

THE
HEAVENLY CHOIR,

A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

FOR ALL

OCCASIONS OF WORSHIP, CONGREGATIONAL,
CHURCH, PRAYER, PRAISE, CHOIR,
SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND
SOCIAL MEETINGS.

BY

THEODORE WOOD.



New York:

PUBLISHED BY C. M. CADY, 107 DUANE STREET.

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PREFACE.

Praise ye the Lord, Sing unto the Lord a new song.
Praise ye the Lord, Praise God in His Sanctuary;
Praise Him in the firmament of His power;
Praise Him for His mighty acts; Praise Him according to
His excellent greatness.
Praise Him with the sound of the Trumpet;
Praise Him with the Psaltery and Harp.
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance;
Praise Him with stringed Instruments and Organs.
Praise Him upon the loud sounding cymbals.
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

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THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

"They rest not day and night."—Revelation, iv : 8.

Words by Rev. THOMAS COOK.

Prof. T. WOOD.

1. They rest not day and night; Each hour the anthem swells, With ev-er new de-light,
2. Till end-less a-ges roll, And time him-self stands still, Till from the vaulted pool,

The tongue un-tir-ing dwells; Oh ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord;
The list'n-ing ear shall fill; Oh ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord;

Thou Fa-ther, Spir-it, Word, Our humble voices hear, Our humble voices hear.
Thou God of earth and skies, E-ter-nal praises rise, E-ter-nal praises rise.

3 Of worlds, which deck the sky,
Each has its note of praise,
Joined in the melody,
Of stars which sing God's grace.
Oh holy, holy God give ear,
While each revolving sphere
Conspire the soul to raise.

4 Through your cathedral high,
Whose architect is God,
The blended echoes fly
O'er hill, and plain, and flood.
A holy, holy, holy Lord.
Is still the ceaseless word,
Through all that bright abode.

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET. H. M.

TOPLADY.

T. W.

1. Blow ye the trum - pet, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound;
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb;
 3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive;
 4. The gos - pel trum - pet hear, The news of pard'ning grace;
 5. Je - sus our great high priest, Has full a - tone - ment made;

Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
 Re - demption by His blood, Thro' ev - 'ry land pro - claim,
 And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus, live,
 Ye hap - py souls draw near, Be - hold your Saviour's face,
 Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ing souls be glad:

f
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransomed

ff
 sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, ye sin - ners, home.
 ye ransomed sinners, home.
 ye sin - ners, home.

SATISFIED.

5

11s, by using Tie.

Words by MRS. ELIZA A. HARRIMAN.

T. W.

1. O, man - sions ce - les - tial, so near the sweet riv - er
2. O, Ci - ty where gush - eth life's un - fail - ing foun - tain,
3. O, Fa - ther who piti - est, Thy sor - row - ing chil - dren,
4. O, Sav - iour, who meek - ly bore earth's deg - ra - da - tion,

That flow - eth in glad - ness from out the white throne,
That of - fers its heal - ing to all who will come,
And know - est the an - guish that rock - eth each breast;
That Thou might est bear all bur - dens we bring,

How per - fect their rest - ing, where dwell the for - ev - er,
How sweet when earth's weary - ing jour - ney is o - ver,
Life's storm sur - ges high, it will some - time be o - ver,
Sat - is - fied when at length in Thy like - ness,

Where sor - row and sin - ning, and death are un - known.
To find Thee, and rest there for - ev - er at home.
At length in Thy bo - som the wea - ry shall rest.
We'll hail Thee our Bro - ther, Re - deem - er and King.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

Words by Rev. JAMES G. LYONS.

T. WOOD.

1. To Heaven, where tears and sighs Are lost in end - less bliss, How
2. There God's bright che - ru - bin Harp - ing on gold - en chords, Chant

beau - ti - ful to rise, From such a world as this.
many a lof - ty hymn, In sweet and glow - ing words.

To burst our chains, and flee a - way, To those high realms of
The sad'ning thoughts and plain-tive tone, Of earth - ly songs are

Cres.
end - less day, To those high realms of end - less day.
there un-known, Of earth - ly songs are there un - known.

- 3 They too of women born,
Who proved what faith will dare,
Unbow'd by scourge or scorn,
Are blest forever there.

They braved the foe, man's torch and sword,
They won the victor's great reward,
They won the victor's great reward.

- 4 Who that has ever shed,
One penitential tear;
Who that has toiled or bled
For truth, would linger here.

Nor long to join the sacred band,
The shining host of that fair land,
The shining host of that fair land.

- 5 But best of all it comes,
From infant voices sweet:—
From those whose happy homes,
Are at the Saviour's feet.

And thus they look, and thus they sing,
Admitting as their voices ring,
The wonders, wonders of his grace.

- 6 "They rest not day and night,"
Nor would they lose one strain;
For all things there unite,
To banish fear and pain.

To catch the echo, echo wild,
So bold, so soft, so mild, so mild,
And swell the heavenly strain.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

7

T. WOOD.

Joyful.

1. Now the gold - en ear, Waits the reap - er's hand,—
 2. As the man - na lay, On the des - ert ground;
 3. As a Fa - ther's love, Gives his chil - dren bread,

Ban - ish eve - ry fear, Plen - ty fills the land ;
 So from day to day, Mer - cies flow a - round;
 So our God a - bove, Grants and we are fed;

Plen - ty, plen - ty fills the land.
 Mer - cies, mer - cies, flow a round.
 Grants us, grants and we are fed.

Plen - ty, plen - ty, plen - ty, plen - ty, plen - ty fills the land.
 Mer - cies, mer - cies, mer - cies, mer - cies, mer - cies flow a round.
 Grants us, grants us, grants us, grants us, grants and we are fed.

Full Chorus.

Joy - ful raise, songs of praise, Good - ness, good - ness
 Joy - ful raise, songs of praise, Goodness, goodness, goodness, goodness,

THANKSGIVING HYMN.—Concluded.

crown our days, Yet a-gain, Swell the strain, He who feeds the

birds that fly, Will our dai - ly wants sup - ply,

birds that fly, Will our dai - ly wants sup-ply,
He who feeds the birds that fly, wants sup-ply,

Yet a-gain, Swell the strain, Good-ness, good - ness, Crowns our days.
Goodness, goodness, goodness, goodness, Crowns our days.

Words by MRS. DANA.

CHRIST'S GARDEN.

T. WOOD.

1. When down to the gar - den, where riv - u - lets flow,

CHRIST'S GARDEN.—Concluded.

9

'Mong the ros - es and lil - ies, I cheer - ful - ly go;

Solo or Duett.

'Tis to talk with my Sav - iour whose foot - steps I hear,

And He waits to re - ceive me, and wel - come me there.

- 2 O, well I remember his wonderful love,
And the rich wedding garments his tenderness wove;
He has covered my soul, and I never will fear,
In his heart cheering presence with joy to appear.
- 3 He has spread me a banquet of fruits from above,
And unfurled me a banner, the banner of love;
I have opened my spikenard, and sweet smelling myrrh,
And the fragrance he loveth perfumes all the air.
- 4 When under his shadow his fair one abides,
How kindly he feeds her, how gently he chides;
And tenderly sweet as the music above,
How freely he whispers of pardoning love.
- 5 This is my beloved, and this is my friend!
Ye daughters of Zion, he loves to the end;
When he comes to his garden his steps you may hear,
And he waits to receive you and welcome you there.

"New York Observer."

T. WOOD.

1. When life's ma - ny tri - als, Are press - ing a - round, And
 2. These words are heart-cheer-ing, In our dark - est hour, If
 3. The heart that is trust - ing, And fixed on the Lord, Shall
 4. What here we see dim - ly, In sor - row's dark night, Shall

hea - vy cares weigh us Al - most to the ground, When anxious fore -
 we will but heed them, We must feel their power, If God be our
 fear no ill tid - ings, But lean on His word; Tho' our pray'r be not
 one day shine clear - ly In Heaven's pure light; Till then, on this

- bod - ings, Of ill fill the breast, How sweet to think ev - er, 'Tis
 por - tion, We al - ways are blest, And know that life's changes Are
 answered As we might re - quest, We know that a Fa - ther Will
 prom - ise Let faith sure - ly rest: That what our God send - eth Must

all for the best," "'Tis all for the best," "'Tis all for the
 all for the best, Are all for the best, Are all for the
 give what is best, Will give what is best, Will give what is
 be for the best, Must be for the best, Must be for the

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Concluded.

11

Rit. Dim.

best," How sweet to think ev - er, "'Tis all for the best."
 best, And know that life's changes Are all for the best.
 best, We know that a Fa - ther Will give what is best.
 best, That what our God send-eth Must be for the best.

THE HOUSE OF GOD. H. M.

T. WOOD.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, . . . How pleasant and how fair, The
 2. Oh! hap-py souls who pray, . . . Where God ap-oints to hear; Oh!
 3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till

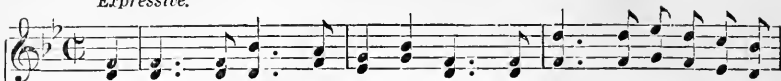
dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly temples are: To Thine abode My
 hap-py men who pay, Their constant service there. They praise thee still, And
 each ar-rive at length, Till each in heaven ap-pears, O glorious seat When

heart aspires, With warm de-sires, To see my God.
 hap-py they, Who love the way, To Zi-on's hill.
 God our King, Shall thith-er bring Our will-ing feet.

With warm de-sires,

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

T. WOOD.

Expressive.

1. My heaven - ly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter
2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry
3. While here a stran - ger far from home, Afflictions waves may round me
4. Let oth - ers seek a home be-low, Which flames dévour, and waves o'er
5. Then fail this earth let stars de-cline, And sun and moon refuse to



there; It's glittering towers the sun out-shine, That
 sky;..... When from this earth - ly pris-on free, That
 foam,..... And though like Laza - rus, sick and poor, My
 flow;..... Be mine the hap - pier lot to own, A
 shine,..... All na - ture sink and cease to be, That



MY HEAVENLY HOME.—Continued.

Chorus.

heaven - ly mansion shall be mine.
 heaven - ly mansion mine shall be.
 heaven - ly mansion is se - cure.
 heaven - ly mansion near the throne.
 heaven - ly mansion stands for me.

I'm go-ing home,

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

Rit. Dim.

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

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is the vocal line, and the lower staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

die no more.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'die no more.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Prelude & Interlude.

This section consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is the vocal line, and the lower staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Sra

This section consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is the vocal line, and the lower staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

KEEP PRAYING AT THE GATE.

15

T. WOOD.

1. Keep - pray - ing at the gate, And knocking while you pray; Nor
 2. The Lord will sure - ly come, His prom - ise can - not fail, O
 3. The gate will o - pen wide, And thou shalt en - ter in, And

trembling tho' the tempter's voice Would fright your soul a - way.
 knock, and pray, and plead, and call, Thy prayer will yet pre - vail.
 from the Ho - ly One re - ceive A par - don for thy sin.

Chorus.

Keep pray - ing, keep pray - ing, Still pray - ing at the gate;... Keep
 Keep praying at the gate, the gate, Still pray - ing at the gate, the gate, Tho'

pray - ing, keep pray - ing, Keep pray - ing at the gate.
 long the an - swer be de - layed, Keep pray - ing at the gate.

TRUST GOD.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY. by per.

Slow.

1. God's ways are the best, God's ways are the best;
 2. God's ways are the best, God's ways are the best;
 3. God's ways are the best, God's ways are the best;

We can but weep as we lay her a - way; Down in the
 We on - ly see the dark pall and the shroud; We on - ly
 We on - ly know of life's sor - row and tears; We on - ly

cres.

grave, while we wait and we pray, Watching thro' night for the
 see the sad sor - row - ing crowd, We on - ly see the dark
 know of its hopes and its fears, We on - ly know of earth's

*dim.**rit.*

heav-en - ly day; God do-eth the rest; God do-eth the rest.
 side of the cloud; God see-eth the rest; God see-eth the rest.
 sor - row - ing years; God knoweth the rest; God knoweth the rest.

THE CROSS HOLDS THE GATES AJAR. 17

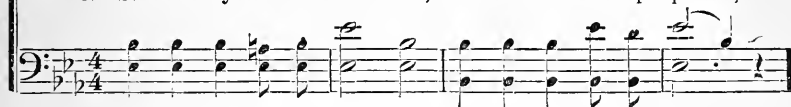
ELLA D. CHEEK.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

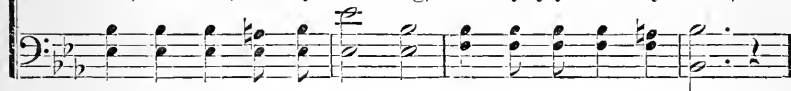
Andante.



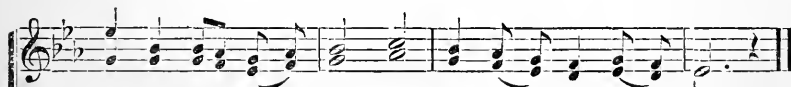
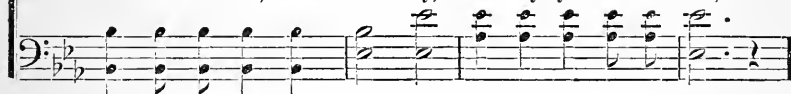
1. Oh! how light is my path - way Up the heav-en - ly road,
2. Je - sus' feet ached with treading Thorns of earth's path be - low,
3. Sor-rows my heart ne'er bur - den, Sin in vain has op - press'd,



Joy - ful - ly, I am toil - ing, Seek - ing the blest a - bode,
He with blood sweat on Calv' - ry, Emptied, the cup of woe,
Calm, se - rene, is my be - ing, Ho - ly joy fills my breast;



Look! how the lights are gleam - ing, From the mansions a - far,
Je - sus has promised vict' - ry, For the faith - ful who wait,
Can I be sad, or wea - ry, When my eyes shall but see,



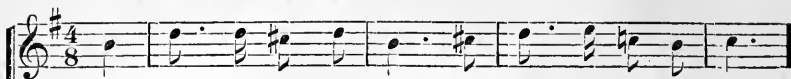
See the glo - ry, now streaming, Bright thro' the gates a - far.
He to bright-en our path - way, Left His cross at the gate.
Je - sus' cross at the por - tal, Holds it o - pen for me.



18 I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER.

Alto & Treble, or Alto & Tenor, Duett.

T. WOOD.



1. When bur - dened is my breast, When friend - less seems my lot;
2. When I have wandered far, A - long the down-ward way,
3. When conscience thunders loud, When sins in dread a - ray;



- When earth af - fords no rest, And ref - uge I have not;
 And moun - tains seem to bar, My turn - ing back to God;
 Up - on my memory crowd, And fill me with dis - may;

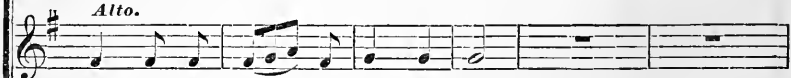


Tenor.



1. Fa - ther if thou wilt suf - fer me, I will a -
2. Yet glanc - ing once on Cal - va - ry, Fa - ther I'll
3. E'en then, there yet is hope for me, Fa - ther, &c.

Alto.



Treble.



1. Fa - ther if thou wilt suf - fer me, I will a - rise and
2. Yet glancing once on Cal - va - ry, Fa - ther I'll rise, &c.
3. E'en then, there yet is hope for me, Fa - ther, &c.

Bass.



I WILL ARISE.—Concluded.

19

- rise and come to thee, and come to thee: Fa-ther if
rise, &c. rise, &c. Fa-ther I'll

I will a - rise and come to thee:
Fa-ther I'll rise, &c.

come to thee, and come to thee, to thee: Fa-ther if
Fa-ther, I'll rise, &c. Fa-ther I'll
I will a - rise and come to thee, to thee:

thou, wilt suf-fer me, I will a - rise and come to thee.
rise,

Fa-ther if thou wilt suf-fer me, I will a - rise and come to thee.

thou, wilt suf-fer me, I will a - rise and come to thee.
rise, (I'll rise) and come to thee,
Fa-ther if thou wilt suf-fer me, I will a - rise and come to thee.

4 And if I am a child,
But have back-slidden still,
And filled with projects wild,
Have followed my own will;
Yet penitent, resolved I'll be,
Father! to rise and follow thee.

5 And thou in love wilt turn
To thy poor rebel child,
Nor let thine anger burn,

Though sin my heart beguiled;
Thy voice shall greet me graciously,
"Arise! arise and come to me!"

6 And when my cheek turns pale,
And when I sink in death;
Though heart and flesh may fail,
With my expiring breath,
I'll whisper, "Jesus died for me!"
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.

Words by Rev. T. E. SPILMAN.

T. WOOD,

1. Oh say, my soul since Je - sus came, And did thy sins and
2. When in the gar - den thou dost hear, From Je - sus' burdened

sor - rows take, Then bade thee la - bor in His cause, Canst
spir - it break, The cry of an - guish felt for thee, Canst

CHORUS.
thou not work for Je - sus' sake? For Je - sus' sake,.... For
thou not work for Je - sus' sake?
For Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake, for

Je - sus' sake,.... Canst thou not work for Je - sus' sake?

Je-sus' sake, for Jesus' sake, Canst thou not work for Je - sus' sake?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Oh when He wears a crown of thorns
A crown of glory thee to make,
And bids thee tell His love abroad,
Canst thou not go for Jesus' sake?</p> <p>4 When on the Cross, the wrathful sword,
Against Thy bleeding Lord, doth wake
And slay Him there for thee, my soul,
Canst thou not toil for Jesus' sake?</p> | <p>5 My soul, He bought thee with His blood,
He did thy sins and sorrows take,
Canst thou not make some sacrifice?
Oh yes, I can for Jesus' sake?</p> <p>6 Oh help me, Father, Thy weak child,
The consecration now to make,
Increase my faith, my love, my zeal,
That I may work for Jesus' sake?</p> |
|---|--|

WHEN WE GATHER AT THE JORDAN. 21

Mrs. ROSALIND B. COPLEY.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Andante.

1. When we gath-er at the Jor-dan Whose cold wa-ters all must cross,
 2. On time rude, re-lent-less bil-lows, Hith-er toss'd, and thith-er, driv'n,

May Thy right hand Lord sus-tain us, When its bil-lows wild-ly toss,
 D. s.—May Thy Spir-it gent-ly waft us, To that peace-ful far off shore,
 May our life-boat, these out-rid-ing, Reach at last the port of heav'n;
 D. s.—As they touch the bank of Beulah, In their heavenly cadence say,

Unison. 2d time omit. *Rit.* - - - *D. S.*

In the sol-ern hour of parting, When lov'd friends can do no more,
 May those bright an-gel-ic be-ings, Gone be-fore to end-less day,

2d time.

Gent-ly waft us, Gent-ly waft us, To that peaceful far off shore.
 Welcome lov'd ones, Welcome lov'd ones To our bright e-ter-nal day.

COME UNTO ME.

Anniversary Hymn, written for, and dedicated to the 4th, Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. B. W. ARNOLD.

T. WOOD.

1. Where-e'er the Sabbath School bells may ring; And thousand voi - ces
 2. Through our fair land, from its East and West, With no - ble deeds and
 3. And far a - bove all the toil and strife, The tem-pest lures and
 4. We come, dear Sav- iour, we come to-day; Take and keep us, we

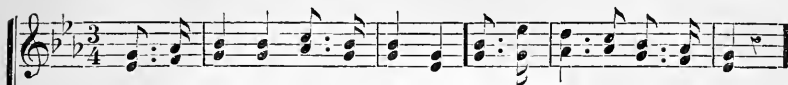
on the wing; While from distant climes o'er o - cean foam, From the
 memories blest; From its countless homes, both far and wide—Where the
 cares of life - Tho' the days be dark, and sun-light dim, Hope's
 hum - bly pray; Ma - ny sins in these poor hearts of ours, Ma - ny

mountains, vales the echoes come, Blending in the sweetest har - mo - ny,
 Saviour's love and words a-bide, Sound the cheering strains of welcome free,
 radiant beams are borne from Him, Who speaks (tho' none His glo - ry see,)
 thoughtless vain and wasted hours, Teach us, oh, our God, what we should be,

1, 2, 3, v. Lit - tle children, Lit - tle children, Lit - tle children come un-to Me.
 4th, v. That we children, Lit - tle children, Dwell for - ev - er, Sav-iour, with Thee.

SHALL WE GATHER O'ER THE RIVER? 23

H. H. PENDLETON.



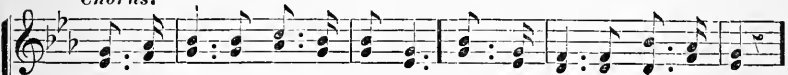
1. Shall we gath - er o'er the riv - er! When the toils of life are past?
2. Shall we gath - er o'er the riv - er, In that bright ce - les - tial home;
3. Shall we gath - er o'er the riv - er, All our dear u - ni - ted band,



Where the Saviour's light is shin - ing, And no sha - dow ev - er cast.
Sing - ing prais - es to our Sav - iour, All a - round the "golden throne."
Ev - er more to dwell with Je - sus, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.



Chorus.



Shall we gath - er o'er the riv - er, When the toils of life are done?



With our harps and crowns of glo - ry, And the glori - ous vic - tory won?



24 QUARTETTE.—“If we knew.” 8s & 7s.

Prof. T. Wood.

Moderato.

1. If we knew the cares and crosses, Crowding in our neighbor's way;
 2. If we knew the clouds a - bove us, Held but gen - tle blessings there,
 3. If we knew the si - lent sto - ry, Quiv'ring through the heart of pain,
 4. Let us reach in - to our bosoms, For the key to oth - er's lives;

If we knew the lit - tle loss - es, Sore - ly griev - ous day by day?
 Would we turn a - way all trembling, In our blind - and weak despair?
 Would our man - hood dare to doom them, Back to haunts of guilt a - gain?
 And with love towards erring na - ture, Cherish good that still sur - vives,

Tenor Solo.—Duet Alto & Tenor.

Would we then so often chide him, For his lack of thrift and gain,
 Would we shrink for lit - tle shadows, Ly - ing on the dew - y grass,
 Life has many a tangled crossing, Joy hath many a break of woe,
 So that when our disrobed spirits Soar to realms of life a - gain,

Soprano Solo.

Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leav - ing on his life a stain?
 While 'tis on - ly birds of E - den, Just in mer - cy fly - ing past?
 And the cheek, tear - stained is whitest, This the bless - ed an - gels know.
 We may say "Dear Father, judge us, As we judge our fel - low - men."

"If we knew."—Concluded.

25

Quartette or Chorus.

Rit. Dim.

Leav-ing on his heart a shad-ow, Leav-ing on his heart a stain.
 While 'tis on - ly birds of E - den, Just in mer - cy fly - ing past.
 And the cheek, tear-stained is whitest, This the bless-ed an - gels know.
 We may say "Dear Fa-ther, judge us, As we judge our fel - low-men."

QUARTETTE.—"The Old, Old Friends."

Ad lib.

A tempo.

Prof. T. Wood.

1. The old, old friends, old friends, Some changed, some buried; Some
 2. The old, old friends, old friends, Oh! where are they? They're
 3. The old, old friends, One pass - es daily, And

gone out of sight! Some en - e - mies, and in the worlds swift flight, No
 lying in one grave; And one from the far off world on the daily wave, No
 one wears a mask; An - oth - er, long estranged, cares not to ask, Where

time to make a - mends.
 lov - ing messenger sends.
 cause-less an - ger ends.

4.
 The dear old friends,
 So many are so fond in days of youth,
 Alas! that faith can be divorced from truth,
 When love in severance ends.

5.
 The old, old friends,
 They hover round us still in evening's shade,
 Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,
 And life on God depends.

Words by Rev. A. T. PEARSON,

T. WOOD.

1. Once I was dead in sin, And hope with-in me died; But now I'm dead to
 2. Oh, height I can-not reach, Oh, depth I can-not sound, Oh, love, oh boundless
 3. Oh, cold un-grate-ful heart, That can from Je - sus turn, When living fires of
 4. I live - and yet, not I, But Christ that lives in me; Who from the law of

Chorus.

sin, With Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 love, In my Re - deem - er found. } And can it be, that "He loved me" And
 love, Should on His al - tar burn. }
 sin And death hath made me free.

Cres.

gave Him - self for me; And can it be, that "He loved me," And gave Him - self for

Rit. Dim.

me, And gave Him - self And gave Him - self for me.
 And gave Him - self And gave Him - self for me.
 And gave Him - self, And gave Him - self for me.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

27

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 Peter 2 : 24.

Words by MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small ;
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - somed soul shall rise,
 5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 Can change the le - per's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar-ment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
 Then "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe ;

Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

Solo. *Chorus.*

1. When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies;
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, . . . And fir - y darts be hurled;
 3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sor - row fall;
 4. There shall I bathe my weary soul, In seas of heavenly rest;

Solo. *Chorus.* *Rit.*

I'll bid fare-well to every fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 May I but safely reach my home, My God, my Heaven, my all.
 And not a ware of trouble, roll. A - cross my peace - ful breast.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

Joyously.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home; Name ev - er dear to me!
 2. O, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,

When shall my la - bours have an end, In joy, and peace in thee.
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sabbath's have no end?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.</p> <p>4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
 Or feel, at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view
 And realms of endless day.</p> | <p>5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|---|--|

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

29

From "Sabbath School Songs," by per.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright, Where sweet joys su -
2. Flow - ers for ever are springing, In that home so fair, Thousands of children are
3. Soon shall I join that an - them, Far be - yond the sky, Jesus be - came my

- per - nal Nev - er are dim'd by night; White - rob'd angels are sing - ing,
sing - ing, Prais - es to Je - sus there; How they swell the glad an - them,
ran - som, Why should I fear to die; Soon my eyes will be - hold Him,

Ev - er a - round the bright throne; When, O when shall I see Thee,
Ev - er a - round the bright throne; When, O when shall I see Thee,
Seat - ed up - on the bright throne; Then, O then shall I see Thee,

Chorus.

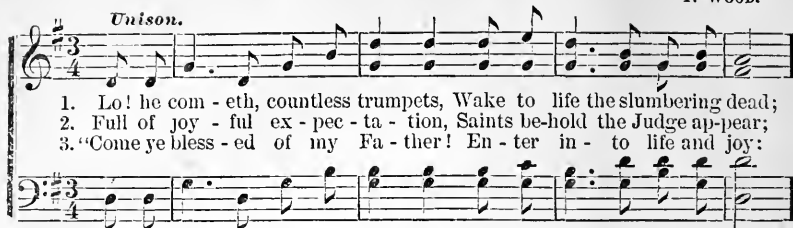
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home. Home, beau - ti - ful home, Bright beau - ti - ful

beau - ti - ful home,

home, Home, home of our Sav - iour, Bright beau - ti - ful home.

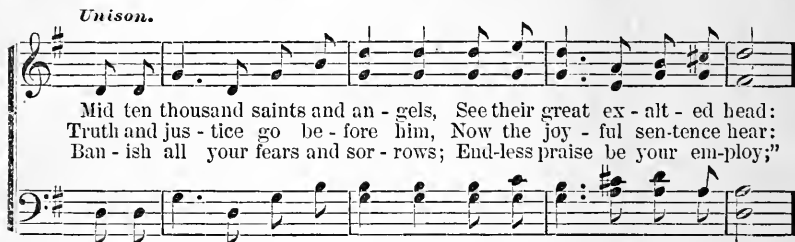
Beau - ti - ful home, Home, home of our Sav - iour, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

Unison.



1. Lo! he com - eth, countless trumpets, Wake to life the slumbering dead;
 2. Full of joy - ful ex - pec - ta - tion, Saints be-hold the Judge ap-pear;
 3. "Come ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther! En - ter in - to life and joy:"

Unison.



Mid ten thousand saints and an - gels, See their great ex - alt - ed head:
 Truth and jus - tice go be - fore him, Now the joy - ful sen-tence hear:
 Ban - ish all your fears and sor - rows; End-less praise be your em-ploy;"

ff



Hal-le - lu - jah!— Hal-le - lu - jah!—Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
 Hal-le - lu - jah!— Hal-le - lu - jah!—Welcome, welcome, Judge di-vine!
 Hal-le - lu - jah!— Hal-le - lu - jah!—Welcome, welcome, To the skies.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

- 1 Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning,
 Tokens of our coming Lord;
 O'er the earth the field is whitening;
 Louder rings the Master's word—
 " Pray for reapers
 In the harvest of the Lord."
- 2 Now, O, Lord fulfill thy pleasure;
 Breathe upon thy chosen band,
 And, with pentecostal measure,
 Send forth reapers o'er our land—
 Faithful reapers,
 Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand.
- 3 Ocean calleth unto ocean,
 Spirits sped from shore to shore,
 Heralding the world's commotion;

- Hear the conflict at our door—
 Mighty conflict—
 Satan's death-cry on our shore!
- 4 Broad the shadow of our nation;
 Eager millions hither roam;
 Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
 Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come;
 By thy Spirit
 Bring thy ransomed people home.
 - 5 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
 Soon the reaping time will come—
 Heaven and earth together keeping
 God's eternal Harvest Home;
 Saints and angels!
 Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

By "A Lady of Virginia."

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL. 31

Expressive.

T. WOOD.

1. A few more years shall roll,..... A few more sea-son's come,
 2. A few more storms shall beat..... On this wild rock-y shore,
 3. A few more struggles here,..... A few more part-ings o'er,
 4. A few more Sabbaths here..... Shall cheer us on our way:
 5. 'Tis but a lit-tle while.... And He shall come a-gain,

And we shall be with those that rest, A-sleep with-in the tomb.
 And we shall be where tempests cease, And sur-ges swell no more.
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
 And we shall reach the end-less rest, Th'e-ter-nal Sab-bath-day.
 Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign.

marcato.

Chorus.

{ Then, O..... my Lord pre-pare
 { Then, O my Lord, my Lord pre-pare My soul for that great day;

O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way!

"The Trees of the fields shall clap their Hands."—Is. 55 : 12.

T. WOOD.



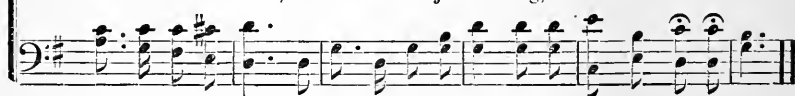
1. When shall the voice of sing-ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val-ley
2. Then from the craggy moun-tain The sacred shout shall fly; And sha-dy vale and



ring-ing, With one triumphant song, Pro-claim the con-test end-ed, And
fountains Shall ech-o the re-ply: High tower and low-ly dwelling, Shall



Him who once was slain, A-gain to earth descended, In right-eous-ness to reign.
send the cho-rus round, All Hal-le-lu-jah swelling, In one e-ter-nal sound.



"The Wastes shall be builded."—Ezek. 36 : 33.

1.

Our country's voice is pleading;
Ye men of God arise;
His providence is leading;
The land before you lies.
Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whit'ning,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2.

Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming
With light that ever glows.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste, the glorious day,
When too a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

KEEP ME WHITE. 7s.

T. Wood.

33

Solo.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus thou art mine, All I have is whol - ly thine;
 2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on thee are rolled;
 3. 'Tis the happiest place for me, In the hea - ven - lies with thee;
 4. Hum - bly at thy feet I bow, Put thy yoke up - on me now;

Thou dost dwell with - in my heart, Thou dost reign in eve - ry part.
 I en - joy the sweet - est rest, For I'm lean - ing on thy breast.
 I have found the high est seat, For I'm sit - ting at thy feet.
 Keep me trust - ing to thine arm, Free from sin and safe from harm.

D. S.

Bless - ed Je - sus keep me white, Keep me walk - ing in thy light.

FINE.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah thou art mine, Hal - le - lu - jah I am thine;

Thou dost reign in eve - ry part, Thou dost dwell with - in my heart.

D. S.

MARCHING HOME.

C. C. CASE.

1. We are marching homeward with the blest, To that bright, bright world above;
 2. Je - sus stands and beckons to us now, As we fal - ter on the way;
 3. Our dear Saviour has prepared the way, Where we all who will may come;

Where our friends are gone and are at rest, In that world of light and love.
 He will save us, if to Him we bow, Who rules both night and day.
 If we serve Him tru - ly day by day, He at last will bring us home.

Chorus.

Marching home, Marching home; We are marching homeward with the blest,

Marching home, Marching home,

Marching home, marching home, We are marching home to rest.

Marching home, marching home,

NOBLE. H. M.

35

T. Wood.

1. A - rise, my soul a - rise; Shake off thy guil - ty fears; The
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His
Spring. 1. How pleas - ing is thy voice, O Lord our Heavenly King; That

bleed - ing sa - cri - fice, In my be - half ap - pears. Be - fore the
 all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead. His blood a -
 bids the frost re - tire, And wakes the lov - ly spring! The rains re -

Be - fore the
 His blood a -

throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hand.
 - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 - turn, the ice dis - tils And plains and hills for - get to mourn.

throne my surety stands,
 - toned for all our race,

SPRING. H. M.

Thou visitest the Earth and waterest it. Ps. 65 : 9.

- 2 Thy showers made soft the fields;
 On every side, behold
 The ripening harvest wave,
 Their loads of richest gold.
 The laborers sing, and, blest, rejoice,
 With cheerful voice, in God, their King.
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,
 The earth with summer warms;
 He spreads the autumnal feasts,
 And rides in wint'ry storms.
 His gifts divine, through all appear,
 And round the year his glories shine.

Dwight.

SUMMER. H. M. Tune Noble.

Thou hast made Summer. Ps. 74 : 17.

- 1 Lord of the worlds below,
 On earth thy glories shine;
 The changing seasons show,
 Thy skill and power divine.
 The rolling years, all full of thee;
 In all we see a God appears.
- 2 They come, in robes of light,
 The summer's flaming days;
 The sun thine image bright,
 Thy majesty displays;
 And oft thy voice in thunder rolls,
 But still our souls in thee rejoice.

Freeman.

Words by E. M. DAVIS.

T. WOOD.

1. Just where Je - sus wants me, Be it high or low;
 2. Glad - ly in His ser - vice, Will I spend my all;
Cho. D.C. Just where Je - sus wants me, Be it high or low;

Thith - er will He lead me, Trust - ing - ly I'll go.
 In the niche He's placed me, Stay and kind - ly call.
Thith - er will He lead me, Trust ing - ly I'll go.

Not a sin - gle foot - step, Would I take a - lone;
 All with in the hear - ing Of my voice, O come;

D.C. Chorus.
 Not ... a wish would har - bor, But... to be his own.
 Ac - cept and trust my Sav - iour, And He will lead you home.

NEARER TO MY GOD. 8s & 7s. 37

Solo, Duett or Trio.

T. WOOD.

1. Ech - o Him ye soften'd breez-es, Whisper all His praises forth,
3. Speak of Him ye lit - tle leaf - lets, Smile on Him, thou brightest flowers,

Dim. *Cres.*

Tell of Him ye ti - ny dew-drops, You may speak His glo - ries forth.
Ev - en in the grains to spar-kle, See *their* God, *thy* God and *ours*.

ff *Chorus.*

2. Sing of Him, ye gush-ing waters, Chant to Him, thou lit - tle brook,
4. Ech - o Him, fond hearts of du - ty, To His praise sing loud and clear,

Sing of Him, ye gush - ing wa - ters, Chant to Him thou lit - tle brook,

All the earth, and all cre - a - tion, Read Him in th' e - ter - nal book.
For thy soul cull eve - ry beau - ty, Then shall Heaven and God, be near.

All the earth, and all cre - a - tion, Read Him in th' e - ter - nal book.

TUNE.—“Nearer to my God.” 8s & 7s. Ps. 87:3.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for His own abode.</p> <p>2 Lord, Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
Still is precious in Thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.</p> | <p>3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou canst smile at all thy foes.</p> <p>4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for His own abode.</p> |
|--|--|

Newton.

38 I WILL TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

By permission.

C. M.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

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

- 2d Hymn.*
1. Praise God we must no jour - ney go, Nor need we suf - fer pain.
 2. This joy how great can ne'er be told, Nor e'er its rap - ture known,
 3. This joy our Sav - iour's is to give, His is the dear - bought right,
 4. This joy our God, oh love di - vine, Would free - ly give to all,

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 'Till hope in full fru - i - tion, die, And all my soul be love.

Nor aught of world - ly goods be - stow, A Chris - tian's joy to gain.
 Save in the hearts of those who hold, It pre - cious as their own.
 Bought on the Cross our right to live, Re - joie - ing in His sight.
 If eve - ry heart were tru - ly Thine, O - be - diant to Thy call.

Chorus.

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb, I will

trust..... I will trust..... I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.
 I will trust, I will trust,

MY FATHER'S HOUSE. C. M. D.

39

JAMES R. MURRAY, *by per.*

1. There is a place of wave-less rest, Far, far be - yond the skies,
 2. When toss'd up-on the waves of life, With fear on eve - ry side,
 3. In that pure home of end - less joy, Earth's parted friends shall meet,

Where beau - ty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And plea - sure nev - er dies;
 When fierce - ly howls the gath'ring storm, And foams the an - gry tide:
 With smiles of love that nev - er fade, And bless - ed - ness com - plete:

My Father's house! my heavenly home, Where many mansions stand,
 Be - yond the storm, be - yond the gloom Breaks forth the light of morn,
 There, there a - di - eus are nev - er known, Death frowns not on that scene,

Prepared
 Bright beam-
 But light

Pre - pared by hands di - vine for all Who seek the bet - ter land.
 Bright beaming from my Fa - ther's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.
 But light and glo - rious beau - ty shine Un - trou - bled and se - rene.

by hands di - vine
 ing from my
 and glo - rious

D. READ.

1. Show, pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re - pent-ing reb - el live;
 2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The power and glo - ry of Thy grace;
 3. O! wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean!
 4. My lips with shame my sins con - fess, A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace;
 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
 6. Yet, save a trembling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hover'ng round Thy word,

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
 Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain my eyes.
 Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe, I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst de - spair.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME.

T. W.

Majestic.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall;
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
 4. Let ev - ery kin - dred, 'ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

41

Words from "S. S. Advocate."

T. WOOD. Middleburg, N. Y., 1875.

1. I love to sing of that great power, That made the earth and sea;
 2. I love to sing of shrub and flower, Of field and plant and tree;
 3. I love to think of an-gel's songs, From sin and sor-row free;

But bet-ter still, I love the song Of "Je-sus died for me."
 My sweet-est note for-ev-er is That "Je-sus died for me."
 But an-gels can-not strike their notes To "Je-sus died for me."

But bet-ter still, I love the song Of "Je-sus died for me."
 My sweet-est note for-ev-er is That "Je-sus died for me."
 But an-gels can-not strike their notes To "Je-sus died for me."

FINE.

"Je-sus died for me," "Je-sus died for me."

D. S. F.

- 4 I love to know the time shall come
 When men shall happy be;
 But I am happy now, because
 My "Jesus died for me."
- 5 I love to speak of God, of heaven,
 And all its purity;—
 God is my father—heaven my home—
 For "Jesus died for me."

- 6 And when I reach that happy place,
 From all temptation free,
 I'll tune my ever-rapturous notes
 With "Jesus died for me."
- 7 There shall I, at His sacred feet,
 Adoring, bow the knee;
 And swell the everlasting choir
 With "Jesus died for me."

Words by Mrs. E. FACETT.

T. WOOD.

Not too fast.

1. Have we not rea - son to re - joice—The children of a King?
 2. Re - joice that Je - sus in - ter - cedes For us with God a - bove;
 3. Re - joice! He gives us grace to meet The tri - als that may come;
 4. Re - joice that we may oth - ers lead In - to those paths of peace;
 5. Re - joice, and tell to all a - round What He has done for thee;
 6. Re - joice, and be ex - ceed - ing glad, That when earth's tri - als o'er,

Have we not heard his pard'ning voice? Re - joice His prais - es sing.
 Re - joice that o - ver us He spreads, His can - o - py of love.
 Re - joice! He leads our wea - ry feet To our e - ter - nal home.
 Re - joice! there's grace in ev - 'ry need; He bids our sor - rows cease.
 Re - joice! if cap - tive thou art bound, He sets the cap - tive free.
 We'll meet where none are ev - er sad; Re - joice, then, ev - er - more!

CHORUS. ff *cres.*

Re - joice! His prais - es sing, Re - joice, His prais - es sing,
 His can - o - py of love, His can - o - py of love,
 To our e - ter - nal home, To our e - ter - nal home,
 He bids our sor - rows cease, He bids our sor - rows cease,
 He sets the cap - tive free, He sets the cap - tive free,
 Re - joice, then, ev - er - more, Re - joice, then, ev - er - more,

Have we not heard His pard'ning voice, Re - joice! His prais - es sing.
 Re - joice that o - ver us He spreads, His can - o - py of love.
 Re - joice! He leads our wea - ry feet, To our e - ter - nal home.
 Re - joice! there's grace in ev - 'ry need; He bids our sor - rows cease.
 Re - joice, if cap - tive thou art bound, He sets the cap - tive free.
 We'll meet where none are ev - er sad; Re - joice, then, ev - er - more.

LORD, REVIVE US. 8s, 7s & 4s.

43

Music composed to words on page 30, (from the Methodist.)

By JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. Sav-iour, vis - it Thy plantation, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 2. Keep no lon - ger at a distance, Shine up - on us from on high;
 3. Let our mu - tual love be fer-vent; Make us pre - va-lent in prayers;
 4. Break the tempt-er's fa - tal pow - er; Turn the sto - ny heart to flesh;

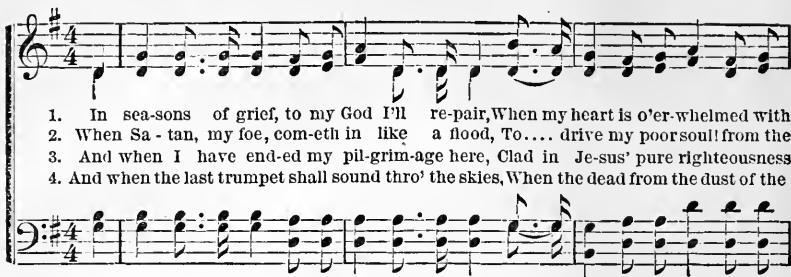
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un-less Thou re - turn a - gain.
 Lest, for want of Thine as - sis - tance, Every plant should droop and die.
 Let each one, esteemed Thy ser - vant, Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 And be - gin, from this good hour, To re - vive Thy work a - fresh.

Chorus. ff

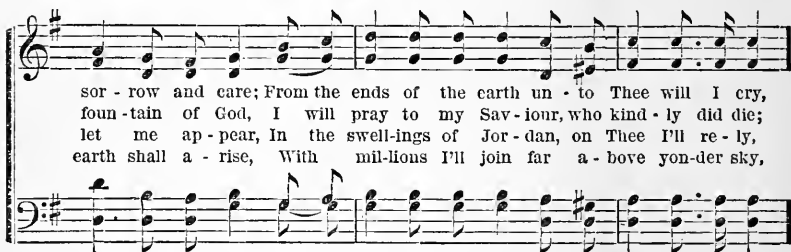
Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from Thee;

Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from Thee.

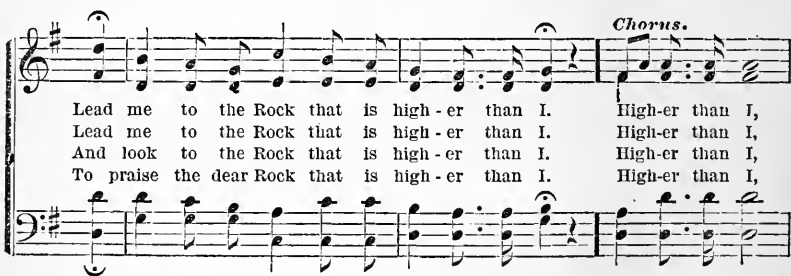
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.



1. In sea-sons of grief, to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-whelmed with
 2. When Sa-tan, my foe, com-eth in like a flood, To.... drive my poor soul from the
 3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grim-age here, Clad in Je-sus' pure righteousness
 4. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of the

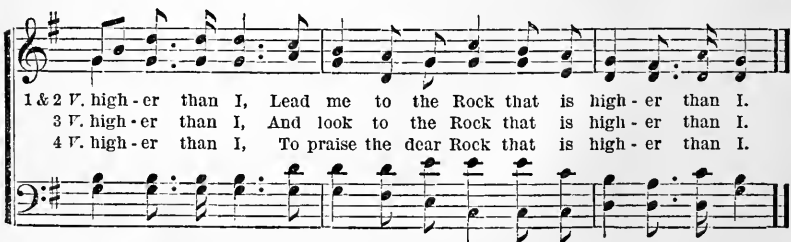


sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth un-to Thee will I cry,
 foun-tain of God, I will pray to my Sav-iour, who kind-ly did die;
 let me ap-pear, In the swell-ings of Jor-dan, on Thee I'll re-ly,
 earth shall a-rise, With mil-lions I'll join far a-bove yon-der sky,



Chorus.

Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I,
 Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I,
 And look to the Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I,
 To praise the dear Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I,



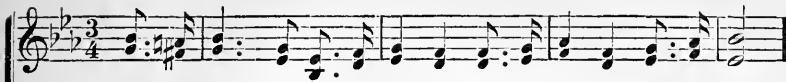
1 & 2 *V.* high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 3 *V.* high-er than I, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 4 *V.* high-er than I, To praise the dear Rock that is high-er than I.

DYING CHRISTIAN. 8s & 7s.

45

T. WOOD.

Slow.



1. Why la-ment the Christian dy-ing? Why in-dulge in tears of gloom?
2. Scenes se-raph-ic, high and glorious, Now for-bid his (*her*) longer stay;
3. Hark! the gold-en harps are ringing, Sounds unearthly fill his (*her*) ear;



Why lament the Christian dy - ing?

Why indulge in tears of gloom?



Calm-ly on the Lord re-ly-ing, He (*she*) can greet the opening tomb.
 See him rise o'er death vic-to-ri-ous, An-gels beck-on him (*her*) a-way.
 Mill-ions now in Hea-ven sing-ing, Greet his joy-ful entrance there.



Calmly on the Lord re - ly - ing,

He (*she*) can greet the opening tomb,



Calm-ly on the Lord re-ly-ing, He (*she*) can greet the opening tomb.
 See him rise o'er death vic-to-ri-ous, An-gels beck-on him (*her*) a-way.
 Mill-ions now in Hea-ven sing-ing, Greet his joy-ful entrance there.



BENEDICTION. 8s & 7s.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Words by LOUISE MALCOLM STENTON. by per.

Music by J. SCHWENDER.

Andante. mf

1. When the heart grows faint and wea - ry, And the spir - it bowed with grief;
 2. When the dawn is cold and cheerless, And no ray of light ap - pears;
 3. When the noon-tide sun beats fierce - ly On the fevered throbbing brain;
 4. When the star - lit dome beams brightly O'er all Nature's si - lent face;

mf

cresc. f

When all seems so dark - ly dreary, That hot tears give no re - lief;
 Then, my heart, be brave and fearless, Crush back all Thy gloomy fears!
 When the strongest will can scarcely Beat back each wild wave of pain;
 Then, my heart shall ev - er light-ly, Gird on ar - mor of God's grace;

cresc. f

Chorus. cresc.

1. Then soft-ly ere the setting sun, My lips murmur for - ev - er! Thy will, oh,
 2. And soft-ly ere the setting sun, Breathe this one prayer for - ev - er, Thy will, oh,
 3. Then soft-ly ere the setting sun, Breathe this one prayer for - ev - er, Thy will, oh,
 4. And softly 'neath the midnight moon, Breathe this one prayer forever, Thy will, oh,

THY WILL BE DONE.—Concluded.

47

Repeat for Chorus.

God! not mine, be done; I'll trust Thee, now, and ever! I'll trust Thee, now and ever!
 God! not mine, be done; I'll trust Thee, now, and ever! I'll trust Thee, now and ever!
 God! not mine, be done; I'll trust Thee, now, and ever! I'll trust Thee, now and ever!
 God! not mine, be done; I'll trust Thee, now, and ever! I'll trust Thee, now and ever!

I AM THE WAY.

S. S. FISHER. *

By permission of T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come, broth-er, Je - sus saith, I am the way, Here find the
 2. Here rest then troubled heart, I am the truth, Peace let my
 3. Fear not the gloomy vale, I am the life, My word can

heav'nly path, I am the way; Earth, sin, and sor-row flee, Glo - ry and
 word impart, I am the truth; Sin's heav - y debt is paid, No more shall
 nev - er fail, I am the life. And though the night come on, Soon shall the

gladness see, Let me your pat - tern be, I am the way.
 doubt in - vade, Bright hopes shall nev - er fade, I am the truth.
 shades be gone, Soon will the morn - ing dawn, I am the life.

* These beautiful words were found among his papers after his death.

MY PEACE I WILL GIVE UNTO THEE.

Words by CALLENA FISK.

JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. I stand all be-wilder'd with wonder, And gaze on the o - cean of love,
 2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, — The blessing that set-teth me free;
 3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be ev-'ry whit whole;
 4. The Prince of my peace is now passing, The light of His face is on me.

And o - ver its waves to my spir - it, Comes peace, like a heaven - ly dove.
 But when I had ceas'd from my struggles, His peace Je - sus gave un - to me.
 I touch - ed the hem of His garment, And glo - ry came thrilling my soul.
 But lis - ten, be - lov - ed He speaketh, "My grace I will give un - to Thee."

Chorus.

The cross now cov - ers my sins, The past is un - der the blood; I'm

trust - ing in Je - sus for all My will is the will of my Lord.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. 6s & 5s. 49

Allegro.

Music by JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. Come Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-
 2. Je - sus, our Lord, a - rise, Scatter our eu - e-mies; Now make them fall! Let Thine Al-
 3. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend! Come, and Thy

- glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Aucient of Days.
 - mighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on Thee bestay'd Lord, hear our call!
 people bless; Come, give Thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.

COMING TO JESUS.

Words by L. P. B.

T. W.

1. To Je - sus I may come; With all my stains of guilt;
 2. A - mong the ransomed ones, O deign to num - ber me;
 3. He's wait - ing to for - give; He beck - ons me to come;
 4. Just as I am I come, I have no oth - er plea;

Chorus.—I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

It was for sin - ners such as I, His pre - cious, blood He spilt.
 Turn - ing from ev - 'ry sin a - way, May I Thy beau - ty see.
 He longs to fill me with His love, And make His heart my home,
 This is e - nough in life or death, The Sa - viour died for me.

Humbly at Thy feet I pros - trate fall, Dear Sa - viour take my all.

THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

D. T. ALDRICH.

T. WOOD, 1863.

Slow and Swell. *vivace.*

1. 2. 3. 4. } In the old church tower, Hangs the bell, the bell, In the

Hangs the

Rit. *ad lib. Duett.*

bell.....

old church tower, Hangs the bell, the bell. 1. And a -
2. You can
3. Deep and
4. A quaint

Solo Bass.

bove it on the vane In the sun-shine and the rain, Cut in
hear its great heart beat, Ah! so loud and wild and sweet, As the
sol - emn, hark! a - gain, Ah! what pas - sion and what pain! With her
friend that seems to know All our joy, and all our woe, It is

al lib.

gold, St. Pe - ter stands, With the keys in his two hands, And
par - son says a prayer, O'er the hap - py lov - ers there, While
hands up - on her breast, Some poor soul has gone to rest, Where
glad when we are wed, It is sad, when we are dead, And

THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.—Concluded. 51

lib. *a tempo.*

all is well. Cut in gold St. Pe - ter stands, With thé
 all is well. As the par - son says a prayer, O'er the
 all is well. With her hands up - on her breast, Some poor
 all is well. It is glad when we are wed, It is

keys in his two hands, And all is well; And all is well.
 hap - py lov - ers there, Where all is well; And all is well.
 soul has gone to rest, Where all is well; Where all is well.
 sad when we are dead, And all is well; And all is well.
 Is well,

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M. T. Wood. 1864.

dolce

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No

there's a cross for eve - ry 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 piercèd feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And His dear name repeat.

- 4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall
 ring
 Beneath heaven's arches high;
 The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
 That lives no more to die,
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
 O resurrection day!
 Ye angels from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

Solo.

1. I know not what will be - fall me! God
 2. I see not a step... be - fore me, As I
 3. It may... be there... is wait - ing For the

hangs a mist o'er my eyes,... And o'er each step of my
 tread the day of the year,... But the past is still in God's
 com - ing of... my feet,... Some gifts of such a rare

on - ward path He makes new scenes a - rise, And ev - ery joy he
 keep - ing The future His mercy shall clear, And what looks dark in the
 blessed-ness, Some joy so strangely sweet, My lips can on - ly

Omit 2d time. *2d time.*

sends me comes, As a sweet and glad sur - prise, sweet and glad sur - prise.
 dis - tance May brighten as I draw near, brighten as I draw near.
 tremble with The thanks I can not speak, thanks I can not speak.

4 So I go on not knowing!
 I would not if I might;
 P'd rather walk in the dark with God,
 Than go alone in the light,
 I would rather walk with Christ by faith
 Than walk alone by sight.

5 My heart shrinks back from trials
 Which the future may disclose,
 Yet I never had a sorrow
 But what the dear Lord chose;
 So I send the coming tears back,
 With the whispered word "He knows."

THE SACRED STREAM.

53

T. Wood.

Solo.



4. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow, Sup -
5. That sa - cred stream whose ho - - ly fount, Does

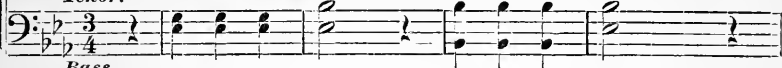
Air.



Alto.

Chorus p 4. There is a stream whose gen-tle flow,
5. That sa-cred stream whose ho-ly fount,

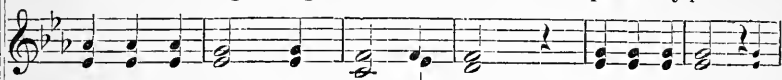
Tenor.



Bass.



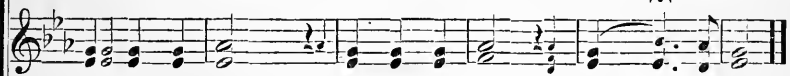
- plies the ci - ty of .. our God, Life, love, and joy, still
all .. our rag - ing fears con - trol, Sweet peace thy prom-is -



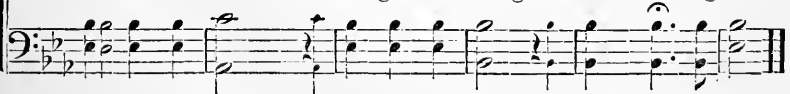
Supplies the cit - y of our God, Life, love, and joy,
Does all our rag - ing fears con - trol, Sweet peace thy promis -



glid - ing through, And wa-ter - ing our di - vine.... a - bode.
- es.... af - ford - And give... new strength to faint - - ing souls.



still glid - ing through, And watering our di - vine a - bode.
- es af - ford - And give new strength to fainting souls.



ONLY REMEMBERED.

BONAR.

T. WOOD.

1. { Fad - ing a - way,.. like the stars..... of the
Fad-ing a - way,.. like the stars of the

2. { So..... in the harvest if.... oth - - ers may
So in the harvest if oth-ers may...

3. { Fad - ing a - way,.. like the stars..... of the
Fad-ing a - way,.. like the stars of the

1. { morn - ing,..... Los - - ing their light,... in the
morn - ing,..... Los - ing their light,...

2. { gath - er..... Sheaves.. from the field,.... that in
gath - er..... Sheaves from the field,....

3. { morn - ing,..... So..... let my name,.... be un -
morn - ing,..... So let my name,....

1. { glo - - - ri - ous sun;..... So..... let me
in the glo - ri - ous sun;..... So let me

2. { spring..... I have sown;.... Who. ... plowed, or
that in spring I have sown;.... Who plowed, or

3. { - hon - - - ored, un - known;.. Here,.... or up
be un-hon-ored, un - known;.. Here, or up

1. steal a - way, Gent - ly and lov - ing - ly,
 2. who.... sowed, Matter not to the rea - per,
 3. you - - - der, I must be re - mem - bered,

1. { On - ly re-mem-bered,
 On - ly re-mem-bered,
 2. { I'm.... only re-mem-bered,
 I'm only re-mem-bered,
 3. { On - ly re-mem-bered,
 On - ly re-mem-bered, } By what... I have done.

Chorus.

Ev - er re-mem-bered, Ev - er re-mem-bered, For
 Ev - er re-mem-bered, Ever remembered,
 Ev - er re-mem-bered, Ever remembered,

ev - - er re - mem - bered, By what I have done.
 Ev - er re - mem - bered, By what.... I have done.
 Ev - er re - mem - bered, By what.... I have done.

56 THE LOST SHEEP. (Ninety and Nine.)

T. WOOD. 1869.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are
 3. But none of the ran - somed e - ver knew How
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And

shel - ter of the fold; And one was out on the
 they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep - herd answer - ed: "This
 deep were the wa - ters crossed: Nor how dark the night that the
 mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
 up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the

hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold; A - way on the
 one of mine Has wandered a - way from me; And though the
 Lord passed thro', Ere He found the sheep that was lost. As out in the
 gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back," "Lord, whence are Thy
 gates of heaven: "Re-joice, I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels..

mountains wild and bare, - A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
 desert He heard its cry, Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
 hands so rent and torn?" "They were pierced to-night with many a thorn.
 echoed a - round the throne: "Re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

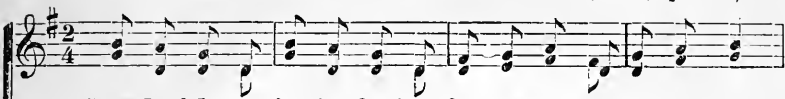
COME, LORD JESUS!

57

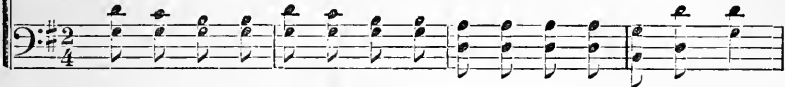
Words by MRS. C. W. PALMER,
Somerville, Mass.

8s & 7s. D.

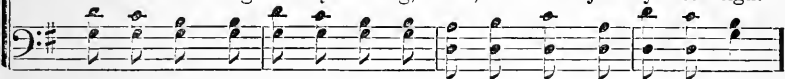
Music by T. WOOD,
Summit, N. Y., April 30th, 1877.



1. Come, Lord Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour, Come, re - new this earth and reign;
2. When Thou com - est, death will van - ish, Sor - row too will be no more;
3. What is earth with all its treas - ure? All its pleas - ures are but pain;



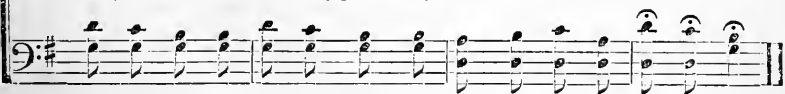
For Thou prom - is'd, when Thou left us That Thou would'st re - turn a - gain.
When Thou com'st with ho - ly an - gels, And dost par - a - dise re - store.
I am wait - ing for Thy com - ing, Lord, in ma - jes - ty to reign.



ff Chorus.
Part you a - zure - vaul - ted hea - vens, Let Thy radi - ant face ap - pear,
I am wait - ing for Thy com - ing, Let the glo - rious day ap - pear;
Let the An - gel sound the trum - pet, Roll the hea - vens as a scroll;



Come Lord Je - sus, yes, come quick - ly, Make this earth both bright and fair.
For I long to see my Sav - iour, And to meet Him in the air.
Come, Lord Je - sus, with Thy pow - er, And the un - i - verse con - trol.



58- THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION. 7s, 6 lines.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav-iour
 2. Sprink - led now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy
 3. Spread for thee the fes - tal board, See with rich - est
 4. Soon the days of life shall end; Lo, I come, your

deigns to die; What mel - o - dious sounds we hear,
 bur - dens groan? On my pier - cèd bo - dy laid,
 dain - ties stored; To thy Fa - ther's bo - som pressed,
 Sav - iour, friend, Safe your spir - it to con - vey

Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear!—Love's re - deem - ing
 Jus - tice owns the ran - somed paid; Bow the knee, and
 Yet a - gain a child con - fessed, Nev - er from His
 To the realms of end - less day; Up to my e -

Love's redeeming

work is done, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
 kiss the Son, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
 home to roam, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
 - ter - nal home; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.

Come and welcome, sin - - ner, come.

SAINT'S REST. L. M.

T. WOOD. 59

Andante.

1. Sweet is the scene when Chris - tians die, When ho - ly
 2. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - way; So sinks the
 3. Tri - umphant smiles the vic - tor's brow, Fann'd by some

souls re - tire to rest; How mild - ly beams the
 gale when storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the
 guar - dian an - gel's wing; O Grave, where is thy

clos - ing eye, How gen - tly heaves th'ex - pir - ing breast.
 eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.
 vic - t'ry now? And where, O Death, where is thy sting?

PARTING HYMN.

TUNE: "Old Lang Syne," or "Heavenly Mansions," by repeating last line and last two lines.

- 1 Once more we would our voices join
 With friends we love so well,
 And in the music of our songs
 Breathe forth a sad farewell!
 We're sad to leave a place so dear,
 And freely shed a tear,
 Though future joys our hearts may fill,
 You'll live in memory still.
- 2 Here we have met, here we must part,
 To meet on earth no more;
 And we may never sing again
 The cherished songs of yore;

- The sacred songs, our father's songs
 In days of old lang syne;
 We may not meet to sing again
 The songs of old lang syne.
- 3 But when we've crossed the sea of life,
 And reached the heavenly shore;
 We'll sing the songs our fathers sang,
 Transcending those of yore.
 We'll meet to sing diviner strains
 Than those of old lang syne;
 Immortal songs of praise unknown
 In days of old lang syne.

WHIPPLE. S. M.

"Give thy heart."

T. WOOD.

1. Give to the Lord thine heart, In Him all plea-sures meet;
 2. Hear, and your soul shall live; His peace shall be your stay—
 3. Go with Him to the cross, Go with Him to the tomb;
 4. Then when you hear His voice, Your faith-ful Shep-herd's call,

Oh, come and choose the bet-ter part, Low at the Sav-iour's feet.
 Peace, which the world can ne-ver give; Can ne-ver take a-way.
 Your rich-est gain ac-count but loss, And ta-ry till He come.
 Lift up your heads, in Him re-joice, Your God, your Guide, your All.

SUNRISE. L. M.

T. WOOD.

1. Soft zephyrs sport on an-gels' wing, While morning gilds the eastern sky,
 2. The morning sun still on its way, From eastern climes comes hast'ning on,
 3. Soon as his car ap-pears in sight, The ear-ly dews quick hie a-way,
 4. So let the rays of heaven-born light, Dis-pel the dews of ev-ery crime,

And feather'd songsters matin's sing, And floats thro' air. on pin-ions high.
 To give the world an-oth-er day, And bid the darksome night be gone.
 He fill the soul with fond de-light, As light and shade a-round us play,
 And may the gospels truths shine bright On this be-night-ed soul of mine.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. 6s & 5s.

61

Moderato.

T. Wood.

1. Our Fa - ther in hea - ven, We hal - low Thy name; May Thy kingdom
 2. For-give our transgressions, And teach us to know, That hum - ble com -
 Hymn. 1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter

ho - ly On earth be the same: Oh, give to us dai - ly Our
 - pas - sion, Which par - dons each foe; Keep us from temp - ta - tion. From
 storm Ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings That

por - tion of bread; It is from Thy boun - ty, That all must be fed.
 e - vil and sin, And Thine be the glo - ry, For ev - er, A - men.
 dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, Full enough for its cheer.

- 2 I would not live always:
 No—welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there,
 I dread not its gloom;
 Here sweet be thy rest,
 Till He bid me arise,
 To hail Him in triumph,
 Descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live away,
 Away from his God,
 Away from your heaven,
 That blissful abode?

Where rivers of pleasure
 Flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noon-tide of glory
 Eternally reigns.

- 4 Where the saints of all ages
 In harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren
 Transported to greet;
 While the anthem of rapture
 Unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord
 Is the feast of the soul.

Written for, and dedicated to Mt. Vernon M. E. Sabbath School, Baltimore, Md.

One of the dying sentiments of Dr. T. M. EDDY was—"We must advance this year; we can—we will—God helping us."

1. O ransomed hosts, whom God has sent To res - cue souls by sin enslaved,
 2. While heathen lands for knowledge plead, Waiting the dayspring's cheering glance
 3. Fol - low the stan - dard of your Lord, And let His word your faith en - large;
 4. His name o'er earth shall ech - o sweet; His prais - es ring from shore to shore,

To call on all men to re - pent, Be - lieve in Je - sus, and be saved.
 The hosts of truth must ne'er re - cede, But on - ward still His work advance.
 He waves on high His con - qu'ring sword, And calls His soldiers to the charge.
 All na - tions in His tem - ple meet, And sing His vic - tory ev - er - more.

Chorus,

In ev - ery land His word ful - fill, Go forward, sol - diers of the right;

Ad - vance we must - we can - we will - God help - ing with His might.

THE LORD IS IN THE SHIP.

63

Words by Rev. Mr. CANOLL.

Melody by Mrs. CANOLL.

f *Dim.*

1. When the storm is loud and the winds are high, And ev - 'ry heart is fail - ing;
 2. Our way lies o - ver the stormy sea, He sleeps up - on the pil - low;
 3. The night will pass, and the morning come, When sin nor death can sev - er,

dolce

How sweet the word, the Lord is on board, With us in the ves - sel sail - ing,
 "Lord save," we cry, "the waves are high," He speaks and stills the wild bil - low,
 While an - gels stand up - on the strand, Will shout, "welcome home for - ev - er."

Unison. f

The Old Ship Zi - on is rid - ing the breakers, Bearing us on, bearing us on,
 The Old Ship Zi - on is rid - ing the breakers, Bearing us on, bearing us on,
 The Old Ship Zi - on is rid - ing the breakers, Bearing us on, bearing us on,

Rit.

The Old Ship Zi - on is rid - ing the breakers, Heaven - ward bearing us on.
 The Old Ship Zi - on is rid - ing the breakers, Gallant - ly bearing us on.
 The Old Ship Zi - on in rid - ing the breakers, Safe - ly has landed us home.

PRELUDE & INTERLUDE.

T. WOOD.

Air.

Alto.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Vocal or Instrumental.

Tenor. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Bass.

Solos.

la la la la la la la. 1. If I were a voice, a per-

la la la la la la la. 2. If I were a voice, a con-

3. If I were a voice, a con-

4. If I were a voice, a per-

5. If I were a voice, an im-

- suas - ive voice, That could travel the wide world through, I would

- sol - ing voice, I would fly on the wings of air— And the

- vine - ing voice, I would tra - vel with the wind, And when-

- vad - ing voice, I would seek the kings of earth; I would

- mort - al voice, I would speak in the peo-ple's ear, And when-

fly on the beams of the morn - ing light, And speak to men with a

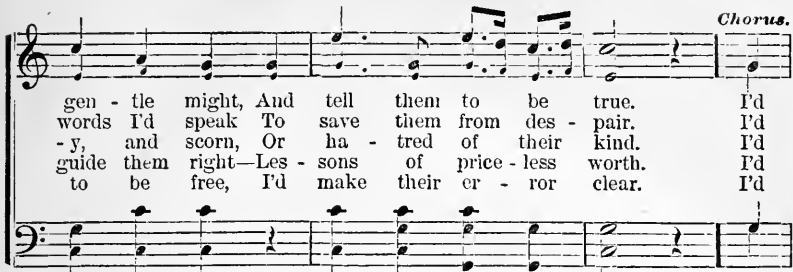
homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful

- ev - er I saw the na - tions torn By war - fare, jeal - ous -

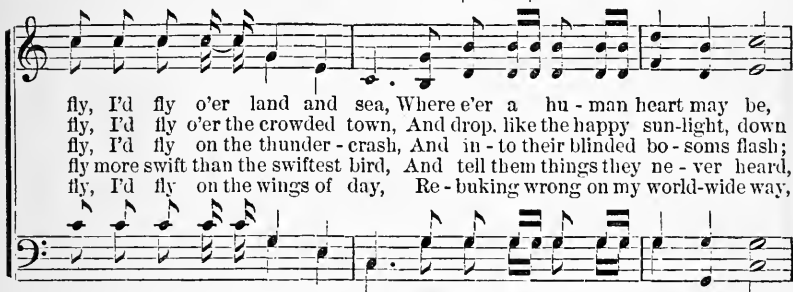
find them a - lone on their beds at night, And whisper words that should

- ev - er they shout - ed "LIB - ER - TY," With - out de - serv - ing

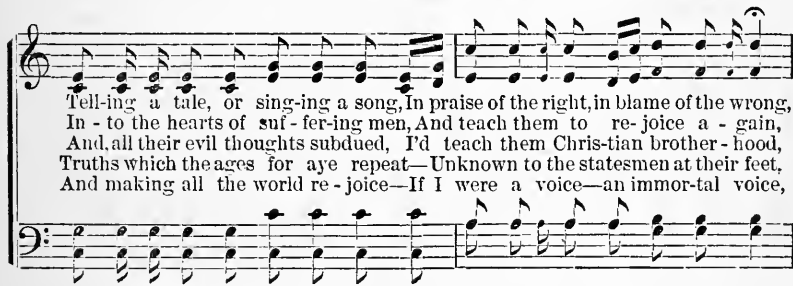
Chorus.



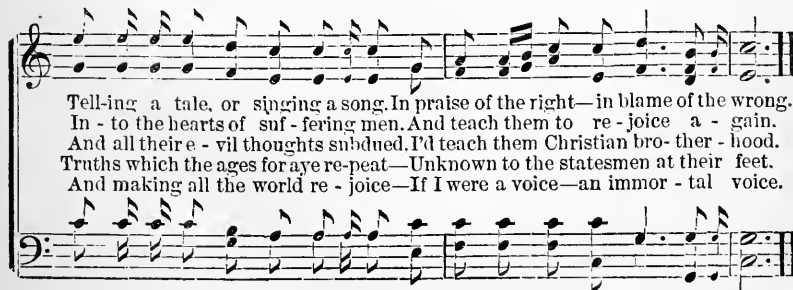
gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I'd
 words I'd speak To save them from des - pair. I'd
 - y, and scorn, Or ha - tred of their kind. I'd
 guide them right—Les - sons of price - less worth. I'd
 to be free, I'd make their er - ror clear. I'd



fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea, Where e'er a hu - man heart may be,
 fly, I'd fly o'er the crowd'd town, And drop like the happy sun - light, down
 fly, I'd fly on the thunder - crash, And in - to their blinded bo - som's flash;
 fly more swift than the swiftest bird, And tell them things they ne - ver heard,
 fly, I'd fly on the wings of day, Re - buking wrong on my world - wide way,



Tell - ing a tale, or sing - ing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong,
 In - to the hearts of suf - fer - ing men, And teach them to re - joice a - gain,
 And, all their evil thoughts subdued, I'd teach them Chris - tian brother - hood,
 Truths which the ages for aye repeat—Unknown to the statesmen at their feet,
 And making all the world re - joice—If I were a voice—an immor - tal voice,



Tell - ing a tale, or singing a song, In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.
 In - to the hearts of suf - fer - ing men, And teach them to re - joice a - gain.
 And all their e - vil thoughts subdued, I'd teach them Chris - tian brother - hood.
 Truths which the ages for aye re - peat—Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.
 And making all the world re - joice—If I were a voice—an immor - tal voice.

Allegretto.

1. The day has come, the joy - ful day, At last the day has come,
 2. The saints of God fresh cour - age take, Are strong in conquering prayer;
 3. How beau - ti - ful on mountain's top The her - alds feet ap - pear;
 4. To all the re - gion round a - bout, The news has swift - ly flown;

The saints and an - gels joy dis - play, O'er sin - ners com - ing home.
 The hosts of hell with ter - ror shake, While God displays His power.
 While joy - ful - ly, blest ti - dings drop, The bro - ken heart to cheer.
 That sin - ners deep in guilt have sought, And found what others spurn.

Chorus.*cre.*

They're com - - ing home, Be - hold them com - ing home,
 They're com - - ing home, Be - hold them com - ing home,
 They're coming home, they're coming home, Be - hold them com - ing home,
 They're coming home, they're coming home, Be - hold them com - ing home,

f They're com - - ing home, Praise God, they're coming home.
ff They're com - - ing home, Praise God, they're coming home.
 They're coming home, They're coming home, Praise God, they're coming home.
 They're coming home, They're coming home, Praise God, they're coming home.

TRIM YOUR LAMPS.

67

T. WOOD.

Solo, or Quartette. Three Males and One Female.

1. Re - joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will in the
 2. The trum - pet sounds, the thun - ders roll, The heavens are pass - ing
 3. Poor sin - ners then on earth will cry, (While light-nings flash - ing
 4. Yes, sin - ners then on earth will burn, To ash - es will their
 5. Then on a sea of glass shall stand, King Je - sus, with His
 6. Come, breth - ren all, and let us try To warn poor sin - ners
 7. Come trim your lamps, be - fore too late, And rea - dy for the

Full Chorus.

1. clouds ap - pear, And for His peo - ple call.
 2. as a scroll, The earth will burn with fire.
 3. from the sky) O moun - tain on us fall.
 4. bod - ies turn, The saints will shout for joy.
 5. conquering band, Safe from con - sum - ing fire.
 6. and to cry, Be - hold the bride - groom comes.
 7. bride-groom wait, And watch to en - ter in.

Trim your

lamps and be rea - dy, Trim your lamps and be rea - dy.

Trim your lamps and be rea - dy For the mid - night cry.

NATIONAL HYMN.

Words by MRS. EMMA WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

T. WOOD.

1. God bless A - mer - i - ca, God grant our standard may, Where'er it wave,
 2. God keep A - mer - i - ca, Of na-tions great and free, Man's noblest friend;
 3. God save A - mer - i - ca, As in our fa-ther's day, So ev - er more;

*Duett.**Tenor & Alto Duett.*

Fol - low the just and right, Foremost in eve - ry fight, And glo-rious
 Still with the o - cean bound, Our con - ti - nent a-round, Each State in
 God grant all dis - cord cease, Kind brother-hood in - crease, And truth and

Chorus.

still in night, Our own to save. }
 place be found, Till time shall end. } Fa-ther Al-migh-ty Hum-bly of
 love breathe peace, From shore to shore. }

Rit.

Thee we crave, Save Thou A - mer - i - ca, Our Country save.

DEDICATORY HYMN.

69

TUNE.—National Hymn, on page 68.

1 God of our Fathers; Thou
To whom we humbly bow,
Hear Thou our prayer.
Into this temple come,
And 'neath its sacred dome,
Wilt Thou not make Thy home,
Thy dwelling fair.

Chorus.—Father Almighty,
Humbly of Thee we crave;
Accept this offering,
And ever save.

2 We build this temple here,
This Holy altar rear
To Thy great name.
And wilt Thou condescend,
Thy Holy presence lend,
Thy quickening Spirit send
To bless this Faue.—*Cho.*

3 As Thou in ancient time
Didst bless the sacred shrine
On Zion's hill,
Come, make Thy dwelling here,
Thy habitation dear,
And thus Thy people cheer,
Who do Thy will.—*Cho.*

4 Here let Thy peace abound,
And love and truth be found
In union sweet.
And on through coming time
May this Thy temple shine
With glory all divine,
And grace complete.—*Cho.*

5 Now to Thee; Holy One,
And Jesus Christ Thy Son,
With fervent prayer,
We consecrate this offering,
This Holy Temple bring,
Accept it Lord our King,
Make it Thy care.—*Cho.*

6 Bless Thou this sacred shrine,
Bless Thou this house of Thine,
We ask again.
Bless altar, porch and door,
Bless roof and seat and floor,
Bless us forevermore,
Ever Amen.

Chorus.—Father Almighty,
Humbly of Thee we crave;
Accept this offering,
And ever save.

Rev. J. G. Noble.

M^cCOMBS. C. M.

T. WOOD.

1. While Thee I seek, pro-te-ct-ing power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;
2. Thy love the power of tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would soar;

And may this con-se-crat-ed hour, With bet-ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a-dore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because confirmed by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear;
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my breast shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on Thee.

HYMN. C. M.

"Intemperance, like a raging flood."

T. WOOD.

1. Intemperance, like a rag - ing flood, Is sweep - ing o'er our land;
2. It still flows on, and bears a - way Ten thousand to their doom;

Its dire ef - fects in tears and blood, Are traced on eve - ry hand.
Who shall the mighty tor - rent stay, And dis - ap - point the tomb?

3 Almighty God! no hand but Thine,
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out Thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain-head;
That dire Intemperance and its woes,
No more the earth o'erspread.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE! 8s.

T. W.

1. We sing of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We tell of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear;

The glo - ri - ous mansions of rest, But what must it be to be there!
The church of the first-born a - bove— But what must it be to be there!

3 We tell of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care :
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

4 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

71

T. WOOD.

1st & 2d lines, Duett. 3d & 4th lines, Quartette. 5th & 6th lines, Chorus.

1st time. 2d time.

1 { Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that [omit.] flowed, }

Be of sin the per-fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 When I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

COME, SISTERS COME.

T. WOOD, 1847.

1. Hark! 'twas a ser - aph's lay, From that far E - den home,
2. Lin - ger thou not be - low, Where all is fade-less bloom,
3. There is no sor - row there, There is no dy - ing moan;

Trio.

Gent - ly those waft - ed ech - oes say, Come, sis - ters, come.
There the bright heal - ing wa - ters flow, Come, sis - ters, come.
Je - sus hath wiped a - way each tear, Come, sis - ters, come.

ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.

Andante.

T. WOOD.

1. On - ly one crossing o - ver. Wa - ters all dark and wide; Storms on the
 2. On - ly one crossing o - ver, Far from the cares of earth,—Man-sious of
 3. On - ly one crossing o - ver, Sadness and shroud and bier, Fill - ing one

fearful billow, Peace on the oth - er side; On - ly one scene of anguish,
 rest are op - en, There is life's new - est birth; When the fond eyes are clos - ing,
 hour of parting, Then we shall en - ter there; On - ly one night of tri - al,

Sorrow in sad words told; Then sweet sounds of singing, Soften'd by harps of gold.
 Speak of the sweet repose, Far from the land of mourning, Heaven shall soon disclose.
 Borne on the swelling tide, There in our Saviour's presence, We ever shall a - bide.

Then soft sound of sing-ing.....

*pp**Cresc.**Dim.*

Then soft sound, soft sound of singing, singing, Soften'd by harps of gold.
 Where soft sound, soft sound of singing, singing, Soften'd by harps of gold.
 When soft sound, soft sound of singing, singing, Soften'd by harps of gold.

Then soft sound

of sing-ing,

Soften'd by harps of gold.

8s & 7s. D.

T. WOOD,

Words by C. N. WOOD, Broome, N. Y.

Summit, N. Y. April 21st, 1877.

With spirit.

1. By and bye, are words of meaning, Though as small as "Now and Then,"
 2. Rich men hope for great - er treas - ure, Ere they pass from earth a - way;
 3. Poor folks could not bear their sorrow, They would droop their heads and die,
 3. Chil - dren could not bear the an - guish, Which so of - ten make them cry,
 5. All the Chris - tian world is sigh - ing For a no - bler home on high,

In their wak - ing, in their dream - ing, They are ma - gic words to men.
 Not the pre - sent is hope's measure, But a bet - ter, fu - ture day.
 If they hoped not for to - mor - row, And a brigh - ter by and bye.
 If they could not sor - row ban - ish, At the thought of by and bye.
 Where there are no dead nor dy - ing; May we gain it by and bye.

Chorus.

By and bye! sweet by and bye! For a bet - ter world we sigh;
 By and bye, sweet by and bye, For a bet - ter world we sigh,

By and bye, yes, by and bye, May we gain it by and bye.
 By and bye, yes! May we gain it

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

75

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." 1 Peter, 5 : 7.

Words by MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

T. WOOD.

1. In some way or oth - er The "Lord will pro - vide;" It
 2. At some time or oth - er The "Lord will pro - vide;" It
 3. Des - pond then, no long - er; The "Lord will pro - vide;" And
 4. March on, then, right bold - ly; The sea shall di - vide; The

may not be my way, It may not be thy way, And yet in His
 may not be my time, It may not be thy time, And yet in His -
 this be the tok - en, No word He hath spok - en, Was ev - er yet
 path-way made glorious, The shout - ing's vic - to - rious, We'll join in the

Chorus.

own way, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 own time, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 brok - en, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide." } Then we'll trust in the Lord, And

He will pro - vide; Yes we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

76 MY SOUL WITH PATIENCE WAITS. S. M.

"I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him; in His word is my trust."

1. My soul with pa-tience waits For Thee, the liv - ing Lord; My
 2. My long - ing eyes look out For Thy en - livening ray, More
 3. Let Is - rael trust in God, No bounds His mer - cy knows; The
 4. Whose friend - ly streams to us Sup - plies in want con - vey; A

hopes are on Thy prom - ise built, Thy nev - er - fail - ing word.
 du - ly than the morning watch To spy the dawn - ing day.
 plenteous source and spring from whence E - ter - nal suc - cor flows;
 heal - ing spring, a spring to cleanse And wash our guilt a - way. A - MEN.

I'LL PRAISE MY MAKER WITH MY BREATH. Six 8s.

"As long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God."

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
 2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: He made the sky,
 Doz.—To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God Whom heav'n's triumphant host

Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 And earth, and seas, with all their train; He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
 And suffering saints on earth a - dore, Be glo - ry as in a - ges past,

I'LL PRAISE MY MAKER.—Concluded.

77

While life, and tho't, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
His truth for ev - er stands se - cure, And none shall find His promise vain.
As now it is, and so shall last When time it - self shall be no more. A - MEN.

THE STORY THAT'S NEVER BEEN TOLD.

Words by SALLY A. HUMES.

T. WOOD.

1. There's a sto - ry that's nev - er been told, Tho' ma - ny have tried it and failed,
2. No words have been writ - ten that tell The joy of the sanc - ti - fied soul,
3. The mount where trans - fig - ured He stood, Has a grandeur no language can paint,
4. He wres - tled for strength like a man, Are scenes too sublime to por - tray,
5. The bur - den so quick - ly re - moved, The bro - ken heart heal'd at a touch,

FINE.

The mys - te - ry none can un - fold, How their sins are to Cal - va - ry nailed.
The sto - ry Christ told at the well, Is a part of the beau - ti - ful whole.
The cross stained with hallow - ed blood, The gar - den where bleeding and faint.
But exceed - ing all these is the plan, Of re - demp - tion from sin in a day.
The sto - ry each sin - ner has proved, And fain - ly would tell us how much.
5. *He shouts of the "migh - ty to save," But can - not tell how He's made whole.*

D. S. F.

How their sins are to Cal - va - ry nailed, How their sins are to Cal - va - ry nailed;
Is a part of the beau - ti - ful whole, Is a part of the beau - ti - ful whole;
The gar - den where bleeding and faint; The gar - den where bleeding and faint;
Of re - demp - tion from sin in a day, Of re - demp - tion from sin in a day,
He loves, but as wave af - ter wave, Of sal - va - tion rolls o - ver His soul;

78 JERUSALEM THE BEAUTIFUL. C. M. (Double.)

Flowing.

T. W. Jan., 1876.

1. Je - - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful! Its
 2. Je - - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful! Its
 3. Je - - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful! From
 4. Je - - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful! My

glo - ries are un - told,.... Its walls are made of
 gates of pear - ly white,.. The voice of prayer and
 thy ce - les - tial throng, Fa - mil - iar voi - ces
 ev - er - last - ing rest,.. The glo - rious home of

pre - cious stones, Its pavements made of gold; Its
 song of praise, Are o - pen day and night. And
 reach mine ear, En - rap - tured in thy song; And
 my a - bode, The cit - y of the blest: Thy

mansions for the ransomed ones, In match - less splen - dor
 shin - ing 'round the heavenly throne, In sweet - er rap - ture
 oh, it were so trans - port - ing To soar a - loft and
 tem - ple is the liv - ing one, Thy light is all di -

JERUSALEM THE BEAUTIFUL.—Concluded. 79

shine, Je - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful, Je -
sing, Je - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful, Where
see, Je - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful, And
- vine, Je - ru - sa - lem the beau - ti - ful, I

Glowing.

- ru - sa - lem di - vine. Je - ru - sa - lem di -
saints their trib - ute bring. Where saints their trib - ute
join thy ju - bi - lee. And join thy ju - bi -
love to call thee mine. I love to call thee

- vine, Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine, Je - ru - sa - lem, the
bring, Where saints their trib - ute bring, Je - ru - sa - lem, the
- lee, And join thy ju - bi - lee, Je - ru - sa - lem, the
mine, I love to call thee mine, Je - ru - sa - lem, the

beau - ti - ful, Je ru - - sa - lem di - vine.
beau - ti - ful, Where saints their trib - ute bring.
beau - ti - ful, And join thy ju - bi - lee.
beau - ti - ful, I love to call thee mine.

W. P. R.

T. WOOD.

1. Come nearer to Je - sus, "For He is the way," All others are leading
 2. Come nearer to Je - sus, "For He is the light, Come, let us walk with Him,
 3. Come nearer to Je - sus, "For He is the truth, A friend and a guide
 4. Come nearer to Je - sus, Come, close to His breast, Come, lean on His bo - som,

From Heaven a - way; He calleth to all, Saying come un - to me,
 For dark is the night; The shadow of sin Are ob - sur - ing the way,
 He will be to youth. His wisdom shall keep you, His grace shall be given,
 That He may give rest; He'll give you the joys Of the An - gels a - bove,

Chorus.

A friend and a Sav - iour For ev - er I'll be. } Come un - to Je - sus,
 But Je - sus will make it As bright as the day. }
 His angel shall guard you And guide you to heav'n. }
 Communion with God And the pleasures of love. } Come un - to Je - sus,

Come nearer to Je - sus, A friend and a Sav - iour For ev - er He'll be.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

81

Old English Revival Hymn.

Old Scotch Air.

Duett or Solo.

Arranged for this work. T. WOOD.

1. { Oh, Je - sus, Oh, Je - sus, how vast Thy love to me, }
 { I'll bathe in its o - cean, to all e - ter - ni - ty; }
 2. { Oh, calv' - ry, Oh, calv' - ry, the thorn-crown and the spear, }
 { 'Tis there Thy love, my Je - sus, in flow-ing wounds ap-pear; }

1. And wind-ing on to glo - ry, This all my song shall be;
 2. Oh! depths of love and mer - cy, To those dear wounds I flee;
 CHO. And winding on to glo - ry, This all my song shall be;

Repeat for Cho.
 I am a fee - ble sin - ner, but Je - sus died for me.
 I am a fee - ble sin - ner, but Je - sus died for me.

3 Adore Him, adore Him, the glorious work is done,
 The Father will not punish, 'tis laid upon the Son;
 " 'Tis finished," cried his suffering soul, now I my title see,
 I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.—*Chorus.*

4 I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Jesus, to Thy throne,
 A few more fleeting hours, and I shall be at home;
 And when I reach those pearly gates, then I'll put in this plea:
 "Admit a feeble sinner, for Jesus died for me."—*Chorus.*

5 In glory, in glory for ever with the Lord,
 I'll tune my harp, and with the saints I'll sing with sweet accord,
 And as I strike those golden strings, this all my theme shall be,
 I was a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.—*Chorus.*

This beautiful little poem, by the Dean of Canterbury, was a great favorite of our departed friend, Mr. J. O. Bennett, and worthy of a place in every heart.

1. { I know not if the dark or bright Shall be my lot, all thro' life; }
 { If that wherein my hopes de-light Be best or not, all thro' life. }
 2. { It may be mine to drag for years Toil's heavy chain, all thro' life; }
 { Or day and night my meat be tears On bed of pain, all thro' life. }

Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! I will trust my Je-sus all thro' life.
 (Last Verse.)
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! I will be with Je-sus in after life.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee, all thro' life;
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me, all thro' life.</p> <p>4 My bark is wafled to the strand
 By breath divine, all thro' life;
 And on the helm there rests a hand,
 Other than mine, all thro' life.</p> | <p>5 One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board, all thro' life;
 Above the raging of the gale
 I hear my Lord, all thro' life.</p> <p>6 He holds me with the billows might—
 I shall not fail, all thro' life:
 If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
 He tempers all, all thro' life.</p> <p>7 Safe to the land—safe to the land,
 The end is this, when thro' life;
 And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss, when thro' life.</p> |
|--|--|

THE WORK OF GOD. 7s.

T. Wood.

1. Saw ye not the cloud a-rise, Lit-tle as the hu-man hand?
 2. Lo, the promise of a shower. Drops ahead-y from a-bove;
 3. When He first the work be-gun, Small and fee-ble was the day;
 4. Sons of God, your Saviour praise; He the door hath open-ed wide:

Now it spreads a - long the skies, Hangs o'er all the thirs - ty land.
 But the Lord will short-ly pour All the blessings of His love.
 Now the word doth swift-ly run, Now it wins its widening way.
 He hath given the word of grace; Je - sus' word is glo - ri - fied.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. 9 : 28.

4th verse on page 139.

T. Wood.

Moderato.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed, That
 2. I spent long years for thee, In wear - i - ness and woe, That
 3. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove, Sal -

thou mightst ran - som'd be; And quickened from the dead,
 one e - ter - ni - ty Of joy thou might - est know;
 - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

Repeat pp

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
 I spent long years, long years for thee, Hast thou spent one for Me?
 Great gifts I brought, I brought to thee, What hast thou brought for Me?

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta-tions ? Is there trou - ble an - y-where ?
 3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care,

What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry, Ev' - ry - thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our re - fuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share,
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee ? Take it to the Lord in prayer,

All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev' - ry - thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our eve - ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

85

Expressly for this work by W. O. PERKINS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, I lan-guish for one gleam, Of
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, Me-thinks each flow'r that blows, And
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, There all our birds that flew,— Our
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, I toil on day by day; Heart

all thy glo - ry fold - en, In dis-tance and in dream; My
 love - ly bird that's sing - ing, Of the same se - cret knows! I
 flow - ers but half un - folden, Our pearls that turned to dew, And
 sore each night with long - ing, I stretch my hands to pray, That

thoughts like palms in ex - ile, Climb up to look and pray, That
 know not what the flow - ers Can feel, or sing-ers see, But
 all the glad life mu - sic Now heard no long-er here, Shall
 'midst the leaves of heal - ing My soul may find her nest, Where

I may see that coun - try, That lies so far a - way.
 all these sum - mer rap - tures Are pro - phe - cies of Thee.
 come a - gain to greet us, As we are draw - ing near.
 wick - ed cease from troub - ling, The wea - ry are at rest.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10 : 13.

Words by H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Chorus.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;

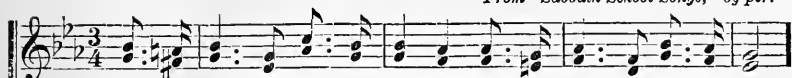
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

ANGRY WORDS.

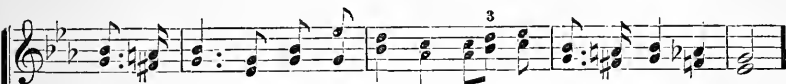
H. R. PALMER.

87

From "Sabbath School Songs," by per.



1. An - gry words! Oh let them nev - er From the tongue un-bri-dled slip;
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friend-ship is too sa-cred far,
3. An - gry words are light - ly spo-ken; Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred:



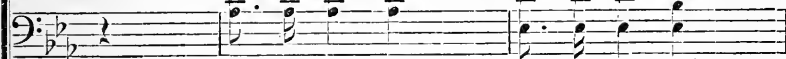
May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them, e'er they soil the lip.
For a mo - ment's reck-less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
Bright-est links of life are bro-ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.



Chorus.



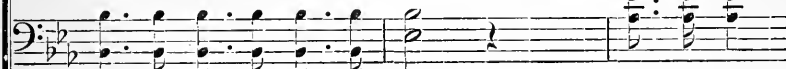
"Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children o -



"Love each oth - er, Love each oth - er,"



- bey thy Fa - ther's blest com-mand; "Love one an - oth - - er."



'Tis thy Fa - ther's blest . com - mand; "Love each oth -



Thus saith the Sav - iour, Chil-dren o - bey His blest com-mand.



- er, Love each oth - er," 'Tis His blest com-mand.

88 ON THE SHORES OF THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Published in sheet form by WM. A. POND & Co., New York, by per.

Words by ALBERT A. HILL.

CHARLES D. BLAKE.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful shin - ing riv - er, And the wea - ry may rest on its shore;
 2. On the shore of that beau-ti - ful riv - er, There's a cit - y of peace and of rest;
 3. There the light of a day nev - er end - ing, Gleams for you from that beautiful shore;

For the face of the glo - rious giv - er, Lights the way for their souls crossing o'er.
 On its pavements of gold ev - er quiv - er, The bright smiles of the ransomed and blest.
 And bright seraphs, their pinions ex - tend - ing, Breathe a welcome for souls crossing o'er.

Chorus.

On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, Meet me

there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, On the

shore of that beau-ti - ful riv - er, Meet me there when life's journey is o'er.

THE SHINING RIVER.

89

Duet and Chorus.

Legato, not to fast.

Words and Music by H. H. JOHNSON.

1. The Riv-er of Life, so sparkling and bright, Is peacefully gliding a-long on its way;
 2. And when we shall walk along its bright shore, If we should grow weary, and ready to fall;
 3. Oh, when shall we view this riv-er so bright, And drink of its waters now flowing so free;

Its brightness reflected from God's Holy light, Is shin-ing in glorious ar-ray.
 There, there on its banks the tree of life grows, Its fruits for the heal-ing of all.
 'Twill give to our spirits new life and new light, And all its bright glories we'll see.

Chorus.

Beau-ti-ful Riv-er, Shin-ing so bright,..... Shin-ing so bright,
 Beautiful, beautiful Riv-er, Shining so bright, Shining so bright, Shin-ing,

Flowing so free, It springs from the fountain of life and light, 'Tis flowing for you and for me.
 Flow-ing free,

Moderato. Diatetic.

T. WOOD.

Solo, or Duet, or Quartet.

1. Ho-ly Bi-ble, well I love thee! Thou didst shine up - on my way,
 2. Ho-ly Bi-ble, mines of treasure, In thy pre-cious fold I see;
 3. Ho-ly Bi-ble, thou wilt cheer me, When I lay me down to die;

Like the glo-rious sun a - bove me, Turn-ing dark-ness in - to day.
 Earthly good would know no measure, If this world were ruled by thee.
 Christ has promised to be near me, Can I fear when He is nigh?

Chorus. Vivace.

Just as the sun rolls back the night, Breaking forth with morning ray,
 Just as the sun from morn till noon, State - ly climbs the east-ern sky,
 Just as the sun descends at eve, Soon with fresh-er beams to rise,

So does the Bi-ble's spreading light Chase the shade of night a - way.
 So o - ver all the earth shall soon Beam the day-spring from on high.
 So shall the dy - ing saint re-ceive Life e - ter - nal in the skies.

HARK! THE BELLS OF HOLY SABBATH. 91

Lively Movement.

8s & 7s.

T. WOOD.

1. Hark! the bells of Ho - ly Sab - bath, Hear their ringing soft and clear,
 2. While the tools of wea - ry work - men, Ly - ing all un - heed - ed now;
 3. Hu - man hearts e'en if they're sin - ful, Now a pur - er im - pulse swells,
 4. What a bless - ing is the Sab - bath! With its sweet - ly chim - ing bells,

Rit.
 While their sol - emn sa - cred mu - sic Sounds so sweet - ly to the ear;
 Far from toil his arm is ceas - ing, Hap - py smiles plays on his brow,
 As they feel the soothing cadence, Of those sweet - ly echo - ing bells;
 Spir - its pure of deep de - vo - tion In their calm vi - bra - tion dwells;

Hear their sweet per - sua - sive summons Recalling now God's high be - hest:
 As he hears the church bells ringing, Blessing with tears the high be - hest:
 For their mu - sic calm but earn - est E - cho deep with - in the breast:
 Then the wea - ry ones re - mind - ed Of Je - ho - vah's high be - hest:

Rit.
 Six days shalt thou have for la - bor, On the seventh thou shalt rest.
 Six days shalt thou have for la - bor, On the seventh thou shalt rest.
 Six days shalt thou have for la - bor, On the seventh thou shalt rest.
 Six days on - ly shalt thou la - bor, On the seventh thou shalt rest.

92 SING, O SING THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

Allegro.

8s & 7s.

T. WOOD.

1. Sing, O sing the song of glad-ness, On this day of hap-py cheer,—
 2. Sing His mer-cy, that doth keep us, While our years are flit - ting by;
 3. Sing His love, all love sur-pass-ing! How His on - ly Son He gave,

Though the earth is robbed in sad-ness, Here with joy we all ap-pear;
 Pour-ing all its rich - est treasures—Guarding with a Father's eye.—
 On the cru - el cross to suf - fer, From its doom the soul to save.

Eve - ry heart with hope re - joi - ces, While this hap - py youthful throng,
 Count-less as the stars of hea - ven, Rich - er far than gold-en store,
 Chil-dren, will you hear the sto - ry, And re - fuse his pard'ning love!

With a tide of tune-ful voi - ces, Swells a - loud the cho - ral song.
 Are the bless-ings He has giv - en, Free - ly as the sum-mer shower.
 Come, O come, and share His glo - ry, In the world of light a - bove.

SONG OF GLADNESS.—Concluded.

93

Chorus.

Sing, O sing, His prais-es bring-ing, While the ring-ing skies re-sound;

Rocks and hills, and tower and dwelling, Send the swell-ing cho-rus round.

EVENING PRAYER.

Words by S. F. H.

C. M.

T. WOOD.

Ad lib.

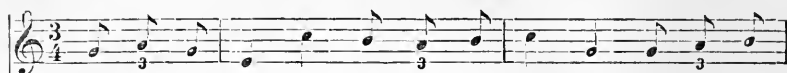
1. Now night comes on, The sun is gone A - down the dis - tant west;
2. 'Tis by Thy might The stars so bright Are held, each in its place;
3. Soon death's dark night Shall quench the light; Then for His sake who died,

Fa - ther, I pray, Bid an - gels stay, To guard me while I rest.
O keep thy child From path de - filed, That I may see Thy face!
Bid an - gels stand With gen - tle hand To bear me to Thy side.

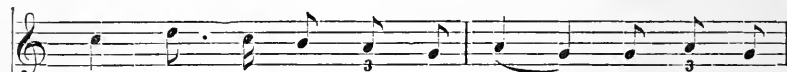
94 JESUS WILL NEVER FORSAKE THEE.

From "Sabbath School Songs," by per.

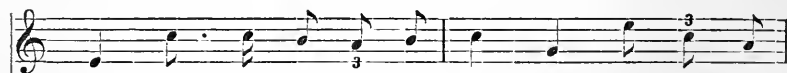
Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.



1. Je - sus will nev - er, nev - er for - sake thee, When thou art
2. Down from on high He came to re - deem thee, Left His bright
3. What though the dark - ness of gloom doth en - shroud thee, Blight - ing thy



tempt - ed, Oh, turn un - to him,.... Sin - ful al -
king - dom to suf - fer and die,..... Now in thy
hopes in the morn - ing of life,..... Je - sus thy



- lure - ments shall con - quer thee nev - er, If from the
weak - ness He ev - er is near thee, Smiles in af -
Day - Star is ris - ing to cheer thee, He will dis -

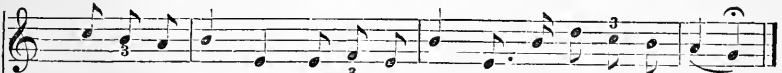


JESUS WILL NEVER.—Concluded.

95



Sav - iour a smile thou dost win, He with His blood has
 - fle - tion, for Je - sus is nigh; He by His pow - er
 - perse all the shades of the night; He by His love doth



will - ing - ly bought thee, Ev - er His strength to thy weakness will lend.
 ev - er doth shield thee, And with thy sor - row sweet com - fort will blend.
 ten - der - ly draw thee, Mer - cy and grace He so sure - ly will send.



Chorus.



Je - sus will nev - er, nev - er for - sake thee;



Trust in Him al - ways, He's ev - er thy Friend.



ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

H. B. PALMER.

From "Sabbath School Songs," by per.

1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, Sing it; Like the bird-ies
 2. Ev'-ry gra-cious deed of His, Sing it, Sing it; Noth-ing sounds so
 3. Are you wea-ry, are you sad? Sing it, Sing it; Make yourselves and

in their sport, Sing it from the heart: Does the Ho-ly Spir-it move,
 well as this, Sing it from the heart: How He walked up-on the wave,
 oth-ers glad, Sing it from the heart: An-gels up be-fore His face,

For the lamb-kins of His love, Sing and point the fold a-bove,
 Res-cued Laz'-rus from the grave, Died our guil-ty souls to save,
 Sing of His re-deem-ing grace; Give the Sav-iour end-less praise,

Chorus.

Sing it from the heart. Sing-ing, sing-ing from the heart, Oh, the joys our

songs im-part! Je-sus bless the tune-ful art, Sing-ing from the heart.

LIGHT WILL GREET THEE, BY AND BY. 97

T. Wood. Dec., 1875.

Solo. *Quartette.*

1. Is thy trembling heart a wea-ry? Are thy foot-steps al-most gone?
 2. Is thy spir-it sad with-in thee? Raise thy heart in earnest prayer,
 3. Has thy spir-it grown a-wea-ry? Do not fal-ter in the strife;

Solo. *Quartette.*

Does life seem a burden dreary, Courage, broth-er struggle on;
 Trust a Father's loving kindness, Trust a Fath-er's ten-der care;
 God has work for thee, my Broth-er, As thou tread'st the path of life;

S. Duett.

Bear it pa-tient-ly, and brave-ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh,
 Call up-on him in thy sor-row, He will hear thy faltering cry,
 Darkness may ob-scure thy pathway, Clouds may gath-er in the sky,

Cho.—By and by the morning dawneth, By and by, yes! by and by,

Quartette.

Af-ter night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
 Though thou see'st no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.
 Storms may rage, but do not murmur, Light will greet thee by and by.

Tho' thou see'st no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee, by and by.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. O. PERKINS. *By per.*

1. There are an - gels arrayed in white, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there,
 2. There are mansions prepared a - bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there,
 3. Je - sus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there,

And their wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there;
 In the land of peace and love, There, o - ver, o - ver there;
 And He claims me as His own, There, o - ver, o - ver there;

I'm a pil - grim to that land, To that blest hap - py land,
 There's a man - sion there for me, O - ver death's ra - ging sea,
 He sus - tains me by His grace, In my brief, earth - ly race,

And I hope ere long, I may join that throng, In that hap - py glo - ry - land.
 And I fond - ly hope, Soon its gates will ope, And its glo - ry I shall see.
 And I soon shall rest, On His lov - ing breast, And shall see Him face to face.

OVER THERE.—Concluded.

99

Chorus.

There are an - gels arrayed in white, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there,
 There are mansions prepared a - bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there,
 Je - sus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there,

And their wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there.
 In the land of peace and love, There, o - ver, o - ver there.
 And He claims me as His own, There, o - ver, o - ver there.

CHRISTIAN WORK. 8s, 7s & 4s.

JOHN W. CARSON.

1. { For His sake who bought me par - don, Heal - ing, bless - ing, ev - er stood,
 { And to save me in the gar - den, Deigned to shed His [Omit.....
 2. { Giv - ing free - ly, low - ly kneel - ing, Where the out - cast's moan is heard,
 { For the hea - then, deep - ly feel - ing, Spreading far God's [Omit.....

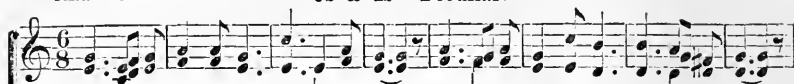
precious blood, Let me meck - ly, Let me meekly, On - ly live in do - ing good.
 Ho - ly word, By His spir - it, By His spir - it, With a love un - ceas - ing stirred.

3 Where the widow's weary fingers,
 Wipe the death-dew from her child;
 Where the Sabbath teacher lingers,
 Fondly o'er young faces mild;
 ¶: Lamb of Jesus, ¶:
 Emblems of the undefiled.

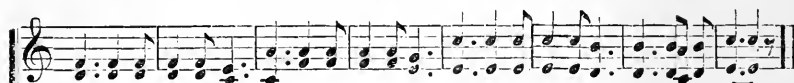
4 Home, abroad, by mart or altar,
 Land or sea; mid human kind,
 Let me toiling, never falter,
 In the strength of Christ resigned;
 ¶: Ever trusting, ¶:
 Till the Land of rest I find.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

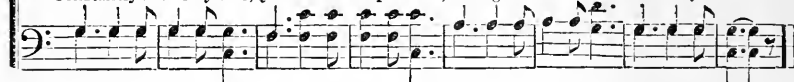
6s & 4s. Peculiar.



1. Sav-iour I fol-low on, Guid-ed by Thee, See-ing not yet the hand, That leadeth me;
2. Riv-en the rock for me, Thirst to re-lieve, Man-na from heaven falls, Fresh every eve;
3. Sav-iour I long to walk, Clos-er with Thee, Led by Thy guiding hand, Ev-er to be;

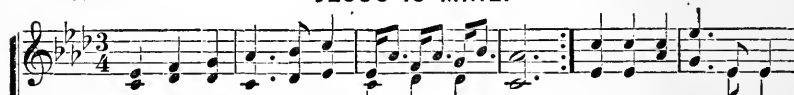


Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill; On-ly to meet Thy will, My will shall be.
 Nev-er a want severe, Causest my eye a tear; But Thou dost whisper near, Only be-lieve.
 Constantly near Thy side, Quickened and purified; Living for Him who died Freely for me.



HENRY HOPE.

JESUS IS MINE.



1. { Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine; }
 { His love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine: } Tho' earthly joys decrease,
2. { Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; }
 { Though I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine: } He shall my wants supply;
3. { When earth shall pass a-way, Je - sus is mine; }
 { In the great judgment day, Je - sus is mine; } Oh! what a glorious thing,
4. { Fa-ther! Thy name I bless, Je - sus is mine; }
 { Thine was the sovereign grace; Praise shall be Thine; } Spir - it of Ho - li - ness!



Tho' earthly friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.
 His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy; Je - sus is mine.
 Then to be - hold my King, On tune - ful harp to sing, Je - sus is mine.
 Seal-ing the Father's grace, Thou mad'st my soul em-brace, Je - sus, as mine.



LET HIM TAKE ALL.

101

Words by
CARRIE S. WUNDER.

6 line 7s, 4 lines 7s, without Chorus.

T. W.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - era - ted, Lord, to Thee.
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee,
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days Let them flow in cease - less praise,
 5. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no long - er mine,
 6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.
 Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all to Thee!

Chorus.

Take me Lord! Let me be Con - se - era - ted now to Thee.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

T. W. 1850.

With feeling.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
 2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
 3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav - iour, May we all

WHEN SHALL WE.—Concluded.

wreath-er chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose,
friend - ship glow, Change-less, for - ev - er? Where joys ec - les - tial thrill,
there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er; Where kin - dred spir - its dwell,

Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er,
Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill, Nev - er,
There may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er,

Coda. "WITH FLOWING TEARS." V. C. TAYLOR.

nev er, No,..... nev - er. { After last } With flow - ing tears,
No, nev - er. { verse. } With flow - ing tears,

And thank-ful hearts, We give them up to Thee..... Re -
And thankful hearts,

ceive them, Lord, In - to thine arms, Thine may they ev - er be.
Receive them, Lord,

Rit.

GUIDE US, THOU LOVING LAMB.

103

From "Sparkling Ruby," by per.

Words and Music by JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. { Our young hearts we're early bring - ing, Bring-ing to Thee lov-ing Lamb, }
 { Our glad songs we're ear-ly sing - ing, Sing-ing to Thy precious name. }
 2. { Grace di-vine, we're ear-ly seek - ing, Seek-ing to be true and good: }
 { May we hear Thy Spir-it speak - ing, Speaking of re-deem-ing blood. }

Hear our song, hear our song, hear our child - - hood's hap-py song,
 Keep us safe, keep us safe, keep us safe..... from eve-ry foe;

Hear our song, hear our song, hear our childhood's happy song,
 Keep us safe, keep us safe, keep us safe from eve-ry foe;

Thou to whom, Thou to whom, Thou to whom.....
 Guide us all, guide us all, guide us all.....

Thou to whom, Thou to whom, Thou to whom
 Guide us all, guide us all, guide us all

all praise be - long, O Thou lov-ing Lamb, O Thou lov - ing Lamb.
 our jour-ney through, Bring us home to Thee, O Thou lov - ing Lamb.

Words by JESSIE E. STROUT.

Music by JOHN T. GRAPE.
From "Hearts and Voices," by per.*With great spirit.*

1. Lift up the trumpet, oh, loud let it ring; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 2. E - cho it hill-top, pro-claim it ye plains, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 3. Sound it, old o - cean, in thy migh - ty wave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 4. Soon we will wing our flight thro' the air, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

Cheer up, ye pil - grim, be joy - ful and sing, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 En - ter the king - dom, its glo - ries to share, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

Chorus.

Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.
From "Sparkling Rubies," by per.*Moderato.*

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That
 2. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can - not read, A
 3. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell, No
 4. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given, That
 5. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.—Concluded. 105

all may cleansed be In Thy once-open-ed fount, I bring them,
 faith-less, wand'ring thing, An e-vil heart in-deed, I bring it,
 words shall need-ed be, Thou know-est all so well, I bring the
 each may be a wing To lift me near-er heaven, I bring them,
 Sav-our, let me be Thine ev-er, Thine a-lone! My heart, my

Sav-our, all to Thee; The bur-den is too great for me.
 Sav-our, now to Thee; That fixed and faith-ful it may be.
 sor-row laid on me, O suff-'ring Sav-our all to Thee.
 Sav-our, all to Thee, Who hast pro-cured them all for me.
 life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav-our and my King.

SINNERS COME. 3s & 6s.

T. W.

1. Sin-ners, come, 'Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt con-fess-ing;
 2. Sin-ners, come, While there's room, While the feast is wait-ing;
 3. Sin-ners, come, Ere thy doom Shall be sealed for-ev-er;

Trem-bling now, Con-trite bow, Take the of-fered bless-ing.
 While the Lord, By His word, Kind-ly is in-vit-ing.
 Now re-turn, Grieve and mourn, Flee to Christ, the Sav-our.

FINE.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from hu-man-ual's veins;
D. S. Lose all their guil-ty stains.
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power.
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply;
 5. Then in a no-ble, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains. *D. S.*
 And there may I, more vile than he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ran-somed Church of God, Are saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
 When this poor lisp-ing, stam'm'ring tongue, Lies si-lent in the grave.

MY GOD, HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE. L. M.

Glowing.

Bost.

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are eve-ry evening new;
 2. Thou spread'st the curtain of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 3. I yield my powers to Thy com-mand, To Thee I con-se-crate my days;

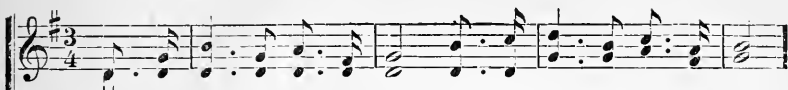
And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove Gent-ly dis-till like ear-ly dew.
 Thy sov-erign word re-stores the light, And quick-ens all my drowsy powers.
 Per-pet-ual blessings from Thy hand, De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

BELIEVE, AND BE AT REST.

107

Words by ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

T. W.



1. To His heaven-ly-mansioned home, Je - sus bids thee, sin - ner, come;
2. Trou - bled soul, dismayed, dis-tressed, Turn to God, be-lieve and rest;
3. Christ is gra - cious to for - give; Look to Him, O soul, and live!
4. Prone and cold with lan - guish - ing, Rise re - newed, sad heart, and sing;



No long - er weep, no long - er fear—Now, while the Sav-iour is so near,
 No long - er doubt, no long - er wait, Now, ere to - mor-row be too late,
 No long - er mourn, no long - er die, Now, at the cross, the blood ap - ply,
 No long - er dumb, no long - er lost, New-born as at the Pen - te - cost,

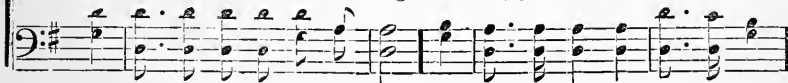


Chorus. f

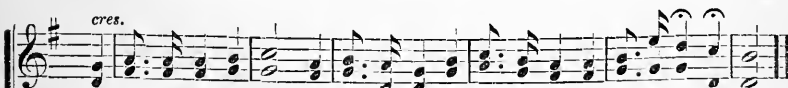
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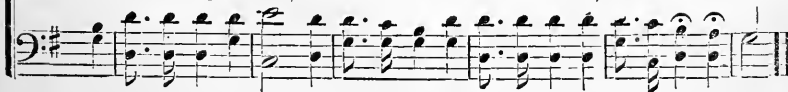
Re - pent, be-lieve just now, and come. Just now, re - pent and be at rest—
 Re - pent, be-lieve just now, and rest. Just now, re - pent and be at rest—
 Re - pent, be-lieve just now, and live. Just now, re - pent and be at rest—
 A - rise - re-joice, thank God, and sing! Just now, glad heart, be - liev - ing, rest,



cres.



1, 2 & 3, Just now, believe and live; Here at the cross, poor soul, be blest, Here Jesus will forgive.
 4 verse, Just now look up and live; Here at the cross thou hast been blest, Here Jesus did forgive.



"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish." "But the Lord is my defence, and my God, is the Rock of my Refuge."

Words and Music by D. HAYDEN LLOYD, by per.

1. Lead me, oh Thou pre-cious Sav-iour, Safe-ly lead by Thine own hand;
 2. Brought by grace to see the foun-tain, From which cleansing waters flow;
 3. While I live, and thro' death's valley, Lead me to the oth - er side;

Weak, I come to Thee, for guidance, Traveling to the Heavenly land;
 I would trust Thee now and ev - er, Guide and bless me while be - low;
 Bid my cares and fears to van-ish, And the storms of earth out-ride;

Safe Sup - por-ter, sure Deliverer, Cleanse me by Thy power Di-vine.
 "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee."
 Safe - ly to the haven guide me, "Oh re - ceive my soul at last."

Chorus.

Oh, help me to trust Thee, Oh, help me to sing;

Oh, keep me, and shelter me, To Thee, O Lord I cling, Lord I cling.

1st time. 2d time.

Moderato.

INVOCATION.

W. B. RICHARDSON.

1. Go, when the morn-ing shin - eth, Go, when the moon is bright;
 2. Re-mem-ber all who love Thee, All who are loved by Thee;

Go, when the eve de-clin - eth, Go, in the hush of night.
 Pray too, for those who hate Thee, If an - y such there be.

Go, with pure mind and feel - ing, Put earth-ly thoughts a - way;
 Then for thy - self, in meek-ness, A bless-ing, hum-bly claim;

cres. *dim.*

And in God's pres-ence kneeling, Do though in se - cret pray.
 And blend in each pe - ti - tion, Thy great Re - deem-er's name.

MONTGOMERY.

11s.

T. WOOD.

1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val - ley and sha - dow of death though I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - lic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
 4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

*Bass and Tenor sing the**Duett. 1.*

feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed to rest; He lead - eth my
 Thou art my guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 bless - ings un - measured my cup run - eth o'er; With per - fume and
 fol - low my steps, till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek—by the

Alto and Treble, through this line, 1, when there are good voices; T. and A. the next. 2.

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
 - fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall me with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fathers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy

- deems when oppress'd, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
 com - for - ter near, No harm can befall me with my com - for - ter near.
 prov - i - dence more, Oh what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more.
 King - dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn Thy Kingdom of love.

JOY TO THE WORLD. C. M.

111

T. Wood.

Majestically.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
 2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - our reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove,

Let eve - ry heart pre - pare Him room, And Heaven and na - - ture sing.
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 He comes to make His bless - ings flow, Far as the curse is found.
 The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love.

Let every heart prepare Him room,

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE. S. M.

"I shall not die, but live."

1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea - ry road,
 2. It is not death to close The eye long dimm'd by tears,
 3. It is not death to bear The wretch that sets us free
 4. It is not death to fling A - side this sin - ful dust,
 5. Je - sus, Thou Prince of life! Thy chos - en can - not die;

And 'midst the bro - ther - hood on high To be at home with God.
 And wake, in glo - ri - ous re - pose To spend e - ter - nal years.
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air Of bound - less lib - er - ty.
 And rise, on strong, ex - ult - ing wing, To live a - mong the just.
 Like Thee, they con - quer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high. A - MEN.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Words by JENNIE A. BISBEE.

Music by H. H. JOHNSON.

1. Live for something: be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee for em - ploy;
 2. Scat - ter bless - ings in Thy pathway; Gentle words and cheering smiles,
 3. Hearts that are op - press'd and wea - ry, Drop the tear of sym - pa - thy,

D. C.—Live for something: be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee for em - ploy;

Sit not down to use - less dream - ing, La - bor, and the sweets en - joy;
 Bet - ter are than gold and sil - ver, With their grief - dis - pell - ing wiles;
 Whis - per words of hope and com - fort, Give, and thy re - ward shall be

FINE.

Sit not down to use - less dream - ing, La - bor, and the sweets en - joy.

Fold - ed hands are ev - er wea - ry, Self - ish hearts are nev - er gay:
 As the pleas - ant sun - shine fall - eth Ev - er on the grate - ful earth,
 Joy un - to thy soul re - turn - ing From this per - fect foun - tain head;

Life for thee bath man - y du - ties, Ac - tive be then while you may.
 So let sym - pa - thy and kindness, Gladden well the darkened hearth.
 Free - ly as thou free - ly giv - est, Shall the grate - ful light be shed.

D.C.

COME AWAY TO THE SKIES.

113

Brilliant.

From an old Theme.

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed a - rise,
 2. We have laid up our love, With our treas - ures a - bove,
 3. For the glo - ry we were First cre - a - ted, to share,
 2d Hymn. 1. Oh, how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o - bey,

And re - joice in the day Thou wert born; On this fes - ti - val day,
 Though our bod - ies con - tin - ue be - low; The re - deem'd of the Lord—
 Both Thy na - ture and King - dom di - vine; Now cre - a - - ted a - gain,
 And have laid up their treasures a -bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press,

Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn,
 We re - mem - ber His word; And with sing - ing to Pa - ra - dise go,
 That our souls may re - main, Both in time and e - ter - ni - ty Thine,
 The sweet com - fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love,

And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.
 And with sing - ing to Pa - ra - dise go.
 Both in time and e - ter - ni - ty Thine.
 Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

114 HALLELUJAH. 87, 87, 4s, 4s, 7s. . . .

Joyfully.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! best and sweetest Of the hymns of praise a - bove;
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! church vic - torious, Join the con - cert of the sky;
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! strains of gladness, Suit not souls with an - guish torn:
 4. But our earnest sup - pli - ca - tion, Ho - ly God, we raise to Thee;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thou re - peat - est, An - gel hosts, these notes of love;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! bright and glorious, Lift, ye saints, this strain on high;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! sounds of sad - ness. Best be - come the heart for - lorn;
 Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, Make us all Thy joys to see;

This ye ut - ter, This ye ut - ter, While your gold - en harps ye move.
 We poor ex - iles, We poor ex - iles, Join not yet your mel - o - dy.
 Our of - fen - ces, Our of - fen - ces, We with bit - ter tears must mourn.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ours at length this strain shall be.

GO BURY THY SORROW.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall all flee away." Isaiah, 35 : 10.

Anon.

1. Go bu - ry Thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bu - ry it
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He knoweth thy grief; Go tell it to
 3. Hearts grow - ing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe; Now droop 'mid the

GO BURY THY SORROW.—Concluded. 115

deep - ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm - ly
 Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief, Go gath - er the sun - shine
 dark-ness, Go comfort them go! Go bu - ry Thy sor - rows,

Rit.

When curtained the night; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 He sheds on thy way; He'll lighten thy bur - den, Go, weary one, pray.
 Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

ALL FOR ME.

And when they platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a rod in His right hand; and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him. Saying, Hail! King of the Jews."

Music and 3d verse by D. HAYDEN LLOYD, by per.

1. Suffering Sa-viour with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down; Heavy
2. Precious Sa-viour, this for me. So un - worthy, all for me; Ho - ly
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought; Gracious Lord, for - bid it not; In, the

la - den, weary worn. Fainting, dy-ing, crush'd and torn, All for me, All for me.
 Je - sus pure and mild, I would ev - er be Thy child, Oh bless me, Ev - en me.
 king - dom of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, By Thy grace, Oh save me.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.
From "Songs of Salvation," by per.

1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, dan - ger is near; Cling close to Thy
2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close - ly to - day, Ere waves of temp -
3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may

Sav - iour, and doubt not nor fear; For Je - sus will hold thee, Al-migh - ty to
ta - tion shall sweep thee a - way; Cling close to the Rock, in the time of thy
rage, and tho' bil - lows may shock, For Je - sus the Sav - iour, thy Ref - uge, thy

Chorus.

save, Thy Je - sus, who triumph'd o'er death and the grave. Cling close to the
grief, For Je - sus brings speed - y and pre - cious re - lief.
Friend, In mer - cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

Rock, tho' the tempests may shock, As - sured of sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus the Rock.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

117

8s & 7s. Without Ties.

T. W.

Glowing.

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hang my help - less soul on Thee! Leave, oh,
 3. Thou, O Christ art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin: Let the

near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me
 leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me. All my
 fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and
 heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me. keep me, pure with - in. Thou of

O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven
 trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my defenceless
 ho - ly is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness: Vile, and full of sin I
 life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee, Spring Thou up with - in my

guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 head With the sha - dow of Thy wing, With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 am, Thou art full of truth and grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

118 I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

DR. BONAR.

MRS. A. B. HENDERSON.

p Andante con espressione.

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

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

cres. *p*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found, In Him, my Star, my Sun;

f *dim.*

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 And, in that light of life, I'll walk Till traveling days are done.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

119

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

Old Melody, 1812.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thon Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }
 D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 2. { Here I'll raise my E - ben - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; }
 { And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. }
 D. C.—He to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrain'd to be! }
 { Let Thy goodness as a fet - ter Bind my wandering heart to Thee; }
 D. C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it— Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it—Pronc to leave the God I love—

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew- ish al- tars slain,
 2. But Christ, the heav'n- ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a- way;
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur- den Thou did'st bear,

Could give the guilt- y conscience peace, Or wash a- way the stain.
 A sac- ri- fice of no- blier name And rich- er blood than they.
 While like a pen- i- tent I stand, And there con- fess my sin.
 While hanging on the curs- ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

DENNIS. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest oe the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris- tian love;
 2. Be- fore our Fa- ther's throne, We ponr our ar- dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu- tual woes; Our mu- tual bur- dens bear;
 4. When we a- sun- der part, It gives us in- ward pain;

The fel- low- ship of kin- dred minds Is like to that a- bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com- forts and our cares.
 And of- ten for each oth- er flows The sym- pa- thiz- ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a- gain.

THINE FOREVER.

121

M. F. MAUDE.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

From "Calvary Songs." by per.

Rit.

1. Hear us from Thy throne a-bove, Thine for - ev - er— ev - er—God of love!
 2. They who find in Thee, their rest, Thine for - ev - er— ev - er—oh, how blest!
 3. Let us all Thy goodness share, Sheltered on - ly— on - ly— in Thy care;

Rit.

Here and in e - ter - ni - ty, Thine for - ev - er—ev - er—may we be.
 Oh, de-fend us to the end, Guardian Saviour, Saviour, heavenly Friend!
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep, Thine for - ev - er—ev - er—Sav iour, keep!

Refrain.

Show the way! Show the way! Guide us to the realms of day,
 Show the way! Show the way! Guide us to the realms of day,

Shield us through the earthly strife, Thine for - ev - er—ev - er—Lord of life!

Rev. Dr. BONAR.

T. W. 1863.

Moderato, ad lib.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon;
 2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon;
 3. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon;
 4. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon;
 5. Be - yond the frost chain and the lev - er, I shall be soon;

I shall be soon.

Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing
 Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing
 Be - yond the calm - ing and the fret - ting, Be - yond re - memb'ring
 Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the puls - es
 Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er

and the reap - ing,
 and the dread - ing,
 and for - get - ing,
 fe - ver beat - ing,
 and for - ev - er, } I shall be soon: Love rest and home,

I shall be soon.

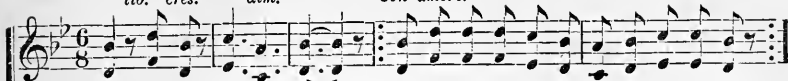
Dim.
 sweet home! sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come. A - MEN.
 sweet home! sweet home.

FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

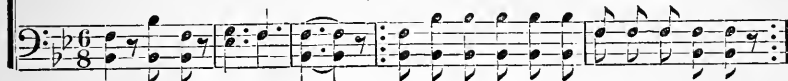
123

J. GRIGG.

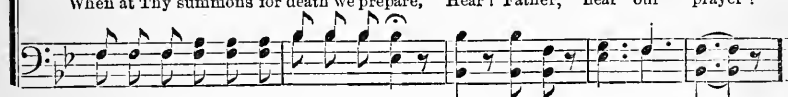
lib. cres. dim. Con amore.



- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! | { Thou who art Pi - ty where sorrow pre -vail-eth,
Thou who art Safe -ty when mortal help faileth,
Wand'ring unknown in the land of the stranger,
Be with all travelers in sick-ness or dan-ger,
Heal thou the wounds of timehallowed affection;
Grant to the widow and orphan pro -tec-tion;
Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attendd;
Be with the Pilgrim whose jour-ney is end-ed; } |
| 2. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! | |
| 3. Dry thou the mourner's tear! | |
| 4. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! | |



Strength to the fee-ble, and Hope to des-pair,	Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Guide Thou their path, guide their feet from the snare,	Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Be in their trouble a Friend e -er near,	Dry Thou the mourn-er's tear!
When at Thy summons for death we prepare,	Hear! Father, hear our prayer!



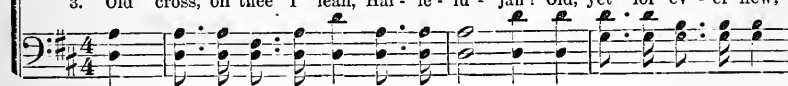
THE OLD CROSS.—Hallelujah.

DR. BONAR.

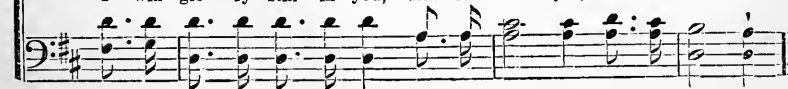
T. W.



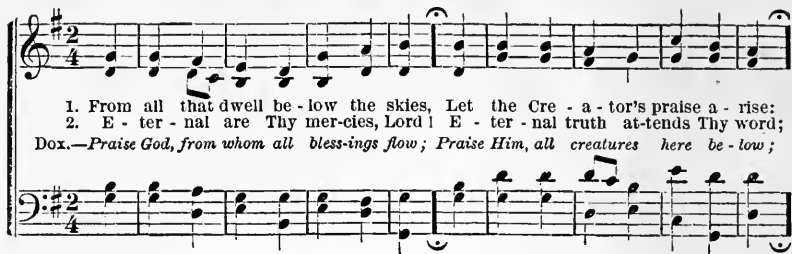
1. The cross, it standeth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown,
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! On which the liv - ing One,
3. Old cross, on thee I lean, Hal - le - lu - jah! Old, yet for ev - er new,



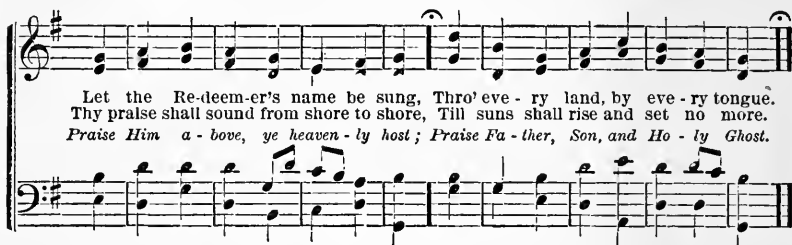
Yet it is not o - verthrown; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
 Did for sins of men a - lone, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
 I will glo - ry still in you, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

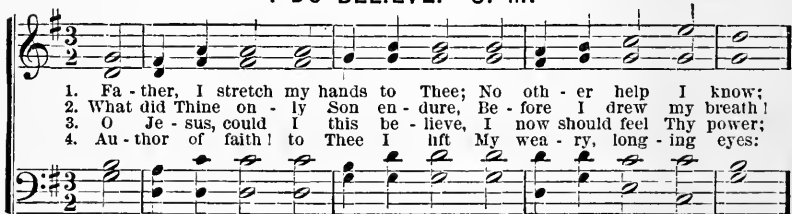


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord! E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
Dox.—Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;



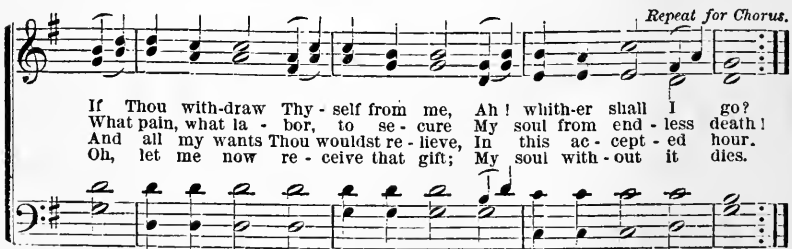
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy power;
4. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes:

CHORUS.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;



Repeat for Chorus.

If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.

And through His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

125

Andante.

Furnished by S. H. PRICE.
From "Gospel Songs," by per.

1. Far, far a-way from my lov - ing fa - ther, I had been wand'ring, wayward, wild;
2. Fain had I fed on the husks a - round me, Till to my-self I came, and said—
3. "I will a - rise, though faint and wea - ry, Home to my fa - ther I will go;
4. "Fa - ther, I'll say, I have sinned be - fore thee, No more may I be called thy son,

Cho. 1, 2, 3, v. I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms,
Cho. 4th v. Then I a - rose and came to my fa - ther—Mer - cy a - maz - ing! love un - known!

Repeat for Chorus.
Fear - ing on - ly lest his an - ger O - ver - take his sin - ful child,
"Plen - ty have my fa - ther's ser - vants, Per - ish I for want of bread."
Woe is me that e'er I wandered; Ah, that I such need should know!"
Make me on - ly as thy ser - vant, Pi - ty me, a wretch un - done!"

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.
He be - held, me, ran, em - braced me, Pardoned, wel - come, called me "son!"

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.

7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.

12 Only trust Him.
13 Jesus loves you.
14 Don't reject Him.
15 I believe Him.
16 Hallelujah. AMEN.

HIS MATCHLESS WORTH.

Unison.

O. P. M.

T. W.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh could I sound the
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will

glo-ries forth, Which in my Saviour shine: I'd soar, and touch the
 dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious
 love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In lof-tiest songs of
 bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then, with my Sav-iour,

heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In
 right-eous-ness, In which all per-fect, heav'n-ly dress, My
 sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days Make
 Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-

notes al-most di-vine; In notes al-most di-vine.
 soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 -umph-ant In His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1545.

1. A - last and did my Sav - our bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - greel
 When Christ, the migh - ty Mak - er died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, - 'Tis all that I can do.

ENTREATY. 7s.

Dr. M. J. MUNGER.

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

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

No. 1. CHANT.—The Saviour's Call.

1. The Saviour calls;—let every ear..... At - tend the heavenly sound;
 2. For every thirsty, longing heart..... Here streams of mer - cy flow;
 3. Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice, The gra - cious call o - bey;
 4. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,..... To Thee let sin - ners fly;

Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.
 And life, and health, and bliss impart. To ban - ish mor - tal woe.
 Mer - cy invites to heavenly joys,..... And can you yet de - lay?
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,..... And drink and nev - er die.

No. 2. CHANT.—Humble Devotion.

T. W.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit, My humble prayer ascends—..... 0 Father, hear it!
 2. I..... know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy The lowly sacrifice ... I pour be - fore Thee
 3. Lord,.... in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest, Cold is our warmest vows, and vain our tru - est;
 4. We..... see Thy hand—it leads us—it supports us: We hear Thy voice—it courts us;
 5. Who.... can resist Thy gentle call, appealing To every generous tho't and grateful feeling!
 6. Kind.... Benefactor! plant within this bosom..... The seeds of holiness,
 7. Then.... place them in those everlasting gardens, Where angels walk, and are the wardens;

Rit.

1. Borne on the trembling wings..... of fear and meekness; For - give its weakness.
 2. What can I offer Thee,..... 0 Thou most ho - ly But sin and fol - ly.
 3. Tho'ts of a hurrying hour—..... our lips re - peat them— Our hearts for - get them.
 4. And... then we turn away; and still Thy kind - ness For - gives our blindness.
 5. O!... who can hear the ac - - - cents of Thy mer - cy, And nev - er love Thee?
 6. And.. let them blossom in fragrance, and in beauty..... bright and ver - nal, And spring e - ter - nal.
 7. Where every flower, brought safe.... through death's dark por - tal, Be - comes im - mor - tal.

CHANT. No. 3.

129

"I will lift up mine eyes." Psalm, cxxi.

DR. CLARKE.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From whence.....

2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee.....

3. The Lord is thy keeper; The Lord is thy shade upon thy.....

4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre.....

cometh my help,
will not slumber,
right — hand,
serve thy soul,

My help cometh from the Lord who made.....

Behold, He that keepeth Israel, shall not.....

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the.....

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, From this time forth and even.....

heaven and earth.
slumber nor sleep.
moon by night.
for - ever - more. A - -MEN.

Repeat ppp

CHANT. No. 4.

"My soul, be on thy guard."

1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand.....

2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle.....

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine.....

4. Then persevere till death Shall bring thee.....

foes a - rise,
ne'er give o'er;
ar - mor down,
to thy God;

And hosts of sins are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
Renew it boldly every day..... And help di - vine im - -plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - -tain the crown.
He'll take thee at thy parting breath, To His di - -vine a - -bode.

CHANT. No. 5.

"The Lord's Prayer."

1. Our Father who art in heaven Hallowed..... be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our..... dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, But deliver... us from evil;

Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done
On..... earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the..... glory for - ever and ever. A - MEN.

OUR PRAYER. L. M.

Tune, "SUNRISE." Page 60.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Father! we bow before Thy face,
To plead with Thee, for Thy rich grace;
Here let Thy Spirit, freely given,
Gently distil like dew from heaven.</p> <p>2 Blest Spirit come! thyself reveal,
Softener our hearts; then shall we feel
The force of Truth, the power of love,
As those who're influenced from above.</p> <p>3 Unite our hearts, that all as one
May pray, "On earth Thy will be done;"</p> | <p>Thus may the prayer of faith arise,
Like grateful incense to the skies.</p> <p>4 Our Pastor clothe with power divine;
And when he speaks the word of Thine,
May sinners hear; in Christ believe,
And all the promis'd grace receive.</p> <p>5 Shepherd of Israel! do Thou lead;
In living pastures may we feed;
Feast all our souls on Jesus' love,
And fit us for Thy courts above.</p> |
|---|---|

CHANT OF PRAISE.

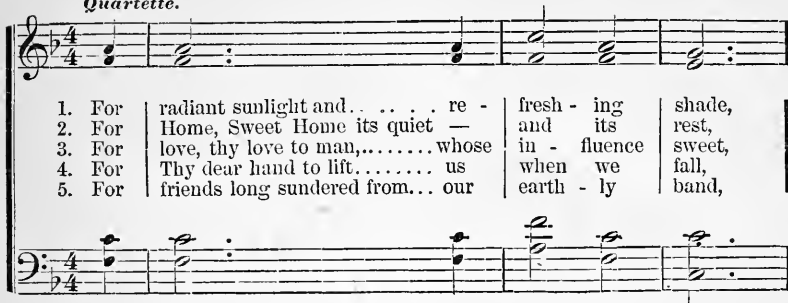
131

Words by Mrs. C. M. S. BURR.

No. 6.

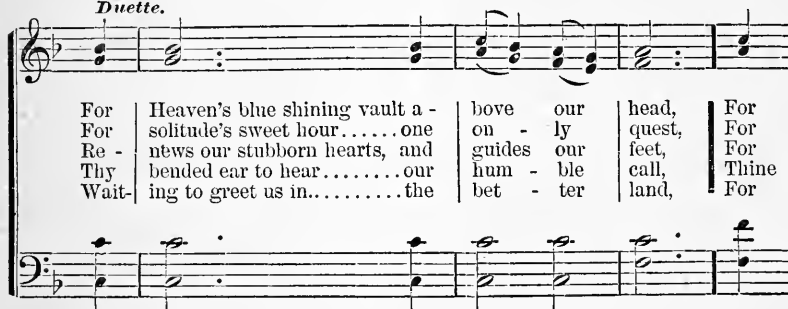
Prof. T. Wood.

Quartette.



1. For radiant sunlight and re - fresh - ing shade,
 2. For Home, Sweet Home its quiet — and its rest,
 3. For love, thy love to man, whose in - fluence sweet,
 4. For Thy dear hand to lift. us when we fall,
 5. For friends long sundered from. . . our earth - ly band,

Duette.



For Heaven's blue shining vault a - bove our head, For
 For solitude's sweet hour. one on - ly quest, For
 Re - news our stubborn hearts, and guides our feet, For
 Thy bended ear to hear. our hum - ble call, Thine
 Wait - ing to greet us in. the bet - ter land, For

Chorus.



Nature's beauties. . . . every - where out - spread, O Lord ac - cept our praise.
 Sabbath's holy time. . . su - preme - ly blest, O Lord ac - cept our praise.
 this most precious boon 'tis sure - ly meet, O Lord to give thee praise.
 arm to save, and for. . Thy bless - ing all, O Lord ac - cept our praise.
 life eternal at. Thine own right hand, O Lord ac - cept our praise.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy.—Tune p. 114.

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

God is in His holy temple.—Tune page 99.

- 1 GOD is in His holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship Him in truth and spirit;
Rev'rence Him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!
- 2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at His feet!

Before Jehovah's Throne.—Tune page 57 & 124.

- 1 BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

How firm a Foundation.—Tune page 110.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 Fear not, He is with thee, O be not dismayed;
For He is Thy God, and will give thee His aid:
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by His gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters He calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow;

- His presence shall guide thee, His mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; He does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
 - 5 His people, thro' life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in His bosom be borne.
 - 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—He will not desert to its foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.

Now let our voices join.—Chant No. 4, page 129.

5- | 1-1-2-2- | 3-
3-4 | 5-1-4-3- | 2-
3-4 | 5-5-5-4-3 | 4-4-4-
3-2 | 3 4-2 1-7- | 1-

- 1 Now let our voices join,
To form a sacred song,
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's way,
With music pass along.
- 2 How strait the path appears,
How open and how fair;
No toils to catch the unwearied feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion spring,
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 All Honor to His name,
Who marks the shining way,
To Him who leads the wanderer on
To realms of endless day.

O how happy are they.—Tune page 113.

- 1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinner's adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

Watchman, tell us of the night.—Tune page 117.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beautiful ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends,
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Ten thousand times ten thousand.—Tune page 78.

- 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light!
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
||: Fling open wide the golden gates
||: And let the victors in. :||
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
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 friendship up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Jesus is Mine.—Tune page 100.

- 1 PASS away, earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the 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 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning bright,
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, a Saviour's breast,
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest:
Jesus is mine!

I love thy kingdom, Lord.—Tune page 111 & 120.

- 1 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.

Lord, the case is now with me.—Tune p. 101 & 115.

- 1 LORD, the case is now with me
As with Peter on the sea;
Ah, reach out Thy mighty hand,
Hold me up, and ||: bring to land, :||
Hold me up, and bring to land.
- 2 Thou didst call me: now call I.
O my Saviour, come Thou nigh!
Sin doth bind me, fear distress,
Save me with Thy ||: righteousness, :||
Save me with Thy righteousness.
- 3 Make my weakness strong in Thee,
Let Thy strength my power be;
I'll follow, till my latest breath,
Thro' flood and fire, ||: grief and death. :||
Thro' flood and fire, grief and death.

My faith looks up to Thee.—Tune p. 49, 1st.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my 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.

My country, 'tis of thee.—Tune page 68.

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King. *S. F. Smith.*

In the ark the weary dove.—Tune p. 82, 2d.

- 1 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace:
- 2 Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

From every stormy wind.—Tune p. 106, 2d.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a seat where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat!
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

How sweet, how heavenly.—Tune p. 93 & 119.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill His word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above:
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.—Tune page 99.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
||: Bread of heaven, ||: Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou 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 the swelling stream divide:
Death of death, and hell's destruction.
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
||: Songs of praises ||: I will ever give to Thee.

Father, how wide Thy glory.—Tune p. 39 & 78.

- 1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power;
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

- 2 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—
Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love, and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
O may I bear some humble part
In heav'n's immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

O for a thousand tongues to sing.—Tune p. 40 & 111.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph 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 calms 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 reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

My soul, repeat His praise.—Tune page 76.

- 1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord.—Tune p. 57.

- 1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice, and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Come, let us join.—Tune p. 42 & 70.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Hark! the song of Jubilee.—Tune page 117.

- 1 HARK! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

One there is, above all others.—Tune p. 97 & 112.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed His blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

- 2 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Saviour, source of every.—Tune p. 43, 84 & 119.

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.
- 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
And, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.—Tune p. 51 & 69.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
On my Redeemer'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
‡: That fill the Heavenly train. :‡
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
‡: And carried all my grief. :‡
- 4 To Him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
‡: And saves me from the grave. :‡
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
‡: And makes my joys complete. :‡
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
‡: Lord, they should all be Thine! :‡

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.—Tune p. 51 & 93.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 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?

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

From Greenland's icy mountains.—Tune p. 52 & 32.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

The morning light is breaking.—Tune page 32.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each eye to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

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

Come to the Ark.—Tune page 66 & 124.

- 1 COME to the ark—come to the ark,
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.
- Cho.*—To Jesus come, come sinner to the ark,
Come, sinners come, to Jesus sinner come.
- 2 Come to the ark—the waters rise,
The seas their billows roar;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near.—*Cho.*
- 3 Come to the ark—all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin;
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.—*Cho.*
- 4 Come to the ark—ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.—*Cho.*

Delay not.—Tune page 110.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse
To wash, and be cleansed in His pardoning
blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not; O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass a-
way.
- 4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its
sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Thus far the Lord.—Tune page 40 & 60.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Saviour, breathe an.—Tune page 84, 91 & 119.

- 1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids 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 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee:
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

The Sinner's Invitation. Cs & Ts. Tune p. 110.

- 1 SINNER go! will you go
To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bowers,
In the breezes are flitting.
- 2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.
- 3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

Father! we bow before Thee. L. M.

Tune page 59, 60 & 106.

- 1 FATHER! we bow before Thy face,
To plead with Thee for Thy rich grace,
Here let Thy Spirit, freely given,
Gently distil like dew from heaven.
- 2 Blest Spirit, come, Thyself reveal,
Softener our hearts, then shall we feel
The force of truth, the power of love,
As those who're influenced from above.
- 3 Unite our hearts, that all as one
May pray, "On earth Thy will be done;"
Thus may the prayer of faith arise,
Like grateful incense to the skies.
- 4 Our Pastor clothe with power divine,
And when he speaks the words of Thine,
May sinners hear; in Christ believe,
And all the promised grace receive.
- 5 Shepherd of Israel; do Thou lead;
In living pastures may we feed,
Feast all our souls on Jesus' love,
And fit us for Thy courts above.

Trust. C. M. Tune page 38 & 119.

- 1 THROUGH the long watches of the night,
And through the weary day,
Thou art, O God! our hope and light,
Our comfort and our stay.

Cho.—|: We will trust, we will trust,
We will trust in the promise of God.:|

- 2 What tho' dark clouds lie thick above,
What tho' our path be lone;
What tho' the grave takes all we love,
If Christ be all our own!—*Cho.*

- 3 What tho' our way seem drear, O Lord!
And spread o'er all a pall—
While trusting in Thy name and word,
No harm can us befall!—*Cho.*

- 4 We love Thy way—be it not glad;
We love Thy chast'ning rod;
Can we be desolate and sad,
While trusting in our God?—*Cho.*

- 5 We'll praise His name in weal or woe:
He can each cloud dispel;
Tho' pain be ours, or joy, we know
"He doeth all things well."—*Cho.*

*The Saints at Christ's right Hand. C. P. M.
Tune.—MERIBAH, E₇. Page 126.*

- 1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

- 2 Blest Saviour! grant it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding place,
In this accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 3 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall sound;
To see Thy smiling face;
Then filled with rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Prayer. C. M. Tune page 106, 1st.

- 1 IN Thy great name, O Lord we come,
To worship at Thy feet;
Oh, pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand Thy word;
To feel Thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

- 4 Let sinners now Thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in Thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

There is a land of pure delight.—Tune p. 34 & 42.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

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

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

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes:—

- 6 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.

Decoration Hymns.—Air.—America.

- 1 BEFORE the morning broke,
While yet the battle smoke
Shut out the day;
Softly as falling dew,
God's peace came down to you;
Your earthly work was through
For aye and aye.

Cho.—Father Almighty,
Humbly of Thee we crave;
Grant us Thy presence,
Grant us Thy grace.

- 2 Our hearts do not forget,
Our thoughts are with you yet,
Though you're away:
Lovingly now we bring
Hither our offering,
Sweet with the breath of Spring,
Flowers of May.—*Cho.*

- 3 Time brings the heart relief,
Changes the bitter grief
And dull despair;
God, in His wisdom, must
Know what is right and just,
So, without fear, we trust
You in His care.—*Cho.*

Blessed are the martyred.—Air.—Old Hundred.

- 1 BLESSED are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die,
While coming years their circles run.

- 2 Blessed be the ground where heroes sleep,
And blest the flag that o'er them waves,
Its radiant stars their watch shall keep,
And brightly beam on hallowed graves.

- 3 While freedom lives, their fame shall live
In glory on her blazing scroll;
And love her sacrifice shall give,
While anthems round her altar roll.

- 4 Year after year, our hand shall bear
Immortal flowers in vernal bloom,
Till God shall call us home to share
Immortal life beyond the tomb.

Billows of deep distress.—Tune page 73 & 100.

1 **BILLOWS** of deep distress
Now o'er me roll;
Shield of my helplessness,
Shelter my soul!
Seeking thee sorrowing,
Hide I beneath Thy wing;
Shelter me, Christ, my King!—
Shelter my soul!

2 **JESUS**, my longing eyes
Wait for the day;
Open my prison gates,
Show me Thy way!
What though I cannot see?
Yet will I trust in Thee;
Show but Thy face to me,—
Show me Thy way!

3 **WHAT** though mine enemy
Reign for an hour?
Thine is the kingdom, Lord,
Thine is the power.
Waiting, my spirit cries,
"Lighten these longing eyes;
Thine was the sacrifice—
Thine is the power!"

Mary A. Lathbury.

The Star of Bethlehem.—Tune page 12.

1 **WHEN** marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

2 **ONCE** on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 **IT** was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for ever more,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Lead me Home.—Tune page 37 & 53.

1 **SAVIOUR** of my trusting soul,
By Thy passion and Thy power;
Into Thy divine control,
I would yield it every hour;
All it needs Thy grace to give,
Perfected in Thee to live.

2 **IN** life's desert when I faint,
Weary with the load I bear,
O, Thou strength of every saint,
Put Thine arms around me there;
While its burning wastes I tread,
Lift Thy banner o'er my head.

3 **WHEN** in sorrow's vale I sigh,
Crushed beneath a stress of grief,

Solace of my soul, be nigh;
Only Thou can'st bring relief:
Not a tear I shed in vain,
If Thy pity soothes my pain!

4 **WHEN** up narrow steeps I pant,
Wounded by the flint and thorn,
Then Thy helping hand I want,
Or my heart will sink, forlorn;
Leaning on its strength, I'll climb
Up to Pisgah's top sublime.

5 **DESERTS**, vales, and hills o'er-past,
At the grave my course will end,
More then ever at the last
I shall need Thee, Heavenly Friend—
My last foe to overcome,
And in love to lead me home.

From "Christian Advocate."

Jan. 1st, 1876. By William C. Richards.

All people that on earth do dwell.—Tune p. 124.

1 **ALL** people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 **KNOW** that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep, He doth us take.

3 **O** enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 **FOR** why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

What has Thou done for me.—Tune page 83.

4 **O** let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent;
Worldly fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Give thou, thyself to Me,
And I will welcome thee.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.

C. M. KEY B₇. Tune page 28.

1 **HOW** sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away His fear.

2 **IT** makes the wounded spirit whole,
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 breathing breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton.

1. { Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, ev - er sha ll be, World without end. A - MEN.
is now, and.....

L. M.

2. **P**RAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

3. **L**ET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

4. **Y**E angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

5. **T**O God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

S. M.

6. **T**O God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

C. M.

7. **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

8. **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

I N D E X .

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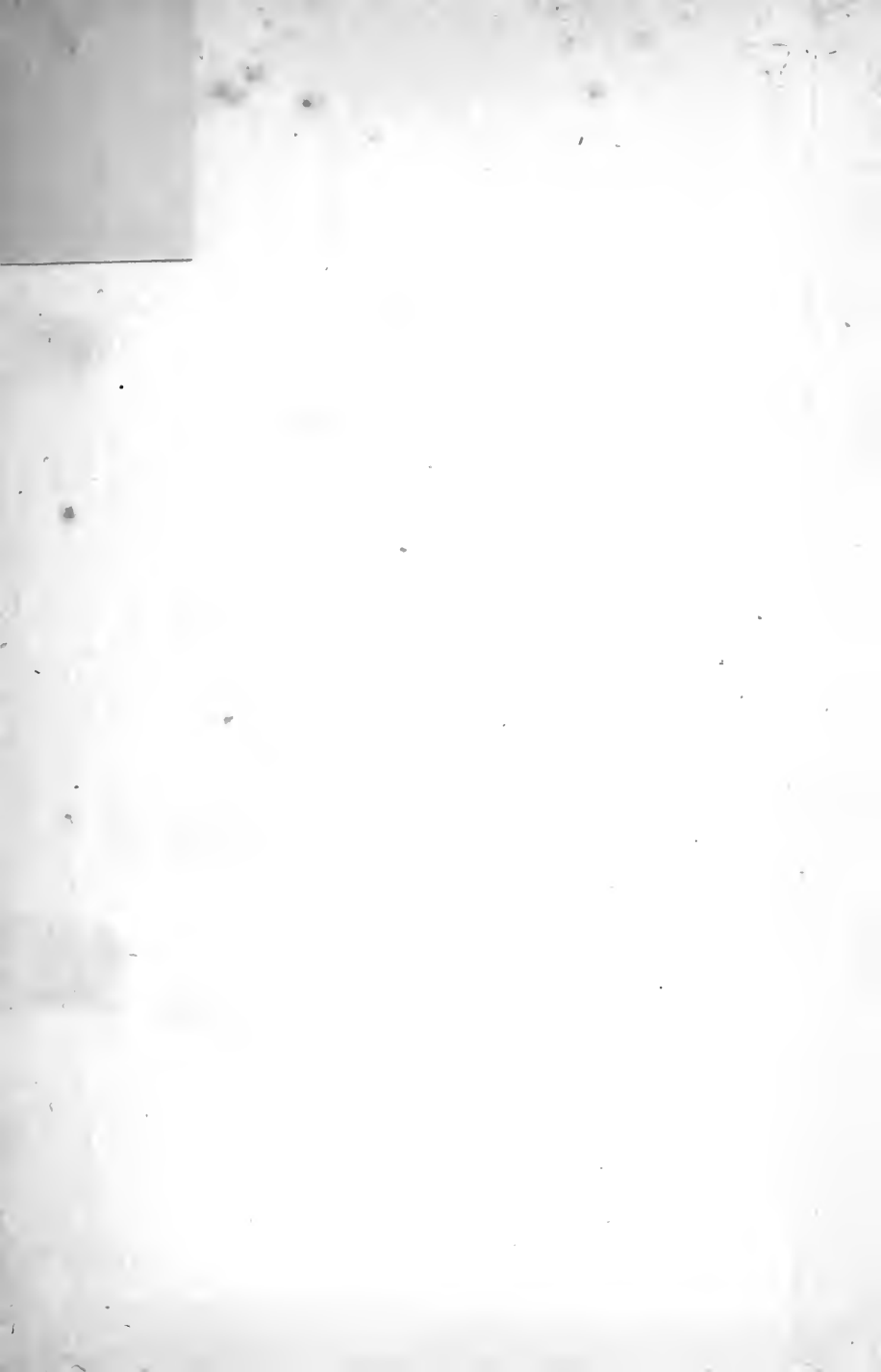
E CHO Him ye softened breezes.....	8s & 7s.	37	Have we not reason to rejoice.....	42
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