

# GOSPEL Hymns

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THOMAS S. WILCOX, M.A.,  
Author of "The Hymn Book,"  
"Hymns for the Home," &c.  
and "Hymns for the School."

THOMAS S. WILCOX,

330, Fenchurch Street,  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

*Wh-*  
*Were the-*  
*Where are*

2 Loudly the  
the Lord  
Fine in the cur-  
ard,  
owning th-  
tenderly,  
nine?"

ho is this Nazarene?" "Please  
He the Christ? tell us please  
pray."

2 Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign.  
Show them His mighty works—Where  
are the nine?

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see.  
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"  
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord  
and mine!

Bring in the witnesses—Where are the  
nine?

13 I KNOW not the hour when my Lord  
will come

To take me away to His own dear home;  
But I know that His presence will  
lighten the gloom,

And that will be glory for me.

*And that will be glory for me.*

*Oh, that will be glory for me.*  
But I know that His presence will  
the gloom,

*And that will be glory for me.*

2 I know not the song that the  
sing,

I know not the sound of the harp  
ring,  
But I know there'll be mention of  
our King.

*And that will be music for me.*

in  
But oh, that's you  
with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in  
whiteness,  
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
Oh, when I receive it all shining in  
brightness,  
Dear friend, could I see you receiving  
one too!

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world  
never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and  
Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given  
to you!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others  
the story,  
That my loving Saviour is your Sav-  
iour too;  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring  
them to glory.  
And prayer will be answered—'twas  
answered for you!

Gospel Hymns Consolidated.

We shall sing redemption's story,  
By and by; by and by;  
And the strains for evermore  
Shall resound in sweetness o'er  
Yonder everlasting shore,  
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
By and by, by and by;  
Who a crown of life will give us  
By and by.  
And the angels will  
All the malice not  
Shall attend the stra

4 There our tears shall be  
By and by, by and by;  
And with sweetest love  
By and by.  
All the world  
To the lost  
We

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest.  
Ye wanderers from a Father dear,  
Return, accept His proffered love.  
¶: Ye tempted ones, there's a  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth

6 But still this call remains,  
And all his wondrous love  
Soon will lie sadly from you.  
Your bitter prayer for pardon  
¶: "Too late! too late!" will you say.  
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed

loving Saviour

Stands patiently;  
Rejected,

again for thee.

3 "W calling now for thee;  
.. Is Calling now for thee;  
Thou hast wandered so long;

"Jesus' calling now for thee;  
Soundless mercy,  
Free to all!  
Child of error,  
Heed the teacher.

soever will, promise secure;  
ever will," for ever must en-  
ce;  
ever will," 'tis life for ever-  
ce:  
soever will, may come."

a Saviour, He's pleading in  
loving Saviour though earth-  
ds be few;  
He is watching in tendernes-  
ne,  
that my Saviour were  
our too!

*or you I am praying,  
or you I am praying,  
or you I am praying,  
I'm praying for you.*

a Father; to me He's given  
ape for eternity, bles us  
on will He call me to me-  
heaven  
in - He'd let me bri-  
But oh, that - ing you  
with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in  
whiteness,  
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
Oh, when I receive it all shining in  
brightness,  
Dear friend, could I see you receiving  
one too!

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world  
never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and  
Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given  
to you!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others  
the story,  
That my loving Saviour is your Sav-  
iour too;  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring  
them to glory.  
And prayer will be answered—'twas  
answered for you!

12

WAND'RING afar from the dwell-  
ings of men,  
Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten;  
"Jesus have mercy!" brings healing  
divine;

One came to worship, but where are the  
nine?

*Where are the nine?  
Where are the nine?*

*Where are the ten cleansed?  
Where are the nine?*

2 Loudly the stranger sang praise to  
the Lord  
no, the curse had been wrought by  
rd,

owning the Healer Divine;  
tenderly, "Where are the  
nine?"

ho is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;  
He the Christ? tell us plainly, we  
pray."

Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign.  
Show them His mighty works—Where  
are the nine?

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,  
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"  
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord  
and mine!

Bring in the witnesses—Where are the  
nine?

13

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord  
will come  
To take me away to His own dear home;  
But I know that His presence will  
lighten the gloom,

And that will be glory for me.

*And that will be glory for me,  
Oh, that will be glory for me.  
But I know that His presence will  
the gloom,*

*And that will be glory for me.*

2 I know not the song that the  
sing,

I know not the sound of the harp  
ring,  
But I know there'll be mention of  
our King,

*And that will be music for me.*

And that will be music for me,  
Oh, that will be music for me,  
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus  
our King,  
And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,  
I know not the name that I then shall  
bear:

But I know that my Saviour will wel-  
come me there,

And that will be heaven for me.

And that will be heaven for me,  
Oh, that will be heaven for me,  
But I know that my Saviour will wel-  
come me there,

And that will be heaven for me.

14

H O! my comrades, see the signal  
Waving in the sky!  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"  
Jesus signals still,  
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—  
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on;  
Mighty men around us falling,  
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,  
Here the bugle blow;  
In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But our Help is near;  
Onward comes our Great Commander,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

15

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming,  
A radiance from the cross afar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.

• Oh, depth of mercy! can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me?  
For me, for me?  
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for  
Who seek through it salvation  
The rich and poor, the great and  
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though the  
frown,

While mercy's gate is open;  
Accept the cross, and win the  
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away  
And love Him more in heaven.

16

FREE from the law, oh, how  
distant.

Jesus hath bled, and there is no  
Curs'd by the law and bruis'd by  
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

Once for all, oh, sinner receive  
Once for all, oh, brother, believe  
Cling to the cross, the burden  
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there is no condem-  
nation,

Jesus provides a perfect salvation;  
"Come unto Me," oh, hear His sweet  
call.

Come, and He saves us once for all.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious call-  
ing.

Surely His grace will keep us from  
falling:

Passing from death to life at His call,  
Blessed salvation once for all.

17

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?  
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
Never such was seen before.

Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,  
Wilt thou not undo the door.

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,  
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;

But the door is hard to open.  
For the weeds and ivy-vine.

heir dark and clinging tendrils,  
round the hinges twine.  
ring, knocking—what, still there?  
ng, waiting, grand and fair;  
e pierced hand still knocketh,  
n beneath the crownèd hair  
e patient eyes so tender,  
aviour, waiting there.

**CUE** the perishing,  
are for the dying.  
m in pity from sin and the  
e;  
o'er the erring one,  
o the fallen,  
of Jesus, the mighty to save.  
*cue the perishing,*  
*for the dying,*  
*is merciful,*  
*will save.*

o they are slighting Him,  
e is waiting.  
penitent child to receive.  
with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently;  
e will fice if they only believe.

**3** Do, w the human heart,  
Crush'd by the tempter.  
Feelings I've buried that grace can re-  
store;  
Touche'd by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate  
once more.

**4** Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will  
provide:  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has  
died.

19

**R**ING the bells of heaven! there is  
joy to-day.  
For a soul returning from the wild;  
See! the Father meets him out upon  
the way,  
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring  
child.

*Glory! glory! how the angels sing;*  
*Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;*  
*'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,*  
*Pealing forth the anthem of the free.*

**2** Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy  
to-day.

For the wanderer now is reconciled:  
Yes a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a ransomed child.

**3** Ring the bells of heaven! spread the  
feast to-day,  
Angels swell the glad triumphant  
strain!

Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!  
For a precious soul is born again.

20

**I** WILL sing you a song of that beau-  
tiful land,

The far away home of the soul,  
Where no storms ever beat on the glit-  
tering strand

While the years of eternity roll,  
While the years of eternity roll;  
Where no storms ever beat on the glit-  
tering strand

While the years of eternity roll.

**2** Oh! that home of the soul in my  
visions and dreams,  
Its bright jasper walls I can see;  
Till I fancy 'out thinly the vale inter-  
venes  
||: Between the fair city and me. :||  
Till I fancy, 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. :||

The King of, etc.

**4** Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-  
tiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain;  
With songs on our lips and with harps  
in our hands  
||: To meet one another again. :||  
With songs on, etc.

21

I GAVE My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou mightst ransomed be,

And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My father's house of light,—  
My glory-circled throne

I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone;

I left, I left it all for thee;

Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony.

To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free.

My pardon and My love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to Me?

22

WE'RE going home,  
No more to roam,

No more to sin and sorrow;  
No more to wear

The brow of care—

We're going home to-morrow.

We're going home, (we're going home)  
we're going home to-morrow;

We're going home, (we're going home)  
we're going home to-morrow.

2 For weary feet

Awaits a street

Of wondrous pave and golden;

For hearts that ache,

The angels wake

The story, sweet and olden.

3 For those who sleep.

And those who weep,

Above the portals narrow

The mansions rise

Beyond the skies—

We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!  
Oh, ransomed throng!

Where sin no more shall sever;

Our King to see,

And, oh, to be

With Him at home forever.

23

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the Book He  
has given;

Wonderful things in the Bible I see:  
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

*I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves even me.*

2 Though I forget Him, and wander  
away,

Still He doth love me wherever I stay,  
Back to His dear loving arms would I

flee,

When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him.  
Love brought Him down my poor soul  
to redeem;

Yes, it was love made Him die on the  
tree,

Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I  
tell?

Glory to Jesus I know very well;  
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;  
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth  
flee,

When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

24

REJOICE and be glad!

The Redeemer has come!  
Go look on His cradle, His cross and  
His tomb.

*Sound His praises, tell the Story  
Of Him who was slain;*

Sound His praises, tell with gladness,  
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad!  
It is sunshine at last!

The clouds have departed, the shadows  
are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad!  
For the blood hath been shed;  
Redemption is finished, the price hath  
been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!  
Now the pardon is free!

The Just for the unjust has died on  
the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad!  
For the Lamb that was slain  
Over death is triumphant and liveth  
again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!  
For our King is on high,  
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the  
sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!  
For He cometh again:  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that  
was slain.

Sound His praises, tell the Story  
Of Him who was slain,  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,  
He cometh again.

25

WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son  
of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
above.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah,  
amen,

Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us  
again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy  
Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and  
scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that  
was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has  
cleans'd every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of  
all grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us, and  
guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with  
Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire  
from above.

26

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love  
Thou gavest me,  
Nor should I ought withhold,  
Dear Lord, from Thee;  
In love my soul would bow,  
My heart fulfil its vow,  
Some offering bring Thee now,  
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,  
Pleading for me,  
My feeble faith looks up,  
Jesus, to Thee:  
Help me the cross to bear  
Thy wondrous love declare  
Some song to raise, or prayer.  
Something for Thee!

3 Give me a faithful heart—  
Likeness to Thee—  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see  
Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done.  
Some wand'rer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—  
Thy gifts so free—  
In joy, in grief, through life,  
Dear Lord, for Thee!  
And when Thy face I see,  
My ransomed soul shall be  
Through all eternity,  
Something for Thee.

27

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour.  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art smiling,  
Do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry.  
While on others Thou art calling.  
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief,  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.  
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.  
4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?

28

- O**NE more day's work for Jesus;  
One less of life for me!  
But heav'n is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer,  
Than yesterday to me;  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.  
*One more day's work for Jesus,*  
*One more day's work for Jesus,*  
*One more day's work for Jesus,*  
*One less of life for me.*

- 2 One more day's work for Jesus;  
How glorious is my King!  
'Tis joy, not duty,  
To speak His beauty;  
My soul mounts on the wing  
At the mere thought  
How Christ my life has bought.

- 3 One more day's work for Jesus;  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory,  
When Christ's flock enter in!  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine!

- 4 One more day's work for Jesus—  
Oh yes, a weary day;  
But heaven shines clearer,  
And rest comes nearer,  
At each step of the way;  
And Christ in all—  
Before His face I fall.

- 5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!  
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!  
There toil seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for Him is sweet.

Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day!

29

- W**HAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

30

- G**OD loved the world of sinners lost  
And ruined by the fall;  
Salvation full, at highest cost,  
He offers free to all.  
*Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!*  
*The love of God to me;*  
*It brought my Saviour from above,*  
*To die on Calvary.*  
2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
The risen Son of God:  
Redemption by His death I find,  
And cleansing through the blood.  
3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
And to His saints makes known  
The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone.  
4 Believing souls rejoicing go;  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious foretaste, here below,  
Of endless life in heaven.  
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
Let all the ransomed sing.

nd triumph in the dying hour  
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

31

HAVE you on the Lord believed?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Of His grace have you received?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Oh, the grace the Father shows!  
Still there's more to follow,  
Freely He His grace bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.  
*More and more, more and more,*  
*Always more to follow;*  
*Oh, His matchless, boundless love!*  
*Still there's more to follow.*

2 Have you felt the Saviour near?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Does His blessed presence cheer?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!  
Still there's more to follow,  
Freely He His love bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?  
Still there's more to follow;  
Falling like a gentle shower?  
Still there's more to follow.  
Oh, the power the Spirit shows,  
Still there's more to follow;  
Freely He His power bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.

32

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now,  
At the cross of Christ I bow;  
Take my guilt and grief away;  
Hear and heal me now, I pray.  
*Bless me now, bless me now,*  
*Heavenly Father, bless me now.*

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,  
Send Thy grace and show Thy pow'r.  
While I rest upon Thy word,  
Come and bless me now, O Lord.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,  
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;  
While I look, and as I cry,  
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore  
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;  
Now the time! and this the place!  
Actions Father, show Thy grace.

33

WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou,  
With empty hands and clouded brow?  
Plodding along thy lonely way,  
Tell me where hast thou glean'd to-day?  
Late I found a barren field,  
The harvest past, my search revealed,  
Others, golden sheaves had gained,  
Only stubble for me remained.

*Forth to the hot'est field away!*  
*Gather your handfuls while you may;*  
*All day long in the field abide,*  
*Gleaning close by the reaper's side.*

2 Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,  
These faded flow'rs and leaflets sere?  
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,  
Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd  
to-day?

All day long in shady bow'rs,  
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers;  
Now, alas! too late I see  
All I've gather'd is vanity.

3 Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see,  
Indeed thou must a-weary be!  
Singing along the homeward way,  
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Stay me not, till day is done,  
I've gathered handfuls, one by one;  
Here and there for me they fall,  
Close by the reapers I've found them all.

34

AH, my heart is heavy laden,  
Weary and oppressed!  
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest!"

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound prints,  
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yes, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns!"

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What my portion here?  
" Many a sorrow, many a conflict,  
Many a tear."
- 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."

35

I HEAR the Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray  
Find in Me thine all in all.  
*Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain  
He washed it white as snow.*

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

36

ONE there is above all others,  
Oh, how He loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;  
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,  
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Think oh, think how much we owe Him,

- Oh, how He loves!  
With His precious blood He bought us,  
In the wilderness He sought us,  
To His fold He safely brought us,  
Oh, how He loves!
- 3 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him  
Oh, how He loves!  
Give yourselves entirely to Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Think no longer of the morrow,  
From the past new courage borrow,  
Jesus carries all your sorrow,  
Oh, he loves!
- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven.  
Oh, how He loves!  
Backward shall your foes be driven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Best of blessings He'll provide you.  
Nought but good shall e'er betide you.  
Safe to glory He will guide you,  
Oh, how He loves!

37

TELL me the Old, Old Story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love;  
Tell me the Story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.  
*Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Of Jesus and His love.*

- 2 Tell me the Story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin;  
Tell me the Story often,  
For I forgot so soon,  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

- 3 Tell me the Story softly,  
With earnest tones, and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save;  
Tell the Story always,  
If you would really be  
In any time of trouble.  
A comforter to me...

4 Tell me the same Old Story  
 When you have cause to fear  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear;  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the Old, Old Story;  
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

38

**C**OME home! come home!  
 You are weary at heart,  
 For the way has been dark,  
 And so lonely and wild.  
 O prodigal child!  
 Come home, oh, come home!  
*Come home!*  
*Come, oh, come home!*

2 Come home! come home!  
 For we watch and we wait,  
 And we stand at the gate,  
 While the shadows are piled.  
 O prodigal child!

Come home, oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!  
 From the sorrow and blame,  
 From the sin and the shame,  
 And the tempter that smiled.  
 O prodigal child!

Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!  
 There is bread and to spare,  
 And a warm welcome there,  
 Then, to friends reconciled,  
 O prodigal child!

Come home, oh, come home!

39

**I** LOVE to tell the Story  
 Of unseen things above,  
 Of Jesus and His glory,  
 Of Jesus and His love;  
 I love to tell the Story,  
 Because I know it's true;  
 It satisfies my longings,  
 As nothing else would do.  
*I love to tell the Story!*  
*'Twill be my theme in glory,*  
*To tell the Old, Old Story*  
*Of Jesus and His love.*

2 I love to tell the Story!  
 More wonderful it seems,  
 Than all the golden fancies  
 Of all our golden dreams;  
 I love to tell the Story!  
 It did so much for me;  
 And that is just the reason,  
 I tell it now to thee.

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.

40

**H**OLY Spirit, faithful guide,  
 Ever near the Christian's side;  
 Gently lead us by the hand,  
 Pilgrims in a desert land;  
 Weary souls for e'er rejoice,  
 While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come;  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear,  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—  
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

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

41

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin!

The Light of the world is Jesus ;  
Like sunshine at noonday, His glory shone in,

The Light of the world is Jesus.

*Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee :  
Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,  
Once I was blind, but now I can see :*

*The Light of the world is Jesus.*

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,

The Light of the world is Jesus ;  
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,

The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,

The Light of the world is Jesus :  
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise,

The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told.

The Light of the world is Jesus ;  
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,

The Light of that world is Jesus.

42

THE Spirit, oh, sinner,  
In mercy doth move  
Thy heart, so long hardened,  
Of sin to reprove ;  
*Resist not the Spirit,*  
Nor longer delay ;  
God's gracious entreaties, may end with to-day.

2 Oh, child of the kingdom,  
From sin service cease :  
Be filled with the Spirit,  
With comfort and peace.  
Oh, *grieve* not the Spirit,  
Thy Teacher is He,

That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glorified be,

3 Defiled is the temple,  
Its beauty laid low,  
On God's holy altar  
The embers faint glow,

By love yet rekindled,

A flame may be fanned.

Oh, quench not the Spirit, *the Lord is at hand !*

43

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus

B I fain would take my stand—  
The shadow of a mighty Rock,  
Within a weary land.  
A home within the wilderness,  
A rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noontide heat,  
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,  
O refuge tried and sweet,  
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,  
And Heaven's justice meet !  
As to the Holy Patriarch

That wondrous dream was given.  
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me  
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow.  
But on the further side,  
The darkness or an awful grave  
That gapes both deep and wide :  
And there between us stands the Cross.

Two arms outstretched to save,—  
Like a watchman set to guard the way  
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus.  
Mine eye at times can see  
The very dying form of One.  
Who suffered there for me :  
And from my smitten heart with tears  
Two wonders I confess—  
The wonders of His glorious love.

And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow  
For my abiding place ;  
I ask no other sunshine  
Than the sunshine of His face ;  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss,—  
My sinful self, my only shame,—  
My glory all the Cross.

44

WITH harps and with viols, there stand a great throng  
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song :—

6  
Unto Him who hath loved us and wash-ed us from sin.

Unto Him be the glory forever. Amen.

2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,

Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,

He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,

If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring.

So that others believing, this new song shall sing.

45

**J**ESUS, keep me near the Cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Ex-to all—a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

*In the Cross, in the Cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.*

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

46

**O**H, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,  
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;  
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,

And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

*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.  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;

In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;

No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,

No tears but may dry them on Jesus' dear breast.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing.  
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;

My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave.  
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

47

**N**OT now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,

A little longer on the billows foam:  
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,

And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,  
And thou must call them in with patient love;

Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,  
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely  
sorrow;

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little  
while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are  
sorely bleeding,

And thou must teach those widowed  
hearts to sing;

Not now; for orphan's tears are quickly  
falling,

They must be gathered 'neath some  
sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the  
dying,

And speak that name in all its living  
power;

Why should thy fainting heart grow  
chill and weary?

Canst thou not watch with Me one  
little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious  
crowning;

The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm,

One little hour! and then the hallelujah!

Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving  
psalm!

48

**S**AVIOUR, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
Let Thy precious blood applied,  
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

*Every day, every hour,  
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;  
May Thy tender love to me,  
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.*

2 Through this changing world below  
Lead me gently, gently as I go:

Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love,  
In a brighter, brighter world above,

49

**G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

*Saved by grace alone,  
This is all my plea;  
Jesus died for all mankind,  
And Jesus died for me.*

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet,  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

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

50

**P**RECIOUS promise God hath given,  
To the weary passer-by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

*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."

51

**H**E leadeth me! oh! blessed thought.  
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort  
fraught;

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*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, e'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.

## 52

*D*OWN life's dark vale we wander,  
Till Jesus comes;  
We watch and wait and wonder,  
Till Jesus comes.

*All joy His loved ones bringing,  
When Jesus comes;  
All praise through heaven ringing,  
When Jesus comes,  
All beauty bright and vernal,  
When Jesus comes;  
All glory, grand, eternal,  
When Jesus comes.*

2 Oh, let my lamp be burning  
When Jesus comes:  
For Him my soul be yearning,  
When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,  
When Jesus comes;  
All peace and joy and gladness,  
When Jesus comes;

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,  
When Jesus comes.  
All gloom His face will banish,  
When Jesus comes.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,  
When Jesus comes;

He'll know the feet grew weary,  
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,  
When Jesus comes;  
Oh, how His arms will rest me!  
When Jesus comes.

## 53

**W**HAT! "lay my sins on Jesus?"  
God's well-beloved Son!

No! 'tis a truth most precious,  
That God e'en *that* has done.

*Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,  
He makes me "white as snow,"  
Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,  
He makes me "white as snow."*

2 Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,  
To all who do believe,  
God laid our sins on Jesus,  
Who did the load receive.

3 What! "bring our guilt to Jesus?"  
To wash away our stains;  
The act is passed that freed us,  
And naught to do remains.

## 54

**J**UST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And That Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

55

- T**O-DAY the Saviour calls;  
Ye wand'lers come;  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls:  
Oh, listen now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to His power;  
Oh, grieve Him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

56

**T**HE great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus:  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*"Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus."*

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

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

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

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

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

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

57

**O** CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy  
head!  
Our load was laid on Thee:  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,  
Did'st bear all ill for me.  
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;  
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
But Thou hast drained the last dark  
drop—  
'Tis empty now for me.

That bitter cup,—love drank it up;  
Now blessings draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—  
O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;  
There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed,  
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—  
O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
Thy open bosom was my ward,  
It braved the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage  
marred—  
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—  
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!  
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;  
Thy heart its sheath must be—  
All for my sake, my peace to make;  
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died for Thee;  
Thou'ret risen, my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified, made white, and tried,  
Thy GLORY then for me.

58

**O**H, to be over yonder,  
In that land of wonder,  
Where the angel voices mingle, and  
angel harpers ring;

To be free from pain and sorrow,  
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,  
To rest in light and sunshine, in the  
presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder!  
My yearning heart grows fonder  
Of looking to the east, to see the blessed  
day-star bring  
Some tidings of the waking,  
The cloudless, pure day breaking;—  
My heart is yearning—yearning for the  
coming of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!  
Alas! I sigh and wonder  
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart  
to any earthly thing;  
Each tie of earth must sever,  
And pass away for ever,  
But there's no more separation in the  
presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling—  
Where angel voices, swelling  
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the  
vaulted heavens ring?

Where the pearly gates are gleaming,  
And the morning star is beaming?  
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pres-  
ence of the King.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?  
The longing growtheth stronger  
To join in all the praises the redeemed  
ones do sing  
Within those heavenly places,  
Where the angels vail their faces,  
In awe and adoration in the presence  
of the King.

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,  
And lonely as I wander,  
Yearning for the welcome summer—  
longing for the bird's fleet wing;  
The midnight may be dreary,  
And the heart be worn and weary,  
But there's no more shadow yonder, in  
the presence of the King.

I am counting all but gross,  
I shall tell salvation now.

*I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Blest Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow.  
Save me Jesus, save me now.*

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—  
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

3 Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store;  
Soul and body. Thine to be,—  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

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.

## 60

A LL the way my Saviour leads me;  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who thro' life has been my guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
||: For I know whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well. :||

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Cheers each winding path I tread;  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread;  
Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
||: Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see. :||

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Oh, the fulness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above;  
When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
||: This my song through endless ages—  
Jesus led me all the way. :||

61

**G**O bury thy sorrow,  
The world has its share:  
Go bury it deeply,  
Go hide it with care;  
Go think of it calmly,  
When curtained by night,  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief;  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send thee relief,  
Go gather the sunshine  
He sheds on the way;  
He'll lighten thy burden,  
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary  
With heavier woe  
Now droop 'mid the darkness—  
Go comfort them, go,  
Go bury thy sorrows,  
Let others be blest;  
Go give them the sunshine—  
Tell Jesus the rest.

62

**C**OME to the Saviour, make no delay;  
Here in His word He's shown us  
the way;  
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,  
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

*Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,  
When from sin our hearts are pure and  
free;  
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,  
In our eternal home.*

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His  
voice,  
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice.  
And let us freely make Him our choice;  
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-  
day;  
Heed now His blest commands, and  
obey;  
Hear now His accents tenderly say,  
"Will you, My children, come?"

63

**I**HEAR Thy welcome voice  
That calls me, Lord, to Thee  
For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

*I am coming, Lord!  
Coming now to Thee!  
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.*

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love;  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!

64

**T**O the hall of the feast came the sin-  
ful and fair;  
She heard in the city that Jesus was  
there;  
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on  
the board,  
||: She silently knelt at the feet of the  
Lord. :||

2 The frown and the murmur went  
round through them all,  
That one so unhallowed should tread in  
that hall;  
And some said the poor would be ob-  
jects more meet,  
||: As the wealth of her perfume  
shower'd on His feet. :||

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke  
but with sighs;  
She dare not look up to the heaven of  
His eyes;  
And the hot tears gushed forth at each  
heave of her breast,  
||: As her lips to His sandals were throb-  
bingly pressed.:||

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth  
the bow,—  
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth  
the snow,  
He looked on that lost one: "her sins  
were forgiven."  
||: And the sinner went forth in the  
beauty of heaven.:||

## 65

**B**RIGHLY beams our Father's mer-  
cy

From His light-house evermore;  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

*Let the lower lights be burning!*  
*Send a gleam across the wave!*  
*Some poor fainting, struggling seaman*  
*You may rescue, you may save.*

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;  
Some poor seaman tempest-tost,  
Trying now to make the harbor,  
In the darkness *may be lost.*

## 66

**A** LONG time I wandered in darkness  
and sin.

And wondered if ever the light would  
shine in:

I heard Christian friends tell of rapture  
divine.

And wish'd, how I wish'd that their  
Saviour were mine.

*I wish'd He were mine, yes, I wish'd He*  
*were mine;*

*I wished, how I wished that their Saviour*  
*were mine.*

2 I heard the glad gospel of "good-will  
to men;"  
I read "whosoever" again and again;  
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be  
thine?"  
And then began hoping that Jesus was  
mine.  
*I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He*  
*was mine;*  
*I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.*  
3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even  
me!  
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will  
I be,"  
On His word I'm resting—assurance  
divine—  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is  
mine!  
*I know He is mine, yes, I know He is*  
*mine!*  
*I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is*  
*mine.*

## 67

**T**HREE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain;  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews Old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between;  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er:  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

68 *Tune—RATHBUN.* 8s & 7s. *Key C.*

**I**N 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 new lustre to the day.  
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

69

- T**ILL He come!"—Oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the "little while" between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think, how heav'n and home—  
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"  
2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on that rest above,  
When their words of love and cheer  
Fall no longer on our ear,  
Hush! be every murmur dumb,  
It is only "Till He come!"  
3 Clouds and darkness round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Pain us only "Till He come!"  
4 See the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and eat the bread;  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board,  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come!"

70 DENNIS. S. M. Key F.

- H**OW solemn are the words  
And yet to faith how plain,  
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—  
"Ye must be born again!"  
2 "Ye must be born again!"  
For so hath God decreed;  
No reformation will suffice—  
'Tis life poor sinners need.  
3 "Ye must be born again!"  
And life in Christ must have;  
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—  
'Tis He alone can save.

- 4 "Ye must be born again!"  
Or never enter heaven;  
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—  
The ransomed and forgiven.

71 ORTONVILLE. C. M. Key Bb.

- H**OW 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.

72

- T**AKE the name of Jesus with you.  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;  
Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!

- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,

King of kings in heav'n we'll crown  
Him,  
When our journey is complete.

73

**I**T passeth knowledge; that dear love  
of Thine!  
My Jesu! Saviour! Yet this soul of  
mine  
Would of that love, in all its depth and  
length,  
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting  
strength.  
Know more and more.

2 It passeth *telling!* that dear love of  
Thine.  
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of  
mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and  
near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear.  
And love beget.

3 It passeth *praises!* that dear love of  
mine.  
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of  
mine  
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so  
free,  
Which brought an undone sinner, such  
as me.  
Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or  
know,  
The fulness of that love, whilst here  
below.  
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring:—  
O Thou who art of love the living spring,  
My vessel fill.

5 I am an empty vessel! scarce one  
thought  
Or look of love to Thee I've ever  
brought;  
Yet I *may* come, and come again to  
Thee  
With this—the contrite sinner's truth-  
ful plea—  
*"Thou lovest me!"*

6 Oh! fill me, Jesus! Saviour! with  
Thy love!  
May woes but drive me to the fountain  
above;

Thither may I in childlike faith draw  
nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly  
But unto Thee.

7 And when, my Jesus, Thy dear face  
I see,  
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the  
knee,  
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth  
and length,  
Its height, and depth, and everlasting  
strength—  
My soul shall sing.

74

**O**H, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and empty vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet.  
Emptied that He might fill me  
As forth to His service I go;  
Eroken, that so unhindered,  
His life through me might flow.  
*Oh, to be nothing, nothing,*  
*Only to lie at His feet.*  
*A broken an emptied vessel,*  
*For the Master's use made meet.*

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only as led by His hand;  
A messenger at His gateway,  
Only waiting for His command;  
Only an instrument ready  
His praises to sound at His will,  
Willing, should He not require me  
In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Painful the humbling may be ;  
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me  
That the world might my Saviour  
see.  
Rather be nothing, nothing,—  
To Him let our voices be raised:—  
He is the fountain of blessing,  
He only is most to be praised.

75

**"**A LMOST persuaded" now to be-  
lieve:  
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,

Seems now some soul to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
Some more convenient day  
On Thee I'll call."

**2** "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
"O wanderer, come."

**3** "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
"Almost" cannot avail;  
"Almost" is but to fail!  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
"Almost—but lost!"

**76**  
**F**ULLY persuaded. Lord, I believe!  
Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;  
I will obey Thy call:  
Low at Thy feet I fall;  
Now I surrender all,  
Christ to receive.

**2** Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!  
Fully persuaded—pass me not by;  
Just as I am, I come,  
I will no longer roam,  
O make my heart Thy home;  
Save, or I die!

**3** Fully persuaded, no more oppress,  
Fully persuaded, now I am blest;  
Jesus is now my Guide,  
I will in Christ abide;  
My soul is satisfied  
In Him to rest!

**4** Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;  
Fully persuaded, Lord I am Thine!  
O make my love to Thee  
Like Thine own love to me,  
So rich, so full and free,—  
Saviour divine!

**77**  
**S**WEET 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 pray-  
er! :||

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

**78**  
**O**NE offer of salvation  
To all the world make known;  
The only sure foundation  
Is Christ the Corner Stone.  
No other name is given.  
No other way is known;  
'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last.  
He saves, and He alone.

**2** One only door of heaven  
Stands open wide to-day,  
One sacrifice is given.  
'Tis Christ, the Living Way.

**3** My only song and story  
Is—Jesus died for me;  
My only hope for glory  
The Cross of Calvary.

**79**  
**S**OING the seed by the daylight  
fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,

Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

*Sown in the darkness or sown in the  
light,*

*Sown in our weakness or sown in our  
might.*

*Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.*

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will  
spoil.

Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart.  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops  
start.

Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

## 80

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and  
be saved.

Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

*Look! look! look and live!*

*There is life for a look at the Crucified  
One.*

*There is life at this moment for thee.*

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer  
of sin,

If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?

Oh, why from His side flowed the sin  
cleansing blood,

If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and  
prayers,

But the Blood, that atones for the soul;  
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest  
at once

Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since  
God has declared

There remained no more to be done;  
That once in the end of the world He  
appeared.

And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus  
at once

The life everlasting He gives:  
And know with assurance thou never  
can'st die  
Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

## 31

YET there is room! the Lamb's bright  
hall of song,  
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter  
now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;  
The shadows lengthen, light makes  
haste to go:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter  
now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:  
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bride-  
groom's guest;

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter  
now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!  
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too  
full for thee:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter  
now!

5 Yet there is room! still open stands  
the gate,

The gate of love; it is not yet too late:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter  
now!

6 Pass, in, pass in! that banquet is  
for thee;

That cup of everlasting love is free;  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter  
now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Louder and sweeter, sounds the loving call;  
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;  
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"  
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

82

**O**NLY an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,  
Waiting to follow at the King's command;  
Marching, if "onward" shall the order be,  
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

*Heare ye the battle cry! "Forward" the call!  
See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall.*

*||: Surely the Captain may depend on me,  
Though but an armor-bearer I may be.:||*

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,  
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,  
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry.  
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share  
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:  
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,  
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review

83

**L**IHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!  
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,  
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,  
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.  
*Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!*  
*Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;*  
*Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!*  
*Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.*

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,  
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale,  
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;  
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.  
3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;  
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;  
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

84

**S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night, if Thou be near;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eye-lids 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 lie down no more 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.

85

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll.

While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none.

Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin;

Let the healing streams abound;  
Make me, keep me, pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art.  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

86

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me.  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

87

ORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—

*Even me, even me,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.*

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou can't make the blind to see:  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.

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.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,  
While the streams of life are springing  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

88

**G**UIDE 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.

89

**Y**IELD not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win;  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

*Ask the Saviour to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through.*

**2** Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence,  
Nor take it in vain;  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kind-hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

**3** To him that o'ercometh  
God giveth a crown.  
Through faith we shall conquer,  
Though often cast down;  
He who is our Saviour,  
Our strength will renew,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

90

**I** LEFT it all with Jesus  
Long ago;  
All my sins I brought Him,  
And my wee.  
When by faith I saw Him  
On the tree,  
Heard His small, still whisper,  
'Tis for thee,  
||: From my heart the burden  
Rolled away—Happy day! :||  
**2** I leave it all with Jesus,  
For He knows  
How to steal the bitter  
From life's woes;  
How to gild the tear-drop  
With His smile.  
Make the desert garden  
Bloom awhile;  
||: When my weakness leaneth  
On His might, All seems light. :||

**3** I leave it all with Jesus  
Day by-day;  
Faith can firmly trust Him,  
Come what may.  
Hope has dropped her anchor,  
Found her rest  
In the calm, sure haven  
Of His breast  
||: Love esteems it heaven  
To abide At His side. :||  
**4** Oh, leave it all with Jesus,  
Drooping soul!  
Tell not half thy story,  
But the whole,  
Worlds on worlds are hanging  
On His hand,  
Life and death are waiting  
His command;  
||: Yet His tender bosom  
Makes thee room—Oh, come home. :||

91

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

*Lose all their guilty stains.  
Lose all their guilty stains.*

*And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.*

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.—Wash, &c.

3 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.—And shall, &c.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent,  
&c.

92

*O*H, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints all immortal and fair.  
Are robed in their garments of white.

*Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the friends over there.*

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on the  
air.

In their home in the palace of God.

*Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the friends over there.*

3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at  
rest;

Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

*Over there, over there,  
My Saviour is now over there.*

4 I'll soon be at home over there.  
For the end of my journey I see ;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.

*Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.*

93

MORE holiness give me,  
More strivings within ;  
More patience in suff'ring,  
More sorrow for sin.

More faith in my Saviour,  
More sense of His care ;  
More joy in His service,  
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,  
More trust in the Lord ;  
More pride in His glory,  
More hope in His word ;  
More tears for His sorrows,  
More pain at His grief ;  
More meekness in trial,  
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,  
More strength to o'ercome ;  
More freedom from earth-stains,  
More longings for home ;  
More fit for the kingdom,  
More used would I be ;  
More blessed and holy,  
More, Saviour, like Thee.

94

*C*OME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And He will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in His word.

*Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now ;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.*

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

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

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

95

*O*H, come to the Saviour, believe in  
His name.  
And ask Him your heart to renew ;  
He wants to be gracious. O turn not away,  
For now there is pardon for you.

*Yes, there is pardon for you,  
Yes, there is pardon for you;  
For Jesus has died to redeem you,  
And offers full pardon to you.*

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,

*Oh, why will you longer pursue?  
How can you reject the sweet message  
of love*

*That offers full pardon for you?*

3 Be warned of your danger, escape to the cross;

*Your only salvation is there;  
Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace*

*Will answer your penitent prayer.*

96

**N**OTHING but leaves! The spirit grieves

O'er years of wasted life;  
O'er sins indulg'd while conscience slept,  
O'er vows and promises unkept

*And reap from years of strife—*

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves,

*Of life's fair ripening grain:*

Wesow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds—

Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—

*Then reap with toil and pain,*

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves

*No vail to hide the past:*

And as we trace our weary way,

And count each lost and misspent day

*We sadly find at last—*

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,

*And bring but withered leaves?*

Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,

Before the awful judgment-seat

*Lay down for golden sheaves,*

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

97

**W**HEN He cometh, when He cometh

*To make up His jewels,*

All His jewels, precious jewels,

His loved and His own.

*Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty,  
Bright gems for His crown.*

2 He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His kingdom:  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

98

*"G*o work in My vineyard;" there's plenty to do;  
The harvest is great, and the lab'lers  
are few;  
There's weeding, and fencing, and  
clearing of roots,  
And plowing, and sowing, and gathering  
the fruits.

There are foxes to take, there are  
wolves to destroy,  
All ages and ranks I can fully employ:  
I've sheep to be tended, and lambs to  
be fed;  
The lost must be gathered, the weary  
ones led.

*Go work, go work, go work in My vine-  
yard;*

*There's plenty to do;  
Go work, go work. The harvest is great.  
And the lab'lers are few.*

2 "Go work in My vineyard;" I claim  
thee as Mine;  
With blood did I buy thee and all that  
is thine—

Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest  
powers,  
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest  
hours.

I willingly yielded My kingdom for  
thee,  
The songs of archangels—to hang on  
the tree,  
In pain and temptation, in anguish and  
shame,  
I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I  
claim.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh,  
work while 'tis day!  
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,  
\*And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;  
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.  
Begin in the morning and toil all the day;  
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay:  
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few,  
Who'll finish the labor I've given them to do.

99

**D**EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His Grace;  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
~~W~~ 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.

100

**M**Y heart, that was heavy and sad,  
Was made to rejoice and be glad,  
And peace without measure I had,  
When the Comforter came.

*Peace, sweet peace,  
Peace when the Comforter came!  
My heart that was heavy and sad,  
Was made to rejoice and be glad,  
And peace without measure I had,  
When the Comforter came.*

2 To sin and to evil inclined,  
With darkness pervading my mind,  
No rest I could anywhere find,  
Till the Comforter came.

3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,  
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised,  
I was at His mercy amazed.  
When the Comforter came.

101

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all. ||  
2 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.  
3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

102

**O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.  
2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy Name.  
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears;  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.

103

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

104

**S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;

So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.  
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God;  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.  
3 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,—  
The bright appearance of the Lord:  
And faith stands leaning on His word.

**105** Tune—RETREAT. L. M. Key C.  
**F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.  
2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.  
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend.  
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,  
Around one common mercy-seat.

**106**  
Tune—BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.  
**S**INNERS, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your maker, asks you why?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with Himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands;  
Asks the work of His own hands,—  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why?  
Will ye cross His love, and die?  
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that ye might live.  
Will ye let Him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why?  
Will ye slight His grace and die?  
3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Urged you to embrace His love.  
Will ye not His grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?

O ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye forever die?

**107**

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not  
want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.  
2 My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.  
3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark  
vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.  
4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.  
5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

**108**

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though press'd by every foe.  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe;  
2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;—  
3 A faith that shines more bright and  
clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;—  
4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste e'en here, the hallow'd bliss  
Of an eternal home.

**109**

SALVATION! O the joyful sound  
What pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb?  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

110

**J**OY to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

111

**A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd 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.

112

**M**Y soul be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down,  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
To His divine abode.

113

**N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain,

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou did'st bear;  
While hanging on the curs'd tree,  
And knows her guilt was there.

114

**B**LEST 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.

115

**A**M I a soldier of the cross—  
**A** A foll'wer 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 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.

**116**

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

**117**

**M**Y 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 fainting 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.

**118** **BETHANY.** 6s & 4s. Key G.

**N**EARER, 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 a wanderer,  
The sun gone down;  
 Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let 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!

2 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!

119

**A** RISE, my soul, arise;  
A 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~~ your effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me;  
||: Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,:||  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 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.

120 "YOUR MISSION." Key F.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying—  
"Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, and harvest waiting;  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and strong the Master calleth,  
Rich reward He offers thee;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;

And the least you do for Jesus,  
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.  
4 If you cannot be the watchman  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;—  
With your prayers and with your boun-  
ties

You can do what heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.  
5 If among the older people,  
You may not be apt to teach;  
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our  
Shepherd,  
"Place the food within their reach."  
And it may be that the children  
You have led with trembling hand,  
Will be found among your jewels,  
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do."  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

121 WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s. Key B.

**S**TAND 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.

## 122

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.

## 123

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."  
2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.  
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I dr.  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,  
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of Life I'll walk,  
Till trav'ling days are done.

124 BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E<sub>7</sub>

SHALL we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

*Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.*

2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ev'r  
All the happy, golden day.  
3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver  
And provide a robe and crown.  
4 At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.  
5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

## 125

I WAITED for the Lord, my God,  
And patiently did bear;  
At length to me He did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.  
2 He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the miry clay,  
And on a rock He set my feet,  
Establishing my way.  
3 He put a new song in my' mouth,  
Our God to magnify;

Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies;  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to lies.

## 126 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s, 7s & 4. Key E<sub>b</sub>.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use Thy folds prepare;  
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are. :||

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way:  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray;

||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Hear, Oh hear us, when we pray. :||

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

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

## 127 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

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 glimm'ring 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. :||

MEAR. C. M.

COME Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of heavenly love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee?  
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## 129

ONCE I was dead in sin,  
And hope within me died;  
But now I'm dead to sin—  
With Jesus crucified.

*And can it be that "He loved me  
And gave Himself for me?"*

2 Oh, height I cannot reach,  
Oh, depth I cannot sound,  
Oh, love, O boundless love  
In my Redeemer found!

3 Oh, cold, ungrateful heart  
That can from Jesus turn,  
When living fires of love  
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live—and yet, not I,  
But Christ that lives in me;  
Who from the law of sin  
And death hath made me free.

## 130

IN the Christian's home in glory  
There remains a land of rest:  
There my Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfil my soul's request.

||: There is rest for the weary,:||  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you;  
On the other side of Jordan,

*In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.*

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand;  
For my stay shall not be transient,  
In that holy, happy land.  
3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!  
Shout your triumphs as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.

**131** BOYLSTON. S. M. Key C.  
**D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wond'ring angels see;  
Behold astonish'd, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.  
3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

**132**  
**C**OME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now;  
Just now, come to Jesus.  
Come to Jesus, just now.  
2 He will save you, etc.  
3 He is able, etc.  
4 He is willing, etc.  
5 He is waiting, etc.  
6 He will hear you, etc.  
7 He will cleanse you, etc.  
8 He'll renew you, etc.  
9 He'll forgive you, etc.  
10 If you trust Him, etc.  
11 He will save you, etc.

**133** HAPPY DAY. L. M.  
**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.  
*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.*

- 2 '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.  
3 Now rest, my long divided heart:  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.  
4 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.

**134**

**C**OME sing the gospel's joyful sound,  
Salvation full and free;  
Proclaim to all the world around.  
The year of jubilee!

*Salvation, salvation,*  
*The grace of God doth bring;*  
*Salvation, salvation.*  
*Through Christ our Lord and King.*

- 2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;  
Ye blind, your Saviour see!  
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,  
The Lord hath made you free!  
3 With rapturé swell the song again,  
Of Jesus' dying love:  
Tis peace on earth, good will to men,  
And praise to God above!

**135**

**O**NWARD! upward! Christian soldier,  
Turn not back nor sheathe thy sword,  
Let its blade be sharp for conquest  
In the battle for the Lord.

- From the great white throne eternal,  
God Himself is looking down:  
|| He it is who now commands thee,  
Take the cross and win the crown:||  
2 Onward! upward! doing, daring  
All for Him who died for thee;  
Face the foe and meet with boldness  
Danger whatsoe'er it be.

From the battlements of glory,  
Holy ones are looking down,  
||:Thou canst almost hear them shouting;  
“On! let no one take thy crown.”:||

3 Onward! till thy course is finished,  
Like the ransomed ones before;  
Keep the faith thro’ persecution,  
Never give the battle o’er.  
Onward! upward! till victorious,  
Thou shalt lay thy armor down,  
||:And thy loving Saviour bids thee  
At His hand receive thy crown.:||

136

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!  
More love to Thee;  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea.  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
||:More love to Thee!:||

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee!  
||:More love to Thee!:||

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,—  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
||:More love to Thee!:||

4 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!:||

137

THINE most gracious Lord,  
O make me wholly Thine—  
Thine in thought, in word, and deed,  
For Thon, O Christ, art mine.  
*Wholly Thine, wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;*

Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine;  
Make me wholly Thine.  
2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,  
To go when Thou dost call,  
Thine to yield my very self  
In all things, great and small.  
3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
In every passing hour;  
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,  
As Thou dost grant the power.  
4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
To fashion as thou wilt.—  
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul  
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.  
5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,  
For ever one with Thee—  
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,  
Abiding, sure, and free.

138

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard  
Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.  
*Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed  
Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.*  
2 Consecrate me now to Thy service,  
Lord,  
By the pow’r of grace divine;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast  
hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.  
3 O the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy Throne I spend.  
When I kneel in pray’r and with Thee,  
my God,  
I commune as friend with friend.  
4 There are depths of love that I can-  
not know  
Till I cross the narrow sea,  
There are heights of joy that I may not  
reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

139

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus!  
A I’ve His gracious promise heard

"I shall never be confounded'  
I am trusting in that word.  
*I am trusting, fully trusting,*  
*Sweetly trusting in His word.*  
*I am trusting, fully trusting,*  
*Sweetly trusting in His word.*

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus?  
He doth wash me in His blood;  
He will keep me pure and holy,  
He will bring me home to God.  
3 All my fears I give to Jesus!  
Rests my weary soul on Him;  
Tho' my way be hid in darkness,  
Never can His light grow dim.  
4 All my joys I give to Jesus!  
He is all I want of bliss;  
He of all the worlds is Master—  
He has all I need in this.  
5 All I am I give to Jesus!  
All my body, all my soul,  
All I have, and all I hope for,  
While eternal ages roll.

140  
"MAN of sorrows," what a name  
For the Son of God, who came,  
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim!  
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!  
2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
In my place condemned He stood;  
Sealed my pardon with His blood;  
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!  
3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;  
Spotless Lamb of God was He,  
"Full atonement," can it be?  
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!  
4 Lifted up was He to die,  
"It is finished," was His cry.  
Now in heaven exalted high;  
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!  
5 When He comes, our glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing:  
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

141  
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
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.  
2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head.  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.  
People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

### 142

MY song shall be of Jesus,  
His mercy crowns my days,  
He fills my cup with blessings,  
And tunes my heart to praise;  
My song shall be of Jesus,  
The precious Lamb of God,  
Who gave Himself my ransom,  
And bought me with His blood.  
2 My song shall be of Jesus,  
When, sitting at His feet,  
I call to mind His goodness,  
In meditation sweet;  
My song shall be of Jesus,  
Whatever ill betide;  
I'll sing the grace that saves me,  
And keeps me at His side.  
3 My song shall be of Jesus.  
While pressing on my way  
To reach the blissful region  
Of pure and perfect day.  
And when my soul shall enter  
The gate of Eden fair,  
A song of praise to Jesus  
I'll sing forever there.

### 143

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,  
At morning, noon and night to pray?  
In his chamber he remembers Zion,  
Though in exile far away.  
Are your windows open toward Jerusalem?  
Tho' as captives here a "little while" we stay,  
For the coming of the King in His glory.  
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,  
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;  
For the God of Daniel will deliver,  
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage;

Your great deliverance sweetly sing:  
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,  
Thence to hail our coming King.

144

**O**NLY a step to Jesus!  
Then why not take it now?  
Come, and thy sin confessing.  
To Him thy Saviour bow.

*Only a step, only a step;  
Come, He waits for thee;  
Come, and thy sin confessing,  
Thou shalt receive a blessing,  
Do not reject the mercy  
He freely offers thee.*

2 Only a step to Jesus!  
Believe, and thou shalt live;  
Lovingly now He's waiting,  
And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus!  
A step from sin to grace;  
What hast thy heart decided?  
The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus!  
Why not come, and say,  
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,  
I give myself away.

145

**T**O the work! to the work! we are servants of God.

Let us follow the path that our Master has trod.

With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew;

Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

*Toiling on, (toiling on,) toiling on, (toiling on,) Toiling on. (toiling on,) toiling on, (toiling on,)*

*Let us hope, (and trust,) let us watch, (and pray.)*

*And labor till the Master comes.*

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;

To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;  
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,  
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is free!*"

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,  
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;

And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be  
In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,  
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;  
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,  
And we shout with the ransom'd "*Salvation is free!*"

146

**S**UFF'RING Saviour, with thorn-crown,

Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down;  
Heavy laden, weary worn.

Fainting, dying, crush'd and torn—  
All for me, yes, all for me.

2 Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild,  
Let me ever be Thy child;

So unworthy though I be,  
Thou did'st suffer this for me,—

All for me, yes, all for me.

3 Fain would I to Thee be brought,  
Blessed Lord, forbid it not;

In the kingdom of Thy grace,  
Give Thy wandering child a place,

Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

147

**T**HE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks;

The summer morn I've sighed for—  
The fair, sweet morn awakes.

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,

And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,  
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,  
 Now, like a weary trav'ler,  
 That leaneth on his guide,  
 Amid the shades of evening,  
 While sinks life's lingering sand,  
 I hail the glory dawning,  
 From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
 The hedge of thorns was sharp;  
 Now these lie all behind me—  
 O! for a well tuned harp!  
 O, to join the hallelujah  
 With yon triumphant band!  
 Who sing where glory dwelleth,  
 In Immanuel's land.

## 148

DARK is the night, and cold the wind  
 is blowing.  
 Nearer and nearer comes the breaker's roar;  
 Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?  
 Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er.  
*With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above me roll.*  
*And the billows in their fury dash around me.*  
*I can brave the wildest storm, with His glory in my soul,*  
*I can sing amidst the tempest—Praise the Lord!*

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;  
 He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;  
 Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,  
 Jesus, the mighty One, and strong to save.  
 3 Dark is the night, but lo; the day is breaking,  
 Onward, my bark, unfurl thy every sail;  
 Now at the helm I see my Father standing,  
 Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

## 149

O! the day of God is breaking;  
 See the gleaming from afar!  
 Sons of earth from slumber wakening,  
 Hail the bright and Morning Star.  
*Hear the call! O gird your armor on,*  
*Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword;*  
*Take the helmet of salvation,*  
*Pressing on to battle for the Lord!*

2 Trust in Him who is your Captain;  
 Let no heart in terror quail;  
 Jesus leads the gath'ring legions.  
 In His name we shall prevail.

3 Onward marching, firm and steady,  
 Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,  
 For the Lord is with you always,  
 Till you wear the Victor's crown.

4 Cong'ring hosts with banners waving,  
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,  
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,  
 "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

## 150

O! reapers of life's harvest.  
 Why stand with rusted blade,  
 Until the night draws round thee,  
 And day begins to fade?  
 Why stand ye idle, waiting  
 For reapers more to come?  
 The golden morn is passing,  
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
 And gather in the grain.  
 The night is fast approaching,  
 And soon will come again.  
 The Master calls for reapers,  
 And shall He call in vain?  
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
 And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,  
 In morning's ruddy glow,  
 Nor wait until the dial  
 Points to the noon below;  
 And come with stronger sinew,  
 Nor faint in heat or cold,  
 And pause not till the evening  
 Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,  
 And crush each error!

Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know,  
Be faithful to thy mission,  
In service of thy Lord,  
And then a golden chaplet,  
Shall be thy just reward.

## 151

I'VE found a joy in sorrow  
A secret balm for pain,  
A beautiful to-morrow  
Of sunshine after rain;  
I've found a branch of healing  
Near every bitter spring,  
||: A whispered promise stealing  
O'er every broken string. :||  
  
2 I've found a glad hosanna  
For every woe and wail;  
A handful of sweet manna  
When grapes of Eschol fail;  
I've found a Rock of Ages  
When desert wells are dry;  
||: And after weary stages,  
I've found an Elim nigh. :||  
  
3 An Elim with its coolness,  
Its fountains and its shade;  
A blessing in its fullness,  
When buds of promise fade.  
O'er tears of soft contrition,  
I've seen a rainbow light;  
||: A glory and fruition,  
So near!—yet out of sight. :||  
  
4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,  
I have the joy, the balm,  
The healing and the blessing.  
The sunshine and the psalm;  
The promise for the fearful,  
The Elim for the faint;  
||: The rainbow for the tearful,  
The glory for the saint. :||

## 152

I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,  
Where white robed angels are;  
Where many a friend is gathered safe,  
From fear and toil and care.  
*There'll be no parting,*  
*There'll be no parting,*  
*There'll be no parting.*  
*There'll be no parting there.*

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
Where my Redeemer reigns,  
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,  
In endless joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The saints' eternal home,  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns  
ne'er fade,  
And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The greetings there we'll meet,  
The harps—the songs forever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
That promised land so fair,  
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs  
To be forever there.

## 153

"CALL them in"—the poor, the  
wretched,  
Sin-stained wand'lers from the fold;  
Peace and pardon freely offer;  
Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
"Call them in"—the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;  
He is waiting—"call them in."  
  
2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;  
Bid the stranger to the feast;  
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least:  
Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows seen;  
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals.  
Wait the lost ones—"call them in."  
  
3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,  
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;  
Nought of life are they possessors,  
Yet of safety vainly think;  
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,  
Pleasure seekers of the earth;  
Tell of God's most gracious offers,  
And of Jesus priceless worth.  
  
4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,  
Cowring 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak Love's message low and tender,  
*'Twas for sinners Jesus came:*  
See, the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin;

Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
*Christ is coming—“call them in.”*

154

**R**EPEAT the story o'er and o'er,  
*Of grace so full and free;*  
 I love to hear it more and more,  
*Since grace has rescued me.*

*The half was never told,*  
*The half was never told,*  
*Of grace divine, so wonderful,*  
*The half was never told.*

2 Of peace I only knew the name,  
 Nor found my soul its rest  
 Until the sweet-voiced angel came  
 To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low  
 At my Redeemer's feet;  
 No real joy in life I know,  
 But in His service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be  
 With all the host above,  
 To sing through all eternity  
 The wonders of His love.

155

O H, where are the reapers that garner  
 in  
 The sheaves of the good from the fields  
 of sin:  
 With sickles of truth must the work be  
 done,  
 And no one may rest till the “harvest  
 home,”

*Where are the reapers? Oh, who will  
 come  
 And share in the glory of the “harvest  
 home?”*

*Oh, who will help us to garner in  
 The sheaves of good from the fields of  
 sin.*

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them  
 all;  
 The wheat may be there, though the  
 weeds are tall;  
 Then search in the highway, and pass  
 none by,  
 But gather from all for the home on  
 high.

3 The fields all are ripening, and far  
 and wide  
 The world now is waiting the harvest  
 tide;  
 But reapers are few, and the work is  
 great,  
 And much will be lost should the har-  
 vest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of  
 men,  
 And gather together the golden grain;  
 Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come.  
 Then share ye His joy in the “harvest  
 home.”

156

I BRING my sins to Thee,  
 The sins I cannot count,  
 That all may cleansed be  
 In Thy once opened Fount;  
 I bring them Saviour, all to Thee;  
 The burden is too great for me,  
 The burden is too great for me.

2 I bring my grief to Thee,  
 The grief I cannot tell;  
 No words shall needed be,  
 Thou knowest all so well;  
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
 ||: O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.:||

3 My joys to Thee I bring,  
 The joys Thy love has given;  
 That each may be a wing  
 To lift me nearer heaven,  
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
 ||: Who hast procured them all for me.:||

4 My life I bring to Thee,  
 I would not be my own;  
 O Saviour, let me be  
 Thine ever, Thine alone,  
 My heart, my life, my all I bring  
 ||: To Thee, my Saviour and my King. :||

157

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,  
 And a wonderful love it must be;  
 But did He come down from above,  
 Out of love and compassion for me,  
 for me,  
 Out of love and compassion for me?  
*Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me,*  
*Yes, yes, yes, for me;*

**Our Lord from above in His infinite love,**  
**On the cross died to save you and me.**

**2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,**

**How He languish'd and died on the tree;**

**But then is it anywhere said,**  
**That He languish'd and suffered for me, for me,**

**That He languish'd and suffered for me?**

**3 I've been told of a heav'n on high,**  
**Which the children of Jesus shall see;**

**But is there a place in the sky**  
**Made ready and furnished for me, for me,**

**Made ready and furnished for me?**

**4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,**  
**To whom shall I go but to Thee?**

**And say by Thy spirit divine,**

**There's a Saviour and heaven for me, for me,**

**There's a Saviour and heaven for me.**

**158**

**STANDING by a purpose true,**

**Heeding God's command,**

**Honor them, the faithful few!**

**All hail to Daniel's Band!**

**Dare to be Daniel,**

**Dare to stand alone!**

**Dare to have a purpose firm!**

**Dare to make it known!**

**2 Many mighty men are lost,**

**Daring not to stand,**

**Who for God had been a host,**

**By joining Daniel's Band.**

**3 Many giants great and tall,**

**Stalking thro' the land,**

**Headlong to the earth would fall,**

**If met by Daniel's Band.**

**4 Hold the gospel banner high!**

**On to victory grand!**

**Satan and his host defy,**

**And shout for Daniel's Band.**

**159**

**LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,**

**Fill our hearts with joy and peace,**

**Let us each, Thy love possessing,**

**Triumph in redeeming grace;**

**O refresh us, O refresh us,**  
**Traveling through this wilderness.**

**2 Thanks we give, and adoration,**  
**For Thy gospel's joyful sound;**

**May the fruits of Thy salvation**  
**In our hearts and lives abound:**

**Ever faithful, Ever faithful**  
**To the truth may we be found**

**3 So, whene'er the signal's given**  
**Us from earth to call away,**

**Borne on angel's wings to heaven,**  
**Glad the summons to obey;**

**May we ever, May we ever**  
**Reign with Christ in endless day!**

**160**

**A T the feet of Jesus;**

**A List'ning to His word,**

**Learning wisdom's lesson**

**From her loving Lord,**

**Mary, led by heav'nly grace,**

**Choose the meek disciple's place,**

**At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,**

**There a humble learner would I choose**

**to be.**

**2 At the feet of Jesus,**

**Pouring perfume rare,**

**Mary did her Saviour**

**For the grave prepare;**

**And, from love the "good work" done,**

**She her Lord's approval won,**

**At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,**

**There in sweetest service would I ever**

**be.**

**3 At the feet of Jesus,**

**In the morning hour,**

**Loving hearts receiving**

**Resurrection power,**

**Haste with joy to preach the word;**

**"Christ is risen, Praise the Lord!"**

**At the feet of Jesus risen now for me,**

**I shall sing His praises through eternity**

**161**

**O H**for the peace that floweth as a river,  
**Making life's desert places blooin**

**and smile;**

**Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heaven's**

**bright forever,"**

**Amid the shadows of earth's "little**

**while."**

- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil-  
keeping,"  
To face the storm and wrestle with  
the strong;  
"A little while" to sow the seed with  
weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the  
harvest song.  
3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher  
taking,  
To wayside brooks, from far off foun-  
tains fed;  
Then the parched lip its thirst forever  
slaking  
Beside the fullness of the Fountain-  
head.  
4 "A little while" to keep the oil from  
failing,  
"A little while" faith's flickering  
lamp to trim;  
And then the Bridegroom's coming  
footsteps hailing,  
We'll haste to meet Him with the bri-  
dal hymn.

162

*M*Y 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 solid Rock I stand:*  
*All other ground is sinking sand,*  
*All other ground is sinking sand.*

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.  
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.  
4 When He shall come with trumpet  
sound,  
O, may I then in Him be found;  
Drest in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!

163

*N*OW just a word for Jesus;  
Your dearest friend so true;  
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us  
What He has done for you.

*Now just a word for Jesus,*  
*'Twill help us on our way;*  
*One little word for Jesus,*  
*O speak, or sing, or pray.*

- 2 Now just a word for Jesus;  
You feel your sins forgiven,  
And by His grace are striving  
To reach a home in heaven.  
3 Now just a word for Jesus;  
A cross it cannot be  
To say, I love my Saviour  
Who gave His life for me.  
4 Now just a word for Jesus;  
Let not the time be lost;  
The heart's neglected duty  
Brings sorrow to its cost.  
5 Now just a word for Jesus;  
And if your faith be dim,  
Arise in all your weakness,  
And leave the rest to Him.

164

- L*OOK away to Jesus,  
Soul by woe oppress'd;  
'Twas for thee He suffer'd,  
Come to Him and rest,  
All thy griefs He carried,  
All thy sins He bore;  
Look away to Jesus;  
Trust Him evermore.  
2 Look away to Jesus,  
Soldier in the fight;  
When the battle thickens  
Keep thine armor bright;  
Though thy foes be many,  
Though thy strength be small  
Look away to Jesus;  
He shall conquer all.  
3 Look away to Jesus,  
When the skies are fair;  
Calm seas have their dangers;  
Mariner beware!  
Earthly joys are fleeting,  
Going as they came,  
Look away to Jesus,  
Evermore the same.  
4 Look away to Jesus,  
'Mid the toil and heat;  
Soon will come the resting  
At the Master's feet;

For the guests are bidden,  
And the feast is spread;  
Look away to Jesus,  
In His footsteps tread.

5 When amid the music  
Of the endless feast,  
Saints will sing His praises,  
Thine shall not be least;  
Then, amid the glories  
Of the crystal sea,  
Look away to Jesus,  
Through eternity.

165 *Wor*

SIMPLY trusting every day,  
Trusting through a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus that is all.

*Trusting as the moments fly,*  
*Trusting as the days go by;*  
*Trusting Him whate'er befal,*  
*Trusting Jesus, that is all.*

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While He leads I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear,  
Praying if the path is drear;  
If in danger for Him call;  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till earth is past;  
Till within the jasper wall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

## 166

WE'RE marching to Canaan with banner and song.  
We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong.  
But, lest in the conflict our strength should divide,  
We ask, who among us, is on the Lord's side?

*Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried,*  
*Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?*  
*Who, who is there among us, the true and the tried,*

*Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?*

2 The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright,  
For Satan appears as an angel of light;  
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,  
While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,  
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?  
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;  
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,  
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;  
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,  
We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side."

## 167

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
A And did my Sovereign die!  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?  
*Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,*  
*And ever faithful be;*  
*And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,*  
*O Lord, remember me.*

2 Was it for crimes that I had 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,  
Whilst 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.

168

OUR lamps are trimm'd and burning,  
 Our robes are white and clean,  
 We've tarried for the Bridegroom,  
 Oh, may we enter in?  
 We know we've nothing worthy  
 That we can call our own—  
 The light, the oil, the robes we wear,  
 Are all from Him alone.

*Behold the Bridegroom cometh!*

*And all may enter in,*  
*Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning,*  
*Whose robes are white and clean.*

2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him,  
 The way is open now,  
 All lighted with the glory.  
 That's streaming from His brow.  
 Accept the invitation  
 Beyond deserving kind;  
 Make no delay, but take your lamps,  
 And joy eternal find.

3 We see the marriage splendor,  
 Within the open door;  
 We know that those who enter  
 Are blest forevermore.  
 We see He is more lovely  
 Than all the sons of men,  
 But still we know the doors once shut,  
 Will never ope again.

169

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly  
 whole;  
 I want Thee forever to live in my soul;  
 Break down every idol, cast out every  
 foe;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
 than snow.

*Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;*  
*Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than*  
*snow.*

2 Lord, Jesus, look down from Thy  
 throne in the skies,  
 And help me to make a complete sacri-  
 fice,  
 I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
 than snow.

3 Lord, Jesus, for this I most humbly  
 entreat;  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified  
 feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing; I see Thy  
 blood flow—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
 than snow.  
 4 Lord, Jesus, Thou seest I patiently  
 wait;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart  
 create;  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou  
 never said'st No—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
 than snow.

170

FRESH from the throne of glory,  
 Bright in its crystal gleam,  
 Bursts out the living fountain,  
 Swells on the living stream;  
 Blessed River, let me ever  
 Feast my eyes on thee.  
 Blessed River, let me ever  
 Feast my eyes on thee.  
 2 Stream full of life and gladness,  
 Spring of all health and peace,  
 No harps by thee hang silent,  
 Nor happy voices cease;  
 Tranquil River, let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee,  
 Tranquil River, let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee.  
 3 River of God I greet thee,  
 Not now afar, but near;  
 My soul to thy still waters  
 Hastes in its thirstings here;  
 Holy River, let me ever  
 Drink of only thee,  
 Holy River, let me ever  
 Drink of only thee.

171

IN Zion's Rock abiding,  
 My soul her triumph sings;  
 In His pavillion hiding,  
 I praise the King of kings.

*My High Tower is He!*  
*To Him will I flee;*  
*In Him confide, in Him abide*  
*My High Tower is He!*

2 Wild waves are round me swelling,  
Dark clouds above I see;  
Yet, in my Fortress dwelling,  
More safe I cannot be.

3 My Tower of strength can never  
In time of trouble fail;  
No power of hell, forever,  
Against it shall prevail.

## 172

I STOOD outside the gate,  
A poor, wayfaring child;  
Within my heart there beat  
A tempest loud and wild;  
A fear oppressed my soul,  
That I might be *too late*;  
And oh, I trembled sore,  
And prayed outside the gate,  
And prayed outside the gate.

2 Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried,  
"Now give me rest from sin!"  
"I will," a voice replied;  
And Mercy let me in;  
She bound my bleeding wounds,  
And soothed my heart oppressed;  
She washed away my guilt  
||: And gave me peace and rest.:||

3 In Mercy's guise I knew  
The Saviour long abused,  
Who often sought my heart,  
And wept when I refused;  
Oh! what a blest return  
For all my years of sin!  
I stood outside the gate,  
||: And Jesus let me in. :||

## 173

OH, spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears,  
Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears;  
Weak Faith, to thy call seem the heavens only dumb?  
To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."

*Hold fast till I come,*  
*Hold fast till I come;*  
*A bright crown awaits thee;*  
*Hold fast till I come.*

2 Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin;  
Hold fast when the tempter assails from within;  
In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss,  
To falter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.

3 Thy Saviour is coming in tenderest love,  
To make up His jewels and bear them above;  
Oh, child, in thine anguish, despairing or dumb,  
Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."

## 174

LET us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff.  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from the way.

||: Then scatter seeds of kindness, :||  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet voiced bird is flown!  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone!  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one half so fair,  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air,

3 If we knew the baby fingers,  
Pressed against the window-pane,  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
Never trouble us again—  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?—  
Would the prints of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!  
How those little hands remind us.

As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by and by.

175

**O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go !

*Onward Christian soldiers,*  
*Marching as to war,*  
*With the Cross of Jesus*  
*Going on before.*

- 2 Like a mighty army,  
Moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope, and doctrine,  
One in charity.
- 3 Crowns and thorns may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst the Church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join the happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud and honor,  
Unto Christ the King,  
This 'thro countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

176

**T**HOU my everlasting portion,  
More than friend or life to me,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

*||:Close to Thee; close to Thee ;:||*  
*All along my pilgrim journey,*  
*Saviour, let me walk with Thee.*

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

*||:Close to Thee, close to Thee ;:||*  
*Gladly will I toil and suffer,*  
*Only let me walk with Thee.*

- 3 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,  
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;  
Then the gate of life eternal,  
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
- ||:Close to Thee, close to Thee ;:||*  
*Then the gate of life eternal,*  
*May I enter, Lord, with Thee.*

177

**T**ENDERLY the Shepherd,  
O'er the mountains cold,  
Goes to bring His lost one  
Back to the fold.

*Seeking to save, seeking to save,*  
*Lost one, 'Tis Jesus seeking to save,*  
*Seeking to save, seeking to save,*  
*Lost one, 'Tis Jesus seeking to save.*

- 2 Patiently the owner,  
Seeks with earnest care,  
In the dust and darkness  
Her treasure rare.
- 3 Lovingly the Father,  
Sends the news around;  
" He once dead now liveth—  
Once lost is found."

178

**I** AM now a child of God,  
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood;  
I am watching and I'm longing while  
I wait.

Soon on wings of love I'll fly,  
To my home beyond the sky,  
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro'  
the gate.

*In the blood of yonder Lamb,*  
*Wash'd from every stain I am;*  
*Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness,*  
*I am sweeping through the gate.*

- 2 Oh ! the blessed Lord of light,  
He upholds me by His might;  
And His arms enfold and comfort while  
I wait.

I am leaning on His breast,  
Oh! the sweetness of His rest,  
Hallelujah, I am sweeping through the  
gate.

3 I am sweeping through the gate  
Where the blessed for me wait;  
Where the weary workers rest forever  
more.

Where the strife of earth is done,  
And the crown of life is won;  
Oh, the glory of the city just before!

4 Burst are all my prison bars,  
And I soar beyond the stars;  
To my Father's house, the bright and  
blest estate;  
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,  
And the song immortal wakes,  
Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro'  
the gate.

## 179

*F*ADE, fade each earthly joy,  
Jesus is mine!

Break every tender tie,  
Jesus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness,  
Earth has no resting place,  
Jesus alone can bless,  
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,  
Jesus is mine!

Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away,  
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine!

Lost in this dawning light,  
Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried,  
Left but a dismal void,  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,  
Jesus is mine!

Welcome eternity,  
Jesus is mine!

Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest.

Welcome, my Saviour's breast,  
Jesus is mine!

## 180

**H**ALLELUJAH, He is risen!  
Jesus is gone up on high!

Burst the bars of death asunder,  
Angels shout and men reply;

||:He is risen, He is risen,  
Living now no more to die :||

2 Hallelujah, He is risen!  
Our exalted Head to be;  
Sends the witness of the spirit  
That our Advocate is He:

||:He is risen, He is risen,  
Justified in Him are we.:||

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!  
Death for aye hath lost his sting,  
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,  
From the grave His own will bring;  
||:He is risen, He is risen,  
Living Lord and coming King.:||

## 181

**O**CROWN of rejoicing that's waiting  
for me,

When finished my course, and when  
Jesus I see,

And when from my Lord comes the  
sweet sounding word;

"Receive, faithful servant, the joy of  
thy Lord."

*O Crown of rejoicing. O wonderful song,  
O joy everlasting, O glorified throng;  
O beautiful home, my home can it be?  
O glory reserved for me!*

2 O wonderful song that in glory I'll  
sing,

To Him who redeemed me, to Jesus,  
my King,

All the glory and honor to Him shall be  
given,

And praises unceasing forever in  
heaven.

3 O joy everlasting when heaven is won,  
Forever in glory to shine as the sun;

No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee  
away,

No night there, no shadows—'tis one  
endless day.

4 O wonderful name which the glorified  
bear,

The new name which Jesus bestows on  
us there;  
To him that o'ercometh 'twill only be  
given,  
Blest sign of approval, our welcome to  
heaven.

182

**W**HILE foes are strong and danger  
near,

A voice falls gently on my ear;  
My Saviour speaks, He says to me,  
That "as my days my strength shall be."

*His word a Tower to which I flee,  
For "as my days my strength shall be."  
His word a Tower to which I flee,  
For "as my days my strength shall be."*

2 With such a promise, need I fear,  
For all that now I hold most dear?  
No, I will never anxious be.

For "as my days my strength shall be."

3 And when at last I'm called to die,  
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;  
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,  
That "as my days my strength shall be."

183

**I**N the silent midnight watches,  
List—thy bosom's door!  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
Knocketh evermore!

Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating.

'Tis thy heart of sin;

'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
"Rise, and let me in!"

2 Death comes down with reckless foot-steps,

To the hall and hut;

Think you death will tarry knocking,  
When the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;

But the door is fast;

Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,  
Death breaks in at last,

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating  
Christ to let thee in;

At the gate of heaven beating,

Wailing for thy sin;

Nay! alas, thou guilty creature!

Hast thou, then, forgot?

Jesus waited long to know thee,

Now He knows thee not!

184

**W**E shall sleep, but not forever  
There will be a glorious dawn!  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn!  
From the deepest caves of ocean,  
From the desert and the plain,  
From the valley and the mountain,  
Countless throngs shall rise again.

*We shall sleep, but not forever.  
There will be a glorious dawn :  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn!*

2 When we see a precious blossom,  
That we 'tended with such care,  
Rudely taken from our bosom,  
How our aching hearts despair!  
'Round its little grave we linger,  
'Till the setting sun is low.  
Feeling all our hopes have perished  
With the flow'r we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,  
In the lone and silent grave:  
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
Blessed be the Lord that gaye.  
In the bright, eternal city  
Death can never, never come!  
In His own good time He'll call us  
From our rest to Home, sweet Home.

185

**W**ATCHMAN tell me does the morn-  
ing

Of fair Zion's glory dawn:  
Have the signs that mark His coming  
Yet upon my pathway shone?  
Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,  
Light is breaking in the skies:  
Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,  
Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2 See the glorious light ascending  
Of the grand Sabbath year,

Hark! the voices loud proclaiming  
The Messiah's kingdom near;  
Watchman! yes, I see just yonder  
Canaan's glorious heights arise;  
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skie

3 Pilgrim in that golden city,  
Seated in the jasper throne.

Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
Where the golden sunbeams play,  
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,  
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way  
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day,  
When the last loud trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth to sea  
All the saints of God now sleeping,—  
Clad in immortality.

86

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.  
Many are the friends who are waiting to-  
day,

*Happy on the golden strand,  
Many are the voices calling us away,  
To join their glorious band :  
Calling us away, calling us away.  
Calling to the better land. ::|*

2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And pour'd out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

187

MY latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.  
*O come, angel band,  
Come and around me stand,  
O, bear me away on your snowy wings,  
To my immortal home. ::|*

4 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,  
Of friends and kindred dear  
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,  
The crossing must be near.  
I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
My spirit loudly sings;

The holy ones behold they come!  
I hear the noise of wings.

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

188

THOU didst leave Thy throne, and Thy  
kingly crown  
When Thou camest to earth for me;  
But in Bethlehem's home there was  
found no room  
For Thy holy nativity.

*Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.*

2 Heav'n's arches rang when the angels  
sang  
Of Thy birth and Thy royal decree;  
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to  
earth,  
And in greatest humility.

3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds  
had their nests  
In the shade of the cedar tree;  
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son  
of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy liv-  
ing word  
That should set Thy people free;  
But with mocking and scorn, and with  
crown of thorn,  
Did they bear Thee to Calvary.

5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its  
choirs shall sing  
At Thy coming to victory;  
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet  
there is room,"  
There is room at My side for thee.

189

"HOME at last" on heavenly moun-  
tains,  
Heard the "Come and enter in;"  
Saved by life's fair-flowing fountains,  
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

*"Home, sweet home," our home forever;  
All the pilgrim journey past;  
Welcomed home to wander, never;  
Saved through Jesus—"Home at last."*

2 Free at last from all temptation,  
No more need of watchful care;  
Joyful in complete salvation,  
Given the victor's crown to wear.

3 Saved to greet on hills of glory,  
Loved ones we have missed so long;  
Saved to tell the sinner's story,  
Saved to sing redemption's song.

4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,  
Evermore a welcome guest:  
Welcomed to the life immortal,  
In the mansions of the blest.

## 190

THE mistakes of my life have been many,  
The sins of my heart have been more;  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door.

*I know I am weak and sinful,  
It comes to me more and more;  
But when the dear Saviour shall bid  
me come in,  
I'll enter the open door.*

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,  
I am weakest of those who pray;  
But I come as He has bidden,  
And He will not say me nay.

3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,  
My sins He will wash away,  
And the feet that shrink and falter  
Shall walk through the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,  
And my spirit is sick with sin,  
And I scarce can see for weeping.  
But the Saviour will let me in.

## 191

COME, for the feast is spread;  
Hark to the call!  
Come to the Living Bread,  
Broken for all;  
Come to His house of wine,

Low on His breast recline,  
All that He has is thine,  
Come, sinner, come.

2 Come where the fountain flows—  
—River of life—

Healing for all thy woes,  
Doubting and strife;  
Millions have been supplied  
No one was e'er denied;  
Come to the crimson tide,  
Come, sinner, come.

3 Come to the throne of grace,  
Boldly draw near;  
He who would win the race  
Must tarry here;  
Whate'er thy want may be,  
Here is the grace for thee,  
Jesus thy only plea;  
Come, Christian, come.

4 Come to the better land,  
Pilgrim, make haste!  
Earth is a foreign strand—  
Wilderness waste!  
Here are the harps of gold;  
Here are the joys untold—  
Crowns for the young and old;  
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,  
Oh, take us in!  
Set Thou our spirits free;  
Cleanse us from sin!  
Then, in yon land of light,  
Clothed in our robes of white  
Resting not day nor night,  
Thee will we sing.

## 192

ONE sweetly solemn thought,  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.

*Nearer my home, nearer my home,  
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.*

2 Nearer my Father's house  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down,

Nearer to leave the cross to-day,  
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Perhaps, than now I think.

193

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Ever my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;  
Just and Holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make me, keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart.  
Rise to all eternity.

194

OH, what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?  
You have thought of some useful labor,  
But what is the end in view?  
Your are fresh from the home of your  
boyhood,  
And just in the bloom of youth!

Have you tasted the sparkling water  
That flows from the fount of truth?  
*Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?  
Remember, He died for you!  
Then what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?*

2 Oh, what are you going to do brother?  
The morning of youth is past;  
The vigor and strength of manhood,  
My brother, are yours at last:  
Your are rising in worldly prospects,  
And prospered in worldly things;  
A duty to those less favored,  
The smile of your fortune brings.  
*Go, prove that your heart is grateful,—  
The Lord has a work for you!  
Then, &c.*

3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?  
Your sun at its noon is high;  
It shines in meridian splendor,  
And rides through a cloudless sky;  
You are holding a high position  
Of honor, and trust, and fame:  
Are you willing to give the glory  
And praise to your Saviour's Name?  
*The regions that sit in darkness  
Are stretching their hands to you!  
Then, &c.*

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?  
The twilight approaches now;—  
Already your locks are silvered,  
And winter is on your brow.  
Your talents, your time, your riches,  
To Jesus, your Master, give;  
Then ask if the world around you  
Is better because you live.  
*You are nearing the brink of Jordan,  
But still there is work for you!  
Then, &c.*

195

ART thou weary, art thou languid?  
Art thou sore distressed?  
“Come to Me,” saith One, and coming,  
“Be at rest.”

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him  
‘If He be my guide?  
In His feet and hands are wonnd-prints,  
And His side.”

- 3 Is there diadem as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yes, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What my future here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away." AMEN.

### 196.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing,  
so sweet,  
And Jesus abides with me there;  
And His spirit and blood make my  
cleansing complete;  
And His perfect love casteth out fear.  
*Oh, come to this valley of blessing, so sweet,  
Where Jesus will fullness bestow—  
And believe, and receive, and confess  
Him.  
That all His salvation may know,*  
2 There is peace in the valley of blessing, so sweet,  
And plenty the land doth impart.  
And there's rest for the weary-worn  
traveler's feet,  
And joy for the sorrowing heart.  
3 There is love in the valley of blessing, so sweet,  
Such as none but the blood-washed  
may feel,  
When heaven comes down redeemed  
spirits to greet.  
And Christ sets His covenant seal.  
4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet  
That angels would fain join the strain,  
As with rapturous faces we bow at His  
feet.  
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was  
slain."

### 197

COME ye disconsolate! where'er ye  
languish,  
Come to the mercy seat, fervently  
kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here  
tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can  
not heal.  
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-  
ing,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and  
pure!  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly  
saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven  
cannot cure.  
3 Here see the bread of life, see waters  
flowing,  
Forth from the throne of God, pure  
from above;  
Come to the feast of loye, come, ever  
knowing,  
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can  
remove.

### 198

LIFT up, lift up thy voice with sing-  
ing,  
Dear land, with strength lift up thy  
voice!  
The kingdoms of the earth are bringing  
Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!  
*Arise and shine in youth immortal,  
Thy light is come, thy King appears?  
Beyond the Century's swinging portal,  
Breaks a new dawn—the thousand  
years!*  
2 And shall His flock with strife be  
riven?  
Shall envious lines His church divide,  
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,  
Stands at the door to claim His bride?  
3 Lift up the gates! bring forth obla-  
tions!  
One crowned with crowns a message  
brings,  
His word, a sword to smite the nations;  
His name, the Christ, the King of  
Kings.

4 He comes! let all the earth adore  
Him;  
The path His human nature trod  
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,  
The LIFE of life, the WORD of GOD!

199

**S**HALL we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll?  
Where, in all the bright forever,  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
*Shall we meet, shall we meet,*  
*Shall we meet beyond the river?*  
*Shall we meet beyond the river,*  
*Where the surges cease to roll?*

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor?  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
By the fair, celestial shore?  
3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?  
4 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?

200

**W**HEN peace, like a river, attendeth  
my way,  
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me  
to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

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

2 Though Satan should buffet, though  
trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless  
estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my  
soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious  
thought—  
My sin—not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
more.  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O  
my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the  
faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord  
shall descend,  
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

201

**A**LL the glory to Jesus be given,  
That life and salvation are free;  
And all may be washed and forgiven.  
And Jesus can save even me.  
*Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,*  
*And all His salvation may know;*  
*On His bosom I lean,*  
*And His blood makes me clean,*  
*For His blood can wash whiter than*  
*snow.*

2 From darkness and sin and despair,  
Out into the light of His love,  
He has bro't me and made me an heir,  
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of His love,  
The measureless depths of His grace,  
My soul all His fullness would prove,  
And live in His loving embrace.

4 In Him all my wants are supplied,  
His love makes my heaven below,  
And freely His blood is applied,  
His blood that makes whiter than  
snow.

202

**O!** WHAT shall I do to be saved  
From the sorrows that burden my  
soul?

Like the waves in the storm  
When the winds are at war,  
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.  
What shall I do? what shall I do?  
O! what shall I do to be saved?

2 O! what shall I do to be saved?  
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?  
And the friends I have loved,  
From the earth are removed,  
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead—

What shall I do? what shall I do?  
O! what shall I do to be saved?

3 O! what shall I do to be saved?  
When sickness my strength shall sub-  
due?  
Or the world in a day,

Like a cloud roll away,  
And eternity opens to view?  
What shall I do? what shall I do?  
O! what shall I do to be saved?  
4 O! Lord look in mercy on me,  
Come, O come and speak peace to my  
soul:  
Unto whom shall I flee.  
Dearest Lord, but to Thee,  
Thou canst make my poor, broken heart  
whole;  
That will I do! that will I do!  
To Jesus I'll go and be saved!

## 203

O H! the clangeling bells of Time!  
Night and day they never cease;  
We are wearied with their chime.  
For they do not bring us peace;  
And we hush our breath to hear,  
And we strain our eyes to see  
If thy shores are drawing near,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

2 Oh, the clangeling bells of Time!  
How their changes rise and fall,  
But in under tone sublime,  
Sounding clearly through them all,  
Is a voice that must be heard,  
As our moments onward flee,  
And it speaketh aye one word,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

3 Oh, the clangeling bells of Time!  
To their voices loud and low,  
In a long, unresting line  
We are marching to and fro;  
And we yearn for sight or sound,  
Of the light that is to be,  
For the breath doth wrap us round,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clangeling bells of Time!  
Soon their notes will all be dumb,  
And in joy and peace sublime,  
We shall feel the silence come;  
And our souls their thirst will slake,  
And our eyes the King will see,  
When thy glorious morn shall break,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

## 204

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar;

For the Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.  
*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.*  
2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,  
The melodious songs of the blest,  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.  
3 To our bountiful Father above,  
We will offer our tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

## 205

O H, turn ye, oh, 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 How vain the delusion, that while you  
delay,  
Your hearts may grow better, your  
chains melt away;  
Come guilty, come wretched, come just  
as you are,  
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.  
3 The contrite in heart He will freely  
receive,  
Oh! why will you not the glad message  
believe?  
If sin be your burden, why will you not  
come?  
‘Tis you He makes welcome; He bids  
you come home.

## 206

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 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.  
3 Upon the crystal pavement down  
At Jesus' pierced feet

With joy I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

207

THROUGH the valley of the shadow  
I must go,

Where the cold waves of Jordan roll;  
But the promise of my Shepherd will, I  
know,

Be the rod and the staff to my soul.  
Even now down the valley as I glide,  
I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow  
me!"

And with Him I'm not afraid to cross  
the tide,

There's a light in the valley for me.

:|: There's a light in the valley, :||  
There's a light in the valley for me,  
And no evil will I fear,  
While my Shepherd is so near,  
There's a light in the valley for me.

2 Now the rolling of the billows I can  
hear,

As they beat on the turf-bound shore;  
But the beacon light of love so bright  
and clear,

Guides my bark, frail and lone, safely  
o'er.

I shall find down the valley no alarms,  
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can  
see;

He will bear me in His loving, mighty  
arms,—

There's a light in the valley for me.

208

'TIS a goodly pleasant land that we  
pilgrims journey thro',  
And our Father's constant blessings fall  
around us like the dew:

But its sunshine and its beauty to our  
hearts no joy can bring,

Like the splendors that await us in the  
palace of the King.

In this goodly pleasant land only stran-  
gers now are we.

For we seek a better country, and 'tis  
there we long to be;  
Yes, we long to swell the anthem that  
forevermore shall ring,  
From the pure in heart made perfect in  
the palace of the King.

O the palace of the King, royal palace of  
the King;  
Where our Father in His mercy all the  
ransomed ones will bring;  
Where our sorrows and our trials, like a  
dream will pass away,  
And our souls shall dwell forever, in the  
realms of endless day.

2 Our Redeemer is the King; what a  
sacrifice He made,  
When He purchased our redemption,  
and His blood the ransom paid;  
In His cross shall be our glory, to that  
blessed cross we'll cling,  
Till we reach the gates that open, to the  
palace of the King,  
We shall see Him by and by, hallelu-  
jah to His name!

Thro' the blood of His atonement, life  
eternal we may claim;  
We shall cast our crowns before Him  
and our songs of vict'ry sing,  
When we enter in triumphant, to the  
palace of the King.

209

THEY dream'd not of danger, those  
sinners of old,

Whom Noah was chosen to warn;  
By frequent transgressions their hearts  
had grown cold,

They laughed his entreaties to scorn:  
Yet daily he called them, "oh, come, sin-  
ners, come,

Believe and prepare to embark!

Receive ye the message, and know there  
is room,

For all who will come to the Ark."

Then come, come, oh, come;  
There's refuge alone in the Ark.

Receive ye the message, and know there is  
room

To all who will come to the Ark.

**2** He could not arouse them, unheeding  
they stood,

Unmov'd by his warning and prayer;  
The prophet passed in from the oncoming  
flood,

And left them to hopeless despair;  
The floodgates were opened, the deluge  
came on,

The heavens as midnight, grew dark,  
Too late, then they turned, ev'ry foot-  
hold was gone,

They perished in sight of the Ark.

**3** Osinners, the heralds of mercy implore,  
They cry, like the patriarch, "Come;"  
The Ark of salvation is moored to your  
shore,

Oh, enter while yet there is room!  
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark  
overhead,

And when by its fury you're tossed,  
Alas, of your perishing souls 't will be  
said,

"They heard—they refused—and  
were lost!"

**210**

WHEN my final farewell to the world  
I have said,

And gladly lie down to my rest;  
When softly the watchers shall say,  
"He is dead."

And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;  
And when, with my glorified vision at  
last

The walls of "That City" I see,  
||: Will any one then at the beautiful gate  
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

||: Be waiting and watching,  
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

**2** There are little ones glancing about  
in my path,

In want of a friend and a guide;  
There are dear little eyes looking up  
into mine,

Whose tears might be easily dried  
But Jesus may beckon the children away  
In the midst of their grief and their  
glee—

||: Will any of them, at the beautiful  
gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

**3** There are old and forsaken who linger  
awhile

In homes which their dearest have left;  
And a few gentle words or an action of  
love

May cheer their sad spirits bereft.  
But the Reaper is near to the long stand-  
ing corn,

The weary will soon be set free—  
||: Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

**4** Oh, should I be brought there by the  
bountiful grace

Of Him who delights to forgive,  
Though I bless not the weary about in  
my path,

Pray only for self while I live.—  
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sin-  
ful neglect,

If sorrow in heaven can be,  
||: Should no one I love, at the beautiful  
gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me! :||

**211**

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.

**212**

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

But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,-  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

## 213

A MAZING 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.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear.  
The hour I first believed.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

## 214

H ASTEN, 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.

## 215

F AITH is a living power from heaven  
Which grasps the promise God has given;

Securely fixed on Christ alone,  
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need  
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;  
Strong in His grace its joys to share  
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,  
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;  
By faith the children's right we claim,  
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant.  
And to our prayers Thy favor grant  
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,  
Who is our fount of health alone.

## 216

'T IS midnight; and on Olive's brow,  
The star is dimm'd that lately shone,

'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;  
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt,  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by His God,

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe

217 PRAYER. 7s. Key D.

C OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer.

He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay,  
2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.  
3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.  
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

## 218 P. M. Key E.

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,  
To its glories I fain would fly,—  
When by sorrows pressed down, I long  
for a crown,

In that beautiful land on high.  
*In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there; He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.*

2 There's a beautiful land on high,  
I shall enter it by and by:  
There, with friends, hand and hand, I  
shall walk on the strand,  
In that beautiful land on high.

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

4 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;  
Methinks I now see How they're wait-  
ing for me,  
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And though here I oft weep and sigh,  
My Jesus hath said That no tears shall  
be shed  
In that beautiful land on high.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say "good-bye!"  
When over the river We're happy for-  
ever,  
In that beautiful land on high.

219 SHINING SHORE. Key G.  
M Y days are gliding swiftly by  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.  
*For O, we stand on Jordan's strand.  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.*  
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly 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 tempest blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever;  
Our King says "Come," and there's our  
home,  
Forever, O forever.

## 220

W E are waiting by the river,  
We are watching on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman,  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.  
2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar,  
Yet we hear the song of angels,  
Wafted from the other shore.  
3 And the bright celestial city.—  
We have caught such radiant gleams  
Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight.  
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one.  
We have seen them leave our side:  
With our Saviour we shall meet them  
When we, too, have crossed the tide.  
5 When we've passed the vale of sha-  
dow  
With its dark and chilling tide, [ows,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.

## 221

M Y God I have found  
The thrice blessed ground.  
Where life and where joy, and true  
comfort abound.

*Hallelujah! Thine the glory?*  
*Hallelujah! Amen!*  
*Hallelujah! Thine the glory!*  
*Revive us again.*

2 'Tis found in the blood  
 Of Him who once stood!  
 My refuge and safety, my surety with  
 God.

3 He bore on the tree  
 The sentence for me,  
 And now both the surety and sinner  
 are free.

4 And though here below  
 'Mid sorrow and woe,  
 My place is in heaven with Jesus, I  
 know.

5 And this I shall find,  
 For such is His mind,  
 "He'll not be in glory and leave me  
 behind."

## 222

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Al-  
 mighty!  
 Early in the morning our song shall  
 rise to Thee,

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore  
 Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns  
 around the glassy sea;  
 Cherubim and Seraphim falling down  
 before Thee,

Which wert and art, and evermore  
 shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness  
 hide Thee,  
 Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory  
 may not see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none be-  
 side Thee

Perfect in pow'r, 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!

Amen.

## 223

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,  
 Thy mighty arm make bare;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the  
 dead,  
 And make Thy people hear.  
*Revive Thy work, revive Thy work,*  
*And give refreshing showers;*  
*The glory shall be all Thine own,*  
*The blessing shall be ours.*

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Disturb this sleep of death;  
 Quicken the smouldering embers now,  
 By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
 And hung'ring for the bread of life,  
 Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Exalt Thy precious name;  
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

## 224

I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a  
 Friend!

He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 He drew me with the cords of love,  
 And thus He bound me to Him.  
 And 'round my heart still closely twine  
 Those ties which naught can sever,  
 For I am His and He is mine,  
 Forever and forever.

2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a  
 Friend!

He bled, He died to save me,  
 And not alone the gift of life,  
 But His own self He gave me.  
 Naught that I have, my own I call,  
 I hold it for the Giver;  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a  
 Friend!

All power to Him is given;  
 To guard me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to Heaven.  
 Th' eternal glories gleam afar,  
 To nerve my faint endeavor;

So now to watch, to work, to war,  
And then to rest forever.

4 I've found a Friend; oh, such Friend!  
So kind, so true, and tender,  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender!

From Him, who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul can sever?  
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?  
No; I am His forever.

## 225

**W**HEN the storms of life are raging,  
Tempests wild on sea and land,  
I will seek a place of refuge  
In the shadow of God's hand.

*He will hide me, He will hide me,  
Where no harm can e'er betide me;  
He will hide me, safely hide me  
In the shadow of His hand.*

2 Though He may send some affliction,  
'T will but make me long for home;  
For in love and not in anger,  
All His chastenings will come.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,  
Satan all his arts employ;  
He will turn what seems to harm me  
Into everlasting joy.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,  
Meeting storms and billows wild,  
Jesus for my soul is caring.  
Naught can harm His Father's child.

## 226

**T**HINE, Jesus, Thine,  
No more this heart of mine  
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;  
The world is crucified to me,  
And I am Thine,  
And I am Thine.

2 Thine, Thine alone,  
My joy, my hope, my crown;  
Now earthly things may fade and die,  
They charm my soul no more, for I  
Am Thine alone,  
Am Thine alone.

3 Thine, ever Thine  
For ever to recline,  
On love eternal, fixed and sure,  
Yes, I am Thine for evermore,  
||: Lord, Jesus, Thine. :||

4 Thine, Jesus, Thine,  
Soon in Thy crown to shine,  
When from the glory Thou shalt come;  
And with Thy saints shall take me home,  
||: Lord Jesus come. :||

## 227

**L**ONG in darkness we have waited,  
For the shining of the light;  
Long have felt the things we hated,  
Sink us still in deeper night.

*Blessed Jesus, loving Saviour!  
Tender, faithful, strong and true,  
Break the fetters that have bound us.  
Make us in Thyself anew.*

2 Now at last the Light appeareth,  
Jesus stands upon the shore;  
And with tender voice He calleth,  
"Come unto Me," "and sin no more."

3 Nothing have we, but our weakness,  
Naught but sorrow, sin and care;  
And within, is loathesome vileness,  
And without is dark despair.

4 All our talents we have wasted,  
All Thy laws have disobeyed;  
But Thy goodness now we've tasted,  
In Thy robes we stand arrayed.

5 Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us,  
Guide us by Thine eye divine.  
Let the Holy Spirit teach us,  
That our light may ever shine.

*Blessed Jesus be Thou near us,  
Give us of Thy grace to-day;  
While we're calling do Thou hear us;  
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.*

## 228

**J**ESUS, gracious one, calleth now to  
thee,

"Come, O sinner, come!"  
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,  
"Now, O sinner come."  
Words of peace and blessing,  
Christ's own love confessing:

*Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,  
Full, full of love;  
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,  
"Come, O sinner, come."*

2 Still He waits for thee, pleading patiently,  
"Come, O come to Me!"  
Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne,  
Come and rest in Me."

Words with love o'erflowing,  
Life and bliss bestowing.

3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously,  
Canst thou dare refuse?  
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,  
Wilt thou still abuse?  
Come, for time is flying,  
Haste, thy lamp is dying.

## 229

I WILL sing of my Redeemer  
And His wondrous love to me:  
On the cruel cross He suffered,  
From the curse to set me free.  
*Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer  
With His blood He purchased me;  
On the cross He sealed my pardon,  
Paid the debt and made me free,  
And made me free.*

2 I will tell the wondrous story,  
How my lost estate to save,  
In His boundless love and mercy,  
He the ransom freely gave.  
3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant power I'll tell,  
How the victory He giveth  
Over sin, and death, and hell.  
4 I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His heavenly love to me;  
He from death to life hath brought me,  
Son of God with Him to be.

## 230

JESUS CHRIST is passing by,  
Sinner, lift to Him Thine eye,  
As the precious moments flee,  
Cry, be merciful to me!

2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,  
"What wilt thou, then, have of me?"  
Rise, and tell Him all thy need;  
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see:  
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;

Let it penetrate my soul,  
All my heart and life control."

4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power  
Comes,—and is salvation's hour;  
Jesus gives from guilt release,  
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

## 231

COME near me, O my Saviour;  
Thy tenderness reveal;  
O, let me know the sympathy  
Which Thou for me dost feel,  
I need thee every moment;  
Thine absence brings dismay:  
But when the tempter hurls his darts,  
'Twere death with Thee away.

2 Come near me, my Redeemer,  
And never leave my side;  
My bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea,  
The storm cannot outride,  
Unless Thy word of power  
Arrest the surging wave;  
No voice but Thine its rage can quell.  
No arm but Thine can save.

3 Come near me, blessed Jesus,  
I need Thee in my joy,  
No less than when the direst ills  
My happiness destroy;  
For when the sun shines o'er me  
And flowers strew my way,  
Without Thy wise and guiding hand  
More easily I stray.

4 Be near me, mighty Saviour,  
When comes the latest strife;  
For Thou hast through death's shad-  
ows pass'd  
And ope'd the gates of life;  
And when among the ransom'd  
I stand with crown and palm,  
To Thee, Divine, unfailing Friend,  
I'll raise eternal psalm.

## 232

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher  
than I,  
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows  
would fly;  
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would  
I be:  
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid-  
ing in Thee.

*Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee,  
Thou blest "Rock of Ages."  
I'm hiding in Thee.*

- 2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,  
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power:  
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,  
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.  
3 How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,  
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;  
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,  
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

## 233

WE'VE journey'd many a day  
Upon an ocean wide,  
Amid the mist and spray  
Of many a surging tide;  
But, lo! the land is near!  
For just beyond the foam  
I see it bright and clear,  
The light of home, sweet home,  
*There's a light upon the shore, brother,  
It flashes from the strand:  
The night is almost o'er, brother,  
The haven's just at hand.*

- 2 We've had our storms of doubt,  
Our rains of bitter tears,  
Our fightings fierce without,—  
Within, our anxious fears;  
But, lo! the storms are past,  
They cannot reach us more,  
We've sighted land at last,  
The blessed stormless shore.

- 3 O land of calmest rest,  
Where suns no more go down!  
O haven of the blest,  
With bliss and glory crown'd!  
No more the storm, the dark,  
The breakers and the foam,  
No more the wail, for hark!  
We hear the songs of home.

## 234

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

*All to Thee, all to Thee.  
Consecrated, Lord to Thee.*

- 2 Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee;  
Take my voice and let me sing  
Always—only—for my King.  
3 Take my lips and let them be  
Fill'd with messages for Thee;  
Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.  
4 Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise;  
Take my intellect and use  
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
5 Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.  
6 Take my love, my God, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee,

## 235

THE Gospel bells are ringing,  
Over land, from sea to sea;  
Blessed news of free salvation  
Do they offer you and me.  
"For God so loved the world  
That His only Son He gave,  
Whosoever believeth in Him  
Everlasting life shall have."  
*Gospel bells, how they ring;  
Over land from sea to sea;  
Gospel bells freely bring  
Blessed news to you and me.*

- 2 The Gospel bells invite us  
To a feast prepared for all;  
Do not slight the invitation.  
Nor reject the gracious call.  
"I am the bread of life;  
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul,  
Tho' your sins be red as crimson,  
They shall be as white as wool."

3 The Gospel bells give warning,  
As they sound from day to day,  
Of the faith which doth await them  
Who forever will delay.  
"Escape ye, for thy life;  
Tarry not in all the plain,  
Nor behind thee, look, O never,  
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,  
As they echo far and wide,  
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,  
Thro' a Saviour crucified.

"Good tidings of great joy  
To all people do I bring,  
Unto you is born a Saviour,  
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

## 236

**J**OY to the world! the Lord is come:  
The mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father and the Prince of Peace.  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father and the Prince of Peace.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father and the Prince of Peace.

O Praise Him, floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father and the Prince of Peace.

3 He rules the earth with truth and  
grace,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father and the Prince of Peace.

And saves us by His righteousness.  
The mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father and the Prince of Peace,

## 237

**A**RULER once came to Jesus by night.  
To ask him the way of salvation  
and light;  
The Master made answer in words true  
and plain,

"Ye must be born again, again."

||:" Ye must be born again, ||"

I verily, verily say unto thee,  
Ye must be born again."

2 Ye children of men, attend to the word  
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord,

And let not this message to you be in  
vain,  
"Ye must be born again, again."  
3 O ye who would enter that glorious  
rest,  
And sing with the ransom'd the song of  
the blest,  
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,  
"Ye must be born again, again."  
4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns  
to see,  
At the beautiful gate may be watching  
for thee;  
Then list to the note of this solemn re-  
frain,  
"Ye must be born again, again."

## 238 Justice.

CUT it down, cut it down,  
Spare not the fruitless tree!  
It spreads a harmful shade around,  
It spoils what else were useful ground  
No fruit for years on it I've found,  
Cut it down, cut it down.

## Mercy.

2 One year more, one year more,  
O spare the fruitless tree!  
Behold its branches broad and green,  
Its spreading leaves have hopeful been  
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen,  
One year more, one year more.

## Justice.

3 Cut it down, cut it down,  
And burn the worthless tree!  
For other use the soil prepare,  
Some other tree will flourish there,  
And in my vineyard much fruit bear,  
Cut it down, cut it down.

## Mercy.

4 One year more, one year more,  
For mercy, spare the tree!  
Another year of care bestow,  
On its fair form some fruit may grow,  
If not—then lay the cumb'r low,  
One year more, one year more.

5 Still it stands, still it stands,  
A fair, but fruitless tree!  
The Master, seeking fruit thereon  
Has come—but griev'd at finding none,  
Now speaks to Justice—Mercy flown—  
Cut it down, cut it down.

239

**I**T may be at morn, when the day is awaking.  
When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,  
That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory,

To receive from the world "His own."

*O Lord Jesus, how long, how long  
Ere we shout the glad song,  
Christ returneth, Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Amen, hallelujah! Amen.*

2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,  
It may be perchance, that the blackness of midnight

Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,

When Jesus receives "His own."

3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,

With glorified saints and the angels attending,

With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,

Will Jesus receive "His own."

4 O joy! O delight! should we go without dying.

No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying.

Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,

When Jesus receives "His own."

240

**W**HY do you wait, dear brother.  
O why do you tarry so long?  
Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng.

*Why not? why not?*

*Why not come to Him now?*

*Why not? why not?*

*Why not come to Him now?*

2 What do you hope, dear brother,  
To gain by a further delay?

There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but His way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,  
His Spirit now striving within?

O, why not accept His salvation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin.

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,  
The harvest is passing away,  
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,  
There's danger and death in delay.

241

**I**S Jesus able to redeem

A sinner lost like me?

My sins so great, so many seem!

O sinner, "come and see."

*The blood that Jesus shed of old,  
Was shed for you and me:  
And there is room within the fold—  
O "come to Him and see."*

2 Is Jesus willing to forgive  
A rebel child like me?

Who would not in His favor live?  
O rebel, "come and see."

3 Is Jesus waiting to relieve  
A wanderer like me,

Who chose the Father's house to leave?  
O wand'r'er, "come and see."

4 Is Jesus ready now to save  
A guilty one like me?

Who bro't Him to the cross and grave?  
Come, guilty one, and see.

242

**O** WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!

From condemnation He hath made me free;

"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,

*"Hath everlasting life."*

*"Verily, verily, I say unto you.*

*Verily, verily," message ever new;*

*"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true,  
"Hath everlasting life."*

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,  
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;  
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said.

*"Have everlasting life."*

3 Tho' poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,

Tho' weak and sinful I believe His word;  
O glad message! every end of God,

*"Hath everlasting life."*

4 Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,  
For Him that cometh, He will not cast  
out,  
"He that believeth," O the good news  
shout,  
"HATH everlasting life."

## 243

**I**F never the gaze of sun and moon,  
On the blessed home above,  
From whence are its rays of wondrous  
noon?

O "the LAMB is the light thereof."  
*They shall walk in white, there shall be  
no night*

*In the fadeless home above;  
And the shout shall ring as the ransomed  
sing,*

O "the LAMB is the light thereof."  
2 And thus saith the page of Holy Writ,  
Of the land of song and love,  
"The glory of God did lighten it,"  
And "the LAMB is the light thereof."

3 Then follow Him, till the eye grows  
dim,  
And the soul, as ark-freed dove,  
Shall speed away to realms of day,  
Where "the LAMB is the light thereof."

## 244

**O** HOW happy are we,  
Who in Jesus agree,  
And expect His return from above;  
We sit 'neath His vine, and delight-  
fully join

In the praise of His excellent love.

*O how happy are we,  
Who in Jesus agree,  
How happy, how happy are we.*

2 When united to Him,  
We partake of the stream  
Ever flowing in peace from the throne,  
We in Jesus believe and the spirit  
receive

That proceeds from the Father and Son.

3 We remember the word  
Of our crucified Lord,  
When He went to prepare us a place,  
"I will come in that day and will  
take you away.  
And admit to a sight of My face."

4 Come, Lord, from the skies  
And command us to rise  
To the mansions of glory above;  
With Thee to ascend and eternity  
spend,  
In a rapture of heavenly love.

## 245

**B**LESSED hope that in Jesus is given,  
In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,  
That soon in the mansions of Heaven,  
We shall meet with our loved ones  
again.

*Blessed hope, blessed hope,  
We shall meet with our lov'd ones  
again,*

*Blessed hope, blessed hope,  
We shall meet with our lov'd ones  
again.*

2 Blessed hope in the word God has  
spoken,

All our peace by that word we obtain;  
And as sure as God's word was ne'er  
broken.

We shall meet with our lov'd ones  
again.

3 Blessed hope! how it shines in our  
sorrow,

Like the star over Bethlehem's plain;  
That it may be, with Him, ere the morn-  
row,  
We shall meet with our lov'd ones  
again.

4 Blessed hope! the bright star of the  
morning,

That shall herald His coming to reign:  
O the glory that waits its fair dawning,  
When we meet with our lov'd ones  
again.

## 246

**O** DO not let the Word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the  
light;

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not  
to-night?

||: Why not to-night? Why not to-night?  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-  
night ?:||

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,  
To bless thy long deluded sight;  
This is the time! O then be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not  
to-night?
- 3 The world has nothing left to give—  
It has no new, no pure delight;  
O try the life which Christians live!  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not  
to-night?
- 4 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun!  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not  
to-night?

247

O tender and sweet was the Master's  
voice,  
As He lovingly called to me,  
"Come over the line, it is only a step—  
I am waiting, my child, for thee."  
"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,  
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain;  
"Over the line," Why should I remain  
With a step between me and Jesus?

2 But my sins are many, my faith is  
small,  
Lo! the answer came quick and clear;  
Thou needest not trust in thyself at all,  
Step over the line, I am here."

3 But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,  
And the way I cannot see;  
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,  
And thus may dishonor Thee.

4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go  
back,  
Press forward I surely must;  
I will place my hand in His wounded  
palm,  
Step over the line and trust.

"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,  
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain;  
"Over the line,"—I will not remain,  
I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

248

SAVE, Jesus, save!  
Thy blessing now we crave:

For every anxious sinner here,  
O let Thy mercy now appear,  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

2 Save, Jesus, save!  
Thy banner o'er us wave,  
Of love eternal and divine;  
O, Lord, let each one here be Thine,  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

3 Save, Jesus, save!  
Thou conqueror o'er the grave,  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And to the troubled, whisper "Peace."  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

4 Save, Jesus, save!  
And Thou alone shalt have  
The glory of the work divine,  
Yea, endless praises shall be Thine!  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

249

TEMPTED and tried!  
O the terrible tide  
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide!  
Yet its fury is vain,  
For the Lord shall restrain,  
And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

Tempted and tried,  
Yet the Lord at thy side,  
Shall guide thee and keep thee,  
Though tempted and tried.

2 Tempted and tried,  
There is One at thy side,  
And never in vain shall His children confide!

He shall save and defend  
For He loves to the end,  
Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

3 Tempted and tried,  
Whate'er may betide,  
In His secret pavillion His children shall hide.  
'Neath the shadowing wing  
Of Eternity's King,  
His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.

4 Tempted and tried!  
Yet the Lord will abide

Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper  
and Guide.

Thy Shield and thy Sword,  
Thine exceeding Reward,  
Then enough for the servant to be as  
his Lord.

5 Tempted and tried,  
The Saviour who died,  
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by  
His side;  
His cross thou shalt bear;  
And His crown thou shalt wear,  
And for ever and ever His glory shalt  
share.

250

**C**OME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne,  
And thus surround the throne.  
*We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
That beautiful city of God.*

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God:  
But children of the heav'nly King,  
But children of the heav'nly King,  
May speak their joys abroad,  
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets,  
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground,  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground,  
To fairer worlds on high,  
To fairer worlds on high.

251

**I**CANNOT tell how precious  
The Saviour is to me,  
Since I have Him accepted,  
And He hath made me free;

I cannot tell His goodness,  
Enough to satisfy;  
And if you'll only take Him,  
You'll see the reason why.

*I cannot tell how precious  
The Saviour is to me;  
I only can entreat you  
To come and taste, and see.*

2 I cannot do for Jesus  
As much as I should like;  
But I will e'er endeavor  
To work with all my might;  
For, was not my dear Saviour  
For sinners crucified?  
For me, then, surely, Jesus  
Hung on the cross and died.

3 Whene'er I think of Jesus,  
I cannot but rejoice;  
To me He's ever precious,  
For Him I raise my voice;  
I know He has in glory  
A home prepared for me,  
Where I shall live forever  
So happy and so free.

252

**B**EAUTIFUL valley of Eden!  
Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;  
Over the hearts of the weary,  
Breathing thy waves of balm.

*Beautiful valley of Eden,  
Home of the pure and blest.  
How often amid the wild billows:  
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!*

2 Over the heart of the morner  
Shineth thy golden day,  
Wafting the songs of the angels  
Down from the far away.

3 There is the home of my Saviour:  
There with the blood-washed throng,  
Over the highlands of glory  
Rolleth the great new song.

253

**F**IERCE and wild the storm is raging,  
Round a helpless bark,  
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,  
O'er the water's dark!

*Joy, O joy, behold the Saviour,  
Joy, O joy, the message hear,*

- "I'll stand by until the morning,  
I've come to save you, do not fear."  
Yes, I'll stand by until the morning,  
I've come to save you, do not fear.  
 2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,  
Fainting on the deck,  
With what joy they hail their saviour,  
As he hails the wreck!  
 3 On a wild and stormy ocean,  
Sinking 'neath the wave,  
Souls that perish heed the message,  
Christ has come to save!  
 4 Daring death, thy soul to rescue,  
He in love has come,  
Leave the wreck and in Him trusting,  
Thou shalt reach thy home!

254

WE'RE saved by the blood  
That was drawn from the side  
Of Jesus our Lord,  
When He languished and died.  
*Hallelujah to God,*  
*For redemption so free;*  
*Hallelujah, Hallelujah,*  
*Dear Saviour, to Thee.*

- 2 O yes, 'tis the blood  
Of the Lamb that was slain;  
He conquered the grave,  
And He liveth again.  
 3 We're saved by the blood,  
We are sealed by its power;  
'Tis life to the soul,  
And its hope every hour.  
 4 That blood is a fount  
Where the vilest may go,  
And wash till their souls  
Shall be whiter than snow.  
 5 We're saved by the blood,  
Hallelujah, again;  
We're saved by the blood,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

255

COME souls that are longing for pleasure,  
Our Saviour has pleasures to give;  
Come find in His love the rare treasure,  
That makes every true pleasure live.  
*Come now saith the Lord, let us reason,*  
*Come now and your purpose declare;*

- Is it pleasures of sin for a season,  
Or pleasures the glorified share?  
 2 The pleasures of sin are deceiving,  
They've nothing for yesterday's Spain,  
But hope of to-morrow receiving,  
And then, it's—*To-morrow*—again.  
 3 The pleasures of sin are all fleeting,  
They vanish with life's passing morn:  
Like dew-drops the morning sun greeting,  
They glisten and then they are gone.  
 4 Then all who are longing for pleasure,  
Ye weary and all who are worn;  
Come find in the Lord a sure treasure,  
That from you shall never be torn.  
 5 Of Jesus, thy choice be now making  
Redeemer, and Saviour, and Lord;  
And soon in the glory awaking,  
You'll share in the Saint's blest reward.

256

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;  
Nor pain, nor death can enter  
there;  
Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine;  
That heav'nly 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 heav'nly mansion mine shall be.  
 3 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
Be mine a happier lot to own,  
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.  
 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

257

WHAT tho' clouds are hovering o'er  
me,  
And I seem to walk alone—  
Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses,  
For the joys that now are flown—

If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
Then my sky will have a gem;  
He's a Sun of brightest splendor,  
And the Star of Bethlehem.

2 What tho' all my earthly journey  
Bringeth naught but weary hours,  
And, in grasping for life's roses,  
Thorns, I find instead of flow'rs—  
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
I possess a cluster rare;  
He's the "Lily of the Valley,"  
And the "Rose of Sharon," fair.

3 What tho' all my heart is yearning,  
For the loved of long ago—  
Bitter lessons sadly learning  
From the shadowy page of woe—  
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
He'll be with me to the end;  
And, unseen by mortal vision,  
Angel bands will o'er me bend.

4 When I soar to realms of glory,  
And an entrance I await,  
If I whisper, "Jesus only!"  
Wide will ope the pearly gate;  
When I join the heavenly chorus,  
And the angel hosts I see,  
Precious Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
Will my theme of rapture be.

## 258

**W**HOM have I Lord, in heav'n but  
Thee?  
None but Thee! None but Thee!  
And this my song thro' life shall be,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
He hath for me the wine press trod,  
He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"  
And reconciled my soul to God,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

2 I envy not the rich their joys,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
I covet not earth's glitt'ring toys,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow,  
"Fading" is stamped on all below;  
Mine is a joy no end can know,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

3 Tho' with the poor be cast my lot,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
"He knoweth best,"—I murmur not,

Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail,  
The "labor of the Olive fail,"  
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

4 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
And sin besets me all around,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Let earth her fiercest battle wage,  
And foes against my soul engage,  
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

5 And when my life draws to its close,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Safe in His arms I shall repose,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,  
And all the powers of nature fade,  
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

## 259

**W**hen Jesus comes to reward His ser-  
vants.

Whether it be noon or night,  
Faithful to Him will He find us watch-  
ing,

With our lamps all trimm'd and  
bright?

*O can we say we are ready, brother?  
Ready for the soul's bright home?  
Say, will He find you and me still watch-  
ing,  
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall  
come?*

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,  
He shall call us one by one,  
When to the Lord we restore our talents,  
Will He answer thee—well done?

3 Have we been true to the trust He  
left us?

Do we seek to do our best?  
If in our hearts there is naught con-  
demns us,

We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord  
finds watching,  
In His glory they shall share;

If he shall come at the dawn or mid-night,  
Will He find us watching there?

260

**G**LIDING o'er life's fitful waters,  
Heavy surges sometimes roll;  
And we sigh for yonder haven,  
For the Home-land of the soul.  
*Blessed Home-land, ever fair!  
Sin can never enter there;  
But the soul, to life awaking,  
Everlasting bloom shall wear.*

- 2 Oft we catch a faint reflection  
Of its bright and vernal hills;  
And, tho' distant, how we hail it!  
How each heart with rapture thrills!
- 3 To our Father, and our Saviour,  
To the Spirit, Three in One.  
We shall sing glad songs of triumph  
When our harvest work is done.
- 4 'Tis the weary pilgrim's Home-land,  
Where each throbbing care shall  
cease;  
And our longings and our yearnings,  
Like a wave be hushed to peace.

261

**I**HAVE heard of a land far away;  
And its glories no tongue can declare;  
But its beauty hangs over the way,  
And with Jesus I long to be there.  
*To be there, to be there,  
And with Jesus I long to be there;  
To be there, to be there,  
And with Jesus I long to be there.*

- 2 There are foretastes of Heaven below,  
There are moments like joys of the blest;  
But the splendors no mortal can know:  
Of the land where the weary shall rest.
- 3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,  
In the gleam of the river of life,  
There are joys that the faithful shall share;  
'O how sweetly they rest from the strife.
- 4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide  
In the shade of the sheltering fold;  
Evermore by Immanuel's side,  
They shall dwell in the glory untold.

262

**L**OK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,  
From the fight return victorious,  
Every knee to Him shall bow.

*Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown  
Him!*

*Crown the Saviour "King of kings."*

*Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown  
Him!*

*Crown the Saviour "King of kings."*

2 Crown the Saviour! Angels crown  
Him.

Rich the trophies Jesus brings,  
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! these loud triumphant chords,  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

263

**W**OULD you lose your load of sin?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus:  
Would you know God's peace within?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

*Jesus who on the cross did die,  
Jesus who lives and reigns on high,  
He alone can justify;  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.*

2 Would you calmly walk the wave?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;  
Would you know His power to save?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

3 Would you have your cares grow light?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;  
Would you songs have in the night?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

4 Grieving, would you comfort know?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus:  
Humble be when blessings flow,  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

5 Would you strength in weakness have?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus!  
See a light beyond the grave!  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

264

THERE is a land of pure delight  
 Where saints immortal reign,  
 Eternal day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.  
 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never fading flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 That heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dress'd in living green;  
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.  
 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger, trembling on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unclouded eyes.  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er—  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

265

O I am so happy in Jesus,  
 His blood has redeem'd me from  
 sin,  
 I weep and I sing in my gladness,  
 To know He is dwelling within.

*O I am so happy in Jesus,  
 From sin and from sorrow so free;  
 So happy that He is my Saviour,  
 So happy that Jesus loves me.*

2 O I am so happy in Jesus,  
 He taught me the secret of faith,  
 To rest in believing His promise,  
 And trust whatsoever He saith.

3 O I am so happy in Jesus.  
 I lay my whole soul at His feet;  
 The love He has kindled within me  
 Makes service and suffering sweet.

4 O I am so happy in Jesus,  
 If earth in His love is so blest,  
 What joy in His glorified presence,  
 To sit at His feet as His guest.

266

THE gospel trumpet's sounding  
 The year of jubilee,  
 And grace is all abounding,  
 To set the bondmen free.

*Return, return, ye captives  
 Return unto your home,  
 The gospel trumpet's sounding,  
 The jubilee is come!  
 The gospel trumpet's sounding,  
 The jubilee is come!*

2 Forsake your wretched service,  
 Your master's claims are o'er;  
 Avail yourselves of freedom,  
 Be Satan's slaves no more.

3 A better Master's calling,  
 In accents true and kind;  
 He asks a loving service,  
 And claims a willing mind.

4 He offers you salvation,  
 And points to joys above;  
 And, longing, waits to make you  
 The objects of His love.

5 In living faith accept Him,  
 Give up all else beside;  
 While grace is loudly calling,  
 Look to the Crucified.

267

SHE only touched the hem of His garment  
 As to His side she stole,  
 Amid the crowd that gather'd around  
 Him,  
 And straightway she was whole.

*O touch the hem of His garment  
 And thou, too, shalt be free;  
 His saving pow'r this very hour  
 Shall give new life to thee.*

2 She came in fear and trembling before  
 Him,  
 She knew her Lord had come,  
 She felt that from Him, virtue had  
 healed her,  
 The mighty deed was done.

3 He turned with "daughter be of good  
 comfort,  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

And peace that passeth all understanding  
With gladness filled her soul.

268

O THE bitter pain and sorrow  
That a time could ever be,  
When I proudly said to Jesus,  
" All of self, and none of Thee,"  
All of self and none of Thee,  
All of self and none of Thee,  
When I proudly said to Jesus,  
" All of self and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me ; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on th' accursed tree;  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
" Some of self and some of Thee,"  
Some of self and some of Thee,  
Some of self and some of Thee.  
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,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
" Less of self and more of Thee,"  
Less of self and more of Thee,  
Less of self and more of Thee,  
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 conquered,  
" None of self and all of Thee,  
None of self and all of Thee,  
None of self and all of Thee,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,  
" None of self and all of Thee."

269

CAN it be right for me to go  
On in this dark, uncertain way?  
Say, " I believe," and yet not know  
Whether my sins are put away?  
*I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord !*  
*I will forever rest in Thy word.*

2 Can it be right, in doubt to wait,  
Wait for the day that tries the heart,  
Ere I shall learn what is my state,  
Fearing the Judge should say depart?

3 Can it be right, such loads to bear,  
While He says " come, I'll give you  
rest?"  
Bidding me cast on Him my care,  
Leaning in love, upon His breast.  
4 Can it be right to doubt His pow'r,  
Both to forgive and vanquish sin?  
Even in trials of darkest hour,  
Cannot His love give peace within?  
5 Can it be right no soul to seek,  
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?  
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,  
Will He not ample strength provide?  
6 Can it be right with such a Lord,  
Even to dread the hour of death?  
Waiting in faith the great reward,  
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

270

FROM the riven Rock there floweth,  
Living water ever clear;  
Weary pilgrim journeying onward,  
Know you not the Fount is near?  
*Jesus is the Rock of Ages—*  
*Smitten, stricken, lo ! He dies ;*  
*From His side a living fountain,*  
*Know you not it satisfies ?*

2 " Without money, without merit,"  
Jesus calls, " Come unto Me,"  
Thirsty traveler, be encouraged.  
Know you not the Fount is free?  
3 Fainting in the desert, dreary,  
Guilty sinner, hark ! 'tis He !  
'Tis the Saviour still entreating,  
Know you not He calleth thee?

271

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming ! O my King,  
Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
Well may we rejoice and sing ;  
Thou art coming ! rays of glory,  
Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,  
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,  
Glory from Thy presence sent.  
*Thou art coming, Thou art coming,*  
*We shall meet Thee on Thy way.*  
*Thou art coming, we shall see Thee,*  
*And be like Thee on that day,*  
*Thou art coming. Thou art coming !*  
*Jesus our beloved Lord,*

*O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Worship'd, glorified, adored.*

2 Thou art coming, not a shadow,  
Not a mist, and not a tear,  
Not a sin, and not a sorrow,  
On that sunrise grand and clear;  
Thou art coming! Jesus, Saviour,  
Nothing else seems worth a thought,  
*O how marvellous the glory,*  
And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.

3 Thou art coming, we are waiting  
With a hope that cannot fail,  
Asking not the day or hour,  
Anchored safe within the veil;  
Thou art coming! at Thy table  
We are witnesses for this,  
As we meet Thee in communion,  
Earnest of our coming bliss.

## 272

*O* NLY trusting in my Saviour,  
All to Him my soul would leave;  
He has suffered to redeem me,  
And His word I now believe.  
*Now to Christ alone I'm clinging,*  
*Tho' the tempest round me blow;*  
*Heeding not the clouds above me,*  
*Dreading not the waves below,*

2 Only trusting, nothing doubting.  
This is all that I can do;  
Every trial that befalls me  
He will safely bring me thro'.  
3 There are breakers in the distance,  
Yet no danger will I fear;  
On the Rock my feet are resting,  
Naught of harm can reach me here.  
4 Only trusting, only trusting,  
This is joy and life to me;  
Thou wilt never leave me friendless  
While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

## 273

*T*HREE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall;  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.  
*O dearly, dearly has He loved,*  
*And we must love Him too;*  
*And trust in His redeeming blood,*  
*And try His works to do.*

2 We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.  
3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heav'n,  
Sav'd by His precious blood.  
4 There was no other good enough,  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heav'n and let us in.

## 274

*I*n my Father's house there is many a  
room.  
And my Lord has gone to prepare  
A place for me; O can it be  
That I shall be with Him there?  
*Forever with Jesus there,*  
*Forever with Jesus there,*  
*What grace divine, that He is mine!*  
*And I shall be with Him there.*

2 In my Father's house there is endless  
day  
With no cloud of sorrow or care,  
No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs  
They know, who are with Him there.

3 In my Father's house there's no want  
or woe.  
And there can be no more pray'r;  
For what beside can God provide  
Since we shall be with Him there.

4 In my Father's house there is no more  
death,  
For the life of God we share;  
No thought of sin can enter in,  
For we shall be with Him there.

5 In my Father's house there are  
blessed saints,  
Who His holy image bear;  
They find in this their sweetest bliss,  
That they may be with Him there.

## 275

*T*EN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransom'd saints  
Throng up the steeps of light;  
'Tis finished! all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin;

Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To the Lamb who once was slain!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To Him who lives again!*

2 What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimm'd with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

## 276

I FEEL like singing all the time,  
My tears are wiped away;  
For Jesus is a friend of mine,  
I'll serve Him every day.

*I'm singing, singing,  
Singing all the time;  
Singing, singing,  
Singing all the time.*

2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,  
Nail'd there by sins of mine;  
Fast fell the burning tears; but now  
I'm singing all the time.

3 When fierce temptations try my heart,  
I sing, Jesus is mine;  
And so, though tears at times may start,  
I'm singing all the time.

4 The wondrous story of the Lamb,  
Tell with that voice of thine,  
'Till others, with the glad new song  
Go singing all the time.

## 277

MINE! what rays of glory bright  
Now upon the promise shine!  
I have found the Lord, my light;  
I am His and He is mine.

*Mine, O mine, Mine, O mine,  
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour  
I am His, and He is mine!*

- 2 Mine! the promise often read,  
Now in living truth impress'd,  
Once acknowledged in the head,  
Now a fire within the breast.
- 3 Mine! the promise cannot change,  
Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim:  
Naught can from His love estrange,  
Those who place their trust in Him.
- 4 Mine! though oft my hand may fail,  
~~He~~ is strong and holds me fast;  
By His blood I shall prevail,  
He shall lead me home at last.
- 5 Mine! when death the bars shall break,  
'Mid those glories all divine,  
Satisfied I shall awake,  
Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.

## 278

ETERNITY dawns on my vision to-day,  
Gather round me, my loved ones, to sing  
and to pray;  
The shadows are past and the veil is withdrawn,  
Brightly now does the morn of eternity dawn.

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah  
we sing!  
Jesus conquer'd the grave, robbing death  
of its sting;  
Hosanna! again let the glad anthem ring,  
Sing and pray! eternity dawns!"*

- 2 Eternity dawns! oh, the glories that rise,  
How they burst on my soul in its blissful surprise,  
With rapture the gleam of the city I see,  
Where crown and the mansion are waiting for me.

- 3 "Eternity dawns!" there will be no more night,  
I am nearing the gates of the City of Light;  
The shadows of time are all passing away,  
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly.  
I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes  
from my view:  
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must  
bid you adieu;  
I'm resting in Jesus, Hismerit, I plead,  
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply  
all your need."

5 "Eternity dawns," 'Tis a source of  
content,  
That in preaching salvation, my life  
has been spent;  
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour  
of men,  
May His grace be upon you forever.  
Amen.

279

**W**HENCE is my wand'ring boy to-  
night—

The boy of my tenderest care,  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer?

*O where is my boy to-night?  
O where is my boy to-night?  
My heart overflows, for I love him, he  
knows;  
O where is my boy to-night?*

2 Once he was pure as morning dew,  
As he knelt at his mother's knee:  
No face was so bright, no heart more  
true,  
And none was so sweet as he.

3 O could I see you now, my boy,  
As fair as in olden time,  
When prattle and smile made home a  
joy  
And life was a merry chime!

4 Go for my wand'ring boy to-night;  
Go search for him where you will;  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still.

280

**P**RECIOUS Saviour, may I live,  
Only for Thee!  
Spend the powers Thou dost give,  
Only for Thee!  
Be my spirit's deep desire  
Only for Thee!  
May my intellect aspire  
Only for Thee!

*Only Christ, who died for me,  
Paid the price and made me free,  
Now, and through eternity,  
Only for Thee!*

2 In my joys may I rejoice,  
Only for Thee!  
In my choices make my choice,  
Only for Thee!  
Meekly may I suffer grief,  
Only for Thee!  
Gratefully accept relief,  
Only for Thee!

3 Be my smiles and be my tears,  
Only for Thee!  
Be my young and riper years,  
Only for Thee!  
Be my peace and be my strife,  
Only for Thee!  
Be my love and be my life,  
Only for Thee!

281

**N**OTHING, either great or small—  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
Long, long ago.

*"It is finished!" yes indeed,  
Finished every jot;  
Sinner, this is all you need,  
Tell me, is it not?*

2 When He, from His lofty throne,  
Stooped to do and die,  
Everything was fully done:  
Hearken to His cry!

3 Weary, working, burdened one,  
Wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your doing; all was done  
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing—  
"Doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously complete.

282

**S**ING them over again to me,  
Wonderful words of Life,  
Let me more of their beauty see

Wonderful words of Life.

Words of life and beauty,

Teach me faith and duty;

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,  
Wonderful words of Life. :||

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all,  
Wonderful words of Life;

Sinner, list to the loving call,  
Wonderful words of Life.

All so freely given,

Wooing us to Heaven.

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,  
Wonderful words of Life. :||

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,  
Wonderful words of Life.

Offer pardon and peace to all,  
Wonderful words of Life.

Jesus, only Saviour,  
Sanctify forever.

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,  
Wonderful words of Life. :||

### 283

WE speak of the land of the blest,  
A country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess,  
But what must it be to be there.

To be there, to be there,

O what must it be to be there;

To be there, to be there,

O what must it be to be there.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold,  
But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The songs of the blessed above,  
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within,  
But what must it be to be there.

5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare,  
Then shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.

### 284

HAVE you any room for Jesus,  
He who bore your load of sin ;

As He knocks and asks admission,  
Sinner, will you let Him in ?

Room for Jesus, King of glory,  
Hasten now, His word obey,  
Swing the heart's door widely open,  
Bid him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,  
But for Christ, the Crucified,  
Not a place that He can enter;  
In the heart for which He died,

3 Have you any time for Jesus,  
As in grace He calls again ?,  
O to-day is time accepted,  
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,  
Soon will pass God's day of grace ;  
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,  
And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

### 285

OUR Master has taken His journey  
To a country that's far away,  
And has left us the care of the vineyard,  
To work for Him day by day.

*There's a work for me and a work for you,  
Something for each of us now to do,  
Yes, a work for me and a work for you,  
Something for each of us now to do.*

2 In this "little while," doth it matter,  
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,  
If we're filling the place He assigns us,  
Be its service small or great.

3 There's only one thing should concern  
us,  
To find just the task that is ours ;  
And then, having found it, to do it  
With all our God-given pow'rs.

4 Our Master is coming most surely,  
To reckon with every one :  
Shall we then count our toil or our sorrow,  
If His sentence be. " V ' l done."

### 286

BE our joyful song to-day,  
Jesus, only Jesus.  
He who took our sins away,  
Jesus, only Jesus.  
Name with every blessing rife,  
Be our joy and hope thro' life,

Be our strength in every strife,  
Jesus, only Jesus.  
 2 Once we wander'd far from God,  
Knowing not of Jesus,  
Treading still the downward road,  
Leading far from Jesus,  
Till the spirit taught us how  
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,  
And we fain would follow now,  
Jesus, only Jesus.  
 3 Be our trust thro' years to come,  
Jesus, only Jesus,  
Pass-word to the heavenly home,  
Jesus, only Jesus.  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
On thro' all eternity,  
This our theme and song shall be,  
Jesus, only Jesus.

287

HOW sweet the word of Christ the  
Lord.

While on the cross He dies,  
A word to all who on Him call,  
For life in paradise,  
*From the cross the Saviour cries,*  
*Come with me to paradise;*  
*Look to me, believe and live,*  
*Accept the life I freely give.*

2 The dying thief, in full belief,  
On Jesus fixed his eyes;  
His only plea, "Remember me,  
O Lord, in paradise."

3 By man condemn'd, without a friend,  
Will Jesus heed his cries?  
O blessed Lord, how quick Thy word,  
"To-day in Paradise."

4 Tho' vile as he, O sinner, flee,  
While Jesus calls, be wise;  
His word believe, and now receive  
A life in Paradise.

288

R EJOICE with me, for now I'm free.  
I joy in a new pleasure;  
From God above the gift of love  
Is mine in fullest measure.  
*Rejoice, rejoice, Christ is my choice,*  
*His cross alone my glory;*  
*While life shall last, when death is past,*  
*I'll sing the joyful story.*

- 2 Once vile with sin, Christ makes me  
Gone is all condemnation; [clean]  
For I believe and now receive  
A full and free salvation.
- 3 In Christ I live, and He doth give  
Great joy where once was sadness;  
And in this way, from day to day,  
My life is filled with gladness.
- 4 To all proclaim His wondrous name,  
Repeat the old, old story;  
Till work is done and heaven won,  
Then praise Him more in glory.

289

THE prize is set before us,  
To win, His words implore us.  
The eye of God is o'er us  
From on high, from on high;  
His loving tones are calling  
While sin is dark, appalling,  
'Tis Jesus gently calling,  
He is nigh, He is nigh.

||: By and by we shall meet Him,  
By and by we shall greet Him,  
And with Jesus reign in glory,  
By and by. :||

2 We'll follow where He leadeth,  
We'll pasture where He feedeth,  
We'll yield to Him who pleadeth  
From on high, from on high;  
Then naught from Him shall sever,  
Our hope shall brighten ever,  
And faith shall fail us never,  
He is nigh, He is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us,  
No trials dark to move us,  
But Jesus dear to love us  
There on high, there on high;  
We'll give Him best endeavor,  
And praise His name forever  
His precious words can never,  
Never die, never die.

290

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee!  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;

- For Thy grace and tender mercy  
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,  
Thou alone shalt lead;  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for pow'r;  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give  
me,  
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Never let me fall!  
I am trusting Thee forever,  
And for all!

## 291

**G**OOD news from heav'n, good news  
for thee,  
There flows a pardon full and free,  
To guilty sinners through the blood  
Of the Incarnate Son of God;  
He paid the debt that thou didst owe,  
He suffered death for thee below,  
He bore the wrath divine for thee,  
He groaned and bled on Calvary.  
*Good news from heav'n, good news for  
thee,*  
*There flows a pardon full and free,  
To guilty sinners through the blood  
Of the Incarnate Son of God.*

2 Good news from heav'n, good news  
for thee,  
The Saviour cries, "Come unto me,  
All ye who toil, with fears opprest;  
Come, weary one, O come and rest;  
He loves thee with o'erflowing love,  
He hears thy pray'r in heav'n above;  
He all thy pasture shall prepare,  
And lead thee with a shepherd's care.

3 Good news from heav'n, good news  
for thee,  
Has echoed from eternity;  
And loud shall our hosannas ring.  
When with the ransomed throng we  
sing,

"Worthy the Lamb," whose precious  
blood  
Has made us kings and priests to God;  
Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains,  
And glory give to Him who reigns.

## 292

**S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly;  
Angel guards from Thee surround us,  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee:  
Thou art He, who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'er-  
take us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

## 293

**S**OUND the high praises of Jesus our  
King,  
He came and He conquer'd, His victory  
sing;

Sing, for the pow'r of the tyrant is  
broken,  
The triumph's complete over death  
and the grave;  
Vain is their boasting. Jehovah hath  
spoken,  
And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty  
to save.

*Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,  
He came and He conquer'd, His victory  
sing.*

2 Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to  
the Lord,  
The enemy quail'd at the might of His  
word:  
In heav'n He ascends and unfolds  
the glad story,  
The hosts of the blessed exult in His  
fame;

In love He looks down from the throne  
of His glory,  
And rescues the ruin'd who trust in  
His name.

## 294

THIS is the day of toil,  
Beneath earth's sultry noon,  
This is the day of service true,  
But resting cometh soon.

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

*There remains a rest for us.*

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

*There remains a rest for us.*

2 Spend and be spent would we,  
While lasteth time's brief day;  
No turning back in coward fear,  
No lingering by the way.

3 Onward we press in haste,  
Upward our journey still;  
Ours is the path the Master trod  
Through good report and ill.

4 The way may rougher grow,  
The weariness increase,  
We gird our loins and hasten on,  
The end, the end is peace.

## 295

THERE is joy among the angels,  
Singing round the throne above,  
When repentant tears are flowing,  
While the risen Lord is showing  
All the riches of His love,  
All the riches of His love,  
All the riches of His love.

*There is joy, O there is joy,*  
*Joy that never can be told,*  
*When a soul that long has wander'd,*  
*Comes within the Saviour's fold.*

2 There is joy among the angels;  
When a sinner heeds the call;  
When He turns to Christ believing,  
And from Him is love receiving.  
Grace that saves us one and all;||  
Grace that saves us one and all.

3 There is joy among the angels,  
When His cause is speeding on,  
When the notes of praise are ringing  
That the gospel-work is bringing,  
Precious sheaves for harvest morn.;||  
Precious sheaves for harvest morn.

## 296

OVER the ocean wave away,  
There the poor heathen live, waiting  
for day;  
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,  
No blessed Bible to give them the light.  
*Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,*  
*Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.*

2 Here in this happy land we have the  
light

Shining from God's own word, free,  
pure, and bright:  
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,  
Teachers, and preachers, and all that  
they need?

3 Then, while the mission ships glad  
tidings bring,  
List! as the heathen band joyfully sing,  
"Over the ocean wave, O see them come,  
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us  
home."

## 297

WHEN we reach our Father's dwell-  
ing  
On the Strong eternal hills,  
And our praise to Him is swelling  
Who the vast creation fills,  
Shall we then recall the sadness,  
And the clouds that hung so dim,  
When our hearts were turned from  
hardness,  
And our feet from paths of sin?  
*Yes, we surely shall remember,*  
*And His grace we'll freely own;*  
*For the love so strong and tender,*  
*That redeemed and brought us home.*

2 When the paths of prayer and duty,  
And affliction all are trod,  
And we wake and see the beauty  
Of our Saviour and our God,  
Shall we then recall the story  
Of our mortal griefs and tears,  
When on earth we sought the glory.  
Wrestling oft with doubts and fears.

3 All the way by which He brought us,  
All the grievings that He bore,

All the patient love that taught us,  
We'll remember evermore.  
And His rest will be the dearer,  
As we think of weary ways,  
And His light will be the clearer,  
As we muse on cloudy days.

298

**M**UST I go and empty handed,"  
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?  
Nor one day of service give Him,  
Lay no trophy at His feet.  
"Must I go and empty handed,"  
"Must I meet my Saviour so ?  
Not one soul with which to greet Him,  
Must I empty handed go?

2 Not at death I shrink nor falter,  
For my Saviour saves me now;  
But to meet Him empty handed,  
Thought of that now clouds my brow,  
3 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,  
Could I but recall them now,  
I would give them to my Saviour,  
To His will I'd gladly bow.  
4 Oh, ye saints, arouse, be earnest,  
Up and work while yet 'tis day,  
Ere the night of death o'er takes thee,  
Strive for souls while still you may.

299

**M**Y sin is great, my strength is weak,  
My path beset with snares;  
But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me,  
And Thou wilt hear my prayers.  
*To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified,  
The sinner's only plea,  
Relying on Thy promised grace,  
My faith still clings to Thee.*

2 The world is dark without Thee, Lord,  
I turn me from its strife  
To find Thy love a sweet relief;  
Thou art the light of life.  
3 Temptations lure and fears assail  
My frail inconstant heart;  
But precious are Thy promises,  
And they new strength impart,  
4 Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,  
And cleanse my blinded eyes;  
Grant me to work for Thee on earth,  
Then praise Thee in the skies.

300

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!  
My heart doth sing for joy;  
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!  
Christ shall my song employ.  
*I've found the pearl of greatest price !  
My heart doth sing for joy ;  
And sing I must, for Christ is mine !  
Christ shall my song employ.*

- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Prophet full of light,  
My great High Priest before the throne,  
My King of heavenly might.
- 3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,  
And He the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.
- 4 Christ is my peace: He died for me,  
For me He shed His blood;  
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,  
Offered Himself to God.
- 5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,  
My comfort and my love;  
My life below, and He shall be  
My joy and crown above.

301

"FAINT, yet pursuing," we press  
our way  
Up to the glorious gates of day,  
Following Him who has gone before.  
Over the path to the brighter shore.  
*"Faint, yet pursuing," from day to-day,  
Over the sure and the blood-marked way;  
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour,  
Friend.*

- Ever pursuing unto life's end.*
- 2 "Faint, yet pursuing," whate'er befall,  
He who has died for us, died for all;  
So should they come, as a mighty throng,  
Bearing His banner aloft with song.
- 3 "Faint, yet pursuing," till even-tide,  
Under the cross of the Crucified;  
Knowing, when darkly are skies o'er-cast,  
Sorrow and sighing will end at last.

4 "Faint, yet pursuing," the eye afar  
Sees thro' the darkness the Morning Star,  
Shedding its ray for the weary feet,  
Keeping the way to the golden street.

302

**B**E SIDE the well at noon-time,  
I hear a sad one say,  
"I want that living water,  
Give me to drink I pray;  
The well is deep, O pilgrim,  
But deeper is my need;  
I thirst for life eternal.  
The 'Gift of God' indeed."

*Ho, every one that thirsteth,*

*The living water buy!*

*Ye blessed ones that hunger,*

*Take, eat and never die,*

2 Beside the pool Bethesda,  
I hear a mournful cry;  
"No help, no hope is offered  
To one so weak as I;"  
O cease thy sad complaining,  
The gospel gives thee cheer;  
Come to the house of mercy,  
For Christ the Pool is here.

*Tis He, the great Physician,*  
*Can cure the sin-sick soul;*  
*"Rise up and walk," He bids thee,*  
*"Thy faith hath madethee whole."*

3 While seated on the hill-side,  
The hungry ones were fed  
By Him who said most truly,  
"I am the living bread;  
'Tis He, the heavenly manna,  
Who doth our souls restore;  
By faith of Him partaking  
We live forever more.

303

**O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.  
*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.*

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;

There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,  
Would here no longer stay;  
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

304

**O** LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell in peace at home?

*We'll work till Jesus comes,*  
*We'll work till Jesus comes,*  
*We'll work till Jesus comes,*  
*And we'll be gathered home.*

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome,  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succour on His breast,  
Till He conduct me home.

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

305

**I'**VE reach'd the land of corn and wine,  
And all its riches freely mine;  
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,  
For all my night has passed away.

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

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we;  
He gently leads me with His hand,  
For this is heaven's border land,

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze  
Is borne from ever vernal trees,

And flow'rs that never fading grow  
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
As angels, with the white-robed throng,  
Join in the sweet redemption song.

## 306

I'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where streamlets are ever flowing:

*I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.*

2 Of that city, to which I journey,  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
O my longing heart, my longing heart  
is there;

Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
I long have wander'd, forlorn and weary:

## 307

I KNOW not what awaits me,  
God kindly veils mine eyes,  
And o'er each step of my onward way  
He makes new scenes to rise;  
And every joy He sends me, comes  
A sweet and glad surprise.

*Where He may lead, I'll follow,  
My trust in Him repose;  
And every hour in perfect peace  
I'll sing, He knows, He knows,  
And every hour in perfect peace  
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.*

2 One step I see before me,  
'Tis all I need to see.  
The light of heav'n more brightly shines,  
When earth's illusious flee;  
And sweetly through the silence, came  
His loving "Follow me."

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,  
'Tis blessed not to know;  
He holds me with His own right hand  
And will not let me go.  
And lulls my troubled soul to rest  
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go, not knowing;  
I would not if I might;  
I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
Than go alone in the light;  
I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
Than go alone by sight.

*He knows, He knows, He knows.*

## 308

WHEN we get home from our sorrow  
and care,  
And we stand with the angels of  
light,  
O what a meeting in heaven there'll be,  
In that land without shadow or night;  
Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain,  
We'll leave, when we pass through  
the tomb:  
Clouds of despair, storms of trial and  
care,  
We shall leave for that beautiful  
home.

*When we get home, O when we get home.  
Get home to glory land,  
Praises we'll sing to Jesus, our King,  
A ransomed, a glorified band.*

2 When we get home to the mansions  
above,  
With the loved ones gone over before,  
O who can tell what a joy that will be  
There to live and rejoice evermore;  
Angels will praise, the Redeemer will  
smile,  
And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand:  
Free from all pain, far beyond earthly  
stain,  
We shall dwell in that beautiful land.

3 When we get home, when the morn-  
ing is come,  
And forth from the city of gold,  
Angels of God, coming down, shall call  
home  
All of those who belong to His fold;  
Will you be there, brother, loved ones  
to greet,  
Or will you forever be lost?  
What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures  
of earth,  
Or a home when death's river is  
crossed?

309

**O** WORD of words, the sweetest,  
 O word, in which there lie  
 All promise, all fulfillment,  
 And end of mystery:  
 Lamenting, or rejoicing,  
 With doubt or terror nigh,  
 I hear the "Come" of Jesus,  
 And to His cross I fly.

||:Come, O come to me,  
 Come, O come to me,  
 Weary, heavy laden,  
 Come, O come to me.:||

**2** O soul! why shouldst thou wander  
 From such a loving Friend?  
 Cling closer, closer to Him,  
 Stay with Him to the end,  
 Alas! I am so helpless,  
 So very full of sin,  
 For I am ever wand'ring,  
 And coming back again.

**3** O each time draw me nearer,  
 That soon the "Come" may be  
 Naught but a gentle whisper,  
 To one close, close to Thee;  
 Then, over sea and mountain,  
 Far from, or near my home,  
 I'll take Thy hand and follow,  
 At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

310

**I**HAVE read of a beautiful city,  
 Far away in the kingdom of God;  
 I have read how its walls are of jasper,  
 How its streets are all golden and broad.

In the midst of the street is life's river,  
 Clear as crystal and pure to behold:  
 But not half of that city's bright glory  
 To mortals has ever been told.

||:Not half has ever been told ;:||  
 Not half of that city's bright glory  
 To mortals has ever been told.

**2** I have read of bright mansions in  
 Heaven,  
 Which the Saviour has gone to pre-  
 pare;  
 And the saints who on earth have been  
 faithful,  
 Rest forever with Christ over there;

There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow;  
 The inhabitants never grow old;  
 But not half of the joys that await them  
 To mortals has ever been told.

**3** I have read of white robes for the  
 righteous,  
 Of bright crowns which the glorified  
 wear,  
 When our Father shall bid them "Come  
 enter,  
 And my glory eternally share;"  
 How the righteous are evermore blessed  
 As they walk thro' the streets of pure  
 gold;  
 But not half of the wonderful story  
 To mortals has ever been told.

**4** I have read of a Christ, so forgiving,  
 That vile sinners may ask and receive  
 Peace and pardon from every trans-  
 gression,  
 If when asking they only believe.  
 I have read how He'll guide and pro-  
 tect us,  
 If for safety we enter His fold;  
 But not half of His goodness and mercy  
 To mortals has ever been told.

311

**A**RE you coming Home, ye wand'lers,  
 Whom Jesus died to win,  
 All footsore, lame and weary,  
 Your garments stained with sin;  
 Will you seek the blood of Jesus  
 To wash your garments white;  
 Will you trust His precious promise,  
 Are you coming home to-night?

||:Are you coming Home to-night,:||  
 Are you coming Home to Jesus,  
 Out of darkness into light?  
 ||:Are you coming Home to-night,:||  
 To your loving, heavenly Father,  
 Are you coming Home to-night?

**2** Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?  
 Behold your Lord doth wait;  
 Come, then, no longer linger,  
 Come, ere it be too late;  
 Will you come and let Him save you,  
 O trust His love and might;  
 Will you come while He is calling,  
 Are you coming Home to-night?

3 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,  
Who bear the load of sin;  
Outside you've long been standing,  
Come now and venture in;  
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,  
And dare to trust Him quite;  
"Come unto me," saith Jesus,  
Are you coming Home to-night?

## 312

SAY, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,  
And what is thy prospect to-day?  
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,  
The treasures that rust and decay?  
O think of thy soul, that forever  
Must live on eternity's shore.  
When thou in the dust art forgotten,  
When pleasure can charm thee no more.

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost,  
||: To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost. :||

2 The Master is calling thee, sinner,  
In tones of compassion and love,  
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,  
And lay up thy treasure above;  
O kneel at the cross where He suffered,  
To ransom thy soul from the grave:  
The arm of His mercy will hold thee,  
The Arm that is mighty to save.

3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,  
Repent, ere the season is past;  
God's goodness to thee is extended,  
As long as the day-beam shall last:  
Then slight not the warning repeated,  
With all the bright moments that roll,  
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,  
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

## 313

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wand'lers onward,  
To their home on high;  
Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united,  
Take our heav'nward way.

*Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wand'lers onward,  
To their home on high.*

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing,  
See Thy children meet;  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray,  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.
- 3 All our days direct us,  
In the way we go.  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe;  
Bid Thine angels shield us,  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.
- 4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering endless praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then comes rest and peace,—  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.

## 314

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou  
art mine,  
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art  
Thou,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis  
now.

- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first  
loved me.  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's  
tree;  
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on  
Thy brow.  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee  
in death,  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend-  
est me breath:  
And say when the death-dew lies cold  
on my brow.  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

315

**H**EAR ye the glad good news from Heaven?

Life to a death-doomed race is given!  
Christ on the cross for you and me  
Purchased a pardon full and free.

||: *He that believeth, he that believeth,  
He that believeth hath everlasting life.* :||

2 When we were lost, the Son of God  
Made an atonement by His blood:  
When we the glad Good News believe,  
Then the atonement we receive.

3 Why not believe the glad Good News?  
Why still the voice of God refuse?  
Why not believe, when God hath said,  
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid?

316

**T**HE way is dark, my Father! || Cloud upon cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders | roar a- bove me, || Yet see, I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father, | take my hand,  
And through the gloom lead safely home,  
Safely home, safely home,  
Lead safely home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night  
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears like a spectral band  
Encompass me. O Father, | take my hand,  
And from the night lead up to light,  
Up to light, up to light,  
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||  
While yet I journey through this weary land.

Keep me from wandering, Father, | take my | hand  
And in the way to endless day,  
Endless day, endless day,  
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my feet all torn  
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;  
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,  
Lead to rest, lead to rest,  
O lead to rest Thy child!

5 The throng is great, my Father! || Many a doubt  
And fear of danger compass me about;  
And foes op- | press me | sore. || I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O Father, | take my | hand;  
And through the throng, lead safe a-long.  
Safe along, safe along,  
Lead safe along Thy child !

6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne  
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn  
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land  
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;  
And reaching down, lead to the crown,  
To the crown, to the crown,  
Lead to the crown Thy child!

317

**H**EAVNLY Father, we beseech Thee,  
Grant Thy blessing ere we part;  
Take us in Thy care and keeping,  
Guard from evil every heart.

*Bless the words we here have spoken,  
Offered prayer and cheerful strain;  
If thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,  
Grant we all may meet again.*

- 2 Loving Saviour, go Thou with us,  
Be our comfort and our stay;  
Grateful praise to Thee we render,  
For the joy we feel to-day.
- 3 Holy Spirit, dwell within us,  
May our souls Thy temple be,  
May we tread the path to glory,  
Led and guided still by Thee.
- 4 Heavenly Father, Loving Saviour,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
As among Thy saints and angels,  
So on earth, Thy will be done.

## 318

- BY faith I view my Saviour dying,  
On the tree, on the tree;  
To every nation He is crying,  
Look to me, look to me;  
He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:  
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me, pity me?  
And did He snatch my soul from ruin?  
Can it be, can it be?  
O yes! He did salvation bring:  
He is my Prophet, Priest and King;  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
  - 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, unto me;  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove,  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
  - 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And this shall be my theme whendying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 319 MEAR. C. M.
- SPIRIT of truth, O let me know,  
The love of Christ to me;  
Its conquering, quick'ning power bestow  
To set me wholly free.
- 2 I long to know its depth and height,  
To scan its breadth and length;  
Drink in its ocean of delight,  
And triumph in its strength.
  - 3 It is Thine office to reveal  
My Saviour's wond'rous love!  
O deepen on my heart Thy seal,  
And bless me from above.
  - 4 Thy quickening power to me impart,  
And be my constant Guide;  
With richer gladness fill my heart;  
Be Jesus glorified.

## 320

- A WAKE and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;  
Sing of His rising power:  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.
  - 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road  
To Zion's city, sing;  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God.—  
In Christ, the eternal King.
  - 4 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## 321 DUKE ST. L. M.

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

## 322 WARD. L. M.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
No, when I blush, be this my shame.  
That I no more revere His Name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain;  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 323 WINDHAM. L. M.

**S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,  
Cast not the sinner quite away.  
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 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.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear  
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,  
Uprise me by Thy gracious hand;  
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

## 324 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

**O**HOLY Spirit come,  
And Jesus' love declare;  
O tell us of our heavenly home,  
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove  
By Thine almighty breath;  
O work the wondrous work of love,  
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,  
Come with almighty grace,  
Come with the long-expected shower,  
And fall upon this place.

## 325 LENOX.

**C**OME every joyful heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert,  
To celebrate His fame;  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to Him we owe,

2 He left His starry crown,  
And laid His robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
What He endured no tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led;  
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—  
His chariot will not stay—  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day;  
There shall we see His lovely face,  
And ever be in His embrace.

326 "LOOKING HOME." Key G.  
Bradbury Trio, page 160.

**A**H, this earth is void and chill,  
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;  
For my Father's mansion, still  
Earnestly I'm longing.

*Looking home, looking home,  
T'wards the heavenly mansion :  
Jesus hath prepared for me,  
In His Father's kingdom.*

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,  
Heavenly pleasures bringing;  
Night will be exchanged for morn,  
Sighs give place to singing.

3 O to be at home, and gain  
All for which we're sighing;  
From all earthly want and pain  
To be swiftly flying.

4 Blessed home ! oh, blessed home !  
There no more to sever;  
Soon we'll meet around the throne  
Praising God forever.

327

**T**HE gospel of Thy grace  
My stubborn heart has won,  
For "God so loved the world,  
He gave His only Son,  
    "That whosoever will believe,  
    ||: Shall everlasting life receive!" :||

2 The serpent, "lifted up,"  
    Could life and healing give,  
So Jesus on the Cross  
    Bids me to look and live; *For, etc.*

3 "The soul that sinneth dies;"  
    My awful doom I heard;  
**I** was forever lost,  
    But for Thy gracious word; *That, etc.*

4 "Not to condemn the world"  
    The "Man of sorrows" came;  
But that the world might have  
    Salvation thro' His name; *For, etc.*

5 "Lord, help my unbelief!"  
    Give me the peace of faith,  
To rest with child-like trust  
    On what Thy gospel saith. *That, etc.*

328

**G**LORY be to the Father, and to the  
Son, and to the Holy Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and  
ever shall be, world without end.  
Amen.

329

**T**ELL it out among the nations that  
the Lord is King;  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the nations, bid them  
    shout and sing;  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out with adoration that He shall  
    increase,  
That the mighty King of glory is the  
    King of peace;  
Tell it out with jubilation, let the song  
    ne'er cease;  
Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the people that the  
    Saviour reigns!  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the heathen, bid  
    them break their chains;

Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the weeping ones  
    that Jesus lives;  
Tell it out among the weary ones what  
    rest He gives;  
Tell it out among the sinners that He  
    came to save;  
    Tell it out! Tell it out!  
3 Tell it out among the people Jesus  
    reigns above;  
    Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the nations that His  
    reign is love;  
    Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the highways and  
    the lanes at home;  
Let it ring across the mountains and  
    the ocean's foam;  
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no  
    longer roam;  
    Tell it out! Tell it out!

330

**L**IIGHT after darkness,  
    Gain after loss,  
Strength after weakness,  
    Crown after cross:  
Sweet after bitter.  
    Hope after fears,  
Home after wandering,  
    Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing,  
    Sun after rain.  
Sight after mystery,  
    Peace after pain;  
Joy after sorrow.  
    Calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness,  
    Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,  
    Gleam after gloom,  
Love after loneliness,  
    Life after tomb;  
After long agony  
    Rapture of bliss.  
Right was the pathway  
    Leading to this.

331

**G**LORY, glory be to Jesus,  
    Glory to His precious name;

Sweet it is to sound His praises,  
Blest it is to spread His fame.  
*Glory, glory, hallelujah,*  
*Glory be to Jesus' name,*  
*Sweet it is to sound His praises,*  
*Blest it is to spread His fame.*

2 In the place of His rejection  
Where He suffered, where He died,  
Bursts of holy praise ascending,  
Greets the glorious Crucified.

3 Here was marred His blessed visage,  
Here His brow was wreathed with  
thorn,  
Here the object of derision,  
Bitter taunt and mocking scorn.

4 Yes, triumphant hallelujahs  
Still arise to greet His name!  
Sweet it is to sound His praises,  
Blest it is to spread His fame!

## 332

WHAT can wash away my stain?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
*O precious is the flow*  
*That makes me white as snow;*  
*No other fount I know,*  
*Nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

2 For my cleansing this I see—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
For my pardon this my plea—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Naught of good that I have done—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
This is all my righteousness—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Now by this I'll reach my home—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
All my praise for this I bring—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

## 333

O CHRIST, in Thee, my soul hath  
And found in Thee alone, [found,  
The peace, the joy I sought so long,  
The bliss till now unknown.  
*Now none but Christ can satisfy,*  
*None other name for me,*  
*Thee: e's love, and life, and lasting joy*  
*Lord Jesus, found in Thee.*

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,  
I yearned for them, not Thee;  
But while I passed my Saviour by,  
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,  
But ah! the waters failed;  
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,  
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourn'd,  
But never wept for Thee,  
Till grace my sightless eyes received  
Thy loveliness to see.

## 334

'TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when  
our hearts lowly bend.  
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour  
and Friend;  
If we come to Him in faith, His pro-  
tection to share,  
What a balm for the weary! O how  
sweet be there!  
*Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of*  
*pray'r;*  
*What a balm for the weary! O how*  
*sweet to be there!*

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when  
the Saviour draws near.  
With a tender compassion His children  
to hear;  
When He tells us we may cast at His  
feet every care,  
What a balm for the weary! O how  
sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when  
the tempted and tried  
To the Saviour who loves them their  
sorrow confide;  
With a sympathizing heart He removes  
every care;

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there?

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him, we believe

That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,

In the fullness of this trust we shall lose every care;

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

### 335

O SOUL in the far away country,  
A-weary, and famished, and sad,  
There's rest in the home of thy Father,  
His welcome will make thy heart glad.

Come, come, prodigal come, [home;  
And wander no longer afar from

Come, come, prodigal come, [home.  
A welcome awaits in thy Father's

2 Arise! and come back to thy Father,  
He'll meet thee while yet on the way,  
Assured of His tender compassion,  
O why wilt thou longer delay.

3 Although thou hast sinned against heaven,

And weak and unworthy may be;  
He offers thee full restoration,  
And pardon abundant and free.

### 336

WHEN the Lord from heav'n appears,  
When are banished all our fears,  
When the sleepers from the tomb,  
With the watchers reach their home.

||: Then enthroned our Lord with Thee,  
We shall reign eternally. :||

2 When our eyes the King shall see,  
In His glorious majesty,  
When to Him we're called above,  
Partners of His joy and love.

3 Debtors to His matchless grace,  
At His feel our crowns will place,  
And as ages roll along,  
Still will sing the glad new song.

4 Let this hope now purify  
Those who on Thy word rely;

Comfort to our hearts afford,  
'Till the coming of the Lord.

### 337

COME, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,  
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;  
Delivered thee from chains that bound,  
And bro't thee to redemption ground.  
*Redemption ground, the ground of peace,  
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;  
Here let our praise to God abound,  
Who saves us on redemption ground.*

2 Once from my God I wandered far,  
And with His holy will made war;  
But now my songs to God abound;  
I'm standing on Redemption ground.

3 O joyous hour when God to me  
A vision gave of Calvary;  
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound:  
I sang upon redemption ground,

4 No works of merit now I plead,  
But Jesus take for all my need;  
No righteousness in me is found,  
Except upon redemption ground.

5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;  
Accept redemption, and be blest;  
The Christ who died, by God is crowned  
To pardon on redemption ground.

### 338

CHRIST is coming! let creation  
From her groans and travail cease,  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore and faith increase:

*Christ is coming! Christ is coming!  
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!  
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!  
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!*

2 Earth can now but tell the story  
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;  
She shall yet behold Thy glory  
When thou comest back to reign.

3 Though once cradled in a manger,  
Oft no pillow but the sod;  
Here an alien and a stranger,  
Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.

4 Long thy exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;  
But, in heavenly vesture shining,  
Soon they shall Thy glory see.

5 With that " blessed hope " before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung;  
Let the mighty ransom'd chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

## 339

Rise up, and hasten ! my soul, haste  
along !  
And speed on thy journey with hope  
and with song :  
Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming in-  
to view,  
A little more of toiling and then to  
earth adieu.

Come then, come, and raise the joyful  
song !

Ye children of the wilderness, our time  
cannot be long.

Home, home, home, O why should we de-  
lay ?

The morn of heav'n is dawning, we're  
near the break of day.

2 Why should we linger when heaven  
lies before ?

While earth's fast receding, and soon  
will be no more;

Pleasures and treasures which once  
here we knew,

No more can they charm us with such  
a goal in view.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed  
on before.

Now resting in glory, they weary are  
no more;

Toils are all ended, and nothing now but  
joy,

And praises ascending, their ever glad  
employ.

4 No condemnation ! how blessed is the  
word

And no separation ! forever with the  
Lord ;

He will be with us who loved us long  
before,

And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours evermore.

## 340

I THINK when I read that sweet sto-  
ry of old,

When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs  
to His fold,

I should like to have been with them  
then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed  
on my head,

His arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind  
look when He said,

" Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I  
may go,

And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone  
to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering  
there,

" For such is the kingdom of Hea-  
ven."

## 341

JESUS I will trust Thee, trust Thee  
with my soul;

Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst  
make me whole.

There is none in heaven or on earth like  
Thee;

Thou hast died for sinners—therefore,  
Lord, for me.

In Thy love confiding I will seek Thy  
face,

Worship and adore Thee, for Thy won-  
drous grace.

Jesus I will trust Thee, trust Thee with  
my soul;

Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst  
make me whole.

2 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy  
written word,

Since Thy voice of mercy I have often  
heard,

When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste  
how sweet—

Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet,

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee  
without doubt;  
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast  
out."  
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy  
blood—  
These my soul's salvation, Thou my  
Saviour God!

## 342

"NOT my own," but saved by Jesus,  
Who redeemed me by His blood,  
Gladly I accept the message.  
I belong to Christ the Lord.  
"Not my own!" O "not my own!"  
Jesus, I belong to Thee?  
All I have, and all I hope for,  
Thine for all eternity.

2 "Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour,  
I believing, trust my soul;  
Ev'rything to Him committed.  
While eternal ages roll.

3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent,  
Freely all to Christ I bring,  
To be used in joyful service  
For the glory of my King.

4 "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me.  
One among the ransomed throng,  
Who in heav'n shall see His glory,  
And to Jesus Christ belong.

## 343

WITH His dear and loving care,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To the hills and valleys fair  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet  
By the crystal waters, sweet,  
When the peaceful shore we greet  
Over Jordan.

*Over Jordan! over Jordan;*  
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet,  
By the crystal waters sweet,  
*Over Jordan, over Jordan;*  
When the peaceful shores we'll greet  
*Over Jordan.*

2 Through the rocky wilderness,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To the land we shall possess  
Over Jordan?

Yes, by night the wondrous ray,  
Cloudy pillar by the day,  
They shall guide us on our way  
Over Jordan.

3 With His strong and mighty hand,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To that good and pleasant land  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, where vine and olive grow,  
And the brooks and fountains flow.  
Thirst nor hunger shall we know  
Over Jordan.

4 In the Promised Land to be,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
Till fair Canaan's shore we see  
Over Jordan?  
Yes! to dwell with Thee, at la  
Guide and lead us, as Thou ha  
Till the parted wave be passed  
Over Jordan.

## 344

PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good,  
Praise to our God to sing,  
For it is pleasant, and to praise  
It is a comely thing.

*Praise the Lord, it is good,*  
*Praise to our God to sing;*  
*For it is pleasant, and to praise*  
*It is a comely thing.*

2 Those that are broken in their heart,  
And troubled in their minds.  
He healeth, and their painful wonnds,  
He tenderly upbinds.  
3 He counts the number of the stars;  
He names them ev'ry one:  
Our Lord is great, and of great power,  
His wisdom search can none.

## 345

O I left it all with Jesus, long ago;  
All my sins I brought Him and my  
woe,  
When by faith I saw Him bleeding on  
the tree;  
Heard His still small whisper, " 'Tis  
for Thee!"  
||:From my weary heart the burden  
rolled away.  
Happy day! happy day!:||

2 O I leave it all with Jesus, for He  
knows,  
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;  
How to gild the tear of sorrow with  
His smile,

Make the desert garden bloom awhile.

*||: Then with all my weakness leaning on  
All is light! all is light! :|| [His might,*

3 O I leave all with Jesus, day by day;  
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what  
may;

Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor,  
found her rest,

In the calm, sure haven of His breast.

*||: Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide  
At His side! at His side! :||*

4 Leave, O leave it all with Jesus,  
drooping soul:

Tell not half thy story, but the whole;  
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on  
His hand,

Life and death are waiting His com-  
mand,

*||: Yes, His tender, loving mercy makes  
thee room :*

*O come home! O come home! :||*

### 346

D EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

*God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus lives and loves me still;  
Jesus lives,  
He lives and loves me still.*

2 I have long withheld 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.

### 347

T HE blood has always precious been,  
'Tis precious now to me;  
Through it alone my soul has rest,  
From fear and doubt set free.

*O wondrous is the crimson tide  
Which from my Saviour flowed;  
And still in heav'n my song shall be  
The precious, precious blood.*

2 I will remember now no more,  
God's faithful Word has said,  
The follies and the sins of him  
For whom my Son has bled.

3 Not all my well-remembered sins  
Can startle or dismay;  
The precious blood atones for all  
And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine  
Will soon in sickness lie  
But resting on the precious blood  
How peacefully I'll die.

### 348

L ORD, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold.  
In the book of Thy kingdom  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour.  
Is my name written there?

*Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of Thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But Thy blood, O my Saviour!  
Is sufficient for me;  
For Thy promise is written,  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet,"  
I will make them like snow."

3 O that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh,  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching,  
Yes, my name's written there.

### 349

H ELPLESS, I come to Jesus' blood,  
And all myself resign;

- I lose my weakness in that flood,  
And gather strength divine.  
**||: My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb,:||**  
Overcome, overcome,  
Overcome by the blood of the Lamb.  
 2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,  
And nerves me for the fray;  
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin,  
And took their pow'r away.  
 3 Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view,  
And foes are fierce and strong,  
In Jesus' name I'll struggle thro',  
And enter heaven with song.

350

- O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love;  
**O** name of might and favor,  
All other names above,  
We worship Thee! we bless Thee!  
To Thee alone we sing!  
We praise Thee and confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King!

- 2 O Bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought.

- 3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth.  
All grace and power divine;  
The glory that excelleth  
O Son of God, is Thine.

- 4 O grant the consummation  
Of this our song, above,  
In endless adoration  
And everlasting love.

- Then shall we praise and bless Thee!  
Where perfect praises ring!  
And evermore confess Thee.  
Our Saviour and our King.*

351

- S**OUL of mine, in earthly temple,  
Why not here content abide?  
Why art thou forever pleading?  
Why art thou not satisfied?  
**||: I shall be satisfied**  
*When I awake in His likeness.:||*  
 2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging  
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;

- Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?  
Why art thou not satisfied?  
 3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,  
See myself as crucified;  
Turn from all of earth's ambition,  
That thou mayst be satisfied?  
 4 Soul of mine, continue pleading,  
Sin rebuke, and folly chide;  
I accept the cross of Jesus,  
That thou mayst be satisfied.

352

- T**RUST on! trust on, believer!  
Tho' long the conflict be,  
Thou yet shalt prove victorious;  
Thy God shall fight for thee.  
*Trust on! trust on!*  
*Tho' dark the night and drear;*  
*Trust on! trust on!*  
*The morning dawn is near.*

- 2 Trust on! trust on; thy failings  
May bow thee to the dust,  
But in thy deepest sorrow,  
O give not up thy trust.

- 3 Trust on! the danger presses;  
Temptation strong is near,  
Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids,  
He shall thy passage steer.

- 4 O Christ is strong to save us,  
He is a faithful Friend,  
Trust on! trust on! believer,  
O trust Him to the end.

353

- S**HOULD the Death angel knock at  
thy chamber,  
In the still watch of to-night;  
Say will your spirit pass into torment,  
Or to the land of delight?  
*Say are you ready, O are you ready?*  
*If the Death angel should call;*  
*Say are you ready? O are you ready?*  
*Mercy stands waiting for all.*

- 2 Many sad spirits now are departing  
Into the world of despair;  
Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom  
nearer.

Sinner, O sinner, beware!

- 3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending  
Into the mansions of light;

Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,  
O let Him save you to-night.

354

**T**RUSTING in the Lord thy God,  
Onward go! onward go!  
Holding fast His promised word,  
Onward go!  
Ne'er deny His worthy Name,  
Tho' it bring reproach and shame;  
Spreading still His wondrous fame,  
Onward go!

2 Has He called thee to the plough?  
Onward go! onward go!

Night is coming, serve Him now.  
Onward go!

Faith and love in service blend;  
On His mighty arm depend;  
Standing fast until the end,  
Onward go!

3 Has He given thee golden grain?  
Onward go! onward go!

Sow, and thou shalt reap again;  
Onward go!

To thy Master's gate repair,  
Watching be and waiting there;  
He will hear and answer prayer,  
Onward go!

4 Has He said the end is near?  
Onward go! onward go!

Serving Him with holy fear,  
Onward go!

Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,  
Heavenly bread upon the way,  
Leading on to glorious day,  
Onward go!

5 In this little moment then,  
Onward go! onward go!

In thy ways acknowledge Him;  
Onward go!

Let His mind be found in thee;  
Let His will thy pleasure be;  
Thus in life and liberty,  
Onward go!

355

**T**HE love that Jesus had for me,  
To suffer on the cruel tree,  
That I a ransomed soul might be,  
Is more than tongue can tell.

||: *His love is more than tongue can tell;* :||  
*The love that Jesus had for me*,  
*Is more than tongue can tell.*

2 The many sorrows that He bore,  
And O, that crown of thorns He wore,  
That I might live forevermore,  
Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,  
Who pleads before the throne of God,  
The merit of His precious blood,  
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,  
The rest He gives, so free from fear,  
The hope in Him so bright and clear,  
Is more than tongue can tell.

356

**A**LL seeing, gracious Lord—  
My heart before Thee lies;  
All sin of thought and life abhorred,  
My soul to Thee would rise.

*Hear Thou my prayer, O God,*  
*Unite my heart to Thee;*  
*Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod,*  
*From sin deliver me.*

2 Thou knowest all my need,  
My inmost thought dost see;  
Ah, Lord! from all allurements freed  
Like Thee transformed I'd be.

3 Thou, blessed One,  
To me I pray draw near;  
My spirit fill, O heavenly Son,  
With loving, Godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine,  
To me Thy life is given;  
While I my all to Thee resign,  
Thou art my all in heaven.

357

**P**RAY, brethren, pray,  
The sands are falling;  
Pray, brethren, pray,  
God's voice is calling.  
Yon turret strikes the dying chime;  
We kneel upon the edge of time.

*Eternity is drawing nigh,*  
*Eternity, Eternity,*  
*Eternity is drawing nigh.*

2 Praise, brethren, praise,  
The skies are rending;  
Praise, brethren, praise.

The fight is ending.  
Behold! the glory draweth near,  
The King Himself will soon appear.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,  
The day is dying;  
Watch, brethren, watch,  
The time is flying;  
Watch as men watch the starting  
breath  
Watch as men watch for life or death.  
4 Look, brethren, look,  
The day is breaking;  
Hark, brethren, hark,  
The dead are waking.  
With girded loins already stand;  
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

358

OUR way is often rugged  
While here on earth we roam,  
And thorns are in the pathway:  
But we are going home.  
*We're going, going,*  
*Yes, we are going home;*  
*We soon shall cross the river,*  
*And be with Christ at home.*

2 To Marah's bitter waters  
We oft have murmur'ring come,  
But God the cup has sweetened;  
And so we're going home.  
3 When of the desert weary,  
Our God His grace has shown,  
By resting us at Elim,  
With sweet foretastes of home.  
4 With hunger often fainting,  
We've made complaining moan;  
But, fed by heavenly manna,  
We still are going home.  
5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,  
The journey nearly done,  
And some are in the valley;  
But all are going home.

359

BROTHER, art thou worn and weary,  
Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd?  
Listen to the word of Jesus,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"  
||: "Come unto me and rest!" :||

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

2 O He knows the dark forbodings  
Of the conscience-troubled breast;  
And to such His words is given,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"  
3 To the Lord bring all your burden,  
Put the promise to the test;  
Hear Him say, you burden-Bearer  
"Come unto me, and rest!"  
4 If in sorrow thou art weeping,  
Grieving for the loved ones missed,  
Surely then to you He whispers,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"  
5 Trust to Him for all thy future.  
He will give thee what is best;  
Why then fear when He is saying,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

360

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by;  
If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue.—  
O the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by.  
||: Going by, going by, :||  
O the good we all may do.  
While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by;  
Let your face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by.  
O the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
Help your fallen brother rise,  
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by;  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by.  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.

361

THEY'RE gathering homeward from  
ev'ry land,

One by one! one by one!  
 As their weary feet touch the shining  
 strand,  
 Yes, one by one!  
 They rest with the Saviour, they wait  
 their crown,  
 Their travel-stained garments all laid  
 down,  
 They wait the white raiment the Lord  
 shall prepare  
 For all who the glory with Him shall  
 share.  
*Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!*  
*Fording the river one by one!*  
*Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!*  
*Yes, one by one!*

2 Before they rest they pass thro' the  
 strife,  
 One by one! one by one!  
 Thro' the waters of death they enter life,  
 Yes, one by one!  
 To some are the floods of the river still,  
 As they ford on their way to the hea-  
 venly hill;  
 The waves to others run fiercely and  
 wild,  
 Yet they reach the home of the unde-  
 filed.

3 We too must come to the river side,  
 One by one! one by one!  
 We are nearer its waters each eventide,  
 Yes, one by one!  
 We can hear the noise of the dashing  
 stream,  
 Oft now and again, through our life's  
 deep dream;  
 Sometimes the dark floods all the banks  
 overflow,  
 Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

4 Oh, Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,  
 One by one! one by one!  
 We lift up our voices tremblingly,  
 Yes, one by one!  
 The waves of the river are dark and cold,  
 But we know the place where our feet  
 shall hold:  
 O Thou who didst pass through the  
 deepest midnight,  
 Now guide us, and set us the staff and  
 light.

## 362

ONLY a little while  
 Of walking with weary feet,  
 Patiently over the thorny way  
 That leads to the golden street.  
 2 Suffer if God shall will,  
 And work for Him while we may,  
 From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,  
 Is only a little way.  
 3 Only a little while,  
 For toiling a few short days,  
 And then comes the rest, the quietrest,  
 Eternity's endless praise.

## 363

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless  
 love,  
 The Father hath bestowed  
 On sinners lost, that we should be,  
 Now called the sons of God!  
*Behold, what manner of love!*  
*What manner of love the Father hath be-*  
*stowed upon us,*  
*That we—that we should be called,*  
*Should be called the sons of God.*

2 No longer far from Him, but now  
 By "precious blood" made nigh;  
 Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"  
 Near to God's heart we lie.  
 3 What we in glory soon shall be,  
 It doth not yet appear;  
 But when our precious Lord we see,  
 We shall His image bear.  
 4 With such a blessed hope in view,  
 We would more holy be,  
 More like our risen, gloriou<sup>s</sup> Lord,  
 Whose face we soop<sup>s</sup> shall see.

## 364

I HEAR the words of Jesus,  
 They speak of peace with God;  
 I see the Lamb, Christ Jesus,  
 Who bore my heavy load;  
 I trust the blood of Jesus,  
 From sin it sets me free,  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Who gave Himself for me  
 2 His word divinely blessed,  
 It shows me what I am;

His cross it brings salvation,  
The victim was the Lamb;  
His blood procureth pardon,  
And justifies the soul,  
His name, how sweet and precious,  
It makes the sinner whole.

3 O hear the words of Jesus,  
The tidings are for thee;  
O clasp the cross of Jesus,  
And there for refuge flee;  
O trust the blood of Jesus,  
Be saved this very hour;  
O love the name of Jesus,  
Blest name of wondrous power.

365

**M**Y soul is happy all day long—  
Jesus is my Saviour;  
And all my life is full of song—  
Jesus died for me.

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*  
*To the loving Lamb for sinners slain;*  
*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*  
*To the Lamb who lives again.*

2 My heavy load of sin is gone—  
Jesus is my Saviour;  
At His dear cross I laid it down—  
Jesus died for me.

3 I heard the voice of mercy call—  
Jesus is my Saviour;  
I simply trusted, that was all—  
Jesus died for me.

4 Now will I tell it all around—  
Jesus is my Saviour;  
How sweet a blessing I have found—  
Jesus died for me.

366

**S**A'D and weary, lone and dreary,  
Lord, I would Thy call obey;  
Thee believing, Christ receiving,  
I would come to Thee to-day.

*I am coming, I am coming,*  
*Coming, Saviour to be blessed;*  
*I am coming, I am coming,*  
*Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.*

2 Thou, the Holy, meek and lowly.  
Jesus, unto Thee I come;  
Keep me ever, let me never  
From Thy blessed keeping roam.

3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,  
Seeks my weary soul to rest,  
Till the dawning of the morning,  
When I wake among the blest.

4 Be thou near me, keep and cheer me,  
Thro' life's dark and stormy way;  
Turn my sadness into gladness,  
Turn my darkness into day.

367

**I**SAW a way-worn traveler  
In tattered garments clad,  
And struggling up the mountain.  
It seemed that he was sad;  
His back was laden heavy  
His strength was almost gone,  
Yet he shouted as he journeyed.  
Deliverance will come.

*Then palms of victory, crowns of glory*  
*Palms of victory I shall wear.*

2 The summer sun was shining.  
The sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His step seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward  
For he was wending home;  
Still shouting as he journeyed.  
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbor  
That stood beside the way  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay;  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed.  
Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain,  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city—  
His everlasting home—  
And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

5 While gazing on that city,  
Just o'er the narrow flood  
A band of holy angels  
Came from the throne of God:  
They bore him on their pinions,  
Safe o'er the dashing foam;

And joined him in his triumph—  
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer nevermore;  
Then, casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

368

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,  
Unless Thou help me I must die;  
O bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am.

*Take me as I am, take me as I am;  
Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
O take me as I am.*

2 Helpless I am full of guilt,  
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;  
And Thou canst make me what Thou  
wilt,

And take me as I am.

3 I bow before Thy mercy seat,  
Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;  
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,  
And take me as I am.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew;  
And work, both in, and by me too,  
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won;  
Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
O take me as I am.

369

ONCE more we come, God's word to  
hear

The word so pure and holy;  
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear,  
A spirit meek and lowly:  
If we hear, and heed it not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
"doers of the word," we're taught,  
heirs of Christ's salvation.

O life of God is in the word;  
Whosoe'er believeth  
Lord there, of Christ the Lord,  
Eternal life receiveth;

But if we hear, believing not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
For "doers of the word," we're taught,  
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

3 The word of God, by faith received,  
Imparts regeneration;  
And he who hath in Christ believed  
Lives out a new creation;  
But if we hear, and do it not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
For "doers of the word," we're taught,  
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

4 So, when the word of God we hear,  
Let us be humbly pleading  
The Holy Ghost to give us light,  
As we the word are heeding;  
But if we hear, and feel it not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
For "doers of the word," we're taught,  
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

370

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

*Bringing in the sheaves,  
Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves.*

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

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for  
the Master,  
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit of  
ten grieves:  
When our weeping's over, He will bid  
us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
the sheaves.

371

SOON shall we see the glorious morning,

Saints arise! saints arise!

Sinners, attend the notes of warning,

Saints arise! saints arise!

The resurrection day draws near,

The King of Saints shall soon appear,

And high His royal standard rear,

Saints arise! saints arise!,

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,

Saints arise! saints arise!

Through all the vault of death rebounding,

Saints arise! saints arise!

To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,

Put on your bridal garments fair,

And hail your Saviour in the air,

Saints arise! saints arise!

3 The saints who sleep, with joy awake,

All arise! all arise!

Their beds of death are quick forsaken;

All arise! all arise!

Not one of all the faithful few

Who here on earth the Saviour knew,

But starts with bliss his Lord to view,

All arise! all arise!

4 Fast by the throne of God behold them

Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

See in His arms the Saviour fold them,

Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

With wreaths of glory round their head,

No tears of sorrow now are shed,

To joy's full fountain all are led,

Crowned at last! crowned at last!

372

WE praise Thee and bless Thee,

Our Father in heaven,

For the joy of salvation

Thy gospel hath given.

*Hallelujah! we praise Thee*

*Thro' Jesus our Lord;*

*Hallelujah! we bless Thee.*

*For the gift of Thy word!*

2 We praise Thee and bless Thee

Once sinful and sad.

By the word Thou hast given,  
To Christ we were led.

3 We praise Thee and bless Thee;

The Spirit hath come  
To dwell with, and teach us,

And guide us safe home.

4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,  
For food by the way;

The manna from heaven  
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:  
Thy word hath gone forth,

That Christ shall be King and  
Reign over the earth,

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,  
And wait His return

To fulfill ev'ry promise  
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:

We'll reign with Him then,  
To praise Thee and bless Thee

Forever. Amen.

373

MY God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough  
way.

O teach me from my heart to say.

"Thy will be done"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

O teach me from my heart to say

"Thy will be done!"

2 What tho' in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,

Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

Submissive still would I reply.

"Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest'  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest.

"Thy will be done?"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||

My God to Thee I leave the rest;

"Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day.  
Blend it with Thine; and take away

All now that makes it hard to say,

"Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done!" :||  
*All now that makes it hard to say,  
 "Thy will be done!"*

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
 "Thy will be done!"

||: "Thy will be done. :||  
*I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
 "Thy will be done."*

## 374

**I**N Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,  
 Hide Thou me;  
 When the fitful tempest rages,  
 Hide Thou me;  
 Where no mortal arm can sever,  
 From my heart Thy love for ever,  
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
 Safe in Thee.

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,  
 Hide Thou me;  
 Thou my soul's eternal treasure,  
 Hide Thou me;  
 When the world its power is wielding,  
 And my heart is almost yielding,  
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
 Safe in Thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,  
 Hide Thou me;  
 Till in glory dawns the morrow,  
 Hide Thou me;  
 In the sight of Jordan's billow,  
 Let Thy bosom be my pillow,  
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
 Safe in Thee.

## 375

**I** AM waiting for the morning  
 Of the blessed day to dawn,  
 When the sorrow and the sadness,  
 Of this changeful life are gone.

*I am waiting, only waiting,  
 Till this weary life is o'er;  
 Only waiting for my welcome,  
 From my Saviour on the other shore.*

2 I am waiting: worn and weary  
 With the battle and the strife,  
 Hoping when the warfare's over  
 To receive a crown of life.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,  
 For a home of boundless love;  
 Like a pilgrim looking forward  
 To the land of bliss above.

4 Hoping soon to meet the loved ones  
 Where the "many mansions" be;  
 Listening for the happy welcome  
 Of my Saviour calling me.

## 376

**H**EAVENLY Father, we Thy children,  
 Gathered round our risen Lord,  
 Lift our hearts in earnest pleading:  
 O revive us by Thy word!  
*Send refreshing, send refreshing  
 From Thy presence, gracious Lord!*  
*Send refreshing, send refreshing,  
 And revive us by Thy word!*

2 Gracious gales of heavenly blessing  
 In Thy love to us afford;  
 Let us feel Thy Spirit's presence.  
 O revive us by Thy word!

3 Weak and weary in the conflict,  
 "Wrestling not with flesh and blood."  
 Help us Lord, as faint we falter;  
 O revive us by Thy word!

4 With Thy strength, O Master gird us;  
 Be our Guide and be our Guard:  
 Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,  
 O revive us by Thy word!

## 377

**W**HEN the King in His beauty shall  
 come to His throne,  
 And around Him are gathered His  
 loved ones, His own;  
 There be some who will knock at His  
 fair palace door,  
 To be answered within "There is mer-  
 cy no more."

||: "I have never known you." :||  
*"I have never, I have never,  
 I have never known you."*

2 They had known whence He came,  
 and the grace which He brought;  
 In their presence He healed, in their  
 streets He had taught;  
 They had mentioned His name and their  
 friendship professed;  
 But they never believed, for of them  
 He confessed;

3 Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham there; [despair, But for these is appointed an endless It is vain that they call: He once knock'd at their gate, But they weleoned Him not; so now this is their fate:

4 O sinner, give heed to this story of gloom, [your doom; For the hour is fast nearing that fixes Will you still reject mercy? still harden your heart? O then, what will you do as the King cries—"Depart!"

378

**B**EYOND the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

*Love, rest and home!*  
*Sweet, sweet home!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come,*  
*Lord tarry not.*

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon: Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon: Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

379

**J**EUS is coming! sing the glad word! Coming for those He redeemed by His blood Coming to reign as the glorified Lord, Jesus is coming again!

*Jesus is coming, is coming again!*  
*Jesus is coming again!* [plain!  
*Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and*  
*Jesus is coming again!*

2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise, Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise, Caught up together to Him in the skies, Jesus is coming again!

3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release; Coming to give to the warring earth peace; [cease Sinning and sighing, and sorrow, shall Jesus is coming again!

4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true, Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few, [view? Waiting and watching, prepared for re-Jesus is coming again!

380

**W**E are children of a King. Heavenly King, heavenly King. We are children of a King. Singing as we journey; Jesus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, nothing terrified, Follow closely at His side; Singing as we journey.

2 We are traveling to our home, Blessed home, blessed home! We are traveling to our home, Singing as we journey; Toward a city out of sight Where will fall no shade of night. For our Saviour is its light, Singing as we journey.

3 Full of joy we onward go, Heavenward go, homeward go, Full of joy we onward go, Singing as we journey; Singing all the journey through— Singing hearts are brave and true— Singing till our homes we view, Singing as we journey.

381

**W**HO is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers, Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?

*Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers,  
Other lives to bring?  
By Thy grand redemption,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side :  
Saviour, we are Thine.*

2 Not for weight of glory,  
Not for crown and palm,  
Enter we the army,  
Raise the warrior psalm ;  
But for love that claimeth  
Lives for whom He died,  
He whom Jesus nameth  
Must be on His side.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own life-blood,  
For Thy diadem ;  
With Thy blessing, filling  
All who come to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow ;  
Round His standard ranging,  
Vict'ry is secure,  
For His truth unchanging,  
Makes the triumph sure.

## 382

TRAVELING to the better land,  
O'er the desert's scorching sand,  
Father, let me grasp Thy hand ;  
Lead me on !

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,  
I the sparkling fountain greet,  
Make the bitter waters sweet ;  
Lead me on !

3 When the wilderness is drear,  
Show me Elim's palm groves near,  
And her wells as crystal clear ;  
Lead me on !

4 Through the water, through the fire,  
Never let me fall or tire,  
Every step brings Canaan nigher ;  
Lead me on !

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,  
Gaze upon the land of light,  
Then transported with one sight,  
Lead me on !

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,  
Never let me fear or shrink ;  
Hold me, Father, lest I sink ;  
Lead me on !

7 When the victory is won,  
And eternal life begun,  
Up to glory lead me on !  
Lead me on !

## 383

LOOK unto me and be ye saved.  
*L*I heard the just One say ;  
And as by faith on Him I gazed,  
My burden rolled away,  
*I've passed the cross at Calvary,*  
*I'm on the Heaven side ;*  
*The world is crucified to me,*  
*Since Christ my ransom died ;*  
*The world is crucified to me,*  
*Since Christ my ransom died.*

2 By His atonement reconciled,  
My Father's face I see ;  
The empty tomb now intervenes  
Between the world and me.

3 O glorious height of vantage ground,  
O blest, victorious hour !  
In Him to trust and fully know  
His resurrection power.

## 384

NO works of law have we to boast,  
By nature ruined, guilty, lost ;  
Condemned already, but Thy hand  
Provided what Thou didst demand.

*We take the guilty sinner's name,*  
*The guilty sinner's Saviour claim,*  
*We take the guilty sinner's name,*  
*The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

2 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,  
'Tis what He is—what He has done ;  
He is for us as given by God,  
It was for us He shed His blood.

3 We do not *feel* our sins are gone,  
We know it by Thy word alone ;  
We know that there our sins didst lay  
On Him who has put sin away.

\* Because we know our sins forgiven,  
We happy feel—our home is heaven;  
O help us now as sons of God,  
To tread the path that Jesus trod.

385

THERE is love, true love, and the  
heart grows warm,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
And the word of life has a wondrous  
charm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes:  
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is  
spread,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
For His heavenly voice brings to life  
the dead.

When the Lord to Bethany comes.

*'Twas a happy, happy day, in the olden  
time,*

*When the Lord to Bethany came;  
Open wide the door, let Him enter now!  
For His love is ever the same!*

*:| His love is ever the same! :||  
Open wide the door, let Him enter now!  
For His love is ever the same.*

2 There is peace, sweet peace, and the  
life grows calm

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
And the trusting soul sings a sweet  
soft psalm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
There is faith, strong faith, and our  
home seems near.

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
And the crown more bright, and the  
cross more dear,

When the Lord to Bethany comes.

386

CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Filled with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee to-day.  
Heav'n bids thee come,  
While yet there's room;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die?  
Come while thou canst borrow

Help from on high;  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

387

LORD, my trust I repose in Thee,  
O how great is Thy love to me!  
Thou the strength of my life shalt be,  
This I know, this I know.

*Thine, Thine, and only Thine,  
Now and ever Thine;  
Thou dost love me, Saviour mine;  
This I know, this I know.*

2 Thou dost lead with a sweet command,  
Thou dost lead with a gentle hand;  
On the rock of Thy truth I stand;  
This I know, this I know.

3 I shall rise to a world of light,  
I shall rest in a mansion bright;  
Then my faith shall be lost in sight;  
This I know, this I know.

388

NOT what these hands have done,  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne,  
Can make my spirit whole.

*Thy work alone, my Saviour.  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.*

2 Not what I feel or do,  
Can give me peace with God:  
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears,  
Can ease my awful load.

3 Thy love to me. O God.  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.

4 No other work save Thine,  
No meaner blood will do;  
No strength, save that which is divine,  
Can bear me safely through.

5 I praise the God of grace,  
I trust His love and might:  
He calls me His, I call Him mine;  
My God, my joy, my light!

389

MY life flows on in endless song;  
 Above earth's lamentation,  
 I hear the sweet though far-off hymn  
 That hails a new creation;  
 Through all the tumult and the strife  
 I hear the music ringing;  
 It finds an echo in my soul—  
 How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die!  
 The Lord my Saviour liveth;  
 What tho' the darkness gather round?  
 Songs in the night He giveth  
 No storm can shake my inmost calm  
 While to that refuge clinging;  
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
 How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the clouds grow thin;  
 I see the blue above it;  
 And day by day this pathway smooths,  
 Since first I learned to love it;  
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
 A fountain ever springing;  
 All things are mine since I am His—  
 How can I keep from singing?

390

ONCE again the Gospel message  
 From the Saviour you have heard;  
 Will you heed the invitation?

Will you turn and seek the Lord?

*||: Come believing! come believing!*  
*Come to Jesus! look and live!:||*

2 Many summers you have wasted,  
 Ripened harvests you have seen;  
 Winter snows by Spring have melted,  
 Yet you linger in your sin.

3 Jesus for your choice is waiting;  
 Tarry not; at once decide!  
 While the spirit now is striving,  
 Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

4 Cease of fitness to be thinking;  
 Do not longer try to feel;  
 It is trusting and not feeling,  
 That will give the Spirit's seal.

5 Let your will to God be given,  
 Trust in Christ's atoning blood;  
 Look to Jesus now in heaven,  
 Rest on His unchanging word.

391

SOUND the alarm! Let the watchman cry!  
 "Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;  
 Who will escape from the wrath to come?  
 Who have a place in the soul's bright home?"

*Sound the alarm watchman! Sound the alarm!*  
*For the Lord will come with a conquering arm;*  
*And the hosts of sin, as their ranks ad-*  
*Shall wither and fall at His glance.*

2 Sound the alarm! Let the cry go forth,  
 Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;  
 "Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!"

Flee to the Rock! in its cleft abide!"

2 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!  
 Plead with the lost by the wayside now;  
 Warn them to come and the truth embrace;  
 Urge them to come and be saved by grace.

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,  
 Sound it aloud that the old may hear;  
 Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!

Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

392

BEAUTIFUL morning! Day of hope.  
 Dawn of a better life;  
 Now in the peaceful hours we rest,  
 Far from earth's noise and strife.

*Morning of resurrection joy.*  
*Day when the Saviour rose.*  
*Singing shall greet thy opening hours,*  
*Singing shall mark thy close.*

2 Beautiful morning! All the week  
 Waiteth thy welcome light,  
 Since thy first dawning, calm and clear,  
 Out of the darkest night.

3 Beautiful morning! Grief and pain,  
 Weeping before the tomb.

Fly at thy dawning, Jesus rose,  
Jesus dispelled the gloom.

393

**T**'WILL not be long our journey here,  
Each broken sigh and falling tear,  
Will soon be gone, and all will be  
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

*Roll on, dark stream,  
We dread not thy foam;  
The Pilgrim is longing  
For home, sweet home.*

**2** 'Twill not be long the yearning heart  
May feel its every hope depart,  
And grief be mingled with its song;  
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

**3** Though sad we mark the closing eye,  
Of those we loved in days gone by,  
Yet sweet in death their latest song—  
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

**4** These checkered wilds, with thorns  
o'erspread,  
Through which our way so oft is led—  
This march of time, with truth so strong,  
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

394

**T**'IS known on earth, in heaven too,  
"Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;  
The "old, old story" is ever new;  
Tell me more about Jesus.

*||: "Tell me more about Jesus!"||:  
"Him would I know who loved me so;  
"Tell me more about Jesus!"*

**2** Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die,  
Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;  
Life's dearest joys fit fleetest by;  
Tell me more about Jesus.

**3** When overwhelmed with unbelief,  
When burdened with a blinding grief,  
Come kindly then to my relief;  
Tell me more about Jesus.

**4** And when the Glory-land I see,  
And take the "place prepared" for me,  
Through endless years my song shall  
be—  
Tell me more about Jesus.

395

**T**HE word of God is given  
To all who serve Him here,  
That when the Lord from heaven  
In glory shall appear,  
We then shall be delivered  
From sorrow, sin and pain;  
And if for Christ we suffer,  
With Him we then shall reign.

*We are going home to Jesus!  
Going home to Jesus!  
Going to the mansions  
He's preparing there on high!  
We are going home to Jesus!  
Going home to Jesus!  
And we'll gather there in glory!  
By and by!*

**2** Once in our sin we wandered  
Far, far away from God,  
And precious hours we squandered  
Upon the downward road;  
But God in grace hath called us,  
And given us to share  
The purchase of our Saviour,  
A mansion bright and fair.

**3** Now with this hope to cheer us,  
And with the Spirit's seal,  
That all our sins were pardoned,  
Through Him whose stripes did heal  
As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"  
No place on earth we own.  
But work and watch as "servants."  
Until the Lord shall come.

396

**T**O Him who for our sins was slain.  
To Him for all His dying pain,  
*Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah to His name.*

**2** To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,  
Who gave His life the ransomed price.  
**3** To Him who died that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high.  
**4** To Him who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
**5** To Him who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
**6** To Him who doth prepare on high,  
Our home in immortality,

7 To Him be glory evermore!  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!

397

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

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven.  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,  
Now, like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp;  
Now these all lie behind me—  
O for a well tuned harp!  
O to join the hallelujah  
With yon triumphant band!  
Who sing where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

398

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!  
What comfort this sweet message  
gives!  
He lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, all glorious in the sky,  
He lives, exalted there on high,  
My everlasting Head.  
||: He lives! He lives!  
I know that my Redeemer lives.:||

2 He lives, to bless me with His love;  
He lives, to plead for me above,  
My hungry soul to feed;  
He lives, to grant me rich supply.  
He lives, to guide me with His eye;  
To help in time of need.

3 He lives, triumphant from the grave;  
He lives, eternally to save;  
And while He lives I'll sing:  
He lives, my ever faithful Friend;  
He lives, and loves me to the end;  
My Prophet, Priest and King!

4 He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
He lives, to bring me safely there;  
My Jesus still the same:  
What joy this blest assurance gives!—  
"I know that my Redeemer lives:"  
All glory to His name!

399

"A LITTLE while!" and He shall  
come;  
The hour draws on apace,  
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,  
When we shall see His face:  
How light our trials then will seem!  
How short our pilgrim way!  
Our life on earth a fitful dream.  
Dispelled by dawning day!

*Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,  
In glory and in light!  
Come take Thy longing children home,  
And end earth's weary night!*

2 "A little while!" with patience, Lord,  
I fain would ask "How long?"  
For how can I with such a hope  
Of glory and of home,  
With such a joy awaiting me.  
Not wish the hour were come?  
How can I keep the longing back,  
And how suppress the groan?

3 Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my  
tongue!  
Be calm, my troubled breast!  
Each passing hour is hast'ning on  
The everlasting rest:  
Thou knowest well—the time thy God  
Appoints for thee is best;  
The morning star will soon arise;  
The glow is in the East.

400

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 wholerealm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small :

Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 401

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;

Has waited long,—is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O ! lovely attitude ! He stands  
With melting heart and laden hands ;  
O ! matchless kindness ! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes !

3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?  
He will, the very friend you need ;  
The Friend of sinners yes, 'tis He,  
With garments died at Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, Sin ;  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

## 402

**O**NLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown ;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown  
Till the night of death has faded  
From the heart once full of day ;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;  
For the summer tide has faded,  
And the Autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly,  
All the ripe hours of my heart ;  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the pearly gate,  
At whose portals long I've lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate :  
Even now I hear their footsteps

And their voices far away ;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling  
Than I ever yet have seen,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
And the fields are ever green :  
Waiting for my full redemption,  
When my Saviour shall restore  
All that sin has caused to wither ;  
Age and sorrow come no more.

## 403

**S**AY, is your lamp burning, my brother ?  
I pray you look quickly and see ;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beam would fall brightly on me.  
There are many and many around you,  
Who follow wherever you go,  
If you thought that they walked in the  
shadow,  
Your lamp would burn brighter, I  
know.

*Say, is your lamp burning, my brother ?  
I pray you look quickly and see ;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beam would fall brightly on me !*

2 Upon the dark mountains they stum-  
ble,  
They are bruised on the rocks and  
they lie  
With white pleading faces turned up-  
ward,  
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.  
There is many a lamp that is lighted—  
We behold them anear and afar :  
But not many among them, my brother,  
Shine steadily on like a star.

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted  
Should steadily blaze in a line,  
Wide over the land and the ocean,  
What a girdle of glory would shine !  
How all the dark places would brighten !  
How the mist would roll up and away !  
How the earth would laugh out in her  
gladness,  
To hail the millennial day !

## 404

**I**T'S a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're  
livin' in the noo',

An' sunny is the lan' that noo we often  
traiv'll throo;  
But in vain we look for something here  
to which oor hearts may cling,  
For its beauty is as naething tae the pal-  
ace o' the King.  
We like the gilded simmer, wi' its mer-  
ry, merry tread,  
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its  
beauties wi' the dead;  
For tho' bonnie are the snowflakes, an'  
the doon on Winter's wing.  
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the pal-  
ace o' the King.

2 Then again, I've juist been thinkin'  
that when a-thing here's sae bricht,  
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' themune  
wi' quiverin' licht,  
The ocean i' the simmer; or the wood-  
land i' the spring,  
What maun it be up yonner, i' the pal-  
ace o' the King.  
It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here  
that He prepares  
Hi' chosen for the raiment which the  
ransomed sinner wears.  
An' it's here that He wad hear us 'mid  
oor tribulations sing.  
"We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the  
palace o' the King."

3 O its honor heaped on honor that His  
courtiers should be ta'en  
Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i'  
this warl' o' sin and pain,  
An' its fu'est love an' service that the  
Christian aye should bring  
To the feet o' Him wha reigneth i' the  
palace o' the King.  
The time for sawin' seed, it is a wearin',  
wearin' dune;  
An' the time for winnin' souls will be  
ower verra-sune.  
Then let us a' be active, if a fruitfu'  
sheaf we'd bring  
To adorn the Royal table i' the palace  
o' the King.

Then lat us trust Him better than  
we've ever dune afore,

For the King will feed His servants frae  
His ever bounteous store;  
Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for  
time is on the wing,  
An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the  
palace o' the King.  
It's iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which  
the rainbows shine,  
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a  
never fadin' Vine;  
An' the pearly gates o' Heaven do a  
glorious radiance fling,  
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the  
palace o' the King.  
5 Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae  
desolatin' sea,  
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i'  
the city o' the free;  
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a  
never fadin' spring,  
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the  
palace o' the King.  
We see oor fren's await us ower yon-  
ner at His gate;  
Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken its  
gettin' late;  
Let oor lamps be brightly burnin'; let  
us raise oor voice and sing,  
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i'  
the palace o' the King.

## 405

"REDEEMED!" "Redeemed!"  
"R O sing the joyful strain!  
Give praise, give praise,  
And glory to His name;  
Who gave His blood our souls to save,  
And purchased freedom for the slave!  
And purchased freedom for the slave.  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and  
all its woe!  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed" eternal life to  
know!  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed" by Jesus'  
blood,  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" O praise the  
Lord!  
2 What grace! What grace!  
That He who calmed the wave,  
Should stoop, my soul,  
My guilty soul to save!

That He the curse should bear for me,  
A sinful wretch, His enemy!  
A sinful wretch, His enemy!  
3 "Redeemed!" "redeemed"  
The word has brought repose,  
And joy, and joy,  
That each redeemed one knows  
Who sees His sins on Jesus laid,  
And knows His blood the ransom paid,  
And knows His blood the ransom paid.

4 "Redeemed!" "redeemed!"

O joy that I should be

In Christ, in Christ,  
From sin for ever free!

For ever free to praise His name,  
Who bore for me the guilt and shame,  
Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

**406**

GOD is great, and God is good,  
And we thank Him for this food:  
By His hand must all be fed,  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

**407**

MASTER, the tempest is raging!  
The billows are tossing high!  
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness  
No shelter or help is nigh;  
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"—  
How canst Thou lie asleep,  
When each moment so madly is threatening  
A grave in the angry deep?

"The winds and and the waves shall obey  
my will,  
Peace be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea.  
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,  
No water can swallow the ship where lies,  
The Master of ocean, and earth and skies:  
||: They all shall sweetly obey my will;  
Peace be still! :||

2 Master, with anguish of spirit,  
I bow in my grief to-day;  
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;  
O waken and save, I pray!  
Torrents of sin and anguish  
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;

And I perish, I perish! dear Master;  
O hasten, and take control.  
3 Master, the terror is over,  
The elements sweetly rest;  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirror'd,  
And heaven's within my breast;  
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,  
Leave me alone no more;  
And with joy I shall make the blest  
harbor,  
And rest on the blissful shore.

**408**

WHAT shall I do to be saved?  
The gathering storm I behold,  
Exposed to the wrath of my God;  
Is there no sheltering fold,  
Is there no sheltering fold?

*I am the door, by me if any man enter in  
He shall be saved, he shall be saved;  
I am the door, by me if any man enter in  
He shall be saved, he shall be saved.*

2 O what shall I do to be saved?  
No light, no hope can I see,

No help in myself can I find;  
Is there no mercy for me,  
Is there no mercy for me?

3 O what shall I do to be saved?  
So vile, so burdened with sin,  
O how to the fold may I come,  
How may I enter therein,  
How may I enter therein?

4 I enter the wide open door,  
In Christ I now have believed;  
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood,  
I trust and now I am saved,  
I trust and now I am saved.

**409**

SAVIOUR! visit Thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest for want of Thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,  
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive Thy work afresh.

## 410

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive:  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to bring our Saviour's merits,—  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## 411

LONG the River of Time we glide,  
Along the River, along the River,  
The swiftly flowing, resistless tide,  
The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing.

And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see,  
Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be

*||: Floating, floating,  
Out on the sea of eternity ! :||*

2 Along the River of Time we glide,  
Along the River, along the River,  
A thousand dangers its currents hide,  
A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers,  
And near our course the rocks we see,  
O dreadful thought! a wreck to be.

3 Along the River of Time we glide,  
Along the River, along the River,  
Our Saviour only our bark can guide,  
Our Saviour only, our Saviour only,  
But with Him we secure may be,  
No fear, no doubt, but joy to be.

## 412

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete,

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord! they should all be Thine.

## 413

JESUS loves me! this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so:  
Little ones to Him belong;  
They are weak, but He is strong.

*Yes, Jesus loves me!  
Yes, Jesus loves me!  
Yes, Jesus loves me!  
The Bible tells me so!*

2 Jesus, from His throne on high,  
Came into this world to die;  
That I might from sin be free,  
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me!—He who died  
Heaven's gate to open wide!  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.

4 Jesus, take this heart of mine:  
Make it pure and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.

## 414

O TO be over yonder!  
In that land of wonder,  
Where the angel voices mingle, and  
the angel harpers ring;  
To be free from pain and sorrow,  
And the anxious dread to-morrow,  
To rest in light and sunshine  
In the presence of the King.

*O to be over yonder, yonder,  
In that land of wonder.*

*There to be forever  
In the presence of the King.*

2 O to be over yonder!  
My yearning heart grows fonder  
Of looking to the east, to see the blessed day-star bring  
Some tidings of the waking,  
The cloudless, pure day-breaking;  
My heart is yearning—yearning  
For the coming of the King.

3 O to be over yonder!  
Alas! I sigh and wonder  
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to any earthly thing;  
Each tie of earth must sever,  
And pass away forever;  
But there's no more separation  
In the presence of the King.

4 O when shall I be dwelling  
Where angel voices swelling  
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?  
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,  
And the morning star is beaming?  
O when shall I be yonder  
In the presence of the King?

5 O I shall soon be yonder,  
Tho' lonely here I wander,  
Yearning for the welcome summer—  
longing for the bird's fleet wing;  
The midnight may be dreary,  
And the heart be worn and weary,  
But there's no more shadow yonder  
In the presence of the King.

## 415

COME thou weary, Jesus calls thee,  
To His wounded side;  
"Come to Me," saith He, "and ever  
Safe abide."

2 Seeking Jesus? Jesus seeks thee—  
Wants thee as thou art;  
He is knocking, ever knocking  
At thy heart.

3 If thou let Him, He will save thee—  
Make thee all His own:  
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee dying,  
To His throne.

4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?  
Wilt thou say Him nay?  
Wilt thou let Him grieved, rejected,  
Go away?

5 Dost thou feel thy life is weary?  
Is thy soul distressed?  
Take His offer, wait no longer;  
Be at rest!

## 416

OUR Lord is now rejected.  
And by the world disowned,  
By the many still neglected,  
And by the few enthroned  
But soon He'll come in glory,  
The hour is drawing nigh,  
For the crowning day is coming by  
and by.

*O the crowning day is coming.  
Is coming by and by,  
When our Lord shall come in "power,"  
And "glory" from on high;  
O the glorious sight will gladden,  
Each waiting, watchful eye,  
In the crowning day that's coming by  
and by.*

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor.  
But brighter far than they  
The saints shall shine in glory  
As Christ shall them array.  
That beauty of the Saviour  
Shall dazzle every eye.  
In the crowning day that's coming by  
and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,  
We'll sin and sigh no more,  
Behind us all of sorrow,  
And nought but joy before,  
A joy in our Redeemer,  
As we to him are nigh  
For the crowning day that's coming by  
and by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten  
The coming joyful day,  
By earnest consecration,  
To walk the narrow way,  
By gathering in the lost ones,  
For whom our Lord did die.  
In the crowning day that's coming by  
and by.

417

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary  
aftenwhiles.  
For the langed-for hame-bringin' an'  
my Faither's welcome smiles;  
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine  
e'en do see,  
The gowden gates o' heaven an' my ain  
countrie.  
The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony  
tinted fresh and gay,  
The birdies warble blithely, for my  
Faither made them sae;  
But these sights an' these soun's will  
as naething be to me.  
When I hear the angels singin' in my  
ain countrie.

2 I've His guude word o' promise that  
some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished  
hame will bring;  
Wi' e'en an' wi' bert running ower, we  
shall see  
The King in His beauty, in our ain  
countrie;  
My sins they hae been mony, an' my  
sorrows hae been sair  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be  
remembered mair;  
For His bluid has made me white,—and  
His han' shall dry my e'e.  
When He brings me hame at last, to  
my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed  
bonnie place.  
I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall  
see His face,  
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair  
to be  
In the glory o' His presence in oor ain  
countrie,  
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie  
to its nest.  
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my  
Saviour's breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom witless,  
worthless lambs like me,  
carries them Himsel', to His ain  
countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an'  
He'll surely come again.  
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what  
hour I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready  
aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain coun-  
trie.  
So I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my  
hame, as I wait  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side  
the gowden gate,  
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha'  
listens noo to me.  
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor  
ain countrie.

418

G LORY to God on high!  
Let heaven and earth reply.  
"Praise ye His name!"  
His love and grace adore.  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
Sing loud forever more,  
"Worthy the lamb!"  
2 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name—  
Ye who have felt His blood,  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound His dear name abroad.  
"Worthy the lamb!"

3 Join all ye ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
Praise ye His name—  
In Him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
"Worthy the lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,  
Yet will we never cease  
Praising His name;  
To Him our songs we bring;  
Hail Him our gracious King;  
And, through all ages sing,  
"Worthy the lamb!"

419

C OME, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing.

Help us to praise:  
Father! all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless.  
And give Thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness!  
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

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

## 420

JESUS. I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee,  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be;  
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
O while Thou dost smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste Thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed with faith, and winged by  
prayer!  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
God's own hand shall guide thee  
there:

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 421

JESUS wept! those tears are over,  
But His heart is still the same,  
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
Is His everlasting name.

*Saviour, who can love like Thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany.  
Saviour, who can love like Thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany.*

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.

*Surely none can feel like Thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany.  
Surely none can feel like Thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany.*

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,  
He can mark each mourner's tear;  
Living to retrace the story  
Of the hearts He solaced here.

*Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany*

4 Jesus wept; these tears of sorrow  
Are a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
*Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany.*

## 422

GOD is love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Time and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the glo'm His brightness stream-  
eth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.  
4 He with earthly care entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

## 423

JESUS only, when the morning  
Beams upon the path I tread;  
Jesus only, when the darkness  
Gathers round my weary head.  
2 Jesus only, when the billows  
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;  
Jesus only, when the trumpet  
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.  
3 Jesus only, when in judgment  
Boding fears my heart appall;  
Jesus only, when the wretched  
On the rocks and mountains call.  
4 Jesus only, when, adoring,  
Saints the crowns before Him bring;  
I will, joyous,  
Through eternal ages sing.

## 424

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak am' wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready and hels to save you,  
Vail off thy shal of power.  
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh.  
3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him.  
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.  
5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
On the bloody tree behold Him—  
Hear Him cry before He dies.

## 425

ASK ye what great thing I know  
That delights and stirs me so?  
What the high reward I win?  
Whose the name I glory in?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.  
2 What is faith's foundation strong?  
What awakes my lips to song?  
He who bore my sinful load,  
Purchased for me peace with God  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.  
3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?  
Who consoles my saddest woes?  
Who revives my fainting heart,  
Healing all its hidden smart?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.  
4 Who is life in life to me?  
Who the death of death shall be?  
Who will place me on His right  
With the countless hosts of light?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.  
5 This is that great thing I know;  
This delights and stirs me so;  
Faith in Him who died to save  
Him who triumphed o'er the grave  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

## 426

WAIT my soul, upon the Lord,  
To His gracious promise flee  
Laying hold upon His word  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
2 If the sorrows of thy case,  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
3 Days of trial, days of grief  
In succession thou may'st see,  
This is still thy sweet relief  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure.  
With thy promise full and free,  
Faithful, positive, and sure—  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

# INDEX

---

	NO.
Ah, my heart is heavy laden.....	34
Ah, this heart is void and chill.....	326
Alas! and did my Saviour.....	111-167
"A little while," and He shall.....	399
All glory to Jesus be given.....	201
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	101
All my doubts I give to Jesus.....	139
All people that on earth do dwell.....	1
All seeing, gracious Lord.....	356
All the way my Saviour leads.....	60
Almost persuaded.....	75
Along the river of time.....	411
A long time I wandered.....	66
Amazing grace! how sweet.....	213
Am I soldier of the Cross.....	115
Are you coming home ye wand'rers.....	311
Arise, my soul, arise!.....	119
A sinner forgiven.....	64
Ask ye what great thing I know.....	425
Art thou weary.....	195
A ruler once came to Jesus.....	237
At the feet of Jesus.....	160
Awake, and sing the song.....	355
Beautiful morning.....	392
B Beautiful valley of Eden.....	252
Behold a Stranger at the door.....	401
Behold what love!.....	363
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	43
Be our joyful song to-day.....	286
Beside the well at noon-time.....	302
Beulah land.....	305
Beyond the smiling and the.....	378
Blessed hope that in Jesus is given.....	245
Bless me now.....	114
Blest be the tie that binds.....	65
Brightly beamis our Father's mercy.....	313
Brightly gleams our banner.....	370
Bringing in the sheaves.....	359
Brother, art thou worn and weary.....	318
By faith I view my Saviour dying.....	15
C all them in.....	26
Can it be right.....	35
Child of sin and sorrow.....	33
Christ is coming!.....	16
Close to Thee.....	4
Come every soul, by sin oppressed.....	25
Come, every joyful heart.....	91
Come, for the feast is spread.....	128
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	1
Come home, come home!.....	1
Come, my soul, thy suit prepar.....	1
Come near me, O my Saviour.....	1
Come now, saith the Lord.....	1
Come, prodigal, come.....	1
Come, sing, my soul, and praise.....	1
Come, sing tho Gospel's joyful.....	1
Come souls that are longing for.....	1
Come, Thou Almighty King.....	1
Come Thou Fount of every.....	1
Come, thou weary.....	1
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.....	1
Come to the Saviour.....	1
Come ye sinners, poor and.....	127
Come, we that love the Lord.....	1
Come ye disconsolate.....	1
Cut it down.....	1
D are to be a Daniel.....	1
D Dark is the night.....	1
Depth of mercy.....	1
Did Christ o'er sinners.....	1
Down life's dark vale we walk.....	1
Do you see the Hebrew captive.....	1
Draw e nearer.....	138
E terly.....	203
E terity dawns on my vision.....	278
E terly is drawing nigh.....	257
E vele.....	87
E v' day and hour.....	48
F e, fade each earthly joy.....	179
Faint, yet pursuing.....	301
Faith is a living power from.....	215
Fher, take my hand.....	316
Free and wild the storm is.....	253
Fee from the law, oh happy.....	16
Fesh from the throne of glory.....	170
From all that dwell below.....	321
From the riven rock there floweth.....	270
From every stormy wind that blows.....	105
Fully persuaded.....	76
G ate ajar.....	15
Gathering home.....	361
Give me the wings of faith.....	1
Gliding o'er life's fitful waters.....	1
Glory be to Jesus' name.....	1
Glory be to the Father.....	1
Glory, glory be to Jesus.....	61
Glory to God on high.....	1
Go, bury thy sorrow.....	1

# INDEX.

the world of sinners lost	30	I have entered the valley of.....	196
is from heaven.....	291	I have heard of a land far away.....	261
eat and God is good.....	406	I have heard of a Saviour's love.....	157
ve; His mercy brightens.....	422	I have read of a beautiful city.....	310
trumpet's sounding.....	266	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	123
in My vineyard.....	98	I hear the Saviour say.....	35
fore me.....	406	I hear the words of Jesus.....	364
is a charming sound.....	49	I hear Thy welcome voice.....	63
ne, O thou great Jehovah ..	88	I know not the hour, when my.....	13
ujah! He is risen.....	180	I know not what awaits me.....	307
Hallelujah! 'tis done!.....	2	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	398
sinner, to be wise.....	214	I left it all with Jesus.....	90
the voice of Jesus, crying ..	120	I love to tell the story.....	39
ea any room for Jesus?.....	284	I love to think of the heavenly.....	152
eson on the Lord believed? ..	31	I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	211
the glad good news from ..	315	I'm a pilgrim.....	306
Father, bless me now.....	32	I'm going home.....	256
ther, we beseech Thee ..	317	I need Thee every hour.....	3
we Thy children ..	376	In my Father's house there is.....	274
.....	385	In some way or other, the Lord ..	5
Jesus' blood.....	349	In the Christian's home in glory ..	130
one that tri ..	232	In the cross of Christ I glory ..	68
hind the Fort ..	302	In the presence of the King ..	58
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God ..	14	In the silent midnight watches ..	183
Holy Spirit, faithful guide ..	222	In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages ..	374
Home at last ..	40	In Zion's Rock abiding ..	171
Mother of the soul ..	89	I saw a way-worn traveler ..	367
Ho! my comrades, see the signal ..	10	Is Jesus able to redeem? ..	241
Ho! reapers of life's harvest ..	4	Is my name written there ..	348
How can I keep from singing ..		I stood outside the gate ..	172
How solemn are the words ..		Is your lamp burning ..	403
How sweet the name of Jesus ..		I think when I read that sweet ..	340
How sweet the word of Christ ..		It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' ..	404
I am coming to the cross ..		It is finished ..	281
I am far frae my home ..		It is well with my soul ..	200
I am now a child of God ..		It may be at morn, when the day ..	239
I am praying for you ..		It passeth knowledge ..	73
I am so glad that our Father in ..		I've found a friend ..	224
I am sweeping through the gates ..		I've found a joy in sorrow ..	151
I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard ..		I've found the Pearl of greatest ..	300
I am trusting Lord in Thee ..		We reached the land of corn and ..	305
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ..		We passed the Cross ..	383
I am waiting for the morning ..		Waited for the Lord, my God ..	125
I bring my sins to Thee ..		Will sing of my Redeemer ..	229
I cannot tell how precious ..		Will sing you a song of that ..	20
I like singing all the time ..		us, and shall it ever be ..	322
over the gaze of the sun ..		Jesus calis thee ..	228
my life for Thee ..		Christ is passing by ..	230
Saviour, He's pleading in ..		Gracious One, calleth now ..	228
		Hail! enthroned in glory ..	410
		My cross have taken ..	420
		Jesus is coming ..	379

Jesus is mighty to save.....	201	M
Jesus is mine.....	179	M
Jesus is my Saviour.....	365	My
Jesus, I will trust Thee.....	341	My
Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	45	My
Jesus loves even me.....	23	My
Jesus loves me, this I know.....	413	My
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	85-192	Y
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry.....		
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.....		
Jesus only.....	28	
Jesus only, when the morning.....	423	
Jesus, only Jesus.....	286	M
Jesus shall reign.....	141	M
Jesus wept! those tears are over.....	421	Mys
Joy in sorrow.....	151	My song s
Joy to the world, the Lord is.....	110-236	My soul, be
Just as I am.....	54	My soul is
Just a word for Jesus.....	163	My soul wil
Knocking, knocking, who.....	17	Nearer, my
L and of Beulah.....	187	Near th
L Lead me on.....	382	None but Ci
Let us gather up the sunbeams.....	174	None of self
Let the lower lights.....	65	No other no
Life for a look.....		Not all the
Light after darkness.....		N
Light in the darkness, sailor.....		
Lift up, lift up thy voice with.....		
Long in darkness we have.....		
Look away to Jesus.....		
Look unto Me, and be ye saved.....		
Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing.....		
Lord, I care not for riches.....		
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....		
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly.....		
Lord, my trust I repose in Thee.....		
Lo! the day or God is breaking.....		
Look, ye saints, the sight is.....		
Majestic sweetness sits enthrone.....		
“Man of Sorrows,” what a.....		
Marching to Zion.....		
Master the tempest is raging.....		
Memories of earth.....		
Mine! what rays of glory bright.....		
More holiness give me.....		
More love to Thee, O Christ.....		
More than tongue can tell.....		
More to follow.....		
Must I go, and empty handed.....		
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....		

## X.

ray, brethren, pray.....	357
recious blood.....	347
recious name.....	72
recious promise.....	50
precious Saviour may I live.....	280
ressing on.....	294
173 Prodigal child.....	38
Pull for the shore.....	83
redeemed! redeemed.....	405
Redemption grounnd.....	337
Rejoice and be glad.....	24
Rejoice with me.....	288
Remember me.....	167
Repeat the story o'er and o'er.....	154
Rescue the perishing.....	18
Revive Thy work.....	223
Revive us again.....	25
Ring the bells of heaven.....	19
Rise up, and hasten.....	339
Rock of Ages.....	86
Room for Thee.....	188
Sad and weary, lone and dreary.....	274
Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	103
Salvation! Oh the joyful sound.....	103
Saved by the blood.....	254
Say, Jesus, save.....	248
our, breathè an evening.....	292
our, like a shepherd lea't us.....	126
our, more than life to me.....	48
our, Thy dying love.....	26
our, visit Thy plantation.....	409
are you ready?.....	353
is your lamp burning, my.....	403
where is thy refuge, poor.....	312
or seeds of kindness.....	174
ing to save.....	177
we gather at the river?.....	124
we meet beyond the river.....	199
only touched the hem.....	267
told the death-angel knock at.....	353
oly trusting every day.....	165
and pray!.....	278
ing all the time.....	276
ing as we journey.....	380
them over again to me.....	282
of His mighty love.....	46
ers, turn, why will ye die?.....	106
t our lips and lives express.....	104
hing for Jesus.....	26
f salvation.....	157
all we see the glorious.....	272



The Largest,  
Finest  
and Cheapest  
Book and Stationery House

Central Pennsylvania

Gospel  
Hymns  
in all  
SIZES

Gospel  
Hymns  
in all  
SIZES

Thomas S. Wilcox  
224 Market Street,  
HARRISBURG,