

SUPPLEMENT

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Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN MANTUA.

SUPPLEMENT

TO



SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

WITH TUNES.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1872.

Note.

THE primary object of this Manual is to furnish a choice selection of Tunes for the unadapted Hymns in "SONGS OF THE CHURCH." While thus subsidiary to the larger work of Robinson, it is yet complete in itself, and will be found, we trust, a profitable companion at the household altar, and in the circle of social prayer.

H. AUGUSTUS SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, *January 8, 1872.*

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DALSTON. S. P. M.



567

Psalm 122.

- 1 How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;

And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

568

- 1 'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion where His Name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne!
- 2 Oh, what sweet company
We then shall hear and see!
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!
- 3 With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be filled, nor wish for more;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.
- 4 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove
Till from the church below
To heaven at once I go,
And there commune in perfect love!

OPENING OF SERVICE.

ROLLAND. L. M.

1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days ; Thy grace employ my

hum - ble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

12. Psalm 145.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

13. Psalm 34 8.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's work its glories shine ;
The cares of providence are thine ;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art ;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

14. Psalm 95.

- 1 Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

15. Psalm 106.

- 1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 4 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love :
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

ADMAH. L. M., 6L.

1. Great God! this sa - cred day of thine De - mands the soul's col - lected powers;
 With joy we now to thee re - sign These sol - emn, con - se - crat - ed hours:
 Oh, may our souls a - dor - ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

78.

Isaiah, 57 : 15.

- 1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
 Demands the soul's collected powers;
 With joy we now to thee resign
 These solemn, consecrated hours :
 Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly !
 Where God resides appear no more ;
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore ;
 Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart ;
 Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear and warm the heart ;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

79.

Psalm 19.

- 1 THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare ;
 The firmament displays thy skill ;
 The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm thy word fulfill ;
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 And night to night thy knowledge teach.

- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well known the language of their song,
 When one by one the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along,
 Till round the earth, from all the sky,
 Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 While these transporting visions shine,
 Along the path of Providence,
 Glory eternal, joy divine,
 Thy word reveals, transcending sense ;
 My soul thy goodness longs to see,
 Thy love to man, thy love to me.

80.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here ;
 Weary and weak thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tossed ;
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
 I. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 When all thy mercies, O my God,

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 Transported with the view, I'm lost, &c.

205

- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery path of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise ! ADDISON.

206

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
 My King ! my God of love !
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
 And let his praise be great ;

- I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
 And, while my lips rejoice,
 The men who hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways ;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise. WATTS.

207

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,
 Looks down upon the spheres ;
 Yet in his providence and grace,
 To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens ; the mountains
 stand
 A highway for our God ;
 He walks amid the desert land ;
 'T is Eden where he trod.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, Jehovah's voice
 Is heard among the trees.
- 4 If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound ;
 How beautiful, beyond compare,
 Will Paradise be found ! MONTGOMERY.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

HAYDN. 8s & 7s.

HAYDN.

1. { Might - y God ! while an - gels bless thee, May a mor - tal lisp thy name ? }
 { Lord of men, as well as an - gels ! Thou art ev - ery creature's theme ; }

Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion ! An - cient of e - ter - nal days !

Ped.

Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be thy just and aw - ful praise.

420

- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand, beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness
 wrought ;
 For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;
 Blesséd be thy gentle reign.
- 3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
 Who can sing that wondrous song ?
 Brightness of the Father's glory !
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?
 Break, my tongue ! such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die :—
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Came to ransom guilty captives !—
 Flow, my praise ! forever flow :
 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour !
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
 Thence return and reign forever ;—
 Be the kingdom all thine own !

ROBINSON.

421

- 1 CROWN his head with endless bless-
 ing,
 Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassions never ceasing,
 Comes salvation to proclaim.
 Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
 Who within his gates are found ;
 Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
 Let his courts with praise resound.
- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee ;
 Thee our Saviour ! thee our God !
 From his throne his beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.
 In his word his light arises,
 Brightest beams of truth and grace ;
 Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
 In his courts your offerings place.
- 3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
 Thee our God in praise we own ;
 Highest honors, never failing,
 Rise eternal round thy throne ;
 Now, ye saints, his power confessin'
 In your grateful strains adore ;
 For his mercy, never ceasing,
 Freely flows forevermore.

WILLIAM SOODE.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

1. With glo - ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord, that o'er all na - ture reigns,

The world's founda - tion strong-ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus-tains.

I 57

- 2 How sure established is thy throne !
Which shall no change or period see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

I 58

- 1 WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind ?
Or who the Almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find ?
- 2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs ;
The laboring thought sinks down op-
pressed,
And praises die upon their tongues.

- 3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing ;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

E. SCOTT.

I 59

- 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
Thy years of pilgrimage are spent !

- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To them remains nor place nor time ;
Their country is in every clime ;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

I 60

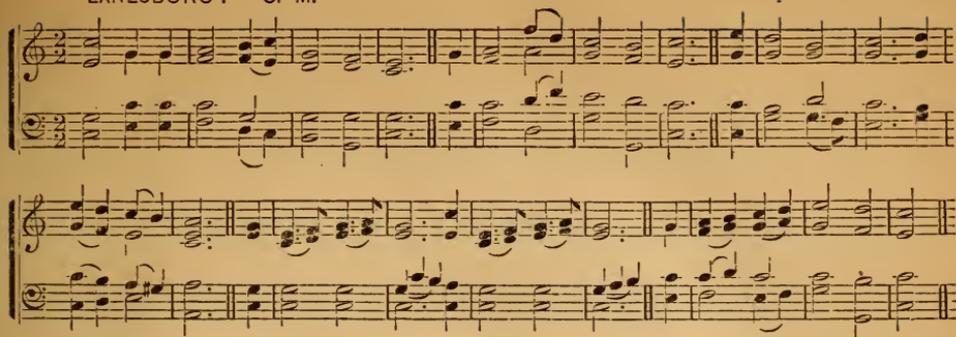
CUION.

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.
- 2 Thou my Deliverer art, O God ;
My trust is in thy mighty power,
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tower.
- 3 To thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

TATE & BRADY.

THE LORD'S DAY

LANESBORO'. C. M.



580

Psalm 63.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

581

Psalm 118.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne !
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise !
The highest heavens in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

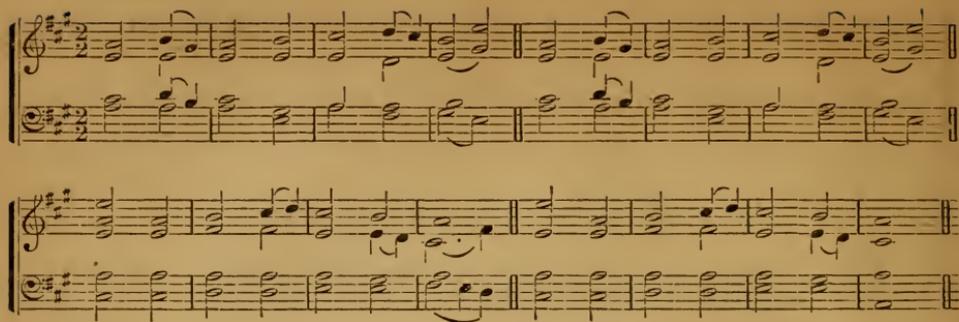
582

Psalm 5.

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye :
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY,

FLEMING. 7s.



74

Psalm 136.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For His mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
For His mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For His mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery ;
For His mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

75

Psalm 23.

- 1 To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

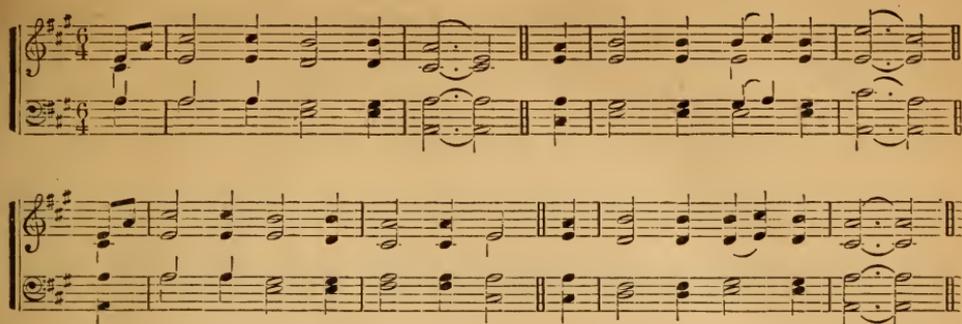
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Constant to my latest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

76

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present every where.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present every where.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

BARBER. S. M.



240

1 SPIRIT of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 No one can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

3 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

4 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of His name.

241

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.

5 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and
love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

242

1 BLEST Comforter Divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

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

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

4 Oh fill Thou every heart.
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

TRURO. L. M.



80

Psalm 93.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely stablished is Thy throne
Which shall no change nor period see ;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would
dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

81

Psalm 93.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might ;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high !
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

- 4 Forever shall Thy throne endure,
Thy promise stand forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of Thy grace.

82

Psalm 63.

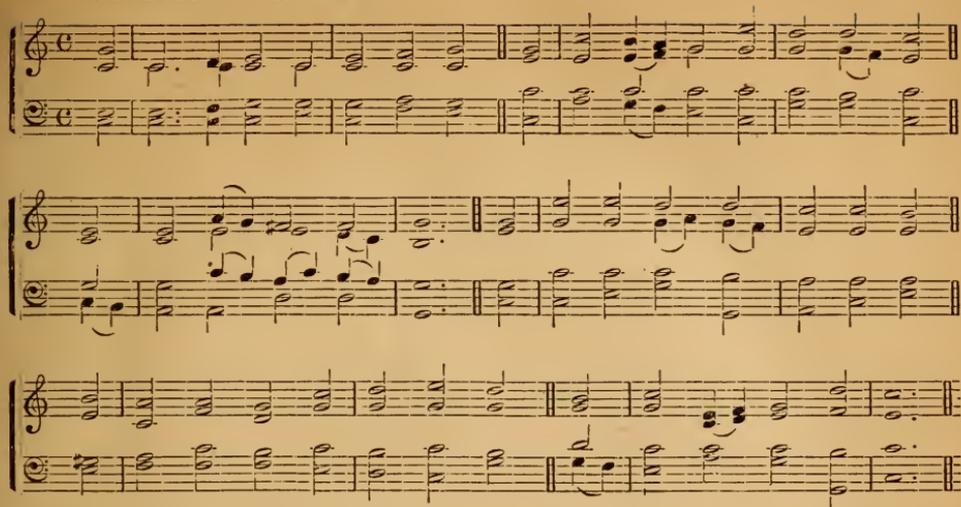
- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and
wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with
blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face ;
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And cheer the remnant of my days.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

THE LORD'S DAY.

CANTERBURY. C. P. M.



606

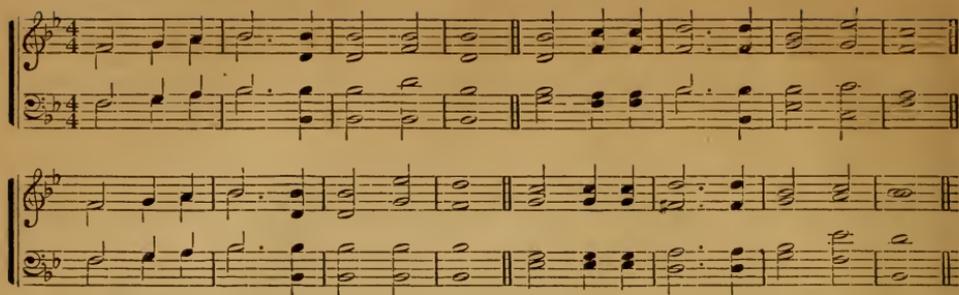
Psalm 122.

- 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 With joy shall I behold the day
That calls my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest !
For lo, my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest !
- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise :
E'en now, with glad survey
I view her mansions that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

607

- 1 WELCOME sweet Day, of days the best,
The time of holy mirth and rest !
To God's own house repair,
To hear His word and see His face,
To learn His will and sing His grace,
To join in praise and prayer.
- 2 This is employment all divine ;
My soul, the blest assembly join,
And from the world retire :
Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
Thy risen Saviour's glories own,
And fan devotion's fire.
- 3 Forget the trifles here below,
The shining heap, the gaudy show,
Vain mirth and worldly cares ;
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,
And soar above the stars.
- 4 To God direct thy steady flight,
Great Fund of bliss and Source of light,
And there delight thine eyes ;
View every shining wonder o'er,
And with transported heart adore,
And feast in Paradise.

GILEAD. L. M.



54

Psalm 19.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

55

Psalm 97.

- 1 HE reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour
reigns !
Praise Him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

- 2 Deep are His counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support His throne ;
Though gloomy clouds His ways sur-
round,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
tombs !
Before Him burns devouring fire ;
The mountains melt, the seas retire !
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day .
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh !

56

Psalm 106.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

PRAISE TO GOD.

CREATION. L. M.

HAYDN.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "I. Awake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To him who gave thee power to sing:". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "Praise him, who is... all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love." The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

I 20

- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are
drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

NEEDHAM.

I 21

- 1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels
dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

WATTS.

I 22

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining
frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

PRAISE TO GOD.

ALFRETON. L. M.

BEASTALL.

1. Al-might-y God, we praise and own Thee our Cre-at-or, King a-lone;

All things were made to hon-or thee, O Fa-ther of e-ter-ni-ty!

I 34

- 2 To thee all angels loudly cry ;
The heavens and all the powers on high,
Cherubs and seraphim, proclaim,
And cry, Thrice holy to thy name !
- 3 Lord God of hosts, thy presence bright,
Fills heaven and earth with beauteous
light ;
The apostles' happy company,
And ancient prophets, all praise thee.
- 4 The crownéd martyrs' noble host,
The holy church in every coast,
Their Maker for their Father own,
Now reconciled in Christ his Son.

I 35

- 1 YES, God is good ; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading
wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, "God is good."
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,

- The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."
- 5 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech en-
dued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 6 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord ;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pard'ning grace, thy quick'ning
word ;
These prompt our song, that God is good.

JOHN H. GURNEY.

I 36

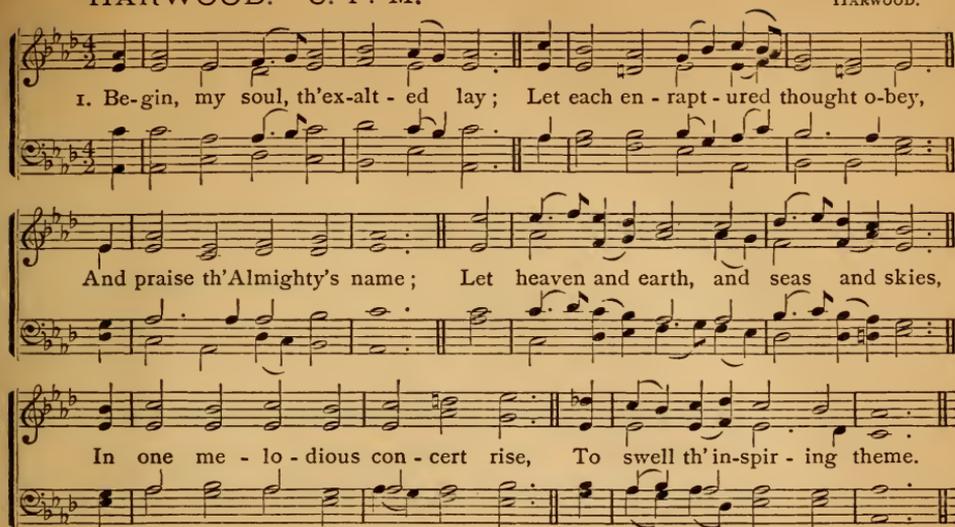
- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 4 He loves the saints ; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

WATTS.

PRAISE TO GOD.

HARWOOD. C. P. M.

HARWOOD.



1. Be-gin, my soul, th'ex-alt-ed lay; Let each en-rapt-ured thought o-bey,
 And praise th'Almighty's name; Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one me-lo-dious con-cert rise, To swell th'in-spir-ing theme.

263

- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing;
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,
 That wings the air or treads the plains,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
 Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
 And in the deeps below.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
 Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mold,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with
 gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 Let man, in God's own image made,
 His breath in praise employ;
 Spread wide his Maker's name around,
 While heaven's broad arch rings back
 The song of holy joy! [the sound,

OGILVIE.

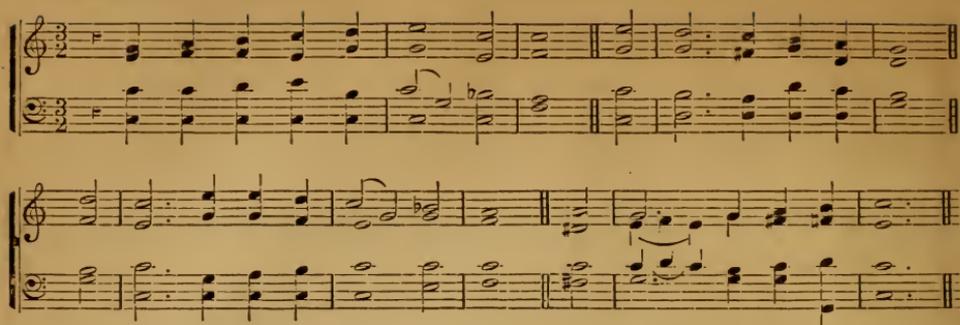
264

- 1 YE fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair,
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.
- 2 Join all ye stars, the vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid;
 And, soon as evening veils the plain,
 Thou moon, prolong the hallowed strain,
 And praise him in the shade.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Proclaim the glories of thy God;
 Ye worlds declare his might;
 He spake the word, and ye were made,
 Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
 And nature sprung to light.
- 4 Let every element rejoice;
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

15

OGILVIE

MERTON. C. M.



600

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this Thy day,
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and power
decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith and hope and love.

601

Psalm 132.

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest ;
Lo, Thy church waits, with longing
eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest !
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread ;

- Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

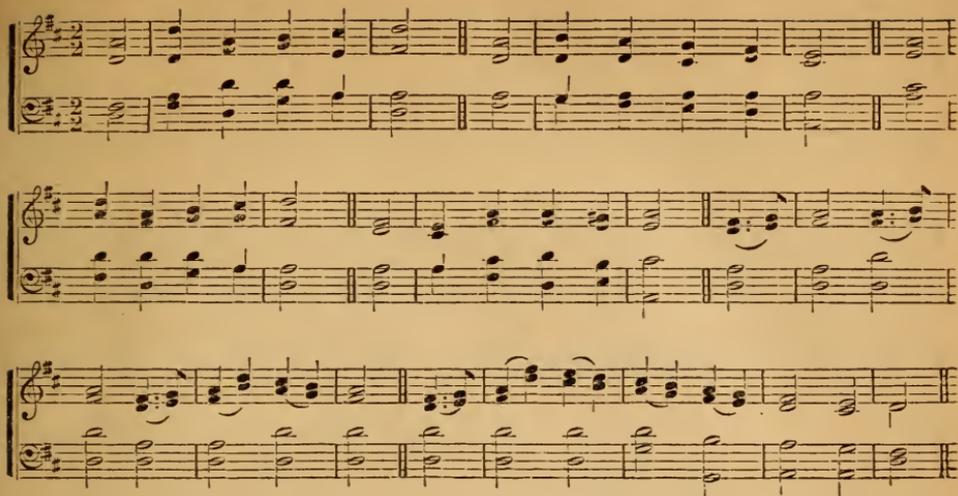
602

Psalm 27.

- 1 THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too ;
God is my Strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires :
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still ;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

HADDAM. H. M.



66

Psalm 93.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments He assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine with beams so bright
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard His holy law ;
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all His perfect works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs ;
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees, His sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will He write His name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love His name, I love His word ;
 Join all my powers, and praise the Lord !

67

Psalm 18.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah lives,
 And blessed be my Rock !
 Though earth her bosom heaves
 And mountains feel the shock,
 Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
 He is the same for evermore.
- 2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
 The dying sinner's Friend ;
 How freely He forgives
 The follies that offend !
 He wipes the penitential tear,
 Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.
- 3 The Lord Jehovah lives
 To hear and answer prayer ;
 Whoe'er in Him believes
 And trusts His guardian care,
 A Father's tender love shall know,
 Whence living streams of comfort flow.
- 4 The Lord Jehovah lives
 Salvation to secure ;
 The title that He gives
 Will be forever sure ;
 'Tis drawn in characters of blood,
 'Tis issued from the throne of God.

WORSHIP.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

42

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may the Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

WATTS.

43

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear ;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
Here give the mourners rest :
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

44

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,—
Oh make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child !

3 "Thou art the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

4 Jesus! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold em-
brace,
If Christ be in my arms.

WATTS.

LUTHER. S. M.

HASTINGS.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to
bless his name, Whose fa-vors are di - vine, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

231

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'T is he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

WATTS.

232

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
And swift fulfill his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;

His church shall make his wonders
known,
For there his glories shine.

- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace. WATTS.

233

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator, too:
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 And yet the songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To built their own applause.
- 5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship 's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis formed again. WATTS.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Musical score for 'Loving-Kindness' in 4/4 time, featuring a vocal line and two piano accompaniment parts. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

370

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me :
His loving-kindness, oh, how free !</p> <p>2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate :
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !</p> <p>3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !</p> <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,</p> | <p>He near my soul has always stood :
His loving-kindness, oh, how good !</p> <p>5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.</p> <p>6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail :
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !</p> <p>7 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies !</p> |
|---|--|

FOREST. L. M.

Musical score for 'Forest' in 3/4 time, featuring a vocal line and two piano accompaniment parts. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb).

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

194

Psalm 47.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their
King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honors sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 Oh for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

195

- 1 THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

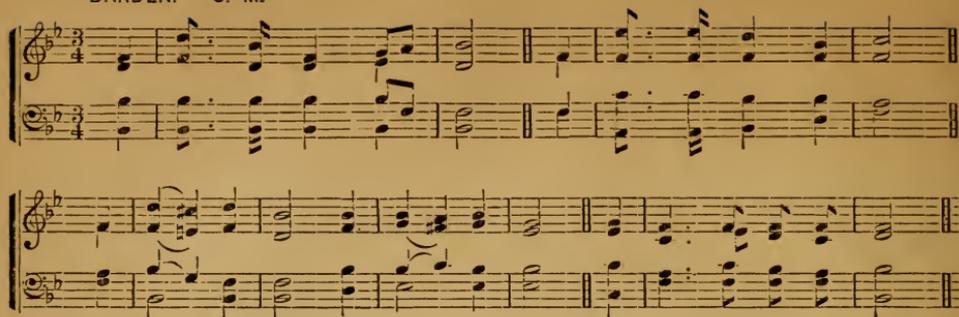
- 3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven:
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right
hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

196

Psalm 47.

- 1 ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord!
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the Almighty Lord!
- 2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing
round,
The ascending God proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.
- 3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts His conquering Son
To His right hand of power.
- 4 Oh shout, ye people and adore;
Exulting strike the chord!
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the Almighty Lord.

BRADEN. S. M.



887

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest !
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore !

888

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest :
So death shall soon disrobe us all,
And leave my soul undrest.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when I early rise,
To view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

- 5 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

889

- 1 BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief Hope !
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

890

- 1 To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers ;
Accept, O Lord ! what is Thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
- 2 Oh grant that each of us
Now met before Thee here,
May meet at last together thus,
When Thou and Thine appear.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. Double.

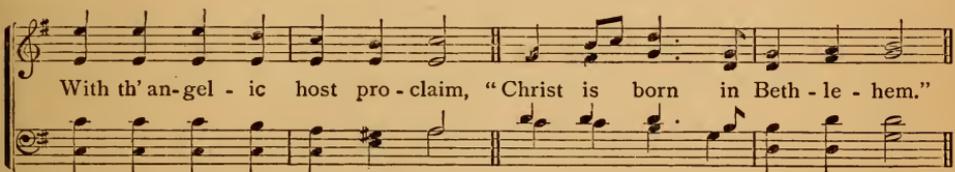
MENDELSSOHN.

I. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."



Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" A - men."

272

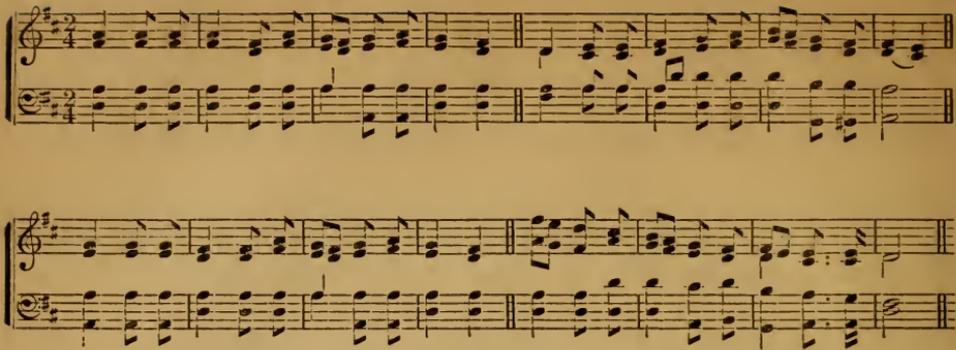
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the favored one.
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
JESUS, our Immanuel!

Hark! the herald angels, etc.

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels, etc.

FOLSOM. 115 & 105.



123

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

ASCENSION.

DORT. 6s & 4s.



197

1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies ;
 Assume thy right ;
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light !

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train ;
 Praises all heaven inspire,
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,
 Thou Lamb once slain !

3 Enter, Incarnate God !
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down ;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow !
 Wider yon portals throw !
 Saviour, triumphant, go
 And take Thy crown !

4 Lion of Judah, hail !
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age ;
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage !

NATIVITY.

GOOD NEWS. 7s. Double.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of chords. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the treble staff and a sustained bass line.

II 7

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day!
- 2 Christ, by highest Heaven adored;
 Christ the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd as man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here!
- 3 Hail! the heavenborn Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings;
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

II 8

- 1 COME, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home!
 Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
 Now display Thy saving power;
 Ruined nature now restore;
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!
- 2 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
 Stamp Thine image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstatè us in Thy love!
 Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
 Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man:
 Oh, to all Thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart!

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
 Praise Him, all below the sky;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

RESURRECTION

OAKSVILLE. C. M.



182

- 1 I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again ;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.
- 2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.
- 3 Now first to souls who thus awake,
Seems earth a fatherland ;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.
- 4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea ;
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.
- 5 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep ;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.
- 6 He lives ! His presence hath not
ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife ;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast,
A world renewed to life !

183

Gloria in Excelsis.

- 1 To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will ;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still :
- 2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light :
O Lord God ! Heavenly King ! the
God
And Father of all might !
- 3 And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun ;
O Jesus Christ ! God ! Lamb of God !
The Father's only Son !
- 4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sin
Of all the world away ;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray !
- 5 O Thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One !
- 6 Thou, Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most High for evermore.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. Ye hum-ble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way ;
 And bow with rev - erence down, to see The place where Je - sus lay.

384

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
 Such wonders love can do !
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
 And still your sorrows rise,
 Stoop down and view the vanquished
 grave,
 Then wipe your weeping eyes.
- 4 Yes, dry your tears, and tune your
 songs,
 The Saviour lives again ;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic band he rears
 His once dishonored head ;
 And through unnumbered years he
 reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.

DODDRIDGE.

385

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honors crowned ;—

- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall a name once treasured there
 E'er from his care depart.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems and monuments, and
 crowns,
 Are moldered into dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne. DODDRIDGE.

386

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above :
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Poured out his cries and tears ;
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour. WATTS.

THEODORA. 7s.



384

- 1 I WILL praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turned away ;
Comfort now and hope arise
From the bleeding Sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is become at length
My Salvation and my Strength ;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 3 Praise ye, then, His glorious Name,
Publish His exalted fame ;
Still His worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all His deeds.
- 4 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round ;
Zion, shout, for this is He !
God the Saviour dwells in Thee !

385

- 1 KING of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign ?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.
- 2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thy high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.
- 3 At Thy Word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low ;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

- 4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing
Hourly some new gift to bring ;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At Thy feet her golden crown.
- 5 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord,
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

386

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

DOXOLOGY.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

INVITATION.

CLARION. H. M.

258

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb !
Redemption by His blood,

- Through every land, proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

LENOX. H. M.

HURSLEY. L. M.

882

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light !
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

883

- 1 How great Thy mercies, Lord, to me !
Oh let me then Thy servant be,
Submitting to Thy just control,
And loving Thee with all my soul.

- 2 So shall I find Thee strong to save,
When my last bed shall be the grave ;
The grave shall own my Saviour's
might,
And darkness vanish at Thy sight.
- 3 Only my soul must now awake
From sleep of sin, for Thy dear sake ;
And then my body shall arise
From sleep of death to yonder skies.
- 4 'T is there I hope Thy face to see,
The crown of all felicity ;
'T is there I hope that rest to gain,
Which here I seek, but seek in vain.
- 5 As endless ages roll along,
Endless shall be my grateful song ;
And Heaven itself shall pass away
Before I cease my vows to pay.
- 6 Glory to God, who Israel keeps,
Who never slumbers, never sleeps ;
Almighty Power no weakness knows ;
Unwearied Love asks no repose.

884

- 1 I WOULD not wake, nor rise again,
And heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed !
- 2 Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;
Oh never then from me depart !
For, to my soul 't is hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

EDMESTON. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speak gently—it is bet-ter far To rule by love than fear; Speak gently—
let no harsh word mar The good we may do here, The good we may do here.

920

- 2 Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.
- 3 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
- 4 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
- 5 Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!
- 6 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!
- 7 Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. BATES.

921

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;

Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

- 2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Oh enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him. PEARODY.

922

- 1 MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
- 2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love. TRENCH.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care ;

In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare.

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are ;

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

1028

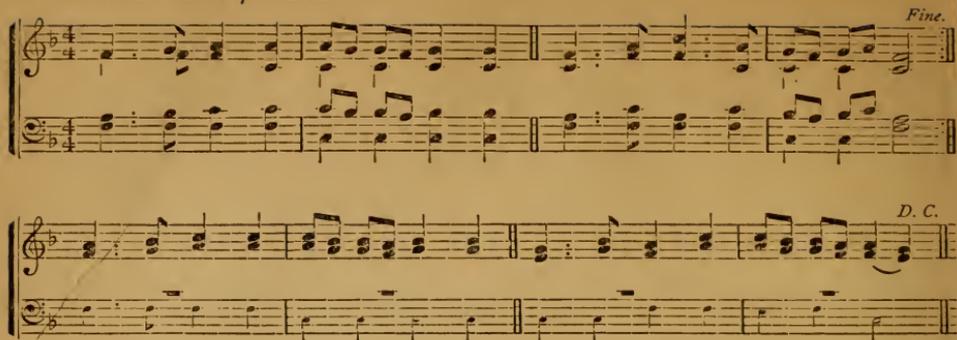
2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way ;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

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

OPAL. 8s & 7s. Double.



333

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow Thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my All shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
 In Thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favor, loss is gain ;
 I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
 I have stayed my heart on Thee :
 Storms may howl, and clouds may
 gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :

- Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me ;
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee !
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee !
 What a Father's smile is thine !
 What a Saviour died to win thee !
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou re-
 pine ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

DOXOLOGY.

- PRAISE the God of all creation ;
 Praise the Father's boundless love ;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above :
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live ;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of
 endless joy, Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone, Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

948

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors
 wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
 WATTS.

949

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things—or can bear
 All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on
 me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong ;
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my
 song.
 WATTS.

950

- 1 JESUS, while this rough desert soil
 I tread, be thou my guide and stay :
 Nerve me for conflict and for toil ;
 Uphold me on my stranger-way !
- 2 Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
 'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I
 stray,
 For earth's last night is drawing near ;
 Oh, cheer me on my stranger-way !
- 3 Jesus, in solitude and grief,
 When sun and stars withhold their ray,
 Make haste, make haste to my relief !
 Oh, light me on my strar ger-way !
- 4 Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
 When Satan grasps me for his prey,
 Oh, give me victory afresh,
 And speed me on my stranger-way !

BONAR.

951

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;
 Saviour Divine ! diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
 Great God ! to choose the better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day
 For joys that none can take away.
- 3 If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find eternal joys in thee.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Once more, be - fore we part, Oh, bless the Sa - viour's name;

Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.

161.

Hosea 6 : 3.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name :
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

162.

Matt. 13 : 8.

- 1 God of the prophets' power !
God of the gospel's sound !
Move glorious on,—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.
- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word ;
We praise thee for the joyful news,
Which our glad ears have heard.
- 3 Oh, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.

- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase ;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

163.

Matt. 6 : 9-13.

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

HOLY SPIRIT.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

1. At an - chor laid, re - mote from home, Toil - ing, I cry, "Sweet Spi - rit, come ;
Ce - les - tial Breeze, no long - er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way."

469.

- 1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come ;
Celestial Breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious
gale."

410.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.
- 2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
- 3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee !
- 4 Our frailties help, our wills control,
Subdue the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.
- 5 Chase from our mind the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

411.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love :
Oh ! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.
- 2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 Oh ! let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple-gate !
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

412.

Acts 2 : 1.

- 1 BLEST day ! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word ;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.
- 2 While by his power these signs were
wrought,
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save !
- 3 Sure peace with God !—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round ;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live !

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.

1. Je- sus, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat; Where'er they seek thee, thou art found; And ev- ery place is hallowed ground, And ev- ery place is hallowed ground.

874.

John 4:21.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

875.

Matt. 18:20.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;
- 2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unvail his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

876.

Gen. 28:17.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear
And let thy presence fill this place.

877.

1 Pet. 3:7.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

ELLESIE. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low thee;
 Na - ked, poor, des - pised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence my all shalt be!
 d. s. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, D. S.

762.

Luke 9 : 23.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
 Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast,
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
 Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee, Abba, Father!
 I have stay'd my heart on thee!
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there:
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

LYTE. 6s & 4s.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, All o - ther names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh! thou art

all to me! No - thing to please I see, No - thing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

769.

1 John 4 : 19.

- 1 JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
 Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!
- 2 Thou, bless'd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
 Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
 Jesus, my Lord!
- 4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

770.

Psalm 37 : 25.

- 1 Now I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end;
 Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
 Jesus is mine.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
 Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
 Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
 Jesus is mine.
- 4 Father! thy name I bless;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
 Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. W.M. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
 sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As
CHORUS.
 nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry. 'Twill be my theme in
 glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

863

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

3 I love to tell the story :
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story :
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*
 4 I love to tell the story ;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

DWIGHT. L. M.

1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear,
On thee we cast each earth - born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.

693.

Psalms 119 : 151.

- 1 O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear ;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

694.

2 Cor. 12 : 10.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong ;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

695.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world!
begone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

696.

John 6 : 51.

- 1 AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good ;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's immortal food.
- 2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread ;
Thou wilt my every want supply :
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.
- 3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace ;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.
- 4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still ;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm on Zion's hill.

QUEBEC. L. M.

From "PEARCE'S HYMNS."

1. Look from thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might!

In pit - y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed, in this land of light.

II 91

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened
old,

- A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

BRYANT.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

ITALIAN.

1. Sons of day! A - rise from slumbers, For the slug - gish night is gone;

Swell the Sav-iour's marshaled numbers, March-ing where he lead-eth on.

II 92

- 2 Soldiers of the cross, appointed,
Girded for the glorious war,
In the name of God's Anointed,
Spread your victories afar.
- 3 Bid the trumpet of redemption,
Greet our country's farthest shore;
Boldly claim our Lord's pre-emption,
For the agonies he bore.
- 4 On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,

- By the river and the fountain,
Plant the sacred standard there.
- 5 Where the infant city's founded,
Where the hamlet dots the plain;
Let the Gospel-call be sounded,
Let the church a foothold gain.
- 6 So shall Error be supplanted,
So shall Truth her vanguard keep,
So shall temple-homes be granted,
To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.

S. D. PHELPS.

LORD'S SUPPER.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

1097.

- 1 O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubt's and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'T is only in thee hiding,
I feel my life secure—
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

1098.

- 1 WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither.
Can turn my straining eye?

'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

- 2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake:
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

1099.

John 15: 16.

- 1 'T is not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.
- 2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

I. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone :

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

324

- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

TAPPAN.

325

- 1 LORD! in thy garden agony,
No light seemed on thy soul to break,
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake—
- 2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"
- 3 Lord, bring these precious moments
back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;

Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.

- 4 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

326

- 1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespoke thy soul's deep agony.
- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep dis-
grace—
These thou could'st bear, nor once re-
pine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Ap-proach, my soul! the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer ;

There hum-bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

663

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh :
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed ;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.
- 5 Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

NEWTON.

664

- 1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend ;
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

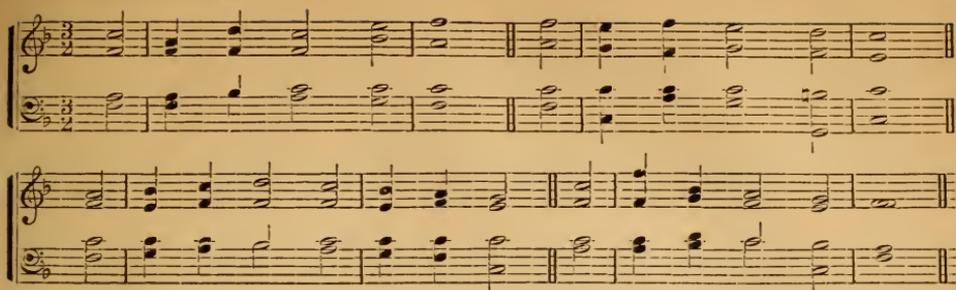
- 4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free ;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me. PARKINSON SELEC.

665

- 1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our
joys
And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

DOVER. S. M.



119

- 1 THE Advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.
- 2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be :
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set His people free.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, rise,
And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.
- 4 As Judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in Heaven to reign.
- 5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone ;
May the old man be put away,
And the new man put on !
- 6 Praise to the Saviour-Son,
From all the angel host :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

120

- 1 O SAVIOUR of our race,
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blesséd Redeemer, Fount of grace,
To this my longing heart !

- 2 Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart ;
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, O Lord !
Sole Light of life Thou art !
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.
- 4 Star of the East, arise !
Drive all my clouds away ;
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day.

121

- 1 THE ancient Law departs,
And all its terrors cease ;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.
- 2 The Light of Life Divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.
- 3 His infant body now
Begins our pain to feel ;
Those precious drops of blood that flow,
For death the Victim seal.
- 4 To-day the Name is Thine
At which we bend the knee ;
They call Thee Jesus, Child Divine !
Our Jesus deign to be.
- 5 All praise, Eternal Son,
For Thy redeeming love ;
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
In glorious might above.

REPOSE. 7s. 6L.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child :
From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es thee.

830.

Tranquillity.—Psalm 131.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'T is enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

831.

Trust.—Isaiah 12 : 2.

- 1 HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee ;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide ;
Trust thy goodness to provide ;
Trust thy saving love and power ;
Trust thee every day and hour :—

- 2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night ;
Trust in sickness, trust in health ;
Trust in poverty and wealth ;
Trust in joy and trust in grief ;
Trust thy promise for relief :—
- 3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul ;
Trust thy grace to make me whole ;
Trust thee living, dying too ;
Trust thee all my journey through ;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

832.

Consecration.—Psalm 119 : 94.

- 1 Now, O God, thine own I am !
Now I give thee back thine own :
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone :
Thine I live, thrice happy I !
Happier still if thine I die.
- 2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers ;
Take my mind, and heart, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new !

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

SMYRNA. 8s & 7s. Double.

665

- 1 JESUS spreads His banner o'er us,
 Cheers our famished souls with food,
 He the banquet spreads before us
 Of His mystic flesh and blood :
 Precious banquet ! bread of heaven !
 Wine of gladness, flowing free !
 May we taste it, kindly given,
 In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 In Thy holy incarnation
 When the angels sang Thy birth,
 In Thy fasting and temptation,
 In Thy labors on the earth,
 In Thy trial and rejection,
 In Thy suffering on the tree,
 In Thy glorious resurrection,
 May we, Lord, remember Thee.

666

- 1 WAS there ever kinder shepherd,
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour, who would have us
 Come and gather round His feet ?
 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
 There is mercy with the Saviour,
 There is healing in His blood.
- 2 There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed ;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.
 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus !
 And oh come not doubting thus,
 But with faith that trusts more bravely
 His huge tenderness for us.

AUBURN. C. M.



608

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end :
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

609

- 1 God of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,
If aught were dark to Thee !
- 2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw Thy love depart.
- 3 But though the gathering gloom may
hide
Those gentle rays awhile,

Yet they who in Thy house abide
Shall ever share Thy smile.

- 4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright ;
On Thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

610

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear,
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God, Thy sovereign power im-
part
To give Thy word success ;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high :
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

COVENTRY. C. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day A near - ness to my God,

Then would my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on his word.

939

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

B. CLEAVLAND.

940

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear,
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there !

- 4 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high :
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

WATTS.

941

- 1 THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 But high she shoots through air and
light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her
flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings. MOORE.

CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

942

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4 Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest;

- I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

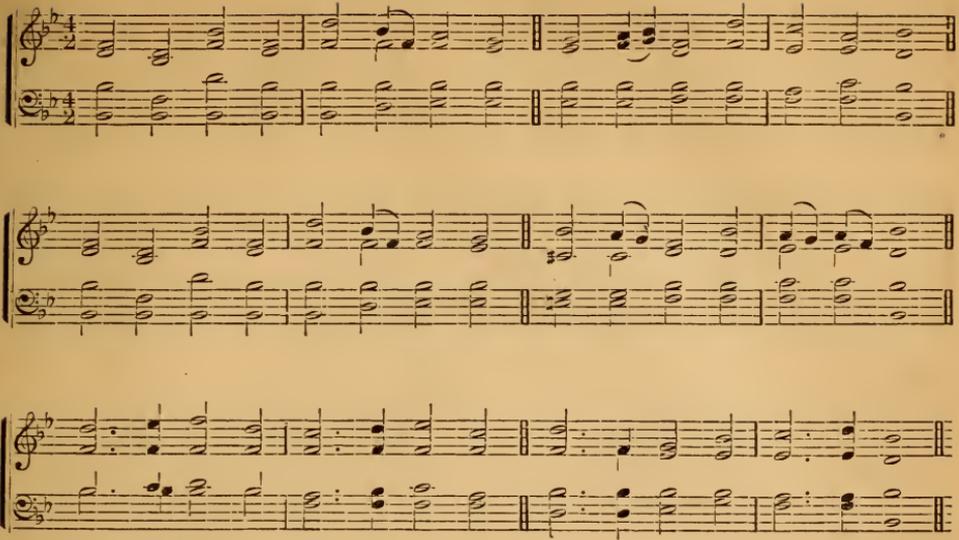
INGLESIDE. C. M.

WIESENTHAL.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to shine up-
on the road That leads me to the Lamb! Where is the blessed-ness I knew, When
first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-freshing view Of Je - sus and his word?

INVITATION.

EDITH. 8s, 7s & 4



271

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power :
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you :
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

272

- 1 COME, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;

- If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 2 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
 - 3 Lo, the Incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
 - 4 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. The Spi - rit, in our hearts, Is whis-pering, "Sin-ner, come!"

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all his chil-dren, "Come!"

596

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. OUNDERDONK.

597

- 1 YE trembling captives! hear;
The gospel-trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.
- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.
- 4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

PRATT'S COLL.

598

- 1 COME to the land of peace,
From shadows come away,
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air,
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.

BRIGGS' COLL.

599

- 1 Now is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

DOBELL.

INVITATION.

PETITION. L. M.



266

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thine injured Father's face ;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy deep repentant sigh,
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

267

Psalm 88.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid
wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming
sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

268

1 HASTE, traveller, haste ! the night comes
on,
And many a shining hour is gone ;
While thou art sleeping on the ground
Danger and darkness gather round.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the winds are high,
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Then linger not in all the plain ;
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain !
Look not behind, make no delay,
Oh speed thee, speed thee on thy way !

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

INVITATION.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. Double.

260

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
 Raise thy spirit dark and dead ;
 Jesus waits His light to shed :
 Wake from sleep, arise from death ;
 See the bright and living path ;
 Watchful tread that path, be wise ;
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 2 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
 From this hour redeem the time ;
 Life secure, without delay ;
 Evil is thy mortal day :
 Be not blind and foolish still,
 Called of Jesus, learn His will ;
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus waits to shed His light.

261

- 1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate ;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and
 wait :

Knock, He knows the sinner's cry ;
 Weep, He loves the mourner's
 tears ;
 Watch, for saving grace is nigh ;
 Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

- 2 Hark ! it is the Saviour's voice,
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest !"
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and owned, and bought, and
 blest :
 Safe, from all the lures of vice ;
 Owned, by joys the contrite know ;
 Bought, by love, and life the price ;
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

- 3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
 In a world like this remains ?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubts, and
 pains :
 Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame, from glory's view retire ;
 Doubt, in full belief shall die,
 Pain, in endless bliss expire.

BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
 d. c. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, Doubt no more.

Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power. d. c.

512.

Isaiah 55 : 1.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power.
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho, ye needy ; come, and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify !
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you ;
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

513.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner ! mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls ;
 Hear, O sinner !
 'T is the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour !
 Seek his mercy while you may ;
 Soon the day of grace is over ;
 Soon your life will pass away :
 Haste, O sinner !
 You must perish if you stay.

514.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Coming from the courts above ?
 Mercy beams in every passage ;
 Every line is full of love ;
 Oh ! believe it,
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Now the heralds of salvation
 Joyful news from heaven proclaim !
 Sinners freed from condemnation,
 Through the all-atoning Lamb !
 Life receiving
 Through the all-atoning Lamb.
- 3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay :
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

515.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer—
 Welcome to this heart of mine ;
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be thine,
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages thine.
- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear ;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near ;
 Shout, O Zion !
 Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.

INSPIRATION

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

256

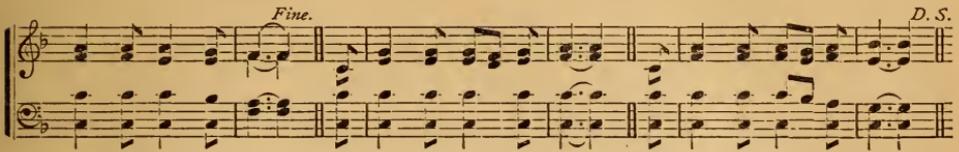
Psalm 19.

- 1 I LOVE the volume of Thy word ;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distrest !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 2 From the discoveries of Thy law,
 The perfect rules of life I draw ;
 These are my study and delight ;
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read Thy book of grace,
 And book of nature not in vain.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.



360

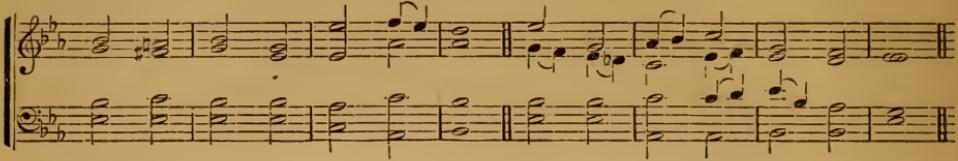
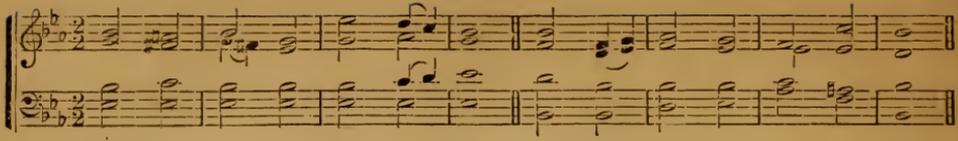
- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled :
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild :
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'T was He that loved my soul,
 'T was He that washed me in His blood,
 'T was He that made me whole :
 'T was He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'T was He that brought me to the fold,
 'T is He that still doth keep.
- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold :

No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam ;
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home !

361

- 1 I WAS a foe to God,
 I fought in Satan's host,
 I trifled all His grace away,
 Alas ! my soul was lost :
 Yet God forgets my sin ;
 His heart, with pity moved,
 He gives me, Son of God, in Thee ;
 Lo, thus our God hath loved !
- 2 Once, blind with sin and self,
 Along the treacherous way
 That ends in ruin at the last,
 I hastened far astray :
 Then God sent down His Son ;
 For with a love most deep,
 Most undeserved, His heart still
 yearned
 O'er me, poor wandering sheep !
- 3 God with His life of love
 To me was far and strange ;
 My heart clung only to the world
 Of sight, and sense, and change :
 In Thee, Immanuel,
 Are God and man made one ;
 In Thee my heart hath peace with God,
 And union in the Son.

SOLITUDE 7s.



901

- 1 Now with the declining sun
Day to night is passing on :
So doth mortal life descend
Swiftly to its destined end.
- 2 From the cross Thine arms spread wide,
Fold the world, O Crucified !
Help us love the cross ; in Thy
Dear embrace help us to die !
- 3 Glory to the Eternal One !
Glory to the Only Son !
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity !

902

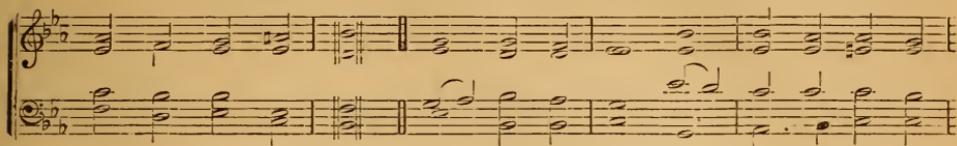
- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee !
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin !
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee !

- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye !

903

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new created earth.
- 2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of Day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies
Where our dear-bought treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.
- 5 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to Thee
Now and for eternity.

EVENTIDE. 105.



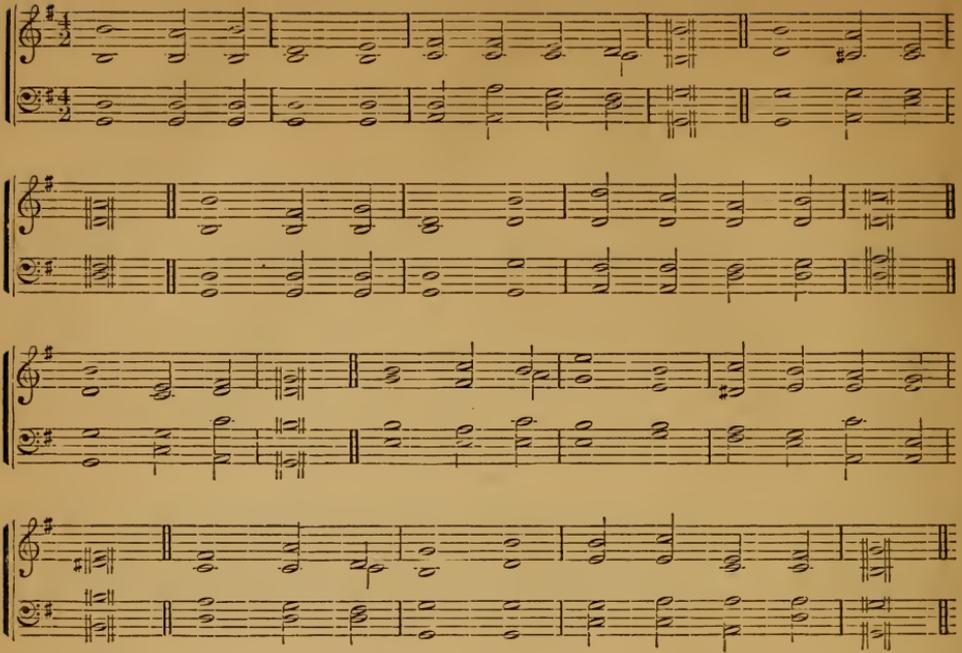
Or this Chant.



874

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

COCHRAN. 10s & 4s.



424

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

WORSHIP.

BERLIN. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. A-bide with me! fast falls the even - tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;

When other help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me.

89

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

LYTE.

ASPINWALL. Chant. .

H. LODER.

1. Abide with me! fast falls the ev-en-tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide:

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me.

DIRGE. L. M.

1. Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust; And give these sacred relics room To

lumber in the si - lent dust, And give these sacred re - lics room To slumber in the si - lent dust.

1187.

Ecc. 12 : 7.

- 1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious fern
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

1188.

Psaln 88 : 10.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of life and light!
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,

Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

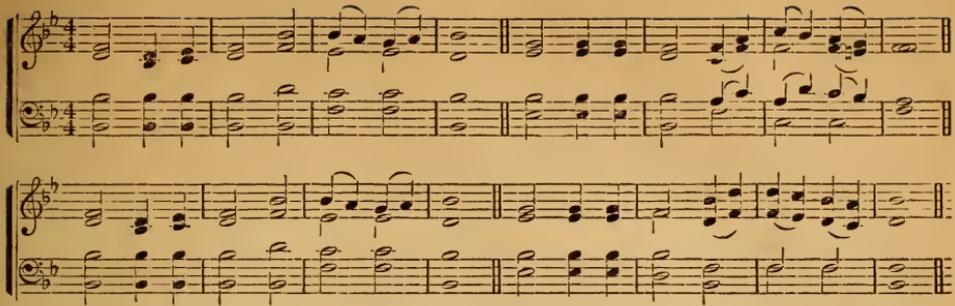
- 4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall
wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring
Thro' heaven, with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Saviour and their King!

1189.

Heb. 13 : 14.

- 1 "WE 'VE no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 2 "We 've no abiding city here;"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion's name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul! nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

ERNAN. L. M.



824

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, Immortal Dove !
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things !
- 2 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crowned with
Clothed in a body like our own. [light,
- 3 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the
Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them
there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love ?

825

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still :
- 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away !

826

Psalm 17.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there !
- 3 Oh glorious hour ! oh blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
prise,
And in my Saviour's image rise !

827

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here :"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here :"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest !

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mor - tals call - ing, In a sad and sol - emn sound!

1218.

Isa. 64 : 6.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—
- 2 “Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like him, ye blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading,
'T is alas! the truth we tell.
- 3 “Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 4 “Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 “Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
Ye, like us, shall pass away.”
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1219.

2 Tim. 4 : 6.

- 1 READY now to spread my pinions,
Glad to wing my flight away
From the gloom that hovers round me,
To the realms of endless day.

- 2 Ready to be freed from sorrow,
Tears and partings, toil and pain;
Ready for the heavenly mansion;
Life is dear, but death is gain.
- 3 Ready with the just made perfect,
Clothed in robes of light to be;
Swelling the enraptured chorus,
Singing joy and victory.
- 4 As the bird with warbling music
Soars above our feeble sight,
Singing still, and still ascending,
Melting in the glorious light,—
- 5 So the dying saint, departing,
Joyful takes his heavenward way;
Life, and time, and gladness blending
In the light of perfect day.

1220.

Mark 5 : 39.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed!

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

GOING HOME. L. M.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; No pain nor death can enter there:
Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine.

CHORUS.
{ I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more; }
{ To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more. }

1088

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, etc.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
flow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, etc.

NEWARK, 8s & 4s.

J. E. GOULD.

1. I know not wheth-er dark or bright Shall be my lot; If
that wherein my hopes de-light Be best or not, Be best or not.

1089

2 My bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

3 One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;—
Above the ravings of the gale
I have my Lord.

4 He holds me when the billows smite:
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light:
He tempers all.

5 Safe to the land!—safe to the land!
The end is this;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

THE OTHER SIDE.

J. E. GOULD.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shin-ing beam

A-cross from yon-der shore, A-cross from yon-der shore; While vis-ions of a

ho-ly throng, And sound of harp and ser-aph song, Seem gen-tly waft-ed o'er,

CHORUS. f

Seem gen-tly waft-ed o'er. O Zi-on, cit-y fair! O Zi-on, cit-y fair!

The oth-er side, the oth-er side, When shall we meet our loved ones there?

1092

- 2 The other side! oh, happy place,
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone,
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see,
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.
- 3 The other side! oh charming side!
Along its banks still waters glide,
And many a loved one waits;

- Across the stream they call to me,
"Fear not—we stay to welcome thee
Beside the pearly gates."
- 4 The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the bless'd ones there?

RESURRECTION.

ASCENSION. 8,6,8,6,8,8.



179

1 How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place, He is not here!"

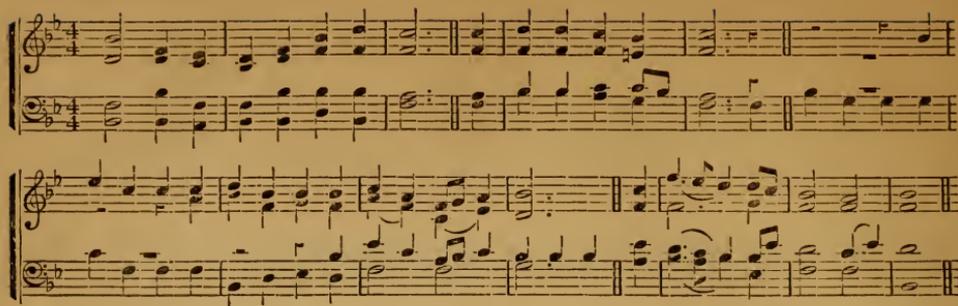
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend;
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

HASTINGS. 8,6,8,6,8,8.



NORTHFIELD. C. M.



821

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven where God
resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He their loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
fears,
And death itself shall die!"
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

822

- 1 THE whole creation groans, and waits,
Till we who love Thee, Lord,
Shall stand within Thy temple gates,
And shine, the sons of God.

- 2 The sons of God, how bright they
shine!
No mortal eye can see;
We sinners shall be made divine;
We shall be one with Thee.
- 3 One with the Lord and all His saints,
Thy nature in our own,
Thy crown our rich inheritance,
Heirs to Thy royal throne!

823

- 1 As Jesus died and rose again,
Victorious, from the dead,
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.
- 2 The time draws nigh when from the
clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 Then they who live shall changéd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient
charge,
And earth's foundation shake.
- 4 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 5 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It features a variety of textures, including full orchestration, solo passages for both hands, and a tutti section. The piece concludes with a simple harmonic setting of 'A - men.'.

800

1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day ;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray :
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright, returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee ;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see :
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me !

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine ;
When, oh, when shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine !
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine !

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand ;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land !

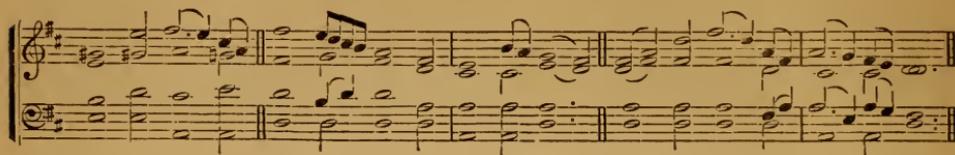
5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burn-
ing,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour !
O my Saviour, quickly come !

DOXOLOGY.

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

THE SECOND ADVENT.

FINNEY. 8s, 7s & 4s.



801

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, He comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought, and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come!
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee
come!

5 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

802

1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His look, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say,—“Come near, ye blesséd!
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall My love and glory know.”

BERNARD. 7s & 6s. D.

1. For thee, O dear, dear Country! Mine eyes their vigils keep: For ve - ry love be - hold - ing Thy happy name, they weep;—O one, O on - ly man - sion! O Par - a - dise of joy! Where tears are ev - er ban - ished, And bliss hath no al - loy.

1288.

Rev. 21 : 10.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear Country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep:
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep;—
 O one, O only, mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And bliss hath no alloy.
- 2 Thy ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up the fabric,
 The corner-stone is CHRIST!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- 3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song;
 And bright with many an angel,
 With many a martyr-throng;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The light is aye serene,
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 4 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white!

1289.

John 17 : 24.

- 1 No seas again shall sever,
 No desert intervene;
 No deep sad-flowing river
 Shall roll its tide between:
 Love and unsevered union
 Of soul with those we love,
 Nearness and glad communion,
 Shall be our joy above.
- 2 No dread of wasting sickness,
 No thought of ache or pain,
 No fretting hours of weakness,
 Shall mar our peace again;
 No death our homes o'ershading,
 Shall e'er our harps unstring;
 For all is life unfading
 In presence of our King!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JENNER. 7s & 6s.

Br. EWING.

I. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:

I know not, oh, I know not What so - cial joys are there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare. A - men.

1087

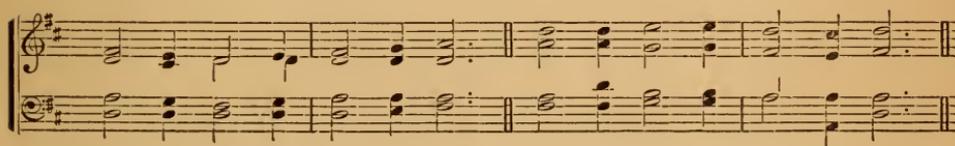
- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest!
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest:
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What social joys are there;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;
 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er win thy grace?
 Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part,
 His only, his forever
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

BERNARD

MISSIONS.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s. Double.



742

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are!
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?
 Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

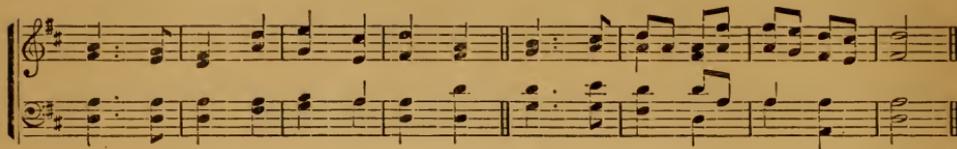
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends!
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends!

Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller, 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!
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn:
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!
 Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

MISSIONS.

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.



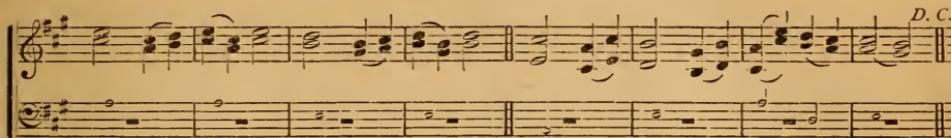
733

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day :
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day !
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase ;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around !

734

- 1 CHRISTIAN, see, the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky ;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day-spring from on high :
Hallelujah !
Hail the day-spring from on high !
- 2 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine till, brighter gleaming,
All the world Thy glory fills :
Hallelujah !
Hail the day-spring from on high !
- 3 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole !
Spread the light of Thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul :
Hallelujah !
Hail the day-spring from on high !

TIVOLI. 8s & 7s.



557

Psalm 87.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode :
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,

Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

558

- 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain
 Streams of living water flow ;
 God has opened there a fountain
 That supplies the world below :
 They are blesséd
 Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flow-
 ing,
 Streams of mercy find their way,
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Waking beauty from decay :
 O ye nations
 Hail the long-expected day !
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure
 Buds and blossoms as the rose :
 Lo, the desert
 Sings for joy where'er it flows '

STOUGHTON. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Sa- viour, vi - sit thy plan- ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain :

All will come to de - so - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
 d. s. Lest, for want of thine as - sis - tance, Ev - ery plant should droop and die.

FINE.

Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high,
 D. S.

1159.

Cant. 4 : 16.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain :
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished ;
 Every part looked gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished :
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see :
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed :
 Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent :
 Make us prevalent in prayer ;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snare.
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

1160.

Psalms 87.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode :
 On the Rock of Ages founded—
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear !
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 He who gives them daily manna,
 He who listens when they cry,—
 Let him hear the loud hosanna,
 Rising to his throne on high.

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

RITTER. Arranged.

I. { Souls in heathen darkness ly-ing, Where no light has broken thro'— }
 { Souls that Jesus bought by dying, Whom his soul in travail knew— } Thousand voices,

Thousand voices Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue, Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue.

I 223

- 2 Christians, hearken ! None has taught them
 Of his love so deep and dear ;
 Of the precious price that bought them ;
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
 Ye who know him,
 Guide them from their darkness
 drear.
- 3 Haste, oh haste, and spread the tidings
 Wide to earth's remotest strand ;
 Let no brother's bitter chidings
 Rise against us—when we stand
 In the judgment—
 From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,
 All along each distant shore ;
 Seaward far the islands brighten,—
 Light of nations ! lead us o'er :
 When we seek them,
 Let thy Spirit go before !

I 224

- I YES—my native land ! I love thee ;
 All thy scenes I love them, well ;
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell ?

- Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 Home !—thy joys are passing lovely—
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell ;
 Happy home !—'tis sure I love thee !
 Can I—can I say—Farewell ?
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
 Can I say a last farewell ?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well ;
 Far away, ye billows ! bear me ;
 Lovely native land !—farewell !
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died—the blessed Saviour—
 To redeem a world from hell !
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

S. F. SMITH.

TELEMAN'S CHANT. 73.



735

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"
- 3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

736

- 1 "GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud!
- 2 Oh, how bright the morning seems,
Brighter, from so dark a night!
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.
- 3 Lo, thy sun goes down no more,
God Himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

- 4 Zion, now arise and shine,
Lo, thy light from heaven is come;
These that crowd from far are thine,
Give thy sons and daughters room.

737

Psalm 72.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings His power shall own;
Heathen tribes His Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain:
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we then our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

DOXOLOGY.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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