAPE.  
By per.

1. I stand all be-wil-dered with won-der, And  
 2. I strug-gled and wres-tled to win it,— The  
 3. He laid his hand on me and healed me, And  
 4. The Prince of my Peace is now pass-ing, The

gaze on the o-cean of love, And o-ver its waves to my  
 bless-ing that set-teth me free,— But when I had ceased from my  
 bade me be ev-'ry whit whole; I touched but the hem of his  
 light of his face is on me; But lis-ten, be-lov-ed, he

D.S.—In Je-sus I'm hopeful-ly

spir-it Comes peace, like a heav-en-ly dove.  
 strug-gles, His peace Je-sus gave un-to me.  
 gar-ment, And glo-ry came thrill-ing my soul.  
 speak-eth, "My peace will I give un-to thee."

trust-ing, My will is the will of my God.

CHORUS.

The cross now covers my sins, The past is un-der the blood,



# A Child of the King.

21

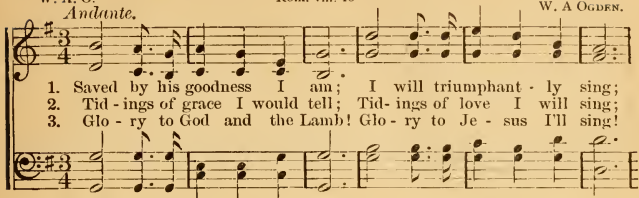
"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

W. A. O.

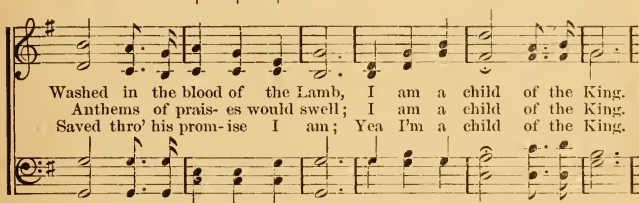
Rom. viii. 16

W. A. OGDEN.

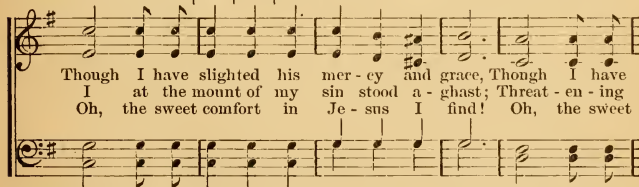
*Andante.*



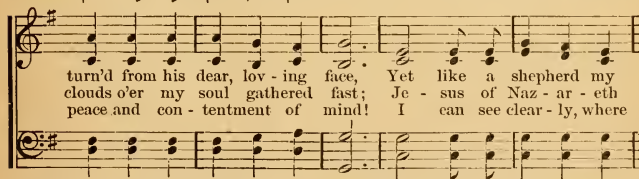
1. Saved by his goodness I am; I will triumphant - ly sing;  
 2. Tid - ings of grace I would tell; Tid - ings of love I will sing;  
 3. Glo - ry to God and the Lamb! Glo - ry to Je - sus I'll sing!



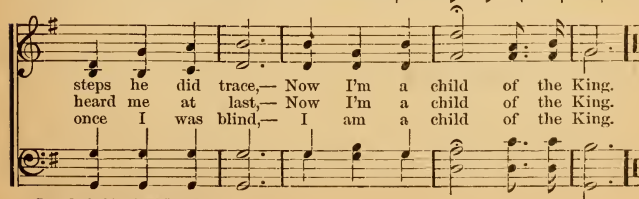
Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am a child of the King.  
 Anthems of praise would swell; I am a child of the King.  
 Saved thro' his promise I am; Yea I'm a child of the King.



Though I have slighted his mer - cy and grace, Though I have  
 I at the mount of my sin stood a - gha - st; Threat - en - ing  
 Oh, the sweet comfort in Je - sus I find! Oh, the sweet



turn'd from his dear, lov - ing face, Yet like a shepherd my  
 clouds o'er my soul gathered fast; Je - sus of Naz - ar - eth  
 peace and con - tentment of mind! I can see clear - ly, where



steps he did trace, — Now I'm a child of the King.  
 heard me at last, — Now I'm a child of the King.  
 once I was blind, — I am a child of the King.



## Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

*Vigorously, in march time.*

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high  
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know  
 3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all,

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one,  
 Must pre -vail; Shield and ban-ner bright, Gleam-ing in the light,  
 By thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

## CHORUS.

Rest your cause up - on his ho - ly word. Rouse, then, sol - diers!  
 Bat - tling for the right, we ne'er can fail.  
 May we wear the crown be - fore thy face,

2d CHO.—Rouse, then, freemen,

ral - ly round the banner! Ready, stead-y, pass the word a-long; Onward,  
 come from hill and valley; Fathers, brothers, earnest, brave, and strong! Onward,

forward, shout a-loud, Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the migh - ty throng.  
 forward, all u-nit - ed ral - ly, "Death to Alcohol!" your bat-tle song.


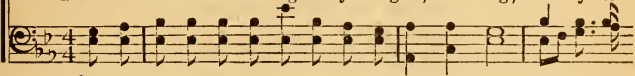


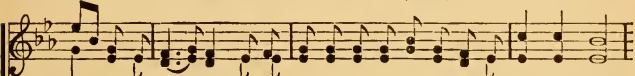
# Glory to God, Hallelujah!

23

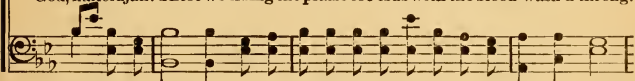
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


- 
1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to
  2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of redeem-ing love; Glo-ry to
  3. We are go-ing to a palace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to
  4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to
- 



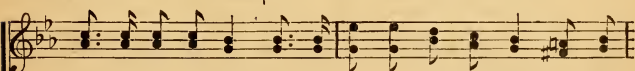
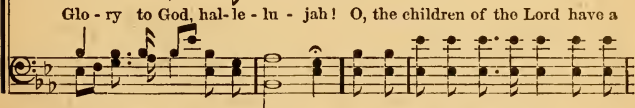
God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:  
God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are rising on its pinions to the hills a-bove:  
God, hal-le-lujah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon behold:  
God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:



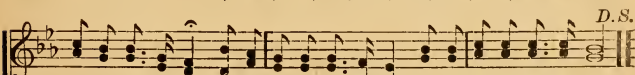
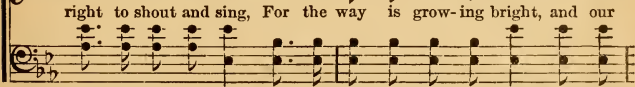
## *Fine.* CHORUS.



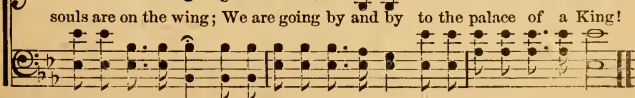
Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a



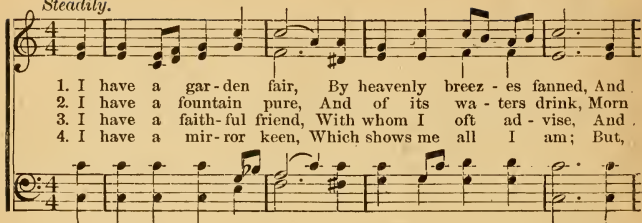
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our



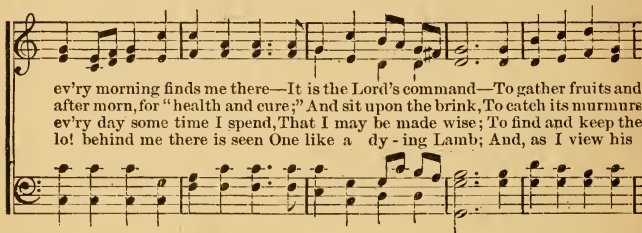
souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

*D.S.*

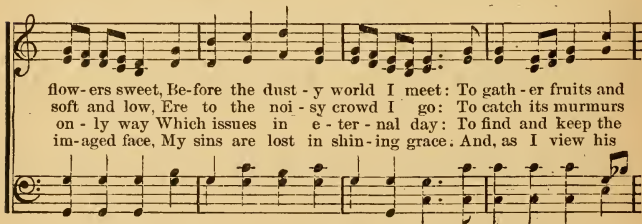


*Steadily.*


1. I have a gar-den fair, By heavenly breez-es fanned, And  
 2. I have a fountain pure, And of its wa-ters drink, Morn  
 3. I have a faith-ful friend, With whom I oft ad-vise, And  
 4. I have a mir-ror keen, Which shows me all I am; But,

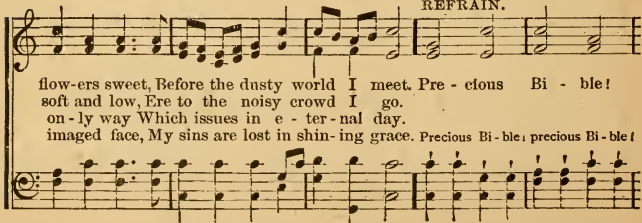


ev'ry morning finds me there—It is the Lord's command—To gather fruits and  
 after morn, for "health and cure;" And sit upon the brink, To catch its murmurs  
 ev'ry day some time I spend, That I may be made wise; To find and keep the  
 lo! behind me there is seen One like a dy-ing Lamb; And, as I view his



flow-ers sweet, Be-fore the dust-y world I meet: To gath-er fruits and  
 soft and low, Ere to the noi-sy crowd I go: To catch its murmurs  
 on-ly way Which issues in e-ter-nal day: To find and keep the  
 im-aged face, My sins are lost in shin-ing grace. And, as I view his

## REFRAIN.



flow-ers sweet, Before the dusty world I meet. Pre-cious Bi-ble!  
 soft and low, Ere to the noisy crowd I go.  
 on-ly way Which issues in e-ter-nal day.  
 imaged face, My sins are lost in shin-ing grace. Precious Bi-ble! precious Bi-ble!



Full of truth and love! Pre - cious Bi - ble! Gift from God a - bove.  
Precious Bi - ble! precious Bi - ble!

## He Loves Thee Still.

GRACE DE LA VERITE.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. May I draw nigh with empty hands When grain was near my arms to fill?
2. I, who have loitered by the way, And trifled by each petty rill,
3. Why did I scorn the narrow path, And murmur at each rugged hill?
4. What can I do? The day is gone! With trembling heart and broken will

And are they true, those words I hear: "He loves thee still! he loves thee still?"  
Nor hastened toward the sea of life, Can it be true he loves me still?  
O list, my heart, to those sweet words: He loves thee still! he loves thee still!  
I turn to him—for oh, 'tis true He waits for me—he loves me still!

CHORUS. *f* (2d time rit.)

He loves thee still! He loves thee still! Oh, yes, 'tis true He loves thee still!



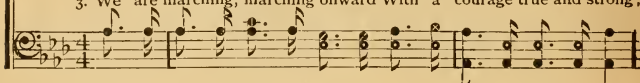
## Marching Onward.

MRS. R. N. TURNER.

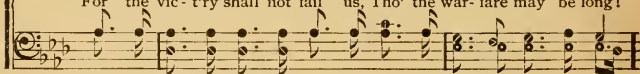
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



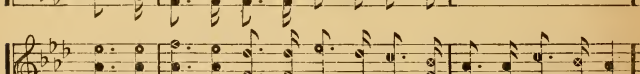
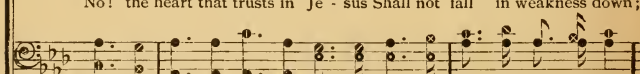
1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumines our way;
3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;



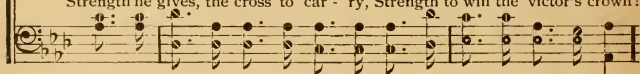
With our ban - ner float - ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!  
 Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Step by step, and day by day!  
 For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war - fare may be long!



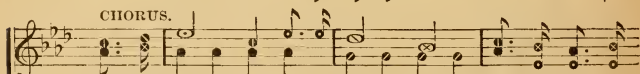
Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us with lur - ing hand;  
 'Tis a grand and glorious ar - my; And the King whose name we bear,  
 No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;



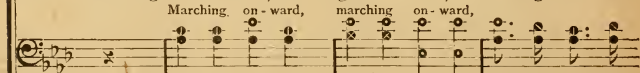
But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.  
 Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!  
 Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!



## CHORUS.



March - ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the



Marching, on - ward, marching on - ward,



ban-ner of the pure and free; Marching on - ward, marching  
Marching on - ward,  
on - ward; Christ our Leader prom - is - es the vic - to - ry.  
Marching on - ward;

## Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from  
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-  
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his  
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his  
entered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his  
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

*Fine.* CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;  
*D.S.*



## Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORRE.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.  
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

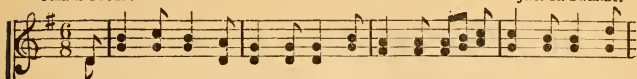


# Dear Saviour, Cleanse Me Now.

29

FRANK GOULD.

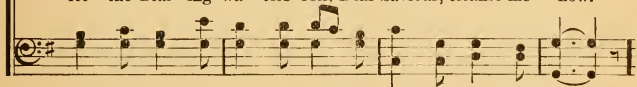
JNO. R. SWRNEY.



1. A trembling soul I come to thee, And, if there yet is room for me In
2. I come in sim-ple faith alone, To plead thy merits,—not my own; I
3. I long to feel thy power divine, To see thy light around me shine, And
4. My life and breath, my heart and soul, I gladly yield to thy control; Oh,



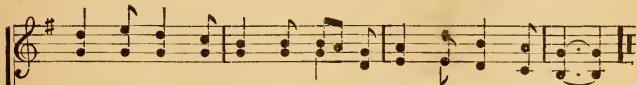
yon - der fount so full and free, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.  
 lay my heart be-fore thy throne, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.  
 know henceforth that I am thine, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.  
 let the heal - ing wa - ters roll, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.



## CHORUS.



Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Bles - sed Saviour, cleanse me now; A



trembling soul I come to thee, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.



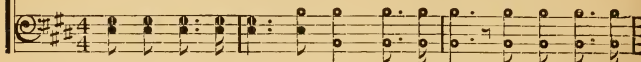


JOHN NEWTON.

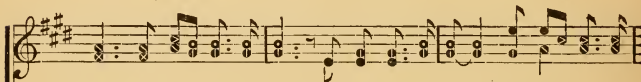
R. E. HUDSON



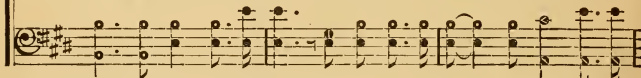
1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dang-ers affright, Tho' friends should af-
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa-tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we



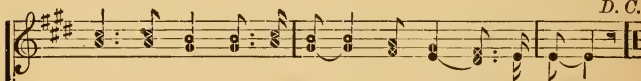
CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-



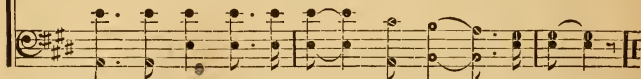
fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev-er be-  
learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-  
fears, we tri-umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has  
seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have



joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the



tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,—the Lord will pro-vide.  
nied, So long as 'tis written,—the Lord will pro-vide.  
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,—the Lord will pro-vide.  
tried, This ans-wers all questions,—the Lord will pro-vide.



Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion.

- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; [name:  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great  
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: [our side,  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on  
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will  
provide,

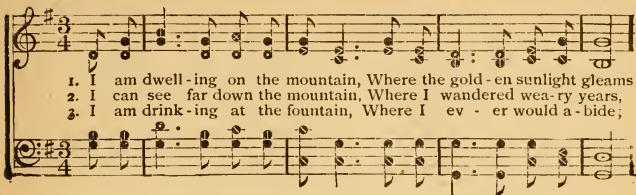


# Is not this the Land of Beulah.

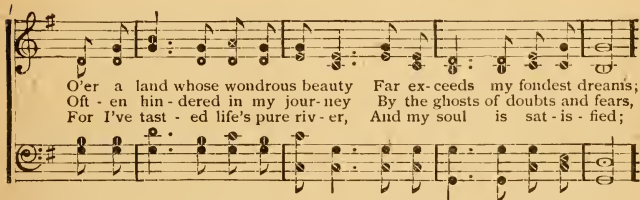
31

ANON.

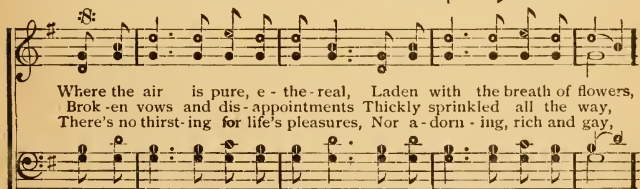
ARRANGED.



1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams  
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,  
 3. I am drink - ing at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;



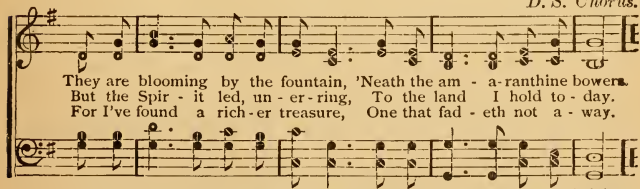
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams;  
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, Laden with the breath of flowers,  
 Brok - en vows and dis - appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
 There's no thirst - ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Blessed, bles - sed land of light,

*D. S. Chorus.*



They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bowers.  
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.  
 For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
 For I've found this great salvation  
 Makes each burden light appear;  
 And I love to follow Jesus,  
 Gladly counting all but dross,  
 Worldly honors all forsaking  
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!  
 Oft I've proved this to be true;  
 When I'm in the way so narrow  
 I can see a pathway through;  
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
 'Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear  
 For I've tried this way before thee,  
 And the glory lingers near.



M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my  
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified

heaven, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its  
 Saviour! is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright  
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pag-es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?  
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."  
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?

## REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name written there?



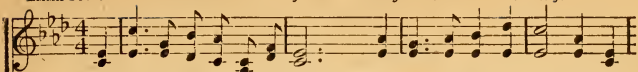
# Farewell to Sorrow.

33

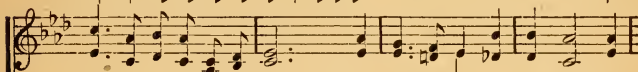
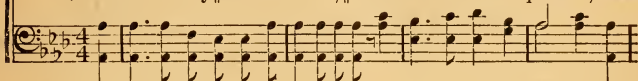
EMMA PITT.

"Heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

CHAS. J. TAYLOR.



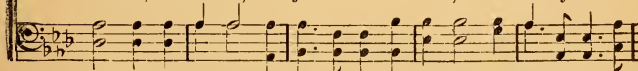
1. I have a crown, a ||: kingly crown; || Beyond the starry portals, Where
2. What matters if life's ||: sky be dark; || And clouds are often shading? The
3. Farewell to ev'ry ||: doubt and fear; || And all the world calls pleasure, There



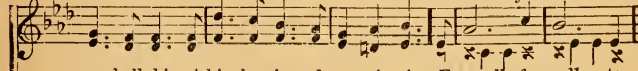
white-robed angels ||: dwell in light; || The reign of the im-mor-tals; With  
home above is ||: ever bright; || The crown is nev-er-fad-ing; With  
nev-er comes a ||: care or tear; || 'Tis there I have my trea-sure; With



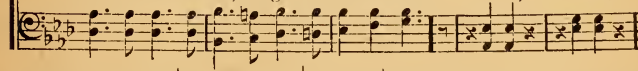
Je - sus, with Je-sus, I am joint heir with Jesus; When ev-er-last-ing  
Je - sus, with Je-sus, I am joint heir with Jesus; I've found a true a-  
Je - sus, with Je-sus, I am joint heir with Jesus; Henceforth my rest shall



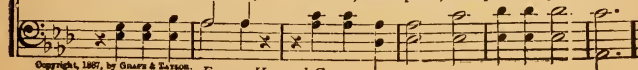
REFRAIN. *faster.*



suns shall shine A kingly robe and crown is mine. Farewell, farewell to  
biding-place; A sinner saved alone by grace.  
ever be With Christ, who gave himself for me. Farewell, farewell,



sor - - row, I have sweet peace in Je - - sus.  
farewell to sor - row, Farewell, there's peace, sweet peace in Je - sus.



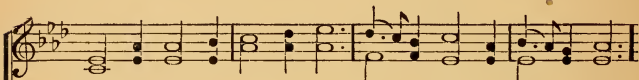


LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In thy book, where glory bright Shines with never - fad - ing light,
2. In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve thee well,
3. In the book, where thou dost keep Record still of years that sleep,
4. O my Saviour, thou canst show What I long so much to know:



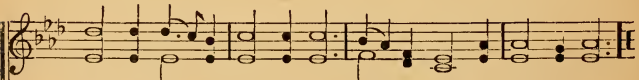
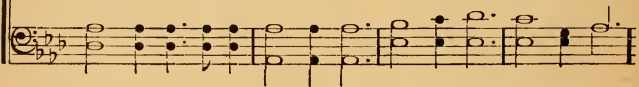
Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord, Write my name, my name, O Lord.  
 O'er my name let mer - cy trace Child of God, redeemed by grace.  
 Let my name be writ - ten down Heir to life's im - mor - tal crown.  
 Let my faith be - hold and see That my life is hid with thee.



## CHORUS.



Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there;



Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord Write my name, my name, O Lord.





# Open the Windows.

35

E. A. BARNES.

"His windows being open."—Dan. 6: 10.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O - pen the win - dows of the soul And let the light of the
2. O - pen the win - dows of the heart And let the grace of the
3. O - pen the win - dows of the soul And let the hope of the

Saviour come in, The light that is shining so blessed and free 'Mid the  
Saviour a-bide, The grace all-sufficient to help and sustain, And to  
Saviour come in, The hope of sal - va - tion so sweet to possess In this

## CHORUS.

darkness of er - ror and sin. O - pen the windows to - day,  
put the dark tempter a - side.  
val - ley of sor - row and sin.

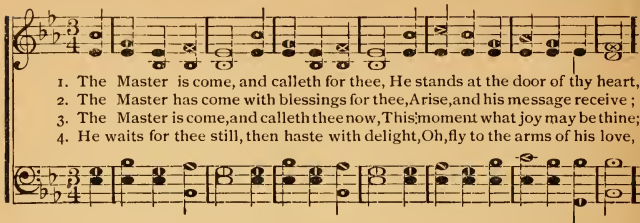
O - pen the windows wide, we say; To catch ev - 'ry blessing that

Je - sus bestows, O - pen the win - dows wide to - day.

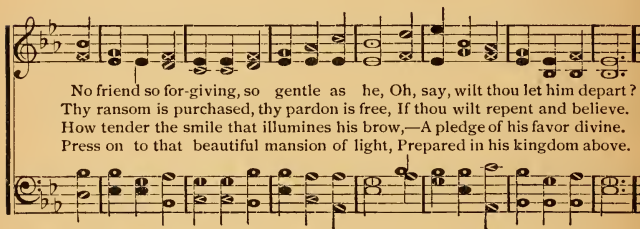


FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

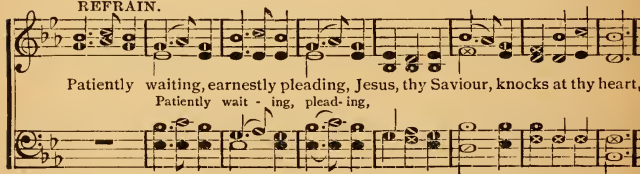


1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart,  
 2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, Arise, and his message receive ;  
 3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now, This moment what joy may be thine;  
 4. He waits for thee still, then haste with delight, Oh, fly to the arms of his love,

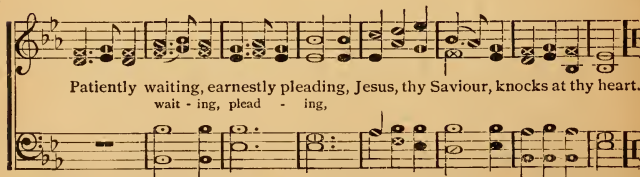


No friend so for-giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him depart?  
 Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt repent and believe.  
 How tender the smile that illumines his brow,—A pledge of his favor divine.  
 Press on to that beautiful mansion of light, Prepared in his kingdom above.

## REFRAIN.



Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart,  
 Patiently wait - ing, plead - ing,



Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.  
 wait - ing, plead - ing,




# Come, oh, Come.


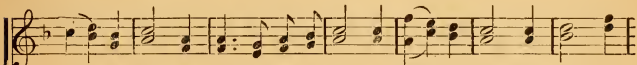
37

Mrs. EDWARD ANDERSON.

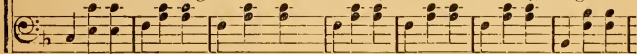
J. R. S.



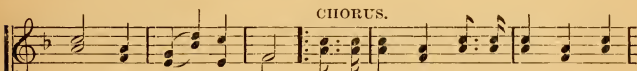
1. Come, oh, come with me where love is beaming, Come, oh, come with me where
2. Come, with all your sins, although a mountain, Come unto the cross, from
3. None can be too vile for love so beaming, None can be too dark for
4. Come and let us kneel where Jesus meets us, Let us ev-er stay where
5. Come, oh, come with me where love is beaming, Come, oh, come with me where


light is streaming, Light and love divine, in Christ revealing God him-  
 whence a fountain Flows, divinely clear, to heal the nations; Come and  
 light so streaming, Christ will make you whole, through faith revealing Full sal-  
 Christ receives us, Safe within the fold no harm can reach us; Has - ten,  
 floods are streaming from his wounded side, our souls redeeming: Sing with




CHORUS.



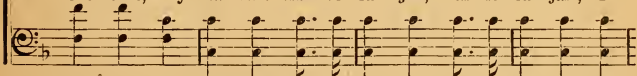
self to you and me.  
 wash and make you clean. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah; I  
 va - tion un - to you.  
 hast - en to the fold.  
 me re - deem - ing love!



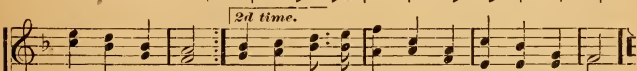
*1st time.*



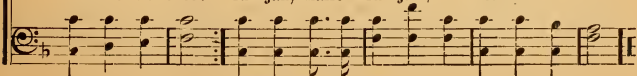
love thee, my Saviour: Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah; I



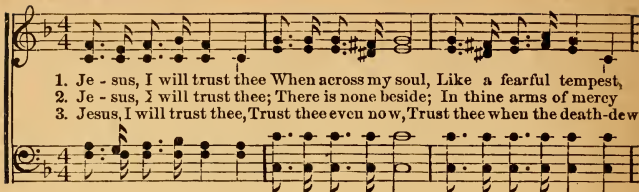
*2d time.*



trust but in thee: lu - jah, halle - lu - jah; I trust but in thee.





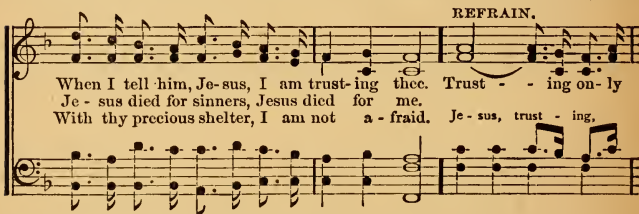


1. Je - sus, I will trust thee When across my soul, Like a fearful tempest,  
 2. Je - sus, I will trust thee; There is none beside; In thine arms of mercy  
 3. Jesus, I will trust thee, Trust thee even now, Trust thee when the death-dew



Doubts and fears shall roll; When the tempter cometh, Surely he will flee,  
 I will ev - er hide; And for my ac - cept - ance, This my on - ly plea,  
 Gathers on my brow; Trust thee in the sunshine, Trust thee in the shade,

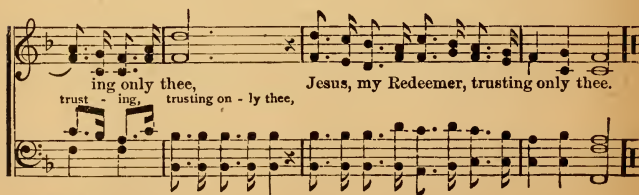
REFRAIN.



When I tell him, Je - sus, I am trust - ing thee. Trust - - ing on - ly  
 Je - sus died for sinners, Jesus died for me.  
 With thy precious shelter, I am not a - fraid. Je - sus, trust - ing,



thee, Trust - - ing on - ly thee, Trust -  
 trusting on - ly thee; Je - sus, trust - ing, trusting on - ly thee; Blessed Je - sus,



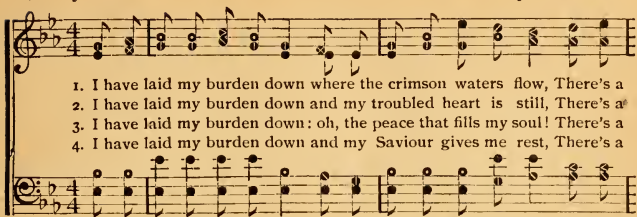
ing only thee, Jesus, my Redeemer, trusting only thee.  
 trust - ing, trusting on - ly thee,



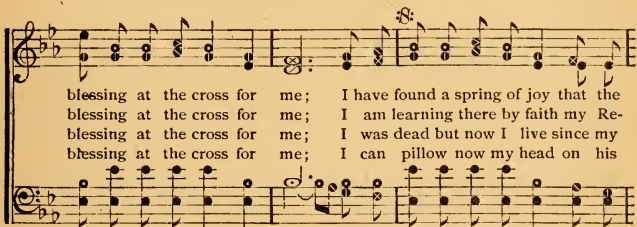
# There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me. 39

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



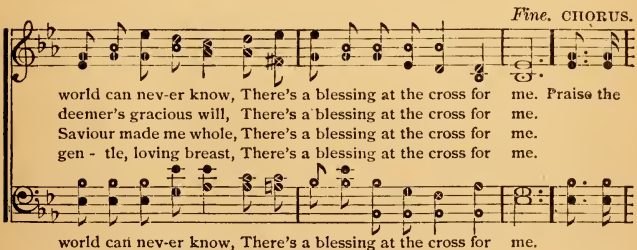
1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a  
 2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a  
 3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a  
 4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a



blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the  
 blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-  
 blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my  
 blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his

*D.S.*—found a spring of joy that the

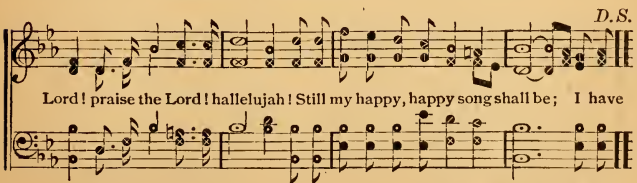
*Fine.* CHORUS.



world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the  
 deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.  
 Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.  
 gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

*D.S.*



Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have



## Only Remembered.

H. BONAR, D. D.

JNO. R. SWINNEY.

1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its  
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in  
 3. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,  
 spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,  
 joic-ing are won, Then will his faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples,

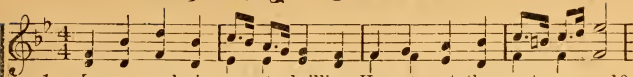
CHORUS.

On - ly remembered by what I have done. On - ly remembered,  
 On - ly remembered by what he has done.  
 All be remembered for what they have done.

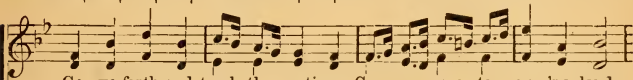
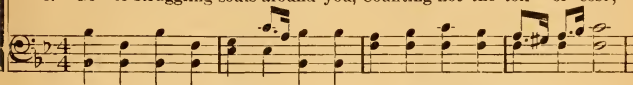
only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done, Only remembered,

*rit.*  
 on - ly remembered, On - ly remem-bered by what I have done.

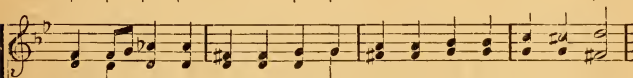
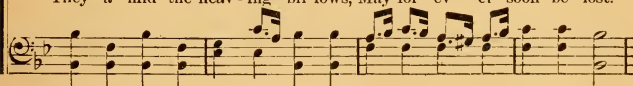




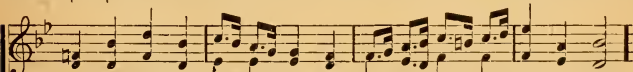
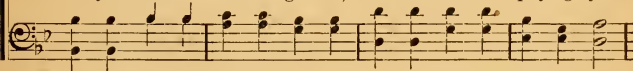
1. Je - sus speaks in accents thrilling, Hear ye not the great command?
2. Hearts are burdened, tears are falling, Weary feet their pathway tread;
3. Go to struggling souls around you, Counting not the toil or cost;



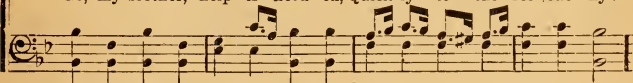
Go ye forth and teach the nations, Car - ry peace to ev - 'ry land.  
 All around you as you jour - ney, Are the dy - ing and the dead.  
 They a - mid the heav - ing bil - lows, May for - ev - er soon be lost.



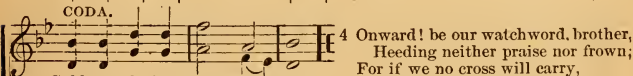
Go where darkest shadows gath - er, Scat - ter sunshine all the way;  
 Reach the help - ing hand, my brother, Ten - der - ly the fal - len raise;  
 Will you stand a list - less gaz - er, With no heart or pitying eye?



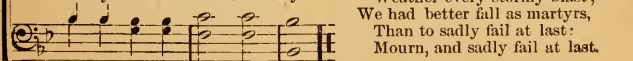
Cul - ti - vate the fields ne - glect - ed, For the glo - rious har - vest day:  
 Tell, oh, tell the "wondrous sto - ry," Sound abroad the Saviour's praise:  
 Go, my brother, help is need - ed, Quick - ly to the res - cue fly:



## CODA.



Gold - en, glorious har - vest day.  
 Glad - ly waft the Sav - iour's praise.  
 Rea - dy to the res - cue fly.



4 Onward! be our watchword, brother,  
 Heeding neither praise nor frown;  
 For if we no cross will carry,  
 There will be no victor's crown.  
 Let us go where duty calls us,  
 Weather every stormy blast;  
 We had better fall as martyrs,  
 Than to sadly fail at last:  
 Mourn, and sadly fail at last.



# We are More than Conquerors.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chr. xx. 17.

Mrs. FLORA D. HARRIS.

Jno. R. SWANNY.

1. What shall separate us From the love that bought us? Shall the pangs of anguish  
2. Things to come or present, Whatsoe'er be-tide us,— Life nor death shall ever

Which the cross hath wrought us? Doubtings and distress- es, Fier- y tri- als  
From our Lord di- vide us; Angels, powers, domin- ions, These shall fall be-

prove us; Yet am I per- suad- ed, None of these shall move us.  
fore us; Clothed in his sal- va- tion, With his ban-ner o'er us.

## CHORUS.

We are more than conquerors, More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors,  
More, yea, more, more, yea, more,

More, yea, more; We are more than conquer-ors, We are more than  
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;



con-quer-ors, We are more than conquer-ors, Thro' him that lov'd us.

3 Depths that are beneath us,  
Heights that are above us,  
Have no power to sunder,  
Since he stooped to love us.

Prince of our Redemption,  
Sons to glory bringing,  
Thou hast made from sinners  
Victors, crowned and singing.—*Chor.*

## Light after Darkness.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter  
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter  
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

weakness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,  
mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,  
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wander - ing, Praise af - ter tears.  
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wear - i - ness, Sweet rest at last.  
Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!



1. Man - y souls on life's dark o - cean, Void of helm or oar, Battling  
 2. Like the light-house watcher, keeking Ev - 'ry bea - con bright, Waking  
 3. Hold the light for one an - oth - er, 'Tis the Lord's command; Seize the  
 4. Hold the light up higher, high - er, Thousands need your aid: Throw its

with the waves' commotion, Seek a qui - et shore. Christian brother, thine the  
 while the world is sleeping, Wrapt in thickest night. There is many-an o - cean  
 ship-wrecked, drowning brother, With a manly hand; Rouse him up to life and  
 flash - es nigh - er, Urge, constrain, persuade: Borrow torches from the

la - bor, By the light of love, To as - sist thy er - ring neighbor  
 rang - er Out up - on the shoals; Friends and comrades are in danger,  
 ac - tion, Ply the means to save, And by love's di - vine at - trac - tion,  
 al - tar, Blazing like the sun, Hold them up, nor flag nor falt - er,

## CHORUS.

*Spirited.*

To the port a - bove. Hold the light up high - er, higher! Hold the  
 Save their precious souls.  
 Lift him from the wave.  
 Till the work is done.





Light up higher, higher! Throw its flashes nigher, nigher! You a soul may save.



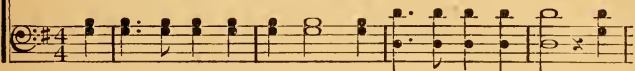
## Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

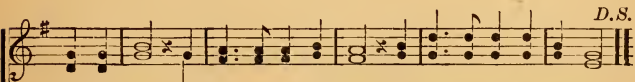
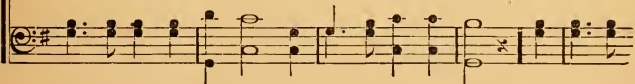
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



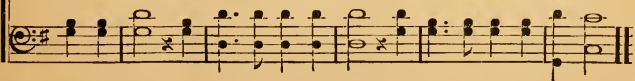
1. O love surpass-ing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I
2. O won-der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free! I
3. O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! I



know that Je-sus saves me, And that's enough for me! And that's e-  
feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's enough for me!  
feel its cleansing pow-er, And that's enough for me!



nough for me! And that's enough for me! I know that Jesus saves me,

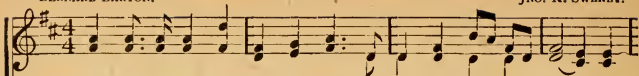




## Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON.

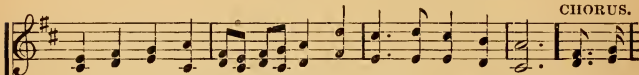
JNO. R. SWENNY.



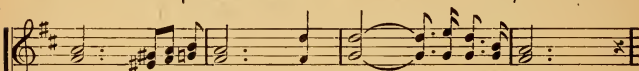
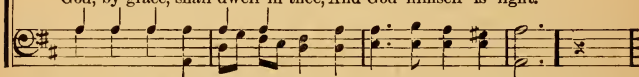
1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow-ship of love, His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly his, Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way, Be-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear; Glo-
5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, se-rene, and bright: For



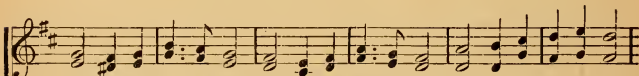
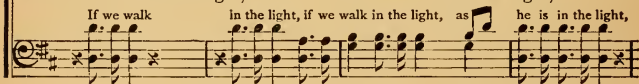
CHORUS.



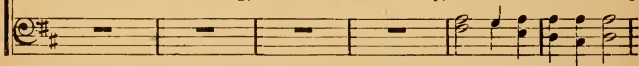
Spir - it on - ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.  
 dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is. If we  
 cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.  
 ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.  
 God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light.



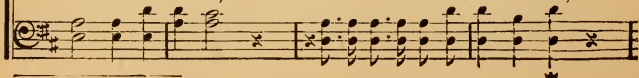
walk in the light, as he . . . is in the light,  
 If we walk in the light, if we walk in the light, as he is in the light,



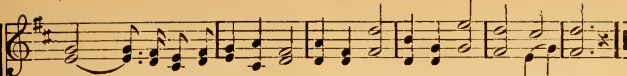
We shall have fellowship, we shall have fellowship, We shall have fellowship



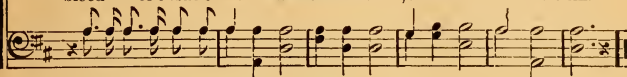
one with an-oth-er, And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, And the







blood of Jesus Christ his Son Cleanseth us, cleanseth us from all sin.

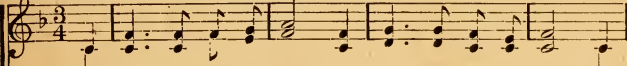


## I Bring my Sins to Thee.


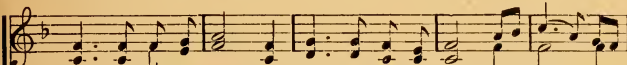
F. R. HAVERGAL.

"In returning, . . . ye shall be saved."—Isa. xxx. 15.

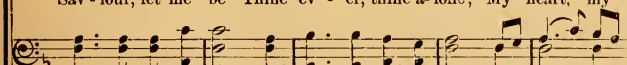
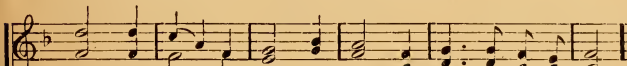
JOHN T. GRAPE.



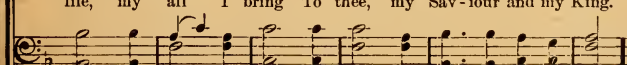
1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can-not count, That  
2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can-not tell, No  
3. I bring my joys to thee, The joys thy love has given, That  
4. I bring my life to thee, I would not be my own; O

all may cleansed be In thy once opened fount; I bring them,  
words shall needed be, Thou know-est all so well; I bring the  
each may be a wing To lift me near-er heaven; I bring them,  
Sav-iour, let me be Thine ev-er, thine a-lone; My heart, my

Sav-iour, all to thee, The bur-den is too great for me.  
sor-row laid on me, O suf-f'ring Sav-iour, all to thee.  
Sav-iour, all to thee, Who hast pro-cured them all for me.  
life, my all I bring To thee, my Sav-iour and my King.





MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, blest fel-low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-  
 2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side, So close that I can hear The  
 3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, A-long life's wear-y way; My  
 4. I know his shelt'-ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread, And

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete. In  
 soft-est whisp-ers of his love, In fel-low-ship so dear, And  
 path, il-lum-in-ed by his smiles, Grows bright-er day by day. No  
 tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un-ion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.  
 feel his great, al-might-y hand Pro-jects me in this hos-tile land.  
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.  
 peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

## CHORUS.

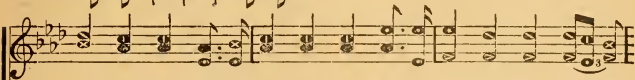
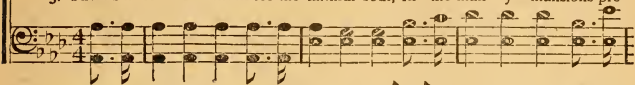
Oh, wond-rous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je-sus with me all the time,

Oh, wond-rous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je-sus with me all the time.

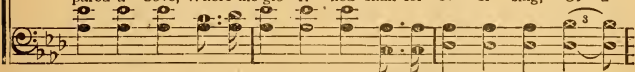




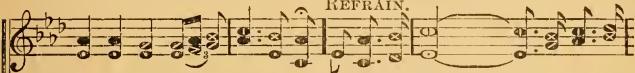
1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Je - sus him-
2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Though the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the man - y mansions pre-



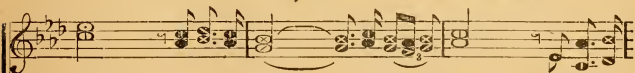
self will place On the head of each who shall faith-ful prove, Ev - en  
earth-ly night; Yet the clouds of sad - ness will break a - way, And re-  
pared a - bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing, Of a



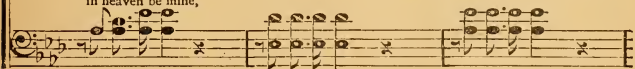
## REFRAIN.



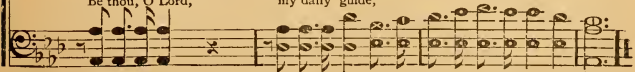
un - to death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown . . . in heaven be  
joicing come with the morning light. Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be  
Saviour's free and un - bounded love. Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be  
Oh, may that home . . . in heaven be



mine, And I a - mong . . . the angels shine; Be thou, O  
in heaven be mine,



Lord, my dai-ly guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a - bide.  
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,



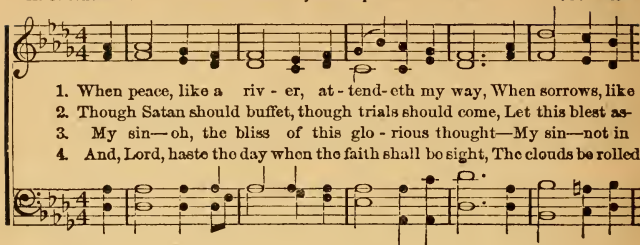


## It is Well with My Soul.

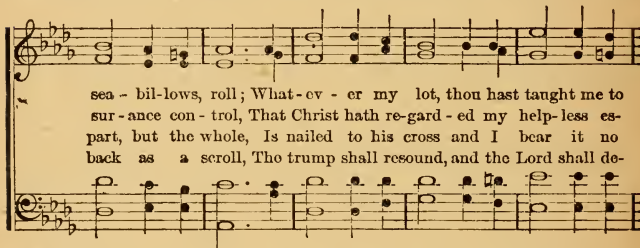
H. G. SPAFFORD.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. lv. 18.

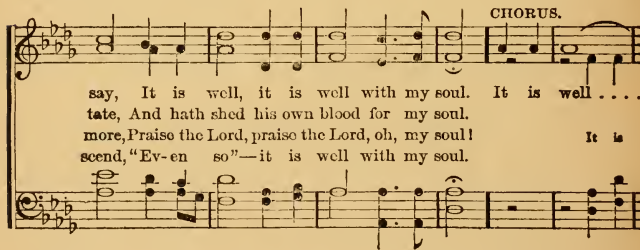
P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like  
 2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -  
 3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to  
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no  
 back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de -



CHORUS.  
 say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well ....  
 fate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! It is  
 scend, "Ev - en so"—it is well with my soul.



..... with my soul, ..... It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 well with my soul,



# Bear Aloft the Standard.

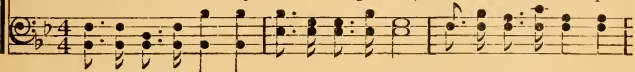
51

W. H. RUDDIMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



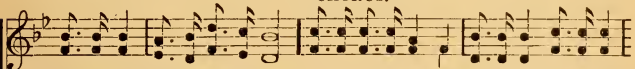
1. Sound a living war-cry, sing a Saviour's love, As in mighty conflict,
2. Ev'ry eye be brightened, ev'ry heart be brave, Our E-ter-nal Leader
3. Steadily advancing, shield and sword in hand, Take the royal mandate,
4. Soon will Zion's war-cry be her triumph note, Soon o'er heaven's ramparts



pressing on we move; Be his name our war-cry thro' the battle's din, Christ the Word,  
hath subdued the grave; Where he goes we'll follow, thro' the raging strife, Christ  
[shall live,  
go possess the land; Halt not to be vanquished, stay not with your fears, Christ our King,  
will her banners float, All her faithful warriors lay their armor down, Safe in Christ,



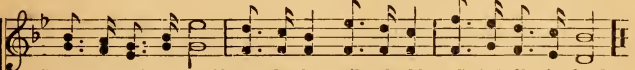
## CHORUS.



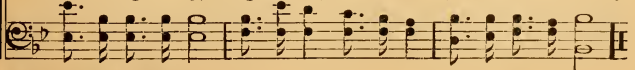
Christ our Lord, breaks the ranks of sin. Bear aloft the standard, rallying, rallying,  
Christ shall give all his soldiers life.  
strength will bring as our need appears.  
blest in Christ, their's the victor's crown.



Wave aloft the standard, conquering, conquering, Sing aloud the war-cry,



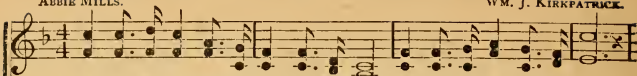
Satan must give way, Charge the foe, strike the blow, God shall win the day.





ABBIE MILLS.

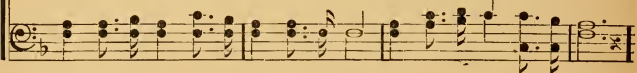
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



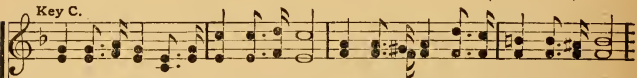
1. O happy day! what a Sav-iour is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glory to God, I would shout ev - ermore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

*Fine.*

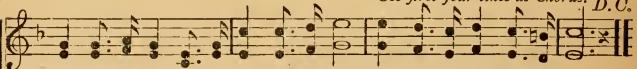
All to his pleasure I glad - ly re - sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Now I am free; ev'ry chain has been riven,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



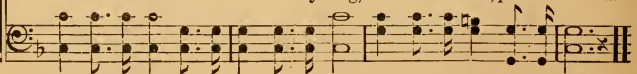
Key C.



Jesus has taken my burden away; Jesus has turned all my night into day;  
 His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;  
 Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;  
 Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens ring,

*Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.*

Jesus has come to my heart,—come to stay,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Wondrous Salvation, that ne'er can be told,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Safe on the rock I am standing to-day,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 While we the chorus u - ni - ted - ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



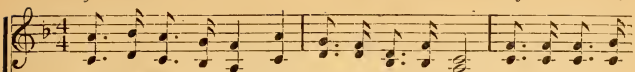


# Children of the Kingdom.

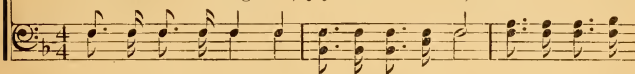
53

FANNY J. CROSBY.

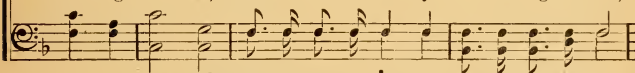
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Chil-dren of the king-dom, while we journey here, On - ly for a
2. Chil-dren of the king-dom, pressing on our way, Nev - er let us
3. Chil-dren of the king-dom, while we watch and wait, Nev - er be dis-
4. Chil-dren of the king-dom, joy - ful let us be, Yon - der is the



time a - bid - ing; Looking un - to Je - sus, ban - ish ev - 'ry fear,  
fal - ter, nev - er; Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it ev - 'ry day,  
cour - aged, nev - er; Soon our feet will en - ter through the palace gate,  
shin - ing riv - er; There in all his beau - ty we the King shall see,



*D.S.*—Children of the king-dom, tar - ry not, but come



For his eyes our path is guid - ing.  
In his mer - cy trust - ing ev - er. From the land of song, the  
And go out no more for - ev - er.  
And behold his face for - ev - er.



Where the pure in heart are call - ing.



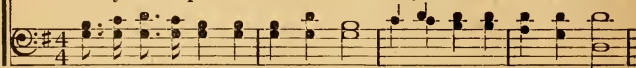
• bright land of song, Lis - ten to the mu - sic gent - ly fall - ing;



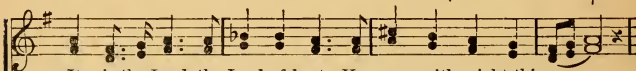
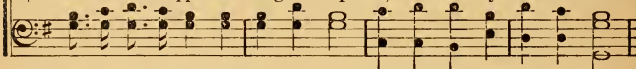




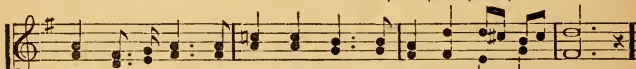
1. Who is this that cometh strong in might, Strong in glory, great and high?
2. Earth with all its fulness is his own, Made by his almighty hands!
3. Ho-ly are the places where he dwells: Who shall on his work attend?



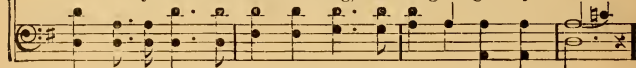
O ye everlasting doors, ye gates, Lift your heads, he draweth nigh!  
 All the seas shall praise his holy name, Floods obey his high commands!  
 Who shall dare approach him great in power, And his holy mount ascend?



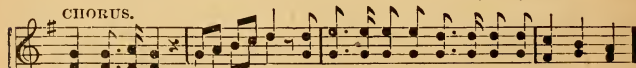
It is the Lord, the Lord of hosts, He comes with might this way;  
 They own his power supreme and great, Rejoicing to fulfill,  
 Who hath clean hands and undefiled, Who hath pure heart and true,



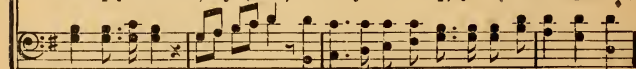
With majesty, and power, and strength He comes, he comes to-day.  
 In raging storm or heavenly calm, His own almighty will.  
 Let on-ly him draw near the King, And his great glory view.



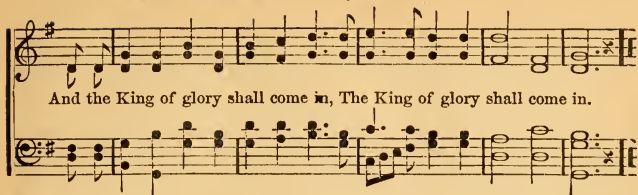
## CHORUS.



Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,





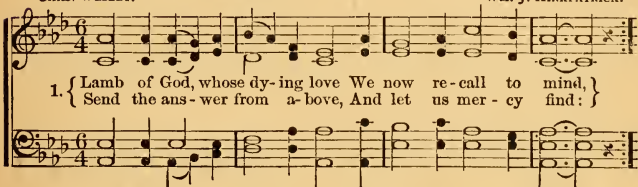


And the King of glory shall come in, The King of glory shall come in.

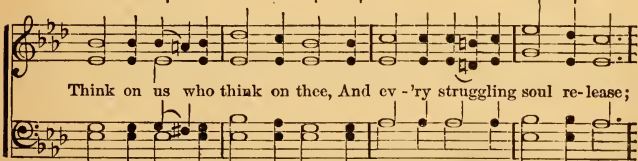
## Remember Calvary.

CHAS. WESLEY.

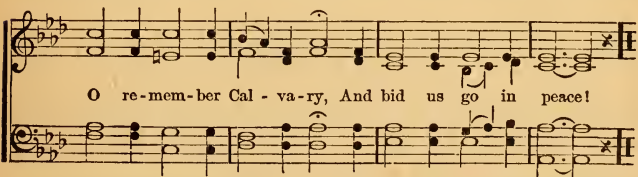
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. { Lamb of God, whose dy-ing love We now re-call to mind, }  
Send the ans- wer from a- bove, And let us mer- cy find: }



Think on us who think on thee, And ev-'ry struggling soul re-lease;



O re-mem-ber Cal - va-ry, And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away.  
Burst our bonds, and set us free;  
From all iniquity release;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal;  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal:  
By thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles  
O remember Calvary, [cease:  
And bid us go in peace!



# God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

John iii. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

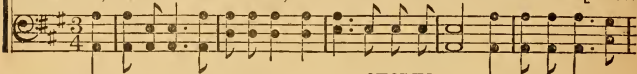
*Solo ad lib.*

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his

2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its

3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him

4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose



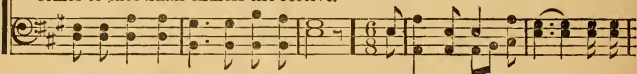
CHORUS.



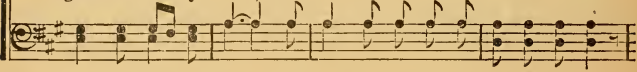
name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he  
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!

words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?

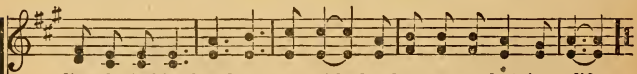
comes to thee Shall endless life receive.



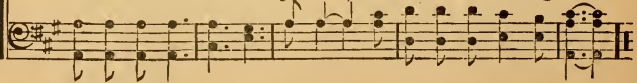
gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him



Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -



lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.





# I'm Kneeling at the Cross.

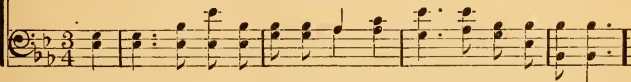
57

Rev. J. PARKER.

S. J. VAIL. By per.



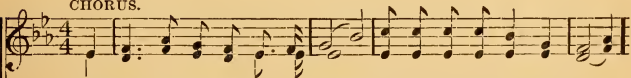
1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sin-ner wonder,
2. I rest, I rest, supremely blest, Without a care to can-ker;
3. My cup, my cup it runneth o'er, With joy ce-les-tial brimming;
4. The blood, the blood is all my song, I have no bliss without it;



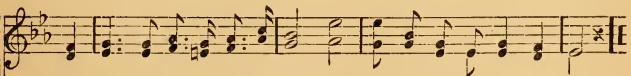
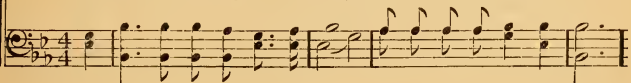
For guilt - y stain and stinging pain Hath tore my heart a - sunder!  
 No gloom - y night, my path is bright, My hope holds like an anchor.  
 On wings of love I soar a-bove, His hal - le - lu - jals hymning.  
 From ev - 'ry stain it makes me clean, My life and lips shall shout it.



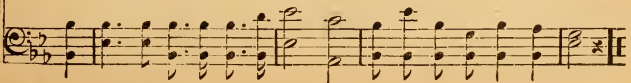
## CHORUS.



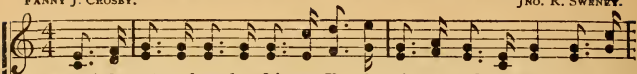
But now I'm kneeling at the cross, Washing in the crimson tide,



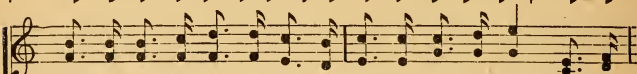
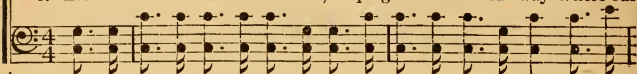
And cleansed, I tarry at the fount-ain Opened at my Saviour's side.







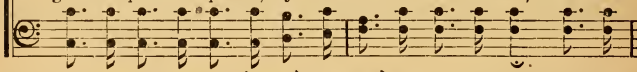
1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci-ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol-low on with firmness, keeping ev-er in the way Where our



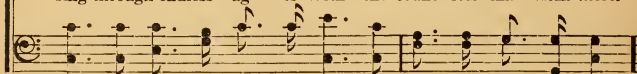
ransomed host shall en-ter, And their gracious Lord be-hold, When they  
reap-ers go re-joic-ing To their bright re-ward at last; When the  
bles-sed Lord has taught us, To be faith-ful, watch and pray; Then, in



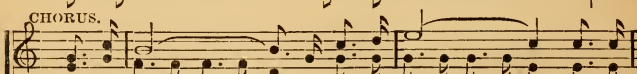
meet in bliss-ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we  
white-robed an-gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we  
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall



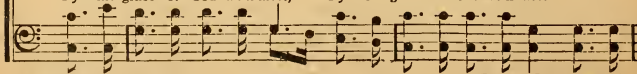
join the no-ble arm-y, And re-ceive a wel-come there?  
join their hap-py num-ber? Will they bid us wel-come there?  
sing through endless ag-es With the count-less mil-lions there.



## CHORUS.



By the grace . . . of God we'll meet . . . In the  
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the





ci - - ty's golden street, Shouting, glo - - - ry! hal-le-  
ci - ty's gold - en street, golden street, Shouting, glo-ry! hal-le-lu - jah! Shouting,

lu - - - jah! At the dear - - - Redeem-er's feet.  
glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! At our dear Re-deem-er's feet, Re-deem - er's feet.

C. J. B.

# A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,

I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,  
And the thought filled my heart with sad-  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me;  
My heart was filled with his praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling,  
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.



## Life Everlasting.

R. KELSO CARTER.

*Animated.*

A. M. WORTMAN, M. D.

1. Trusting in Jesus there's release from sin, Par-don and puri - ty, and  
 2. Peace in believ-ing is the sure re-ward, When trusting simply in our  
 3. Cleansed by the precious blood I now have rest, Sit-ting at Jesus' feet I'm  
 4. Walking in spir-it, from the flesh set free, No condemna-tion is there

peace with - in; He who will trust a-lone in Christ to win,  
 gra - cious Lord; He that be-liev-eth in the might-y Word,  
 dai - ly blest, Strong in the Word, by sov'reign love expressed,—  
 now for me; Shin-ing thro' ev - 'ry cloud the words I see,—

CHORUS.

Hath ev - er - last - ing life. O, believe, O be-lieve, and re-

ceive, and re-ceive, Perfect peace in place of strife; O be-lieve, for

He that believ-eth on the Son of God Hath ev-erlast-ing life.

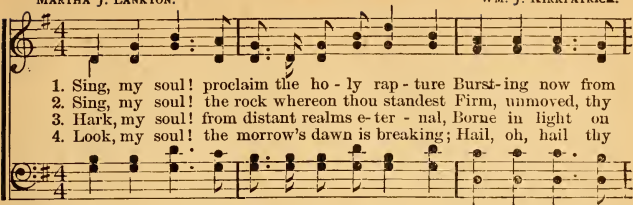


# Sing, My Soul!

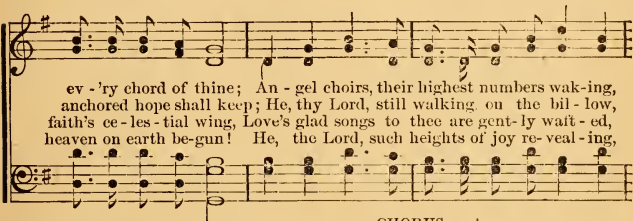
61

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

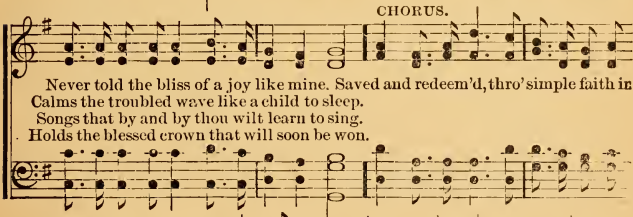


1. Sing, my soul! proclaim the ho - ly rap - ture Burst - ing now from  
 2. Sing, my soul! the rock whereon thou standest Firm, unmoved, thy  
 3. Hark, my soul! from distant realms e - ter - nal, Borne in light on  
 4. Look, my soul! the morrow's dawn is breaking; Hail, oh, hail thy

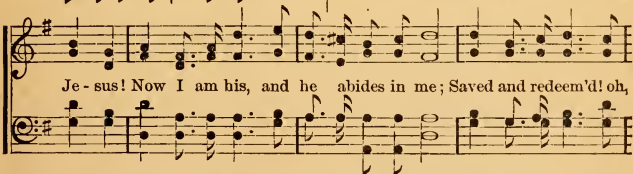


ev - 'ry chord of thine; An - gel choirs, their highest numbers wak - ing,  
 anchored hope shall keep; He, thy Lord, still walking on the bil - low,  
 faith's ce - les - tial wing, Love's glad songs to thee are gent - ly wait - ed,  
 heaven on earth be - gun! He, the Lord, such heights of joy re - veal - ing,

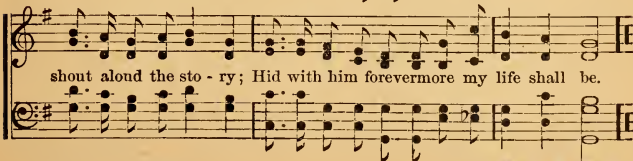
CHORUS.



Never told the bliss of a joy like mine. Saved and redeem'd, thro' simple faith in  
 Calms the troubled wave like a child to sleep.  
 Songs that by and by thou wilt learn to sing.  
 Holds the blessed crown that will soon be won.

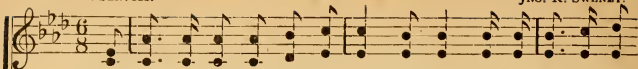


Je - sus! Now I am his, and he abides in me; Saved and redeem'd! oh,

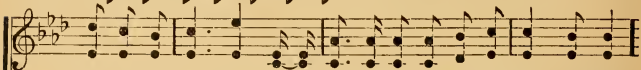


shout aloud the sto - ry; Hid with him forevermore my life shall be.

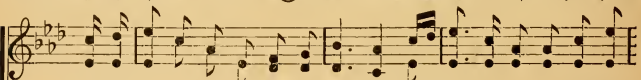
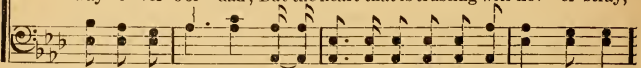




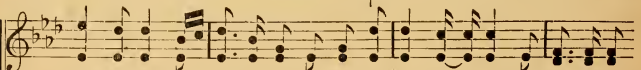
1. Oh, ye who would journey to Canaan's land, There is on - ly one
2. Then take the sure staff of pure faith in hand, There is on - ly one
3. Oh, fear - ful his end who finds not the way, There is on - ly one



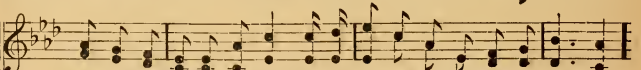
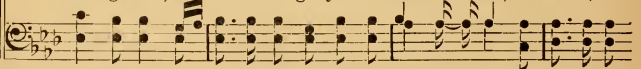
way o - ver Jor - dan; You may follow its waters from strand to strand,  
 way o - ver Jor - dan; Pass joy - ful - ly o - ver the shin - ing sand,  
 way o - ver Jor - dan; But the heart that is trusting will nev - er stray,



There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan; 'Twas Jesus who rolled back the  
 There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan; No ford can a - vail thee, nor  
 There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan; The milk and the honey are



swelling tide, And he who the path for our feet hath dried, We're safe from all  
 bridge, nor bark, But Jesus before thee has gone with the Ark, And stands in the  
 waiting there; Its rich - es of glory who would not share, In Canaan, than

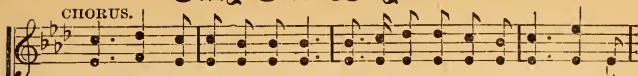


danger when close by his side, There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan.  
 midst while the wa - ters dark Make a wall for thy way o - ver Jor - dan.  
 all oth - er lands more fair, That invites us beyond, o - ver Jor - dan.

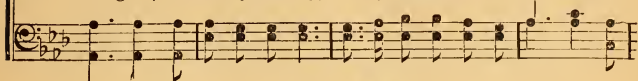




## CHORUS.



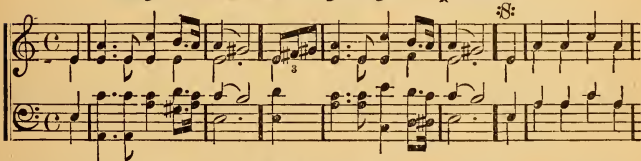
Pil - grim, there's only one way, On - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan, 'Tis



Je - sus, the true and liv - ing way, Our on - ly sure way over Jor - dan.



## The God of Abrah'm praise.



- 1 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love:  
Jehovah, great I Am,  
By earth and heav'n confessed;  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
Forever blest.
- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand:  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me, all my happy days,  
In all his ways;  
He calls a worm his friend,  
He calls himself my God!  
And he shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend;  
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend;  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.



## Healing for Thee.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. Je - sus the Sav-iour is pass-ing this way, Come, there is  
 2. Je - sus is pa-tient-ly call-ing to - day, Come, there is  
 3. Je - sus is pass-ing, oh, fall at his feet, Come, there is  
 4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is

healing for thee; . . . Rise at his bidding: oh, why wilt thou stay?  
 healing for thee; . . . Now he is waiting, no long-er de - lay,—  
 healing for thee; . . . Fly to thy refuge, thy on - ly re-treat,  
 healing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rapture of pardon re-ceive,  
 yes, healing for thee;

*Fine. CHORUS.*

Come, there is healing for thee. . . . Healing for thee, sinner, for thee,  
 yes, healing for thee.

*D.S.*

Now there is healing for thee; . . . Jesus the Saviour is passing this way,  
 yes, healing for thee;



# The Home-land.

65

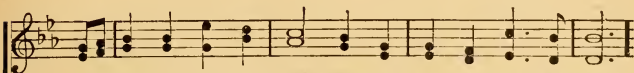
"To bring them unto a goodly land."—Ex. iii. 3.

Rev. H. R. HAWES, M. A. (altered.)

W. A. OGDEN.



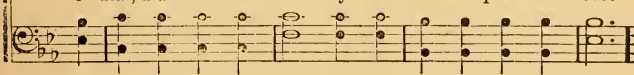
1. The home-land! oh, the home-land! The land of the free-born;
2. My Lord is in the home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the home-land Are wait-ing me to come,



No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn.  
No sin-ful thing nor e-vil Can ev-er en-ter there;  
Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home;



I'm sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;  
The mu-sic of the home-land Is ring-ing in my ears,  
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!



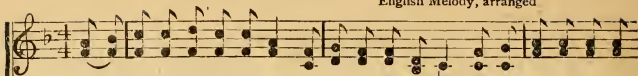
No pain is in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.  
And when I think of home-land, My eyes grow dim with tears.  
Lord, bring me to the home-land Of thy e-ter-nal love!



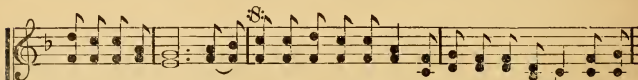
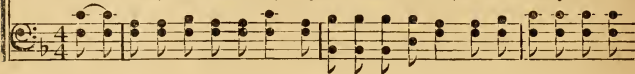


# The Lily of the Valley.

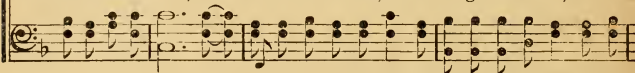
English Melody, arranged



1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his



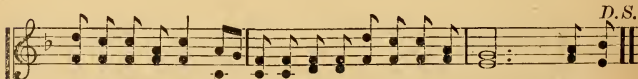
*D. S.*—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the



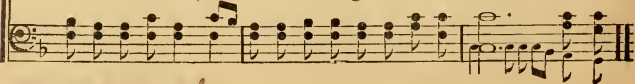
need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to



fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. *CHO.*—In sorrow, etc. (after each verse.)



trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the  
Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the  
see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's the





# One by One.

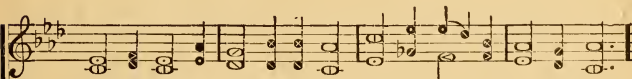
67

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

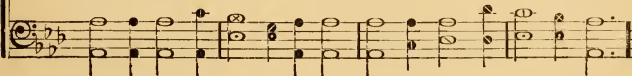
JNO. R. SWENBY.



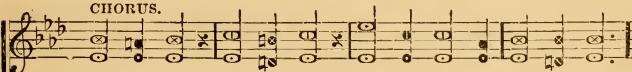
1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—
3. One by one, our ranks are thinning, Thinning here but swelling there;
4. Good bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joy are ours to-day;



One by one, a-mong the ho-ly, Sing the vic-tor's song sublime.  
Bowed and broken, but the rather, In e-ter-nal youth ap-pear.  
One by one, bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.  
Some have gone, and lo! the others Hast-en on the shortening way.



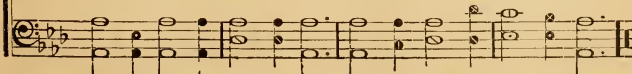
## CHORUS.



One by one, one by one; We shall soon, y'es, soon be there;



One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end-less glo-ry share.





## The Prodigal.

J. G. R.

J. G. ROBINSON.

*Andante.*

1. Why stand I here, a - mid this gloom? What brought me to this place?  
 2. Once I en-joyed a Father's love, A Father's ten - der care;  
 3. Yet I a-bused that ten - der - ness, And left that hap - py home,  
 4. Now here in deep dis - tress I lie, With none to com - fort me,

Is this, be-cause of sin, my doom? Does sin bring such dis-grace?  
 Whosought in ev - 'ry way to prove That love, so rich and rare.  
 And lived in ri - ot - ous ex - cess, Till all my wealth was gone.  
 Poor, na - ked, wretched, starv - ing, I Am full of mis - er - y.

*Moderato.*

Hark! I hear, a gentle voice, Sweet - ly saying, "Come to  
 CHORUS.  
 List - en, list - en, Come, come, come to me, Sweetly say - ing,  
 Cho. to last v. - I will hear - ken to that gentle voice; Bles - sed Je - sus,

me; I will make your heart rejoice;  
 Come, come, come to me; List - en, list - en, Come, come, come to me, -  
 I now come to thee; Take, oh, take me! Let me now re-joice



I will give you lib-er - ty."  
 Sweet-ly say - ing, Come, come to me.  
 In 'this pro - mis'd full lib-er - ty.

While in my Father's house, at  
 Is plenty and to spare, [home,  
 And servants there in numbers  
 come,

His bounteous store to share.  
 6

I'll go at once and seek his face,  
 I'll tell him all my woe;  
 Not fit to fill my former place,—  
 I'll with his servants go.

7  
 The Father sees him far away,  
 And runs to his embrace;  
 And gloomy midnight turns to  
 As they meet face to face. [day

## Cross of Calvary.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. I do repent of ev - 'ry sin, And now my soul is free;  
 2. I love the sweet and ho - ly name That o'er the cross ap - pears;  
 3. I see him wounded and de-spised, I hear his cry of pain,  
 4. I take his cross of life and love, His glo - ry yet to see;

*Fine.*

My heart has let the Sav-iour in, Who gave his life for me.  
 Its mis-sion will I oft pro-claim A-long this path of years.  
 I know that he was sac - ri - ficed, My par-don to ob-tain.  
 For as a gift from Christ a - bove Sal - va - tion comes to me.

*D.S.*—I do be-lieve that on the cross The Sav-iour died for me.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Cal - va - ry! Cal - va - ry! The cross of Cal - va - ry!



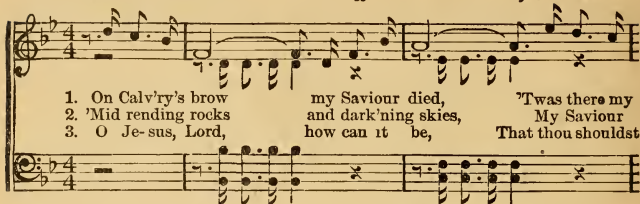
## Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

Luke xxiii. 33.

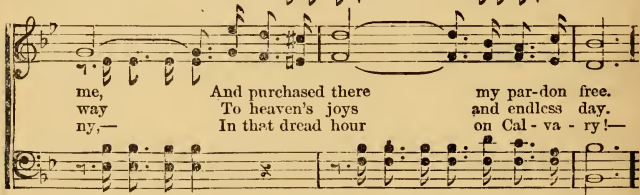
JNO. R. SWENEY.



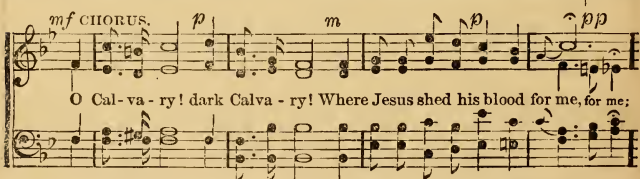
1. On Calv'ry's brow                      my Saviour died,                      'Twas there my  
2. 'Mid rending rocks                      and dark'ning skies,                      My Saviour  
3. O Je-sus, Lord,                      how can it be,                      That thou shouldst



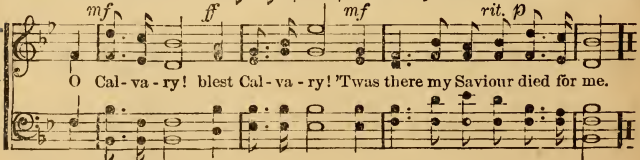
Lord                      was cruci - fied:                      'Twas on the cross                      he bled for  
bows                      his head and dies;                      The opening veil                      reveals the  
give                      thy life for me,                      To bear the cross                      and ag-o-



me,                      And purchased there                      my par-don free.  
way                      To heaven's joys                      and endless day.  
ny,—                      In that dread hour                      on Cal - va - ry!—



*mf* CHORUS.                      *p*                      *m*                      *p*                      *pp*  
O Cal - va - ry! dark Calva - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;



*mf*                      *ff*                      *mf*                      *rit. p*  
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.



1. Come, the Saviour's call- ing, Calling just now for thee, Now it's sweetly  
 2. Come, the Spirit's knocking, Yes, he has knocked before; Heed the loving  
 3. Hark! the an- gels singing, Striking their harps of gold; Blessed tidings

stealing, "Come, sinner, come to me." There's love and mercy in the sound For  
 warning, Throw open wide the door, He'll spread the feast and sup with you, And  
 bringing, Lost sheep brought back to fold, The joy bells ring around the throne, We

all the guil- ty race, And ma- ny have salvation found, The vilest of the  
 you shall sup with him; Behold, all things shall be made new, Your cup fill'd to the  
 mingle with the strain; The Father says, "My poor lost son Is gathered home

## REFRAIN.

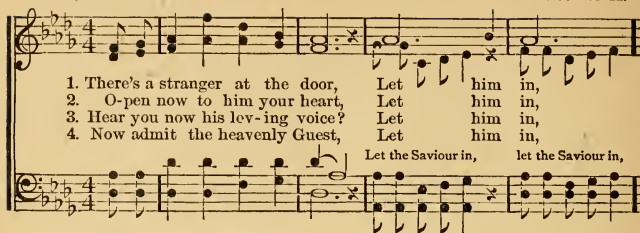
race.  
 brim. List, list, list, list, List, list, list, list, List to the Saviour's call;  
 again."

List, list, list, list, List, list, list, list, List to the Saviour's call.

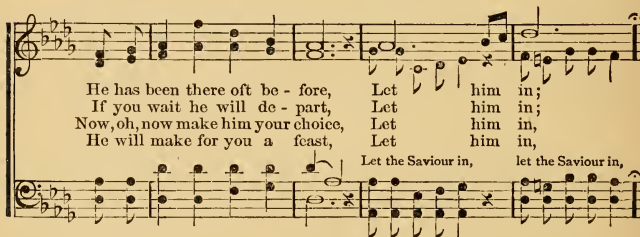


Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

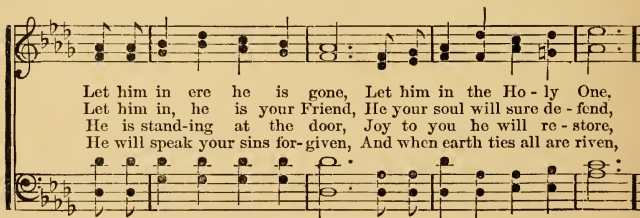
E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,  
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,  
 3. Hear you now his lev-ing voice? Let him in,  
 4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;  
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;  
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,  
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho-ly One,  
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,  
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store,  
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,



Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.  
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.  
 And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.  
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.  
 Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.



# I'm Holding On.

73

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. Tho' weak my faith, I'm holding on; To Je - sus I am clinging;
2. I'm holding on, tho' Sa - tan tries To keep me from be - liev - ing;
3. While holding on by faith I see The blood of Je - sus flow - ing;
4. I'm clinging, clinging, holding on, My faith is ris - ing high - er,
5. I'm holding on, and while I make A per - fect con - se - cration,

I feel that now the "Mighty One" Help to my soul is bringing.  
 But, while my soul on God re - lies, The blessing I'm re - ceiving.  
 The healing stream is touching me, New life and peace be - stowing.  
 The last remains of sin are gone; I have my heart's de - sire.  
 The Ho - ly Ghost, for Je - sus' sake, Brings in complete sal - va - tion.

## CHORUS.

I'm holding on, I'm holding on, Fresh strength each moment gaining,

My ling'ring doubts at last are gone, And Christ within is reigning.



# Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

1 Peter ii. 7.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,  
 2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,  
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,  
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, — To Afrie's sand and Greenland's snow,

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless  
 Wait - ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his  
 Nor death his soul appal, I asked him whence his strength was given, He looked tri-  
 To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and

## CHORUS.

widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in  
 spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."  
 umphant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."  
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."

*1st time.* all, Yes, Christ is all in all: *2d time.* Yes, Christ is all in all.

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,  
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,  
 A fire dissolved this ball,  
 I saw the church's ransomed throng,  
 I heard the burden of their song,  
 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;  
 The Bride repeats the call,  
 For he will cleanse your guilty stains,  
 His love will soothe your weary pains,  
 For "Christ is all in all."



# Memories of Galilee.

75

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Each coo-ing dove  
2. Each flowery glen  
3. And when I read

and sighing bough,  
and mossy dell,  
the thrilling lore

That makes the  
Where hap-py  
Of him who

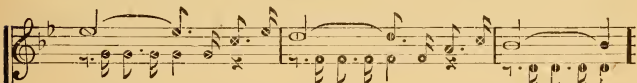


eye  
birds  
walked

so blest to me,  
in song a - gree,  
up-on the sea,

Has something far  
Thro' sunny morn  
I long, oh, how

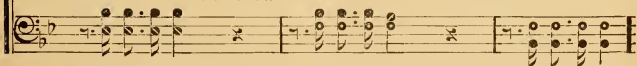
divin - er  
the praises  
I long once



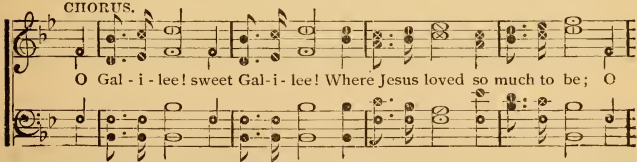
now,  
tell  
more

It bears me back  
Of sights and sounds  
To follow him

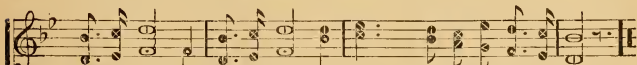
to Gal - i - lee.  
in Gal - i - lee.  
in Gal - i - lee.



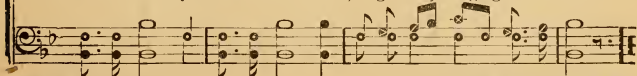
## CHORUS.



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



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



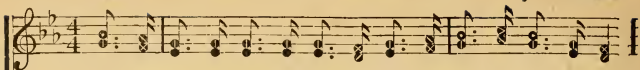
By permission.

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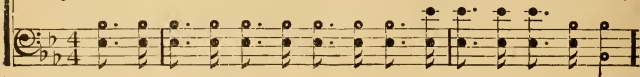


ANNIE HERBERT.

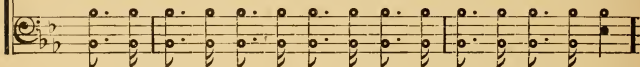
J. H. ANDERSON



1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fath-er knows his own,



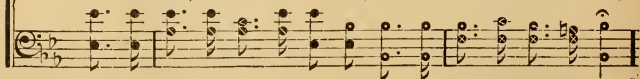
And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,  
 If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,  
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;



We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,—  
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way,—  
 Love, beyond the o-rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,



We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.  
 When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.  
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.





## CHORUS.

We shall know . . as we are known, Never more . . to walk a-

We shall know as we are known, Never-more

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the

to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,

mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the

When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning

morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away.

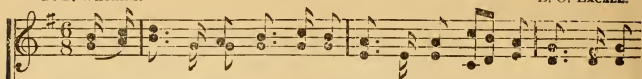
When the mists have cleared a-way.



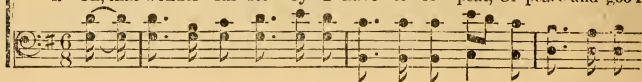
## That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. WATKINS.

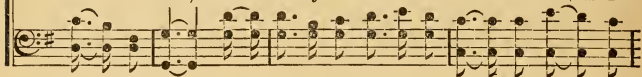
E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a wonder-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'Tis called "The sweet
2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a-rose and as-cend-ed to heav-en, we're told, Triumphant o'er
4. Oh, that wonder-ful sto-ry I have to re-peat, Of peace and good



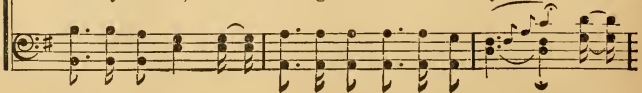
sto-ry of old;" I hear it so oft-en, where ever I go That  
earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and make them secure From  
death and hell; He's prepar-ing a place in that ci-ty of gold, Where  
will to men; There's no story to me that is half so sweet, As I



same old sto-ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so  
death and the power of hell; That he was despised, and with  
loved ones for-ev-er may dwell, Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll  
hear it a-gain and a-gain, He invites you to come—He will

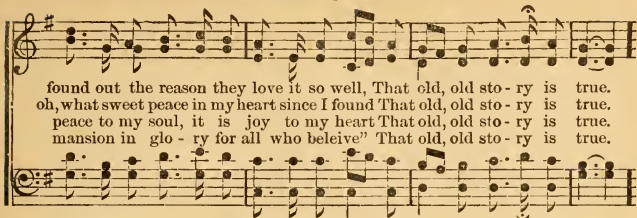


oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry, as if it were new; But I've  
thorns he was crowned, On the cross was extended to veiw, But  
nev-ermore part, And oh, while I tell it to you, It is  
free-ly receive, And this message he send-eth to you, "There's a



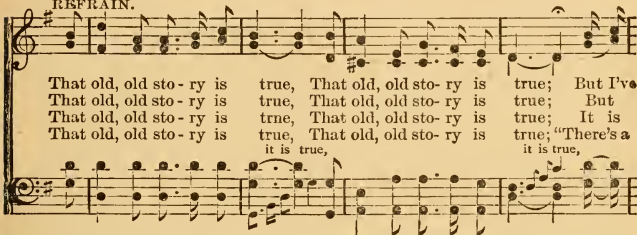


# That Old, Old Story is True.—CONCLUDED. 79

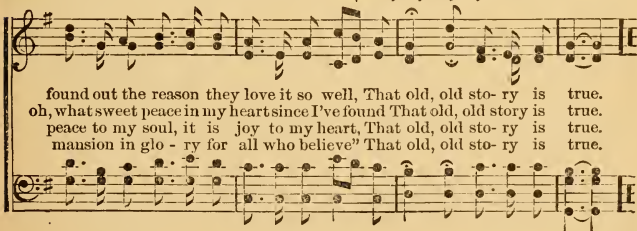


found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.  
oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I found That old, old sto-ry is true.  
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart That old, old sto-ry is true.  
mansion in glo-ry for all who beleive" That old, old sto-ry is true.

## REFRAIN.



That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; But I've  
That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; But  
That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; It is  
That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; "There's a  
it is true, it is true,



found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.  
oh, what sweet peace in my hearts since I've found That old, old story is true.  
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.  
mansion in glo-ry for all who believe" That old, old sto-ry is true.

## Home of the Soul.

Key Eb.

- 1 I will sing you a song of a beautiful land,  
The far-away home of the soul,  
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
While the years of eternity roll. etc.
- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,  
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
Between the fair city and me. etc.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,  
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. etc.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain,  
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,  
To meet one another again. etc.

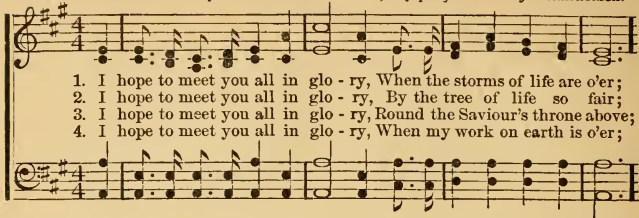


# 80 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

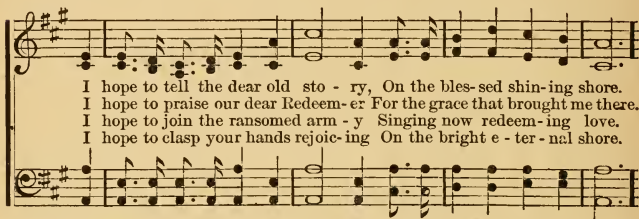
EMMA PITT.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

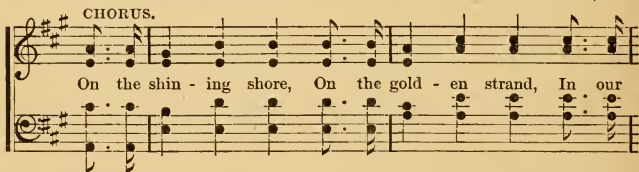


1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;  
 2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;  
 3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;  
 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

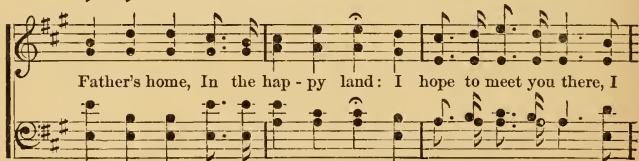


I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles-sed shin-ing shore.  
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem-er For the grace that brought me there.  
 I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem-ing love.  
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic-ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

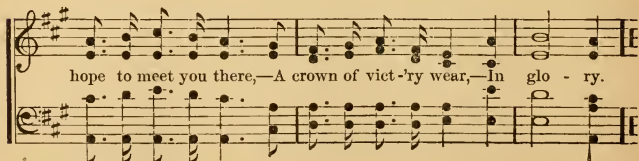
CHORUS.



On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our

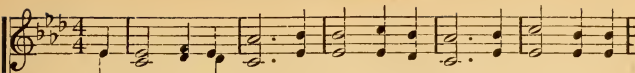


Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I

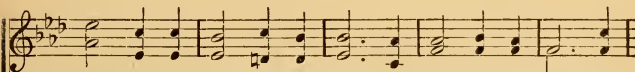
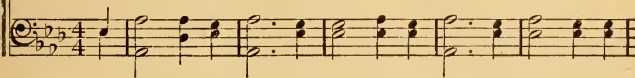


hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict'-ry wear,—In glo - ry.

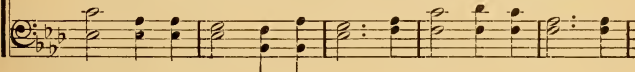




1. All ye who pass by, To Je - sus draw nigh; To you is it
2. The Lord in the day Of his an - ger did lay Our sins on the
3. For sin - ners like me He died on the tree; His death is ac -
4. With joy we ap - prove The plan of his love, A won - der to



noth - ing that Je - sus should die? Our Ran - som and Peace, Our  
Lamb, and he bore them a - way; He died to a - tone For  
cept - ed, the sin - ner goes free! My par - don I claim; A  
all, both be - low and a - bove, When time is no more, We



Sure - ty he is, Come, see if there ev - er was sor - row like his,  
guilt not his own! The Fa - ther af - flict - ed for us his dear Son,  
sin - ner I am, A sin - ner be - liev - ing in Je - sus' dear name,  
still shall a - dore The o - cean of love without bot - tom or shore,



Come, see if there ev - er was sor - row like his.  
The Fa - ther af - flict - ed for us his dear Son.  
A sin - ner be - liev - ing in Je - sus' dear name.  
The o - cean of love with - out bot - tom or shore.





Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENKY.



1. Pe - ter on the trou - bled sea, Heedless of the tempest shock,
2. Walk - ing thro' the storm and strife, Wailing winds and billows roar,
3. Walk - ing thus and all is well, With my eyes on help divine,—



## CHORUS.



Walks the waters stead - i - ly, As up - on the gran - ite rock. Tho' the  
 Bles - sed promis - es of life Bear me up for - ev - er - more.  
 Yea, in death my lips shall swell Songs triumphant and sublime.



howl - ing tempest raves, Jesus, mighty Je - sus, saves;

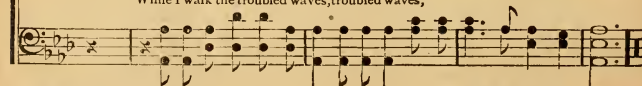
Tho' the howling tempest raves, tempest raves,

Jesus saves;




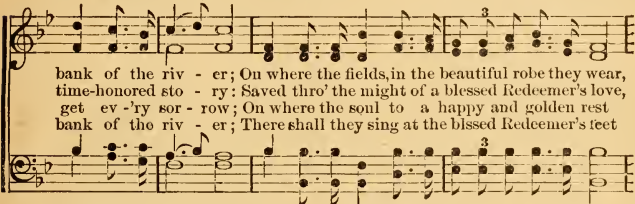
While I walk . . . the troubled waves, Jesus, mighty Je - sus, saves.

While I walk the troubled waves, troubled waves,



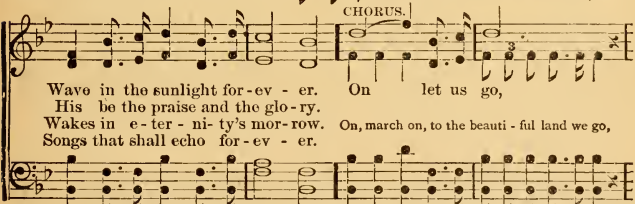


- 
1. On let us go where the val-ley of Ed - en fair Blooms on the
  2. On let us go where the beauti-ful realms above Ring with the
  3. On let us go where the weary and toil-oppressed Soon shall for-
  4. On let us go where the loving and loved shall meet, Meet on the




bank of the riv - er; On where the fields, in the beautiful robe they wear,  
time-honored sto - ry: Saved thro' the might of a blessed Redeemer's love,  
get ev - 'ry sor - row; On where the soul to a happy and golden rest  
bank of the riv - er; There shall they sing at the blessed Redeemer's feet

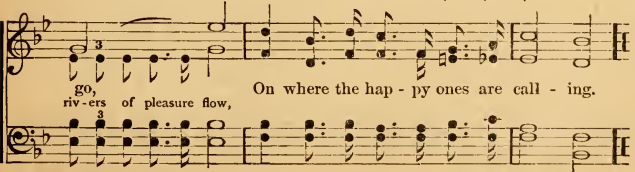
## CHORUS.



Wave in the sunlight for-ev - er. On let us go,  
His be the praise and the glo-ry.  
Wakes in e - ter - ni - ty's mor-row. On, march on, to the beau - ti - ful land we go,  
Songs that shall echo for-ev - er.



On let us go, On let us go,  
On, march on, to the beau - ti - ful land we go, On, march on, where the



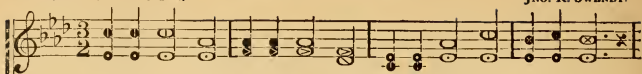
go, On where the hap - py ones are call - ing.  
riv - ers of pleasure flow,



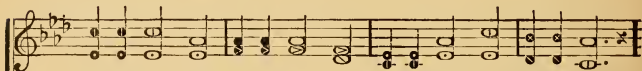
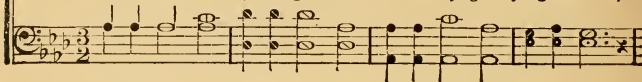
# I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

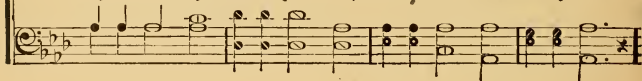
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,



I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dew.  
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro-TECTing eyes.  
 Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.  
 May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.



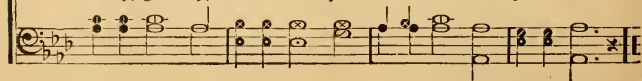
## CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joyce sal-va-tion came;



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.





# Jesus Saves.

85

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

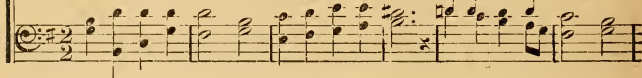


# Keep Your Colors Flying.

HARRY SANDERS.



1. Keep your colors fly - ing, All ye Christian youth, To Christ's call replying,
2. Life is all before you, Where to choose your way; Keep Christ's colors o'er you,
3. Keep your colors fly - ing, Never think of ease; Sin and self de - ny - ing,



Full of grace and truth; Rise in strength and beauty, In life's morning glow,  
 Watch, and fight, and pray, With a firm endeav - or Ev - ry foe de - fy;  
 Jesus on - ly please; Not for worldly plea - sure, Not for worldly fame,



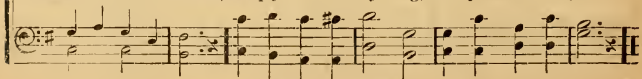
## REFRAIN. *Voices in unison.*



Answer to each du - ty, Onward, upward go. Keep your colors fly - ing,  
 True to Jesus ev - er, Lift your colors high.  
 Not for heaps of treasure; Live for Jesus' name.



Stand for God and truth; Keep your colors fly - ing, All ye Christian youth.



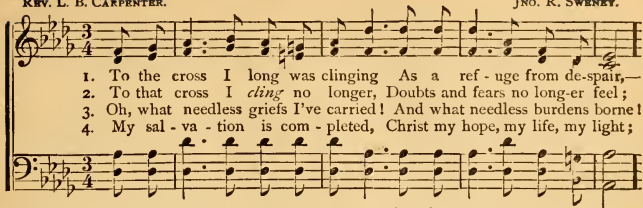


# Clinging and Resting.

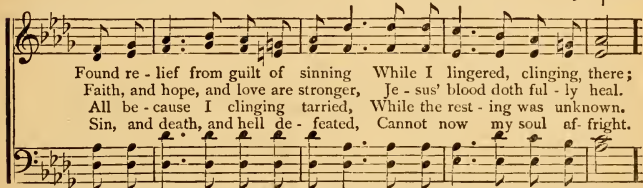
87

REV. L. B. CARPENTER.

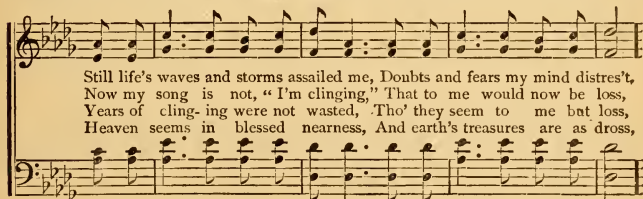
JNO. R. SWENEY.



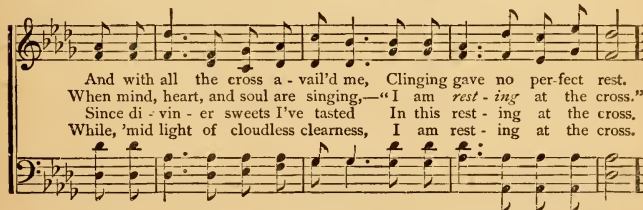
1. To the cross I long was clinging As a ref - uge from de-spair,—  
 2. To that cross I *cling* no longer, Doubts and fears no long-er feel;  
 3. Oh, what needless griefs I've carried! And what needless burdens borne!  
 4. My sal - va - tion is com - pleted, Christ my hope, my life, my light;



Found re - lief from guilt of sinning While I lingered, clinging, there;  
 Faith, and hope, and love are stronger, Je - sus' blood doth ful - ly heal.  
 All be - cause I clinging tarried, While the rest - ing was unknown.  
 Sin, and death, and hell de - feated, Cannot now my soul af - fright.

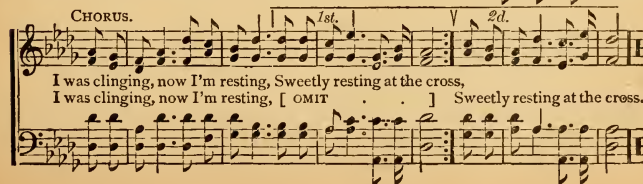


Still life's waves and storms assailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distres't,  
 Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,  
 Years of cling - ing were not wasted, Tho' they seem to me but loss,  
 Heaven seems in blessed nearness, And earth's treasures are as dross,



And with all the cross a - vail'd me, Clinging gave no per - fect rest.  
 When mind, heart, and soul are singing,—“I am *rest - ing* at the cross.”  
 Since di - vin - er sweets I've tasted In this rest - ing at the cross.  
 While, 'mid light of cloudless clearness, I am rest - ing at the cross.

## CHORUS.



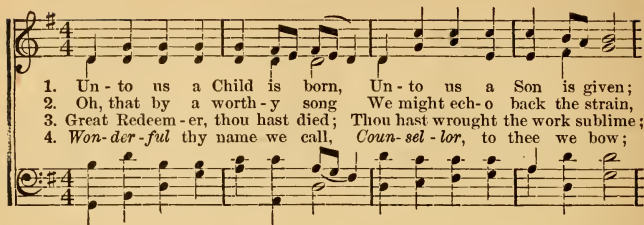
I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross,  
 I was clinging, now I'm resting, [ OMIT . . . ] Sweetly resting at the cross.



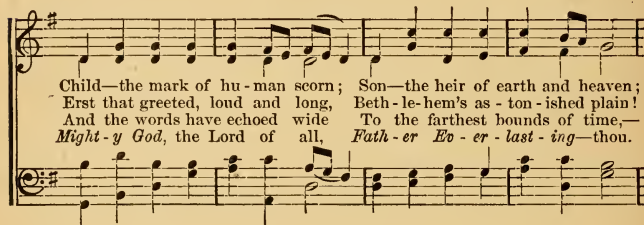
## Unto us a Child is Born.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

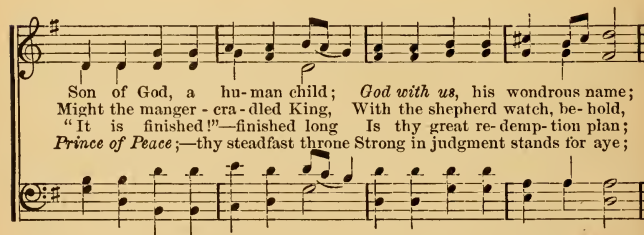
HARRY SANDERS



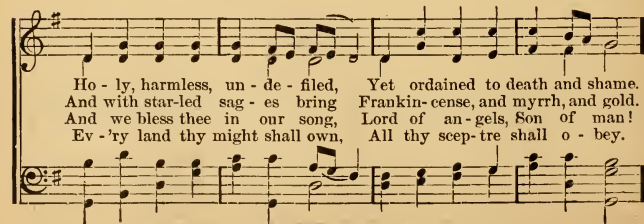
1. Un - to us a Child is born, Un - to us a Son is given;  
 2. Oh, that by a worth - y song We might ech - o back the strain,  
 3. Great Redeem - er, thou hast died; Thou hast wrought the work sublime;  
 4. Won - der - ful thy name we call, Coun - sel - lor, to thee we bow;



Child—the mark of hu - man scorn; Son—the heir of earth and heaven;  
 Erst that greeted, loud and long, Beth - le - hem's as - ton - ished plain!  
 And the words have echoed wide To the farthest bounds of time,—  
*Might - y God, the Lord of all, Fath - er Eo - er - last - ing—thou.*



Son of God, a hu - man child; *God with us*, his wondrous name;  
 Might the manger - era - dled King, With the shepherd watch, be - hold,  
 "It is finished!"—finished long Is thy great re - demp - tion plan;  
*Prince of Peace*;—thy steadfast throne Strong in judgment stands for aye;



Ho - ly, harmless, un - de - filed, Yet ordained to death and shame.  
 And with star - led sag - es bring Frankin - cense, and myrrh, and gold.  
 And we bless thee in our song, Lord of an - gels, Son of man!  
 Ev - 'ry land thy might shall own, All thy scerp - tre shall o - bey.



Won - der - ful thy name we call, Coun - sel -  
 Wonder - ful, Wonder - ful, Coun - sel - lor, Coun - sel - lor, Mighty God,

lor, to thee we bow: Might - - y God, the  
 Prince of Peace, to thee we bow: Might - y God, Prince of Peace,

Lord of all, Fa - ther Ev - er - last - ing, Thou.  
 Wonder - ful, Coun - sel - lor, God with us.

## Mercy-seat.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There  
 is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat, 'Tis  
 2. There is a scene where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads: A  
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy-seat, It

3 There is a place 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 hosts of hell defeat,  
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?  
 5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense molest no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.



RACHAEL RIVERS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A lit - tle while togeth - er We tread life's onward way, And  
 2. A lit - tle while togeth - er For so - cial prayer we meet, And  
 3. Oh, who would dwell forev - er In this bleak world of care, A -

gath - er up its roses,—Frail blossoms of a day,—And then a place is  
 blend our happy voices Around the mercy-seat; Then hands are clasped in  
 way from him who calls us To mansions bright and fair? Where years and countless

va - cant, A step is heard no more, And one, and then anoth - er, We  
 silence, And, when we meet again, We miss a link that sparkled In  
 ag - es Flow on in ceaseless joy, And songs of praise and glory Our

## CHORUS.

cross to yonder shore. A lit - tle while together, Then all of earth is  
 friendship's hallowed chain.  
 raptured tongues employ?

o'er, And one, and then an-oth - er, We cross to yon - der shore.



# Mighty to Save.

91

REV. R. W. TOOD.

HARRY SANDERS. By per.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with

garments dyed? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A

ran - som gave; I that speak in righteous - ness, Mighty to save."

REFRAIN.

Mighty to save, . . . Mighty to save, . . .

Migh - ty to save, Migh - ty to save,

Mighty to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

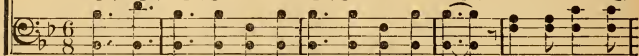
2 O why is thine apparel  
With reeking gore all dyed,  
Like them that tread the winepress red?  
O why this bloody tide?  
"I the winepress trod alone,  
'Neath darkening skies;  
Of the people there was none  
Mighty to save."

3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,  
How couldst thou bear this shame?  
"With mercy fraught, mine own arm  
Salvation in my name; [brought  
I the bloody fight have won,  
Conquered the grave,  
Now the year of joy has come,—  
Mighty to save."

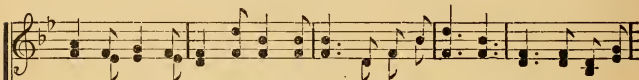




1. Joy! joy! joy! wonder-ful joy, wonder-ful joy, Onward moves the  
2. Hope, hope, hope, glo-ri-ous hope, glo-ri-ous hope, Earth is reaching,



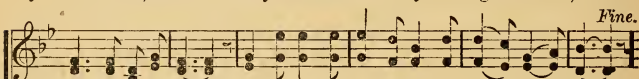
CHO.—Joy! joy! joy! Christians rejoice, Christians re-joice, You may share with



cross our banner, Darkness to destroy. Over the world's long night, Shining so  
hands beseeching, Where the nations grope; Morning thy hills shall climb, Music shall



your Redeemer, Make his work your choice. You may shine lights for God, Never to



*Fine.*

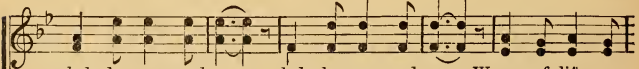
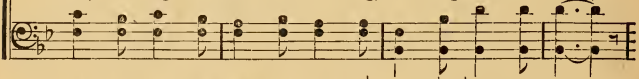
bright, shining so bright, Hope's bright angel, blest evangel, Takes her flight  
chime, music shall chime, Christ shall waken lands forsaken, Soon 'tis time.



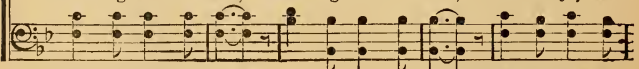
wane, never to wane, Till the whole earth, joins the chorus, Christ shall reign.



Speed thee, ev - er - last - ing gos - pel, Glad - ly on - ward go,  
List, the songs from heav - en fall - ing, Sooth-ing all our woe,



glad - ly on - ward go, glad - ly on - ward go, Waves of life are  
sooth-ing all our woe, sooth-ing all our woe, Hark! the joy-ous





swift - ly glid - ing, Earth to o - ver - flow, earth to o - ver - flow,  
 ech - oes call - ing, Peace and truth shall grow, peace and truth shall grow,

earth to o - verflow, Loose the soul from error's pinion, Bowed in sin and pain,  
 peace and truth shall grow, Oh, this work is God's appointed, Hands of might sustain;

*D. C.*

Break the i - dol's stern do - min - ion, Christ on - ly shall reign.  
 Fol - low Christ the Lord's anoint - ed, Christ on - ly shall reign.

## LE. EDWARDS. Christmas Carol.—Hope's Bright Star.

Tune above.

1 Hail, hail, hail, beautiful sky, beautiful  
 sky,  
 Yonder comes the queen of morning,  
 Night is gliding by;  
 Over the world once more, folding her  
 wings, folding her wings,  
 Peace, her gentle harp awaking,  
 Smiles and sings.  
 Sweet as when the joyful tidings  
 Sounded long ago, [them  
 Sweet as when the shepherds heard  
 Still their numbers flow, :||  
 Unto us is born a Saviour,  
 He is born to-day;  
 Come, behold the meek and lowly,  
 Come quickly away.

CHORUS.—

Hail, hail, hail, beautiful light, beautiful  
 Thro' the birth of our Redeemer [light,

From "Hood's Carols for—

Making all so bright; [ing afar,  
 Beautiful light of God, shining afar, shin-  
 Every eye may see its glory,  
 Hope's bright star.

2 Come, come, come, tripping along trip-  
 Carol o'er the sacred story [ping along,  
 All have loved so long;  
 List to the chiming bells, merry and clear,  
 merry and clear,  
 Happy Christmas, happy Christmas,  
 Welcome, welcome here.  
 Graceful boughs of green are waving,  
 Hearts with rapture beat, :||  
 Love and mercy bending o'er us  
 Precious words repeat, :||  
 Where the royal Prince of glory  
 In a manger lay,  
 Faith will lead and gently guide us,  
 Come quickly away.

—Christmas, No. 6," by per.

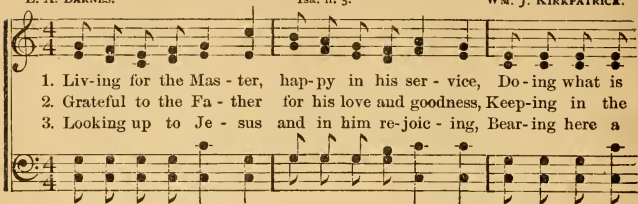


# Walking in the Light.

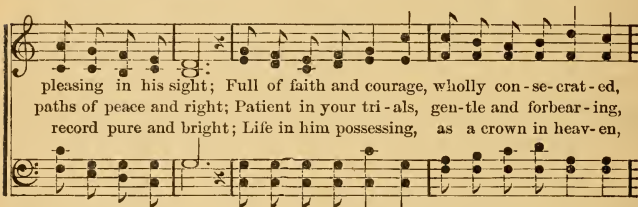
E. A. BARNES.

"Let us walk in the light of the Lord."  
Isa. ii. 5.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

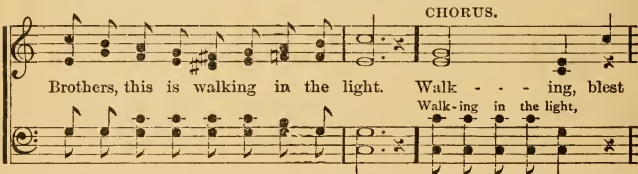


1. Liv-ing for the Mas-ter, hap-py in his ser-vice, Do-ing what is  
2. Grateful to the Fa-ther for his love and goodness, Keep-ing in the  
3. Looking up to Je-sus and in him re-joic-ing, Bear-ing here a

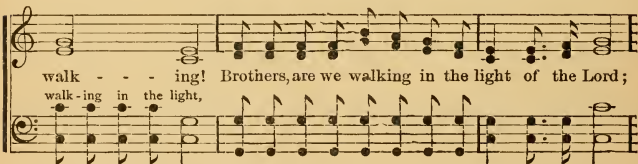


pleasing in his sight; Full of faith and courage, wholly con-se-crat-ed,  
paths of peace and right; Patient in your tri-als, gen-tle and forbear-ing,  
record pure and bright; Life in him possessing, as a crown in heav-en,

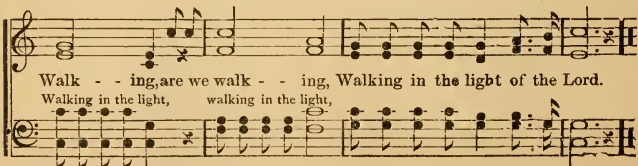
CHORUS.



Brothers, this is walking in the light. Walk - - - ing, blest  
Walk-ing in the light,



walk - - - ing! Brothers, are we walking in the light of the Lord;  
walk-ing in the light,



Walk - - ing, are we walk - - ing, Walking in the light of the Lord.  
Walking in the light, walking in the light,



# God be with You.

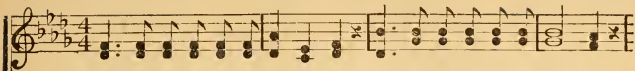
95


"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rom. xvi. 20.

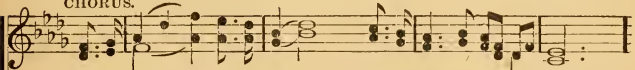
W. G. TOMM.

- 
1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
  2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you ;
  3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
  4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;

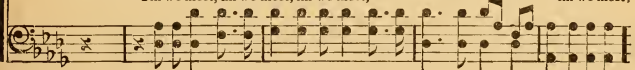


With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

## CHORUS.

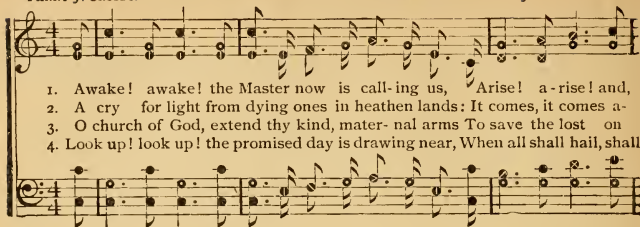


Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet ;  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet ;

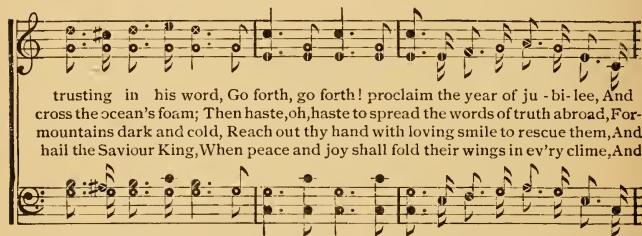


Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

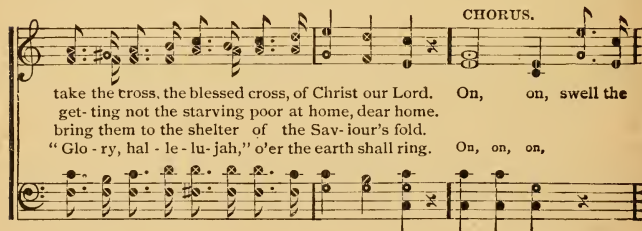




1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, Arise! a-rise! and,  
 2. A cry for light from dying ones in heath-en lands: It comes, it comes a-  
 3. O church of God, extend thy kind, mater-nal arms To save the lost on  
 4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

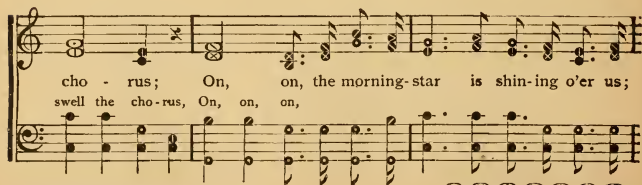


trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And  
 cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-  
 mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And  
 hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And



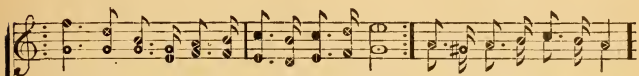
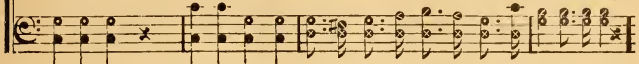
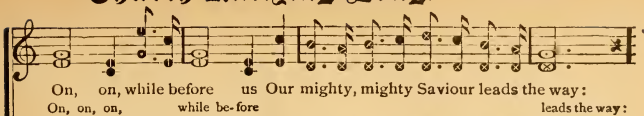
CHORUS.

take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the  
 get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.  
 bring them to the shelter of the Sav-iour's fold.  
 "Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,

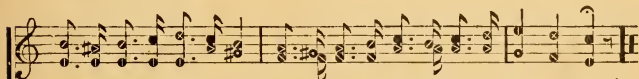
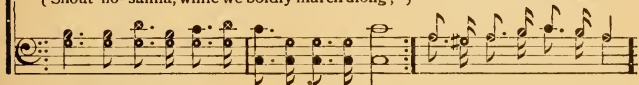


cho-rus; On, on, the morning-star is shin-ing o'er us;  
 swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,

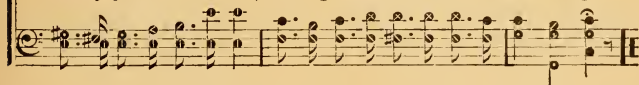




{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - erlasting throng } Faithful soldiers here below,  
 { Shout ho - sanna, while we boldly march along; }



On - ly Jesus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.



F J. C.

Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!

Tune above.

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is  
 dawning now,  
 Awake! awake! and hail its golden  
 light;  
 Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of  
 Righteousness  
 Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long  
 night.

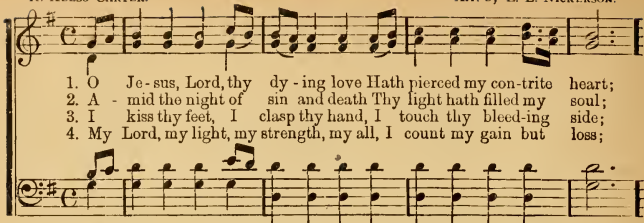
*Cho.*—Come, come, join the chorus,  
 Come, come, the angel hosts are bend-  
 ing o'er us;  
 Come, come, join the chorus,—  
 All glory be to God, to God above.  
 Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic  
 form,  
 Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls  
 along.  
 Hark! the merry, merry bells,  
 Everywhere their music swells;

Hark! the merry chiming of the grand  
 old bells.

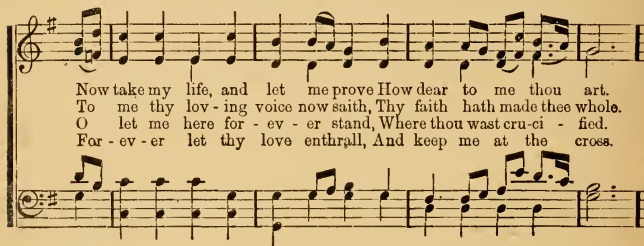
3 Good news, good news resounding o'er  
 the earth again,  
 Good news, good news: behold a Sav-  
 iour born;  
 Make room, make room in every heart  
 to welcome him,  
 And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birth-  
 day morn.

4 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel  
 chain to break,  
 He comes, he comes to give his people  
 rest;  
 Break forth, break forth, his mighty,  
 mighty love proclaim;  
 In him shall every nation, every clime,  
 be blessed.



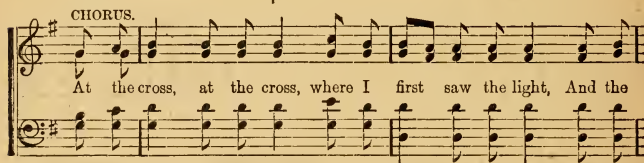


1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy-ing love Hath pierced my con-trite heart;  
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;  
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;  
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

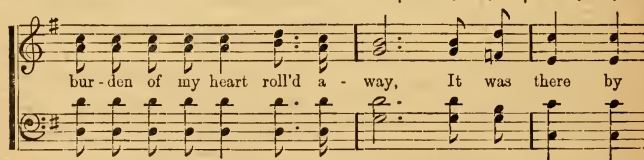


Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.  
 To me thy lov-ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.  
 O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru-ci - fied.  
 For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

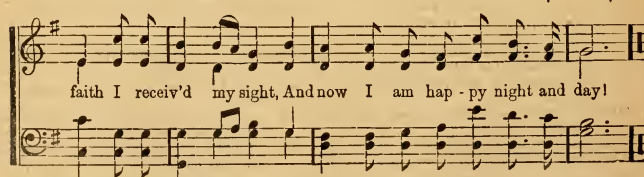
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by



faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py night and day!



# Joy cometh in the morning.

99

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—

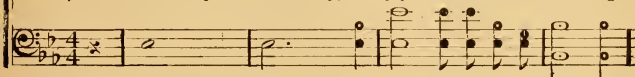
Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

Psalm xxx. 5.

E. S. LORENZ.



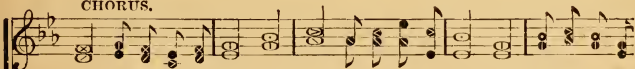
1. Ch, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
2. Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
4. Our God will wipe our tears away, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!



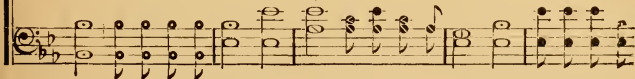
For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morn-ing!  
And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!  
And ev-'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!  
Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!



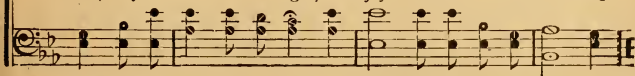
## CHORUS.



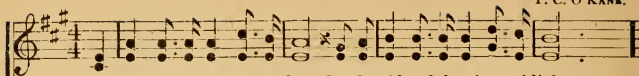
Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en-



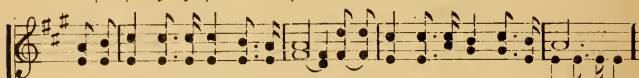
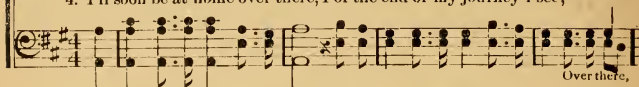
dure, may en-dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morn-ing.



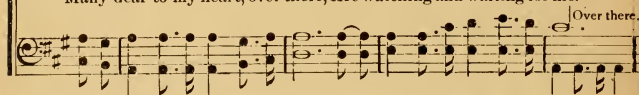




1. O, think of a home over there, By the side of the river of light,
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;



Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.  
 Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.

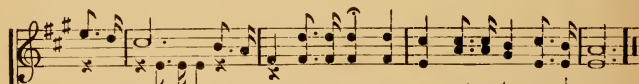
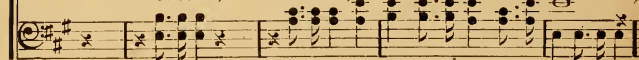


## REFRAIN.

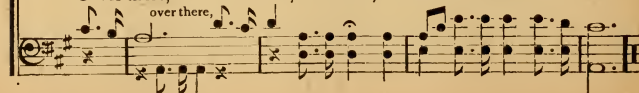


O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O, think of a home over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O, think of the friends over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	My Saviour is now o-ver there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	I'll soon be at home over there,

Over there, over there, over there,



O-ver there,	over there, over there, O, think of a home over there.
O-ver there,	over there, over there, O, think of the friends over there.
O-ver there,	over there, over there, My Saviour is now over there.
O-ver there,	over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there.





# Help Just a Little.

103

Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"  
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



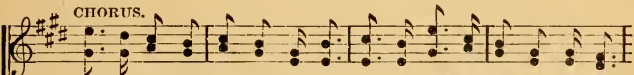
1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



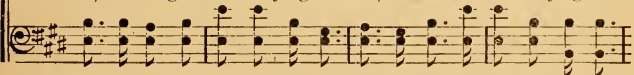
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



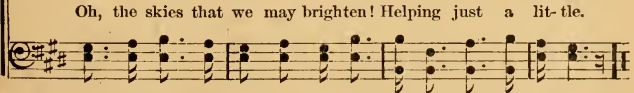
## CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.



4 Let us live for one another,  
Help a little, help a little;  
Help to lift each fallen brother,  
Help just a little.

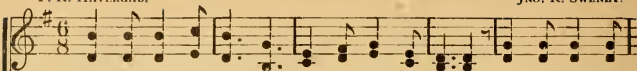
5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,  
Help a little, help a little;  
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,  
Help just a little.



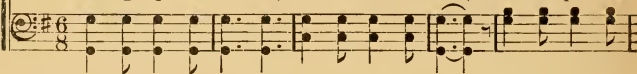
## Looking unto Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

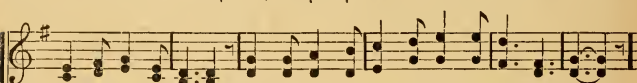
JNO. R. SWENKY.



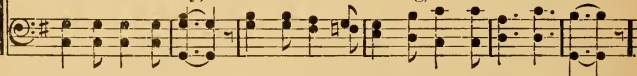
1. Looking un - to Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield, O - ver all the
2. Look a-way to Je - sus, Look a-way from all, Then we need not
3. Looking un - to Je - sus, Wond'ringly we trace Heights of power and
4. Looking up to Je - sus, On the em'rald throne, Faith shall pierce the



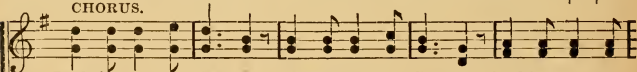
ar - mor Faith the bat - tle - shield; Stand - ard of sal - va - tion,  
stum - ble, Then we shall not fall; From each snare that lur - eth,  
glo - ry, Depths of love and grace; Vis - tas far un - fold - ing  
heavens, Where our King is gone; Lord, on thee de - pend - ing,



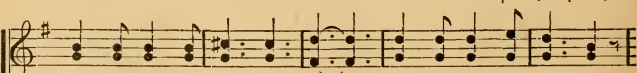
In our hearts unfurled; Let its el - e - va - tion O - vercome the world.  
Foe or phantom grim, Safe - ty this ensureth, — Look away to him.  
Ever stretch be - fore As we gaze, beholding Ev - er more and more.  
Now contin - ual - ly, Heart and mind ascending, Let us dwell with thee.



## CHORUS.



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing un - to



Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield; Look - ing un - to Je - sus,





Looking un-to Je-sus, O-ver all the armor Faith the battle shield.

## I will Trust in Thee.

In answer to question of leader at Ocean Grove "Who will trust?"  
W. H. G. many rose, saying, "I will." W. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. Blessed Saviour, my sal - vation, I will trust in thee; I am saved from  
2. Sanctify and cleanse me, Saviour, I will trust in thee; Let me know thy  
3. Here I stand and thee confessing, I will trust in thee; Pour up-on my

CHORUS.

condemn - a - tion, I will trust in thee. Yes, I will, yes, I will,  
lov - ing fa - vor, I will trust in thee.  
heart thy blessing, I will trust in thee.

I will trust in thee; Thou, my Strength and Song forever, I will trust in thee.



Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

*With feeling.*

1. Touch my spir - it with thy Spir - it, Lord of All, my Sav - iour;  
 2. I have found him, what a treasure!—Found my blessed Sav - iour;  
 3. I have found him: past my weeping, Blessed, bles - sed Sav - iour;

Let me thy sweet rest in - her - it, This my high - est fa - vor.  
 This the pleasure of all pleasures, Rest in my dear Sav - iour.  
 And my soul to thy kind keep - ing I com - mit, dear Sav - iour.

## CHORUS.

Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest In my bles - sed Sav - iour;

Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest In my bles - sed Sav - iour.

4 On the earth this heavenly resting  
 Comes to me, dear Saviour;  
 This is love's own manifesting,  
 Through my blessed Saviour.

5 In this rest toil does not weary,—  
 Toil for thee, my Saviour;  
 In the gloom there's nothing dreary,  
 With thee, O my Saviour.

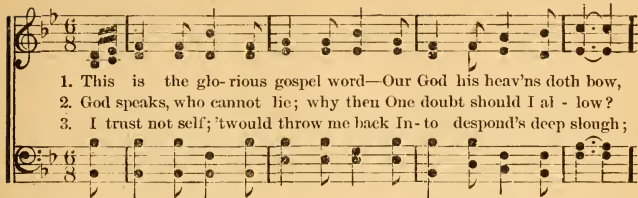


# Jesus Saves Me Now.

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T. B. STEPHENSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

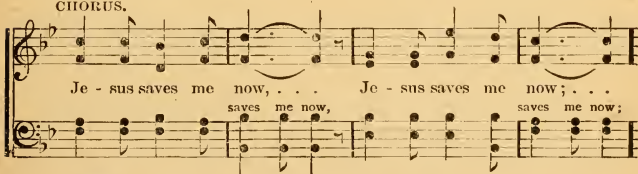


1. This is the glo-rious gospel word—Our God his heav'ns doth bow,  
 2. God speaks, who cannot lie; why then One doubt should I al-low?  
 3. I trust not self; 'twould throw me back In-to despond's deep slough;

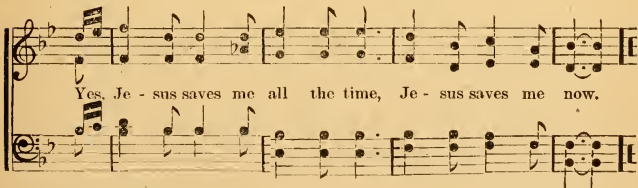


And says to each be-liev-ing heart, Je-sus saves thee now!  
 I doubt him not, but take his word—Je-sus saves me now!  
 From self I look to Christ, and find, Je-sus saves me now!

## CHORUS.



Je-sus saves me now, . . . Je-sus saves me now; . . .  
 saves me now, saves me now;



Yes, Je-sus saves me all the time, Je-sus saves me now.

4 Temptations hard upon me press:  
 No strength is mine, I know:  
 Yet more than conqueror am I—  
 Jesus saves me now!

5 Whate'er my future may require,  
 His grace will sure allow;  
 I live one moment at a time,  
 Jesus saves me now!

6 Why doubt him? He who died now  
 The crown is on his brow; [lives;  
 The Son of Man hath power on earth:  
 Jesus saves me now.

7 And when within the pearly gates  
 I at his feet shall bow,  
 The heaven of heavens itself will be:  
 Jesus saves me now.



# Unto him that hath loved us.

Rev. E. H. SMITH.

H. SANDERS. By per.

1. I have giv'n my all to Je - sus, And I live where the light doth shine; In the  
 2. I was once in darkness groping, I once roamed in the desert wild; But the  
 3. To the cooling fount he led me, To the pastures ev - er green; And my

world's deep gloom my hopes ever bloom, There is peace in this heart of mine.  
 Lord passed by, pouring light on my eye, And reclaimed me, his wand'ring child.  
 soul is restored, and shall boast in her Lord, For his blood hath washed me clean.

**ff** CHORUS.

Un- to him that hath loved us, and washed ev'-ry stain, Un- to him the do -

minion and glo - ry be giv'n; O'er the world he shall come in his beauty to reign,

As he reigns in the brightness of heav'n.

4.  
 My faith, as the eagle, mounteth  
 On her pinion bold and strong;  
 And the world beneath is the sadness of  
 But above is immortal song. [death,

5.  
 O swift are the moments speeding,  
 And the land that is far away  
 Soon, soon shall be mine! and its morn-  
 Will dawn an eternal day, [ing divine



# Just for To-day.

109

B. W.

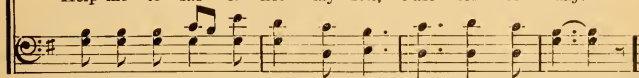
[Music dedicated to my friend Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER.] JNO. R. SWENEY.



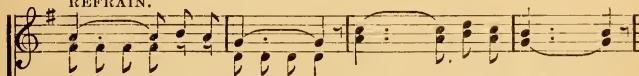
1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray;
2. Let me be act-ive in thy work, And du-ly pray;
3. Let me be slow my will to do—Prompt to o-bey;



Keep me from ev-'ry stain of sin, Just for to-day.  
 Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day.  
 Help me to sac-ri-fice my-self, Just for to-day.

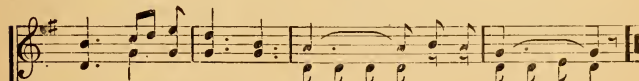
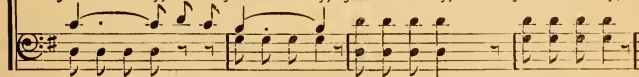


## REFRAIN.



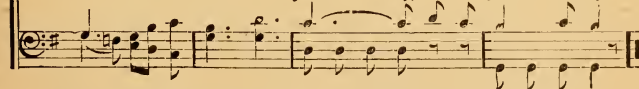
Just . . . for to-day, . . . Just . . . for to-day; . . .

Just for to-day, just for to-day, Just for to-day, just for to-day;



Keep me, my Sav-iour, Just . . . for to-day. . . .

Just for to-day, just for to-day.



4 Let me no wrong or idle word  
 Unthinking say;  
 Set thou a seal upon my lips  
 Just for to-day.

5 So for to-morrow and its needs  
 I do not pray;  
 Keep me and guide me, hold me, Lord,  
 Just for to-day.

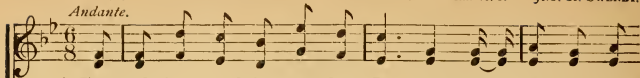


## I've Nothing to Bring.

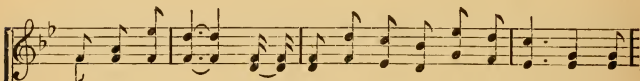
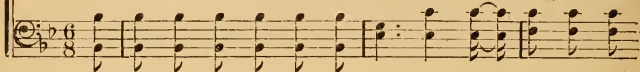
FLORA L. BEST.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?"—Micah vi. 6.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

1. I've noth-ing to bring to thee, Je - sus, But a heart that is
2. I've wandered a - far in the des - ert, Thro' paths that were
3. My Sav-iour, I come at thy bid - ding; I plead by the
4. Oh, joy! like a star a-mong sha-dows, A glim-mer of



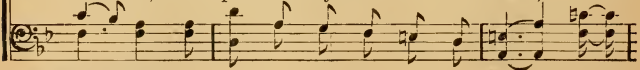
sin-ful and sore, And a life that is wea-ry and wast-ed, Yet  
 thorn-y and wild, The tempests have beaten up-on me, A  
 thorns on thy brow; By the cross, with its burden of sor-row, Oh,  
 brightness I see, For One, with a crown on his fore-head, Doth



trembling I knock at the door; I hear the sweet song of the  
 homeless and sor-row-ful child; But 'mid the be-wil-der-ing  
 o-pen the door to me now; Perchance, then, when reapers are  
 o-pen the door un-to me; His arms are out-reached to en-



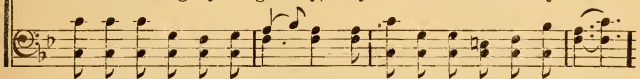
reap-ers, A-way on the great har-vest plain; I've  
 maz-es, Thro' clouds that o'er-shadowed the day, There  
 bear-ing Their sheaves to the har-vest a-bove, I may  
 fold me; He pil-lows my head on his breast, He



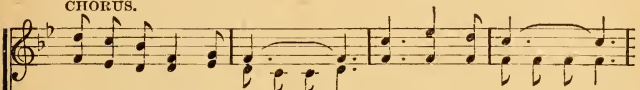




nothing to bring to thee, Je - sus, Not ev - en a sheaf of the grain.  
came a sweet voice, and it whispered, "O wander - er, I am the Way."  
bring, 'mid the least of the toil - ers, Some blossoms of faith or of love.  
bears me from "glory to glo - ry," My soul is e - ter - nal - ly blest.



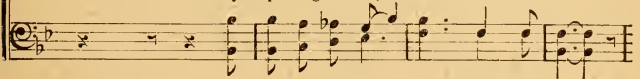
CHORUS.



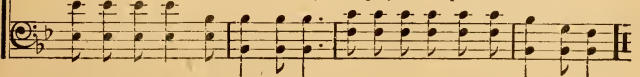
Nothing to bring to thee, bring to thee, Still I im - plore, . . . .  
noth - ing to bring, I im-plore,



All my hopes cling to thee, . . . . O - pen the door,  
my hopes cling to thee,



O - pen the door to me, . . . . O - - - pen the door. . . .  
to me, O - pen, now o - pen the door to me.





1. Is there an-y one here that is will-ing to-day On Je - sus the  
 2. Is there an-y one here that is try-ing to-day The fet - ters of  
 3. Is there an-y one here that is wea-ry to-day, Or la - den, or  
 4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be-lieve? Is there an-y poor soul that is longing to-day The  
 e - vil to break? An-y read-y to fol-low the Saviour to-day, And  
 sor-row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to-day To  
 lieve and o - bey, He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

CHORUS.  
 gift of his grace to re-ceive. Come un - to me,  
 take up the cross for his sake.  
 find in the Sav-iour a rest.  
 nev - er turned an-y a-way. Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,  
 Come un - to me, come un - to me;

ad lib.  
 call-ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me. un - to me.



"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."

F. E. B.

Num. xxi. 8.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Tenderly.*

1. Look to the cross, sin-ner, believe it; Look to the cross, healing is there;  
 2. Leave all thy sin, humbly confess - ing, Truly forsake, turn and o-bey;  
 3. Ask of the Lord, now he is willing Strength to impart, grace to bestow;  
 4. Look to the cross, trusting in Je - sus, Mighty to help, mighty to save;

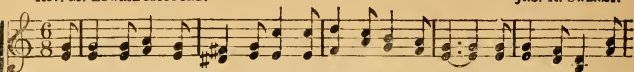
Pardon is thine, on - ly receive it; Look to the cross in prayer.  
 Je - sus will give free - ly his blessing,—Ask and receive to - day.  
 Prom-is - es sweet, ev - er ful - fill - ing, Prove the great debt we owe.  
 From all our guilt glad - ly he frees us, For us his life he gave.

**CHORUS.**

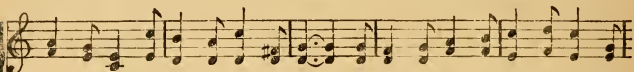
Look to the cross, look to the cross, Jesus believ - ing, pardon receiv - ing;

Look to the cross, look to the cross, Look, and thy soul shall live.

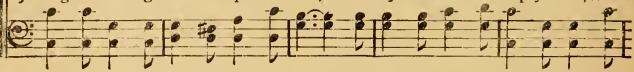




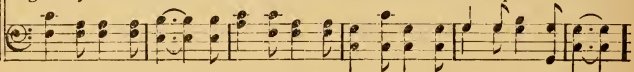
1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near, The summons of the
2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The laborers are few, The gath'ring of the
3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon will come, And carry with re-



Mas-ter falls Up-on the reaper's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And har-vest must By grace depend on you: Go forth throughout the busy-world, The joicing heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with empty arms, While



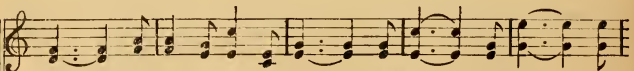
bind the precious sheaves, And garner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives. world of want and sin, And gather for the Lord of Hosts Its dying millions in. glad-ly he receives From others in the harvest field A load of precious sheaves.



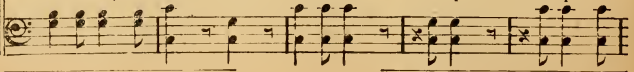
## CHORUS.



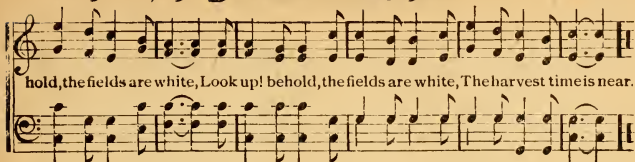
Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is  
Look up! look up! be-hold! be-hold! the fields are white, The har-vest



near, The har-vest time is near: Look up! look up! be-  
time is near, the har-vest time is near: Look up! look up!



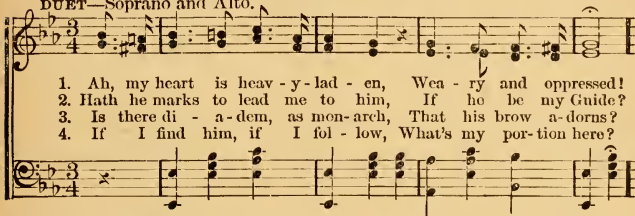




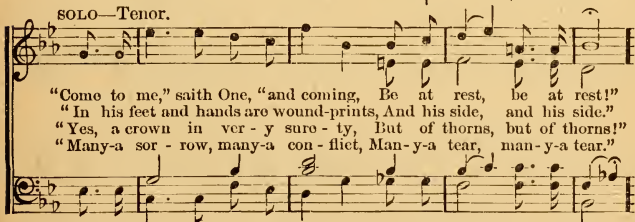
## Ah, my Heart.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET—Soprano and Alto.

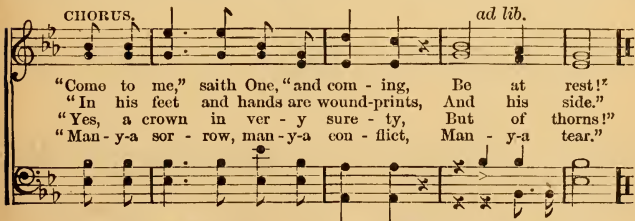


SOLO—Tenor.



CHORUS.

*ad lib.*



5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What have I at last?

||: "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past!" :||

6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?

||: "Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away!" :||



# Hear My Call.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

CHAS. J. TAYLOR.

*Animated.*

1. Light of all who come to thee, Let me now thy glo-ry see, Shining
2. Hope of all who trust in thee, Thou whose blood was shed for me, Thro' its
3. In thy strength, and not my own, This I ask before thy throne, Blessed
4. When on earth I close mine eyes, When to life thou bidst me rise, To thy-

down with beams divine, Mak-ing glad this heart of mine. Hear my  
 heal-ing power divine Keep from sin this heart of mine.  
 Lord, my faith increase, Keep my soul in per-fect peace.  
 self, thou Friend divine, Take, oh, take this heart of mine.

call, oh, hear my call, Thou my life, my all in all; By thy  
 Hear my call, oh, hear my call, Thou my life, my all in all;

hand uphold me still, With thy love my spir-it fill.  
 By thy hand up - hold me still, With thy love my long-ing spir - it fill.

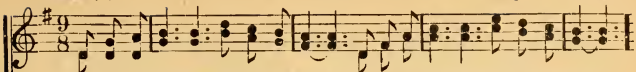


# Thou wilt Defend us.

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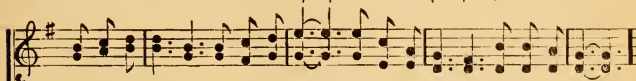
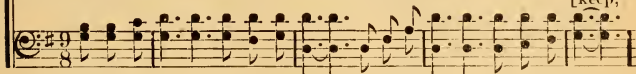
MABLE F. LONG.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

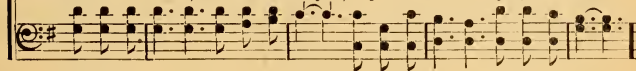


1. Light in our darkness, hope in our fear, Joy in our sorrow, still thou art near;
2. Gifts that with morning fall like the dew, Still with the evening cheer us anew;
3. What tho' the night clouds frown on the deep? Watch o'er thy loved ones thine eye will

[keep;



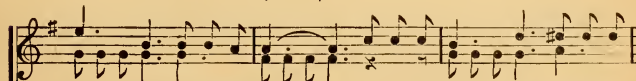
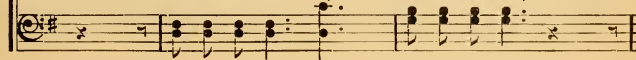
Constant, unchanging, praise to thy name, Now and fore-er thou art the same.  
Songs of rejoicing, anthems of praise, Lord, for thy goodness help us to raise.  
Rocked on the billow, weak and dismayed, Thy voice wilt whisper, be not afraid.



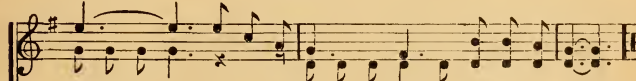
## CHORUS.



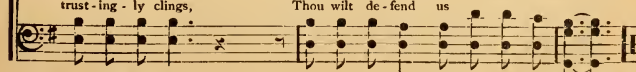
Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own; Thou wilt not  
Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own;



leave us friendless a-lone; Hope to the prom - ise trusting-ly  
Thou wilt not leave us friendless alone; Hope to the prom - ise



clings, Thou wilt defend us un-der thy wings.  
trust-ing - ly clings, Thou wilt de-fend us





1. As we journey by the wayside, Rusting onward, to and fro, Oh, the  
 2. They are thirsting for the water, That their souls may drink and live; They are  
 3. Once He journeyed by the wayside,—Praise and glory to his name!—Richest

many we may rescue From the path of sin and woe; Sad and lonely, heavy-  
 longing for the comfort That a better life will give; Hear the pleading voice of  
 blessing, sweetest comfort, Filled the soul where'er he came; And the poorest of his

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

hearted, None to heed their plaintive cry, Can we leave them thus to perish?  
 mer - cy, Bending now her loving eye, Jesus will not leave them friendless,  
 creatures That to him for refuge fly, Tho'a heartless world forsake them,

CHORUS.

Can we pass them coldly by. Save them now! save them now! Christian worker,  
 He will never pass them by.  
 He will never pass them by.

*ad lib.*

where art thou? To the rescue hasten quickly, Je - sus calleth, Save them now!



1. If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake, And shine a pure image of thee,  
 2. Then I shall be sat-is-fied, when I can cast The shadows of nature all by,  
 3. To see thee in glo-ry, O Lord as thou art, From this mortal and perishing clay

Then I shall be sat-is-fied when I can break These fetters of flesh and be free;  
 When this cold, dreary world from my vision is past, To let this soul o-pen her eye;  
 The spir-it immortal in peace would depart, And joyous mount up her bright way

I know this stained tablet must first be washed white, To let thy bright features be drawn,  
 I gladly shall feel the blest morn drawing near, When time's dreary fancy shall fade,  
 When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled, Within thy blest mansions, and when

I know I must suffer the darkness of night To welcome the coming of dawn.  
 If then in thy likeness I may but appear, And rise with thy beauty arrayed.  
 The arms of my Father en-cir-cle his child, Oh, I shall be sat-is-fied then.



# I Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATR HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER. *By per.*

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems

Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love!  
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams,

I love to tell the sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true;  
I love to tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me!

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As no - thing else would do,  
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

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



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

3 I love to tell the story!  
 'Tis pleasant to repeat  
 What seems, each time I tell it,  
 More wonderfully sweet.  
 I love to tell the story;  
 For some have never heard  
 The message of salvation  
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!  
 For those who know it best  
 Seem hungering and thirsting  
 To hear it like the rest.  
 And when, in scenes of glory,  
 I sing the *New, New Song*,  
 'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*,  
 That I have loved so long.

MRS. E. CODNER.

## Even Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—  
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten - der Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;

SHOWERS, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—  
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

E - ven me, Yes, e - ven me, E - ven me, yes, e - ven me.—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me,—  
 Even me, even me, etc.

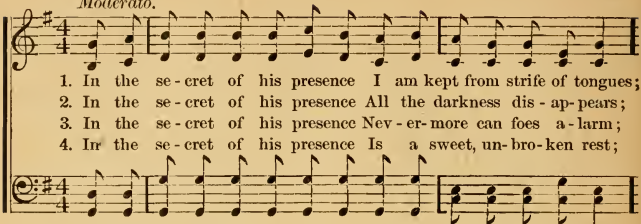
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me,—  
 Even me, even me, etc.



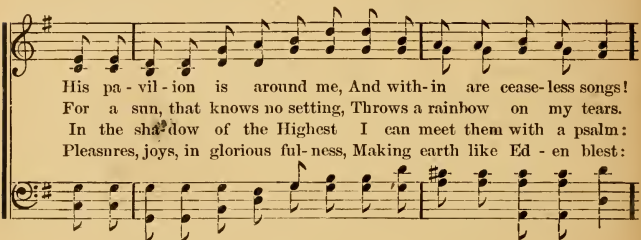
## In the Secret of His Presence.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

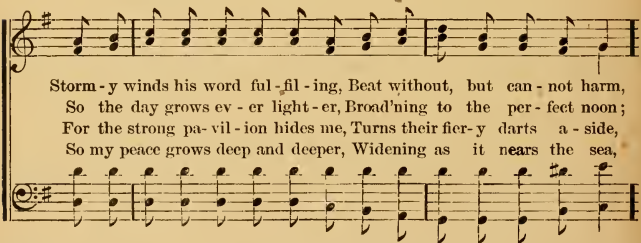
JNO. R. SWENBY.

*Moderato.*


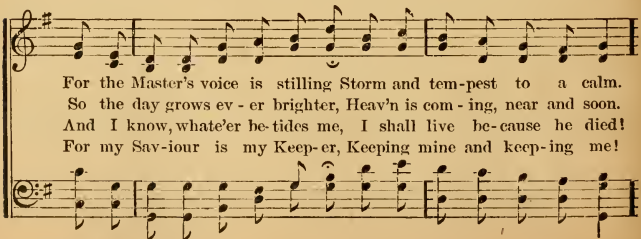
1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;  
 2. In the se-cret of his presence All the darkness dis-ap-pears;  
 3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;  
 4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet, un-bro-ken rest;



His pa-vil-ion is around me, And with-in are cease-less songs!  
 For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears.  
 In the sha-dow of the Highest I can meet them with a psalm:  
 Pleas-ures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Making earth like Ed-en blest:



Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat without, but can-not harm,  
 So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'n'ing to the per-fect noon;  
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,  
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,

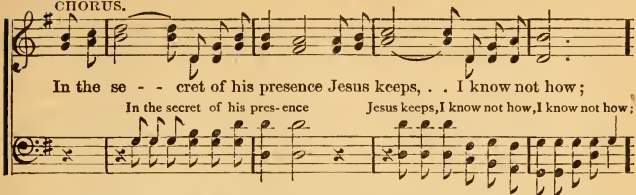


For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tem-pest to a calm.  
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.  
 And I know, whate'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause he died!  
 For my Sav-iour is my Keep-er, Keeping mine and keep-ing me!

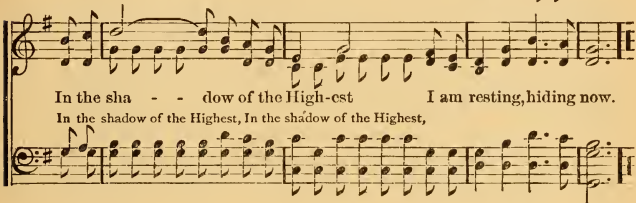


# In the Secret of His Presence.—CONCL. 123

CHORUS.



In the se - - cret of his presence Jesus keeps, . . I know not how ;  
 In the secret of his pres-ence Jesus keeps, I know not how, I know not how ;

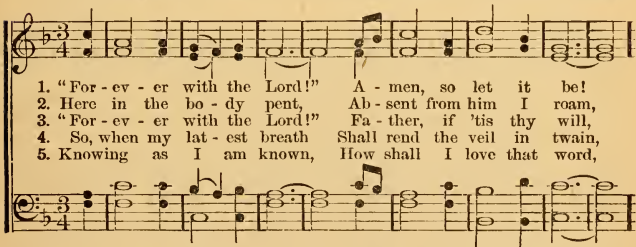


In the sha - - dow of the High-est I am resting, hiding now.  
 In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the Highest,

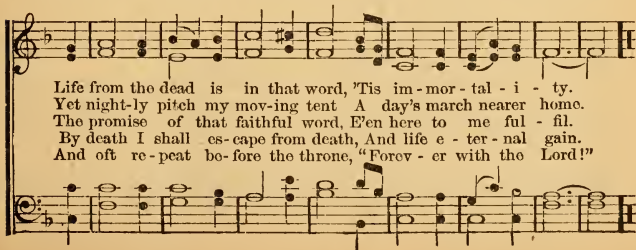
## Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Tune, VIGIL, S. M.

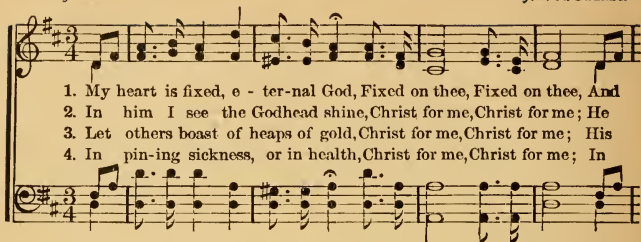


1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!  
 2. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,  
 3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will,  
 4. So, when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 5. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word,

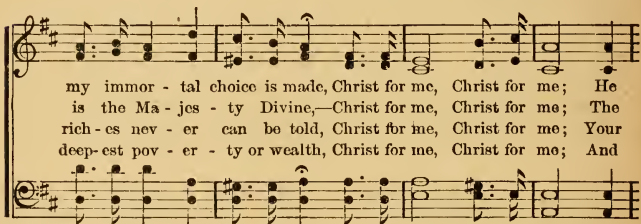


Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home.  
 The promise of that faithful word, E'en here to me ful - fil.  
 By death I shall es-cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.  
 And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "Forev - er with the Lord!"

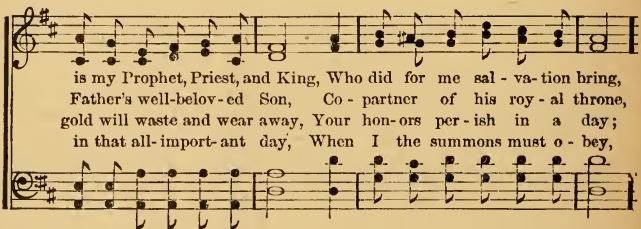




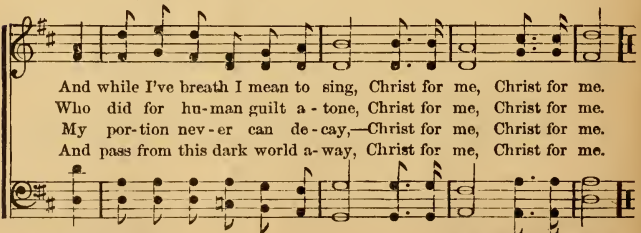
1. My heart is fixed, e - ter-nal God, Fixed on thee, Fixed on thee, And  
 2. In him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me, Christ for me; He  
 3. Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me, Christ for me; His  
 4. In pin-ing sickness, or in health, Christ for me, Christ for me; In



my immor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me; He  
 is the Ma - jes - ty Divine,—Christ for me, Christ for me; The  
 rich - es nev - er can be told, Christ for me, Christ for me; Your  
 deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me, Christ for me; And



is my Prophet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va-tion bring,  
 Father's well-belov - ed Son, Co - partner of his roy - al throne,  
 gold will waste and wear away, Your hon - ors per - ish in a day;  
 in that all-import - ant day, When I the summons must o - bey,



And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.  
 Who did for hu-man guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.  
 My por-tion nev - er can de - cay,—Christ for me, Christ for me.  
 And pass from this dark world a-way, Christ for me, Christ for me.



# Come, Prodigal, Come.

125

W. A. O.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. The fountain of sal - va - tion Is flow - ing full and free, And
2. I hear his cry, "Tis fin - ished," His bleeding bo - dy see; His
3. His bles - sed in - vi - ta - tion I will no long - er spurn, And

Je - sus stands invit - ing: O sin - ner, come to me.  
 loving accents thrill me, His blessed "Come to me." } I hear his sweet voice  
 from my great exam - ple I will no long - er turn. }

pleading, For me 'tis in - ter - ced - ing; The way I know, And I will go,—My

## CHORUS.

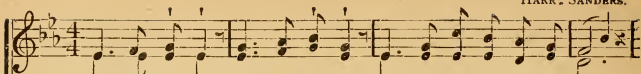
Saviour calls for me. Come, pro - di - gal, come, While yet there's room;

Come, pro - di - gal, come! Thy Sav - iour call - eth thee.

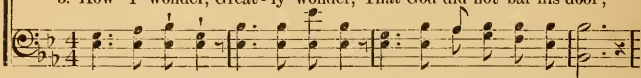


## God Came Knocking.

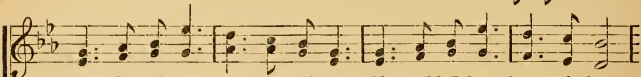
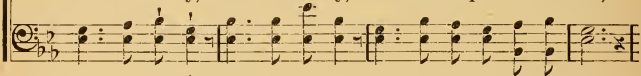
HARRY SANDERS.



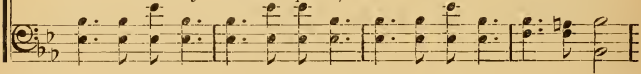
1. God came knocking, Gently knocking, At my heart as oft be-fore;
2. Jesus taught me, He who bought me, He who all my sorrows bore;
3. How I wonder, Great-ly wonder, That God did not bar his door;



And I opened, Quick-ly opened, Opened wide the bolted door;  
 It was ea-sy, O how ea-sy, When he led me to the door;  
 O unworth-y, So unworth-y, I could weep as ne'er be-fore;



He is welcome, oh, how welcome; Oh, could I have known before,  
 Now I leave it wide, wide o-pen, I will nev-er close it more,  
 But he heals my bro-ken spir-it, Pur-i-fies it o'er and o'er.



Known what richness, Blessed richness, He would in my bo-som pour;  
 So that Je-sus, When he pleases, May come in and sup with me,  
 Oh, how boundless, Broad and boundless, Is the love he gives to me.



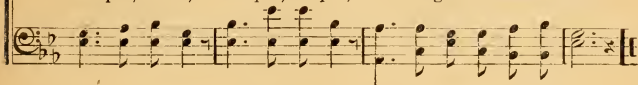
I could nev-er, Oh, no, nev-er Thus have bolted fast my door;  
 And the Father, God the Father, He who ev-er leadeth me,  
 May I ev-er, And for-ev-er, Praise that love so full and free.







Oh, how blinded Was my vis-ion! I lament it more and more.  
May come in and Cleanse my spirit From all sin for-ev-er free.  
O - pen, sinner, O - pen, o - pen, God will give the same to thee.

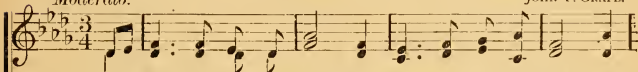


## I Dare Not Idle Stand.

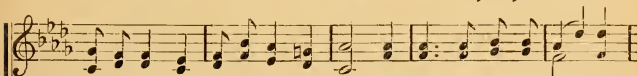
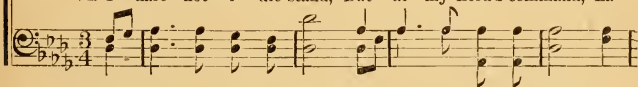
"Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."—John iv. 35.

*Moderato.*

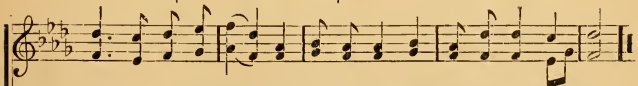
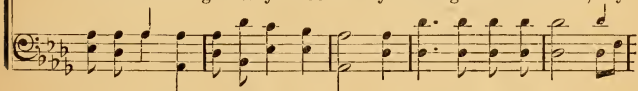
JOHN T. GRAFE.



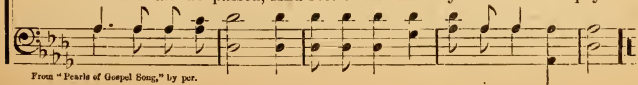
1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While on the shifting sand The
3. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor
4. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command, La-



whitening fields declare the harvest near; A glean - er I would be, And  
ocean casts bright treasures at my feet; Beneath some shell's rough side The  
wand'ring souls need humble help like mine; Brighter than brightest gem In  
bor for him throughout my life's short day. Evening will come at last, Day's



gath - er, Lord, for thee, Lest I with empty hands at last ap - pear.  
tint - ed pearl may hide, And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.  
monarch's di - a - dem, Each soul, a star in Jesus' crown may shine.  
la - bor all be passed, And rest e - ter - nal my brief toil re - pay.

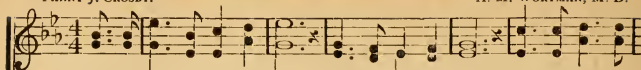




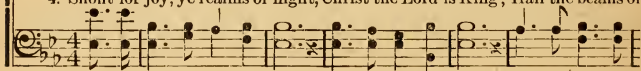
# Christ the Lord is King.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. M. WORTMAN, M. D.



1. Shout for joy, ye ho - ly throng, Christ the Lord is King; An - gel harps, the
2. Shout for joy, ye nations all, Christ the Lord is King; Crowns before his
3. He who rent the boasting grave, Christ the Lord, is King; He who lives the
4. Shout for joy, ye realms of night, Christ the Lord is King; Hail the beams of



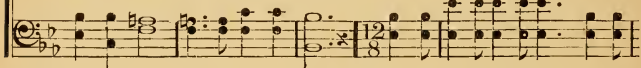
## CHORUS.



sound prolong, Christ the Lord is King.  
 throne shall fall, Christ the Lord is King.  
 lost to save, Christ the Lord, is King.  
 gospel light, Christ the Lord is King.

Bear the news . . . from pole to

Bear the news from pole to pole, Bear the



pole, . . . Spread the truth . . . from sea to sea, . . .  
 news from pole to pole, Spread the truth from sea to sea, O, spread the truth from sea to sea,



Lo! the Prince . . . of life and glo - - - ry  
 Lo! the Prince of life and glo - ry, Lo! the Prince of life and glo - ry



King of heaven . . . and earth shall be.  
 King of heaven and earth shall be, and earth shall be.



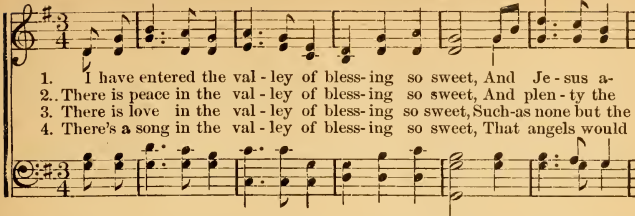


# The Valley of Blessing.

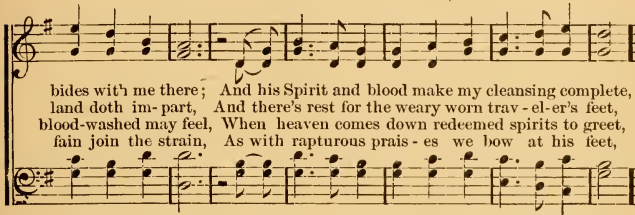
129

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

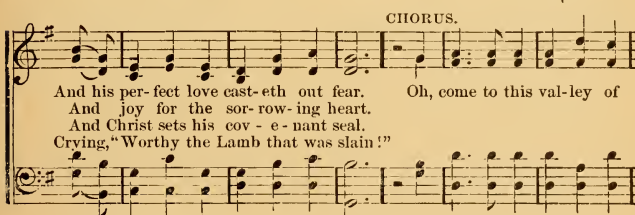
WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



1. I have entered the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And Je - sus a -  
 2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And plen - ty the  
 3. There is love in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, Such - as none but the  
 4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, That angels would

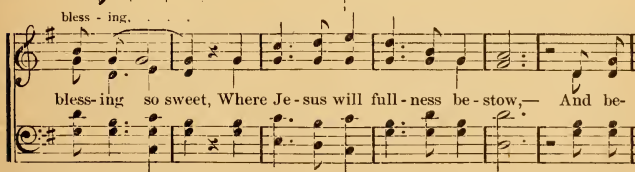


bides with me there; And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,  
 land doth im - part, And there's rest for the weary worn trav - el - er's feet,  
 blood - washed may feel, When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,  
 fain join the strain, As with rapturous prais - es we bow at his feet,

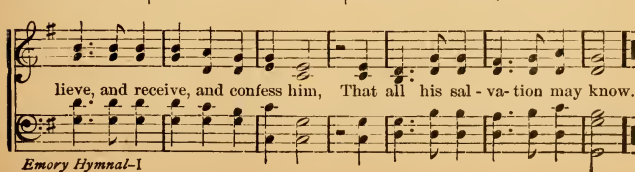


CHORUS.

And his per - fect love cast - eth out fear. Oh, come to this val - ley of  
 And joy for the sor - row - ing heart.  
 And Christ sets his cov - e - nant seal.  
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"



bless - ing,  
 bless - ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full - ness be - stow, — And be -



lieve, and receive, and confess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.



HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in  
 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into  
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the  
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

*Fine.*  
 pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.  
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.  
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is

*D.S.*  
 blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the  
 Meet me there;



# Songs in the calm, still Night.

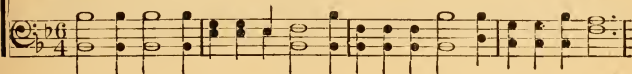
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JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. 'Tis the Lord who leadeth me still, 'Tis he who controls and governs my will,
2. 'Tis the Lord who whispers to me, I offered myself a ransom for thee;
3. Safe in him, I will not repine, Though trials and cares may sometimes be mine;
4. Safe in him, my hope and my all, Who tenderly hears whenever I call;



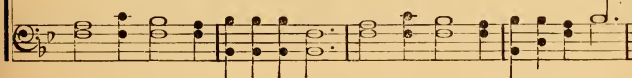
Crowns my life with holy delight, And giveth me songs in the calm, still night.  
 Say, what mean thy doubtings and fears; I carry thy sorrows and count thy tears.  
 He, I know, will guide me aright, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.  
 Safe in him, my burden is light, He giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



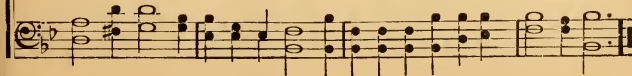
## CHORUS.



O my soul, how favored thou art, Thus to come so near to his heart;



There by faith I walk in his light, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



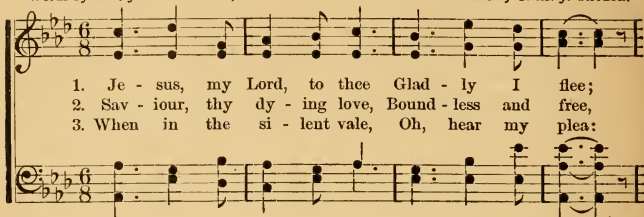


# Jesus, with Thee.

Dedicated to the Young People's Association of Emory Grove.

Words by REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

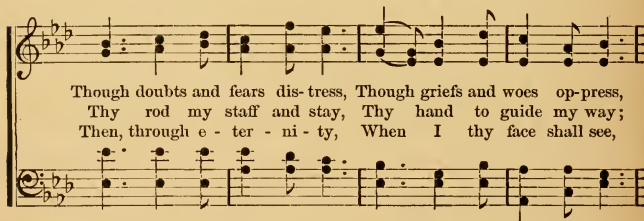
Music by CHAS. J. TAYLOR.



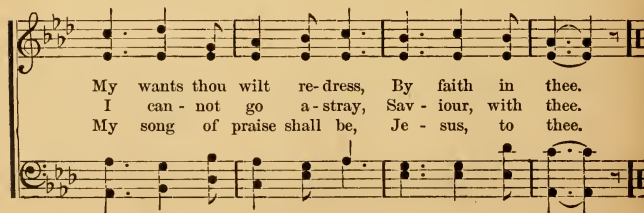
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee Glad - ly I flee;  
 2. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love, Bound - less and free,  
 3. When in the si - lent vale, Oh, hear my plea:



Bur - dened with care and pain, I come to thee.  
 Brings light, and life, and joy, Dear Lord, from thee.  
 Thy pres - ence let me find Still cheer - ing me;



Though doubts and fears dis - tress, Though griefs and woes op - press,  
 Thy rod my staff and stay, Thy hand to guide my way;  
 Then, through e - ter - ni - ty, When I thy face shall see,



My wants thou wilt re - dress, By faith in thee.  
 I can - not go a - stray, Sav - iour, with thee.  
 My song of praise shall be, Je - sus, to thee.



H. R. BISHOP.

Arranged.

*Con espress.*

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my  
 2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace, And thrice gracious  
 3. Whate'er thou de - ni - est, oh, give me thy grace! The Spir - it's sure  
 4. I long, dear - est Saviour, in - thy beau - ty to shine, No more as an

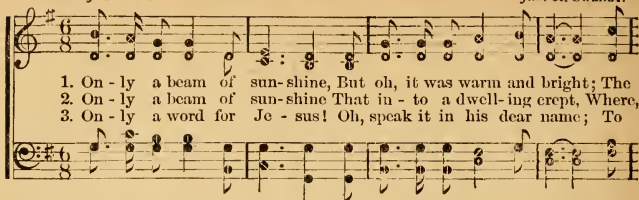
soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of  
 Je - sus, whose love can not cease, Though oft from thy pres - ence in  
 wit - ness, and smiles of thy face: En - due me with pa - tience to  
 ex - ile in sor - row to pine; But in thy bright im - age to

mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.  
 sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home.  
 wait at thy throne, And find, e - ven now, a sweet foretaste of home  
 rise from the tomb, With glori - fied millions to praise thee at home.

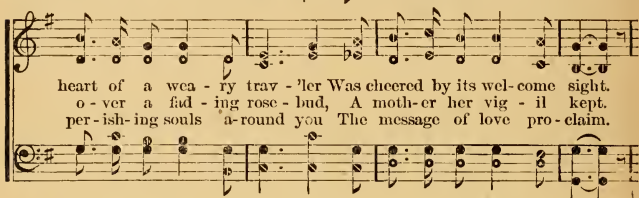
## CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.





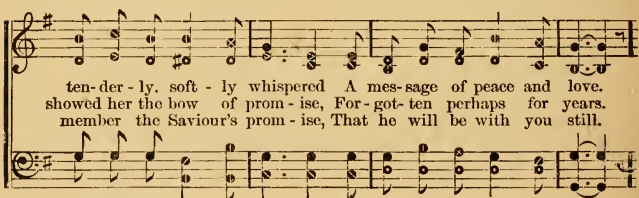
1. On - ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The  
 2. On - ly a beam of sun-shine That in - to a dwell-ing crept, Where,  
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To



heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel-come sight.  
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth-er her vig - il kept.  
 per-ish-ing souls a-round you The message of love pro-claim.

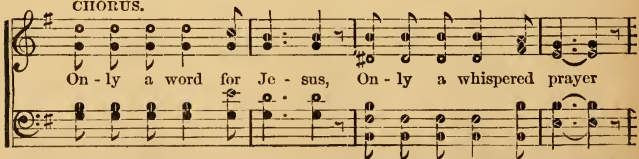


On - ly a beam of sun-shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And  
 On - ly a beam of sun-shine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And  
 Go, like the faith-ful sun-beam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re-



ten-der - ly, soft - ly whispered A mes-sage of peace and love.  
 showed her the bow of prom - ise, For-got-ten perhaps for years.  
 member the Saviour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.

## CHORUS.



On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer



O - ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun-beam fair.

## Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;  
2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a - side thy grace;  
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.  
Yet, O boundless con - de - scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.  
Sav - iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.



1. Stand at your post, ye watchmen, Dark tho' the night; See afar, bright and clear,  
 2. Stand at your post of du - ty, Be not dismayed, Christ the Lord rideth on  
 3. Stand at your post of du - ty, Truth must prevail, Joyful news, welcome news,  
 4. Stand at your post of duty, Cheer, watchmen, cheer; Lo, the time, promised time,

Dawns the morning light; Sound, sound the trump of Zion O'er land and sea;  
 Now in strength arrayed; Lift up the gos-pel banner, Watchmen, proclaim  
 Comes with ev'ry gale; Lo! at the feet of Jesus Proud monarchs fall:  
 Now is drawing near; Bright o'er the distant mountain On rolls the day,

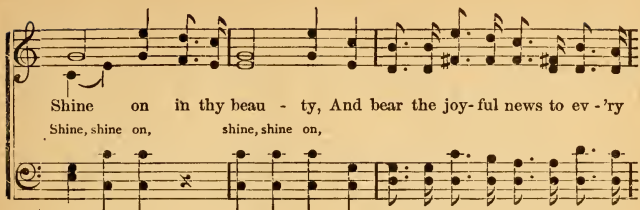
CHORUS.

Tell a-gain the happy tidings, Grace is free. Bright Star of the  
 Peace and life to ev - 'ry creature Thro' his name.  
 They have heard the gospel message, Joy to all.  
 Driving ev - 'ry mist and shadow Far a - way. Bright, bright Star,

morn - ing, Thou bles-sed Star of glo - ry, bles-sed Star of glo - ry,  
 bright, bright Star,

DO RE MI FA SO LA

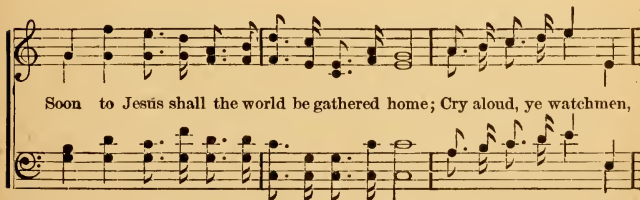




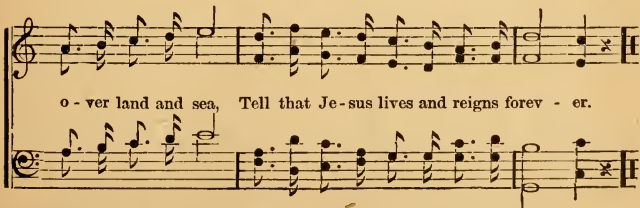
Shine on in thy beau - ty, And bear the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry  
Shine, shine on, shine, shine on,



clime; Soon to Je - sus shall the heathen na - tions come,



Soon to Je - sus shall the world be gathered home; Cry aloud, ye watchmen,



o - ver land and sea, Tell that Je - sus lives and reigns forev - er.



W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

## QUESTION.

1 John v. 6, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o-ver-  
 Rev. iii. 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-  
 Rev. ii. 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o-ver-  
 Rev. iiii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o-ver-

## RESPONSE.

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,  
 rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,  
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,  
 tem-ple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.  
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.  
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.  
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.



O, the precious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, healing flood!

O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

Rev. iii. 6.  
5 ||: What shall we hear?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: He shall hear his name con-fessed in  
heaven, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi. 7.  
6 ||: What shall he have?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: God will give him all things, and  
make him his son, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. iii. 21.  
7 ||: Where shall he sit?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his  
throne, :||  
That overcomes by the blood

1 John v. 4.  
8 ||: What is the victory?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: Faith is the victory that | over-  
cometh, :||  
By the blood of the Lamb.

## All the way long it is Jesus.

1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus; }  
May none of us from thee de-part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }

CHORUS.  
Je - sus, Je - sus, Why, all the way long it is Je - sus.

2 But may our actions always say  
We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,  
That Jesus doeth all things well.



# I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy  
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the  
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to  
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the  
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the  
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the  
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

## CHORUS.

1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the  
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.



# Praise ye the Lord.

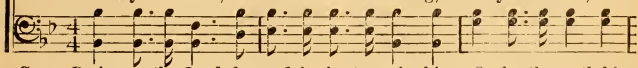
141

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



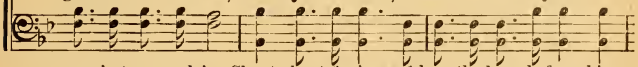
1. Praise ye the Lord, the hope of our sal-va-tion; Praise ye the Lord, our  
2 Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is everlasting; Praise ye the Lord, whose



CHO.—Praise ye the Lord, for good it is to praise him; O let the earth his



soul's a-bid-ing trust; Great are his works and wonderful his counsels;  
gifts are ev-er new; Praise ye the Lord, whose tender mercy falleth



ma-jest-y proclaim; Shout, shout for joy and bow the knee before him;

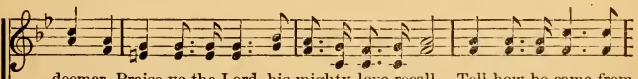


*Fine.*

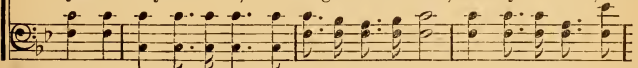
Praise ye the Lord, the only wise and just. Praise ye the Lord, our strength and our Re-  
Pure as the rain and gentle as the dew. Praise ye the Lord, oh, glory! hal-le-



Sing to the harp and magnify his name.



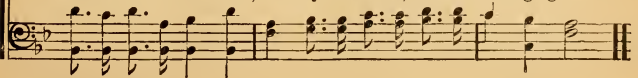
deemer, Praise ye the Lord, his mighty love recall,—Tell how he came from  
lujah! Praise ye the Lord, whose kingdom has no end; Praise ye the Lord, who



*Chorus. D. C.*



bondage to de-liv-er, Tell how he came to purchase life for all.  
watcheth o'er the faithful, Praise ye the Lord, our never changing Friend.





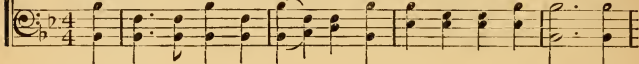
## Trust in thy Deliverer.

LAURA MILLER.

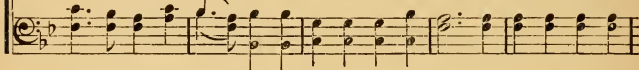
JNO. R. SWENEY.



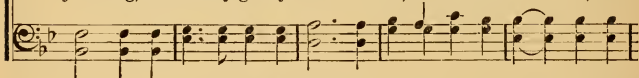
1. Go forth, O Christian sol - dier, Why shouldst thou fear to tread A
2. Be strong, O Christian sol - dier, And at thy post a - bide, Nor
3. Stand fast, O Christian sol - dier, Nor lay thy ar - mor down Till



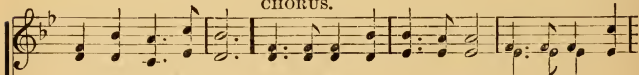
path that bears the footprints Of him, thy living head; Take up thy cross with  
heed the arrows fall - ing From foes on ev - 'ry side; Let nothing daunt thy  
thou by faith and patience Hast won the victor's crown; Then lift thy soul re -



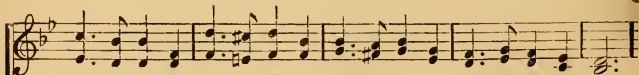
firm - ness, Whate'er that cross may be, Remember him who car - ried A  
cour - age, Whate'er the strife may be, But trust in thy Deliv - er - er, Who  
joic - ing, And let thy glo - ry be In him, the Great Deliv - er - er, Who



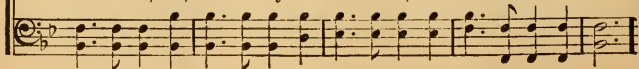
## CHORUS.



1. great - er one for thee. Trust in thy De - liv - er - er, Trust in thy De -
- 2, 3. shed his blood for thee.



liv - er - er, Oh, trust in thy De - liv - er - er, Who shed his blood for thee;





Oh, trust in thy De - liv - er - er, Who shed his blood for thee.

## Shall we Meet Beyond the River?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?  
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?

*Fine.*  
Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

*D.S.* Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the towers of crystal shine?  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed  
Rolls its harmony around,  
And creation swells the chorus  
With its sweet melodious sound

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,  
That was torn from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?

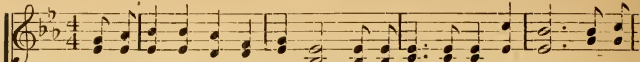
6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When he comes to claim his own?  
Shall we know his blessed favor,  
And sit down upon his throne?



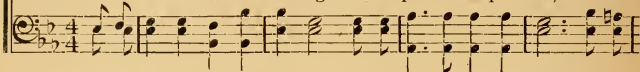
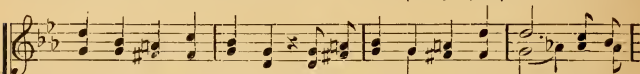
## The Sunset of the Year.

Miss M. A. LATHBURY. "The Lord is in his holy temple."—Hab. ii. 20.


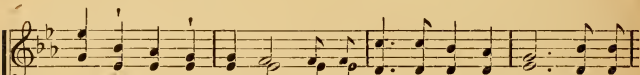
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



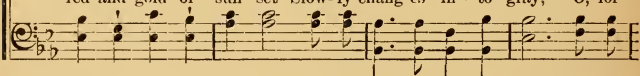

1. There's an un-dertone of sigh-ing, There's a hush in all the air; And the  
 2. O the glo-ry and the gladness Of a life without a fear! Of a  
 3. O for such a bless-ed fall-ing In-to qui-et sleep at last, When the

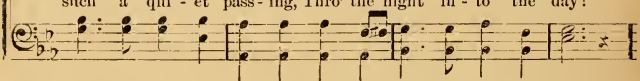
face of na-ture dy-ing, Wears a glow di-vine-ly fair. If you  
 death like na-ture dy-ing, In the fall-ing of the year! For "she  
 ripened grain is garnered, And the toil and tri-al past! When the


list-en, list-en, list-en, In the qui-et woodland ways, You will  
 is not dead but sleepeth," Till the ear-ly rob-ins sing, And the  
 red and gold of sun-set Slow-ly chang-es in-to gray, O, for


hear the for-est sing-ing, You will catch the breath of praise.  
 bells of Eas-ter wake her, For the com-ing of the spring.  
 such a qui-et pass-ing, Thro' the night in-to the day!



## CHORUS.



Praise the Lord, O field and for-est! Praise ye the Lord!





For his glo - ry draw-eth near, O praise ye the Lord! Praise the

Lord, O field and for-est! For his glo - ry draweth near, He is

in his ho - ly tem-ple, In the sun - set of the year.

ANDREW REED.

Alexandria. C. M.

Dr. ARNOLD.

1. I would be thine; O take my heart And fill it with thy love;
2. I would be thine; but while I strive To give my - self a - way,
3. I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel Ev - il still lurks with - in:
4. I would be thine; I would embrace The Sav-iour, and a - dore;

Thy sa - cred im-age, Lord, impart, And seal it from a - bove.  
 I feel re - bel - lion still a - live, And wan - der while I pray.  
 Do thou thy ma - jes - ty re - veal, And ban - ish all my sin.  
 In - spire with faith in-fuse with grace, And now my soul restore.



# When the Sheaves are Gathered in.

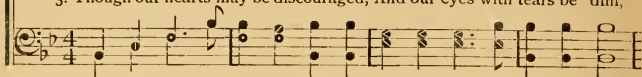
E. R. LATTÄ.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Ps. xxvii, 12.

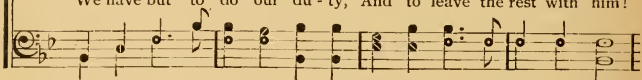
J. H. ROSECRANS.



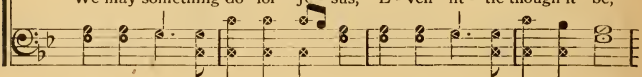
1. When the la - bor - ers have finished In the vine - yard of the Lord,
2. Shall the seeds that now we scat - ter, In our fee - bleness be - low,
3. Though our hearts may be discouraged, And our eyes with tears be dim,



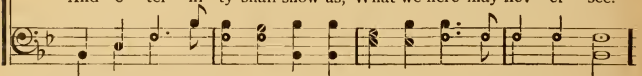
Ev - 'ry task that he assigned them, And have tak - en their re - ward;  
In - to bar - ren pla - ces fall - ing, Nev - er to a har - vest grow?  
We have but to do our du - ty, And to leave the rest with him!



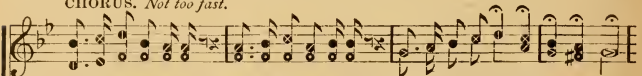
We shall stand be - fore the Mas - ter, And shall give an ans - wer there,  
Nay, they shall not whol - ly per - ish, Tho' they yield not man - y - fold,  
We may something do for Je - sus, E - ven lit - tle though it be,



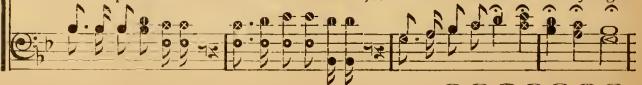
For the tal - ents, few or man - y, He has trust - ed to our care!  
If we strive with ear - nest spir - its, We shall bring some sheaves of gold!  
And e - ter - ni - ty shall show us, What we here may nev - er see.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



What shall we present him? What for all our labor, When to store the harvest they begin?





How shall we make answer For the talents given, When the sheaves are gathered in.

COWPER.

## Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And  
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

is a fount-ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins, }  
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }  
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }  
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

### CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee

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.  
ev - er Wash my sins a - way.  
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.



Anon.

"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart."—Prov. iii. 5.

W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO.

1. Trust on! trust on! be - liev - er, Tho' long the con - flict be, Thou  
 2. Trust on! trust on! thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust, But  
 3. Trust on! the dan - ger press - es; Tempta - tion strong is near, Yet  
 4. O, Christ is strong to save us,—He is a faithful Friend; Trust

yet shalt prove vic - to - ri - ous,—Thy God shall fight for thee.  
 in thy deep - est sor - row, Oh, give not up thy trust.  
 o'er life's dang'rous rap - ids He shall thy pas - sage steer.  
 on! trust on! be - liev - er,—Oh, trust him to the end.

CHORUS.

Trust on! Trust on! trust on! Though the night be drear;  
 Trust on! Trust on! trust on!

Trust on! trust on! be - liev - er, The morn - ing dawn is near.



# A-biding in Him.

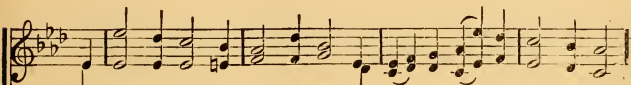
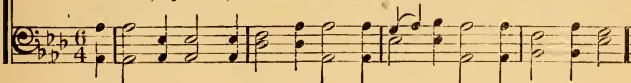
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CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

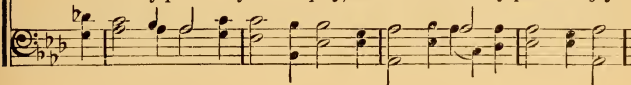
Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, arranged for th's work.



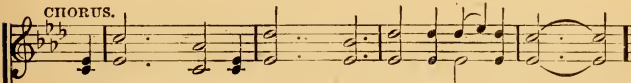
1. A-bid-ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;
2. He speaks, and by his word is given His peace, a rich foretaste of heaven!
3. I live; not I; thro' him alone By whom the mighty work is done:—
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the Eter-nal Son!



I trust in him, I'm sat-is-fied, I'm rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied!  
 Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.  
 Dead to myself, a-live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.  
 Let all my powers my soul employ, To tell the world my peace and joy.

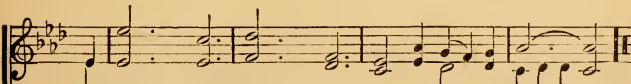
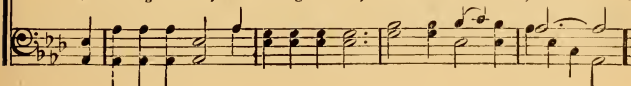


## CHORUS.



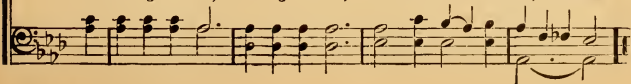
A-bid-ing, a-bid-ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!

A-bid-ing in him, I'm rest-ing in him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!



I'm rest-ing, rest-ing At the Saviour's feet.

I'm rest-ing in him, rest-ing in him, At the Sav-our's feet, at his feet.





1. Be-hold the ark of God, Be-hold the o - pen door, Oh, haste to  
 2. There safe shalt thou a-bide; There sweet shalt be thy rest; And ev - 'ry  
 3. And when the waves of wrath A - gain the earth shall fill, Thine ark shall

REFRAIN.

gain that blest a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more. Oh, come, come to-  
 wish be sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion bless'd.  
 ride the sea of fire, And rest on Zi-on's hill.

day, do not long - er de - lay, The ark, precious bark, floateth by; The

waves as they roll Shall not cover thy soul, For Jesus thy Saviour is nigh.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI



# Kneeling, Pleading, Waiting.

151

TATE & BRADY. "Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. i. 26.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have mer-cy, Lord, on me, As thou wert ev - er kind;
2. Blot out, O Lord, my sins, Nor me in an - ger view;
3. Withdraw not then thy help, Nor cast me from thy sight;
4. The joy thy fa - vor gives Let me a - gain ob - tain,

Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mer - cy find.  
Cre - ate in me a heart that's clean, An upright mind re - new.  
Nor let thy Ho - ly Spir - it take His ev - er - last - ing flight.  
And thy free Spir - it's firm support My fainting soul maintain.

## CHORUS.

I am kneeling, at the cross, I am pleading, at the cross, I am

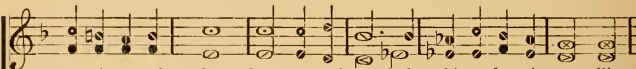
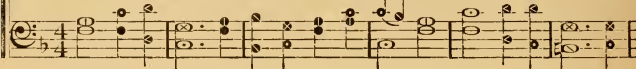
kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved; I am kneeling, I am

pleading, at the cross, There I'm kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved.

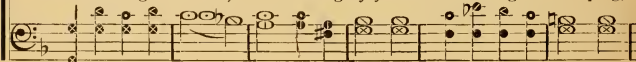




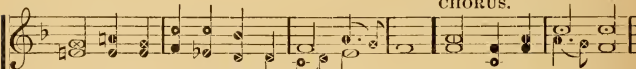
1. Hark, hark, my soul! angel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary; The day must dawn and
5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments



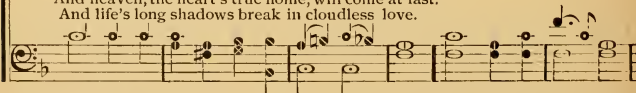
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Jesus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls by thousands meekly steal - ing,  
 darksome night be past; All journeys end in welcome to the wea - ry,  
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,



## CHORUS.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!



Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night!

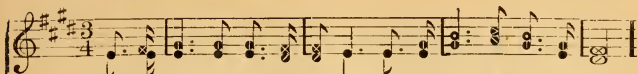




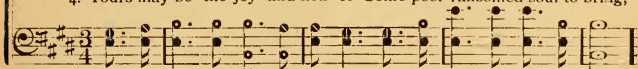
# Have you not a Word for Jesus? 153

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

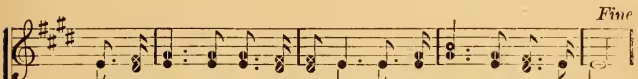
WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will you now his love pro - claim?
2. He has spok - en words of blessing, Par - don, peace and love to you,
3. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Some perchance while you are dumb,
4. Yours may be the joy and hon - or Some poor ransomed soul to bring,

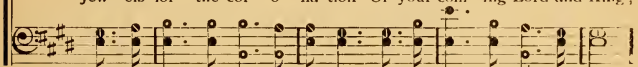


*Refrain.*—Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will you now his love pro - claim?

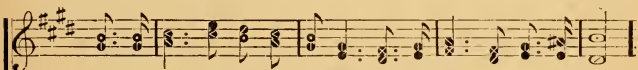


*Fine*

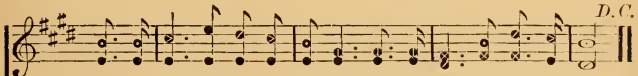
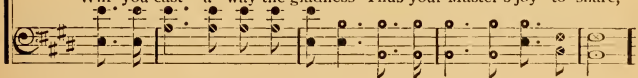
Who will speak if you are si - lent, You who know and love his name?  
Glorious hope and gracious comfort, Strong and tender, sweet and true;  
Wait and wea - ry for your message, Hoping you will bid them come;  
Jew - els for the cor - o - na - tion Of your com - ing Lord and King;



Who will speak if you are si - lent, You who know and love his name?



You whom he hath called and chosen His own wit - ness - es to be,  
Does he hear you tell - ing oth - ers Something of his love un - told,  
Nev - er tell - ing hidden sorrows, Ling'ring just outside the door,  
Will you cast a - way the gladness Thus your Master's joy to share,



*D. C.*

Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we can-not speak for thee?"  
O - ver-flow-ings of thanksgiving, For his mercies man - i - fold?  
Long-ing for your hand to lead them In - to rest for - ev - er - more.  
All because a word for Je - sus Seems too much for you to dare?





# Jesus is Calling You Now.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

DUET.

QUARTET.

1. Why do you wait a conven-i-ent day? Je-sus is calling you now;  
 2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Je-sus is calling you now,  
 3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je-sus is calling you now;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Why do you turn from his pleadings away? Je-sus is calling you now.  
 Joys have depart-ed and sorrow appears, Je-sus is calling you now.  
 What if the Spirit left you to your fate? Je-sus is calling you now.

DUET.

He stands at the door of your heart just now, The dews of the morning are on his brow;  
 The promise you made him was never kept, When down by the grave-side you mourn'd [and wept.  
 Escape for thy life, tarry not, O soul, Escape for thy life, you may miss the goal.

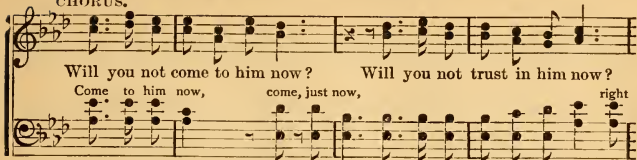
QUARTET.

He is there waiting and calling you now, O will you not come to him now?  
 Turn to him now and his free grace accept; O will you not come to him now?  
 And if you miss it, what horrors, O soul! O will you not come to him now?

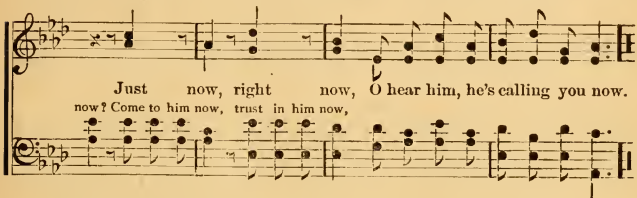


# Jesus is Calling You Now.—CONCLUDED. 155

CHORUS.



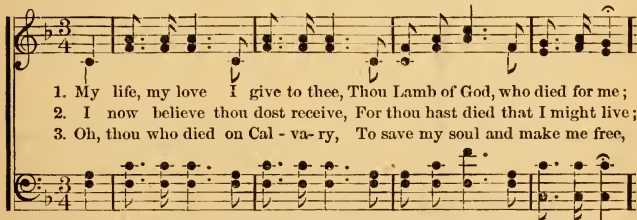
Will you not come to him now? Will you not trust in him now?  
Come to him now, come, just now, right



Just now, right now, O hear him, he's calling you now.  
now? Come to him now, trust in him now,

## I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Saviour and my God!  
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!  
I con - secrate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

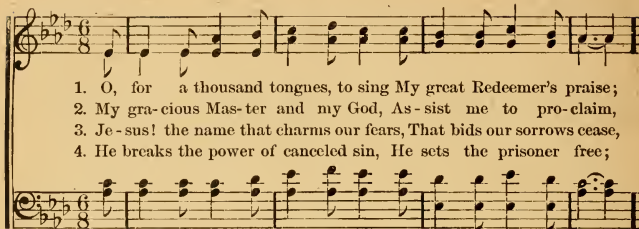


## The Tongue of Praise.

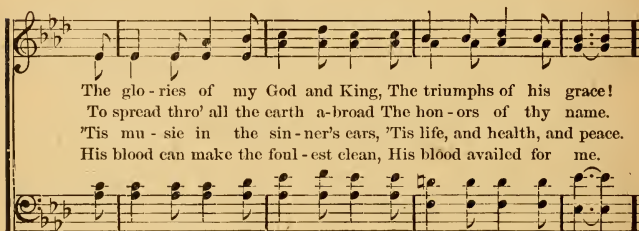
CHAS. WESLEY.

"My mouth shall show forth thy praise."

R. KELSO CARTER.

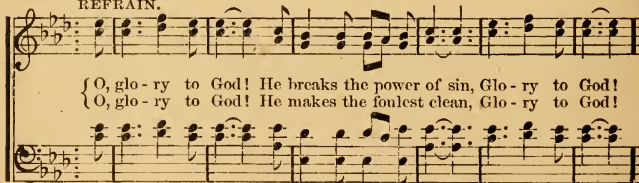


1. O, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;  
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,  
 3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,  
 4. He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;

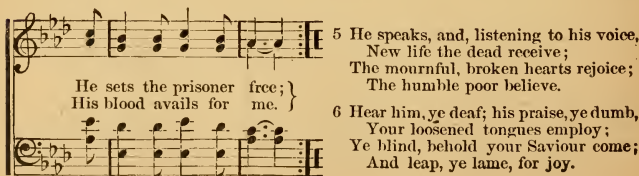


The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!  
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of thy name.  
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood availed for me.

## REFRAIN.



{ O, glo-ry to God! He breaks the power of sin, Glo-ry to God!  
 { O, glo-ry to God! He makes the foulest clean, Glo-ry to God!



He sets the prisoner free; }  
 His blood avails for me. }

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
 The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosened tongues employ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

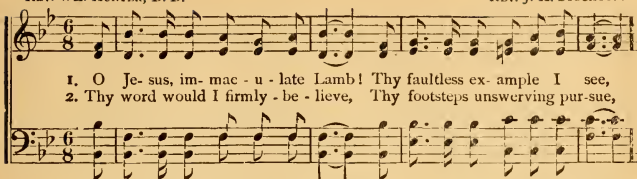


# Follow the Lamb.


157

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

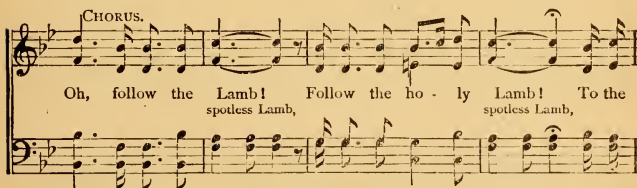


1. O Je - sus, im - mac - u - late Lamb! Thy faultless ex - ample I see,  
2. Thy word would I firmly - be - lieve, Thy footsteps unswerving pur - sue,



And, conscious how feeble I am, For help look alone un - to thee.  
Thy spir - it of meekness re - ceive, Thy will with all dil - i - gence do,

CHORUS.



Oh, follow the Lamb! Follow the ho - ly Lamb! To the  
spotless Lamb, spotless Lamb,



liv - ing foun - tains he leads, Follow, oh, follow the Lamb!

3 Thy love in my heart shed abroad,  
A flame of pure loyalty there;  
A zeal for the glory of God,  
Kept burning by watching and prayer.  
Oh, follow the Lamb!

4 Thyself in my bosom enshrine,  
The Lord of my passions and will;  
And all my new nature incline  
Thy law with delight to fulfil.  
Oh, follow the Lamb!

5 No virtue of mine can I claim,  
No power to perform what I would;  
The virtue is all in thy name, [blood.  
The power comes alone through thy  
Oh, follow the Lamb!

6 Oh, save me completely from sin,  
Oh, wash me, and I shall be pure;  
A thorough renewal within,  
A perfect and permanent cure.  
Oh, follow the Lamb!



# When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his  
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once  
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both  
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,  
 died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,  
 gar - ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

## REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

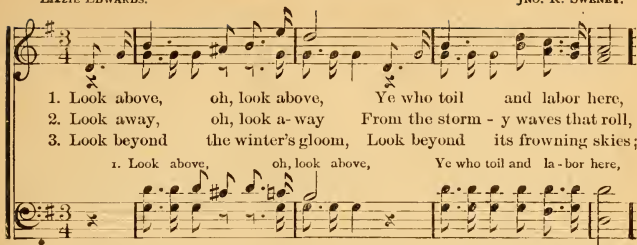


# Look Above.

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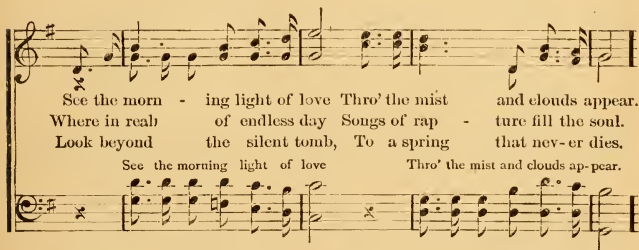
LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Look above, oh, look above, Ye who toil and labor here,  
 2. Look away, oh, look a-way From the storm - y waves that roll,  
 3. Look beyond the winter's gloom, Look beyond its frowning skies;

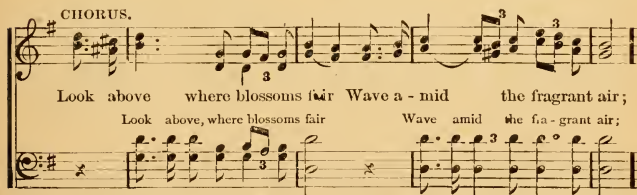
1. Look above, oh, look above, Ye who toil and la - bor here,



See the morn - ing light of love Thro' the mist and clouds appear.  
 Where in real of endless day Songs of rap - ture fill the soul.  
 Look beyond the silent tomb, To a spring that nev - er dies.

See the morning light of love Thro' the mist and clouds ap - pear.

CHORUS.



Look above where blossoms fair Wave a - mid the fragrant air;  
 Look above, where blossoms fair Wave amid the fra - grant air;



Look above, where all is love, Look above; your home is there.  
 Look above, where all is love, Look above; your home is there.



1. Je - sus, here I bring my all, Humbly at thy feet I fall,  
 2. Take my-self, my will, my choice, Means and talent, time and voice,  
 3. Lead me out to Ol - i - vet, On my brow the thorn-crown set,

In my soul re-solved to prove All that's in re-deeming love.  
 Loved ones, rep - u - tation's thrall, Present, fu - ture—take it all.  
 Lean - ing hard, my Lord, on thee, Let me die on Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

All to thee, all to thee, Con - se - crat - ed now to thee;

All to thee, all to thee, Let me die, and live in thee!

4 'Neath the judgment-thunders' boom  
 Lay me in the silent tomb;  
 Burst the bars, and, cleansed within,  
 Raise me from the grave of sin.

5 Once for all, myself I give;  
 Crucified, and yet I live;  
 Yet not I, but Christ in me  
 Lives and reigns eternally.

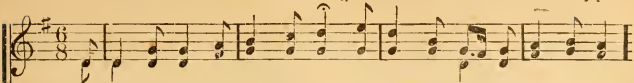


# Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By. 161

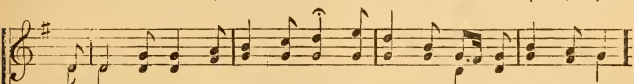
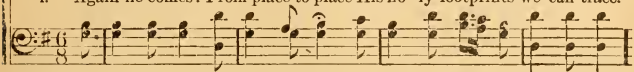
MISS ETTA CAMPBELL.

Mark x. 47.

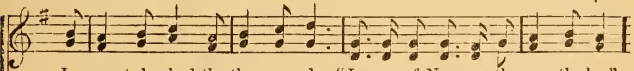
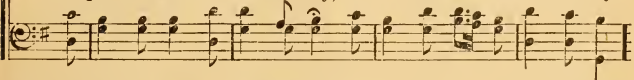
THEO. E. PERKINS. By per.



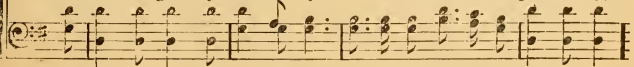
1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should he The ci - ty move so might-i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'tis he who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. Again he comes! From place to place His ho - ly footprints we can trace.



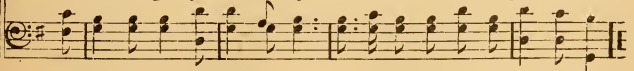
These wondrous gath' rings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?  
 A pass - ing stranger, has he skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?  
 And burdened ones, where'er he came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - descends to stay.



In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"  
 A - gain the stirring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"  
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"



In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stirring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept his proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
 And all his wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."



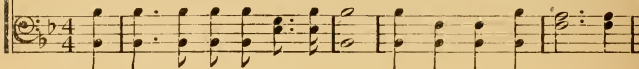
## I'm more than Conqueror.

PARKER.

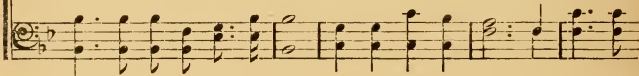
R. KELSO CARTER.



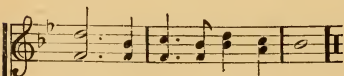
1. I'm more than conq'ror thro' his blood, Je - sus saves me now; I
2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now; Be -
3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now; His
4. Why should I ask a sign from God? Je - sus saves me now; Can



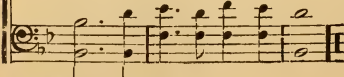
rest beneath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now. I go a  
fore the boasting foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now. I win the  
prom - ise is enough for me, Je - sus saves me now. Though foes be  
I not trust the precious blood? Je - sus saves me now. Strong in his



kingdom to ob - tain, I shall thro' him the vict'ry gain,— Je - sus  
fight tho' not be - gun, I'll trust and shout, still marching on,— Je - sus  
strong and walls be high, I'll shout, he gives the vic - to - ry,— Je - sus  
word, I meet the foe, And, shouting, win without a blow,— Je - sus



saves me, Je - sus saves me now.



- 5 Should Satan come like 'whelming  
Jesus saves me now; [waves,  
Ere trials crush my Father saves,  
Jesus saves me now.  
He hides me till the storm is past  
For me he tempers every blast,—  
Jesus saves me now.



# Not my Love.

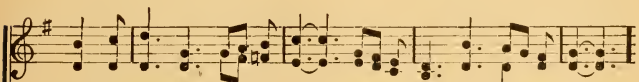
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JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, Lord of all, At thy feet I humbly fall,
2. Je-sus, Sav-iour, King of kings, 'Neath the shadow of thy wings
3. Thanks for all thy ten-der care, Thanks for ev-'ry gift I share,
4. When to realms of end-less day Flies my hap-py soul a-way,



Prais-ing thee that I am thine, Bought with blood,—thy blood divine.  
 Now in per-fect peace I rest, In thy full sal-va-tion blest.  
 For thy grace that keeps me still, Keeps me safe from ev-'ry ill.  
 When I join the ransomed throng, This for-ev-er be my song:—



## CHORUS.



Not my love but thine for me, From my bonds has made me free;  
 Not my love but thine for me, From my bonds has made, has made me free;



On the mountains bleak and wild Thou didst seek thy wand'ring child.

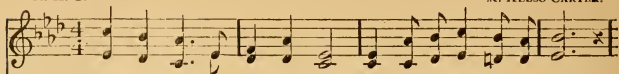
On the mountains



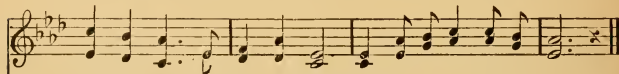
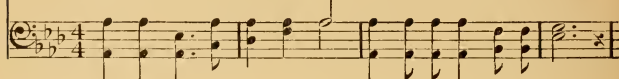


R. K. C.

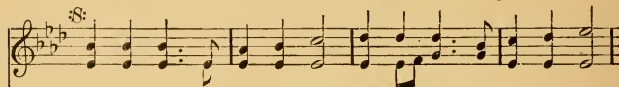
R. KELSO CARTER.



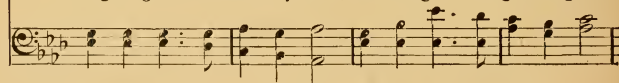
1. I have found the dear - est friend, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord;
2. Sins of crim - son turned to snow, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord;
3. More and more up - on the way, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord;



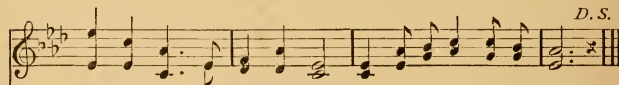
One whose love can nev - er end, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord;  
 Thou hast paid the debt I owe, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord;  
 Shin - eth to the per - fect day, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord;



Now his gra - cious fet - ters bind All my be - ing, and I find  
 I have felt the heal - ing flood, Touched the wondrous cleansing blood  
 Brighter grows the heavenly dream, Now the gold - en glo - ries gleam,

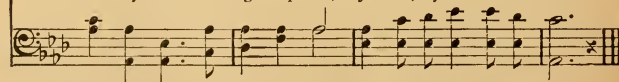


**Chorus.**—Wondrous love and boundless grace! Such as I may find a place



D. S.

One with - in my heart enshrined, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord.  
 Of the dy - ing Son of God, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord.  
 In my heart He reigns supreme, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord.



In the sun - shine of thy face, Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord.

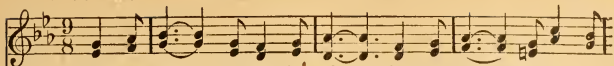


# Holy Spirit, Come.

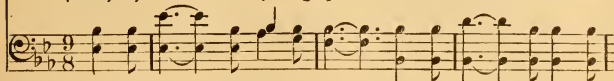
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ALEX. M. CARTER.

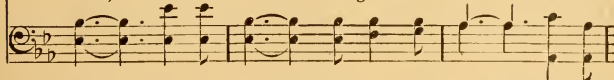
JNO. R. SWENEY.



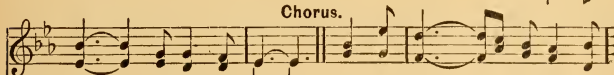
1. Precious Je - sus, Sav - iour dear, Set me free from slav - ish
2. May thy blood, for sin once spilt, Cleanse me from my crim - son
3. Bless - ed Lord, oh, bless - ed Lamb, Now I come just as I
4. May thy sanc - ti - fy - ing power Aid me in life's dark - est



fear, Fill me with thy per - fect love, Fit me  
guilt, May its nev - er ceas - ing flow, Wash and  
am, This my prayer, my on - ly plea, That thy  
hour, Free me from the guilt of sin Wash and



## Chorus.



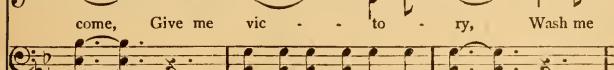
for a home a - bove.  
keep me white as snow, } Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O  
blood was shed for me.  
keep me pure with - in.



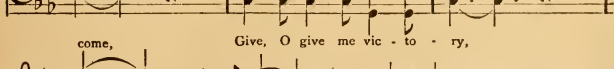
Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O



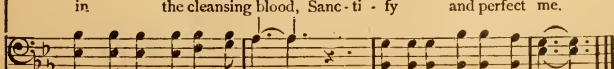
come, Give me vic - to - ry, Wash me



come, Give, O give me vic - to - ry,



in the cleansing blood, Sanc - ti - fy and perfect me.



Wash me in the cleansing blood

Sanc - ti - fy and per - fect me.



*Moderato.*

1. The Cross and the Bi - ble, how pre-cious their worth! From darkness re-  
 2. The Cross and the Bi - ble, how grandly sub-lime! Unmoved by the  
 3. The Cross and the Bi - ble, our com-fort and joy! The links that u-

claim-ing the lost ones of earth; The Bi - ble, to Je - sus our  
 chang-es and per - ils of time, They stand like a watch-tower, whose  
 nite them no power can de-destroy; E - ter - ni - ty's ag - es shall

lamp and our guide, Un-veils to our vis-ion the Cross where he died.  
 rock-gird-ed form Looks down on the tempest, and smiles at the storm.  
 hal-low their name, And millions on millions their worth shall proclaim.

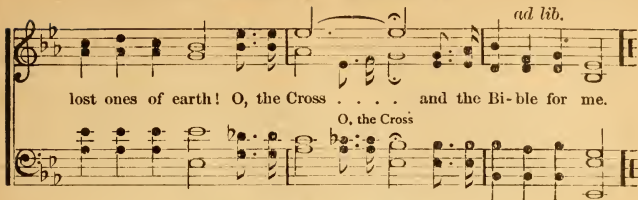
## CHORUS.

O, the Cross and the Bi - ble for me! O, the  
                   the Cross

Cross and the Bi - ble for me! How precious their worth to the  
                   the Cross



*ad lib.*

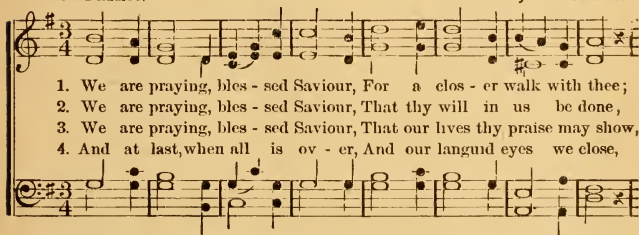


lost ones of earth! O, the Cross . . . . and the Bi-ble for me.  
O, the Cross

## From This Hour.

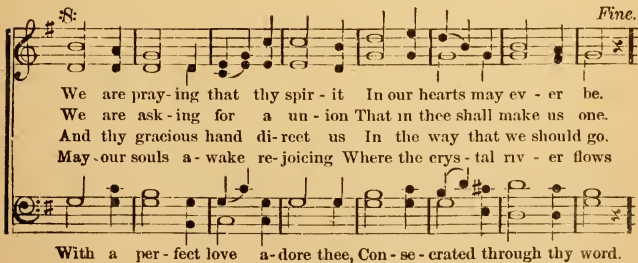
RACHEL ELLIOT.

JNO R SWENNY.



1. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, For a clos - er walk with thee;
2. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That thy will in us be done,
3. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That our lives thy praise may show,
4. And at last, when all is ov - er, And our languid eyes we close,

*Fine.*

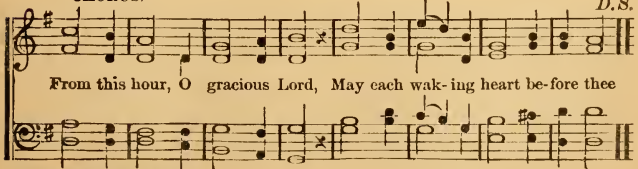


We are pray - ing that thy spir - it In our hearts may ev - er be.  
We are ask - ing for a un - ion That in thee shall make us one.  
And thy gracious hand di - rect us In the way that we should go.  
May - our souls a - wake re - joicing Where the crys - tal riv - er flows

With a per - fect love a - dore thee, Con - se - crated through thy word.

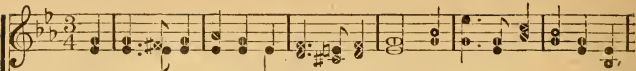
CHORUS.

*D.S.*

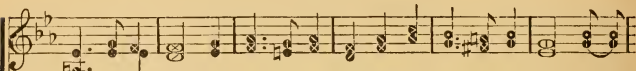
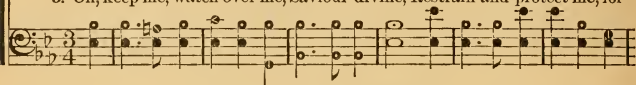


From this hour, O gracious Lord, May each wak - ing heart be - fore thee

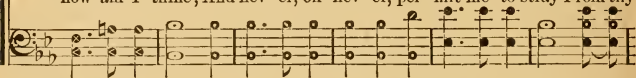




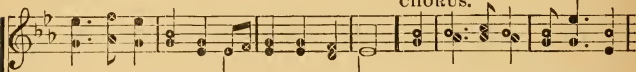
1. I heard thy voice calling me, Shepherd divine, I listened with gladness, and
2. I felt thy arms drawing me close to thy breast, I pillow'd my head there, and
3. Oh, keep me, watch over me, Saviour divine, Restrain and protect me, for



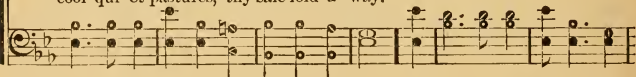
lo, I am thine! In doubt and in darkness no lon-ger I rove, But  
sweet was my rest, As in from the mountain-paths dreary and lone Thou didst  
now am I thine; And nev-er, oh nev-er, per-mit me to stray From thy



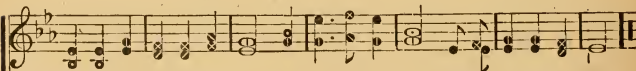
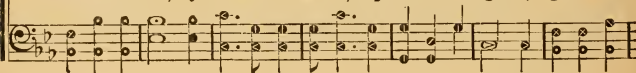
## CHORUS.



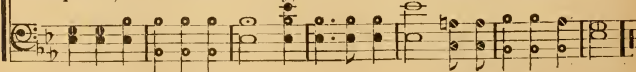
sweet-ly and safe-ly I rest in thy love. O ref-uge most blessed, O  
bear me re-joic-ing, and call me thine own.  
cool qui-et pastures, thy safe fold a-way.



rest most serene, by waters the stillest, in pastures most green, O gentlest of



Shepherds, with thee would I stay, And wander no more from thy safe fold away.



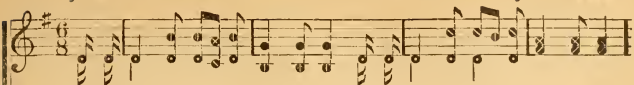


# Washed White as Snow.

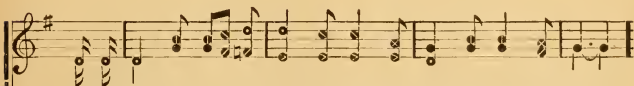
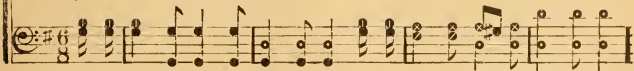
169

FANNY J. CROSBY.

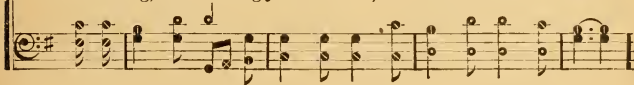
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
- 3 Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,



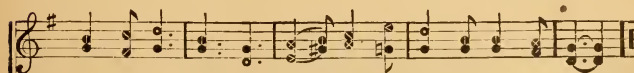
In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow,  
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.  
What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.  
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.



## CHORUS.



O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus



cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.





## The New Song.

FLORA L. BERT.

JNO. R. SWENNER.

*Moderato.*

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a  
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the  
 din . . of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

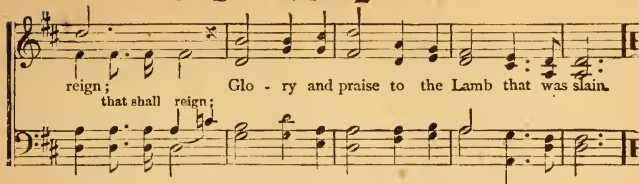
CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the  
 sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song!

new, new song, I can sing it now With the  
 O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - som'd thron'g: . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall  
 ransom'd, the ransom'd thron'g: . .





reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.  
that shall reign;

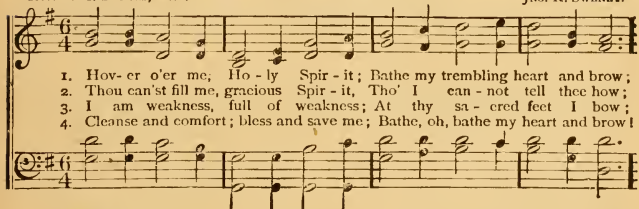
3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,  
When the gracious Master hath made me  
glad? [be,  
When he points where the many mansions  
And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?  
4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall  
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,  
For I know that the shadows, dreary and  
dim,  
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

*From "Gems of Praise," by per.*

## Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

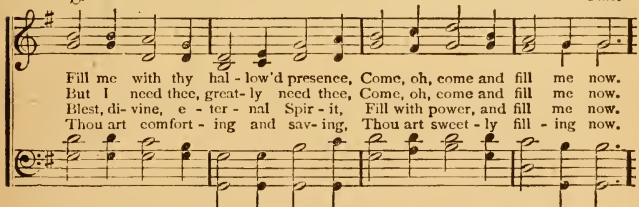
JNO. R. SWENNY.



1. Hov - er o'er me; Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;  
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;  
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

*S:*

*Fine.*



Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
Thou art comfort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

*D.S.* Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

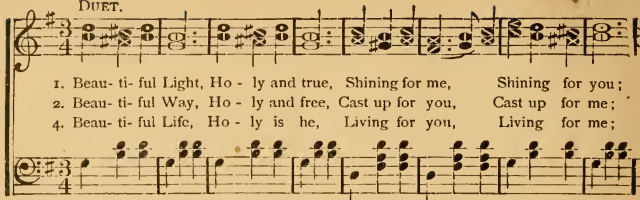
*D.S.*



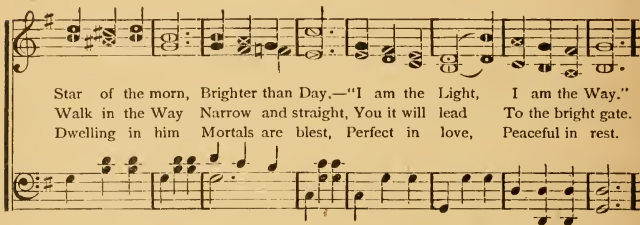
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;



## DUET.

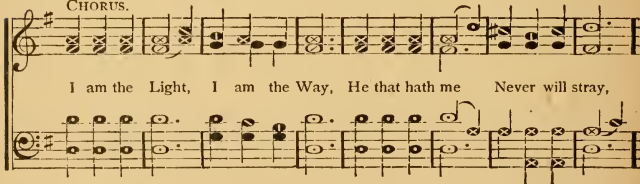


1. Beau-ti-ful Light, Ho-ly and true, Shining for me, Shining for you;  
 2. Beau-ti-ful Way, Ho-ly and free, Cast up for you, Cast up for me;  
 4. Beau-ti-ful Life, Ho-ly is he, Living for you, Living for me;

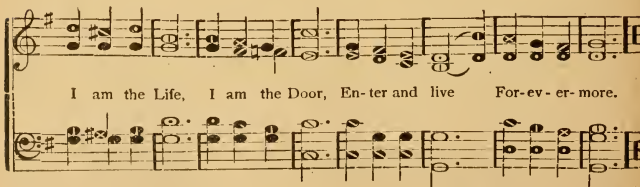


Star of the morn, Brighter than Day.—"I am the Light, I am the Way."  
 Walk in the Way Narrow and straight, You it will lead To the bright gate.  
 Dwelling in him Mortals are blest, Perfect in love, Peaceful in rest.

## CHORUS.



I am the Light, I am the Way, He that hath me Never will stray,



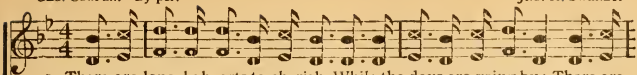
I am the Life, I am the Door, En-ter and live For-ev-er-more.



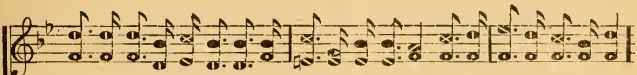
# While the Days are Going By. 173

GEO. COOPER. By per.

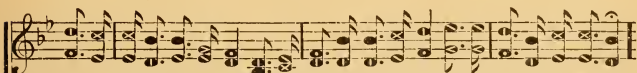
JNO. R. SWENEY.



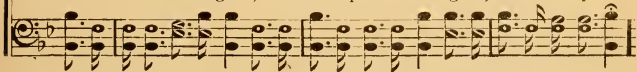
1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by ; There are
2. There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are going by ; Let our
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us While the days are going by, One by



weary souls who perish While the days are going by. If a smile we can renew,  
face be like the morning, While the days are going by. Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
one we leave behind us While the days are going by. But the seeds of good we sow,



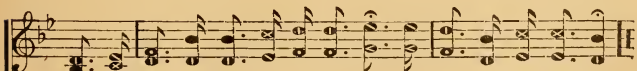
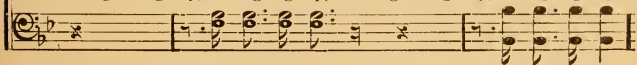
As our journey we pursue, Oh, the good that we might do, While the days are going by.  
Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise While the days are going by.  
Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days etc.



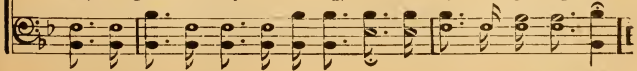
## CHORUS.



While go - ing by, while going by, While go - ing by, while going by,



Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the days are go-ing by.





1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;  
 2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beains in his eye,  
 3. Lov-ing-ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer-cy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;  
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watching, watching, Long to be-hold thee safe in the fold;

Ten-der-ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O come un-to me.  
 Hear him re-peat-ing gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.  
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set.  
 An-gels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.

Je-sus is looking, Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way?

Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



# Are You Washed in the Blood.

175

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his  
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the  
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the  
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the

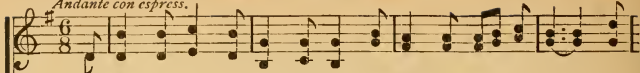
CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you  
Cru - ei - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

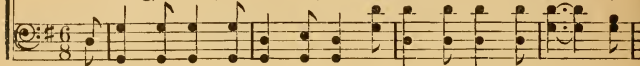
washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the  
Lamb?

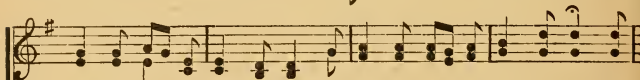


*Andante con espress.*

1. A - las! a - las! a wayward sheep Had wandered from the fold, Far
2. He sought with many-a footstep sore, From early morn till night; Thro'
3. How long, O Lord, must I still go? How long search for the sheep? They've



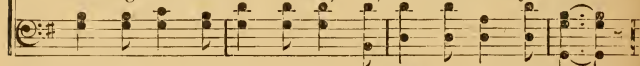
o'er the mountains rough and steep, Where howling tempests rolled; The  
 rock - y wastes, where torrents roar, — All pathways but the right; Then  
 wandered far a - way, I know, — Discouraged, lo, I weep: How



Shepherd, with a burdened mind, Went forth the missing one to find, The  
 cried, with sad and burdened mind, The missing I have failed to find, The  
 long thus go, with burdened mind? "Go," Jesus saith, "until ye find;" The



miss - ing one, far, far a - way, The miss - ing one to find.  
 miss - ing one, far, far a - way, A - las! I've failed to find.  
 miss - ing one must not be lost, — Go, seek un - til ye find!

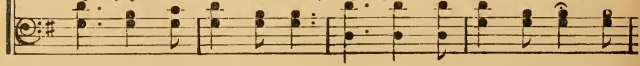


## CHORUS.



Go, seek un - til ye find; Go, seek un - til ye find; The  
*Chorus to last verse:—*

Joy! joy! the lost is found; Joy! joy! the lost is found; The





miss - ing one must not be lost,—Go, seek un - til ye find.  
miss - ing one, no long - er lost, The miss - ing one is found.

4 I've sought my friends for many-a day,  
Have prayed for many-a year;  
Yet, still they wander far away,  
O'er mountains dark and drear;  
How long thus seek with burdened mind?  
"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;"  
The missing one must not be lost,—  
"Go, seek until ye find!"

5 Lord, at thy word I go again,  
Believing I shall find:  
I listened, and a low refrain  
Came to me on the wind;  
Led by the sadly joyful sound  
I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found!  
Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine!  
The lost one I have found.

## Trustingly.

H. BONAR.

WM. J. KERKPATRICK.

1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to thee Come I; Lord,  
2. Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly Walk I with thee; Je - sus, my  
3. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to

lov - ing - ly, Come thou to me! Then shall I lov - ing - ly,  
Lord, thou art All, all to me; Peace thou hast left to us,  
work for thee, Ear - nest and strong; Life is for ser - vice true,

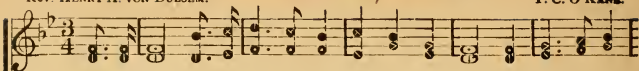
Then shall I joy - ful - ly walk here with thee, Walk here with thee.  
Thy peace hast giv - en us; So let it be, So let it be.  
Life is for bat - tle, too, Life is for song, Life is for song.



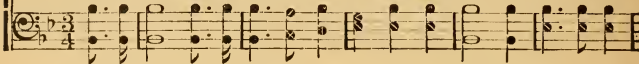
# The Song of the Soul.

Rev. HENRY A. VON DULSEM.

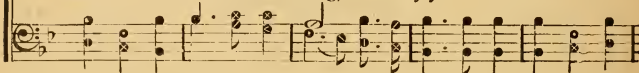
T. C. O'KANE.



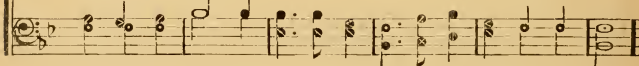
1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
2. In the beau-ti-ful land far a-way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
3. And the fair, golden harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
4. And as a-ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per-ish the



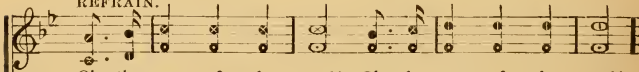
pine, in the home of our King! But as a-ges fly onward new  
home of the An-cient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the  
touch that no an-gel can give, As we sing in that land where the  
stars that in heav-en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be



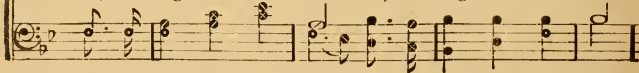
chords shall un-fold, New mel-o-dies meeting, in-spire us to sing.  
sun in his pride, Our long hal-le-lu-jahs of glo-ry we'll raise.  
wea-ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin-ner might live.  
deathless and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.



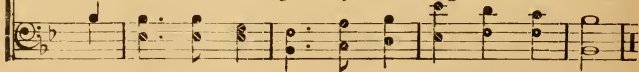
## REFRAIN.



Oh, the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!



For-ev-er in glo-ry the song of the soul!





# Beulah Land.

179

EDGAR PAGE.

"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

JNO. R. SWENNE.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich- es free- ly mine;  
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;  
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev- er - ver- nal trees,  
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel- o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.  
 He gen- tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav- en's border - land.  
 And flowers, that never- fad- ing grow Where streams of life for- ev - er flow.  
 As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.

CHORUS.

O Beu- lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high- est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre- pared for me,

And view the shin- ing glo- ry shore,—My heav'n, my home, for ev - er- more!



1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;  
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay  
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long.

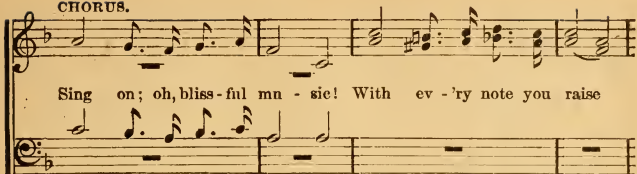
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;  
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;  
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount! I stand,  
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of his re - deem - ing love,  
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

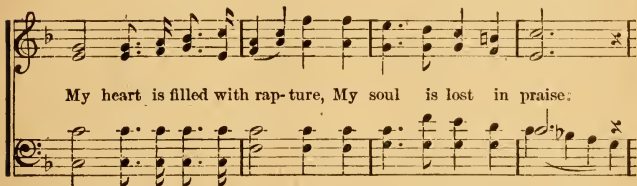
And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land.  
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.  
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.



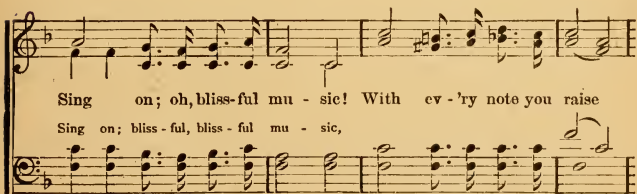
## CHORUS.



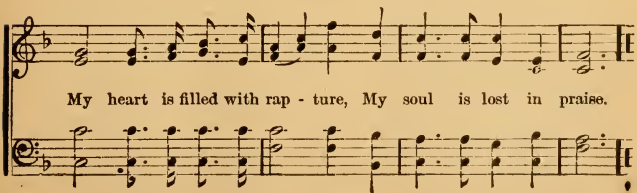
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise



My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise:



Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise  
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,



My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



# The Great Physician.

REV WM. H. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The Great Phy - si - cian now is here, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus : }  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. }

## CHORUS.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, *pp* Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Your many sins are all forgiven,<br/>Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;<br/>Go on your way in peace to heaven,<br/>And wear a crown with Jesus.</p> <p>3 All glory to the dying Lamb!<br/>I now believe in Jesus;<br/>I love the blessed Saviour's name,<br/>I love the name of Jesus.</p> <p>4 The children too, both great and small,<br/>Who love the name of Jesus,<br/>May now accept his gracious call<br/>To work and live for Jesus.</p> | <p>5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,<br/>Oh, praise the name of Jesus;<br/>Come, sisters, all your voices raise,<br/>Oh, bless the name of Jesus.</p> <p>6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,<br/>No other name but Jesus;<br/>Oh, how my soul delights to hear<br/>The precious name of Jesus.</p> <p>7 And when to that bright world above,<br/>We rise to see our Jesus,<br/>We'll sing around the throne of love<br/>His name, the name of Jesus.</p> |
|---|---|

## MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.—Laban, key D.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My soul, be on thy guard,<br/>Ten thousand foes arise;<br/>The hosts of sin are pressing hard<br/>To draw thee from the skies.</p> <p>2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;<br/>The battle ne'er give o'er;<br/>Renew it boldly every day,<br/>And help divine improve.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,<br/>Nor lay thine armor down;<br/>The work of faith will not be done<br/>Till thou obtain the crown.</p> <p>4 Then persevere till death<br/>Shall bring thee to thy God;<br/>He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,<br/>To his divine abode.</p> |
|--|---|



# Yield not to Temptation.

183

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you  
 2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence,  
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we will conquer,

some oth - er to win; Fight manfully onward, Dark passions sub - due,  
 nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,  
 though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew,

CHORUS.  
 Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

## STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Webb, key B flat.

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

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in his strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,—  
 Ye dare not trust your own;

Put on the gospel armor,  
 And, watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

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



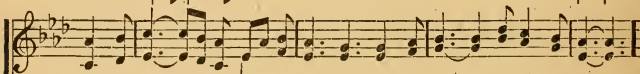
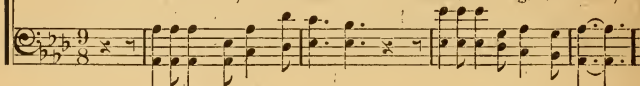
## I Need Thee.

FRANK GOULD.

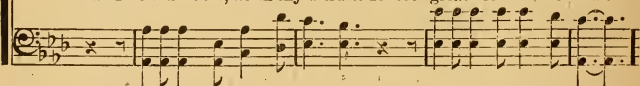
JNO. R. SWANEY.



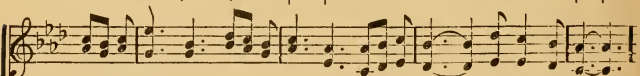
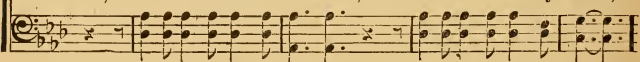
1. Blessed Sav - iour, my Redeem-er, In thy mer - cy hear my call;  
 2. Yes, I need thee, blessed Saviour, I am weak and poor in-deed;  
 2. How I need thee, when the sunshine Of a calm delight I share;



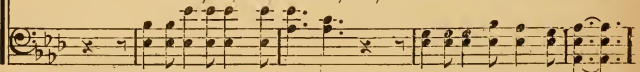
How I need thy grace to keep me, Ev-'ry mo - ment, lest I fall.  
 And I need the bread thou givest, Bread of life, my soul to feed.  
 How I need thee, when my burden Is too great for me to bear.



Lord, I need thy hand to guide me Wheresoe'er my path may be;  
 Still I need thy strength to arm me 'Gainst the ma - ny foes with-in;  
 Lord, in life and death I need thee, For I live but in thy smile;



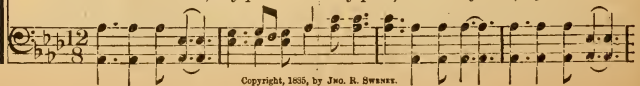
Oh! I need thy love so ten - der, None can ev - er love like thee.  
 Still I need thy blood to cleanse me, And to keep my heart from sin.  
 Oh! I need thee, bless-ed Saviour, Yes, I need thee all the while.



## CHORUS.



Bend thou thine ear, Thy promise all my plea; I need thy love, thy tender love.





Oh! grant it, Lord, to me, . . . now to me, Oh! grant it, Lord, to me. . . . now to me.

## What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!  
D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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



## The Beautiful Hills.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

Psalm cxxi.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I will look to the hills, to the beau - ti - ful hills, Where the  
 2. On the ev - ergreen hills is the fair tree of life, With its  
 3. The Great Shepherd of Is - rael a faith - ful watch keeps, That my  
 4. The dark pathway he hal - lowed I will not despise, I will

pure liv - ing fountains are found, Whence my help cometh down in their  
 balm for all sor - row and care; And its bow - ers are free from temp -  
 foot be not moved from the way; I will trust, for my Lord neither  
 drink of the cup that he fills, And for joy in the darkness, will

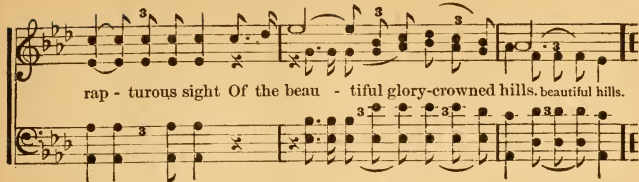
life - giv - ing rills, That with joy make the de - sert a - bound.  
 ta - tion and strife, For the an - gel of Peace dwelleth there.  
 slum - bers nor sleeps, And the night is to him as the day.  
 lift up mine eyes To the light of the beau - ti - ful hills.

## CHORUS.

O the beau - - - ti - ful, beau ti - ful hills! O the  
 O the beau - - - ti - ful hills, beau ti - ful hills!

beau - - ti - ful, beautiful hills! My soul thrills with delight At the  
 O the beau - - ti - ful hills, beautiful hills!

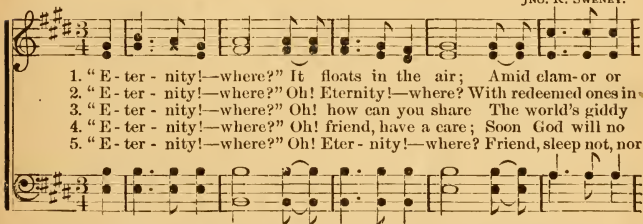




## Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words, "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

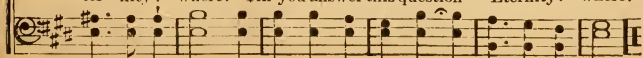
JNO. R. SWENEY.



si-lence it ev - er is there! The ques-tion so solemn—"E-glo-ry? or fiends in de-spair? With one or the oth - er—"E-pleasures, or heed-less-ly dare Do aught till you set-tle—"E-long-er his judgment for-bear; This day may de-cide your "E-take in the world an - y share, Till-you answer this question—"E-



ter - nity!—where?" The question so solemn—"E - ter - nity!—where?" ter - nity!—where?" With one or the oth - er—"E - ter - nity!—where?" ter - nity!—where?" Do aught till you settle—"E - ter - nity!—where?" ter - nity!—where?" This day may decide your "E - ter - nity!—where?" ter - nity!—where?" Till-you answer this question—"Eternity!—where?"






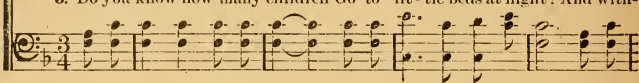

## God Knoweth.

MOTION SONG.

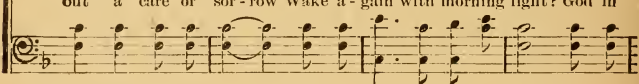
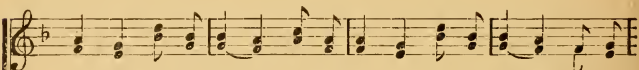
Music from the GERMAN.



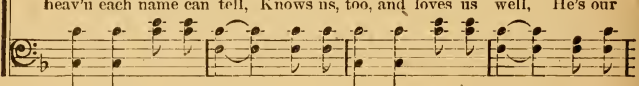
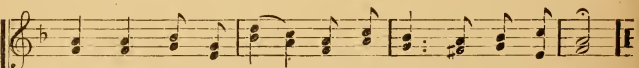
1. Do you know how many stars There are shining in the sky? Do you  
 2. Do you know how many birdies In the sunshine sing all day? Do you  
 3. Do you know how many children Go to lit-tle beds at night? And with-

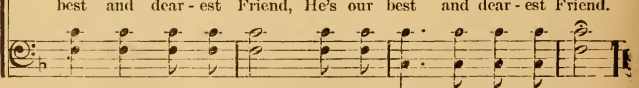
know how ma-ny clouds Ev-'ry day go floating by? God the  
 know how ma-ny fish-es In the sparkling wa-ters play? God the  
 out a care or sor-row Wake a-gain with morning light? God in

Lord their number knoweth, For each one his care he showeth, Of the  
 Lord who dwells in heaven, Name and life to each has giv-en, In his  
 heav'n each name can tell, Knows us, too, and loves us well, He's our

bright and boundless host, Of the bright and boundless host.  
 love they live and move, In his love they live and move.  
 best and dear-est Friend, He's our best and dear-est Friend.



**MOTIONS**—**VERSE 1.** Arms extended above the head; move the fingers to represent the stars. Extend the arms in front and wave the hands, to show clouds. **VERSE 2.** Extend the arms to the right and left, and move them to imitate the flying of birds. Extend the hands and move from right to left in front to represent fishes. **VERSE 3.** Bow the head on the hands and shut the eyes, opening them at the words, "Wake again."



# Resting.

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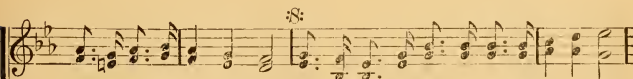
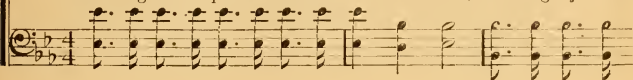
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. R. SWENEY.

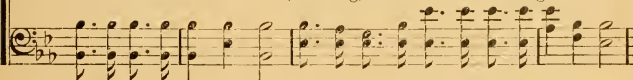
*Not too fast.*



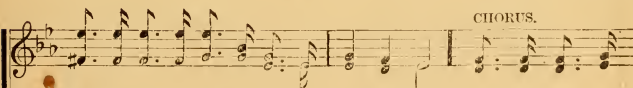
1. Rest-ing on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord, Rest-ing on the
2. Rest-ing 'neath his guiding hand for un-track'd days, Rest-ing 'neath his
3. Rest-ing in the fort-ress while the foe is nigh, Rest-ing in the
4. Rest-ing in the pastures and beneath the Rock, Rest-ing by the



ful-ness of his own sure word. Resting on his pow-er, on his love untold,  
shad-ow from the noontide rays; Resting at the e-ventide beneath his wing,  
life-boat while the waves roll high, Resting in his char-iot for the swift glad race,  
wa-ters where he leads his flock, Resting, while we lis-ten at his glorious feet,

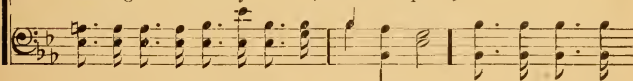


*D. S.*—Rest-ing and re-joic-ing, let his saved ones sing,

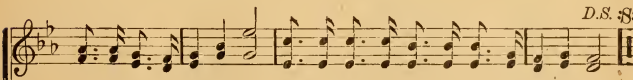


CHORUS.

Rest-ing on his cov-e-nant re-cured of old.  
In the fair pa-vil-ion of our Saviour King.  
Rest-ing, al-ways resting in his boundless grace.  
Rest-ing in his ver-y arms! O, rest com-plete. } Rest-ing and be-

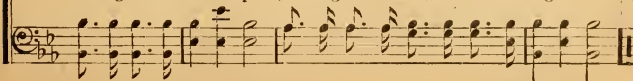


Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to Christ our King.




*D. S.* *8:*

liev-ing, let us onward press, Resting in himself, the Lord our righteousness;






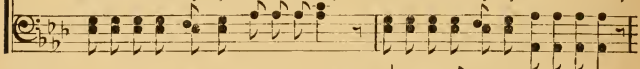
JAMES L. BLACK.



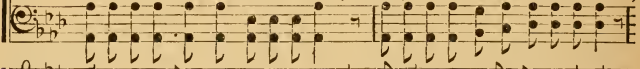
1. Wea - - ry and thirst - y, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the way - side he stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faith - - ful and true?  
 4. Ask him to help thee just now to be - lieve;  
 1. Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam? Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the wayside he stands, All the day long by the wayside he stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true? Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true?  
 4. Ask him to help thee just now to believe, Ask him to help thee just now to believe?



Why wilt thou wand - er, an ex - - ile from home?  
 Show - ing the print of the nails in his hands;  
 Night is approach - ing, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;  
 Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home? Showing the print of the nails in his hands;  
 Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do? Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask him in mer-cy thy heart to receive, Ask him in mer-cy thy heart to receive;



Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
 Come, or for-ev - er too late it may be,  
 Deep - - er and deep - er the dark - ness will be,  
 Come, and this mo - ment his child thou wilt be,  
 Come to the wa-ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,  
 Come, or forev - er too late it will be, Come, or forev - er too late it will be,  
 Deeper and deeper the darkness will be, Deeper and deeper the darkness will be,  
 Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be, Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be,

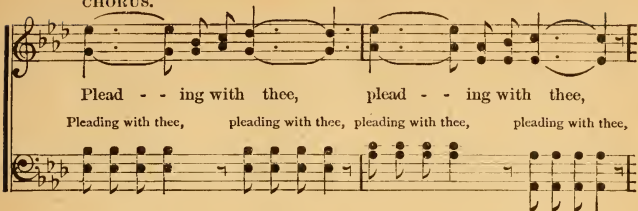


Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Now thy Redeem - - er is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Haste, while the Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Grieve not the Sav - iour now plead - - ing with thee.  
 Je-sus thy Sav-iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead-ing with thee.  
 Now thy Redeem - er is pleading with thee, Re-deem-er is plead-ing with thee.  
 Haste, while the Saviour is pleading with thee, the Saviour is plead-ing with thee.  
 Grieve not the Saviour now pleading with thee, the Saviour now pleading with thee.

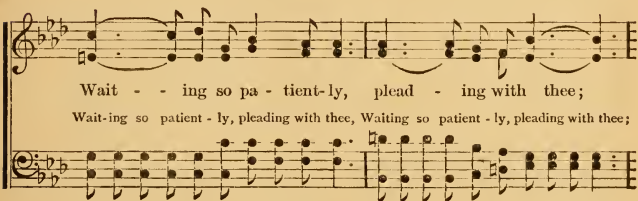




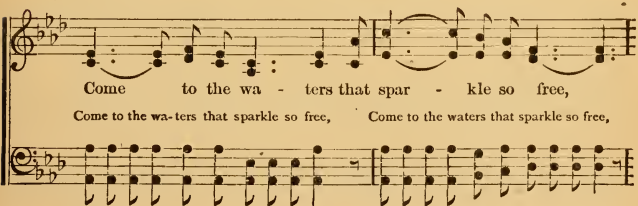
## CHORUS.



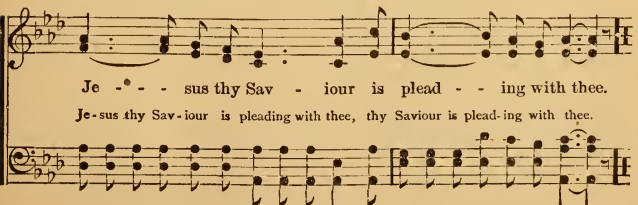
Plead - - ing with thee, plead - - ing with thee,  
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee,



Wait - - ing so pa - tient-ly, plead - ing with thee;  
Wait-ing so patient - ly, pleading with thee, Waiting so patient - ly, pleading with thee;



Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
Come to the wa-ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,



Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
Je-sus thy Sav-iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead-ing with thee.



Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! sweet is thy noon - tide calm,  
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold - en day,  
 3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.  
 Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.  
 O - ver the highlands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

## CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest. How  
 the pure and blest.

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

## Angels hovering round.

1. There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round,

2 To carry the tidings home,  
 3 To the New Jerusalem.  
 4 We are on our journey home.  
 5 Poor sinners are coming home,

There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round, 6 And Jesus bids them come

7 Let him that heareth come,  
 8 And he that is thirsty come,

9 And whosoever will may come.  
 10 There's glory all around!

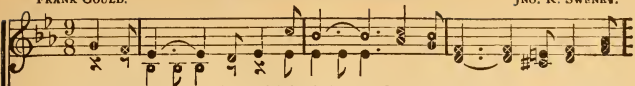


# One more Day.

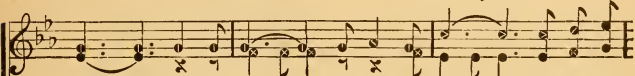
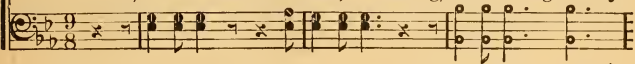
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FRANK GOULD.

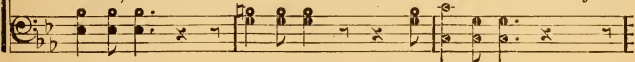
JNO. R. SWENEY.



- |                  |                      |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|----------------|
| 1. One more day  | its twilight brings, | One more day     | its shadow     |
| 2. One more day  | of conflict passed,  | One more vie -   | t'ry gained at |
| 3. One more day  | of reaping o'er,     | One more sheaf   | to crown our   |
| 4. Saviour, when | as now we rest,      | Leaning, trust - | ing on thy     |



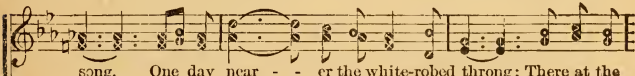
flings;	One sweet hour	of grate-ful prayer,	Calling to
last;	One sweet hour	in praise to spend,	While at a
store;	One sweet hour	to bathe the soul	Here in the
breast,	We shall cross	the nar-row sea	Still may we



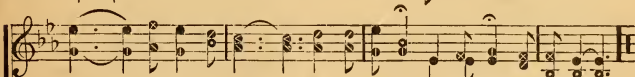
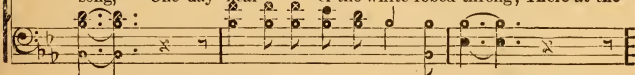
## CHORUS.



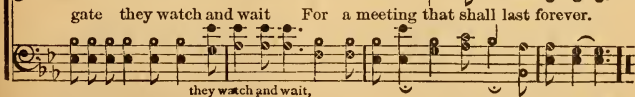
rest . . .	from toil and care.	One day near - -	er the land of
throne . . .	of grace we bend.		
streams . . .	of joy that roll.		
sing, . . .	inspired by thee:—		



song,	One day near -	er the white-robed throng; There at the
-------	----------------	---



gate they watch and wait	For a meeting that shall last forever.
--------------------------	--



they watch and wait,



Rev. I. N. WILSON

JNO R. SWENEY, by per.

1. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our  
May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly

*D. S.*—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

hearts with the light of thy love; } It is good to be here, it is  
fall on us now from a - bove. }

good for us, Lord, to be here.

*D. S.*

good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a-way all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee;  
Oh, may we now see  
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;  
And feel, as it rolls  
In power o'er our souls,  
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;  
We feel the sweet flow [tide;  
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning  
We are washed from our sin,  
Made all holy within,  
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Copyright, 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

Tune and Chorus above.

Oh, how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above;  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received—  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

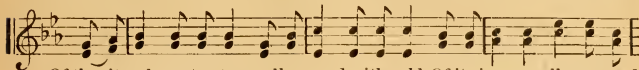
3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song;  
Oh, that all his salvation might see:  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.





1. I am thinking of home, of my Father's house, Where the many bright mansions be!
2. I am thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there, Dearest friends who have gone before;
3. I am thinking of home, yes, of home, sweet home; May we all in that home unite



Of the city whose streets are all covered with gold, Of its jasper walls pure and  
With whom we went down to the death-river's side, And so sadly thought as we  
With the white-covered throng, and exultingly raise To the triune God, sweetest

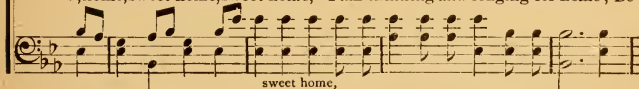


fair to be-hold, Which the righteous a-lone ev-er see.  
watched by the tide, Of the thrice hap-py morn-ings of yore.  
an-thems of praise, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, and hon-or, and might.

## REFRAIN.



O, home, sweet home, sweet home, I am thinking and longing for home; Be-



yond the pearly gates many mansions wait For the weary ones who journey home.



## Homeward Bound.

- 1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
We're homeward bound,  
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide,  
We're homeward bound;  
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,  
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,  
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,  
We're homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
We're homeward bound;  
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
We're homeward bound;

Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,  
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,  
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail  
We're homeward bound.

- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,  
We're home at last;  
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
We're 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.

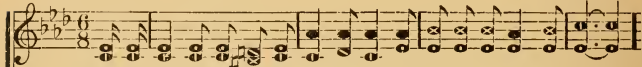


# I shall have Wings.

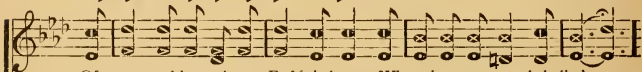
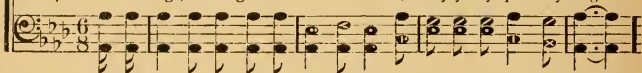
On the steam ferry-boat plying between Liverpool and Birkenhead there might have been seen a few years ago a poor crippled boy, his body was grown almost to a man's size, but his limbs were withered and helpless, and not bigger than the limbs of a child. He used to wheel himself about in a small carriage. He had a little musical instrument on which he played, and while he never asked for anything, very few of the passengers could hear his sweet music, or look at his honest, cheerful face, without dropping a penny or two into his carriage. One day a lady was standing near, looking at him with great pity; she thought how sad and lonely he must feel, unable to help himself, and with no prospect of ever being any better in this world, and turning to a friend who was with her, she said, "poor boy, what a sad life he has to lead, and nothing in all the future to look forward too." She did not intend that he should hear this remark, but he did hear it, and as she was leaving the boat she saw a tear in his eye, and a bright smile on his face trying to chase the tear away, as he said, "I'm expecting to have wings some day, lady."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

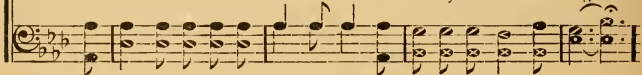
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a voice that comes in my lonely hours And tender-ly speaks to me
2. O I sit and think of those radiant wings, By faith I behold them now,
3. There's a home for me, there's a home for me, My Saviour has told me so,
4. O the wings, the wings that I soon shall wear, And joyfully speed my flight



Of rest and home in my Father's house, Where happy my soul shall be.  
And feel the hand of my Saviour laid So loving-ly on my brow.  
Where tears and sorrow and pain shall cease And pleasure e-ter-nal flow.  
From toil and care to a mansion fair Of beauty and end-less light,



CHORUS.



I shall have wings, beauti-ful wings, I shall have wings some day,—Bright



wings of love from God a-bove To bear my glad soul a-way.

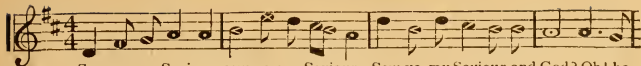




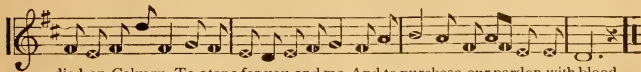
# Saw ye my Saviour?

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SCOTCH MELODY.



1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour, Saw ye my Saviour and God? Oh! he



died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

■ He was extended, he was extended,  
Painfully nailed to the cross;  
Here he bowed his head and died;  
Thus my Lord was crucified  
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!  
Prince, and the Author of peace!  
Oh! he bursts the bars of death!  
And, triumphant from the earth,  
He ascended to the mansions of bliss.

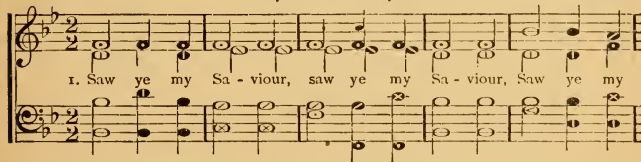
4 There interceding, there interceding,  
Pleading that sinners may live;  
Crying, "Father, I have died;  
Oh, behold my hands and side!  
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them  
When they repent and believe;  
Let them now return to thee,  
And be reconciled to thee,  
And salvation they all shall receive."

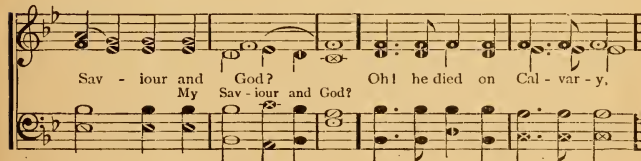
# Saw ye my Saviour?

To my friend J. R. Sweney.

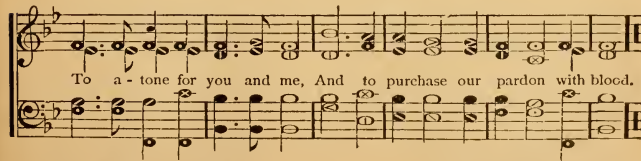
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Saw ye my Sa - viour, saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my



Sav - iour and God? Oh! he died on Cal - var - y,  
My Sav - iour and God?



To a - tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.



Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



1. On-ward now! the trum-pet call is sounding: On-ward now! with
2. On-ward now! be valiant, brave and dar-ing; On-ward now, the
3. On-ward now! our King has gone be-fore us; Strong in him, our
4. On-ward now! be firm and faithful ev-er; On-ward now, our



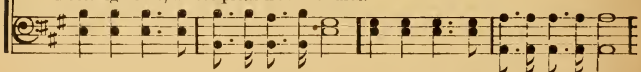
ho-ly rapture bounding, Heart and voice in har-mo-ny resound-ing,  
 Christian armor wear-ing; On-ward now! the roy-al standard bearing,  
 triumph will be glorious. On-ward now! his lov-ing care is o'er us;  
 cour-age fail-ing nev-er, Look-ing home, beyond the si-lent riv-er—



## REFRAIN.



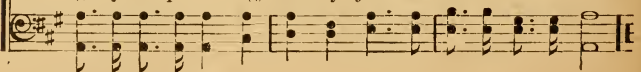
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies. Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;  
 Let our songs in happy concert rise.  
 In his hand behold the heav'nly prize.  
 Looking home, where pleasure never dies.



Praise our God: his bless-ed name a-dore. On-ward now! his



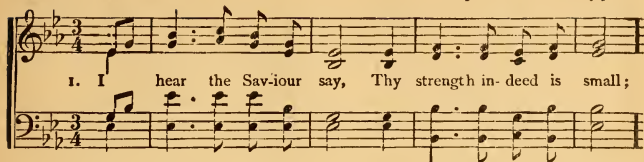
might-y love proclaiming, Sweet-ly join the cho-rus of the skies.



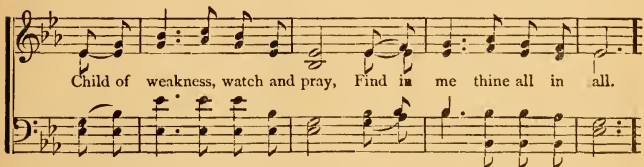


MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE By per.

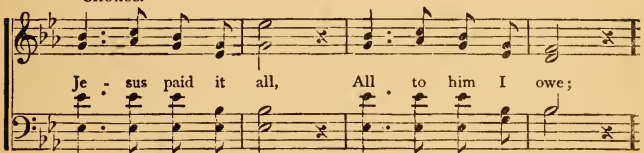


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in- deed is small;

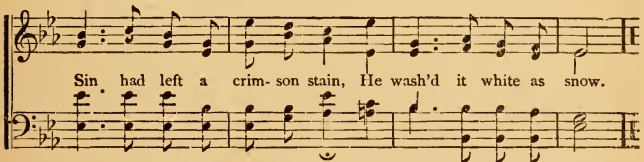


Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;



Sin had left a crim- son stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and thine alone,  
Can change the léper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.  
Jesus paid it all, etc.
- 3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim,—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.  
Jesus paid it all, etc.

- 4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.  
Jesus paid it all, etc.
- 5 And when before the throne  
I stand in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.  
Jesus paid it all, etc.



## Outside the Fold.

FANNIE L. JONES.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. My way is dreary and cold, My heart o'erburdened with sin, I  
 2. I stand outside of the fold, I gaze and fain would draw near; But  
 3. I stand outside of the fold, But light is breaking at last; My  
 4. No more by sorrow op-pressed I stand outside of the fold, My

stand outside of the fold; But how shall I en-ter in.  
 oh, my faith is so weak, I trem-ble and shrink with fear.  
 Saviour bids me come in,— My bur-den on him I cast.  
 soul is hap-py and blest, Its rap-ture can ne'er be told.

## CHORUS.

O Saviour, I long to be thine; . . . My poor heart is clinging to thee;  
 O Saviour, dear Saviour, I long to be thine; to thee;

For thou, I know, in the long a-go Didst lay down thy life for me. for me.



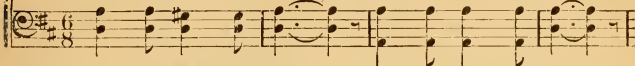
JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"God is a refuge for us."—Ps. lxii. 8.

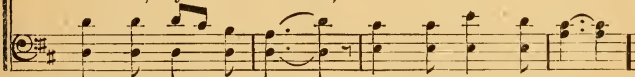
J. W. BISCHOPP.

*Tenderly.*

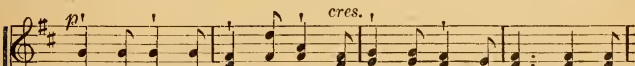
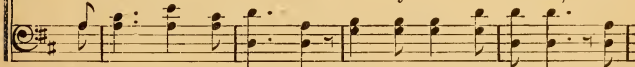

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know
2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed ;
3. Poor, and weak, and wretch - ed, Full of fears and woe,
4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed ;
5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!



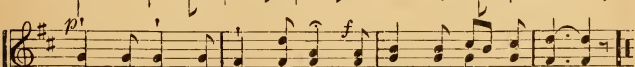
Out of Sa - tan's power Whith - er shall I go ?  
 Whith - er shall I jour - ney ? Whith - er seek for rest ?  
 To be free from tor - ment, Whith - er can I go ?  
 Whith - er, then, ah, whith - er Can I look for aid ?  
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo ! I turn to thee.


**CHORUS.** *Cheerfully.*


To Je - sus ! to Je - sus ! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The



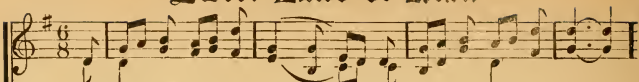
Sav - iour so com - pas - sionate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The



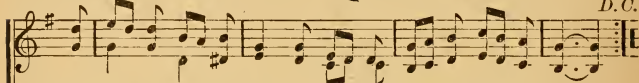
Sav - iour so com - pas - sionate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.



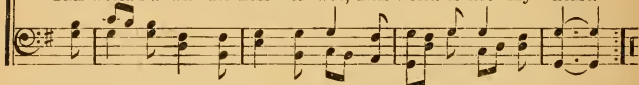




1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,  
*D. C.*—And dwell with Christ at home, . . . And dwell with Christ at home;  
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome;  
*D. C.*—This world is not my home, . . . This world is not my home;

*D. C.*

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.  
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.

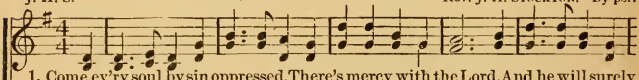


- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,  
 He bade me cease to roam;  
 But fly for succor to his breast,  
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wand'ring round and round  
 This vale of sin and gloom,  
 I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.

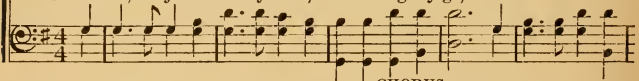
"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto  
 your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

J. H. S.

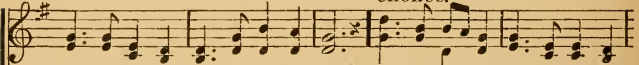
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.



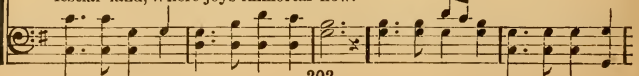
1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely  
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the  
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him with-  
 4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that ce-



CHORUS.



give you rest, By trusting in his word. On-ly trust him, only trust him,  
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. *Second Chorus*—  
 out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus,  
 lestial land, Where joys immortal flow.





# Only Trust Him.—CONCLUDED.

Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.  
Come to Jesus now;

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## Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

"My beloved is mine."—S of Sol. ii. 16.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry  
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I  
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - derness,  
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried  
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!  
Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

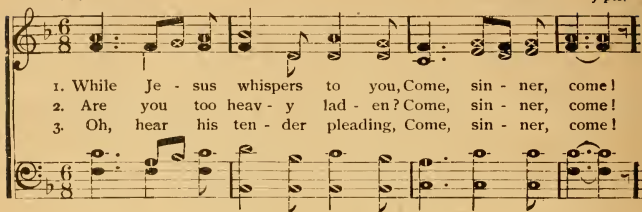


## Come, Sinner, Come.

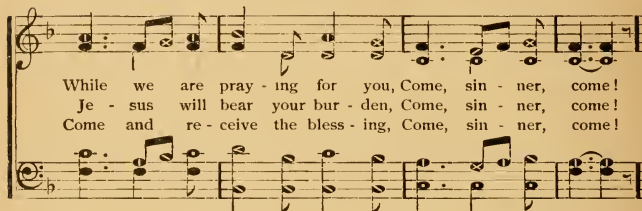
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."—Matt. xi. 28

WILL. E. WITTER.

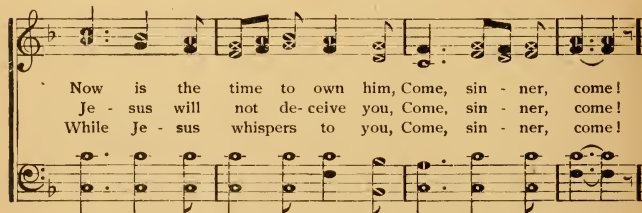
H. R. PALMER. By per.



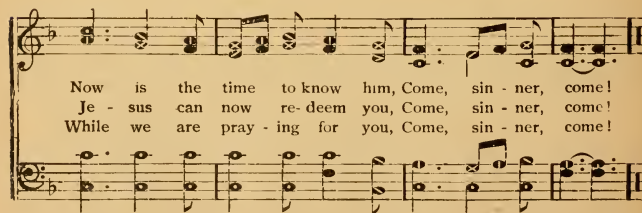
1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!  
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come!



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

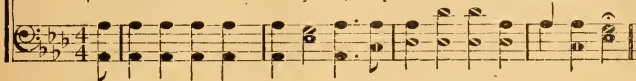


Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

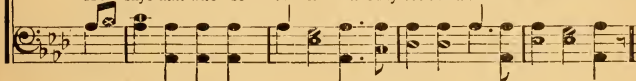




1. I praise the Lord that one like me For mer-cy may to Je-sus flee,
2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Je-sus died my soul to save;
3. I look by faith and see this word, Stamp'd with the blood of Christ my Lord,
4. I now believe he saves my soul, His precious blood hath made me whole;



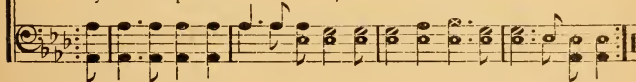
He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.  
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.  
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.  
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.



## CHORUS.



My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts me in the Who-so-ev-er.



From "Gems of Praise," by per,

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## 208

## The Child of a King.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,  
 He holdeth the wealth of the world in  
 his hands!

Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and  
 gold

His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,

The child of a King;

With Jesus my Saviour

I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, who saves us  
 from sin,

[men,

Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of

But now he is reigning forever on high,  
 And will give me a home in heaven by  
 and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,  
 A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!

But I've been adopted, my name's writ-  
 ten down,—

An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

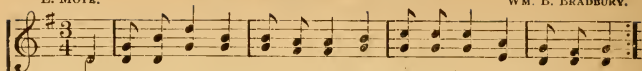
4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care!  
 They're building a palace for me over  
 there!

[sing:

Though exiled from home, yet still I may

All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.





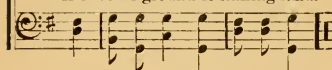
1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name: }



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sinking sand,



All other ground is sinking sand.



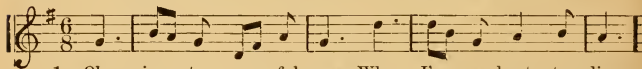
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,  
 I rest on his unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the vale.

- 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood:  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay.

Copyright, 1864, in "Golden Censer" Used by permission of Biglow & Main.

## 210

## Oh, Sing to me of Heaven.



1. Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I'm a - bout to die,  
 2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,

Cho.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,

*D. C.*



Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To wait my soul on high!  
 Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gin be - low.

In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

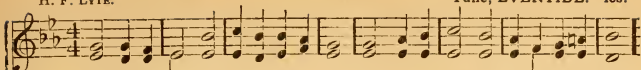
- 3 When the last moment comes,  
 Oh, watch my dying face,  
 To catch the bright, seraphic gleam  
 Which o'er my features plays.

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

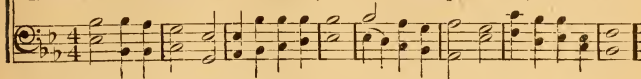
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
 And lay me down to rest,  
 And fold my pale and icy hands  
 Upon my lifeless breast.

- 6 Then, round my senseless clay  
 Assemble those I love,  
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
 My glorious home above.

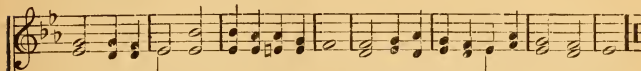




1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!



When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me!



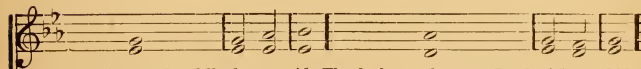
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

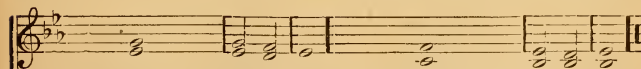
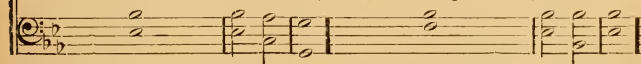
4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

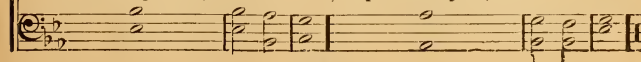
Chant, ASPINWALL.



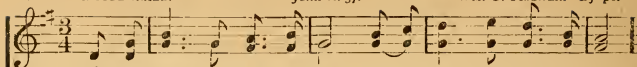
1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!



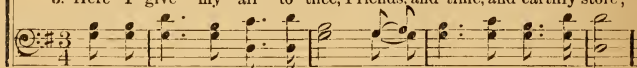
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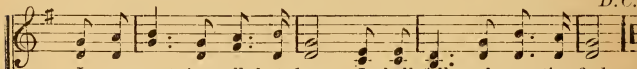


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

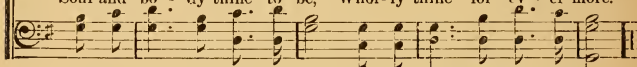


CHO.—1 am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

*D. C.*



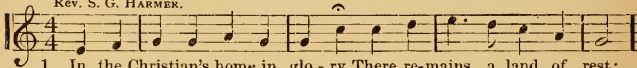
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”  
Soul and bo - dy thine to be,—Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.



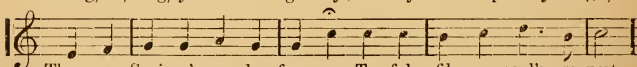
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

- 4 In thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied:  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

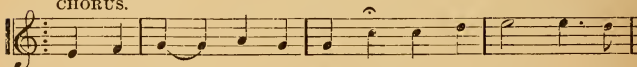
- 5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
Perfected in him I am;  
I am every whit made whole:  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.



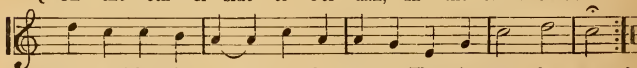
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest;
2. Pain or sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your triumph as you go;



There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request.  
But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.  
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.  
CHORUS.

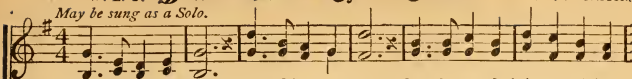


{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the  
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of

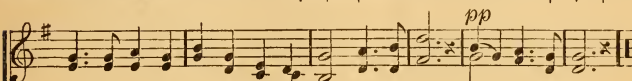
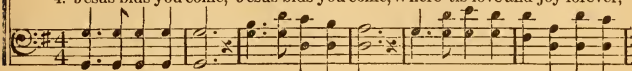


wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—  
E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

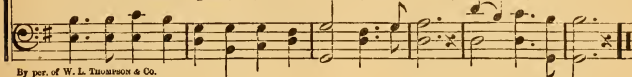


*May be sung as a Solo.*

1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Now for you he's interced-ing,
2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Wea-ry trav'ler, do not tarry,
3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not always call you,
4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy forever,



Gent-ly at thy heart he's pleading, "Come unto me, Come un-to me."  
 Je-sus will thy burdens carry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?  
 "Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"  
 Where we'll meet to part, no, never, Sinner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

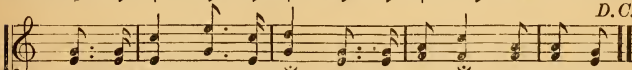
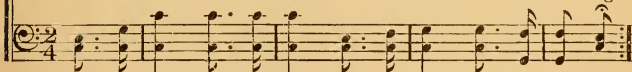


By per. of W. L. Thompson &amp; Co.

## 215

**The Sinner's Invitation.***Fine.*

1. { Sin-ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en? }
- { Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long summer's giv-en; }
- D. C.*—And the leaves of the bowers In the breez-es are flit-ting.

*D. C.*

Where the bright blooming flowers Are their o-dors e-mit-ting;



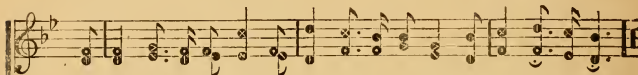
- 2 Where the saints, robed in white,  
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
 Shining beauteous and bright,  
 They inhabit the mountain;  
 Where no sin nor dismay,  
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
 Will be felt for a day,  
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

- 3 He's prepared thee a home,—  
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
 And invites thee to come,—  
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
 Oh, come, sinner, come,  
 For the tide is receding;  
 And the Saviour will soon  
 And forever cease pleading.

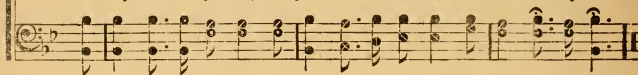




1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,  
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my time,



It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."  
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."



- 3 Despond then no longer,  
The Lord will provide;  
And this be the token—  
No word he hath spoken  
Was ever yet broken,—  
"The Lord will provide."

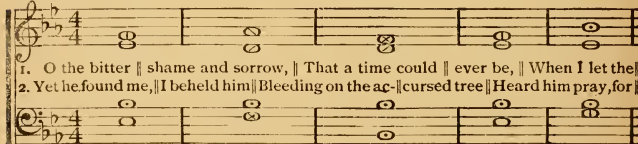
- 4 March on, then, right boldly,  
The sea shall divide;  
The pathway made glorious,  
With shoutings victorious,  
We'll join in the chorus,  
"The Lord will provide."

## 217

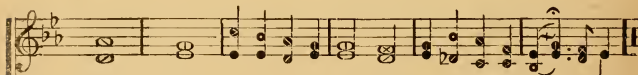
## The Altered Motto.

Rev. THEO. MONOD.

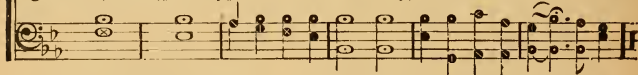
J. G. ROBINSON.



1. O the bitter || shame and sorrow, || That a time could || ever be, || When I let the ||  
2. Yet he found me, || I beheld him || Bleeding on the ac - cursed tree || Heard him pray, for ||



Saviour's pity || Plead in || vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.  
give them, Father, || And my || wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.



- 3 Day by day his || tender mercy, ||  
Healing, helping, || full and free, ||  
Sweet, and strong, || and, oh, so patient, ||  
Brought me || lower while I whispered, ||  
Less of self and more of thee.

- 4 Higher than the || highest heaven, ||  
Deeper than the || deepest sea. ||  
Lord, thy love || at last has conquer'd, ||  
Grant me || now my soul's desire,  
None of self and all of thee.



## He is Calling.

Arr by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea :  
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li-ber-ty.

## CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good ;  
There is mercy with the Saviour ;  
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind ;

- And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." J. R. S.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours ;  
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,  
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.  
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.  
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

- 4 When the shadows fall,  
And the vesper call  
Is sobbing its low refrain,  
'Tis a garland sweet  
To the toil dent feet,  
And an antidote for pain.

- 5 Soon the year's dark door  
Shall be shut no more :  
Life's tears shall be wiped away  
As the pearl gates swing,  
And the gold harps ring,  
And the sun unsheathe for aye.



1. { Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious; }  
 1. { If on Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him } prec - ious.  
*D. C.* He has died for you and I, Now look up and view him.

*Fine.*

*D. C.*

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing sin - ners to him;

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Flows a healing fountain;  
 See the consolation tide,  
 Boundless as the ocean.  
 See the living waters move,  
 For the sick and dying;  
 Now resolve to gain his love,  
 Or to perish trying.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,  
 Now I know, I feel it;  
 Half has never yet been told,  
 Yet I want to tell it.  
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,  
 Oh, the wondrous story!  
 I was lost, but now am found,  
 Glory! glory! glory!

## Depth of Mercy.

J. STEVENSON.

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 sinners, spare? }

CHORUS. *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp.*

{ God is love, I do believe; }  
 { He is waiting to forgive, } He is wait - ing, waiting to for - give.

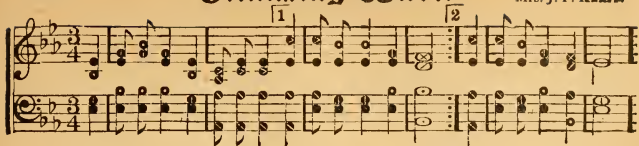
2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

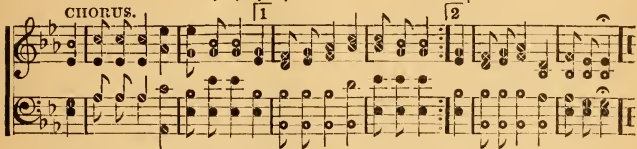
4 Kindled his relentings are;  
 Me he now delights to spare;  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
 Lets the lifted thunder peep.

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.



1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave!  
The fountain deed and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to his wounded side.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world of sin, | white,  
With heart made pure and garments  
And Christ enthroned within.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!  
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;  
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

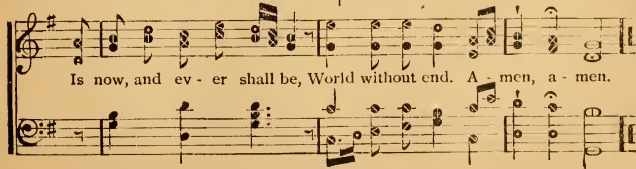
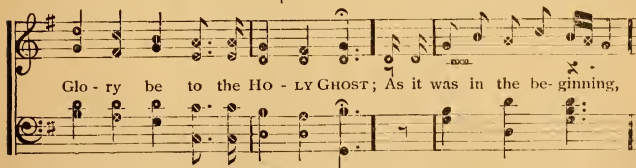
3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
To feel the blood applied;  
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
My Jesus crucified.

## Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.

*Slow, with dignity.*



## Gloria Patri.

1. Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;  
 2. As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men.

## Invocation.

Adapted from "Elijah."

Open the heavens and send us relief; Help, help thy servant to preach thy word;

Then hear from heav'n, and forgive our sins: Help, bless thy children now, O God!  
 Help thy

## O Holy Saviour!

1. O Ho-ly Saviour! Friend un-seen, Since on thine arm thou bidst me  
 2. What tho' the world deceit-ful prove, Our earthly friends and hopes re-  
 3. Though oft I seem to tread a-lone Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er-  
 4. Though faith and hope are often tried, I ask not, need not, aught be-



# O Holy Saviour!—CONCLUDED.

lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!  
 move; With patient, uncomplaining love, Still would I cling to thee.  
 grown, Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to me!"  
 side; So safe, so calm, so satisfied, The soul that clings to thee!

*cres.* *pp*

227

## Beyond the Smiling.

H. BONAR.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

home! . . . .

Love, rest, and home! sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

home! . . . .

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping,  <br/>         I shall be soon;   <br/>         Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  <br/>         Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  <br/>         I shall be soon.   </p> <p>2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,  <br/>         I shall be soon;   <br/>         Beyond the shining and the shading,  <br/>         Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  <br/>         I shall be soon.   </p> <p>5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  <br/>         I shall be soon;   <br/>         Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  <br/>         Beyond the ever and the never,  <br/>         I shall be soon.   </p> | <p>3 Beyond the rising and the setting,  <br/>         I shall be soon;   <br/>         Beyond the calming and the fretting,  <br/>         Beyond remembering and forgetting,  <br/>         I shall be soon.   </p> <p>4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  <br/>         I shall be soon;   <br/>         Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  <br/>         Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  <br/>         I shall be soon.   </p> |
|---|--|



228

C. M.

M. E. H. I.

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

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

3 Jesus! the name that charms our  
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,  
'Tis music in the sinners ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

229

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 18.

THOU God of power, thou God of love,  
Whose glory fills the realms above,  
Whose praise archangels sing,  
And veil their faces while they cry,  
"Thrice holy," to their God most high,  
"Thrice holy," to their King;

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,  
And bless the Saviour's precious name,  
Through whom this grace is given;  
He bore the curse to sinners due,  
He forms their ruined souls anew,  
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,  
And here in saving power descend,  
And fix thy blest abode;  
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,  
And let each waiting spirit feel  
The presence of our God.

230

L. M.

M. E. H. 12.

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

2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;  
Like the blest hour when from above  
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever stay!  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

231

6. 4.

M. E. H. 6

COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise:  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!

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

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

4 To thee, great One and Three,  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore:  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!

232

C. M.

M. E. H. 2.

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

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they  
"To be exalted thus!" [cry.  
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

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

4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.



233

L. M.

M. E. H. 44.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee thou art  
found,

And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of  
prayer

To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

234

78.

M. E. H. 21.

LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O do not our suit disdain,  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go  
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

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

6 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a gracious God and kind:  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

235

C. M.

M. E. H. 32.

JESUS, thou all redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore;  
Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and Satan's power;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear:  
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes  
With all thy wounds appear.

4 The hardness of our hearts remove,  
Thou who for all hast died;  
Show us the tokens of thy love,  
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood to apply,  
And prove the record true;  
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,  
"I suffered this for you."

236

8, 7, 4.

M. E. H. 54.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak and let thy servants hear:  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are length-  
ened,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee:  
Cheered by hope, and daily strength-  
May we run, nor weary be, [ened,  
Till thy glory  
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore;  
Sharing then in rapture greater  
Than they could conceive before:  
Full enjoyment,  
Full and pure, forevermore.

237

C. M.

M. E. H. 60.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
O may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when, with heart and voice, we  
Our grateful hymns to raise, [strive,  
Let love divine within us live,  
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,  
Thy mercies we'll review;  
With love divine transported, tell—  
Thou, God, art Father too!



238

C. M.

M. E. H. 63.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.  
2 Behold your Lord, your Master,  
With glories all divine; [crowned  
And tell the wondering nations round  
How bright those glories shine.  
3 When, in his earthly courts, we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.  
4 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise :  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.

239

L. M.

M. E. H. 39.

THY presence, gracious God, afford ;  
Prepare us to receive thy word :  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.  
2 Distracting thoughts and cares re-  
move,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.  
3 To us the sacred word apply  
With sovereign power and energy ;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.  
4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;  
Teach us to know and do thy will ;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

240

S. M.

M. E. H. 41.

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known :  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.  
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  
To carry us above. [powers,

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 Then let our songs abound,

And every tear be dry ; [ground,  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high.

241

L. M.

M. E. H. 8.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.  
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,  
Till suns shall 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.

242

L. M.

M. E. H. 81.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and  
sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth by night.  
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.  
3 When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part ;  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.  
4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.



243

L. M.

M. E. H. 66.

COME, let us tune our loftiest song,  
And raise to Christ our joyful strain:  
Worship and thanks to him belong,  
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;  
Our souls are his immortal breath:  
And when his creatures sinned he bled,  
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn, every breast, with Jesus' love;  
Bound, every heart, with rapturous joy;  
And, saints on earth, with saints above  
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,  
Ascend for him, our cheerful strain;  
Worship and thanks to him belong,  
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

244

L. M.

M. E. H. 102.

SUN of my soul thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near:  
O may no earthly cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless  
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

245

S. M.

M. E. H. 176.

How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

246

11, 12, 10.

M. E. H. 136.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise  
to thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore  
thee,

Casting down their golden crowns a-  
round the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before thee, [be.

Which wert and art and evermore shalt

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness  
hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy  
glory may not see; [thee,

Only thou art holy; there is none beside  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name,  
in earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

247

L. M.

M. E. H. 69.

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

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tent of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

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

4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee;  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.



248

C. M.

M. E. H. 183.

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

249

C. M.

M. E. H. 125.

- O God, thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 I see thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.
- 3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see thee all through time;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.
- 4 I see thee when the doom is o'er,  
And outworn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God, yet not alone.
- 5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of thee have drunk their fill;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.
- 6 O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?

250

L. M.

M. E. H. 168.

- God is our refuge and defense;  
In trouble our unfailing aid:  
Secure in his omnipotence,  
What foe can make our souls afraid?
- 2 Yea, tho' the earth's foundations rock,  
And mountains down the gulf be  
hurled,  
His people smile amid the shock:  
They look beyond this transient  
world.

- 3 There is a river pure and bright,  
Whose streams make glad the heaven-  
Where, in eternity of light; [ly plains;  
The city of our God remains.

- 4 Built by the word of his command,  
With his uneloded presence blest,  
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;  
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

251

8, 7, 4.

M. E. H. 171.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

252

C. M.

M. E. H. 161.

- God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.



253

C. M.

M. E. H. 147.

- My God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat  
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How beautiful, now beautiful,  
The sight of thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless  
And awful purity! [power,
- 4 O how I fear thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as thou art: \*  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears as thou hast done  
With me, thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,  
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

254

L. M.

M. E. H. 164.

- PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not  
Thy great Provider still is near; [fear;  
Who fed thee late, will feed thee still:  
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,  
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;  
His promise all may freely claim;  
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Without reserve give Christ your  
heart;  
Let him his righteousness impart;  
Then all things else he'll freely give;  
With him you all things shall receive.
- 4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That seeks in God his only rest;  
May I that happy person be,  
In time and in eternity.

255

L. M.

M. E. H. 170.

- How do thy mercies close me round!  
Forever be thy name adored;  
I blush in all things to abound;  
The servant is above his Lord.

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led;  
The Son of God the Son of man,  
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared  
For me, whom watchful angels keep;  
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;  
Hesmooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone:  
What can the Rock of ages move?  
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,  
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

256

C. M.

M. E. H. 185.

- HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour  
comes,  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace,  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

257

8s.

M. E. H. 143.

- THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end:
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.



258

L. M.

M. E. H. 239.

Jesus, my Advocate above,  
My Friend before the throne of love,  
If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
If now I find thee pleading there,—  
2 If thou the secret wish convey,  
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—  
Hear, and my weak petitions join,  
Almighty Advocate, to thine.  
3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain ;  
My earnest suit present, and gain:  
My fullness of corruption show;  
The knowledge of myself bestow.  
4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,  
Give me thyself, or else I die !  
Save me from death, from hell set free;  
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

259

L. M.

M. E. H. 242.

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

260

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 245.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
Hail, thou Galilean King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By thy merits we find favor ;  
Life is given through thy name.  
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid :  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
Opened is the gate of heaven ;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.  
3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide ;

All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side ;  
There for sinners thou art pleading ;  
There thou dost our place prepare  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

261

L. M.

M. E. H. 212.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.  
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.  
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?  
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

262

C. M.

M. E. H. 214.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?  
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !  
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature, 's sin.  
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.  
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe :  
Here, Lord, I give myself away, —  
'Tis all that I can do.



263

8, 7.

M. E. H. 204.

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

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

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

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

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

264

7s.

M. E. H. 205.

NEVER further than thy cross:  
 Never higher than thy feet:  
 Here earth's precious things seem dross:  
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,  
 Learn thy love while gazing thus;  
 Sin, which laid the cross on thee,  
 Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,  
 And, rejoicing, self deny;  
 Here we gather love to live,  
 Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,  
 Still to this our hearts must tend;  
 Where our earliest hopes began,  
 There our last aspirations end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,  
 We in thee redeemed, complete,  
 Through thy cross made pure and white,  
 Cast our crowns before thy feet.

265

L. M.

M. E. H. 234.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
 A sudden trembling shakes the  
 ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groaned beneath your  
 load;  
 Hushed a thousand drops for you,—  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

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!

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.

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

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy  
 sting?"  
 And, "Where's thy victory, boasting  
 Grave?"

266

7s.

M. E. H. 262.

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

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

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

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

267

L. M.

M. E. H. 307.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,  
 Can turn my heart and make it clean;  
 Purge out the inbred leprosy,  
 And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,  
 Thou canst the saving grace impart;  
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,  
 I know thou canst this moment  
 cleanse;  
 The deepest stains of sin efface,  
 And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;  
 Accomplish now thy work in me;  
 And let my soul, to health restored,  
 Devote its deathless powers to thee.



268

S. M.

M. E. H. 312.

- OUR sins on Christ were laid;  
He bore the mighty load;  
Our ransom-price he fully paid  
In groans, and tears, and blood.
- 2 To save a world, he dies;  
Sinners, behold the Lamb!  
To him lift up your longing eyes;  
Seek mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon and peace abound;  
He will your sins forgive;  
Salvation in his name is found—  
He bids the sinner live.
- 4 Jesus, we look to thee;  
Where else can sinners go?  
Thy boundless love shall set us free  
From wretchedness and woe.

269

HIS.

M. E. H. 335.

- TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so  
nigh?  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,  
"Come,"  
And angels are waiting to welcome you  
home.
- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to  
receive,  
O how can you question, if you will be-  
lieve?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not  
come?  
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you  
come home.
- 3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you  
obtain,  
To soothe your affliction, or banish your  
pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summoned  
to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on  
high?
- 4 Why will you be starving, and feeding  
on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to  
spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and  
see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless  
and free.

270

L. M.

M. E. H. 238.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay;  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb.  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

271

H. M.

M. E. H. 244

- REJOICE, the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven,  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
And all our sins destroy;  
Let every bosom swell  
With pure, seraphic joy;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope;  
Jesus, the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice!  
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice;



272

C. M.

M. E. H. 254.

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In every trying hour.

273

C. M.

M. E. H. 277.

COME, Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

274

C. M.

M. E. H. 316.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
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.

275

C. M.

M. E. H. 323.

O WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the Gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here;  
Salvation like a river rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and  
Your every burden bring: [wounds;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will - O gracious word!  
May of this stream partake;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

276

7s. 6l.

M. E. H. 415.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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



277

L. M.

M. E. H. 305.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death:  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;  
Our only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make us clean;  
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling  
priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,  
Hath power sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow,  
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our  
peace,

Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;  
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,  
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

278

L. M.

M. E. H. 327.

OF him who did salvation bring,  
I could forever think and sing;  
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;  
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;  
He closed his eyes to show us God:  
Let all the world fall down and know  
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan;  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.

5 I satiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

279

7s.

M. E. H. 345.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!

Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!

Stay not for the morrow's sun.  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!

Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

280

C. M.

M. E. H. 369.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear op-  
pressed,  
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try:  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

281

S. M.

M. E. H. 359.

COME, weary sinners, come,  
Groaning beneath your load;  
The Saviour calls his wanderers home;  
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,  
Answer the Saviour's call,  
"O come, and I will give you rest,  
And I will save you all."

3 Redeemer, full of love,  
We would thy word obey,  
And all thy faithful mereies prove:  
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely,  
On thee would cast our care;  
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,  
And find salvation there.



282

H.M.

M. E. H. 331.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound !  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace :  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

283

L. M.

M. E. H. 364.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

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.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderer after rest ;  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live :  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice :  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

284

L. M.

M. E. H. 390

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn  
heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears ;  
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long, rebellious years :

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness  
grieved :

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest ;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

285

IIS.

M. E. H. 336.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw  
near, [thee ;  
The waters of life are now flowing for  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is  
here, [free.  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy  
God ? [fuse  
A fountain is open, how canst thou re-  
To wash and be cleansed in his par-  
doning blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee  
to-day : [tomb ;  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass  
away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take  
his sad flight, [rae,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy  
Tosink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at  
hand, [heavens shall fade,  
The earth shall dissolve, and the  
The dead, small and great, in the judg-  
ment shall stand ;  
What power then, O sinner, will lend  
thee its aid ?



286

S. M.

M. E. H. 402.

Am ! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint ;  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint ?

2 My Saviour bids me come ;  
Ah ! why do I delay ?

He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart ?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display ;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

287

L. M.

M. E. H. 396.

O for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn heart away,  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine !

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can  
quake ;

The seas can roar ; the mountains shake,  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt :  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils  
fear—

Amazing thought !—unmoved I hear ;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed ;  
And, Lord, that power I greatly need ;  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

288

L. M.

M. E. H. 352.

God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?  
Earth's pleasure shall I still hold dear ?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie ?

2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?  
Can I his loving voice despise,  
And basely his kind care repay ?  
He calls me still ; can I delay ?

3 God calling yet ! and shall he knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock ?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?

4 God calling yet ! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live ?  
I wait, but he does not forsake ;  
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !

5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;  
My heart I yield without delay :  
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part ;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

289

8.5.

M. E. H. 376.

In the silent midnight watches,  
List, — thy bosom door !  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
Knocketh evermore !

Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating :

'Tis thy heart of sin ;

'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
Rise, and let me in !

2 Death comes down with reckless foot—  
To the hall and hut : [step,

Think you death will stand a-knocking  
Where the door is shut ?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;

But thy door is fast !

Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth :  
Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating,  
Christ to let thee in ;

At the gate of heaven beating,  
Waiting for thy sin.

Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot ?

Jesus waited long to know thee,  
But he knows thee not.

290

S. M.

M. E. H. 502.

O come, and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within,  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin !

2 The seed of sin's disease

Spirit of health, remove.

Spirit of finished holiness,

Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day

Which shall my sins consume ;

When old things shall be done away

And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,

That all I do is right,

According to thy will and word,

Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state ;

Indulge me but in this,

And soon or later then translate

To my eternal bliss



291

S. M.

M. E. H. 401.

AND can I yet delay,  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;

I can hold out no more :  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake ;

My friends, my all, resign :  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,

Nor hence again remove ;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,

Thy only love to know ;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou ;

Thou all sufficient art :  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

292

L. M.

M. E. H. 391.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;

Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass

The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,

And make my guilty conscience clean :  
Here on my heart the burden lies.  
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,

Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my  
breath,

I must pronounce thee just, in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy  
word, [there,

Would light on some sweet promise  
Some sure support against despair.

293

C. F. M.

M. E. H. 377.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,

To thee, who woudest not have me die,  
But know the truth and live :

Open mine eyes to see thy face ;  
Work in my heart the saving grace ;  
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,

And blindly serve a God unknown,  
Till thou the veil remove ;  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy name upon my heart,  
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,

The gift of faith is all divine ;  
But, if on thee we call,  
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,  
And cause our hearts to feel and know  
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,

Come unto thee, and rest from sin,  
The blessing seek and find :  
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have :  
Thou canst, thou woudest, this moment  
Both me and all mankind. [save

5 Be it according to thy word ;

Now let me find my pardoning Lord ;  
Let what I ask be given :  
The bar of unbelief remove ;  
Open the door of faith and love,  
And take me into heaven.

294

L. M.

M. E. H. 418.

Lord, how secure and blest are they

Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and  
sea, [within.

Their minds have heaven and peace

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,

Made up of innocence and love ;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys  
come on,

But fly not half so swift away :  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,

Where groves of living pleasure grow ;  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,  
Sit undisturbed upon their brow !

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,

But spend the day, and share the night,  
In numbering o'er the richer joys [light.  
That Heaven prepares for their de-



295

L. M. 61.

M. E. H. 422.

AND can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caused his pain?  
For me, who him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?  
2 'Tis mystery all! the immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine;  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:  
Let angel minds inquire no more.  
3 He left his Father's throne above,—  
So free, so infinite his grace!—  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!  
4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.  
5 No condemnation now I dread,  
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ  
my own.

296

C. M.

M. E. H. 406.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;  
No other help I know:  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah! whither shall I go!  
2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath?  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!  
3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power;  
And all my wants thou wouldst reneve,  
In this accepted hour.  
4 Author of faith! to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift;  
My soul without it dies.  
5 Surely thou canst not let me die,  
O speak, and I shall live;  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice  
Could I but see thy face!  
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,  
And taste thy pardoning grace.

297

C. M. d.

M. E. H. 427.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to love  
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!  
2 Through many dangers, toils, and  
I have already come: [snares,  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.  
The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.  
3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall  
And mortal life shall cease, [fail,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.  
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forebear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.  
298  
L. M. M. E. H. 447.  
O HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.  
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.  
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.  
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.  
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.



299

C. M.

M. E. H. 513.

LORD, I believe a rest remains  
 To all thy people known;  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 And thou art loved alone:  
 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
 Is fixed on things above;  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief, expire,  
 Cast out by perfect love.  
 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
 Believe, and enter in!  
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
 And let me cease from sin.  
 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;  
 This unbelief remove:  
 To me the rest of faith impart,  
 The Sabbath of thy love.

300

10, 11.

M. E. H. 453.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in  
 grace,  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon  
 him!  
 2 How happy the man whose heart is  
 set free,  
 The people that can be joyful in thee!  
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy  
 face, [grace;  
 And still they are talking of Jesus'  
 3 For thou art their boast, their glory.  
 and power,  
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
 My soul's new creation, a life from the  
 dead, [head.  
 The day of salvation that lifts up my  
 4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my de-  
 fense; [from thence;  
 I trust in his word; none plucks me  
 Since I have found favor, he all things  
 will do; [anew.  
 My King and my Saviour shall make me  
 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of  
 thine own; [known;  
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made  
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall re-  
 ceive, [lieve.  
 And share in the gladness of all that be-

301

L. M.

M. E. H. 450.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not;  
 My grief a burden long has been,  
 Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,  
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am;  
 Nothing but sin have I to give;  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "behold the way to God."

302

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 491.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
 Visit us with thy salvation;  
 Enter every trembling heart.  
 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast!  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find that second rest.  
 Take away our bent to sinning;  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Nevermore thy temples leave:  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing  
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in thee:  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



303

7, 6, 8.

M. E. H. 456.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,

With all of creature good !

Only Jesus I pursue.

Who bought me with his blood :

All thy pleasures I forego ;

I trample on thy wealth and pride ;

Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;

'Tis all but vanity :

Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,

He tasted death for me.

Me to save from endless woe

The sin-atonement Victim died :

Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest ;

My fluctuating heart

From the haven of his breast

Shall never more depart :

Whither should a sinner go ?

His wounds for me stand open wide ;

Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,

And pleasure without end ;

This is all my happiness,

On Jesus to depend ;

Daily in his grace to grow,

And ever in his faith abide ;

Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

304

8, 7, 4.

M. E. H. 340.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;

Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power :

He is able,

He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;

God's free bounty glorify ;

True belief and true repentance,

Every grace that brings you nigh,

Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream ;

All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of him :

This he gives you :

'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,

Bruised and mangled by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all ;

Not the righteous,—

Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,

Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;

On the bloody tree behold him !

Hear him cry, before he dies,

"It is finished !"

Sinners, will not this suffice ?

305

C. M.

M. E. H. 666.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,

And all the world go free ?

No, there's a cross for every one,

And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,

Who once went sorrowing here !

But now they taste unmingled love,

And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,

Till death shall set me free.

And then go home my crown to wear,

For there's a crown for me.

306

H. M.

M. E. H. 438.

ARISE, my soul, arise,

Shake off thy guilty fears :

The bleeding Sacrifice

In my behalf appears :

Before the throne my Surety stands,

My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,

For me to intercede ;

His all-redeeming love,

His precious blood to plead ;

His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,

Received on Calvary ;

They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly plead for me :

"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,

"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,

His dear anointed One :

He cannot turn away

The presence of his Son :

His Spirit answers to the blood,

And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled ;

His pardoning voice I hear :

He owns me for his child ;

I can no longer fear :

With confidence I now draw nigh,

And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.



307

L. M.

M. E. H. 461.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but thee;  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death.  
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;

O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Ducked with a never-fading crown!

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'er-flow,  
Our words are lost, nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

308

H. M.

M. E. H. 493.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,  
The prisoners of the Lord;  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to his word:

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful is he and just,  
From all unrighteousness

To cleanse us all, both you and me:  
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Who Jesus' sufferings share,  
My fellow-prisoners now,  
Ye soon the crown shall wear  
On your triumphant brow:

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 The word of God is sure,  
And never can remove;  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love;

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Then let us gladly bring  
Our sacrifice of praise:  
Let us give thanks and sing,  
And glory in his grace:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

309

C. M.

M. E. H. 593

AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

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

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

310

L. M.

M. E. H. 460.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the  
blood

That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.



## 311

L. M.

M. E. H. 495.

O THAT my lord of sin were gone!  
 O that I could at last submit  
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down —  
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

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

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove,  
 The cross all stained with hallowed  
 The labor of thy dying love. [blood

5 I would, but thou must give the  
 power;  
 My heart from every sin release;  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

## 312

C. M.

M. E. H. 667.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
 Though pressed by every foe,  
 That will not tremble on the brink  
 Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
 Beneath the chastening rod,  
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
 Will lean upon its God:

3 A faith that shines more bright and  
 When tempests rage without; [clear  
 That when in danger knows no fear,  
 In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's  
 dread frown,  
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
 Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
 Till life's last hour is fled,  
 And with a pure and heavenly ray  
 Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
 And then, whate'er may come,  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
 Of an eternal home.

## 313

C. M.

M. E. H. 518.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love  
 Shed in my heart abroad:  
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
 Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire  
 Might now begin to glow,  
 Burn up the dross of base desire,  
 And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
 And all my sins consume!  
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
 Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 Scatter thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
 Shall then no longer move,  
 While Christ is all the world to me,  
 And all my heart is love.

## 314

C. M.

M. E. H. 533.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
 Close to thy bleeding side;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 "For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

2 Wash me and make me thus thine  
 Wash me, and mine thou art; [own;  
 Wash me but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

## 315

C. M.

M. E. H. 522.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free!  
 A heart that always feels thy blood,  
 So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 Come quickly from above;  
 Write thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of Love.



316

C.P.M.

M. E. H. 540.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor, stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only port on, Lord, be mine;  
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care and sin and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

317

S. M.

M. E. H. 574.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.  
To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

318

C. M.

M. E. H. 594.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A clond of witnesses around

Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories  
Which shall new luster boast, [bright,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
Shall blend in common dust. [gems

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

319

C.P.M.

M. E. H. 571.

BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude:  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given:  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

320

7, 6, 5.

M. E. H. 565.

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

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

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



321

C. M.

M. E. H. 596.

- O it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad ;
- 3 Or he deserts us in the hour  
The fight is all but lost ;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.
- 4 It is not so, but so it looks ;  
And we lose courage then ; [kept  
And doubts will come if God hath  
His promises to men.
- 5 But right is right, since God is God ;  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin !

322

II, 10.

M. E. H. 652.

- COME unto me, when shadows darkly  
gather, [tressed,  
When the sad heart is weary and dis-  
Seeking for comfort from your heav-  
enly Father, [rest.  
Come unto me, and I will give you
- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Fa-  
ther's dwelling, [er dim ;  
Glad are the homes that sorrows nev-  
Sweet are the harps in holy music  
swelling, [heavenly hymn.  
Soft are the tones which raise the
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in  
gladness, [rudely pressed ;  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too  
Come unto me, all ye who droop in  
sadness, [rest.  
Come unto me, and I will give you

323

L. M.

M. E. H. 602.

- It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field ;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
- 2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In union with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.
- 3 And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

- 4 And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
- 5 But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again ;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day !

324

L. M.

M. E. H. 605.

- My gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee.  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good ;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To him who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more ;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, his saving power.

325

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 542.

- O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !  
It lifts me up to things above ;  
It bears on eagles' wings ;  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below :  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of Paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest ; [ness,  
There dwells the Lord, our Righteous-  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up ;  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess ;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
A howling wilderness !



326

L.M. d.

M. E. H. 688.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

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

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

May I t' y consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight :  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,  
To seize the everlasting prize ;  
And shout, while passing through the  
air, [prayer !  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of

327

IIS.

M. E. H. 679.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord, [word !

Is laid for your faith in his excellent  
What more can he say, than to you he  
hath sa'd, [fled ?

To you who for refuge to Jesus have

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not  
dismayed, [aid ;

For I am thy God, I will still give thee  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
cause thee to stand, [hand.

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I  
call thee to go, [flow ;

The rivers of sorrow shall not over-  
For I will be with thee thy trials to  
bless, [tress.

And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-

4 "When through fiery trials thy path-  
way shall lie, [supply,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only  
design [to refine.

Thy cross to consume, and thy gold

5 "E'en down to old age all my people  
shall prove [love ;

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
And when hoary hairs shall their tem-  
p'les adorn, [be borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom  
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
for repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should en-  
deavor to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake !"

328

6s.

M. E. H. 655.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !

Lead me by thine own hand ;  
Choose out the path for me

I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not if I might ;

Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine ; so let the way

That leads to it be thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,

As best to thee may seem ;  
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;

Choose thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small ;

Be thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

329

C. M.

M. E. H. 659

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,

I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,

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

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.



330

10, 4, 10.

M. E. H. 682.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
Lead thou me on ! [gloom,  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
Lead thou me on ! [home ;  
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for  
me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Shouldst lead me on ; [thou  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but  
Lead thou me on ! [now  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not  
past years !

3 So long thy power hath blest me,  
Will lead me on [sure it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er erag and tor-  
The night is gone, [rent, till  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile [awhile !  
Which I have loved long since, and lost

331

L. M.

M. E. H. 622.

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

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

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest  
gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me !

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

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

332

C. M.

M. E. H. 700.

JESUS, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek,

To those who ask, how kind thou art !  
How good, to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show :  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be ;  
In thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

333

S. M.

M. E. H. 636.

IF, on a quiet sea,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But, should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,  
To make thy will our own ;  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

334

6s.

M. E. H. 654.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt :  
O may thy will be mine ;  
Into thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Through sorrow or through joy,  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt :  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear.  
Since thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with thee,  
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt :  
All shall be well for me ;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with thee.  
Straight to my home above,  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing in life or death,  
"My Lord, thy will be done."



335

C. M.

M. E. H. 611.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love [gloom,  
Come brightly wafting through the  
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows  
With more than rapture's ray; [bright  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

336

8, 7, 4.

M. E. H. 646.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us  
Through this gloomy vale of tears;  
And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears.

O refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

337

C. M.

M. E. H. 704.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delight,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun; [star,  
Thou art my soul's bright morning  
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me  
With beams of sacred bliss, [shine  
if Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror through.

338

S. M.

M. E. H. 673.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy  
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and  
He gently clears thy way; [storms,  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well."

5 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command: [way,  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his  
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

339

8, 7, 4.

M. E. H. 768.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
Zion, kept by power divine:  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine:  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee;  
Thou art precious in his sight:  
God is with thee,  
God, thine everlasting light.



340

C. M.

M. E. H. 707.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.  
2 There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.  
3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear is filled with angel songs;  
That love is throned on high.  
4 But there's a power which man can  
When mortal aid is vain, [wield,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.  
5 That power is prayer which soars on  
Through Jesus, to the throne, [high,  
And moves the hand which moves the  
To bring salvation down. [world,

341

C. M.

M. E. H. 710.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.  
2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.  
3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.  
4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"  
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.  
6 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

342

L. M. 61.

M. E. H. 737.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,  
Whom still I hold but cannot see;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee:  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,  
My sin and misery declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on thy hands, and read it there.  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.  
3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold:  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.  
4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.  
5 What though my shrieking flesh  
complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain;  
When I am weak, then I am strong:  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

343

6, 4.

M. E. H. 762.

MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.  
2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my aching heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire.  
3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.  
4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,—  
A ransomed soul.



344

C. M.

M. E. H. 712.

- TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care;  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own thy  
And echo to thy voice. [sway,
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face,—  
'Tis all I wish to seek;  
To attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ  
Till I thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee.

345

7s.

M. E. H. 720.

- CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing;  
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way our father's trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad;  
Christ our Advocate is made:  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;  
Zion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

346

S. M.

M. E. H. 751.

- MY God, my Life, my Love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;

Emory Hymnal—Q

'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 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll:  
The circle where my passions move,  
And center of my soul.

347

S. M.

M. E. H. 773.

- O LORD, thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And let our dying graces live  
By thy restoring power.
- 2 O let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer;  
Their covenant again renew,  
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of humble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear;  
Now listen to our cry:  
O come, and bring salvation near;  
Our souls on thee rely.

348

6, 4, 6.

M. E. H. 723.

- MORE love to thee, O Christ,  
More love to thee!  
Hear thou the prayer I make,  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee!
- 3 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee!



349

S. M.

M. E. H. 770.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God !

Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend :  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

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

350

C. M.

M. E. H. 784.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is  
Receive thy ready bride : [wrought,  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

351

8, 7, 4, or 8, 7, d.

M. E. H. 733.

O THOU God of my salvation,  
My Redeemer from all sin ;  
Moved by thy divine compassion,  
Who hast died my heart to win,  
I will praise thee ;  
Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour ;  
He hath brought salvation near ;  
Manifests his pardoning favor ;  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
Soul and body  
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
"Glory to the great I AM,"  
I with them will still be vying—  
Glory! glory to the Lamb !  
O how precious  
Is the sound of Jesus' name !

4 Angels now are hovering round us,  
Unperceived amid the throng ;  
Wondering at the love that crowned  
Glad to join the holy song : [us,  
Hallelujah,  
Love and praise to Christ belong !

352

6, 4, 6.

M. E. H. 724.

NEARER, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

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

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

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

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



353

C. M.

M. E. H. 822.

JESUS ! the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky ;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus ! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given ;  
It scatters all their guilty fear ;  
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head ;  
Power into strengthless souls he  
And life into the dead. [speaks,

4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace !  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace

5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim :  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb !"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name ;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
"Behold, behold the Lamb !"

354

7. 6.

M. E. H. 754.

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

2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
All fullness dwells in him ;  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem :  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline ;  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child :

I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints his praises,  
And learn the angels' song.

355

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 743.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine ;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face ;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

356

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 726.

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

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

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



357

S. M.

M. E. H. 797.

- BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

358

8s.

M. E. H. 747.

- How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see ! [flowers,  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
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 dispenses 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 p<sup>l</sup>aces 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.

359

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 657.

- COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel ;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
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,  
The saints' secure abode ;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear  
And by his side sit down ;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead :  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight [praise,  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

360

L. M.

M. E. H. 919.

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom spread from shore to  
shore, [more.  
Till moons shall wax and wane no
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet ;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.



361

7s. d.

M. E. H. 935.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star!  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends!  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own,  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home!  
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!

362

7, 6.

M. E. H. 930.

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

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

363

II, or 13, II, 12.

M. E. H. 998.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to  
stay [the way:  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
The few lucid mornings that dawn on  
us here [for its cheer.  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough  
2 I would not live alway; no, welcome  
the tomb! [its gloom;  
Since Jesus hath lain there. I dread not  
There sweet be my rest till he bids me  
arise, [skies.  
To hail him in triumph descending the  
3 Who, who would live alway, away  
from his God; [bode,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful a-  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er  
the bright plains, [reigns?  
And the noontide of glory eternally  
4 Where the saints of all ages in har-  
mony meet, [to greet;  
Their Saviour and brethren transported  
While the anthems of rapture unceas-  
ingly roll, [of the soul.  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

364

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 776.

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

- 2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near!  
He who gives us daily manna,  
He who listens when we cry,  
Let him hear the loud hosanna  
Rising to his throne on high.



365

C. M.

M. E. H. 945.

- COME, let us use the grace divine,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord ;
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus'  
His name to glorify ; [power,  
And promise, in this sacred hour,  
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make  
Be ever kept in mind ;  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear  
Who hears our solemn vow ;  
And if thou art well pleased to hear,  
Come, down, and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Let all our hearts receive ;  
Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away ;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day.

366

II, 10.

M. E. H. 683.

- COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ; [kneel ;  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here  
tell your anguish ; [not heal.  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-  
ing, [pure,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly  
saying, [not cure."  
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters  
flowing [from above ;  
Forth from the throne of God, pure  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever  
knowing [remove.  
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can

367

C. M.

M. E. H. 1037.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 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  
And view the landscape o'er, [stood,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore. [flood,

368

8, 6.

M. E. H. 1039.

- THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven, [shoals,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drar ; 'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal  
bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom.  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

369

7, 6.

M. E. H. 932.

- THE morning light is breaking ;  
The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears ;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above ;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy riches stay :  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home :  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come !"



370

L. M.

M. E. H. 1072.

My heavenly home is bright and fair :  
Nor pain nor death can enter there ;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more ;  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going 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.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;  
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

371

7s. d.

M. E. H. 936.

SEE how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace !  
Jesus' love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.  
To bring fire on earth he came ;  
Kindled in some hearts it is :  
O that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day :  
Now the word doth swiftly run ;  
Now it wins its widening way :  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail ;  
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !  
He the door hath opened wide ;  
He hath given the word of grace ;  
Jesus' word is glorified.  
Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought ;  
Worthy is the work of him, [naught.  
Him who spake a word from

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand ?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;

Lo ! the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above ;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the Spirit of his love.

372

C. M.

M. E. H. 1030.

How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
"This earth," he cries, "is not my  
I seek my place in heaven,— [place,  
A country far from mortal sight ;  
Yet O, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly  
And antedate that day : [powers,  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessels break,  
And let our ransomed spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek ;  
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me ;  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity !

373

C. M.

M. E. H. 1038.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay :  
Though Jordan's waves around me  
Fearless I'd launch away. [roll,



# 374 The Cross! the Cross!

THE cross! the cross! the blood-stained  
The hallowed cross I see! [cross!  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me.

*Cho.*—Oh, the blood! the precious blood!  
That Jesus shed for me  
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,  
Just now by faith I see.

2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,  
The Saviour bore for me, [grief,  
Which bowed him to the earth with  
On sad Mount Calvary.

4 How light! how light! this precious  
Presented to my view; [cross,  
And while, with care, I take it up,  
Behold the crown my due.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious  
The crown of victory! [crown!  
The crown of life! it shall be mine  
When Jesus I shall see.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow  
For love, unbounded love, [woe,  
Which guides me through this world of  
And points to joys above.

# 375 Precious Promise.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given  
To the weary passer-by,  
On the way from earth to heaven.  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

*Ref.*—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with mine eye;  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
I will guide thee with mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die,  
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

# 376 Parting Hymn.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we  
raise, [praise;  
With one accord our parting hymn of  
We stand to bless thee ere our worship  
cease, [peace.  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of

2 Grant us thy peace upon our heaven-  
ward way; [the day;  
With thee began, with thee shall end,  
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts  
from shame, [name.  
That in this house have called upon thy  
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through  
the coming night,  
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep thy chil-  
dren free, [thee.  
For dark and light are both alike to  
4 Grant us thy peace throughout our  
earthly life, [strife;  
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our con-  
flict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to thy eternal peace.

# 377 Sorrow is o'er.

WHAT to me are earth's pleasures and  
what its flowing tears?

What are all the sorrows I deplore?  
There's a song ever swelling—still ling-  
ers on my ears:

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

*Cho.*—"Tis a song from the home of the  
weary:

Sorrow, sorrow is forever o'er;

Happy now, ever happy 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.

3 Though here I'm sad and drooping,  
and weep my life away, [shore,  
With a lone heart still clinging to the  
Yet I hear happy voices which ever  
seem to say,

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

4 'Tis a note that is wafted across the  
troubled wave, [shore,

'Tis a song that I've heard upon the  
'Tis a sweet thrilling murmur around  
the Christian's grave,

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

5 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem—the  
victor's holy song, [o'er;

Where the strife and the conflict are  
When the saved ones forever, in joyous  
notes prolong,

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.



## 378 Bringing in the Sheaves.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds  
of kindness, [eves ;

Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time  
of reaping, [the sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
*Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves, bring-  
ing in the sheaves, [the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in  
the sheaves, [the sheaves.

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

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

## 379 I know I love Thee better.

I KNOW I love thee better, Lord,  
Than any earthly joy,  
For thou hast given me the peace  
Which nothing can destroy.

*Cho.*—The half has never yet been told,  
Of love so full and free ;  
The half has never yet been told,  
The blood — it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still  
Than any earthly throng,  
And sweeter is the thought of thee  
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart ;  
Then well may I be glad !  
Without the secret of thy love  
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine !  
What will thy presence be,  
If such a life of joy can crown  
Our walk on earth with thee ?

## 380 Oh, Bliss of the Purified !

Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the  
free ! [me !

I plunge in the crimson tide open for  
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I  
stand, [his hand.  
And point to the print of the nails in

*Cho.* — Oh, sing of his mighty love,  
Sing of his mighty love,  
Sing of his mighty love—  
Mighty to save !

2 Oh, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is  
mine, [pine ;  
No longer in dread condemnation I  
In conscious salvation I sing of his  
grace, [face !

Who lifted upon me the smiles of his  
3 Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the  
pure ! [cannot cure ;

No wound hath the soul that his blood  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweet-  
ly find rest,— [breast.

No, tears but may dry them on Jesus'  
4 O Jesus the Crucified ! thee will I  
sing ! [my King !

My blessed Redeemer ! my God and  
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout  
o'er the grave, [TO SAVE.  
And triumph at death, in the MIGHTY

## 381 On the Cross.

BEOULD ! behold ! the Lamb of God,  
On the cross, on the cross ;  
For you he shed his precious blood,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
Now hear his all-important cry,  
"Eloi lama sabaethani ;"  
Draw near and see your Saviour die,  
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Come, sinners see him lifted up,  
On the cross, on the cross ;  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the cross, on the cross.

To heaven he turns his languid eyes,  
"Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies,  
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done ! the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross, on the cross ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
On the cross, on the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for your sake,  
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
Of the cross, of the cross ;  
In nothing else my soul shall glory  
Save the cross, save the cross.  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus suffered death for me,  
On the cross, on the cross.



- 382 My days are gliding.  
My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly!  
Those hours of toil and danger.  
*Cho.*—For oh, we stand on Jordan's  
Our friends are passing over, [strand,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning,—
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever,  
Our King says, come, and there's our  
Forever, oh, forever! [home,
- 383 I am on my way to Zion.  
O WHEN shall I see Jesus, and dwell  
with him above, [lasting love.  
To drink the flowing fountain of ever-  
*Cho.*—I am on my way to Zion,  
To the new Jerusalem.
- 2 Through grace I am determined to  
conquer though I die, [I'll fly.  
And away to Jesus, on wings of love
- 3 And if you meet with trials and trou-  
bles on your way;  
Cast all your care on Jesus, and don't  
forget to pray.
- 3 Gird on the heavenly armor of faith,  
and hope, and love,  
And when your race is ended you'll  
reign with him above.
- 384 The Old Ship of Zion.  
WHAT ship is this that is passing by?  
O glory, hallelujah!  
It's the old ship of Zion,  
Hallelujah!
- 2 O, who is her captain and what is his  
name?  
'Tis the meek and lowly Jesus.
- 3 Is your ship well built, are her tim-  
bers all sound?  
Why, she's built of gospel timber.
- 4 Do you think she will safely land her  
crew?  
Why, she's landed thousands over,  
And she'll land as many more.

- 385 L. M.  
Happy day, happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away,  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day, happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 386 L. M.  
Come to the Saviour, come,  
O come to the Saviour, come,  
His wounds for you stand open wide,  
Come to the Saviour, come.
- 387 L. M.  
Ho every one that thirsts!  
Come ye to the waters,  
Freely drink and quench your thirsts,  
Zion's sons and daughters.
- 388 L. M.  
We'll cross the river of Jordan,  
Happy, happy,  
We'll cross the river of Jordan,  
Happy in the Lord.
- 389 L. M.  
Save! O save, Save, mighty Lord,  
And send converting power down!  
Save, mighty Lord.
- 390 L. M.  
O he's taken my feet from the mire and  
the clay, [Ages.  
And he's placed them on the Rock of
- 391 L. M.  
[Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O  
my soul.:]
- 392 L. M.  
The cross, the cross, the precious cross,  
The wondrous cross of Jesus:  
From all our sin its guilt and power,  
And every stain it frees us.  
Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,  
O I'm clinging to the cross,  
Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,  
Clinging to the cross.
- 393 C. M.  
They'll sing their welcome home to me,  
They'll sing their welcome home to me,  
And the angels will stand on the  
heavenly strand  
And sing their welcome home,  
Welcome home, welcome home,  
And the angels will stand on the  
heavenly strand  
And sing their welcome home.



394

7. 6.

The cross of Christ I'll cherish,  
Its crucifixion bear;  
All hail, reproach or sorrow,  
If Jesus lead me there.

395

8s.

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

396

8. 7.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more  
When on that eternal shore;  
Drop the anchor! Furl the sail!  
I am safe with'n the veil!

397

C. M.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,  
And ever faithful be,  
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

398

C. M.

Many are the friends who are waiting  
Happy on the golden strand. [to-day,  
Many are the voices calling us away,  
To join their glorious band :  
||: Calling us away, calling us away,  
Calling to the better land.:|

399

C. M.

Jesus died for you,  
Jesus died for me,  
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind,  
Bless God, salvation's free.

400

C. M.

O for converting grace,  
And O for sanctifying power!  
Lord, we beg for Jesus's sake,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

401

C. M.

There you'll sing hallelujah,  
And I'll sing hallelujah,  
And we'll all sing hallelujah,  
In that bright world above.

402

C. M.

I now believe, I do believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross he shed his blood,  
From sin to set me free.

403

C. M.

O Jesus! my Saviour, I look to thee,  
Remember, Lord, thy dying griefs,  
And then remember me.

404

C. M.

We will rest in the fair and happy land,  
Just across on the evergreen shore,  
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb  
by and by,  
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

405

C. M.

Let us never mind the scoffs  
Nor the frowns of the world.  
For we've all got the cross to bear;  
It will only make the crown  
The brighter to shine,  
When we have the crown to wear.

406

C. M.

I want to go, I want to go,  
I want to go there too,  
I want to go where Jesus is,  
I want to go there too.

407

S. M.

We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

408

S. M.

O, I'll be there, you'll be there,  
Palms of victory, crowns of glory, we  
shall wear  
In that beautiful world on high.

409

S. M.

I am coming, Lord,  
Coming now to thee,  
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

410

S. M.

||: I'm glad salvation's free, :||  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free.

411

7s.

Let us walk in the light, walk in the light,  
Walk in the light, in the light of God.

412

8. 7.

I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin,  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
I will come and dwell within.

413

7s.

||: Rock of Ages cleft for me, :||  
Let me hide myself in thee.

414

7s.

||: Oh redeemed, redeemed,  
I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb. :||



1 L. M.  
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings  
flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 C. M.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore!

3 C. M.  
THE God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word,  
And new-creating breath;  
To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine.—  
The One in Three, and Three in One,—  
Let saints and angels join.

4 S. M.  
To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

5 L. M. 6l.  
IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name:  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost m'n's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

6 H. M.  
To God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit, praise:  
With all our powers, eternal King,  
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

7 7s.  
SING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise him all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

8 7, 6, 8.  
FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thy Godhead we adore,  
Join we with the heavenly host,  
To praise thee evermore!  
Live, by earth and heaven adored,  
The Three in One, the One in Three,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
All glory be to thee!

9 C. P. M.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant  
And saints on earth adore; [host  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time shall be no more!

10 7s. 6l.  
PRAISE the name of God most high;  
Praise him, all below the sky;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

11 8, 7, 4.  
GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne:  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

12 8, 7.  
PRAISE the God of our salvation;  
Praise the Father's boundless love;  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;  
Praise the Spirit from above,  
Author of the new creation,  
Him by whom our spirits live;  
Undivided adoration  
To the one Jehovah give!

13 8s.  
ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest!  
The eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be confessed.

14 6, 4.  
To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given!  
Crown him, in every song;  
To him your hearts belong:  
Let all his praise prolong,  
On earth, in heaven!

15 7, 6.  
To thee be praise forever,  
Thou glorious King of kings!  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings:  
We'll celebrate thy glory,  
With all thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of thy redeeming love.



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