

THE NEW  
CANADIAN  
HYMNAL

1916 Sh

## *A Friendly Warning*

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Our Sunday School officials, therefore, will be well advised to carefully guard against any possible infraction of the copyright law through the use of stereopticon slides, or through any other unauthorized use, of any hymns or music appearing in this Hymnal.

*THE PUBLISHER.*

*b. Irene Ferrier*  
1918

1916  
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*Wm*

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Irene Ferrer

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*The*  
New Canadian Hymnal

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
SOCIETIES, PRAYER  
& PRAISE MEETINGS  
FAMILY CIRCLES



TORONTO: WILLIAM BRIGGS

HALIFAX: F. W. MOSHER

1916

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HALLWAY, 27 W. DUNDAS

1916

## PREFACE

FOR the past twenty-five years the Canadian Hymnal has been in use in the Sunday schools and social services of several denominations, and has been generally recognized as the best book of its kind in existence.

This new edition has been greatly improved by removing about one half of the hymns and tunes that were in the old one and substituting newer and better ones. It has been the aim of the Committee of Publication to select the very best of the popular pieces which are likely to appeal to the young people. So-called "hymns," composed of doggerel verse, set to "rag-time" music, have been rigidly excluded, but the new selections that have been made will be found to be unusually attractive.

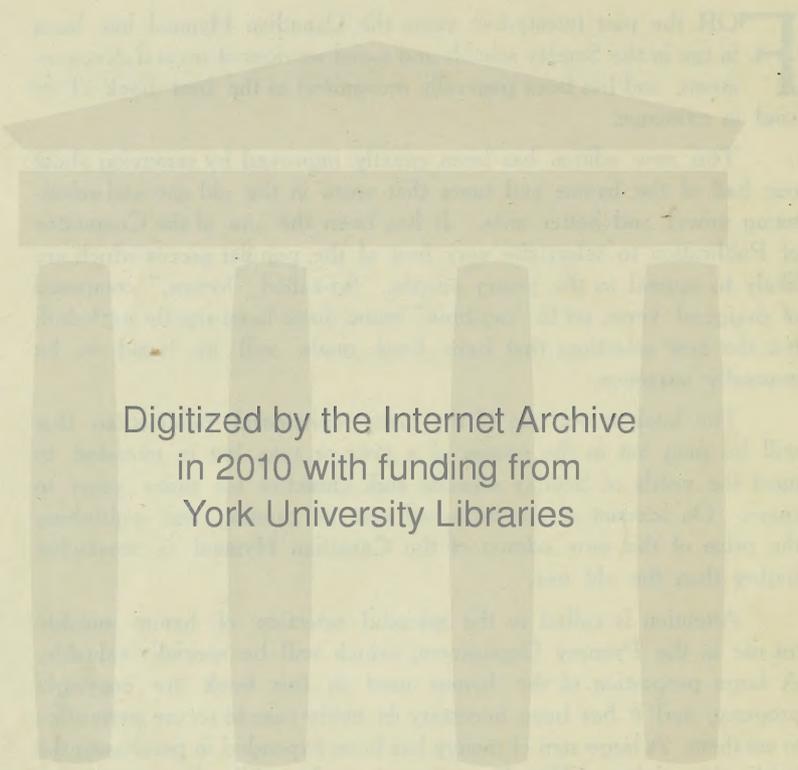
The book is not one of the many ephemeral publications that will be sung out in the course of a year or two, but is intended to meet the needs of Sunday schools and churches for many years to come. On account of the increased cost of printing and publishing the price of this new edition of the Canadian Hymnal is somewhat higher than the old one.

Attention is called to the splendid selection of hymns suitable for use in the Primary Department, which will be specially valuable. A large proportion of the hymns used in this book are copyright property, and it has been necessary in every case to secure permission to use them. A large sum of money has been expended in purchasing the publication rights. The Committee is under obligations to various authors, composers and publishers for courtesies extended.

Sunday schools should carefully note that they are not at liberty to reproduce any copyright hymn or tune for use in the stereopticon, or in any other way, without special permission. To do so is a distinct breach of the copyright law, and involves heavy penalties.

The editorial work in the preparation of this new edition has been efficiently done by Mr. J. M. Sherlock.

PREFACE



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# 1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

NICÆA

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,

Grate - ful - ly a - dor - ing our song shall rise to thee:  
 Cast - ing down their gol - den crowns a - round the glass - y sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and  
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be -

might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 fore thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hideth thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may  
 not see,  
 Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth  
 and sky and sea:  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

—Bishop Heber.

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

FIRST TUNE

MILES' LANE

W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al  
 2. Ye seed of Israel's chos-en race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you  
 3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your trophies

di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.  
 by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.  
 at his feet And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

*ad lib.*

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at his feet may fall;  
 Join in the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all!

—Perronet.

SECOND TUNE

DIADEM

JAMES ELLOR.

*Spirited.*

All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate

fall; Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a -

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name—*Concluded*

dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,

crown . . . . .

crown him, crown him, crown him, And crown him Lord of all!

crown . . . . . him,

### 3

## Earth Has Nothing Sweet or Fair

NEW CALABAR

J. D. FARRER.

1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,  
2. When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the gold - en sun - beams rise,

But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty source and spring.  
Then my Sa - viour's form I find Bright - ly im - aged on my mind.

3 When, as moonlight softly steals,  
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,  
Then I think : Who made their light  
Is a thousand times more bright.

4 Lord of all that's fair to see,  
Come, reveal thyself to me ;  
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,  
See thine unveiled glories bright.

—*J. Scheffler*, 1657. *Tr. F. E. Cox*, 1841.

## For the Beauty of the Earth

DIX

C. KOCHER.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,  
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,—  
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,—

Christ our God, to thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye;  
For the heart and mind's delight,—  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight,—  
Christ our God, to thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For the joy of human love;  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above;  
For all gentle thoughts and mild,—  
Christ our God, to thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

—F. S. Pierpoint.

## 5

## Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs

ANTIOCH (308)

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"  
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;  
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb!

—Isaac Watts.

## When Morning Gilds the Skies

LAUDES DOMINI

J. BARNEY.

*mf* 1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May  
*mp* 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spi - rit sighs, May  
*p* 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A so - lace here I find, — May

Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer (*cr.*) To  
 Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mo - lest, (*cr.*) With  
 Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? (*cr.*) My

Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 this I shield my breast, — May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 com - fort still is this, — May Je - sus Christ be praised!

*mf* 4 To God, the Word, on high  
 The hosts of angels cry,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
*cr.* Let mortals, too, upraise  
 Their voice in hymns of praise:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

*f* 5 Let earth's wide circle round  
 In joyful notes resound,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
*cr.* Let air, and sea, and sky,  
 From depth to height, reply,  
*ff* May Jesus Christ be praised!

— Trs. by Edward Caswall.

## On Our Way Rejoicing

ST. ALBAN

Arr. from FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we home-ward move,  
 2. If with hon-est-heart-ed Love for God and man,

Hear - en to our prais - es, O thou God of love!  
 Day by day thou find us Do - ing what we can;

Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!  
 Thou who giv'st the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from thee!  
 Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.

## On Our Way Rejoicing—*Concluded*

REFRAIN.

On our way re - joic - ing, As we home - ward move,  
Hear - en to our prais - es, O thou God of love!

3 On our way rejoicing,  
Gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our leader,  
Vanquished is our foe!  
Christ without, our safety;  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing  
Now and evermore!

—John B. Monsell.

## 8 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

TALLIS

THOMAS TALLIS, Ob. 1585.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,  
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,  
The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!  
To spread through all the earth a - broad The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe. —C. Wesley.

## Hosanna! be the Children's Song

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ELLACOMBE

1. Ho - san - na! be the children's song To Christ, the children's King;  
 2. Ho - san - na! on the wings of light O'er earth and o - cean fly;

His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.  
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heaven to earth re - ply.

Ho - san - na! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain;  
 Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King!

While loud - er, sweet - er, clear - er still, Woods ec - ho to the strain.  
 This is the children's song of praise; Let all the chil - dren sing.

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces  
 2. Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad-o-  
 3. Great and ev-er great-er Are thy mer-cies here; True and ev-er-

rais-ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer,  
 ra-tion Bend-ing low the knee. Thou for our re-demp-tion  
 last-ing Are the glo-ries there; Where no pain, nor sor-row,

All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to thee.  
 Can'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low, Hast gone up on high.  
 Toil, nor care, is known, Where the An-gel le-gions Cir-cle round thy throne.

4 Clearer still and clearer  
 Dawns the light from heaven,  
 In our sadness bringing  
 News of sins forgiven;  
 Life has lost its shadows,  
 Pure the light within;  
 Thou hast shed thy radiance  
 On a world of sin.

5 Higher then and higher  
 Bear the ransomed soul,  
 Earthly toils forgotten,  
 Saviour, to its goal;  
 Where in joys unthought of  
 Saints with angels sing,  
 Never weary raising  
 Praises to their King.

—Godfrey Thring.

## 11

## Praise Ye the Lord! 'tis Good to Raise

EVENING HYMN (53)

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
 Your hearts and voices in his praise;  
 His nature and his works invite  
 To make this duty our delight.  
 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,  
 He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.  
 3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his clouds along the sky;

There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.  
 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
 The beasts with food his hands supply,  
 And the young ravens when they cry.  
 5 But saints are lovely in his sight,  
 He views his children with delight;  
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
 And looks and loves his image there.

—I. Watts.

## BLESSED ASSURANCE

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo - ry di -  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapture now burst on my  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap - py and



vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His  
 sight, An - gels de - scending bring from above, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of  
 blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His



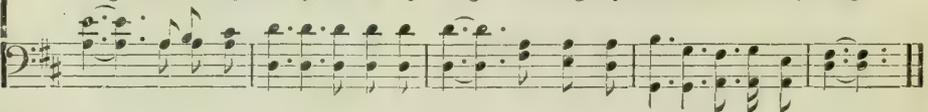
## CHORUS.



blood. } This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Saviour all the day  
 love. }  
 love.



long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Saviour all the day long.



Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise him! praise him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, his  
 2. Praise him! praise him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins he  
 3. Praise him! praise him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n - ly por - tals,

won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail him! hail him! high - est arch - an - gels in  
 suf - ered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -  
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reign - eth for ev - er and

D.S.—Praise him! praise him! tell of his ex - cel - lent

FINE.

glo - ry; Strength and honour give to his ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd,  
 va - tion, Hail him! hail him! Je - sus the cru - ci - fied. Sound his prais - es!  
 ev - er; Crown him! crown him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!

great - ness, Praise him! praise him! ev - er in joy - ful song!

D.S.

Je - sus will guard his children, In his arms he car - ries them all day long;  
 Je - sus who bore our sorrows, Love un - bound - ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong;  
 o - ver the world vic - torious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

Words by WILLIAM G. TARRANT, 1890.

TOURS

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.

1. With hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Thy chil - dren, Lord, ap - pear;  
 2. For though no eye be - holds thee, No hand thy touch may feel,  
 3. And shall we not a - dore thee With more than joy - ous song,

Their joy - ous prais - es bring - ing In an - thems sweet and clear.  
 Thy u - ni - verse un - folds thee, Thy star - ry heavens re - veal;  
 Nor live in truth be - fore thee, All beau - ti - ful and strong?

For skies of gold - en splen - dor, For az - ure roll - ing sea,  
 The earth and all its glo - ry, Our homes and all we love,  
 Lord, bless our weak en - dea - vor Thy ser - vants true to be,

For blos - soms sweet and ten - der, O Lord, we wor - ship thee.  
 Tell forth the won - drous sto - ry, Of One who reigns a - bove.  
 And through all life, for ev - er, To live our praise to thee.



## Rolling Downward Through the Midnight

Words by R. L.

*With energy*

Arranged by R. Lowry.

1. Roll - ing downward through the midnight, Comes a glorious burst of heaven - ly song;  
 2. Wond'ring shepherds see the glo - ry, Hear the word the shining ones de - clare;  
 3. Christ the Saviour, God's A - noint - ed, Comes to earth our fearful debt to pay—

'Tis a cho - rus full of sweetness—And the sing - ers are an an - gel throng.  
 At the man - ger fall in wor - ship, While the mu - sic fills the quiv' - ring air.  
 Man of Sor - rows, and re - ject - ed, Lamb of God, that takes our sin a - way.

## CHORUS.

"Glo - ry! glo - ry in the highest! On the earth good-will and peace to men!"  
 "Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!"

Down the a - ges send the e - cho; Let the glad earth shout a - gain!  
 a - ges, down the a - ges

## All Praise to Our Redeeming Lord

Cheerful

ABRIDGE

ISAAC SMITH.

1. All praise to our re - deem - ing Lord Who joins us by his grace,  
2. He bids us build each oth - er up; And, gath' - red in - to cre,

And bids us, each to each re - stored, To - geth - er seek his face.  
To our high call - ing's glo - rious hope We hand in hand - go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove;  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,  
And cordially agree;  
United all, through Jesus' name,  
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,  
The common peace we feel;  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know,  
When round his throne we meet!  
—C. Wesley.

## Swell the Anthem

JOHN B. WILKES.

1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;  
2. Bless - ings from his liber - al hand Flow a - round this hap - py land;

Saints and an - gels join to sing Prais - es to the heavenly King.  
Kept by him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free - dom we en - joy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway  
May we cheerfully obey:  
Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.  
—Nathan Strong.

## Worship the King in His Beauty

PRAISE HIM ETERNALLY

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Wor-ship the King in his beau-ty, Bow at his fe-t and a-dore, Heav'n with an  
 2. Sing of the might-y Re-deem-er, Rul-er of earth and of sky, En-ter his  
 3. Hail to the might-y Je-ho-vah! Hail to the Lord on his throne! Zi-on with

anthem is ringing Praise him for ev-er-more: Ra-di-ant or's he cre-a-ted,  
 gates with thanksgiving; Sound forth his praise on high. Fountain of life and sal-va-tion,  
 rapture is singing, He is our God a-lone; Crown'd with a-glo-ry im-mor-tal,

*f* Form'd by his wise de-cree, Praise him! O praise him E-ter-nal-ly!  
 Hope of the years to be, Praise him! O praise him E-ter-nal-ly!  
 Bright as the sun is he, Praise him! O praise him E-ter-nal-ly!

*f* **FINE.**

*D.S.*—Praise him! O praise him E-ter-nal-ly!

## CHORUS.

Ho-ly! ho-ly! angels a-dor-ing cry, Praise, O praise him!

## Worship the King in His Beauty—Concluded

D.S.

glo-ry to God most high! Hail Je - ho - vah! boundless in ma - jes - ty,

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

## 20 O Worship the King, All Glorious Above!

HANOVER

HANDEL

1. O wor - ship the King all glori - ous a - bove! O grate - ful - ly  
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the

sing his power and his love! Our Shield and De - fen - der, the  
light, whose can - o - py space; His chari - ots of wrath the deep

An - cient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendour, and gird - ed with praise.  
thun - der-clouds form; And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?<br/>It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,<br/>It streams from the hills, it descends to the<br/>plain,<br/>And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.</p> | <p>4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail;<br/>In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:<br/>Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the<br/>end,<br/>Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend</p> |
|--|---|

—Sir R. Grant.

## When I Walk in God's Clear Sunlight

W. F. SHERWIT.

1. When I walk in God's clear sunlight, With its beauty beaming fair, Or when sha -  
 2. Though a - mid the deepest darkness, I may surely trust the Lord; He hath nev -

## CHORUS.

dows seem to ga - ther, I may see him everywhere. He will lead me, he will lead me,  
 er yet for - sa - ken—He will keep his promised word.

Be my true and constant guide; He will lead me, he will lead me—In his love I may a - bide.

3 Though all friendships may be broken,  
 And the hand of death be laid,  
 In his might and love confiding,  
 I shall never be afraid.

4 When to me shall come the glory  
 Of the heavenly mansions bright,  
 Still the song will I be singing  
 In that home of pure delight.

—C. R. Blackall.

## Come, Let Us, Who in Christ Believe

WILTSHIRE (26)

1 Come, let us, who in Christ believe,  
 Our common Saviour praise,  
 To him with joyful voices give  
 The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door  
 Of every sinner's heart;  
 The worst need keep him out no more,  
 Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,  
 Yield to be saved from sin;  
 In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
 That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,  
 Nor ever hence remove;  
 But sup with us, and let the feast  
 Be everlasting love.

—C. Wesley.

## Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

OLD HUNDRED

MAROT &amp; BEZA'S PSALTER



1. Be-fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy;  
 2. His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;



Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and he des - troy.  
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain.



3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;  
 Vast as eternity thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.  
 —Isaac Watts.

## 24

## All People that on Earth do Dwell

OLD HUNDRED (23)

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

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,  
 Without our aid he did us make;  
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

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

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is forever sure;  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.  
 —Hopkins or Kethe.

## 25

## Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow

OLD HUNDRED (23)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise him all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. —Bishop Ken.

## Oh, for a Heart to Praise My God

WILTSHIRE

SIR GEORGE SMART.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from  
2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re-

sin deem - set er's free! A heart on that al - ways is  
Where on - ly Christ is

feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!  
heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine! —C. Wesley.

## 27

## When all Thy Mercies, O My God

WILTSHIRE (26)

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

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 paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

5 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

—Addison.

## Come, Thou Almighty King

ITALIAN HYMN

FELICE DE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,  
2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days!  
word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore:  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!

—Charles Wesley.

## From All that Dwell Below the Skies

OLD HUNDRED (23)

1 From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;  
In songs of praise divinely sing;  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—Isaac Watts and Bishop Ken.

E. E. HEWITT.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Glo - ry to God for his sunshine is free, Light, bless - ed light in the  
 2. Won - der - ful light, for sal - va - tion it brings, Heal - ing and peace from its  
 3. Light of sal - va - tion, oh, welcome its ray, Beau - ti - ful to - ken of

Saviour for thee; Waiting to ban - ish the darkness of sin, Open thy windows and  
 life - giv - ing wings; Ready this moment its work to be - gin, Open thy windows and  
 heaven's bright day; O - ver all shadows the vic - t'ry 'twill win, Open thy windows and

## CHORUS.

let it shine in.  
 let it shine in. O - pen thy windows, the light will shine In - to thy soul bringing  
 let it shine in.

glo - ry di - vine; Let it shine in, Let it shine in, The sav - ing light of Je - sus.

Words by C. WESLEY.

ST. GEORGE

SIR G. ELVEY.

*Cheerful*

1. Hap - py man whom God doth aid! God our souls and bod - ies made;  
 2. He this flow - 'ry car - pet spread, Made the earth on which we tread;  
 3. Give him then, and ev - er give, Thanks for all that we re - ceive;

God on us, in gra - cious show'rs, Blessings ev - 'ry moment pours;  
 God re - fresh - es in the air, Cov - ers with the clothes we wear,  
 Man we for his kind - ness love, How much more our God a - bove?

Com - pass - es with an - gel - bands, Bids them bear us in their hands;  
 Feeds us with the food we eat, Cheers us by his light and heat,  
 Wor - thy thou, our heav'n - ly Lord, To be honoured and a - dored;

Par - ents, friends, 'twas God bestowed, Life, and all, de - scend from God.  
 Makes his sun on us to shine; All our blessings are di - vine!  
 God of all - cre - at - ing grace, Take the ev - er - last - ing praise!

## O Love that Will Not Let Me Go

ST. MARGARET

*Smoothly, but not too slow.*

A. L. PEACE.

*mf* 1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in  
*mp* 2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to

thee: I give thee back the life I owe, (cr.) That  
 thee: My heart re-stores its borrow-ed ray, (cr.) That

in thine ocean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.  
 in thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.

*mf* 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
 I cannot close my heart to thee:  
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
 And feel the promise is not vain  
 That morn shall tearless be.

*p* 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,  
 I dare not ask to fly from thee:  
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
*cr.* And from the ground there blossoms red  
 Life that shall endless be.

—George Matheson.

## GOD IS LOVE

RYAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "God is Love!"—His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove;  
 2. "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it glad-ly How the Sav-our from a - bove  
 3. "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mer - cy— May we all its full - ness prove!

Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing, Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"  
 Came to seek and save the lost ones, Show - ing thus the Fath - er's love.  
 Tell - ing those who sit in dark - ness, "God is Light, and God is Love."

## CHORUS.

Ha - le - lu - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;

Sound - ing forth the might - y cho - rus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

1. Love that passeth knowledge, hath Christ the Lord for you,  
 2. Out up-on the prai - me, and on the bounding sea, Love that sought and  
 Thro' the path-less

found you and paid the ran - som due, Love that ne - ver fail - eth and  
 for - est, where deep - est sha - dows be, On the high - est moun - tain and

nev - er groweth dim, For this love of Je - sus what have you to give to him?  
 in the low - ly vale, Shines this love of Je - sus, heav'nly love that cannot fail.

## CHORUS.

Love that passeth knowledge, the love of Christ your King! Earth and sky are

praising him, Children come and gladly sing, Love that passeth knowledge, the

## Love that Passeth Knowledge—*Concluded*

love of Christ your King! Heart and voice u-nit-ing, let your grate-ful prais-es ring.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

3 He will share your burdens, O come, as long ago  
 Weary ones came often, his grace and help to know.  
 He the Burden-bearer will meet your need to-day,  
 Trust the love of Jesus, for it fadeth not away.

4 He will never leave you, oh, trust his loving care!  
 In the time of tempest to him in faith repair.  
 He will safely guide you, will guide you with his eye,  
 O'er life's earnest conflict he is watching from on high.

—Flora Kirkland.

## 35 My Shepherd Will Supply My Need.

TANSUR.

1. My Shep-herd will sup-ply my need, JE-HO-VAH is his name;  
 2. He brings my wan-d'ring spir-it back, When I for-sake his ways;

In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be-side the liv-ing stream.  
 And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
 Thy presence is my stay;  
 A word of thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.  
 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
 Doth now my table spread;

My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.  
 5 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days;  
 Oh, may thine house be mine abode,  
 And all my work be praise!

—Isaac Watts.

Words by COLIN STERNA.

*Quietly, but not too slowly.*

TRUSTFULNESS

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

1. Je - sus was teach - ing in - ten - der tones Of the flow - ers that grew in the  
 2. Hearts that are saddened with anxious thoughts, Here is com - fort and heal - ing for  
 3. Take, then, no thought for the morrow's ill; 'Tis suf - fi - cient to think of to -

field ; Gen - tle and sweet were the words he spoke Of the  
 you ; Fear not and doubt not, but trust in God; For the  
 day ; Seek ye the king - dom of right - eous - ness, And the

les - sons of faith they yield. Take no thought for your  
 mes - sage of Christ is true. Strength will come in the  
 Lord shall pre - pare your way ! Grant, O God, we may

life, He said; Nor what ye shall eat or wear: Your  
 time of need From him who is sure and strong: Your  
 trust in thee In glad - ness, or pain, or grief: We

# Jesus Was Teaching in Tender Tones—Continued

*cres.* *poco rit.*

Hea - ven - ly Fa - ther know - eth your need, And mak - eth your wants his care!  
 dark - ness shall melt in glo - ri - ous morn; Your sor - row shall turn to song.  
 fain would be - lieve! cries ev - er - y heart; O help thou our un - be - lief!

*a tempo.*  
 ORG. *mf* *dim.* *poco rit.*

*mf* REFRAIN. DUET OR CHOIR TREBLES AND ALTOS. *A shade slower.*

Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they

*spin:* yet Sol - o - mon in all his glo - ry was not ar -

## Jesus Was Teaching in Tender Tones—(concluded)

### CHORUS IN HARMONY.

rayed like one of these. Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the

field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin yet

Sol - o - mon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed like one of these.

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# 37

## There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

CORNELL (114)

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in his justice,  
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.

- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most infinitely kind.

- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the favour of our Lord.

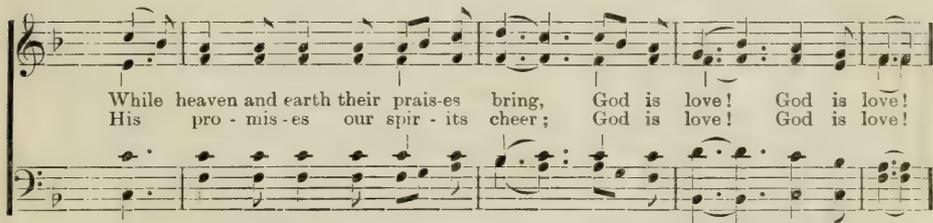
—F. W. Faber.

## EPHESUS

FROM AUBER.



1. Come, let us all unite to sing, God is love! God is love!  
2. How hap-py is our por-tion here! God is love! God is love!



While heaven and earth their prais-es bring, God is love! God is love!  
His pro-mis-es our spir-its cheer; God is love! God is love!



Let ev-ry soul from sin a-wake, Their harps now from the willows take,  
He is our sun and shield by day, By night he near our tents will stay,



And sing with us, for Je-sus' sake, God is love! God is love!  
He will be with us all the way— God is love! God is love!

3 What though my heart and flesh shall fail!

God is love!

Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,

God is love!

Though Jordan swell I will not fear;

My Saviour will be with me there,

My head above the waves to bear—

God is love!

4 In Zion we shall sing again,

God is love!

Yes, this shall be our highest strain,

God is love!

Whilst endless ages roll along,

In concert with the heavenly throng,

This shall be still our sweetest song,

God is love!

## Lord of the Sabbath, Hear Our Vows

*Moderate.*

ST. ALBAN

St. Alban's Tune Book.

1. Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy house;  
 2. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above;  
 3. No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;

And own, as grate-ful sac-ri-fice, The songs which from thy servants rise.  
 To that our laboring souls aspire, With ardent hope and strong de-sire.  
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs, Which warble from im-mor-tal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
 No cares to break the long repose;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 Oh, long-expected day, begin!  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

—Dr. Doddridge.

## 40

## The Lord be With Us

HOLY TRINITY

J. BARNEY.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless-ing to re-ceive;  
 2. The Lord be with us as we walk A-long our home-ward road;

His gift of Peace on us descend Be-fore his courts we leave.  
 In si-lent thought or friend-ly talk Our hearts be near to God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night  
 Shall close the day of rest;  
 Be he of every heart the Light,  
 Of every home the Guest.

4 The Lord be with us through the hours  
 Of slumber, calm and deep;  
 Protect our homes, renew our powers,  
 And guard his people's sleep.

—John Ellerton.

Words by J. NEWTON.

SABBATH MORN

DR. L. MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing  
 2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' our great Redeemer's name, Show thy re-con-cil-ed  
 3. Here we come thy name to praise; May we feel thy presence near; May thy glo - ry meet our

seek, Waiting in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem  
 face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we  
 eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our

of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 rest this day in thee, From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.  
 ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

AURELIA (174)

- 1 Oh, day of rest and gladness,  
 Oh, day of joy and light,  
 — Oh, balm of care and sadness,  
 Most beautiful, most bright;  
 On thee the high and lowly  
 Before the eternal throne  
 Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
 To the great Three in One.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,  
 The light first had its birth;  
 On thee for our salvation,  
 Christ rose from depths of earth;

On thee our Lord victorious,  
 The Spirit sent from heaven;  
 And thus on thee most glorious  
 A triple light was given.

- 3 New graces ever gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining  
 To spirits of the blest;  
 To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father, and to Son;  
 The Church her voice upraises  
 To thee, blest Three in One.

— Bishop Wordsworth.

## Blest Day of God

IRISH



1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days.  
 2. My Sav - iour's face made thee to shine, His ris - ing thee did raise,



- The labor - er's rest, the saint's de - light, The day of prayer and praise!  
 And made thee heaven - ly and di - vine Be - yond all oth - er days.



- 3 The firstfruits of a blessing prove  
 To all the sheaves behind;  
 And they the day of Christ who love,  
 A happy week shall find.

- 4 This day I must to God draw near;  
 For, Lord, the day is thine:  
 Help me to spend it in thy fear,  
 And thus to make it mine.

—John Mason.

## Sweet is the Sunlight

ST. ALBAN (39)

- 1 Sweet is the sunlight after rain,  
 And sweet the sleep which follows pain;  
 And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest  
 Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

- 2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm;  
 The poor man's birthright and his balm;  
 God's witness of celestial things;  
 A sun with healing in its wings.

- 3 New rising in this gospel time,  
 And in its sevenfold light sublime,

- Blest day of God! we hail its dawn,  
 To gratitude and worship drawn.

- 4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride  
 Should with the sacred hours abide;  
 At work for God, in loved employ,  
 We lose the duty in the joy.

- 5 Breathe on us, Lord! our sins forgive,  
 And make us strong in faith to live;  
 Our utmost, sorest need supply,  
 And make us strong in faith to die.

—W. M. Punshon.

## Pleasant are Thy Courts Above

MAIDSTONE

W. B. GILBERT.

1. Pleas - ant are thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;  
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round thy al - tars, O Most High!

Pleas - ant are thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.  
Hap - pier souls that find a rest In a heav - en - ly Fath - er's breast!

O! my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of thy saints,  
Like the wan - dering dove that found No re - pose on earth a - round,

For the bright - ness of thy face, For thy ful - ness, God of grace!  
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.

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3 Happy souls! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies.  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach thy throne at length;  
At thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:  
Guide me through a world of sin;  
Keep me by thy saving grace:  
Give me at thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart:  
Grace and glory flow from thee;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!  
—Henry Francis Lyte.

## O Timely Happy, Timely Wise

ERNAN.

DR. L. MASON.

1. O time-ly hap-py, time-ly wise, Hearts that with ris-ing morn a - rise,  
 2. New eve-ry morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove,  
 3. New mercies each re-turn-ing day Hov-er around us while we pray;

Eyes that the beam ce - les - tial view Which ev - er-more makes all things new!  
 Through sleep and darkness safe - ly brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought.  
 New per - ils past, new sins for - given, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we ought to ask,  
 Room to deny ourselves, a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy great love.  
 Fit us for perfect rest above;  
 And help us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

—John Keble.

## Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide

EVENTIDE

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me, fast falls the ev-en-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!  
 Change and de-cay in all around I see; Oh, 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 Reveal thyself 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 and death, O Lord, abide with me?

—H. F. Lyte.

## Day is Dying in the West

SENNEN

W. F. SHERWIN.

*p*

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest; Wait and worship  
2. Lord of Life, beneath the dome Of the u - niverse thy home, Gath - er us, who

while the night Sets her even - ing lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.  
seek thy face, To the fold of thy embrace; For thou art nigh.

*cres.*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts; Heaven and earth are

*cres.*

full of thee, Heaven and earth are prais - ing thee, O Lord most High.

*f*

3 While the deepening shadows fall,  
Heart of love enfolding all,  
Through the glory and the grace  
Of the stars that veil thy face  
Our hearts ascend.

4 When forever from our sight  
Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morn arise,  
And shadows end.

—Mary A. Lathbury.

## Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing

ITALIAN CHORALE

Words by J. EDMESTON.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sa-viour, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal;  
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can - not hide from thee;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
Thou art he who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo-ple be.

Tho' de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,  
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

An-gel-guards from thee sur-round us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.  
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

## Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I Go

CONFIDENCE

W. MOORE.

1. Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bour to pur - sue,  
 2. The task thy wis - dom hath assigned O let me cheer - ful - ly ful - fil,  
 3. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my in - most substance see,

Thee, on - ly thee, resolved to know In all I think, or speak, or do.  
 In all my works thy pres - ence find, And prove thy good and per - fect will.  
 And la - bour on at thy command, And of - fer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray,  
 And still to things eternal look,  
 And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ  
 Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,  
 And run my course with even joy,  
 And closely walk with thee to heaven.  
 —Charles Wesley.

## 51

## Ere We Part, O God Our Father

Words by RICHARD HUMPHREY.

STUTT GART

Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha.

Ere we part, O God our Fa - ther, To each heart thy bless - ing give;

And may we, thy grace pos - ses - sing, Ev - er to thy glo - ry live.

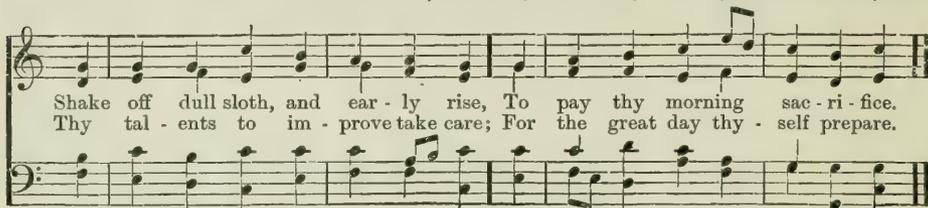
## Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun

MORNING HYMN

DR. MAINZER.



1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;  
2. Redeem thy misspent moments past, And live this day as if thy last;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.  
Thy tal - ents to im - prove take care; For the great day thy - self prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

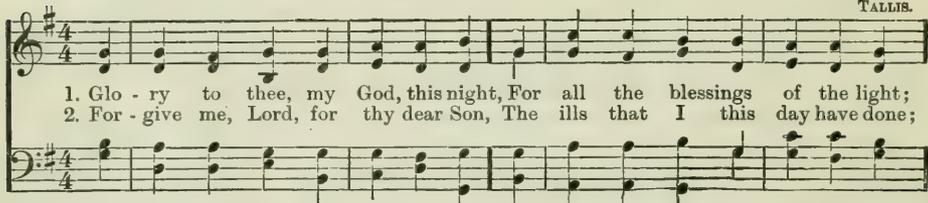
4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels take thy part;  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to the eternal King.

—Bishop Ken.

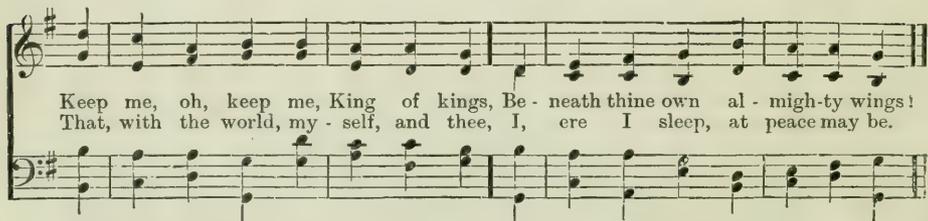
## Glory to Thee, My God, this Night

EVENING HYMN

TALLES.



1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;  
2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done;



Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - migh - ty wings!  
That, with the world, my - self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose!  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

—Bishop Ken.

## God, that Madest Earth and Heaven

AR HYD Y NOS

Words by REGINALD HEBER and RICHARD WHATELY.

Welsh Traditional.

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for  
2. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleep-ing; And, when we die, May we in thy

toil hast giv-en, For rest the night; May thine an-gel-guards de-fend us,  
might-y keep-ing All peace-ful lie: When the last dread call shall wake us,

Slumber sweet thy mer-cy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.  
Do not thou our God for-sake us, But to reign in glo-ry take us, With thee on high.

## Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

HURSLEY (273)

- 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  
For ever 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 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.

—J. Keble.

ELLERS

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sa - vour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-  
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With thee be-

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee  
gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from

ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.  
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.  
*dim.* *pp*

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
night,  
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep thy children free;  
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict  
cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

—J. Ellerton.

VESPERS (460)

- 1 Softly fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades;  
All things tell of calm repose,  
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;  
'Tis the holy peace of God,

- Symbol of the peace within,  
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
Where the evening worshipper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.
  - 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of joy and peace in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

—S. F. Smith.

## At Even, ere the Sun was Set

EDEN

DR. L. MASON.

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O  
 2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we Op - pressed with  
 3. O Sa - viour Christ, our woes dis - pel! For some are

Lord, a - round thee lay; O in what di - vers pains they  
 var - ious ills draw near; What if thy form we can - not  
 sick, and some are sad, And some have ne - ver loved thee

met! O with what joy they went a - way!  
 see? We know and feel that thou art here.  
 well, And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,  
 Yet from the world they break not free;  
 And some have friends who give them pain,  
 Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,  
 And to be wholly free from sin;  
 And they who fain would serve thee best  
 Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;  
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
 The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
 No word from thee can fruitless fall;  
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
 And in thy mercy heal us all.

—H. Twells.

## The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away

ST. GABRIEL

F. A. G. OUSELEY.

1. The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold - en store;  
 2. Our life is but an au - tumn day, Its glor - ious noon how quick - ly past!  
 3. O by thy soul - in - spir - ing grace Up - lift our hearts to realms on high;

The sha - dows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.  
 Lead us, O Christ, thou liv - ing Way, Safe home at last,  
 Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky,

By permission of the proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
 In undivided empire reign,  
 And thronging angels never cease  
 Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
 And evening shadows never fall;  
 Where thou, eternal Light of Light,  
 Art Lord of all.

—*Godfrey Thring.*

## The Day is Past and Over

ST. ANATOLIUS

A. H. BROWN.

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee;  
 2. The joys of day are o - ver. I lift my heart to thee;

I pray thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be.  
 And ask thee, that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

## The Day is Past and Over—Concluded

O Je - sus, keep me in thy sight, And guard me thro' the com-ing night.  
O Je - sus, 'make their dark - ness light, And guard me thro' the com-ing night!

3 The toils of day are over.

I raise the hymn to thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of dark may be.

O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be thou my soul's preserver.

O God, for thou dost know  
How many are the perils

Through which I have to go.

O loving Jesus, hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them'all!

—Anatolius, tr. Neale.

61

## The Day Thou Gavest

ST. CLEMENT

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

1. The day thou gavest, Lord is ended, The dark - ness  
2. We thank thee that thy Church un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls  
3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land The dawn leads

falls at thy be - best; To thee our morn - ing hymns as -  
on - ward in - to light, Through all the world her watch is  
on an - oth - er day, The voice of prayer is nev - er

ced - ed, Thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.  
keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night.  
si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

—John Ellerton.

# 62 O Happy Home, where Thou art Loved the Dearest

ALVERSTOKE

J. BARNBY.

1. O hap - py home, where thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing  
 2. O hap - py home, where two in heart u - nit - ed, In ho - ly

Friend, and Sa - viour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there ne - ver  
 faith and bless - ed hope are one, Whom death a lit - tle while a - lone di -

com - eth, One who can hold such high and honour - ed place!  
 vid - eth, And can - not end the un - ion here be - gun!

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3 O happy home, whose little ones are given  
 Early to thee, in humble faith and prayer,  
 To thee, their Friend, who from the heights of  
 heaven  
 Guides them, and guards with more than  
 mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves thee,  
 lowly,  
 Whatever his appointed work may be,  
 Till every common task seems great and holy,  
 When it is done, O Lord, as unto thee!

5 O happy home, where thou art not forgotten  
 When joy is overflowing, full and free;

O happy home, where every wounded spirit  
 Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to thee,—

6 Until at last, when earth's day's work is  
 ended,  
 All meet thee in the blessed home above,  
 From whence thou camest, where thou hast  
 ascended,  
 Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

—Spitta, trs. by Sarah Findlater.

## Now the Day is Over

EUDOXIA

S. BARING-GOULD.

1. Now the day is ov - er, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;  
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;

Sha - dows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky,  
 With thy tend - erest bless - ing May their eye - lids close.  
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the bright blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer  
 Watching late in pain;  
 Those who plan some evil  
 From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches  
 May thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me,  
 Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
 In thy holy eyes.

7 Glory to the Father,  
 Glory to the Son,  
 And to thee, blest Spirit,  
 Whilst all ages run.

—S. Baring-Gould.

## Father of Mercies, in Thy Word

ST. AGNES, DURHAM (252)

1 Father of mercies, in thy word  
 What endless glory shines!  
 For ever be thy name adored  
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
 Exhaustless riches find;  
 Riches above what earth can grant,  
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heavenly peace around;  
 And life and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be thou for ever near;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

Miss Steele.

## I Have Heard of a Land

Words by MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.

A. BEIRLY.

1. I have heard of a land on a far - a - way strand— In the  
 2. There are ev - er - green trees that bend low in the breeze, And their  
 3. There's a home in that land at the Fa - ther's right hand; There are

Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, — Where no cares ev - er come, nev - er dark - ness nor  
 fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are harps for our hands in that fair - est of  
 man - sions whose joys are un - told; There the ran - somed will sing round the throne of their

## REFRAIN.

gloom, And no - thing shall ev - er grow old.  
 lands, And no - thing shall ev - er grow old. In that beau - ti - ful land  
 King, And no - thing shall ev - er grow old.

On that far - a - way strand, There awaits us a palm and a crown; The

## I Have Heard of a Land—*Concluded*

sto - ry so old Will new glo - ry un - fold, And the sun - light will never go down.

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66

## In the Christian's Home in Glory

REV. W. McDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest: There my Saviour's gone be -  
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which eternal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be

### CHORUS.

fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request. (There is rest for the wear - y, There is  
transient In that ho - ly, hap - py land. (On the other side of Jordan, In the

rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you!)  
sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!)

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

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory—  
Shout your triumphs as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
Ye shall find an entrance through.

—S. G. Harmer.

## Out on an Ocean all Boundless We Ride

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Arr. by J. W. DADMAN.

1 Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
 2 Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars ; We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
 3 In - to the har - bor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last ;

Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores ; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last.

Far from the safe, quiet har - bor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode,  
 Stead - y ! O pi - lot ! stand firm at the wheel, Steady ! we soon shall out - weather the gale,  
 Glo - ry to God ! all our dan - gers are o'er ; Safe - ly we stand on the ra - di - ant shore,

Prom - ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Oh ! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail ; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Glo - ry to God ! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

*Moderato.*

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?  
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween,

When with rap - ture I be - hold him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.  
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.

**CHORUS.**

Face to face shall I be - hold him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

Face to face in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

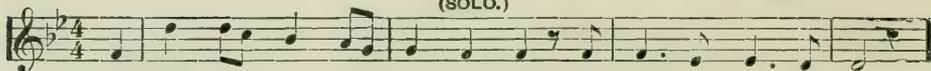
3 What rejoicing in his presence,  
When are banished grief and pain;  
When the crooked ways are straightened,  
And the dark things shall be plain.

4 Face to face! oh, blissful moment!  
Face to face—to see and know;  
Face to face with my Redeemer,  
Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

—Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

## Give Me the Wings of Faith to Rise

(SOLO.)



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see  
 2. Once they were mourn-ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears:



The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

CHORUS.



Man - y are the friends who are wait - ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand;



Man - y are the voi - ces calling us a - way, To join their glo - rious band;

*Repeat pp.*

Call - ing us a - way, call - ing us a - way, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.



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

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
 His zeal inspired their breast ;  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promised rest.

--Isaac Watts.

NEARER HOME (234)

1 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality!  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times, to faith's unclouded eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,—  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

3 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
Even here to me fulfil.  
Be thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,  
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

—Montgomery.

## 71

## There is a Land of Pure Delight

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-  
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev - er-withering flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row

## CHORUS.

cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. Oh, the land, the lovely land, The land over Jordan's  
sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, hap-py band, To welcome the ransomed home.

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

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

—Isaac Watts.

## Jerusalem the Golden

EWING

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed : I know not, oh, I know not What  
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng ; The Prince is ev - er in them, The

so - cial joys are there ; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.  
day - light is se - rene ; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious 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,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

—Bernard of Cluny.

## SALUTAS

## FOLK SONG.

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil-low The sail-or sails the sea,  
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo-som The mi-ner mines the ore;

A-lone with the night and the tem-pest, Where countless dan-gers be;  
Death lurks in the dark be-hind him, And hides in the rock be-fore.

## REFRAIN.

Yet nev-er a-lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer;  
Yet nev-er a-lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer;  
Yet nev-er a-lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer;  
That nev-er a-lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer;

For God is a Friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-ery-where.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle  
The steadfast soldier goes,  
No friend, when he lies a dying,  
His eyes to kiss and close.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,  
Or delve in its mines of woe,  
Or fight in its terrible conflict,  
This comfort all to know.

—Rossiter W. Raymond.

# Courage, Brother, Do Not Stumble

COURAGE, BROTHER

NORMAN MACLEOD, 1857.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Courage, brother, do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night;  
 2. Per-ish pol-i-cy and cunning, Per-ish all that fears the light;  
 3. Sim-ple rule and saf-est guiding, In-ward peace and in-ward might,

There's a star to guide the hum-ble—Trust in God and do the right!  
 Wheth-er los-ing, wheth-er win-ning, Trust in God and do the right!  
 Star up-on our path a-bid-ing—Trust in God and do the right!

Though the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight, Foot it bravely,  
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man and  
 Cour-age, brother, do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a star to

strong or wea-ry; Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God and do the right!  
 look a-bove thee; Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God and do the right!  
 guide the humble; Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God and do the right!

## Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

ST. ASAPH

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row, On - ward goes the pil - grim band,  
2. One the light of God's own presence, O'er his ransomed peo - ple shed,

Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the promised land:  
Chas - ing far the gloom and ter - ror, Brightening all the path we tread:

Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;  
One the ob - ject of our jour - ney, One the faith which nev - er tires,

Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Stepping fear - less through the night.  
One the earn - est look - ing for - ward, One the hope our God in - spires:

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3 One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the hearts of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun:  
One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the one almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the Cross our aid!  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade.  
Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.  
— Ingemann, *trs.* by S. Baring-Gould.

1. "Thy kingdom come!" O Lord, we dai - ly cry, Wea - ry and  
 2. Thy kingdom come! then all the din of war Like some and dark

sad with earth's long strife and pain! "How long, O Lord! thy  
 dream shall van - ish with the night! Peace, ho - ly peace, her

suff'ring children sigh, "Speed thou the dawn, and o'er the na - tions reign!"  
 myr - iad gifts shall pour, Rest - ing se - cure from dan - ger and af - fright.

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3 Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of | 4 Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and  
 shame power [dust;  
 Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine : No more shall grind the weaklings in the  
 Bright with thy love's all-purifying flame Then mind and strength shall share thy ample  
 Thy human temples evermore shall shine ! dower,  
 Brothers in thee, and one in equal trust.  
 —Henry Warburton Hawkes.

## 77

## I Am Coming to the Cross

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has ev - il reigned with-

D.C.—CHORUS.—

I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Bless'd Lamb of Cal - va -

## I Am Coming to the Cross—Concluded

*D.C.*

blind; I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
in; Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me, — "I will cleanse you from all sin."

*ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.*

3 In thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

4 Jesus comes: he fills my soul!  
Perfected in him I am;  
I am every whit made whole!  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

—W. McDonald.

### 78

## Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

GALILEE

W. H. JORDAN

1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail - ing? Rise and share it with a friend;  
2. Love di - vine will fill thy storehouse, Or thy hand - ful still re - new;

And through all the years of fam - ine It will serve thee to the end.  
Scan - ty fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.

By permission of Reid Bros., Limited, 72 Wells St., Oxford St. W.

3 Is thy burden hard and heavy?  
Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to lift thy brother's burden;  
God will bear both it and thee.

4 Is thy heart a living power?  
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;  
It can only live in loving,  
And by serving love will grow.

—E. Rundle-Charles.

### 79

## Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

MARYTON (156)

1 Lord of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## God is With Us

AUSTRIA

F. J. HAYDN.

1. God is with us, God is with us! So our brave fore-fa - thers sang;  
2. Great the her - it - age they left us, Great the conquests to be won,

Far a - cross the field of bat - tle Loud their ho - ly war - cry rang:  
Arm - ed hosts to meet and scat - ter, Larg - er du - ties to be done:

Nev - er once they feared or faltered, Nev - er once they ceased to sing,—  
Raise the song they no - bly taught us, Round the wide world let it ring,—

God is with us, God is with us; Christ our Lord shall reign as King!  
God is with us, God is with us; Christ our Lord shall reign as King!

3 Speed the Cross through all the nations,  
Speed the victories of love;  
Preach the gospel of redemption  
Wheresoever men may move;  
Make the future in the present;  
Strong of heart, toil on and sing,—  
God is with us, God is with us;  
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!

4 Soon the struggle will be over,  
Soon the flags of strife be furled;  
Downward from his place, defeated,  
Shall the enemy be hurled:  
Onward, then, with ranks unbroken;  
Sure of triumph, shout and sing,—  
God is with us, God is with us;  
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!

—Walter J. Mathams.

# 81 The Whole World was Lost in the Darkness of Sin

P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The Light of the world is Jesus! Like  
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Jesus! We

sunshine at noon-day his glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus!  
walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus!

## CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned up - on me:

Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus!

- 3 Yedwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Jesus!  
Go wash at his bidding, and light will arise, The Light of the world is Jesus!
- 4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,  
The Light of that world is Jesus!  
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,  
The Light of that world is Jesus!

-P. P. Bliss

PHILLIPS AND O'KANE.

1. Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why stand ye here i - dle? Go work in his vineyard, he  
2. Our field is the world, and our work is before us, To each is ap - pointed a

calls us to - day; The night is approaching when no man can la - bour, Our  
mes - sage to bear; At home or a - broad, in the cottage or palace, Where -

## CHORUS.

Mas - ter commands us, and shall we de - lay? Our field is the world! Our field is the  
ev - er di - rect - ed our mis - sion is there.

world! Look up, for the har - vest is near; When the reapers from glo - ry

# Disciples of Jesus, Why Stand Ye Here Idle?—*Concluded*

will shout as they come, And the Lord of the vine - yard ap - pear.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,  
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;  
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?  
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.

4 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted:  
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;  
The palm tree rejoicing, shall spread forth her branches;  
The lamb and the lion together repose.  
*—P. Phillips.*

## 83

### See How Great a Flame Aspires

Words by C. WESLEY.

SEVILLE

SPANISH MELODY.

1. { See how great a flame as - pires, Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Je - sus' love the na - tions fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze: }

2. { When he first the work be - gun, Small and fee - ble was his day;  
Now the word doth swift - ly run, Now it wins its widening way: }

3. { Saw ye not the cloud a - rise, Lit - tle as a hu - man hand?  
Now it spreads a - long the skies, Hangs o'er all the thirs - ty land: }

To bring fire on earth he came, Kin - dled in some hearts it is;  
More and more it spreads and grows, Ev - er might - y to pre - vail,  
Lo! the prom - ise of a show'r Drops al - read - y from a - bove;

Oh, that all might catch the flame, All par - take the glo - rious bliss!  
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows, Shakes the trembling gates of hell.  
But the Lord will short - ly pour All the Spir - it of his love!

## We've a Story to Tell

*Trebles and Altos only.*

MESSAGE

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the  
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the

right;  
 Lord;

A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A  
 A song that shall con - quer e - vil, And

sto - ry of peace and light,  
 shat - ter the spear and sword,

a sto - ry of peace and light,  
 and shat - ter the spear and sword.

*f* REFRAIN. *Four Parts.*

For the dark - ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn - ing to noon - day

## We've a Story to Tell—*Concluded*

bright;      And Christ's great king - dom shall come on earth, The

king - dom of love and light;      For the dark - ness shall turn to

*f Unison.*

dawn - ing,      And the dawn - ing to noon - day      bright;      And

*Harmony.*

Christ's great king - dom shall come on earth, The king - dom of love and light.

*rall.*

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3 We've a message to give to the nations,  
That the Lord who reigneth above  
Hath sent us his Son to save us,  
And show us that God is love.

4 We've a Saviour to show to the nations,  
Who the path of sorrow has trod,  
That all of the world's great peoples  
Might come to the truth of God.

—*Colin Sterne.*

## A Better Day is Coming

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A morn - ing promised long, When  
 2. The boast of haughty Er - ror, No more will fill the air, But  
 3. Oh! for that ho - ly dawning We watch, and wait, and pray, Till

gird - ed Right, with ho - ly Might, Will o - ver - throw the wrong; When  
 Age and Youth will love the Truth, And spread it ev - 'ry - where; No  
 o'er the height the morning light Shall drive the gloom a - way; And

God the Lord will lis - ten To ev - 'ry plaintive sigh, And  
 more from want and sor - row Will come the hope - less cry; And  
 when the heav'n - ly glo - ry Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll

stretch his hand o'er ev - 'ry land, With jus - tice by - and - by.  
 strife will cease, and per - fect Peace Will flour - ish by - and - by.  
 bless the Lord for all his Word, And praise him by - and - by.

## A Better Day is Coming—*Concluded*

CHORUS.

Com - ing by - and - by, com - ing by - and - by! The bet - ter day is

com - ing, The morning draweth nigh; Coming by - and - by, coming by - and -

by! The welcome dawn will has - ten on, 'Tis com - ing by - and - by.

86

## Hark! the Song of Jubilee

SEVILLE (83)

- 1 Hark! the song of jubilee;  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore:  
 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign;  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies:

- 3 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
 Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away:  
 Then the end;—beneath his rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall; -  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

—*Montgomery*

## The Whole Wide World for Jesus

Words by J. DEMPSTER HAMMOND.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.

JOHN H. MAUNDER

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! This shall our watch-word be; Up - on the  
 2. "The whole wide world for Je - sus!" In - spires us with the thought! That ev - ery  
 3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! The march - ing or - der sound: Go ye and

high - est mountain, Down by the wid - est sea: The whole wide world for Je - sus!  
 son of Ad - am has by his blood been bought. The whole wide world for Je - sus!  
 preach the Gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus!

To him shall all men bow, In cit - y or in prai - rie—The world for Je - sus now!  
 O faint not by the way! The cross shall sure - ly conquer In this our glorious day.  
 Our ban - ner is unfurled; We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world!

## REFRAIN.

The whole wide world, The whole wide world—Pro - claim the gos - pel

## The Whole Wide World for Jesus—*Concluded*

tid - ings through The whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

ban - ner be unfurled, Till ev - ery tongue confess him thro' The whole wide world !

88

### Rise, Glorious Conqueror, Rise

DORT

LOWELL MASON.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to thy native skies; Assume thy right; And where in  
2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic legions swell The radiant train; Prais - es all

many a fold The clouds are backward roll'd, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.  
heaven inspire; Each an - gel sweeps his lyre, And clasps 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.

—Matthew Bridges.

## Hail to the Lord's Anointed

ELLACOMBE

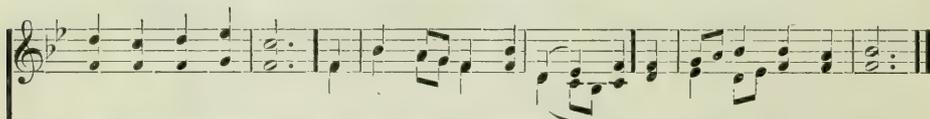
Chorale.



1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed,  
 2. He comes with speed To those who suffer wrong; To help the poor and



pointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To  
 need, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for singing, Their



set the captive free; To take away transgression, And rule in equity.  
 darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were precious in his sight.



3 He shall come down like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth,  
 And love and joy, like flowers,  
 Spring in his path to birth:  
 Before him, on the mountains,  
 Shall Peace, the herald, go,  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,  
 And daily vows ascend;  
 His kingdom still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end.  
 The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove;  
 His name shall stand for ever;  
 That name to us is Love.

—James Montgomery

# 90 Speed Away, Speed Away on Your Mission of Light

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a-way, speed a-way on your mis-sion of light, To the lands that are  
 2. Speed a-way, speed a-way with the life-giv-ing Word, To the na-tions that  
 3. Speed a-way, speed a-way with the mes-sage of rest, To the souls by the

ly-ing in dark-ness and night; 'Tis the Master's command; go ye forth in his name,  
 know not the voice of the Lord; Take the wings of the morning and fly o'er the wave,  
 temp-er in bond-age oppressed; For the Sav-iour has purchased their ran-som from sin,

The won-der-ful gos-pel of Je-sus pro-claim; Take your lives in your  
 In the strength of your Mas-ter the lost ones to save; He is call-ing once  
 And the ban-quet is read-y, O gath-er them in; To the res-cue make

hand, to the work while 'tis day, Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way.  
 more, not a mom-ent's de-lay, Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way.  
 haste, there's no time for de-lay, Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way.

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD!"

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for ev-er may be lost;  
2. See o'er the world wide o-pen doors inviting: Soldiers of Christ, a-rise and en-ter in!

Who, who will go, Salvation's sto-ry tell-ing—Look-ing to Je-sus, counting not the cost?  
Christians, awake! your forces all u-ni-ting, Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin?

"All power is giv-en un-to me! All power is giv-en un-to me!"

Go ye in-to all the world and preach the gospel; and lo, I am with you al-way."

- 3 "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling;  
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in his name;  
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;  
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim!
- 4 God speed the day when those of every nation,  
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;  
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,  
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

—G. M. J.

# 92 "Whosoever Heareth," Shout, Shout the Sound!

Words by P. P. BLISS.

1. "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings all the world around;  
 2. Who - so - ev - er com-eth, need not delay, Now the door is open, enter while you may;  
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the promise secure; "Whosoever will," for ev - er must endure;

Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."  
 Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Living Way: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."  
 "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."

## CHORUS.

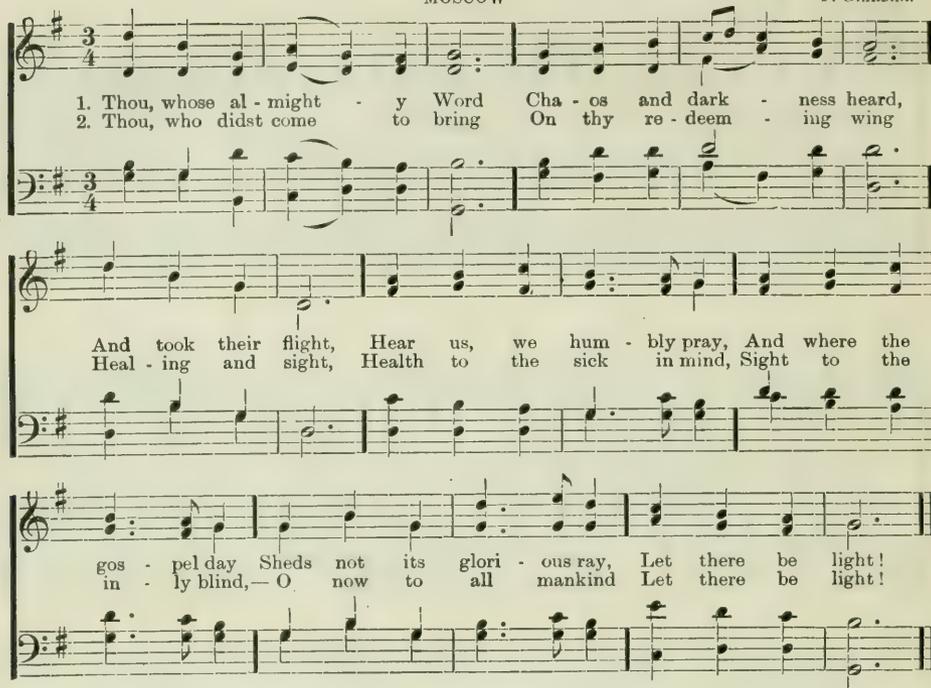
"Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will," Send the proclamation ov - er vale and hill;

*p* 'Tis a lov - ing Father calls the wand'rer home, *f* "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

## Thou, Whose Almighty Word

MOSCOW

F. GIARDINI.



1. Thou, whose al-mighty Word Chaos and darkness heard,  
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On thy re-deeming wing

And took their flight, Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the  
Heal-ing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the

gos-pel day Sheds not its glori-ous ray, Let there be light!  
in-ly blind, — O now to all mankind Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight;  
Move on the water's face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Grace, love and might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world far and wide,  
Let there be light!

—J. Marriott.

## Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

HURSLEY (273)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun<br/>Doth his successive journeys run;<br/>His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,<br/>Till suns shall rise and set no more.</p> <p>2 For him shall endless prayer be made,<br/>And praises throng to crown his head;<br/>His name like sweet perfume shall rise<br/>With every morning sacrifice.</p> <p>3 Peoples and realms of every tongue<br/>Dwell on his love with sweetest song;<br/>And infant voices shall proclaim<br/>Their young hosannas to his name.</p> | <p>4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;<br/>The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;<br/>The weary find eternal rest,<br/>And all the sons of want are blest.</p> <p>5 Where he displays his healing power,<br/>Death and the curse are known no more;<br/>In him the tribes of Adam boast<br/>More blessings than their father lost.</p> <p>6 Let every creature rise and bring<br/>Its grateful honours to our King;<br/>Angels descend with songs again,<br/>And earth prolong the joyful strain.</p> |
|---|--|

—Isaac Watts.

## We Have Heard the Joyful Sound

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;  
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Used by permission of John J. Hood.

3 Sing above the battle strife,  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
By his death and endless life,  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Sing it softly through the gloom,  
When the heart for mercy craves;  
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Let the nations now rejoice,—  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Shout salvation full and free,  
Highest hills and deepest caves;  
This our song of victory,—  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

—Priscilla J. Owens

## Ride On! Ride On in Majesty!

WINCHESTER NEW

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;  
 2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;  
 3. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! The wing - ed squad - rons of the sky

O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue thy road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.  
 O Christ, thy tri - umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.  
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes To see th' approaching sac - ri - fice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
 The Father on his sapphire throne  
 Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
 Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.  
 —Henry H. Milman.

## The Morning Light is Breaking

WEBB (120)

1 The morning light is breaking;  
 The darkness disappears;  
 The sons of earth are waking  
 To penitential tears:  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
 Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.

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

ST. MICHAEL

FROM GENEVAN PSALTER,

1. Lord, if at thy com-mand The word of life we sow,  
2. The vir-tue of thy grace A large in-crease shall give,

Wa-tered by thy al-migh-ty hand, The seed shall sure-ly grow:  
And mul-ti-ply the faith-ful race Who to thy glo-ry live.

3 Now then the ceaseless shower  
Of gospel blessings send,  
And let the soul-converting power  
Thy ministers attend.

4 On multitudes confer  
The heart-renewing love,  
And by the joy of grace prepare  
For fuller joys above.

—C. Wesley.

## From Greenland's Icy Mountains

MISSIONARY HYMN (443)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

3 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile!  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

—Bishop Heber.

## See, the Church of Christ Arises

Words by A. SARGENT.

Harmonized by W. A. OGDEN.

*Spirited*

1. { See, the Church of Christ a - ris - es, Smile or frown of  
Lis - ten to the drunk - ard's wail - ing, See his strug - gles

2. { Men of God, your help come lend us, From the scorn and  
Help us, pas - tors, help us, teach - ers, Har - vest rich a -

{ man de - spis - es, For - ward is the cry it rais - es, }  
{ un - a - vail - ing, Now when hu - man help seems fail - ing, }  
{ sneer de - fend us, Lov - ing hearts, and pray'rs, oh, send us, }  
{ waits the reap - ers, There's no rōom for drones and sleep - ers, }

## CHORUS.

{ For a great cru - sade; }  
{ Chris - tians lend your aid. }      Join us good and ho - ly,  
{ In the great dis - tress; }      Shall the drunk - ard per - ish,  
{ God the work will bless. }

Bet - ter days come slow - ly,      We will stand a -  
While our ease we cher - ish,      And the foe un -

# See, the Church of Christ Arises—*Concluded*

temp - 'rance band, To aid the weak and  
check'd be - low, De - stroy our best and

low - ly; Oh, how long shall Sa - tan's aim - ing,  
brav - est? Tal - ents, time, and life are fly - ing,

By this foe our faith be sham - ing, And the  
We shall soon be with the dy - ing, For thy

Chris - tian cause de - fam - ing, With - out ef - fort made?  
sake our - selves de - ny - ing, Love us, Lord, not less,

# 101 The Army of Temperance is Gathering Its Men

MARCHING ALONG

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The ar - my of temp'rance is gath - 'ring its men, From  
2. King Al - co - hol's ar - my is must - 'ring in night, Then

hill - top and moun - tain, from val - ley and glen; Cold  
come to the res - cue, come join in the fight; With

wa - ter's our bev'rage, we are lus - ty and strong, Then  
love on our ban - ner and love in our song, We're

come join our ar - my and be march - ing a - long.  
sure now to win as we're march - ing a - long.

## CHORUS.

*ff* Marching a - long—we are marching a - long, Come join our ar - my and be

march - ing a - long; Cold wa - ter will make us both

## The Army of Temperance is Gathering Its Men—*Concluded*

valiant and strong; Then come join our ar - my and be march - ing a - long.

3 The foe may out-number us many a score,  
But our leaders are valiant, and ne'er will  
give o'er:  
Our cause is humane, we shall triumph o'er  
wrong,  
Then come join our army and be marching  
along.

4 From mountain to lakes, from the gulf to the  
strand,  
Our army is marching in strength through  
the land;  
In Love, Faith, and Purity we still will grow  
strong,  
Then come join our army and be marching along.  
—J. W. Bunce.

## 102 Now to Heaven Our Prayer Ascending

W. E. HICKSON.

WEIMAR

Old Melody.

1. Now to heaven our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble  
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; Ne'er de - pair - ing,  
3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th' event nor

cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right. Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed,  
though de - feat - ed, God speed the right. Like the good and great in sto - ry,  
dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right. Pain, nor toil, nor tri - al heed - ing,

With success on earth re - ward - ed: God speed the right, God speed the right.  
If we fail, we fail with glo - ry: God speed the right, God speed the right.  
In the strength of heaven suc - ceed - ing: God speed the right, God speed the right.

Words adapted.

THE TEMPERANCE CALL

FRANZ ABT.

*Allegro.*

1. Hear the temperance call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry;  
 2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! the land to save;  
 3. Hail our Fatherland! Here thy children stand, All resolved, u - nit - ed, true;

See your na - tive land Lift its beckoning hand; Sons of freedom, come ye nigh;  
 Let your lead - ers be True and no - ble, free, Fearless, temperate, good and brave;  
 In the Temperance cause Ne'er to faint or pause! This our pur - pose is and vow;

## CHORUS.

Chase the mon - ster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be  
 Chase the monster from our shore, Let his

o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er.  
 cru - el reign be o'er; from our shore.

## King of the City Splendid

URBIS REX

J. ALLANSON BENSON.

1. King of the ci - ty splen - did, E - ter - nal in the height,  
 2. In - spire the sons of la - bour, That hon - est toil may be  
 3. Teach love to glad - den chil - dren Who know not child - hood's mirth,

May all our coun - try's ci - ties Be ho - ly in thy sight;  
 Their tok - en, in life's hard - ness, Of loy - al - ty to thee;  
 Wronged of their rights—no beau - ty In their scant reach of earth;

Cleansed from the deeds of dark - ness, Ci - ties of light,  
 That thou may'st in their hand - work Love's heart - work see,  
 To hope's large sun - shine give them A se - cond birth.

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4 Lord, end the spell of passion;  
 Break thou the drunkard's lure;  
 Thou art the one Physician  
 The human heart to cure,  
 The wavering will to strengthen  
 Foul life make pure.

5 Soon may our country's cities  
 Thy robe of glory wear;  
 Each place of toil a temple,  
 Each house a home of prayer;  
 Each city's name of beauty—  
 The Lord is There!

—George T. Coster.

TRURO

C. BURNBY.

1. Land of our birth, we pledge to thee Our love and toil in the years to be,—  
2. Fa - ther in heaven, who lov - est all, O help thy chil - dren when they call,—

When we are grown and take our place As men and wo - men with our race.  
That they may build from age to age An un - de - fil - ed her - i - tage.

3 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth  
With steadfastness and careful truth,—  
That in our time thy grace may give  
The truth whereby the nations live.

4 Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day,—  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

5 Teach us to look in all our ends  
On thee for judge, and not our friends,—  
That we with thee may walk, uncowed  
By fear or favour of the crowd.

6 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak,—  
That, under thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

7 Teach us delight in simple things,  
And mirth that has no bitter springs,—  
Forgiveness free, of evil done,  
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

8 Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died,  
O Motherland, we pledge to thee  
Head, heart, and hand through the years  
to be.  
—Rudyard Kipling.

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CAMILLA SANDERSON.

ITALIAN HYMN

F. GIARDINI.

1. Thee, our dear land, we love. Day un - to day shall prove  
2. Lord, may our dai - ly life Fit us for no - ble strife,  
3. So shall our coun - try be Home of true lib - er - ty,

Our loy - al - ty. Thy boun - ty bless - es all, And, read - y  
True to thy light. We to our land be - long, May we for  
A grand do - main, Where all shall learn the right, Where each shall

## The Land We Love—Concluded

at thy call, We, each, shall stand or fall, Dear land, with thee.  
 her be strong To o - ver - come the wrong, And win the right.  
 spread the light, Till, in his love and might, The Lord shall reign.

107

## God, the All-Merciful!

RUSSIAN HYMN

A. LYOFF.

1. God, the All-mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of  
 2. God, the All-right - eous One! man hath de - fied thee; Yet to e -

bles - sed - ness, slight - ed thy word; Bid not thy wrath in its  
 ter - ni - ty stand - eth thy word; False - hood and wrong shall not

ter - rors a - wak - en: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!  
 tar - ry be - side thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3 God, the All-wise! by the fire of thy chastening,  
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
 Through the thick darkness thy kingdom is  
 hastening:  
 Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord!

4 So shall thy children in thankful devotion  
 Laud him who saved them from peril and  
 sword,  
 Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
 Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord.

—Henry F. Chorley, 1842.

—John Ellerton, 1870.

Words by THE HONORABLE JUDGE ROUTHIER.

C. LAVALLEE.

1. O Can - a - da! our fa - thers' land of old, Thy brow is  
 2. Al - tar and throne com - mand our sac - red love, And man-kind to

crown'd with leaves of red and gold. Be - neath the shade of the  
 us shall ev - er bro - thers prove. O King of Kings with thy

Ho - ly cross Thy chil - dren own their birth. No  
 might - y breath All our sons do thou in - spire. May no

stains thy glori - ous an - nals gloss, Since val - our shields thy hearth.  
 cra - ven ter - ror of life or death E'er damp the pat - riot's fire.

## O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old—Concluded

Al - might - y God! On thee we call, De - fend our rights, fore - fend this  
Our might - y call Loud - ly shall ring, As in the days of old, "For

na - tion's thrall. De - fend our rights, fore - fend this na - tion's thrall.  
Christ and the King!" As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"

109

## Blest be the Tie that Binds

DENNIS

—H. G. NAEGLI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear:  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

—J. Fawcett.

## God Save Our Gracious King

NATIONAL ANTHEM

1. God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no - ble King, God save the  
 2. Thro' ev - 'ry chang - ing scene, O Lord, preserve our King; Long may he  
 3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he

King; Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
 reign; His heart in - spire and move With wis - dom from a - bove;  
 reign; May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause

Long to reign o - ver us; God save the King.  
 And in a na - tion's love His throne main - tain.  
 To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

## God Bless Our Native Land

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON.

MOSCOW

F. GIARDINI.

1. God bless our na - tive land! May his pro - tect - ing hand  
 2. O Lord, our Mon - arch bless With strength and right - eous - ness;  
 3. Nor on this land a - lone, But be God's mer - cies known

## God Bless Our Native Land—*Concluded*

Still guard our shore: May peace her power ex-tend, Foe be trans-  
 Long may he reign: His heart in-spire and move With wis-dom  
 From shore to shore: And may the na-tions see That men should

formed to friend, And Brit-ain's rights de-pend On war no more.  
 from a-bove; And in a na-tion's love His throne main-tain.  
 bro-thers be, And form one fa-mi-ly The wide world o'er.

## 112 O God of Hosts, Whose Power and Might

ST. STEPHEN

W. JONES.

1. O God of hosts, whose power and might O'er all the worlds holds sway,  
 2. Our fath-ers' God, to whom they came In eve-ry storm and stress,

Thy ma-jes-ty and sove-reign right The winds and seas o-bey.  
 Through roll-ing years thou art the same, A God of right-eous-ness.

3 Thou wast their shield and hiding-place,  
 Their shelter and defence;  
 They trusted thy redeeming grace,  
 Thy strength their confidence.

4 In sufferings oft, e'en to the stake,  
 They still on thee relied;  
 No torture could their ardor shake,  
 And for the truth they died.

5 O Britain's sons, shall it be said  
 Your fathers died in vain?  
 Thrice No! the martyrs' blood was shed  
 That freedom you might gain.

6 O God, we too on thee depend,  
 And on thy word rely;  
 Thou art our Father and our Friend  
 To all eternity.

—*Samuel Mortimer.*

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

1. 'Mid plea - sures and pala - ces though we may roam, Be it  
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain. O

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home. A charm from the  
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing

sky seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er  
gai - ly that came at my call; Give me these, with the peace of mind

## CHORUS.

*espress.*

met with else - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet  
dear - er than all. *espress.*

## Home, Sweet Home—Concluded

home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

*cres.* *rall.*

- 3 How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,  
But give me, O give me the pleasures of home!
- 4 To thee I'll return overburdened with care;  
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there.  
No more from that cottage again will I roam.  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

—J. H. Payne.

114

## God Send Us Men

MELROSE

F. C. MARBR.

1. God send us men whose aim 'twill be, Not to defend some an-cient creed,  
2. God send us men a-lert and quick His lof-ty precepts to translate,

But to live out the laws of Right, In ev-'ry thought and word and deed.  
Un-til the laws of Right be-come The laws and ha-bits of the State.

- 3 God send us men of steadfast will,  
Patient, courageous, strong and true;  
With vision clear and mind equipped  
His will to learn, his work to do.

- 4 God send us men with hearts ablaze,  
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;  
These are the patriots nations need,  
These are the bulwarks of the State.

—F. J. Gillman, alt.

## Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

JOHN BROWN

W. STEFFE (arr. by E. HOPKINS).

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;  
2. He hath sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;

He is trampling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; O be

loosed the fa - tal lightning of his ter - ri - ble, swift sword; His truth is marching on.  
swift, my soul, to answer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

## REFRAIN IN HARMONY.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

## Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory—Concluded

Musical notation for the song, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

1. His truth is marching on.
2. Our God is marching on.
3. His day is marching on.
4. While God is marching on.

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3 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
His day is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born,  
across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you  
and me:  
As he died to make men holy, let us live to  
make men free,  
While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

## 116 Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray

Not too slow. COMFORT R. N. QUAIL.

Musical notation for the song, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

1. Lord, while for all mankind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
2. Our fath - ers' sep - ul - chres are here, And here our kin - dred dwell,
3. O guard our shores from ev - 'ry foe; With peace our bord - ers bless;

O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.  
Our chil - dren, too; how should we love An - oth - er land so well?  
With pros - per - ous times our cit - ies crown, Our fields with plen - teous - ness.

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4 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

—John Reynell Wreford.

*Not too quickly.*

1. Once to eve - ry man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,  
2. Then to side with truth is no - ble, When we share her wretched crust,

In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the good or e - vil side;  
Ere her cause bring fame and pro - fit, And 'tis prosperous to be just:

Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Offering each the bloom or blight;  
Then it is the brave man choos - es, While the cow - ard stands a - side,

And the choice goes by for ev - er 'Twixt that darkness and that light.  
Till the mul - ti - tude make vir - tue Of the faith they had de - nied.

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3 By the light of burning martyrs  
Christ's own bleeding feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever  
With the cross that turns not back.  
New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth:  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper,  
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;  
Though her portion be the scaffold  
And upon the throne be wrong:  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own.

—James Russell Lowell.

Words by D. MARCH.

SPANISH MELODY. FROM MARECHIO.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?  
 2. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,  
 3. If you can - not be the watchman, Stand - ing high on Zi - on's wall,

Fields are white, and harvest's wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all;  
 Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Off - ring life and peace to all;

Loud and long the Mast - er call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers  
 If you fail to rouse the wick - ed, With the judg - ment's dread a -  
 With your pray'rs and with your boun - ties You can do what heav'n de -

free; Who will answer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"  
 larms, You may lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.  
 mands; You can be like faithful Aa - ron, Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 If you cannot cross the ocean  
 And the heathen lands explore,  
 You can find the heathen nearer,  
 You can help them at your door.  
 If you cannot give your thousands,  
 You can give the widow's mite;  
 And the least you give for Jesus  
 Will be precious in his sight.

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

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col - ors waving bright in the blaze of gos - pel light We are  
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de - feat, Tho' his

marshalled on the world's great field; We are read - y for the strife and the  
arrows at our ranks may fly; Thro' a Saviour's mighty love more than

bat - tle work of life, Ev - er trust - ing in the Lord our shield.  
conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo - ry be to God on high.

**CHORUS.**

Glo - ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home a - bove;

## With Our Colors Waving Bright—*Concluded*

Glo - ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

3 We have girded on the sword and the armour  
of the Lord,  
We have taken up the cross he bore;  
Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the victory  
over sin,  
When the battle and the strife are o'er!

4 Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the  
blessed army wait,  
Soon their welcome, welcome song may ring;  
When we lay our armour down and receive a  
starry crown,  
Shouting, Glory be to God our King!

—Jennie Garnett.

### 120

## Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

Words by G. DUFFIELD.

WEBB

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross!  
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone;  
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

*Fine.*

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner; It must not suf - fer loss:  
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:  
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song,

*D.S.*—Till ev - ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

*D.S.*

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my will he lead,  
Put on the gos - pel ar - mour, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,  
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

## We March, We March to Victory

Words by GERARD MOULTRIE.

INCARNATION

J. BARNEY.

*F*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be-

fore us, With his lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his

*1st two verses. Last verse only.*

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. FINE.

## We March, We March to Victory—*Concluded*

We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to  
 Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is his sal -  
 And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en

meet him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the  
 va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our  
 Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the bra - zen gates, And

*D.S.*

sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him. We  
 watch-word—the In - car - na - tion, Our watch-word—the In - car - na - ti - n.  
 burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

Words by H. O. KNOWLTON.

DUNBAR

JOHN H. MAUNDER.

1. Pass the word a - long the line; Tell it, friend to friend: Christ our Cap - tain  
 2. He who goes where Je - sus leads Nev - er goes a - stray; He who Je - sus'  
 3. Pass the word a - long the line; Lo! the prom - ised land Ye shall en - ter

goes be - fore, Leads us to the end, — He who all the dan - ger knows,  
 or - der heads Al - ways gains the day; He who fal - ters not shall be  
 and pos - sess, By his might - y hand. Cour - age, then! ye must not fail;

All the strength of all our foes, Christ our Lord and Friend.  
 Led to glo - rious vic - to - ry By a glo - rious way.  
 Strong - est foes can - not pre - vail; Je - sus has com - mand.

*REFRAIN.*

For - ward, then, where Je - sus leads; Full of hope and cheer.

Pass the Word Along the Line—Concluded

Bear the stan-dard of the cross; Who shall faint or fear?

123

Faith of Our Fathers! Living Still

F. W. FABER.

ST. CATHERINE

H. P. HEMY, alt. J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword:  
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glo - rious word:  
 How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life!

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

## O Brothers, Lift Your Voices

Words by EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

HENRY J. STORER.

1. O brothers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um - phant songs to raise,  
 2. O Christian brothers, glo - rious Shall be the conflict's close:  
 3. Not un - to us: Lord Je - sus, To thee all praise be due!

*Spirited.*

Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise:  
 The cross hath been vic - to - rious, And shall be o'er its foes.  
 Whose blood-bought mer - cy frees us, Has freed our breth - ren, too.

## O Brothers, Lift Your Voices—*Concluded*

Ten thousand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;  
 Faith is our bat - tle to - ken: Our Lead - er all con - trols;  
 Not un - to us: in glo - ry The an - gels catch the strain,

The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of ju - bi - lee.  
 Our trophies, fet - ters bro - ken; Our captives, ransomed souls.  
 And cast their crowns be - fore thee Ex - ult - ing - ly a - gain.

1. There's a royal banner given for display To the soldiers of the King;  
2. Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood, Let the standard be displayed!

As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day, While as ransomed ones we sing.  
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord, For the truth be not dismayed!

## CHORUS.

Marching on! . . . Marching on . . . For Christ count ev'rything but loss; . . . . .

Marching on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! For Christ count ev'rything, ev'rything but loss;

And to crown him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the banner of the cross!

And to crown him King, we'll toil and sing, Beneath the banner of the cross!

3 Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell, | 4 When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very  
Make the glorious tidings known: | It is hastening day by day— [near,  
Of the crimson banner now the story tell, | Then before our King the foe shall disappear,  
While the Lord shall claim his own! | And the cross the world shall sway!  
—El Nathan.

## Arise, Go Forth to Conquer

Words by G. J. FRANCES.

HERBERT P. MAIN.

1. A-rise, go forth to con - quer, Young champions for the Lord ; Fling out the royal  
2. Oh, swell our ranks, young soldiers, And, by our Captain led, From conquering still to

standard, Unsheathe the mighty sword ; The Church that sword has wielded In many a dreadful fray,  
conquer, March on with fearless tread ; Fight manfully and bravely, We'll die with sword in hand,

*ff* CHORUS.

Till Satan's army trembled, And, vanquished, fled away. Arise, go forth to conquer, Young  
And leave, for those who follow, Our foot-prints in the sand.

*ff* *maestoso*

champions for the Lord ; Fling out the roy - al standard, Unsheathe the mighty sword.

## Conquering Now and Still to Conquer

Words by S. MARTIN.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rideth a king in his might,  
 2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der ful king?  
 3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je - sus, thou Ru - ler of all,

Leading the host of all the faith-ful In - to the midst of the fight;  
 Whence all the ar-mies which he leadeeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?  
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall per - ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with cour - age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray.  
 He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Say - iour and Monarch di - vine,  
 Yet shall the ar - mies thou lead - est, Faith - ful and true to the last,

Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say.  
 They are the stars that for ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.  
 Find in thy mansions e - ter - nal Rest when their war-fare is past.

# Conquering Now and Still to Conquer—Concluded

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Yet to the true and the faith - ful Vict'ry is promised through grace.

128

## In Sunny Days, When All is Bright

Not too fast.

INGLEDENE

F. C. MAKER.

1. In sun - ny days, when all is bright, When friends are near and hearts are light, Help  
2. What - ev - er work our hands may find, Help us, with lov - ing, cheer - ful mind, Thy

us, re - joic - ing in thy sight, To do thy will.  
laws up - on our hearts to bind, And do thy will.

*Ory. Ped.*

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3 Help us to serve thee in our day,  
To serve our fellows while we may,  
And bravely tread the thorny way,  
When 'tis thy will.

4 Help us to fight against all sin,  
To listen to thy voice within,  
And nothing ever try to win  
Against thy will.

5 May this great truth our glad hearts buoy:  
That every good without alloy,  
And every pure and lasting joy,  
Is in thy will.

6 And when thy heaven at last we see,  
When we, O God, come home to thee,  
Still evermore our joy shall be  
To do thy will.

—Emily W. Haigh.

*In march time.*

WITH REFRAIN

TREBLES AND ALTOS ONLY.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

1. Hark to the sound of voices! Hark to the tramp of feet!  
2. Out of the mist of error, Out of the realms of night,

Is it a mighty army learning, Treading the busy street?  
Out of the pride of learning, Seeking the home of light;

HARMONY.

Near - er it comes and nearer, Sing - ing a glad refrain;  
Out of the strife for power, Out of the greed of gold,

List what they say as they haste a - way, To the sound of a martial strain:—  
On - ward they roam to their heavenly home, And the treasure that grows not old.

*f* REFRAIN IN UNISON.

*f* March - ing beneath the banner, Fight - ing beneath the Cross,

## Hark to the Sound of Voices—*Concluded*

*Well marked in the Bass.*

Trust - ing in him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss!

HARMONY.

Sing - ing the songs of home land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings; We

march to the fight in our arm - our bright At the call of the King of kings.

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3 Out of the bonds of evil,  
Out of the chains of sin,  
Ever they're pressing onward,  
Fighting the fight within;  
Holding the passions under,  
Ruling the sense with soul,  
Wielding the sword in the name of the Lord  
As they march to their heavenly goal.

4 On, then, ye gallant soldiers,  
On to your home above;  
Yours is the truth and glory,  
Yours is the power and love.  
Here are ye trained for heroes;  
Yonder ye serve the King;  
March to the light 'neath the banner white,  
With the song that ye love to sing.

—Colin Sterne.

## 130 Who Calls Thy Glorious Service Hard?

ST. ORISPIN (132)

1 Who calls thy glorious service hard?  
Who deems it not its own reward?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less  
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

2 It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reapers' songs among the sheaves.

3 Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,

The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed is done!

4 And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## Hark! Hark, My Soul!

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

From a Swiss Melody.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green  
 2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them sing - ing, Come, wea - ry  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of

fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those  
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come! And through the dark, its  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And through the la - den souls, by

bles - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.

## REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

## Hark! Hark, My Soul—Concluded

*poco rit.*  
 pil - grims of the night! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!  
*poco rit.*

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keep - ing;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

—Frederick W. Faber.

132

## He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well

ST. CRISPIN

SIR G. J. ELVEY.

1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well: All oth - er life is short and vain:  
 2. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well; All else is be - ing flung a - way:

He liv - eth long - est who can tell Of liv - ing most for heav - en - ly gain.  
 He liv - eth long - est who can tell Of true things tru - ly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;  
 Hold up to earth the torch divine:  
 Be what thou prayest to be made,  
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;  
 Buy up the moments as they go:  
 The life above, when this is past,  
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;  
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain:  
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;  
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

6 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest-home of light.

—Horatius Bonar.

Words by MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There is work to do for Je - sus, Yes, a glo - rious work to do,  
 2. There is work to do for Je - sus, And we hear the Saviour say,  
 3. Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus; Who will an - swer to the call?

For a harvest ful - ly ri - pen'd Rich and gold - en lies in view;  
 Why art standing here so i - dle, At the noontide on the way!  
 See! the vintage is a - bun - dant, There is work to do for all;

| 1st time | 2nd time |

{ With a pray'r to God our Father Let us all the work pursue,  
 { For our ris - en Lord is calling, And the har - vest - ers [OMIT] are few. }  
 { Ev - en now I will ac - cept thee; With the rest thy wa - ges pay;  
 { Go and labour in my vineyard, Till the closing of [OMIT] the day. }  
 { God commands that we should labour, Tho' the task our hearts ap - pal;  
 { For he claimeth our life - service, Till the shades of death [OMIT] shall fall. }

## CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus, and the harvest is in view, There's a

## There is Work to Do for Jesus—*Concluded*

great work ev - 'ry - where to do, There is work to do for Je - sus,  
and the har - vest - ers are few, There's e-nough work for all to do.

**134**

## Aim High! Thou Wert Not Made

*With dignity.*

CAMBRIDGE

R. HARRISON.

1. Aim high! thou wert not made; To gro - vel on the ground;  
2. Quail not be - fore the bad; Be brave for truth and right:

Aim high! this life is not the last: The high - er lies be - yond.  
Fear God a - lone, and ev - er walk As in his ho - ly sight.

3 Shun what is low and mean,  
Be generous and true;  
The noble models of the past,  
Keep them before thy view.

4 Be real to thyself,  
Be real to thy God,  
Be real to thy fellow-men:  
Keep thou the one true road.

5 Know thou the God of love,  
Seek thou thy joy in him;  
A joy that shall endure and bless  
When other joys grow dim.

6 Take thou the side of God  
In things or great or small;  
So shall he ever take thy side,  
And bear thee safe through all.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

## March Onward, March Onward!

ANON.

SON.

1. March onward, march onward! Our banner of light Is waving be-fore us ma-  
 2. March onward, un-daunt-ed; whate'er may oppose, The sword of the Spir-it will  
 3. The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in vain, Our buckler of faith is In-

jes-tic and bright; March onward through tri-al, temp-ta-tion and strife;  
 vanquish our foes; Though legions of darkness our pathway as-sail,  
 man-u-el's name; The storm-clouds may gath-er, the thunder may roll,

## REFRAIN.

No rest from the conflict,—the bat-tle of life.  
 If prayer be our watchword, they cannot prevail. Press forward, look upward, be  
 Yet God is the Ref-uge and Rock of my soul.

strong in the Lord, Our hope in his mer-cy, Our trust in his word; Press for-ward, look

upward, march homeward, and sing, All glo-ry to Je-sus, to Je-sus our King.

# 136 In the Harvest Field there is Work to Do

Words by C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.



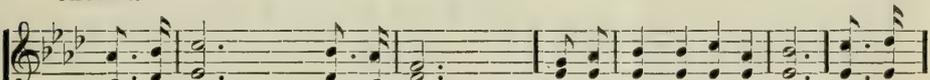
1. In the harvest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the reapers few;  
 2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;  
 3. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove,



And the Master's voice bids the workers true Heed the call that he gives to - day.  
 Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.  
 When the Master's voice, in its tones of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.



## CHORUS.



Labour on! Labour on! Keep the bright reward in view: For the  
 Labour on! Labour on!



Master has said, He will strength re - new; Labour on till the close of day!



By permission of W. H. Doane

# 137 We Give Thee but Thine Own

CAMBRIDGE (134)

1 We give thee but thine own,  
 Whate'er the gift may be:  
 All that we have is thine alone,  
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus  
 As stewards true receive,  
 And gladly, as thou blessest us,  
 To thee our first-fruits give.

3 O, hearts are bruised and dead;  
 And homes are bare and cold:  
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled  
 Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,  
 To find a balm for woe,  
 To tend the lone and fatherless  
 Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
 To God the lost to bring,  
 To teach the way of life and peace,  
 It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe thy word,  
 Though dim our faith may be:—  
 Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,  
 We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How.

## THE PILGRIM'S MISSION

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Lis - ten! the Mas - ter be - seech - eth, Call - ing each one by his name;  
2. Seek those of e - vil be - hav - iour, Bid them their lives to a - mend;

His voice to each lov - ing heart reach - eth, Its cheer - ful - est ser - vice to claim.  
Go, point the lost world to the Sav - iour, And be to the friendless a friend.

Go where the vineyard de - mand - eth Vine - dress - ers' nur - ture and care;  
Still be the lone heart of anguish, Soothed by the pit - y of thine;

*rit.*

Or go where the white harvest standeth, The joy of the reap - er to share.  
By waysides, if wounded ones languish, Go, pour in the oil and the wine.

## Listen! The Master Beseecheth — *Concluded*

### CHORUS.

Then work, brothers, work, let us slum - ber no long - er, For God's call to

la - bor grows strong - er and stronger; The light of this life shall be

*rall.* *rit.* *ad lib.*  
darkened full soon, But the light of the bet - ter life resteth at noon.

3 Work for the good that is nighest,  
 Dream not of greatness afar;  
 That glory is ever the highest  
 Which shines upon men as they are.  
 Work, though the world may defeat you,  
 Heed not its slander and scorn;  
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you  
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.

4 Offer thy life on the altar,  
 In the high purpose be strong;  
 And if the tired spirit should falter,  
 Then sweeten thy labor with song.  
 What if the poor heart complaineth,  
 Soon shall its wailing be o'er;  
 For there, in the rest that remaineth,  
 It shall grieve and be weary no more.  
*W. M. Punshon.*

139

## May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour

VESPERS (460)

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

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

*J. Newton.*

Words by J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

*Spirited*

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;  
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the noon - tide's glare;  
 3. Oh, thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold,

Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.  
 When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.  
 Heav'nward then at ev'ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

**CHORUS.**

Lord of harvest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

Words by REGINALD HEBER.

H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,  
 3. A glo - rious band the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save:  
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri - umph o - ver pain,  
 Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They climbed the diz - zy steep to heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil, and pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low— He fol - lows in his train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?  
 O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

Words by J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

*Spirited*

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;  
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the noon - tide's glare;  
 3. Oh, thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold,

Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.  
 When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.  
 Heav'nward then at ev'ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

## CHORUS.

Lord of harvest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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 3. A glo - rious band the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save:  
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, And triumph o - ver pain,  
 Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They climbed the diz - zy steep to heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil, and pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low— He fol - lows in his train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?  
 O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

Adapted by W. H. WHITEHEAD.

1. Who'er would win the battle Must never mind the blows; Who'er would enter heaven  
2. God's little bands are mighty When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are helpless

## CHORUS.

Must not turn back for foes. Then take up all the armor, The helmet and the sword,  
Be - fore the smallest right.

And shout for Truth and Vic - to - ry, And bat - tle for the Lord! We'll battle for the Lord,

Yes, bat - tle for the Lord: We'll shout for Truth and Victory, And battle for the Lord!

3 Your enemies may gather  
Like clouds in days of storms;  
But truth's bright blade, like lightning,  
Shall scatter their proud forms.

4 The wrongs shall all be conquered,  
And every foe submit;  
All, in that day that's coming,  
Shall fall at Jesu's feet.

## 143

## Work, for the Night is Coming

Words by ANNIE L. WALKER.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn'g hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid spring'g flow'rs  
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labour, Rest comes sure and soon.  
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for day light flies;

- Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.  
 Give ev - ry flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## 144

## Now, the Sowing and the Weeping

CORNELL

H. CORNELL.

1. Now, the sowing and the weeping, Working hard, and wait - ing long;  
 2. Now, the long and toil - some du - ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring;

- Af - ter - ward, the gold - en reaping, Har - vest - home and grate - ful song.  
 Af - ter - ward, the per - fect beau - ty Of the pal - ace of the King.

- 3 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,  
 Wounded heart, and painful strife  
 Afterward, the triumph given,  
 And the victor's crown of life.

- 4 Now, the training, hard and lowly,  
 Weary feet and aching brow;  
 Afterward, the service holy,  
 And the Master's, "Enter thou!"

—Miss F. R. Havergal.

## A Call for Loyal Soldiers

Words by W. S. BROWN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,  
 2. Yes, Je-sus calls for sol-diers Who are filled with pow'r, Sol-diers who will serve him  
 3. He calls you, for he loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was bro-ken,  
 4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,  
 Ev-ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;  
 Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now he calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,  
 Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

D.S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;

*Fine.* CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? A vol-un-tee for Je-sus,  
 Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee?

D.S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?  
 Oh, why not?

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## Yield Not to Temptation

Words by H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help us,  
 2. Shun e-vil com-panions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in reverence,  
 3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer,

Some oth-er to win. Fight manful-ly onward, Dark passions sub-due,  
 Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,  
 Though often cast down, He who is the Saviour, Our strength will re-new,

## CHORUS.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,  
 Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

LUX EOI.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1 Sons of la - bour, dear to Je - sus, To your homes and work a - gain;  
 2 Sons of la - bour, think of Je - sus, As you rest your homes with - in;  
 3 Sons of la - bour, be like Je - sus, Un - de - fil - ed, chaste and pure;

Go with brave hearts back to du - ty, Face the per - il, bear the pain;  
 Think of that sweet babe of Ma - ry In the sta - ble of the inn;  
 And though pas - sions tempt you sore - ly, By his grace you shall en - dure:

Be your dwellings ne'er so low - ly, Yet re - mem - ber by your bed  
 Think how in the sa - cred sto - ry, Je - sus took a hum - ble grade,  
 Hus - band, fa - ther, son, or bro - ther, Be ye gen - tle, just and true,

That the Son of God most ho - ly Had not where to lay his head.  
 And the Lord of life and glo - ry Worked with Jo - seph at his trade.  
 Be ye kind to one an - oth - er, As the Lord is kind to you.

## Sons of Labour, Dear to Jesus—*Concluded*

4 Sons of labour, go to Jesus  
 In your sorrow, shame and loss ;  
 He is nearest, you are dearest  
 When you bravely bear his cross :  
 Go to him, who died to save you,  
 And is still the sinner's friend,  
 And the great love which forgave you  
 Will forgive you to the end.

5 Sons of labour, live for Jesus,  
 Be your work your worship, too ;  
 In his name and to his glory  
 Do whate'er you find to do,  
 Till this night of sin and sorrow  
 Be forever overpast,  
 And we see the golden morrow,  
 Home with Jesus, home at last !  
 —*Samuel Reynolds Hole.*

148

### With a Right Good Will

*Boldly.*

GOOD WILL

H. H. NICHOL.

1. With a right good will let us do our work, Tho' the toil seem hard and long ;  
 2. Let us bold-ly stand in the storm of life, With its mingled right and wrong ;

Let us stand up brave-ly and nev-er shirk, But sing-ing a heart-y song.  
 We can do our work in the midst of strife, Still sing-ing a heart-y song.

*REFRAIN.*

With a right good will, with a right good will, a right good will !

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3 We have each our work none else can do,  
 In the busy human throng ;  
 Let us find it out with a purpose true,  
 Still singing a hearty song.

4 There is God on high in the heaven of light ;  
 He will help us all life long ;  
 We can know no fear if we do the right,  
 Still singing a hearty song.

—*Colin Sterne.*

Words by FRANCES J. CROSBY.

STANDARD

WESLEY WOOLMER.

*With vigor.*

1. Car - ry the stan - dard brave - ly, In - to the world's great field;  
 2. Car - ry the stan - dard firm - ly, Bear it where'er you go;  
 3. Car - ry the stan - dard hum - bly, Ask - ing for aid di - vine;

Nev - er give up Christ's ar - my, Nev - er give up your shield.  
 Wave it in youth's bright morn - ing, Love for the Lord to show.  
 Pray that the light of wis - dom Ov - er the path may shine.

*REFRAIN. Cheerfully.**cres.*

On - ward, on - ward, on - ward, on - ward, Cheeri-ly, cheeri-ly sing; O

*cres.*

car - ry the stan - dard brave - ly For Christ the Lord, our King!

# 150 Sound the Battle-Cry! See! the Foe is Nigh

Words by W. F. SHERWIN.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat-tle-cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high for the Lord;  
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know, must prevail;  
*Slowly* 3. O thou God of all! Hear us when we call; Help us, one and all, by thy grace;

Gird your armour on; Stand firm, every one; Rest your cause up-on his ho-ly word.  
Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right, we ne'er can fail.  
When the battle's done, And the victory won, May we wear the crown before thy face!

## CHORUS.

Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner! Ready! steady! pass the word a-long;

Onward! forward! shout a loud ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

## Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Words by THOMAS SHEPHERD.

MAITLAND

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And  
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who  
 3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till

all the world go free? No; there's a cross for  
 once went sorrowing here! But now they taste un-  
 death shall set me free, And then go home, my

ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.  
 crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

## Soldiers of Christ, Arise

NEARER HOME (234)

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armour on;  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son;  
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
 And in his mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand, then, in his great might,  
 With all his strength endued;  
 But take to arm you for the fight  
 The panoply of God;

- That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts passed,  
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
 And stand entire at last.
- 3 Leave no unguarded place,  
 No weakness of the soul;  
 Take every virtue, every grace  
 And fortify the whole;  
 Indissolubly joined,  
 To battle all proceed;  
 But arm yourselves with all the mind  
 That was in Christ, your Head.

—C. Wesley

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from  
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent

sin and the grave, Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,  
child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly,

## CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the migh - ty to save.  
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

By permission of W. H. Doane

3 Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can  
restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate  
once more.

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

—Fanny Crosby.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers

ST. GERTRUDE

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*Boiā*

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, Looking un - to Je - sus,  
2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing

Who is gone before! Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we, One in hope and

## CHORUS.

bat - tle See his ban - ners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers,  
doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

Marching as to war, Looking un - to Je - sus, Who is gone be - fore!

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail:  
We have Christ's own promise  
Which can never fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song.  
Glory, praise, and honour,  
Men and angels sing,  
Through the countless ages,  
Unto Christ the King.

—S. B. Gould.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone;  
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wandering and the waver - ing feet;

As thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hunger - ing ones with man - na sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## 156

## O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

MARYTON

H. PERCY SMITH.

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee, In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;  
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;

Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.

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3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way;  
In peace that only thou canst give,  
With thee, O Master, let me live.

—Washington Gladden.

## Who is on the Lord's Side?

ARMAGEDDON

Adapted by J. Goss.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his  
 2. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own

help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?  
 life - blood, For thy di - a - dem. With thy bless - ing fill - ing

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for  
 Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast

him will go? By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace di -  
 made us free. By thy great re - demp - tion, By thy grace di -

## Who is on the Lord's Side?—*Concluded*

Used by kind permission of Nesbitt & Co.

vine, We are on the Lord's side; Sa - viour, we are thine.  
vine, We are on the Lord's side; Sa - viour, we are thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe;  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow.  
Round his standard ranging,  
Victory is secure;  
For his truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.  
Joyfully enlisting,  
By thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful,  
For our Captain's band,  
In the service royal  
Let us not grow cold;  
Let us be right loyal,  
Noble, true, and bold.  
Master, thou wilt keep us,  
By thy grace divine,  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always thine.  
*—Frances Ridley Havergal.*

### 158

## Go Labour On; Spend, and be Spent

MONTGOMERY

STANLEY.

1. Go la - bour on; spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fath - er's will;  
2. Go la - bour on; 'tis not for nought, Thy earthly loss is heaven - ly gain;

It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still?  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas - ter prais - es; what are men?

3 Go labour on, while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at thy side  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest  
gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;  
Be wise, the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"  
*—H. Bonar.*

*With vigor,*

SUTTON GRANGE.

W. FIDDIAN MOULTON.

1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;  
 2. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Oth - er men's failures can nev - er save you;  
 3. Dare to do right! dare to be true! God, who cre - at - ed you, cares for you too;

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.  
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, Stand like a her - o, and bat-tle till death.  
 Treasures the tears that his striv-ing ones shed, Counts and protects every hair of your head.

## REFRAIN IN UNISON.

*ff* Dare, dare, dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true!

## HARMONY.

Dare to do right, dare to be true! Dare to do right, to be true!

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4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;  
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—  
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!  
 Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;  
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,  
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?

—George L. Taylor.

## Lift Up the Gospel Banner

Words by REV. W. S. COSNER.

J. A. SOPHIA.

*Joyfully*

1. Lift up the gos - pel banner Up - on the mountain high; Proclaim the Saviour's glo - ry, Which  
 2. Lift up the gos - pel banner, Let ev - 'ry sin - ner see The path of woe and dan - ger, That  
 3. Lift up the gos - pel banner Up - on the mountain high, Till o'er the earth its glo - ry Is

fills the earth and sky; Go spread the joy - ful tid - ings Thro' all the world around, And tell to dy - ing  
 from it they may flee; That all may seek their refuge In Christ the sinner's friend, Who on - ly can up -  
 seen by ev - 'ry eye; For Christ shall reign triumphant, And all his foes shall fall; But un - to those that

## CHORUS.

sin - ners, The way of life is found. Lift up . . . the gos - pel ban - ner, Up - on . . . the  
 hold us, And keep us to the end.  
 love him Will he be all in all. Lift up the gos - pel ban - ner, Up - on the moun -

mountain high, Pro - claim . . . the Saviour's glo - ry, On earth and thro' the sky.  
 tain high, Pro - claim the Sav - iour's glo - ry, On earth and thro' the sky.

# 161 "Be Ye Strong in the Lord and the Power of His Might!"

Words by EL NATHAN.

IRA D. SANBRY.



1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might!" Firmly standing for the truth of his Word;

2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might!" Never turning from the face of the foe;

3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might!" For his prom- is - es shall nev-er, nev-er fail;



He shall lead you safe-ly through the thickest of the fight, You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

He will sure-ly by you stand, as you battle for the right: In the pow-er of his might onward go!

He will hold thy right hand, while battling for the right, Trusting him thou shalt for evermore prevail.



## CHORUS.



Firm-ly stand . . . . for the right! . . . . On to vic - t'ry at the King's command!

Firm-ly stand for the right!



For the honor of the Lord, and the triumph of his Word, In the strength of the Lord firm - ly stand!



# 162 Oh, the World Must be Conquer'd for Christ!

Words by REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! And the standard reared up in his  
 2. Yes, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! Ev-'ry soul must be brought to his  
 3. Yes, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! Take the shield, soldiers, gird on the

name, Must be planted on hill and in vale, Till the world shall re-ech-o his fame.  
 fold! To the front, O ye soldiers, to arms! To the war, ye whose names are enrolled!  
 sword! Let the struggle be earnest and brave! To the war in the name of the Lord!

## CHORUS.

Forward, sol - diers! Forward, sol - diers! Take the shield, bravely gird on the  
 Forward march! Forward march! Forward, for - ward,

sword! To the bat - tle! To the bat - tle! To the war in the name of the Lord!  
 forward march! Forward march! Forward march!

1. Sound the a-larm! Let the watchman cry!—"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;  
2. Sound the a-larm! Let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;

Who will es-cape from the wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul's bright home!  
"Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide!"

## CHORUS.

Sound the alarm, watchman! Sound the alarm! For the Lord will come with a conqu'ring arm;

And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall wither and fall at his glance.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!<br/>Plead with the lost by the wayside now:<br/>Warn them to come and the truth embrace;<br/>Urge them to come and be saved by grace.</p> | <p>4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear;<br/>Sound it aloud that the old may hear;<br/>Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!<br/>Blow ye the trump till the light is past!</p> |
|--|---|

-F. J. Crosby.

# 164 Have Ye Heard the Song from the Golden Land?

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Have ye heard the song from the gold-en land? Have ye heard the glad new song?  
 2. They are looking down from the gold-en land, Our be-lov'd are look-ing down;

Let us bind our sheaves with a wil-ling hand, For the time will not be long.  
 They have done their work, they have borne their cross, And received their promised crown.

## CHORUS.

The Lord of the har-vest will soon ap-pear, His smile, his voice we shall see and hear!

The Lord of the harvest will soon ap-pear, And ga-ther the reapers home!

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden land,<br/>             And our hearts are strong to-day,<br/>             For it nerves our souls with its music sweet,<br/>             As we toil in the noon-tide ray.</p> |  | <p>4 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden land,<br/>             From its vales of joy and flowers;<br/>             And we feel and know by a living faith<br/>             That its tones will soon be ours.</p> |
|--|--|---|

—J. Johnson.

ON TO VICTORY

Words and Music by C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! Forth to the fray, In line be fall - ing,  
 2. He needs you, bro - ther, Do thou his will, Your place no oth - er  
 3. Morn - ing is com - ing, Night will be past, Soon will the dawn - ing,

Serve him to - day; Fol - low him ev - er, Call no re - treat,  
 Ev - er can fill; Gird on the ar - mor, Take up the sword,  
 Break in at last, Then with the morn - ing, Glo - rious and bright,

*CHORUS. Unison.*

His sol - diers nev - er Suf - fer de - feat, On to vic - t'ry,  
 Join your commander, Fol - low your Lord.  
 Rich crowns a - dorn - ing, Vic - tors of light.

follow your mighty Com - man - der, On to vic - t'ry, follow where Jesus may

## Jesus is Calling! Forth to the Fray—*Concluded*

go; On to vic - t'ry, close to your shield and de-

fend - er; On to vic - t'ry, conquering ev - 'ry foe.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

**166**

## Lord, in the Strength of Grace

LEEDS

Words by C. WESLEY.

*Cheerful*

SACRED HARMONY.

1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free,  
2. Thy ran - somed ser - vant, I Re - store to thee thy own;

My - self, my res - i - due of days, I con - se - crate to thee.  
And, from this mo - ment, live or die To serve my God a - lone.

## Work With all Your Might, Boys!

*Vigorously, but not too fast.*

WELLINGTON

E. S. LAMPLUGH.

1. Work with all your might, boys; God de-mands your best!  
 2. Vic-tories great a-wait you in some glo-ri-ous task;

Lab-our is en-nob-ling, makes the toi-ler blest: Girls, too, in life's mis-sions,  
 Powers to win God of-fers all who work and ask: Day and night un-ceas-ing

cher-ish great am-bi-tions! Put your heart, and soul, and strength in all you do!  
 strive with strength in-creas-ing; Up and con-quer, do and dare, in Heaven's own might!

## REFRAIN.

Work, work, work with all your might! Work, work;

## Work With all Your Might, Boys—Concluded

toil as in God's sight! Ev - ery task is glo - rious;  
 make your life vic - to - rious: Up and con-quer, do and dare, in God's great name!

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3 Dream not of the honours that surround the great;  
 Do the task before you—who can judge its fate?  
 With a courage holy and a spirit lowly,  
 Glorify the smallest deeds, and make them grand.

4 Everything is lofty in God's wondrous plan:  
 Make your influence felt, then; brave it like a man!  
 Great or low your calling, with a zeal enthralling,  
 Raise it up to heights sublime in God's own name!  
 —Lawrence V. Fish.

### 168

## Take Time to be Holy

Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho-ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in him always, And feed on his Word;  
 2. Take time to be ho-ly, The world rushes on; Spend much time in se-cret With Je - sus a - lone;

Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak, For - getting in nothing His blessing to seek.  
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

3 Take time to be holy,  
 Let him be thy Guide,  
 And run not before him,  
 Whatever betide;  
 In joy or in sorrow,  
 Still follow thy Lord,  
 And, looking to Jesus,  
 Still trust in his Word.

4 Take time to be holy,  
 Be calm in thy soul,  
 Each thought and each motive  
 Beneath his control;  
 Thus led by his Spirit  
 To fountains of love,  
 Thou soon shalt be fitted  
 For service above.

—W. D. Longstaff.

## You May Help a Load to Lighten

AS YOU GO

ANON.

1. You may help a load to light-en As you go; . . . . .  
 2. You may fill some life with beau-ty As you go; . . . . .  
 3. Though the way be oft-en drea-ry As you go, . . . . .

Mak-ing lone-ly fa-ces bright-en As you go; . . . . .  
 Ev-ery mom-ent find some du-ty As you go; . . . . .  
 Let your heart grow nev-er wea-ry As you go; . . . . .

You may cheer a heart that's brok-en; By a kind-ly mes-sage  
 And the Mas-ter's name con-fess-ing; Peace and joy your heart pos-  
 Let the joy-bells aye be ring-ing; In the dark-est hour, and

spok-en, You may give a lov-ing tok-en As you go. . . . .  
 sess-ing, You may make your life a bless-ing As you go. . . . .  
 sing-ing, To the Cross of Christ keep cling-ing As you go. . . . .

## You May Help a Load to Lighten—*Concluded*

### CHORUS.

Send out the sun - shine as you pass a - long, Seek some life to

bright - en, cheer it with a song, Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness.

set the world a - glow, Scat - ter them a - bout you as you go.

170

## Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

WILTSHIRE (26)

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

- 3 And shall we then for ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

—Isaac Watts.

## Fight the Good Fight

ERNAN

L. MASON.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy  
 2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine

strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and be-  
 eyes, and and seek his face; Life with its way and be-

it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.  
 fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
 His boundless mercy will provide;  
 Trust, and thy trusting soul will prove  
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;  
 He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
 Only believe, and thou shalt see  
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## Teach Me, My God and King

LEEDS (166)

1 Teach me, my God and King,  
 In all things thee to see;  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for thee.

2 A man that looks on glass,  
 On it may stay his eye;  
 Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
 And then the heaven espy.

3 All may of thee partake;  
 Nothing can be so mean,

Which with this tincture, For thy sake,  
 Will not grow bright and clean.

4 A servant with this clause  
 Makes drudgery divine;  
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
 Makes that and th' action fine.

5 This is the famous stone  
 That turneth all to gold;  
 For that which God doth touch and own  
 Cannot for less be told.

*George Herbert.*

# 173 Ye Hosts of Christians, Young and Strong

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE HYMN

Words by LAURA HUBBARD JACCARD.

LAURA HUBBARD JACCARD.

1. Ye hosts of Christians, young and strong, And leagued in war a-against the wrong,  
 2. Then fol - low him and his commands, Go preach his word in hea-then lands!  
 3. Lift high the cross for his dear sake, That cross with Ep - worth col - ors drape:

What tri - umphs lie with - in your scope, And for the Church what pow'r, what hope!  
 Look up, lift up the poor, the weak; For bur - dened souls in kind - ness seek.  
 The red, the blood of Cal - va - ry; The white for love and pur - i - ty.

Put on God's ar - mour, burnished bright; With Truth's strong sword be armed for fight;  
 In cheerless homes leave bright'ning flow'rs, Sweet com - fort give in dark'ning hours;  
 March on, nor lay the chal - lenge down Till ev - 'ry ham - let, by - way, town,

Let "All for Christ and Christ for all!" Ring from your lips the bat - tle call.  
 In times of stress your voi - ces raise In pray'rs of faith and songs of praise.  
 Has seen the Ep - worth flag un - furled And Epworth hands reach round the world.

## The Church's One Foundation

AURELIA

Words by S. J. STONE.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;  
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One,

She is his new cre - a - tion By wat - er and the word:  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:

From heaven he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.  
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

## Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed

ST. CUTHBERT.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His ten-der last fare-well,  
 2. He came in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due;  
 3. He comes sweet in-fluence to in-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,

A Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed, With us to dwell.  
 All-power-ful as the wind he came, As view-less too.  
 While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.

- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
 Soft as the breath of even, [fear,  
 That checks each fault, that calms each  
 And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
 And every victory won,  
 And every thought of helliness  
 Are his alone.

- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
 Our weakness, pitying, see;  
 O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
 And worther thee.
- 7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
 Blest Spirit, praise to thee;  
 All praise to God, the Three in One,  
 The One in Three!

## Jesus! the Name High Over All

CORONATION

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. Je-sus! the name high o-ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky; An-gels and men be-fore it fall, And  
 2. Je-sus! the name to sin-ners dear, The name to sin-ners given; It scat-ters all their guilty fear, It

dev-ils fear and fly. Angels and men before it fall, And dev-ils fear and fly.  
 turns their hell to heaven. It scatters all their guilty fear, It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
 And bruises Satan's head;  
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks;  
 And life into the dead.

- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of his grace!  
 The arms of love that compass me  
 Would all mankind embrace.

Charles Wesley.

## I Need Thee, Precious Jesus!

RUTHERFORD

Words by H. BONAR.

RIMBAULT.

1. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;  
 2. I need thee, bless - ed Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor;  
 3. I need thee, bless - ed Je - sus! I need a friend like thee;

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in:  
 A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:  
 A friend to soothe and sympathize, A friend to care for me:

I need the clean - sing foun - tain, Where I can al - ways flee—  
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,  
 I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
 To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.  
 To tell my ev - 'ry trou - ble, And all my sor - rows share.

## Golden Harps are Sounding

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Golden harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are opened,  
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with gladness  
 3. Praying for his children In that blessèd, place, Calling them to glo-ry,

Opened for the King, Christ, the King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,  
 At his Father's side. Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev-er more to die,  
 Sending them his grace; His bright home pre-par-ing, Lit-tle ones, for you;

*CHORUS.*

Is gone up in triumph, To his throne a-bove.  
 Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Is gone up on high. All his work is end-ed,  
 Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth too.

Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King!

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

HAMBURG

DR. L. MASON.

*Slowly*

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,  
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—Isaac Watts.

## 180

## Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

ASA HULL.

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing pi-ty!

CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be; And when thou sittest

sac-red head For such a worm as I?  
grace unknown! And love beyond de-gree!

on thy throne, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

3 Well might the sun in darkness  
hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker,  
died  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

—Isaac Watts.

Words by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will sure - ly  
 2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge then in - to the  
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be - lieve in him with -

## CHORUS

give you rest By trusting in his word.  
 crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow. On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him,  
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.

On - ly trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

AJALON (192)

- 1 Weary souls that wander wide  
 From the central point of bliss,  
 Turn to Jesus crucified,  
 Fly to those dear wounds of his:  
 Sink into the purple flood;  
 Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
 Peace unspeakable, unknown;  
 By his pain he gives you ease,  
 Life by his expiring groan:  
 Rise, exalted by his fall;  
 Find in Christ your all in all.

- 3 O believe the record true,  
 God to you his Son hath given!  
 Ye may now be happy too,  
 Find on earth the life of heaven:  
 Live the life of heaven above,  
 All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,  
 Bliss for every soul designed;  
 God's original promise this,  
 God's great gift to all mankind:  
 Blest in Christ this moment be!  
 Blest to all eternity!

—C. Wesley.

*Moderato*

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a ci - ty wall; Where the dear Lord was  
2. We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains he had to bear; But we believe it

*CHORUS.*

ru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And  
was for us He hung and suffered there.

*Rit.*

we must love him too; And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough,  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven and let us in.

—Cecil F. Alexander.

1 Come, ye saints, behold and wonder,  
See the place where Jesus lay;  
He has burst his bands asunder;  
He has borne our sins away;  
||: Joyful tidings!  
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day. :||

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;  
By his death he overcame;  
Thus the Lord his glory raises,

Thus he fills his foes with shame:  
||: Sing ye praises!  
Praises to the Victor's name. :||

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions  
Come from heaven to meet their King;  
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,  
They shall join his praise to sing;  
||: Songs eternal  
Shall through heaven's high arches ring. :||

—T. Kelly.

Words by REV. R. LOWRY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave he lay— Jesus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day—Jesus, my Lord!  
 2. Vain-ly they watch his bed— Jesus, my Saviour! Vainly they seal the dead— Jesus, my Lord!  
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Saviour! He tore the bars away— Jesus, my Lord!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Up from the grave he a - rose, With a mighty triumph o'er his foes;  
 He arose! He arose!

He a - rose a Vic-tor from the dark domain, And he lives for ev - er with his

saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christa - rose!  
 He a-rose! He a-rose!

## "Man of Sorrows," What a Name

P. P. BLISS.

*p* *Moderato* *mf*

1. "Man of Sorrows," what a name For the Son of God who came  
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned he stood;

*f* *ff*

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!  
Sealed my par - don with his blood: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!

- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;  
Spotless Lamb of God was he:  
"Full atonement!" can it be?  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!  
4 "Lifted up" was he to die,  
"It is finished," was his cry;

- Now in heaven exalted high:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!  
5 When he comes, our glorious King,  
All his ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

—P. P. Bliss.

## "Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-Day"

MERCY

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day," Sons of men and an - gels say;  
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, re - ply.  
Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

- 4 King of glory! Soul of bliss!  
Everlasting life is this,—  
Thee to know, thy power to prove,  
Thus to sing, and thus to love. —C. Wesley.

Words by THOMAS KELLY.

HARWELL

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 2. King of glo - ry! reign for ev - er - Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;  
 3. Sav - iour! has - ten thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh bring the glorious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.  
 Noth - ing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;  
 When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

See, he sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 Hap - py objects of thy grace, Destined to be - hold thy face.  
 Then with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

## Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

MARGARET

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Thou didst leave thy throne And thy king - ly crown, When thou  
 2. Hea - ven's arch - es rang When the an - gels sang, Pro -  
 3. The fox - es found rest, And the birds their nest, In the

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home Was there  
 claim - ing thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth Cam'st thou,  
 shade of the ce - dar - tree; But thy couch was the sod, O thou

found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty: O  
 Lord, on earth, And in great hu - mi - li - ty:  
 Son of God, In the de - serts of Ga - li - lee:

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus; There is room in my heart for thee.

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4 Thou camest, O Lord,  
 With the living word  
 That should set thy people free;  
 But, with mocking scorn,  
 And with crown of thorn,  
 They bore thee to Calvary:  
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;  
 Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches ring,  
 And her choirs shall sing,  
 At thy coming to victory,  
 Let thy voice call me home,  
 Saying, Yet there is room,  
 There is room at my side for thee!  
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
 When thou comest and call'st for me.

—Emily E. S. Elliott.

Words by E. MORGAN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and  
 2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his un -  
 3. His oath, his cov - en - ant, his blood, Sup - port me in the

right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But  
 chang - ing grace; In ev' - ry high and storm - y gale, My  
 whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He

## CHORUS.

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All  
 then is all my hope and stay.

oth - erground is sink - ing sand, All oth - erground is sink - ing sand.

FIRST TUNE—MARIE

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

J. N. SHANNON.

1. All the way my Sa-voir leads me; What have I to ask be-side?  
 2. All the way my Sa-voir leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;  
 3. All the way my Sa-voir leads me; Oh, the ful-ness of his love!

Can I doubt his ten-der mer-cy, Who through life has been my Guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;  
 Per-fect rest to me is pro-mised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heaven-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in him I dwell!  
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
 When my spi-rit, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.  
 This my song through end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way.

## SECOND TUNE

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be - side? Can I  
 2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread; Gives me  
 3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O, the ful - ness of his love! Per - fect

doubt his ten - der mercy, Who through life has been my Guide? Heavenly peace, divinest  
 grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the living bread; Though my weary steps may  
 rest to me is promised In my Father's house above; When my spirit, clothed im -

com - fort, Here by faith in him I dwell! For I know, whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus  
 fal - ter, And my soul athirst may be, Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a  
 mortal, Wings its flight to realms of day, This my song through endless a - ges—Je - sus

do - eth all things well; For I know, whate'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well.  
 spring of joy I see; Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.  
 led me all the way; This my song through endless ages—Jesus led me all the way.

## Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

AJALON

Words by TORLADY.

R. REDHEAD.

*Slew*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my -  
 2. Could my tears for ev - er flow, Could my zeal no  
 p 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall

self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From  
 lan - guor know, These for sin could not a - tone; Thou  
 close in death, *f* When I rise to worlds un - known, And

thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the  
 must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no  
 be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges,

dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 price I bring, Simp - ly to thy cross I cling.  
 cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

CARITAS

R. W. BEATT.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers : O how he loves ! His is love be -  
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know him : O how he loves ! Think, O think how

yond a brother's : O how he loves ! Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day  
 much we owe him : O how he loves ! With his precious blood he bought us, In the

soothe, the next day grieve us : But this friend will ne'er deceive us : O how he loves !  
 wil - der-ness he sought us, To his fold he safe - ly brought us : O how he loves !

3 We have found a friend in Jesus :  
 O how he loves !  
 'Tis his great delight to bless us :  
 O how he loves !  
 How our hearts delight to hear him  
 Bid us dwell in safety near him !  
 Why should we distrust or fear him !  
 O how he loves !

4 Through his name we are forgiven :  
 O how he loves !  
 Backward shall our foes be driven :  
 O how he loves !  
 Best of blessings he'll provide us,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us :  
 Safe to glory he will guide us :  
 O how he loves !

—Marianne Nunn.

Ad. fr. L. MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;

And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;  
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;

And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its pow'r,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be, till I die.

—Wm. Couper.

Words by TRACY CLINTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Be - hold, a stone in Zi - on laid, A tried, a sure foun - da - tion stone;  
Thrice blest are they whose hopes are staid Up - [Omit

2. { Storms may a - rise, and tempests blow, And beat with fu - ry on this Rock,  
Still it remains, though waves o'erflow, Un - [Omit

3. { Ne'er shall the gates of hell pre - vail, O'er those who in the Lord a - bide,  
Safe - ly they dwell, though foes as - sail, For [Omit

## CHORUS.

on this base, and this a - lone.  
moved a - mid the fiercest shock. Some build their hopes on the ev - er - drift - ing sand,  
ev - er near the Saviour's side.

Some on their fame, or their treas - ure, or their land; Mine's on a

Rock that for ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,  
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in—

Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.  
That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,  
Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon,

For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.  
The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.

# Tell Me the Old, Old Story—Concluded

CHORUS.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

Used by permission of W. H. Doane, owner of copyright. Words by permission of Miss A. E. Rashdall.

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

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

—Kate Hankey.

197

## Let Him to Whom We Now Belong

PETERBOROUGH

REV. RALPH HARRISON

1. Let him to whom we now be - long His sovereign right as - sert,  
2. He just - ly claims us for his own, Who bought us with a price;

And take up eve - ry thank - ful song, And eve - ry lov - ing heart.  
The Christian lives to Christ a - lone, To Christ a - lone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our heart's desire,  
And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but thine  
To all eternity.

—C. Wesley.

ALMSGIVING

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and opprest;

I come to cast my - self on thee: Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O send thou forth some cheering ray:  
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.

5 Vain is all human help for me,  
I dare not trust an earthly prop;  
My sole reliance is on thee:  
Thou art my Hope.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
Even to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

—Charlotte Elliott.

ALMSGIVING (198)

1 Leaning on thee, my Guide and Friend,  
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:  
Though weary thou dost condescend  
To be my Rest.

2 Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,  
To thee the future I confide;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,  
Though faint with languor, parched  
with heat:  
Thy will has now become my own—  
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear;  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
"Be of good cheer."

—Charlotte Elliott.

1. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je-sus, my Saviour, sal-va-tion af-fords;  
2. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je-sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, he cast-eth out fear;

Gives me his Spir-it a wit-ness with-in, Whisp'ring of par-don, and sav-ing from sin.  
Trusting his prom-is-es, how I am blest; Lean-ing up-on him, how sweet is my rest.

## CHORUS.

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd by pow-er di-vine; Sav'd, sav'd, I'm

sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je-sus, the Saviour, is mine!

3 Saved to the uttermost: this I can say,  
"Once all was darkness, but now it is day;  
Beautiful visions of glory I see,  
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me!"

4 Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing  
Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King!  
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood,  
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God!

—W. J. Kirkpatrick.

## 201

## Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day

FERRIER

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;  
 2. With a child-like heart of love At thy bid - ding may I move;  
 3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.  
 Prompt to serve and fol - low thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.  
 Learn - ing how to love from thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,  
 In obedience all her joy;  
 Ever new that joy will be,  
 Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
 That I feel the love I owe;  
 Singing, till thy face I see,  
 Of his love who first loved me.

—Jane Elizabeth Leeson.

## 202

## How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

BELMONT

WEBBE.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!  
 2. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield, and hid - ing - place,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ury, filled With bound - less stores of grace!

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.  
 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death!

—J. Newton.

HOLLINGSIDE

Words by C. WESLEY.

DYKES.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;  
 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wat - ers roll, While the tem - pest still is high:  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in:

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.  
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

DUET

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of his fold; Dear is the  
 2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of his fold; Some from the

love that he gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold. Dear to the heart of the  
 pas-tures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold. See, the good Shepherd is

Shep-herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep; O-ver the mountains he fol-lows,  
 seek-ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost; Bringing them in with re-joic-ing,

*CHORUS.* *poco rit.*  
 O-ver the wa-ters so deep. Out in the desert they wan-der, Hungry and helpless and  
 Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.

## Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd—*Concluded*

*f a tempo.*

Musical score for 'Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

cold; Off to the res-cue he has - tens, Bringing them back to the fold.  
(4th verse) we'll has - ten,

Permission kindly granted by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Dear to the heart of the Shepherd,  
Dear are the "ninety and nine,"  
Dear are the sheep that have wandered  
Out in the desert to pine.  
Hark! he is earnestly calling,  
Tenderly pleading to-day;  
"Will you not seek for my lost ones,  
Off from my shelter astray?"

4 Green are the pastures inviting,  
Sweet are the waters and "still";  
Lord, we will answer thee gladly,  
"Yes, blessed Master, we will!  
Make us thy true under-shepherds,  
Give us a love that is deep;  
Send us out into the desert  
Seeking thy wandering sheep."  
—Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

## 205

## There is no Name so Sweet on Earth

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Musical score for 'There is no Name so Sweet on Earth'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name before his  
2. And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name above him, That all might see the

CHORUS

Musical score for the Chorus of 'There is no Name so Sweet on Earth'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour giv - en. We love to sing a - round our King,  
rea - son we For ev - er - more must love him.

Musical score for the final line of 'There is no Name so Sweet on Earth'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

And hail him blessed Jesus; For there's no word ear - ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as "Jesus."

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by thy matchless name,  
Thy grace shall fail us never;  
To-day as yesterday the same,  
Thou art our God forever.

—G. W. Bethune.

## Who is He in Yonder Stall

ADORATION

B. R. HANBY.

1. Who is he in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?  
 2. Who is he in yon-der cot, Bend-ing to his toil-some lot?

## REFRAIN.

'Tis the Lord: O wond-rous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry!

At his feet: we hum-bly fall: Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

3 Who is he in deep distress,  
 Fasting in the wilderness?

4 Who is he that stands and weeps  
 At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

5 Lo, at midnight, who is he  
 Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 Who is he, in Calvary's throes,  
 Asks for blessings on his foes?

7 Who is he that from the grave  
 Comes to heal and help and save?

8 Who is he that on yon throne  
 Rules the world of light alone?

—B. R. Hanby.

## Forever Here My Rest Shall Be

EVAN (208)

1 Forever here my rest shall be,  
 Close to thy bleeding side;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
 Wash me, and mine thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve,  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

—C. Wesley.

## I Love to Sing of that Great Power

EVAN

REV. W. H. HAVERGALL.

1. I love to sing of that great Power That made the earth and sea;  
2. I love to sing of shrub and flower, Of field and plant and tree;

But bet - ter still I love the song Of "Je - sus died for me."  
My sweet - est note for ev - er is, That "Je - sus died for me."

- 3 I love to think of angels' songs,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
But angels cannot strike their notes  
To "Jesus died for me."
- 4 I love to speak of God, of heaven,  
And all its purity;

God is my Father, heaven my home,  
For "Jesus died for me."

- 5 And when I reach that happy place,  
From all temptation free,  
I'll tune my ever rapturous notes  
With "Jesus died for me."

—S. Atman.

## Holy Ghost, My Comforter

ST. PHILIP

W. H. MONK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, my Com - fort - er, Now from high - est  
2. Bless - ed Sun of grace, o'er all Faith - ful hearts who  
3. What with - out thy aid is wrought, Skil - ful deed or

heaven ap - pear, Shed thy gra - cious ra - diance here.  
on thee call Let thy light and so - lace fall.  
wis - est thought, God will count but vain and nought.

- 4 Grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,  
Steadfast in the faith to be,  
Give thy gift of charity.

- 5 May we live in holiness,  
And in death find happiness,  
And abide with thee in bliss!

—Miss Winkworth.

1. Praise to the Holi - est in the height, And in the depth be praise ;  
 2. O lov - ing wis - dom of our God ! When all was sin and shame, and  
 3. O wis - est love ! that flesh and blood, Which did in A - dam fail,

In all his words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all his ways.  
 A se - cond A - dam to the fight And to the res - cue came.  
 Should strive a - fresh a - gainst the foe, Should strive and should pre - vail ;

4 And that a higher gift than grace  
 Should flesh and blood refine,  
 God's presence, and his very self  
 And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love ! that he, who smote  
 In Man for man the foe,  
 The double agony in Man  
 For man should undergo ;

6 And in the garden secretly,  
 And on the cross on high,  
 Should teach his brethren, and inspire  
 To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise ;  
 In all his words most wonderful,  
 Most sure in all his ways.

—John Henry Newman.

## 211

## Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise !

EVAN (208)

- 1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise !  
 All praise to him belongs ;  
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
 Demands our choicest songs.
- 2 His providence hath brought us through  
 Another various year ;  
 We all with vows and anthems new  
 Before our God appear.
- 3 Father, thy mercies past we own,  
 Thy still continued care ;

To thee presenting, through thy Son,  
 What'e'er we have or are.

- 4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
 The wonders of thy love,  
 While on in Jesus' steps we go  
 To see thy face above.
- 5 Our residue of days or hours  
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be,  
 And all our consecrated powers  
 A sacrifice to thee.

—C. Wesley

## O Happy Band of Pilgrims

KOCKER (BARTON)

German.

1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,  
2. O hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men;

With Je - sus as your Lea - der, To Je - sus as your Head!  
O hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hun - gered then!

3 The faith by which ye see him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To him alone will turn;

4 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure,—

5 What are they but his jewels,  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize.

—Joseph of the Studium, trs. by John Mason Neale.

## 213 Oh, What Shall I Do My Saviour to Praise!

HANOVER (20)

1 Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to  
praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in  
grace,  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon  
him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set  
free,  
The people that can be joyful in thee!  
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy  
face,  
And still they are talking of Jesus's  
grace.

3 For thou art their boast, their glory and  
power;  
And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation, a life from the  
dead,  
The day of salvation, that lifts up my  
head.

4 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine  
own,  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made  
known;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that  
believe.

—C. Wesley

## Encamped Along the Hills of Light

(FAITH IS THE VICTORY)

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a - long the hills of light, Ye Christian sol - diers rise,  
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;  
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;  
By faith they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;

Faith is the vic - to - ry we know, That o - ver - comes the world.  
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.

## Encamped Along the Hills of Light—*Concluded*

### CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!  
 Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

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3 On every hand the foe we find  
 Drawn up in dread array;  
 Let tents of ease be left behind,  
 And onward to the fray;  
 Salvation's helmet on each head,  
 With truth all girt about,  
 The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,  
 And echo with our shout.

4 To him that overcomes the foe,  
 White raiment shall be given;  
 Before the angels he shall know  
 His name confessed in heaven;  
 Then onward from the hills of light,  
 Our hearts with love aflame;  
 We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,  
 In Jesus' conquering name.

—John H. Yates.

## 215

## I Could Not Do Without Thee

RUTHERFORD (177)

1 I could not do without thee,  
 O Saviour of the lost!  
 Whose precious blood redeemed me,  
 At such tremendous cost;  
 Thy righteousness, thy pardon,  
 Thy precious blood must be  
 My only hope and comfort,  
 My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,  
 I cannot stand alone,  
 I have no strength or goodness,  
 No wisdom of my own;  
 But thou, beloved Saviour,  
 Art all in all to me;  
 And weakness will be power,  
 If leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,  
 For, O! the way is long,  
 And I am often weary,  
 And sigh replaces song;  
 How could I do without thee?  
 I do not know the way;  
 Thou knowest and thou ledest,  
 And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without thee,  
 For years are fleeting fast,  
 And soon in solemn silence,  
 The river must be passed;  
 But thou wilt never leave me,  
 And tho' the waves roll high,  
 I know thou wilt be near me,  
 And whisper "It is I."

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

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BEATITUDO

J. B. DYKES.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by eve - ry foe!  
 2. That will not mur - mur or complain Beneath the chastening rod,  
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out:

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe;  
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God:  
 That when in dang - er knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt:

By permission of the proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern,

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread  
 Nor heeds its scornful smile: [frown,  
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
 Or Satan's arts beguile:

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
 Till life's last hour is fled,  
 And with a pure and heavenly ray  
 Illumes a dying bed.

— W. H. Bathurst

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

SAWLEY

PIGOU.

1. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau - ty shine;  
 2. With thee let ev - ry week be - gin, With thee each day be spent,  
 3. Thus cheer us thro' this des - ert road, Till all our la - bors cease;

Oh, let thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be thine  
 For thee each fleet - ing hour employed, Since each by thee is lent.  
 And heav'n re - fresh our wea - ry souls With ev - er - last - ing peace.

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And he thy great reward; His might has won the field: Thy strength is in the Lord!  
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy distress; The water of his word . . . Thy fainting soul shall bless.

## CHORUS.

Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word; Lift up your head: rejoice In Jesus Christ thy Lord!

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!  
He evermore will be  
With thee, to give his aid,  
And he will strengthen thee.

4 Fear not! ye little flock;  
Your Shepherd soon will come,  
Give water from the rock,  
And bring you to his home!  
—R. G. Taylor

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sac-red her-ald stands, } Mourning  
2. { Welcome news to Zi-on, bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; }  
{ Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful proved? } Cease thy  
{ Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved? }

captive! God himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.  
mourning! Zi-on still is well-beloved; Cease thy mourning! Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He himself appears thy Friend:  
All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King shall surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favor blessed;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest  
—Thomas Kelly

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;  
 2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;  
 3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to thee;  
 In-to the glo-ri-ous gain of thy cross, Je-sus, I come to thee;  
 In-to thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to thee:

Out of my sick-ness in-to thy health, Out of my want and in-to thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows in-to thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to thy calm,  
 Out of my-self to dwell in thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove;

Out of my sin and in-to thy-self, Je-sus, I come to thee.  
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to thee.  
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to thee.

WOODWORTH

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and foes without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!  
4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

- Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!  
5 Just as I am,—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

—Charlotte Elliott.

ST. AGNES, DURHAM (252)

- 1 Though lowly here our lot may be,  
High work have we to do;  
In faith and trust to follow him  
Whose lot was lowly too.  
2 Our days of darkness we may bear  
Strong in a Father's love,  
Leaning on his almighty arm,  
And fixed our hopes above.  
3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
And loving deeds, may be

- A stream that still the nobler grows  
The nearer to the sea.  
4 To duty firm, to conscience true,  
However tried and pressed,  
In God's clear sight high work we do,  
If we but do our best.  
5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
With rays of glory bright;  
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
Into a crown of light.

—William Gaskell.

PRECIOUS NAME

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort  
 2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from every snare; If temptations round you

CHORUS.

give you; Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of  
 gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer. Precious name, O how sweet!

earth, and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth, and joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
 Falling prostrate at his feet,  
 King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,  
 When our journey is complete.

—Mrs. L. Baxter.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

Words by MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my being's ransomed powers; All my thoughts, and words, and doings,  
 2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways,— Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly,  
 3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be-side; So enchanted my spirit's vision,  
 4. Oh, what wonder! how a-mazing! Je-sus—glorious King of kings—Deigns to call me his be-lov-ed,

# All for Jesus! All for Jesus!—Concluded

## CHORUS.

225

## Take My Life and Let it Be

### PRAYER

A. ABBOTT.

By permission of Nisbet and Company.

- 3 Take my silver and my gold—  
Not a mite would I withhold:  
Take my intellect and use  
Every power as thou shalt choose.
- 4 Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King:  
Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages from thee.

- 5 Take my will and make it thine,  
It shall be no longer mine:  
Take my heart, it is thine own;  
It shall be thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure-store:  
Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for thee.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine

LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms?

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

## REFRAIN.

Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms;  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of Sorrows" now  
2. Crown the Sa - viour! an - gels, crown him! Rich the trophies Je - sus brings;

From the fight re - turn vic - torious: Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow!  
In the seat of pow'r en - throne him, While the vault of heav - en rings!

## CHORUS.

Crown him! crown him! an - gels, crown him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

Crown him! crown him! an - gels, crown him! Crown the Sa - viour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark the bursts of acclamation!  
Hark those loud triumphant chords;  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
Oh, what joy the sight affords!

-T. Kelly.

## I Hear a Voice, 'Tis Soft and Sweet

Words by REV. ROBERT F. SEMPLE, D.D.

VOX SALVATOR

BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER.

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin - sick soul re - joice; The same was  
 2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not for - get that "Christ is all;" For me his  
 3. My soul is troubled like the sea, The surging bil - lows roll a - round; But he who

heard in Sa - lem's street, And in the mountain's cool re - treat, My Saviour's voice.  
 pre - cious blood was spilt; He sweet - ly says, "Come, if thou wilt;" How glad the call!  
 calmed far Ga - li - lee Doth kind - ly say, "Peace be to thee;" How blest the sound!

## CHORUS.

Sweet - er than chim - ing bells, Soft - er than eve - ning rills,

The voice that tells of par - don—par - don, peace, and heaven.

## Weary Pilgrim on Life's Pathway

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry pil-grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,  
2. Are thy tir-ed feet un-stead-y? Does thy lamp no light af-ford?

Hear these words of con-so-la-tion,—“Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.”  
Is thy cross too great and heav-y? Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

## CHORUS.

*f* Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, *p* Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, *cres.* And he will

*p* strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; *ad lib.* Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

3 Are the ties of friendship severed?  
Hushed the voices fondly heard?  
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish,  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?  
Does thy mind forget his word?

Does thy strength succumb to weakness?  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,  
He will guide thy steps aright;  
He will strengthen each endeavour;  
He will keep thee by his might.

—W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. "There shall be showers of blessing," This is the promise of love;  
 2. "There shall be showers of blessing"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sa-viour a-bove.  
 O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.

*CHORUS.*  
 Show-ers of blessing,  
 Showers, showers of blessing, Showers of bless-ing we need;

Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

3 "There shall be showers of blessing,"  
 Send them upon us, O Lord!  
 Grant to us now a refreshing,  
 Come, and now honour thy Word.

4 "There shall be showers of blessing,"  
 Oh, that to-day they might fall,  
 Now as to God we're confessing,  
 Now as on Jesus we call!

—Dr. Nathan.

## 231

## More Love to Thee, O Christ

Words by MRS. E. PRENTISS.

MORE LOVE TO THEE

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee; Hear thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -  
 3. Then shall my latest breath Whis - per thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,  
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.  
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.  
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

## 232

## Try Us, O God, and Search the Ground

ST. ANNE (240)

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground  
 Of every sinful heart;  
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
 Oh, bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
 Leave us not comfortless;  
 But guide our feet into the way  
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
 Each other's cross to bear;  
 Let each his friendly aid afford,  
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
 Our little stock improve;  
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
 And perfect us in love.

- C. Wesley.

O Happy Day, that Fixed My Choice

HAPPY DAY

1. Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my  
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its  
2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows, To him who  
Let cheer - ful an - thems fill his house, While to that

CHORUS.

Sa - viour and my God! }  
rap - tures all a - broad. } Hap - py day, Hap - py day,  
mer - its all my love! }  
sa - cred shrine I move. }

*D.S.*—Hap - py day, Hap - py day,

*Fine.*

When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. He taught me

When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

*D.S.*

how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

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

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.  
Happy day, happy day, etc.

—Dr. Doddridge.

## Come, Ye that Love the Lord

Words by ISAAC WATTS.  
*Moderato.*

NEARER HOME

ISAAC WOODBURY.  
Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,  
2. The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur-veys;  
3. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gun be-low;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round his throne.  
That rides up-on the storm-y sky, And calms the roar-ing seas;  
Cel-es-tial fruit on earth-ly ground From faith and hope may grow.

Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;  
This aw-ful God is ours, Our Fath-er and our Love;  
Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry;

But ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.  
He will send down his heav'n-ly powers To car-ry us a-bove.  
We're march-ing through Im-man-uel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

## 235 O Jesus, I Have Promised to Serve Thee to the End

JOHN E. BODE.

ANGEL'S STORY

ARTHUR H. MANN.

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve thee to the end; Be thou for ev - er  
 2. O let me feel thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that  
 3. O Je - sus! thou hast promised To all who fol - low thee, That where thou art in

near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the bat - tle If  
 daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear; My foes are ev - er near me, A -  
 glo - ry There shall thy servant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To

thou art by my side, Nor wan - der from the pathway If thou wilt be - my guide.  
 round me and with - in, But, Je - sus, draw thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.  
 serve thee to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

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## 236 When Jesus Comes to Reward His Servants

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to him will he  
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re -

# When Jesus Comes to Reward His Servants—Concluded

CHORUS.



find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?  
store our tal - ents, Will he an - swer thee — "Well done!"



Ready for the soul's bright home? Say, will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?



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3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?  
Do we seek to do our best?  
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,  
In his glory they shall share;  
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,  
Will he find us watching there?

—Fanny Crosby.

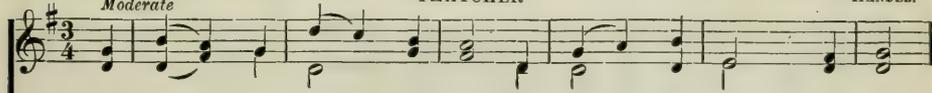
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## A Charge to Keep I Have

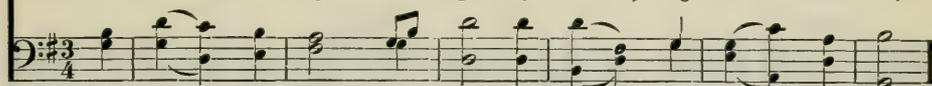
THATCHER

HANDEL.

Moderate



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glor - i - fy,  
2. To serve the pres ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil;



A ne - ver - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky:  
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!



3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

—C. Wesley.

Words by T. J. POTTER.

ST. THERESA

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*Treble Voices in Unison.*

1. Brightly gleams our banner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.  
 2. Je-sus, Lord and Master, At thy sacred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing See thy children meet;  
 3. All our days direct us In the way we go, Lead us on victorious Over ev'ry foe:



- Jour-neying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united Take our heav'nward way.  
 Of - ten have we left thee, Often gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.  
 Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds low'r, Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.



CHORUS.

*Unison.*

- Brightly gleams our banner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.



1. He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught; What -  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By

e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me.

*f* CHORUS

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me; His

faith - ful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by thy grace, the victory's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

—J. H. Gilmore.

## O God, Our Help in Ages Past

ST. ANNE

W. CROFT.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
2. Un - der the sha - dow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - tern - al home:  
Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

—I. Watts.

## All My Doubts I Give to Jesus

G. C. STEBBINS

1. All my doubts I give to Jesus, I've his gracious promise heard; I shall never be con-  
2. All my sin I lay on Jesus, He doth wash me in his blood; He will keep me pure and

# All My Doubts I Give to Jesus—Concluded

CHORUS.

founded, I am trusting in his word. I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly  
ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.

trusting in his word, I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in his word.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus,  
Rests my weary soul on him;  
Though my way be hid in darkness,  
Never can my light grow dim.

4 All in all I have in Jesus,  
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;  
Ignorant and full of weakness,  
Heaven's own store I find in him.

—Dr. Morgan.

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## I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

STEPHANOS

1. I am trust - ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly thee;  
2. I am trust - ing thee for par - don; At thy feet I bow;

Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.

3 I am trusting thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting thee to make me holy  
By thy blood.

4 I am trusting thee to guide me;  
Thou alone canst lead;  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power;  
Thine can never fail;  
Strength which thou thyself dost give me,  
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall!  
I am trusting thee forever,  
And for all.

—Miss F. R. Havergal.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

GARLAND OF PRAISE.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to  
 2. Not for ease or world - ly plea - sure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall  
 3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful

me; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.  
 be; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.  
 sea; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

## CHORUS.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, All a -  
 Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, Glad - ly  
 Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, Then the

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.  
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.  
 gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

*Not too fast.*

CLIFTONVILLE.

F. C. MARER.

1. The world looks ve - ry beau - ti - ful And full of joy to me.  
2. I'm but a youthful pil - grim, My journey's just be - gun;

The sun shines out in glo - ry On eve - ry - thing I see:  
They say I shall meet sor - row Be - fore my journey's done:

I know I shall be hap - py While in the world I stay;  
The world is full of trou - ble And tri - als too, they say;

For I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.  
But I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.

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3 Then, like a youthful pilgrim,  
Whatever I may meet,  
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,  
And lay it at his feet:  
He'll comfort me in trouble,  
He'll wipe my tears away;  
With joy I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

4 Then trials shall not vex me,  
And pain I need not fear;  
For when I'm close to Jesus,  
Grief will not come too near:  
Not even death can harm me,  
When death I meet one day;  
To heaven I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

—Anna Warner.

Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

*p*

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;  
2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;

He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.  
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

## CHORUS.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

*Rit.*

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

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

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

—W. Hunter.

# 246 I Must Needs Go Home by the Way of the Cross

(THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS HOME)

Words by JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth-er way but this;  
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Saviour trod,  
3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world, To walk in it nev-er more;

I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light, If the way of the cross I miss.  
If I ev-er climb to the heights sublime, Where the soul is at home with God.  
For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home, Where he waits at the o-pen door.

## CHORUS.

The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home;  
leads home, leads home;

It is sweet to know, as I on-ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet;  
 2. He speaks, and by his word is giv'n His peace, a rich foretaste of heav'n;

I trust in him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.  
 Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.

## CHORUS.

A - bid - ing, A - bid - ing, oh, so won - drous sweet!  
 A - biding in him, Resting in him, oh, so won - drous sweet!

I'm rest - ing, rest - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.  
 Resting in him, Resting in him, — At the Sav - iour's feet.

3 I live; not I through him alone,  
 By whom the mighty work is done;  
 Dead to myself, alive to him,  
 I count all loss his rest to gain.

4 Now rest, my heart, the work is done,  
 I'm saved through the Eternal Son;  
 Let all my powers my soul employ,  
 To tell the world my peace and joy.

# 248 I Am a Stranger Here, Within a Foreign Land

(THE KING'S BUSINESS)

Words by Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eyn land; My' home is  
 2. This is the King's com-mand: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and  
 3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal

far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-  
 turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with him shall  
 life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals

CHORUS.

yond the sea, I'm here 'on busi-ness for my King. This is the  
 reign for aye, And that's my busi-ness for my King.  
 there may dwell, And that's my busi-ness for my King.

mes-sage that I bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

rec-on-ciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

## I Do Not Ask for Earthly Store

THE EYE OF FAITH

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I do not ask for earth-ly store Beyond a day's supply; I on-ly cov-et  
 2. I care not for the emp-ty show That thoughtless worldlings see; I crave to do the

more and more The clear and sin-gle eye, To see my du-ty face to face,  
 best I know, And leave the rest with thee;—Well sat-is-fied that sweet re-ward

## CHORUS.

And trust the Lord for dai-ly grace. Then shall my heart keep sing-ing,  
 Is sure to those who trust the Lord. sing-ing, sing-ing.

While to the cross I cling; For rest is sweet at Je-sus' feet, While  
 cling, I cling.

## I Do Not Ask for Earthly Store—*Concluded*

home-ward faith keeps wing - ing, While home-ward faith keeps wing - ing.

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3 What'er the crosses mine shall be,  
I will not dare to shun;  
I only ask to live for thee,  
And that thy will be done;  
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,  
While pressing on my homeward way.

4 And when at last, my labor o'er,  
I cross the narrow sea,  
Grant, Lord, that on the other shore  
My soul may dwell with thee;  
And learn what here I cannot know,  
Why thou hast ever loved me so.

—Rev. J. J. Maxfield.

## 250 All Things which Live Below the Sky

*Not too slow.*  $\text{♩} = \text{about } 100.$

RODMELL

Traditional English Melody.

*mf* 1. All things which live be - low the sky, Or move with - in the sea,  
*mp* 2. I love to hear the ro - bin sing, Perched on the high - est bough;  
3. I love to watch the swal - low skim The ri - ver in his flight;

Are crea - tures of the Lord most High, And bro - thers un - to me.  
To see the rook with pur - ple wing Fol - low the shin - ing plough.  
To mark, when day is grow - ing dim, The glow-worm's sil - very light;

4 The sea-gull whiter than the foam,  
The fish that dart beneath;  
The lowing cattle coming home;  
The goats upon the heath.

5 God taught the wren to build her nest,  
The lark to soar above,  
The hen to gather to her breast  
The offspring of her love.

6 Beneath his heaven there's room for all;  
He gives to all their meat;  
He sees the meanest sparrow fall  
Unnoticed in the street.

*mf* 7 Almighty Father, King of kings,  
The Lover of the meek,  
Make me a friend of helpless things,  
Defender of the weak.

—Edward J. Brailsford.

Arr. from FLEMING.

1. O Ho-ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,  
2. Whattho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re - move;

Help me throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!  
With patient, un - complain - ing love, Still would I cling to thee!

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The soul that clings to thee!—*Miss C. Elliott.*

ST. AGNES, DURHAM

REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.

1. Talk with us, Lord, thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove;  
2. With thee con - ver - sing, we for - get All time, and toil, and care;

Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kin - dling of thy love.  
La - bour is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;  
'Tis all I wish to seek;

To attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee.—*C. Wesley.*

## Be It My Only Wisdom Here

Words by C. WESLEY.

MERIBAH

DR. MASON.

*Moderate*

1. Be it my on - ly wis - dom here, To serve the Lord  
2. Oh, may I still from sin de - part! A wise and un-

with fil - ial fear, With lov - ing grat - i - tude; Su -  
der - stand - ing heart, Je - sus, to me be given; And

peri - or sense may I dis - play, By shun - ning ev -  
let me through thy Spir - it know, To glor - i - fy

'ry ev - il way, And walk - ing in the good.  
my God be - low, And find my way to heaven.

1. I hear thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For  
2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou

cleans - ing in thy pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.

## CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

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

4 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace.  
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness.

—L. Hartsough

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain  
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;

Free to all — a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.  
There the bright and morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.

## CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

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

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

—Fanny Crosby.

CLIFFE WOOD

ARTHUR PEARSON,

*Moderate speed.*

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus! prais - ing his name! Glad - ly our tongues we em - ploy ;  
2. Pray - ing to Je - sus! low - ly we bow! Weeping, our sins we con - fess ;

Hol - i - est ser - vice! loft - i - est aim! Pur - est of earth - ly joy.  
Faith - ful the prom - ise! sa - cred the vow! Je - sus is waiting to bless.

*With expression.*

Blow, ye breez - es, gent - ly blow; Spread our an - them far and wide:  
Hear in heaven thy dwell - ing - place; Send the an - swer far and wide:

Je - sus all the world must know; He for all was cru - ci - fied.  
He who free - ly gives his grace, He for all was cru - ci - fied.

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3 Working for Jesus! striving to save  
Children from sorrow and sin!  
Helping the helpless! freeing the slave!  
Showing a heaven to win.  
Aid us, brothers, sisters, all;  
Send the tidings far and wide:  
Jesus saves from sin and thrall;  
He for all was crucified.

4 Resting with Jesus! labor is o'er!  
Stilled are the rough waves of strife;  
Angels sing welcome to the blest shore,  
Death does but lead us to life.  
Children, raise anew your songs;  
Send the echoes far and wide:  
Rest in Christ, ye weary throngs;  
He for all was crucified.

—William Flint.

## O Master, When Thou Callest

Music by J. B. DYKES.

1. O Mast - er, when thou call - est, No voice may say thee nay ;  
 2. O Mast - er, where thou call - est, No foot may shrink in fear ;

For blest are they that fol - low Where thou dost lead the way :  
 For they who trust thee whol - ly Shall find thee ev - er near :

In fresh - est prime of morn - ing, Or full - est glow of noon,  
 And chamber still and lone - ly, Or bus - y har - vest field,

The note of heavenly warn - ing Can nev - er come too soon.  
 Where thou, Lord, rul - est on - ly, Shall precious pro - duce yield.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

3 O Master, when thou callest,  
 No heart may dare refuse ;  
 'Tis honor, highest honor,  
 When thou dost deign to use :  
 Our brightest and our fairest,  
 Our dearest—all are thine ;  
 Thou who for each one carest,  
 We hail thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve thee,  
 We too who serve at home,  
 May watch and pray together  
 Until thy kingdom come :  
 In thee for aye united,  
 Our song of hope we raise,  
 Till that blest shore is sighted  
 Where all shall turn to praise.

—Sarah Geraldina Stock.

Permission for words granted by Dr. Eugene Stock.

## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Words by H. BONAR.

FIRST TUNE—VOX DILECTI

REV. J. B. DYKES.

*p* *rall.* *mf* *allegro*

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

*cres.*

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

*p*

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

*cres.* *ff* *p*

I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he hath made me glad.  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

Words by H. BONAR.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

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

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

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

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he hath made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the  
 2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the

world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His  
 poor - est of men; But now he is reigning for ev - er on high, And will

## CHORUS.

coffers are full,—he has riches untold. I'm a child of the King, A  
 give me a home in the "sweet by-and - by."

child of the King! With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,  
 A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!  
 But I've been adopted, my name's written  
 down—  
 An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
 He's building a palace for me over there!  
 Though exiled from home, yet still I may  
 sing:  
 All glory to God, I'm a child of the King!

—Hattie E. Buell.

Words by REV. E. CORWIN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. God kind - ly keepeth those he loves Se - cure from ev - 'ry fear; From the  
 2. What peace he bringeth to my heart! Deep as the soundless sea; How  
 3. How calm at ev - en sinks the sun Be - yond the clouded west! So,

eye that weepeth, O'er one that sleepeth, He gent - ly dries the tear.  
 sweet - ly singeth The soul that clingeth, My lov - ing Lord, to thee.  
 tem - pest driven In - to the haven, I reach the longed - for rest.

## CHORUS.

As flows the riv - er calm and deep, In silence t'ward the sea; So  
 calm and deep,

flow - eth ev - er, and ceas - eth nev - er, His boundless love to me.

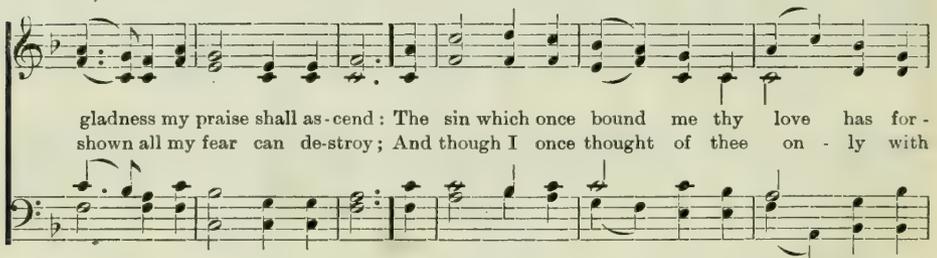
## My Jesus, I Love Thee

SAVIOUR AND FRIEND

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, my Sa - viour and Friend; To thee in great  
2. The peace thou hast sent makes my life full of joy; The love thou hast



gladness my praise shall as - cend : The sin which once bound me thy love has for -  
shown all my fear can de - stroy; And though I once thought of thee on - ly with



given; The fet - ters that held me thy mer - cy has riven.  
dread, I now am at rest, and I trust thee in - stead.

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3 I will love thee yet more the older I grow ;  
For new tokens of love each day thou wilt show ;  
I know thou wilt keep me, though Satan assail ;  
And, strong through thine aid, I shall ever pre-  
vail.

4 My Saviour, I pray that I daily may be  
Still taught by thy spirit, still learning of thee ;  
For thus, in all duty, my joy shall increase,  
And in sunshine and shadow my heart be at  
peace.

—J. Williams Butcher.

# 262 Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom

SANDON

C. H. PURDAY.

1. Lead, kind - ly light, amid the en - cir - cling gloom, Lead thou me on.  
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on.  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.  
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it s ill  
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.

4 Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged path  
Thyself hast trod,  
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,  
Home to my God,  
To rest forever after earthly strife  
In the calm light of everlasting life.

—John H. Newman.

# 263

## God Moves in a Mysterious Way

ST. FLAVIAN (293)

1 God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

—W. Cowper.

Words by C. WESLEY.

DE FLEURY

Fine.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Thou Shepherd of Israel, and Mine'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature and a bass clef staff. The melody is in G major and the bass line is in G major. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine,
2. Ah! show me that happiest place, The place of thy people's abode, Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock, There only, I covet to rest, To lie at the foot of the rock,

*D. C.*—*Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.*  
*My spir-it to Cal-va-ry bear, To suffer and triumph with thee.*  
*Concealed in the cleft of thy side, E - ter-nal-ly held in thy heart.*

Musical notation for the second system of 'Thou Shepherd of Israel, and Mine'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature and a bass clef staff. The melody is in G major and the bass line is in G major. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

I long to reside where thou art; The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey  
 And hang on their crucified Lord; Thy love for a sinner declare, Thy passion and death on the tree;  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast; 'Tis there I would always abide, And never a moment depart;

Moderate.

HOLLEY

G. HEWS.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Never Further Than Thy Cross'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a 2/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in B-flat major and the bass line is in B-flat major. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Nev - er further than thy cross, Nev - er high - er than thy feet;
2. Gaz - ing thus our sin we see, Learn thy love while gaz - ing thus;

Musical notation for the second system of 'Never Further Than Thy Cross'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a 2/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in B-flat major and the bass line is in B-flat major. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Here earth's precious things seem dross; Here earth's bit - ter things grow sweet.  
 Sin, which laid the cross on thee, Love, which bore the cross for us.

- 3 Here we learn to serve and give,  
 And, rejoicing, self deny;  
 Here we gather love to live,  
 Here we gather faith to die.
- 4 Pressing onward as we can,  
 Still to this our hearts must tend;

- 5 Till amid the hosts of light,  
 We in thee redeemed, complete,  
 Through thy cross made pure and white,  
 Cast our crowns before thy feet.

—Mrs. Charles.

## O it is Hard to Work for God

ST. AGNES

J. B. DYKES.

1. O it is hard to work for God, To rise and take his part  
 2. Workman of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;  
 3. Thrice blest is he to whom is given The in - stinct that can tell

Up - on this bat - tle - field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart.  
 And in the dark - est bat - tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike.  
 That God is on the field when he Is most in - vis - i - ble.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of man,  
 And learn to lose with God;  
 For Jesus won the world through shame,  
 And beckons thee his road.

5 For right is right, since God is God,  
 And right the day must win;  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin.

—Frederick W. Faber.

## Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing

CORNELL (144)

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life and health and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is the station,  
 Low before his cross to lie,  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Beaming from his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;

Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still, in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow  
 With my Saviour will I stay;  
 Here new hope and strength will borrow;  
 Here will love my fears away.

—Allen and Shirley.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

*Smoothly, rather slowly.*

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Liv - ing for Je - sus here, How doth his presence cheer; Almost I  
 2. E - ven in sim - ple ways, E - ven on qui - et days, We may ob -  
 3. Fol - low his steps to - day, This is the bet - ter way, Learning to

seem to hear, "I am near, Be of cheer." Wa - ter of life he gives,  
 tain his praise, Priceless praise, Lov - ing praise. God - li - ness pleaseth him,  
 watch and pray. Watch and pray Ev - 'ry day. Seek - ing his will to know,

Ev - er our Shepherd lives, Ten - der - ly he forgives, He ten - der - ly forgives.  
 Fail not your light to trim, Let it be nev - er dim, Oh, nev - er, nev - er dim.  
 Striving his way to go, Wit - ness - es here be - low, We'll witness here be - low.

## CHORUS.

Hark! he call - eth thee! Call - eth ten - der - ly, "I have lov'd thee, oh, fol - low me."

Hark! he call - eth thee, Oh, so ten - der - ly; Bless - ed Saviour, I'll fol - low thee.

## I Lay My Sins on Jesus

RUTHERFORD

RIMBAULT.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;  
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All ful - ness dwells in him;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.  
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains  
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;

White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.  
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child;  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng;  
To sing with saints his praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

—H. Bonar.

## 270 Sowing in the Morning, Sowing Seeds of Kindness

Words by K. SHAW.



1. Sow - ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide, and the dew - y eve:
2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit of - ten grieves;



Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
By - and - by the harvest, and the labour end - ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



### CHORUS.



Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



INNOCENTS (330)

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,  
Let thy light within me shine!  
All my guilty fears remove;  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
Wash me in his precious blood.

- 3 Life and peace to me impart;  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of eternal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray;  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine;  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

—J. Stalker.

## 272 When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest assurance control,

What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

## CHORUS.

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

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

- 3 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

—H. G. Spafford.

## Happy the Man Who Finds the Grace

*Moderate*

HURSLEY

HUGENOT MELODY.

1. Hap - py the man who finds the grace, The blessing of God's chos - en race,  
2. Hap - py be - yond de - scrip - tion he Who knows the Sav - iour died for me,

The wis - dom com - ing from a - bove, The faith that sweet - ly works by love.  
The gift un - speak - a - ble, ob - tains, And heavenly un - der - stand - ing gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise,  
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,  
And honour that descends from God.

—C. Wesley.

## Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be

ST. CRISPIN

SIR G. J. ELVEY.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee!  
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!

Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!  
And oh! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

—J. Grigg.

Words by H. F. LYTE.

AUSTRIA

HAYDN, 1809.

*Bold*

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and  
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my  
2. { Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me  
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me

fol - low thee; } Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion,  
all shalt be. }  
to thy breast; } Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion;  
sweet - er rest. }

All I've sought, and hoped, and known; Yet how rich is  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in

my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!  
ev - 'ry sta - tion Some - thing still to do or bear.

# 276 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted, Faithful and Loyal

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our  
 2. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, full - est al - le - giance, Yield - ing hence -  
 3. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take thy great

lives, by thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -  
 forth, to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and  
 pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in thy strength we will bat - tle for thee.  
 lov - ing o - be - dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.  
 fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly thine own.

## CHORUS.

Peal out the watch - word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our  
 Peal si - lence Song

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted, Faithful and Loyal—*Concluded*

spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!  
re-joic-ing and free; Peal

loy - al for ev - er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.  
loy - al King

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I Bring No Palm Branch Green

BURWOOD

A. L. ASHCROFT.

1. I bring no palm branch green, No gar - ments strew the way;  
2. As ser - vants of thy will, Lord, I can bring my hands;

But I can bring a loy - al heart To serve God ev - ery day.  
My feet can tread thy plea - sant ways, And run at thy com - mands.

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3 My eyes can look in love  
And gentle sympathy  
On boys and girls and living things  
That help may need from me.

4 My heart, my hands, my feet,  
My all, myself, I bring;  
Accept in mercy, gracious Lord,  
My humble offering.

—Henry Smith.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,  
2. I'll go with him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with him thro' the gar-den,  
D.C.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,  
D.C.

I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."  
I'll go with him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.  
Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

3 I'll go with him through the judgment,  
I'll go with him through the judgment,  
I'll go with him through the judgment,  
I'll go with him all the way.

4 He will give me grace and glory,  
He will give me grace and glory,  
He will give me grace and glory,  
And go with me all the way.

—E. W. Blandly.

1. Just as I am, thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov-est me,  
2. In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,  
3. I would live ev-er in the light, I would work ev-er for the right,

To con-se-crate my-self to thee, O Je-sus Christ, I come.  
With no reserve, and no de-lay, With all my heart I come.  
I would serve thee with all my might, Therefore to thee I come.

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4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,  
To be the best that I can be,  
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

5 For thy dear sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.

—Marianne Hearne, 1887.

Words by Mrs. H. WARNER.

EDINBURGH

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer,  
 2. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry,  
 3. Oh, blessèd work for Jesus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure,

And Christ is dear-er Than yes-ter-day, to me; His love and light Fill all my  
 To show the glo-ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor  
 My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-

## CHORUS.

soul to-night,  
 heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for  
 oth-er day!

Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!

M. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Where he leads me I will follow, E'en tho' rough the path be - fore;  
2. Where he leads me I will follow, Ask - ing not the way to know;

I will trust the bless - ed Saviour Till the wea - ry strife is o'er.  
At the Lord's command I'll take me Where-so - e'er He bids me go.

## REFRAIN.

Where he leads me I will fol - low; I would heed the gos - pel call;

This the watchword, pass it onward, — All for Je - sus, all, yes, all.

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3 Where he leads me I will follow  
In his footsteps all the way;  
Soon the conflict will be ended;  
Soon will dawn a better day.

4 Where he leads me I will follow;  
This the strength, O Lord, I crave:  
If thou wilt, oh, make me useful,  
Some poor, dying soul to save.

—Lou W. Wilson.

1. When im - mor - tal souls are dy - ing, Lord, we would not think of rest;  
2. If a - mong the poor and low - ly Thou dost call us by thy grace,

But we ask a field of la - bour That will serve and please thee best.  
At the post thy will as - signs us We are glad to take our place.

## CHORUS.

An - y - where thy steps to fol - low, On a des - ert though it be;

An - y - where, if thou but lead us, An - y - where, O Lord, with thee.

3 Though we may not see the fruitage  
Of our toiling here below,  
Every precious soul we gather  
In the future we shall know.

4 Choose for us our path of duty,  
Teach us, Lord, our hearts are weak;  
May thy blessed, holy Spirit  
Give the words that we shall speak.

—Jennie Garnett.

## When Our Hearts are Glad and Light

*With dignity.*

J. T. LIGHTWOOD.

1. When our hearts are glad and light, When the path is fair and bright,  
 2. When the way is dark and drear, When no lov - ing friend is near,  
 3. When we strive to do the right, When we fol - low, serve, or fight,

When from care and sor - row free,— Help us, Lord, to cling to thee;  
 When we suf - fer pain or loss, When we bow be - neath the cross,—  
 When we seek to do thy will, When we hear thee say, Stand still,—

*Slightly faster.*

Be our Com - fort - er and Friend, Guide and keep us to the end.

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4 When we near our endless home,  
 When the closing hour shall come,  
 When we cross death's chilling tide;  
 Lead us to the other side;  
 Be our Comforter and Friend,  
 Guide and keep us to the end.

5 When we reach that other land,  
 When before the Judge we stand,  
 When the books shall opened be,—  
 Saviour, we would cling to thee:  
 Living, dying, be our Friend;  
 Bless us, keep us to the end.

—Edward Bailey.

# 284 I Am Thine, O Lord, I Have Heard Thy Voice

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to  
 2. Con-se - crate me now to thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-

me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to thee.  
 vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in thine.

## CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast

died; Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour  
 That before thy throne I spend,  
 When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God;  
 I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know  
 Till I cross the narrow sea,  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach  
 Till I rest in peace with thee.

—Fanny Crosby.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that  
 2. Love of Je - sus in its ful - ness you may know, And this love to

from you nev - er will de - part. Walk the straight and nar - row way,  
 those a - round you sweet - ly show. Words of kind - ness al - ways say,

Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring - ing in your heart.  
 Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy-bells ring - ing in your heart.

*Fine.*

D.S. He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

## CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, Joy - bells  
 Ring - ing in your heart. You may have the joy-bells

# You May Have the Joy-Bells Ringing in Your Heart—*Concluded*

D.S.

ring-ing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below With you ev-ry-where you go,

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- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 You will meet with trials as you journey home,<br/>Grace sufficient he will give to overcome;<br/>Tho' unseen by mortal eye,<br/>He is with you, ever nigh, [heart.<br/>And he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your</p> | <p>4 Let your life speak well of Jesus every day,<br/>Own his right to every service you can pay;<br/>Sinners you can help to win,<br/>If your life is pure and clean, [heart.<br/>And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your</p> |
|---|---|
- J. Edw. Rwalk.

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## Gird Your Loins About With Truth

BARDEN

C. L. NAYLOR

1. Gird your loins a - bout with truth; Life will not go al - ways smooth,  
2. Learn with justice to keep pace, Spurn-ing what is vile and base;

Sing - ing light - some songs of youth: Play, play the man, play the man.  
Brave - ly e - ver set your face To play the man, play the man.

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- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Fear not what the world may say,<br/>Hold the strait and narrow way<br/>In the open light of day,<br/>And play the man.</p> <p>4 They will call you poor and weak,<br/>Being merciful and meek:<br/>Heed them not; so you must seek<br/>To play the man.</p> | <p>5 Have the courage to be true,<br/>Steadfastly the right to do,<br/>Loving him that wrongeth you:<br/>Play, play the man.</p> <p>6 Trust in God, and let them mock;<br/>They will break, as they have broke,<br/>Like the waves upon the rock:<br/>Play, play the man!</p> |
|---|---|

—Walter C. Smith.

*Moderato*

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,  
 2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me he did im - part,  
 3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vine - ing men of sin,

Nor why—un - wor - thy— of such love Redeemed me for his own.  
 Nor how be - liev - ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.  
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in him,

*CHORUS.*

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that he is a - ble

To keep that which I've com - mit - ted un - to him a - gainst that day."

4 I know not what of good or ill  
 May be reserved for me,  
 Of weary ways or golden days,  
 Before his face I see.

5 I know not when my Lord may come,  
 At night or noon-day fair,  
 Nor when I'll walk the vale with him,  
 Or "meet him in the air."

—*El. Nathan.*

1. Sav - iour! thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,  
 2. Give me a faith - ful heart Like - ness to thee—  
 3. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free—

Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from thee;  
 That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see  
 In joy, in grief, through life, Dear Lord, for thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,  
 Some work of love be - gun, Some work of kind - ness done,  
 And when thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be,

Some off'ring bring thee now, Some - thing for thee.  
 Some wand'rer sought and won, Some - thing for thee!  
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for thee.

## "Follow Me," the Master Said

BEACHLEY

A. COTTMAN (1842-1879).

1. "Fol - low me," the Mas - ter said ; We will fol - low Je - sus : By his word and  
2. Should the world and sin op - pose, We will fol - low Je - sus : He is great - er

spir - it led, We will fol - low Je - sus. Still for us he lives to plead, At the  
than our foes ; We will fol - low Je - sus. On his promise we depend ; He will

throne doth in - ter - cede, Of - fers help in time of need : We will fol - low Je - sus.  
suc - cor and defend, Help and keep us to the end : We will fol - low Je - sus.

3 Though the way may dark appear,  
We will follow Jesus :  
He will make our pathway clear ;  
We will follow Jesus.  
In our daily round of care,  
As we plead with God in prayer,  
With the cross which we must bear,  
We will follow Jesus.

4 Ever keep the end in view ;  
We will follow Jesus :  
All his promises are true ;  
We will follow Jesus.  
When this earthly course is run,  
And the Master says, "Well done !"  
Life eternal we have won :  
We will follow Jesus.

—Anon.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, uphold you,  
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath his wings se - cure-ly hide you,

With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.

**CHORUS.**

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

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

3 God be with you till we meet again;  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put his arms unfailing round you;  
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again;  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before you;  
God be with you till we meet again.

—J. E. Rankin.

# 291 Upward, Ever Upward to the Promised Land

Words by KATE ULMER.

'NEATH HIS BANNER GLORIOUS

FRED C. PULLIN.

*Martial.*

1. Up-ward, ev-er up-ward to the prom-ised land, We're march - ing with re - joic - ing,  
 2. In our youth he bids us come and fol - low him, He's call - ing, gen - tly call - ing,  
 3. Come, O come and join us as we march a-long, There's glo - ry, wondrous glo - ry,

Je - sus is the Cap - tain of our might - y band, His prais - es we are voic - ing, In a  
 While he goes be - fore the path is nev - er dim, He keeps us safe from fall - ing; For his  
 Wait - ing o - ver yon - der for the faith - ful thron'g Who glad - ly tell the sto - ry, How our

*rall.*

CHORUS.

cho - rus might - y and strong.  
 grace is bound - less and free. Je - sus, Je - sus, is our song to - day, Je - sus, Je - sus,  
 Sav - iour died to re - deem.

all a - long the way; He will guide us ev - er, He will fail us nev - er, Till we reach our

## Upward, Ever Upward to the Promised Land—*Concluded*

hap - py home a - bove ; Je - sus, Je - sus, bless - ed Friend di - vine, Je - sus, Je - sus,  
 how his light doth shine ; We will shout and sing his wondrous love, While marching 'neath his banner glo - rious.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

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## O That Mine Eyes Might Closed Be

CARTMEL

J. LAWGRAN.

1. O - that mine eyes might clos - ed be  
 2. That deaf - ness might pos - sess mine ear  
 To what con - cerns me not to see ;  
 To what con - cerns me not to hear ;

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3 That truth my tongue might closely tie  
 From ever speaking foolishly ;

4 That no vain thought might ever rest  
 Or be conceived in my breast ;

5 That by each deed, each word, each thought,  
 Glory may to my God be brought !

6 But what are wishes ? Lord, mine eye  
 On thee is fixed ; to thee I cry.

7 Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
 And make it clean in every part :

8 And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too ;  
 For that is more than I can do.

—Thomas Ellwood.

## O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand

ST. FLAVIAN

DAV'S Psalter.

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed ;  
 2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre - sent Be - fore thy throne of grace ;  
 3. Through each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - dering foot - steps guide ;

Who through this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fath - ers led :  
 God of our fath - ers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.  
 Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,  
 Till all our wanderings cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
 Our humble prayers implore;  
 And thou shalt be our chosen God.  
 And portion evermore.

—Philip Doddridge.

## O God, My Powers are Thine

FRANK MOORE JEFFERY.

1. O God, my powers are thine ; So may my ser - vice be ;  
 2. Thy sov - ereign right I own, I seek thy will and way ;  
 3. Im - mor - tal souls to guard As - sist me by thy grace ;

Grant me the grace of love di - vine To serve thee stead - fast - ly.  
 All thy com - mands to me make known, That I may all o - bey.  
 That I pre - sent each one, O Lord, Per - fect be - fore thy face.

With kind permission of the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

4 Thy holy word my task  
 To love and teach and live,  
 That to inquiring souls that ask,  
 Thy answer I may give.

5 Here, Lord, I humbly bring  
 Both self and class to thee;  
 Accept the offering, O my King,  
 And keep eternally.

—F. Watson Hannan.

# 295 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night

Words by NAHUM TATE.

BETHLEHEM

Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*f* 1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,  
*mf* 2. To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born, of Da - vid's line,  
*f* 3. Thus spake the ser - aph and forthwith Ap - peared a shin - ing throng

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
 The Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign, -  
 Of an - gels prais - ing God, and thus Ad - dressed their joy - ful song:

Fear not! said he; for might - y dread Had seized their troub - led mind:  
 The heavenly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view displayed,  
*cr.* All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;

Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.  
 All mean - ly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a man - ger laid!  
 Good - will hence - forth from heaven to men Be - gin and nev - er cease!

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Words by E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus ! Who so kind and true,      And as full of  
 2. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus ! Trust him ev - 'ry day,      And you will be  
 3. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus ! His af - fec - tion pure,      Rich with tender

rich com - pas - sion    As the Lord to you?    He is the friend of sin - ners ;  
 safe - ly guid - ed,    In the nar - row way.    He is so kind and gra - cious,  
 peace and comfort,    Ev - er will en - dure.    O what a precious Sa - viour !

Free - ly he will for - give ;    Brother, give your heart to Je - sus And his grace receive.  
 He will his own de - fend ;    Brother, if you need a Saviour, Make the Lord your friend.  
 O what a friend is he !    Trust him and his love will bless thee Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

## CHORUS.

Make                    him your friend                    and he                    will de -  
 Make the Lord your friend !    Make the Lord your friend !    And he will de - fend !

## Brother, Make a Friend of Jesus—Concluded

fend!                      Trust him and his love will bless thee Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.  
 you he will de-fend!

## 297      Lord, for To-morrow and its Needs

ERNEST R. WILBERFORCE.

VINCENT

HORATIO R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to - mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from  
 2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say; Set thou a seal up-  
 3. And if to - day this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me thy sac - ra-

stain of sin Just for to - day. Help me to la - bour ear - nest-ly  
 on my lips Through all to - day; Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,  
 ment di - vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So for to - mor - row and its needs

And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day.  
 In sea - son gay; Let me be faith - ful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to - day.  
 I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to - day.

## Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Words by C. WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King. Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord; Late in time be-  
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

mer-cy mild; God and sinners re-con-ciled." Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
 hold him come. Offspring of a virgin's womb. Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;  
 all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo-ry by,

Join the triumph of the skies; With an-gel-ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in  
 Hail the in-car-nate De-ity! Pleas'd as man with man to dwell, Je-sus our Em-  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem!" } Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."  
 man-u-el.  
 sec-ond birth.)

## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

NOEL

RICHARD S. WILLIS

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
 3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife, The world hath suf - fered long ;

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold ;  
 And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world ;  
 Be - neath the an - gel - strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong ;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King :"  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,  
 And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song which they bring :

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing !

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow,  
 Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing :  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing !

5 For lo! the days are hastening on  
 By prophet-bards foretold,  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Comes round the age of gold ;  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendors fling,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

—Edmund H. Sears.

BELLS

JOHN S. B. HODGES.

1. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap-py, hap-py day; In win-ter wild, the  
2. On Bethle-hem's qui-et hill-side, In a-ges long gone by, In an-gel notes the

ho-ly Child Within the cradle lay. Oh, wonderful! the Saviour Is in a manger  
glo-ry floats, Glory to God on high. Yet wakes the sun as joy-ous As when the Lord was

*REFRAIN.*

lone; His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And Ma-ry's arm his throne. Ring out the bells for  
born, And still he comes to greet you On ev-ery Christmas morn.

Christmas, The happy, happy day. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The happy, happy day.

3 Where'er his sweet lambs gather  
Within his gentle fold,  
The Saviour dear is waiting near,  
As in the days of old.  
In each young heart you see him.  
In every guileless face,  
You see the holy Jesus,  
Who grew in truth and grace.

4 Then sing your gladsome carols,  
And hail the new-born sun;  
For Christmas light is passing bright,  
It smiles on every one.  
And feast Christ's little children,  
His poor, his orphan call;  
For he who chose the manger,  
He loveth one and all.

—Anonymous.

[See note below.]

Words and music by JOHN H. HOPKINS.

*Moderato.*

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we traverse a - far,  
 G. 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem plain, Gold I bring to crown him a - gain,  
 M. 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;

Field and foun - tain, Moor and moun - tain, Follow - ing yon - der star.  
 King for ev - er, Ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.  
 Prayer and prais - ing All men rais - ing, Worship him God on high.

*CHORUS. (HARMONY.)*

O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

Westward lead - ing, Still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

B. 4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
 Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold him arise,  
 King and God and Sacrifice;  
 Heaven sings Alleluia,  
 Alleluia the earth replies.

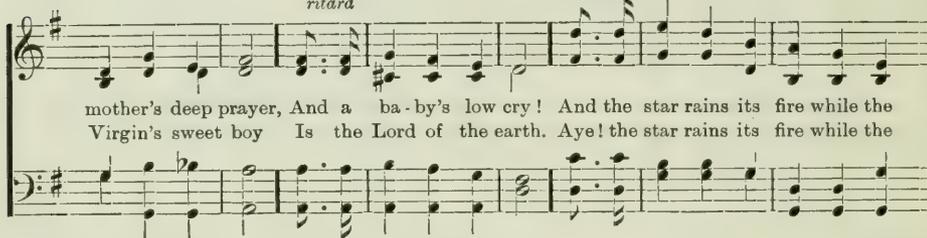
**NOTE**—Verses 1 and 5 may be sung as a trio. Verses 2, 3 and 4 may be used as solos by characters represent - ing Gaspard, Melchior, and Balthazar respectively, to the same music, the chorus being the same throughout.

## CHRISTMAS SONG

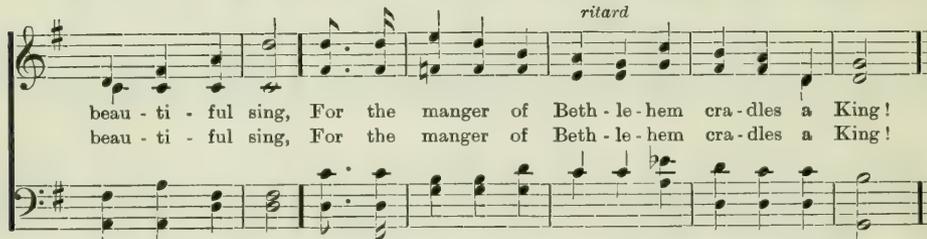
KARL P. HARRINGTON.

*Andante con moto.*


1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a  
2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth, For the

*ritard**piu mosso*


mother's deep prayer, And a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the  
Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth. Aye! the star rains its fire while the

*ritard*


beau - ti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!  
beau - ti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!

Music by permission of Eaton & Mains. Words, used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, from complete poetical works of J. G. Holland.

3 In the light of that star  
Lie the ages impearled;  
And that song from afar  
Has swept over the world.  
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful  
sing,  
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is  
King!

4 We rejoice in the light,  
And we echo the song  
That comes down through the night  
From the heavenly throng.  
Aye! we shout to the lovely evangel they  
bring,  
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour  
and King!

—Josiah G. Holland.

IREY

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

*mf* 1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
*p* 2. He came down to earth from hea - ven Who is God and Lord of all,  
*mf* 3. And through all his wond - rous child - hood He would hon - our and o - bey,

Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by In a man - ger for his bed.  
 And his shel - ter was a sta - ble, And his cra - dle was a stall.  
 Love and watch the low - ly mai - den In whose gen - tle arms he lay.

Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly Lived on earth our Sa - viour holy.  
 Chris - tian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - bed - ient, good as he.

*p* 4 For he is our childhood's pattern :  
 Day by day like us he grew ;  
 He was little, weak, and helpless ;  
 Tears and smiles like us he knew ;  
 And he feeleth for our sadness,  
*cr.* And he shareth in our gladness.

*f* 5 And our eyes at last shall see him,  
 Through his own redeeming love ;  
 For that child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above ;  
*cr.* And he leads his children on  
 To the place where he is gone.

— Cecil Frances Alexander.

BETHLEHEM

J. BARNBY.

*mf* 1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
*mf* 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And, ga - thered all a - bove,

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by:  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wonder - ing love.

*cr.* Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The e - ver - last - ing Light;  
*cr.* O morn - ing stars, to - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prai - ses sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.

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3 How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given!  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of his heaven.  
 No ear may hear his coming;  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive him, still  
 The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
 Descend to us, we pray;  
 Cast out our sin, and enter in;  
 Be born in us to - day.  
 We hear the Christmas angels  
 The great glad tidings tell;  
 O come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord Immanuel.

—Phillips Brooks.

## Standing at the Portal

FYLDE

J. T. LIGHTWOOD.

1. Stand-ing at the portal Of the open-ing year, Words of com-fort meet us,  
2. I, the Lord, am with thee, Be thou not a - fraid; I will help and strengthen,

Hush-ing ev - ery fear; Spoken through the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,  
Be thou not dis-mayed: Yea, I will up - hold thee With my own right hand;

*f* REFRAIN.

Tender, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice.  
Thou art called and chosen In my sight to stand. Onward, then, and fear not,

Child-ren of the day; For his word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a - way.

By kind permission of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

3 For the year before us,  
O what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall his grace abound;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break.  
Resting on his promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Words by kind permission of Nisbet &amp; Co.

## There's a Song of Wondrous Beauty

Words by IRVIN H. MACK.

*Whole School.*

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a song of wondrous beau - ty, Like a peal from an - gel choirs, For it  
 2. There's a song, sweet mu - sic peal - ing, 'Tis an ech - o from on high, Un - to  
 3. Nigh - er still and high - er swell - ing, Circling all the list'n - ing earth, While its

sounds o'er care and du - ty, And ful - fils the heart's de - sires. O the  
 all the earth re - veal - ing Blessings from be - yond the sky. There is  
 har - mon - ies are tell - ing Of the might - y Sa - viour's birth! 'Tis a

*Girls or Solo.*

ca - dence sweet, as - cend - ing, Joins the har - mo - ny of heav'n, And a  
 beau - ty in the sing - ing, There is joy be - yond com - pare, For it  
 song like foun - tains flow - ing From a nev - er fail - ing stream; Ev - er

*Whole School.*

car - ol nev - er end - ing To mor - tal tongues is giv'n; And the  
 comes, sal - va - tion bring - ing, To man - kind ev - ery where;  
 on - ward, ev - er grow - ing, Man - kind it shall re - deem;

# There's a Song of Wondrous Beauty—Concluded.

\* CHORUS.

world takes up the strain: O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-

umph-ant; O come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem,

*Girls.*

Come and be-hold him, born the King of an-gels;

*Boys.*

come, let us a-dore him, O come let us a-dore him, O

*All.*

come, let us a-dore him, Christ, the Lord.

\* Chorus to be sung as marked, last time full.

Copyright by Hall-Mack Co.

## O Come, All Ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES

*f* 1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant,  
*mf* 2. True, God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal,

Come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;  
 Lo! he, ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb,

Come and be - hold him Born the King of an - gels:  
 Son of the Fa - ther, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted:

*p* *Org.* O come, let us a - dore him, *cres.* O come, let us a - dore him,

O Come, All ye Faithful—Concluded.

*f* O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.

*f* 3 Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Sing ye, All glory  
To God in the highest!

*ff* 4 Yea, Lord, we hail thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to thee be glory given,  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing:

*Trs. from the Latin by Frederick Oakeley.*

308

Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

ANTIOCH

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;  
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Re-

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love. —Isaac Watts

KATE ULMER.

CROWN JESUS KING

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Songs of joy ech-o-ing sweet and clear,  
 2. Long a go children's ho-san nas sweet,  
 3. Hark! O, hark! gen-tly we hear him call,

Ra-diant praise fill-ing the earth with cheer;  
 Won his smile in whose dear name we meet;  
 "Come to me," draw near ye chil-dren all;

Let us now to our Re-deem-er raise,  
 He will bless, own-ing our hap-py song,  
 Lord, we come on this thy ho-ly day,

Crown him King on this great day of days.  
 As to day in - to his courts we throug.  
 Thine to be, keep us from sin, we pray.

# Songs of Joy Echoing Sweet and Clear—*Concluded*

## CHORUS.

Lift high the ju-bi-lant strain, Sing it a-gain and a - gain;

Je - sus the chil-dren's King will ev - er be. Glad - ly

sing to his won-der-ful name, Let us with joy now pro - claim,

Praise un - to him who reigns e - ter - nal - ly.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

Words by W. T. MATSON.

*Full Chorus. ff*

1. Glo-ry to God in the highest,      Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the  
 2. Glo-ry to God in the highest,      Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the  
 3. Glo-ry to God in the highest,      Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the

*Semi-Chorus or Duet.*

high-est, Shall be our song to - day.      An - oth - er year's rich mer - cies prove, His  
 high-est, Shall be our song to - day.      The song that woke the glorious morn, When  
 high-est, Shall be our song to - day.      Oh, may we an un - bro - ken band, A -

ceaseless care and boundless love, So let our loudest voices raise, Our glad and grateful songs of praise.  
 Da - vid's greater Son was born, Sung by an heav'nly host, and we, Would join the angel - ic company.  
 round the throne of Jesus stand, And there with angels and the throng, Of his redeem'd ones join the  
 [song.]

*Full Chorus.*

Glo - ry to God in the highest,      Glo - ry to God in the highest,      Glo-ry, glo-ry,

## Glory to God in the Highest—Concluded

*f* 1st Time. 2nd Time.

glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high, God on high.

*f*

## 311 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning

*Moderate.* EPIPHANY REV. J. F. THURPP.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our  
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies his

dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a -  
bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in slum - ber re -

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sa - viour 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, and gold from the  
mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
—Bishop Heber.

## 312

## Silent Night! Holy Night!

Words by JOSEPH MOHR.

FRANZ GRUBER.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright; Round yon vir - gin  
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight! Glo-ries stream from  
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light! Ra-diant beams from

moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
 heav - en a - far, Heaven - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia.  
 thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.

## 313

## Jesus, Thou Everlasting King

UXBRIDGE (332)

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring;  
 Accept thy well-deserved renown,  
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;  
 Like the glad hour when from above  
 We first received the pledge of love.

- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
 O may it ever with us stay!  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
 Our hope decline, our love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
 Till we are raised to sing thy name  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

—I. Watts.

HENRY SMART.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
2. Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth :  
God with man is now re - sid - ing ; Yon - der shines the in - fant light :

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations ;  
Ye have seen his natal star :  
||:Come and worship, :||  
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear :  
||:Come and worship, :||  
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

—Montgomery.

BELMONT (202)

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light, to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is that soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still !  
But now I find an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
That drove thee from my breast.

—W. Cowper.

## Who is the Stranger, Kingly and Kind

SOLO OR DUET \* (WITH REFRAIN).

*Slowly and with feeling.*

Words and Music by G. B. BLANCHARD.

1. Who is the Stran - ger, king - ly and kind, Knock - ing and  
 2. O fool - ish heart, with trou - ble op - pressed, Why keep him  
 3. Still he is knock - ing; why thus de - lay? Will you not  
 4. Sa - viour, in shame my head I would hide; Come to my

wait - ing, en - trance to find? What mean the thorns round his  
 wait - ing? make him your guest; Where Je - sus en - ters,  
 o - pen? o - pen to - day; Ere he shall leave thee—  
 heart, and ev - er a - bid; Cast out my i - dols,

fore - head en - twined? Lis - ten! he call - eth thee!  
 all is at rest: Rise, then, and let him in.  
 o - pen and say, Je - sus, my Lord, come in!  
 self - will and pride: Reign thou my King su - preme.

*rall.*

\* The under part may be taken by Contralto or Tenor.

# Who is the Stranger, Kingly and Kind—*Concluded*

## REFRAIN.

After verses 1, 2, 3.  
Je - sus is speak - ing, speak - ing to thee, Ten - der - ly  
After verse 4.  
Hark! how the joy - bells in hea - ven ring; Hark! how the

plead - ing, — O - pen to me! Much have I suf - fered thy  
an - gels with glad - ness sing: We too will join them,

Sa - viour to be; Will you not let me in?  
prais - ing our King, Je - sus, Im - man - u - el?

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## 317

## As With Gladness Men of Old

William C. Dix.

DIX (4)

Arr. fr. C. KOCHER.

- 1 As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious God, may we  
Evermore be led to thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heav'n and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

- 3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we, with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heav'nly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransom'd souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

## Another Year is Dawning

FLOTOW

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW.

1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be  
 2. An - oth - er year of pro - gress, An - oth - er year of praise;

In work - ing or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with thee.  
 An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres - ence "all the days."

By permission of Nisbet &amp; Company

3 Another year of service,  
 Of witness for thy love;  
 Another year of training  
 For holier work above.

4 Another year is dawning!  
 Dear Master, let it be  
 On earth, or else in heaven,  
 Another year for thee!

—Frances R. Havergal.

## There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose

*Cheerfully.*

MEADOW BANK

H. COWARD.

*mf* 1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or  
*mp* 2. There's not of grass a sin - gle blade, Or  
 3. There's not a star whose twink - ling light Shines

decks the li - ly fair, Or streaks the humblest flow'r that blows, But  
 leaf of love - liest green, Where heavenly skill is not dis - played And  
 on the dis - tant earth, And cheers the si - lent gloom of night, But

## There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose—*Concluded*

God has placed it there, but God has placed it there.  
 heaven - ly wis - dom seen, and heaven - ly wis - dom seen.  
 God has given it birth, but God has given it birth.

Composer's copyright. Used by permission

*mf* 4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,  
 In ocean deep or air.  
 Where skill and wisdom are not found;  
 For God is everywhere.

5 Around, within, below, above,  
 His providence extends;  
 He everywhere displays his love,  
 And power with mercy blends.

—James Cowden Wallace.

### 320

## Our God is in the Sunshine Gay

Words by CHARLES S. NUTTER.

FRANK MOORE JEFFERY.

1. Our God is in the sunshine gay, And in the dark'ning shade; His presence crowns the  
 2. The ti - ny flowers lift their heads And smile in - to his face; All beau - ty is his

mountain height, And fills the si - lent glade. His power is in the ris - ing mist, And  
 ho - ly gift, All ex - cel - lence his grace. Re - lig - ion is but peace with him, His

in the falling rain; His life is in the spring-time seed And in the ripening grain.  
 peace in mercy given; All strife with him is sin and death, And har - mon - y is heaven.

Music by permission of the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

## Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

SIR G. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;  
2. We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit un-to his praise to yield;

All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;  
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;

God our Mak-er doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home!  
Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take his harvest home;  
From his field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;  
Give his angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home!  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There forever purified,  
In God's garner to abide;  
Come, ten thousand angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

—Dean Alford.

## Sing to the Lord of Harvest

LANCASHIRE

H. SMART.

1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest, Sing songs of love and praise;  
2. By him the clouds drop fat - ness, The de - serts bloom and spring,

With joy - ful hearts and voi - ces Your hal - le - lu - jahs raise:  
The hills leap up in glad - ness, The val - leys laugh and sing;

By him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move;  
He fill - eth with his ful - ness All things with large in - crease;

Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love.  
He crowns the year with good - ness, With plen - ty, and with peace.

3 Bring to his sacred altar  
The gifts his goodness gave,  
The golden sheaves of harvest,  
The souls he died to save;  
Your hearts lay down before him,  
When at his feet ye fall,  
And with your lives adore him.  
Who gave his life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,  
Who made us "very good";  
To Christ, who, when we wandered,  
Restored us with his blood;  
And to the Holy Spirit,  
Who doth upon us pour  
His blessed dews and sunshine,  
Be praise for evermore.

—John S. B. Monsell.

JULIAN

J. BOOTH.

1. Pan-sies, lil - ies, ros - es, Flowers of ev - 'ry hue, Take each one as com - ing  
2. Just as earth's cre - a - tion Showed the might of God, So does ev - 'ry flower - et

Straight from God to you; Tell - ing wondrous se - crets Of his power and love,  
Spring - ing from the sod: He who guides the star world, Curbs the o - cean's power,

## REFRAIN.

Wear - ing still the brightness Of the home a - bove. O these flowers of sum - mer,  
With the same hand painteth Ev - 'ry leaf and flower.

An - gel - like are they; Lis - ten to the message Which they bring to - day.

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3 Touch these sweet flowers gently,  
So divinely dressed;  
They are, in earth's language,  
Thoughts of God expressed—  
Thoughts of heavenly glory,  
Sweetness, purity:  
Must not he who framed them  
Much more lovely be?

4 Praise him, then, with singing;  
Tell his love abroad;  
Be the whole earth ringing  
With the name of God;  
Lakes and hills be telling,  
Sunset skies and flowers,  
Something of the beauty  
Of this God of ours!

—Caroline Griffiths.

Words by MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God's hand may be seen in the dew-drop, God's hand may be  
 2. God's hand made the earth and the heav - en, He form'd ev - 'ry  
 3. The hand that was wound-ed for sin - ners, When Je - sus was

seen in the sky, In ev - 'ry sweet flow'r by the way - side, In  
 riv - er and sea, The hand that cre - a - ted all beau - ty, Each  
 slain on the tree, Will mark ev - 'ry step of our jour - ney, From

CHORUS. *Unison.*

stars that are shin - ing on high. God's hand is ev'rywhere, God's hand is  
 mo - ment protects you and me.  
 earth till his glo - ry we see.

*Harmony.* *poco rit.*  
 ev'rywhere; This we all know, Na-ture will show God's hand is ev - 'ry - where.

## O How Love I Thy Holy Law

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. O how love I thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light;  
2. My wak - ing eyes pre - vent the day To med - i - tate thy word;

And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.  
My soul with long - ing melts a - way To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

## CHORUS.

O how love I thy law, O how love I thy law, It is my med - i -

ta - tion all the day, O how love I thy law, O how  
all, all the day,

# O How Love I Thy Holy Law—*Concluded*

love I thy law, It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day, all the day. *rit.*

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!  
How well employ my tongue;  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heav'nly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

—Isaac Watts.

## 326

## Break Thou the Bread of Life

Words by MARY A. LATHBURY.  
*Slowly.*

BETHSAIDA

ROSALIND F. STAINER.

1. Break thou the bread of life, O Lord, to me, As thou didst  
2. Thou art the Bread of Life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly  
3. O send thy Spi - rit, Lord, Now un - to me, That he may

break the loaves Be - side the sea: Be - yond the sac - red page  
Word the truth That sav - eth me: Give me to eat and live  
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed

I seek thee, Lord: My spi - rit pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!  
With thee a - bove; Teach me to love thy truth, For thou art love.  
With - in thy Word, And in thy book re - vealed I see the Lord.

By permission of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department,

## O Word of God Incarnate

*Slow.*

MUNICH

STORL, har. by MENDELSSOHN.

1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceiv'd the gift di - vine,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;  
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.

We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - loved page,  
It is the gol - den cas - ket, Where gems of truth are stored;

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled.  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world.  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light, as of old.  
O teach thy wand'ring pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see thee face to face.

— William W. How.

# 328 How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord

ADESTE FIDELES

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee; Oh, be not dismayed! For I am thy

faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to

said, . . . To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have  
 stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent

fled; To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
 hand; Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee  
 to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall  
 lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

-G. Keith

EDWIN HODDER,

BETHLEHEM

G. W. FINK.

1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair;  
 2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: A thou - sand rays of light  
 3. O, may I love thy pre - cious Word, May I ex - plore the mine,

And ev - ery one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.  
 Are seen to guide the tra - vel - ler, And make his path - way bright.  
 May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine!

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew - els rich and rare  
 Thy Word is like an ar - mo - ry, Where sol - diers may re - pair;  
 O, may I find my ar - mor there! Thy Word my trust - y sword,

Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - ery search - er there.  
 And find, for life's long bat - tle day, All need - ful weap - ons there.  
 I'll learn to fight with ev - ery foe The bat - tle of the Lord.

INNOCENTS

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

*Moderate*

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove, Mine, to show a Sa - viour's love;

Mine, to tell me whence I came, Mine, to teach me what I am;  
Mine art thou, to guide my feet, Mine, to judge, con - demn, ac - quit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

—J. Burton.

## 331

## How Precious is the Book Divine

Words by J. FAWCETT.

ARNOLD

*Moderate*

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!  
2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop - ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;  
3. This lamp, thro' all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way;

Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our ris - ing fears.  
Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

## The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord

UXBRIDGE

L. MASON, 1830.

1. The heavns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines;  
 2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power con - fess;  
 3. Sun, moon, and stars con - vey thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand;

But wñen our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.  
 But the blest volume thou didst write, Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.  
 So, when thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev - ery land.

4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,  
 Till through the world thy truth has run;  
 Till Christ has all the nations blest  
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise;  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
 The Gospel makes the simple wise,  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.  
 —I. Watts, 1719.

## Let Everlasting Glories Crown

BEETHOVEN.

*Moderate*

1. Let ev - er - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my  
 2. In vain our tremb - ling con - science seeks Some sol - id

Sa - viour and my Lord; Thy hands have brought sal -  
 ground to rest up - on; With long de - spair our

## Let Everlasting Glories Crown—*Concluded*

va - tion down, And writ the bless - ing in thy word.  
spir - it breaks, Till we ap - ply to thee a - lone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!  
How wise and holy thy commands!  
Thy promises, how firm they be!  
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

—Isaac Watts.

### 334

## I Love to Tell the Story

Words by KATE HANREY.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his  
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to repeat Which seems, each time I tell it, Most wonderful - ly  
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the

love. I love to tell the Sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As nothing else would do.  
sweet; I love to tell the Sto - ry! For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.  
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.

### CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old Story Of Jesus and his love.

With acknowledgment to Miss A. Raskdall, 3 Ecclestone Square, London.

mf 1. There is a book who runs may read, Which heaven-ly truth im - parts;  
2. The works of God, a - bove, be - low, With - in us, and a - round,

And all the lore its schol - ars need, Pure eyes and Chris - tian hearts.  
Are pa - ges in that book, to show How God him - self is found.

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3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith, encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

4 One name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

5 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

—John Keble.

## 336

## Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all Nature

ANON.

CRUSADER'S HYMN

Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.

1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O thou of God and man the Son,  
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling, star - ry host;

Thee will I cher - ish, thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

(WELCOME! WAND'RRER, WELCOME!)

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of stran - gers, Whith - er thou art gone, Hear a far voice  
 2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint-ing, fam-ish-ed, lone, Come to love and  
 3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast-ed, woe - be - gone, Sick at heart and

## CHORUS.

call - ing, "My son! my son!" "Wel - come! wan - d'r'er, wel - come!  
 glad - ness, My son! my son!"  
 wea - ry, My son! my son!"

Wel - come back to home! Thou hast wan - dered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

By permission of Morgan &amp; Scott, Ltd.

4 "See the door still open!  
 Thou art still my own;  
 Eyes of love are on thee,  
 My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;  
 Wilt thou farther roam?  
 Come, and all is pardoned,  
 My son! my son!"

—H. Bonar.

ST. AGNES, DURHAM (252)

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see,  
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
 O joy of all the meek,

- To those who fall how kind thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But those who find thee find a bliss  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
 As thou our prize wilt be;  
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

—Bernard of Clairvaux.

## O Jesu, Thou Art Standing

LUX MUNDI

Words by WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.  
*Not too slow.*

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. O Je - su, thou art stand - ing Out - side the half - closed door,  
 2. O Je - su, thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 3. O Je - su, thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low:—

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er.  
 And thorns thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred.  
 I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so!

Shame on us, Chris - tian bro - thers, His name and sign who bear,  
 O love that pass - eth know - ledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!  
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door,

O shame, thrice shame, up - on us, To keep him stand - ing there!  
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er more.

Words by MARY B. SLEIGHT.

FOLLOW ME

HORATIO R. PALMER.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me,"  
 2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me,"  
 3. Heark - en lest he plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low me, fol - low me,"

Soft - ly through the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me,"  
 Leav - ing all things at his bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me?"  
 Once a - gain, O hear him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me,"

As of old he called the fish - ers, When he walked by Gal - i - lee,  
 Hark, that ten - der voice en - treat - ing Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea,  
 Turn - ing swift at thy sweet sum - mons, Ev - er - more, dear Christ, would we,

Still his pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me."  
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me."  
 For thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low thee.

Used by permission of Mrs. L. A. Palmer.

Words by Rev. J. M. D.

REV. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a-gain; Won-der-ful  
 2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a-way; Won-der-ful  
 3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Je-sus pro-vides a rest; Won-der-ful

sto-ry of love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain! Angels with rapture announce it,  
 sto-ry of love; Still he doth call to-day; Calling from Calvary's mountain,  
 sto-ry of love; For all the pure and blest, Rest in those mansions above us,

Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sin-ner, oh! won't you believe it? Won-der-ful  
 Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of Cre-a-tion, Won-der-ful  
 With those who've gone on before us, Sing-ing the rap-tur-ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful

## CHORUS.

sto-ry of love. Won-der-ful! Won-der-ful!  
 sto-ry of love.  
 sto-ry of love. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love! Wonder-ful sto-ry of love!

## Wonderful Story of Love—Concluded

Won - der - ful! Won - der - ful sto - ry of love,  
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

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## Hark, My Soul! it is the Lord

ST. BEES

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;  
 2. I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features two staves with lyrics written below the notes.

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee:—Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right; Turned thy darkness in - to light.

The musical score continues on two staves, maintaining the 4/4 time signature and two-flat key signature.

- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease toward the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be;  
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done;  
 Partner of my throne shalt be:  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
 That my love is weak and faint;  
 Yet I love thee, and adore:  
 O for grace to love thee more!

—William Cowper.

WHY NOT NOW

C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,  
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?  
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept his grace.

## CHORUS

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?

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3 In the world you've failed to find  
Aught of peace for troubled mind;  
Come to Christ, on him believe,  
Peace and joy you shall receive.

4 Come to Christ, confession make;  
Come to Christ and pardon take;  
Trust in him from day to day,  
He will keep you all the way.

—El Nathan.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a manger to  
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Died for my sins, that my

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful! blest be his name! Seeking for me, for  
soul might be free; Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for

for me . . . . . for me . . . . .

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;  
me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me;

Oh, it was wonderful! blest be his name! Seeking for me, for me.  
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dying for me, for me.

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,  
While I did wander afar from the fold,  
Gently and long he hath pled with my soul,  
||: Calling for me, for me, :||  
Gently and long he hath pled with my soul,  
Calling for me, for me.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high,  
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;  
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,  
||: Coming for me, for me, :||  
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,  
Coming for me, for me.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive! Sound this word of grace to all;  
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall!  
He will take the sin - ful - est: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

## REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er o'er . . . and o'er a - gain . . . Christ re -  
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain,

ceiv eth sin - ful men; . . . Make the mes - sage  
ceiveth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

# Sinners Jesus Will Receive!—*Concluded*

clear and plain! . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
Make the message plain:

3 Now my heart condemns me not,  
Pure before the law I stand;  
He who cleansed me from all spot,  
Satisfied its last demand.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,  
Even me with all my sin;  
Purged from every spot and stain,  
Heaven with him I enter in.

**346**

## Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast

DUKE STREET

JOHN HATTON.

*Cheerful.*

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev'ry soul be Jes - us' guest;  
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call, The in - vi - ta - tion is to ALL;

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.  
Come, all the world; come, sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are read - y now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest,  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;

O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 This is the time, no more delay;  
This is the acceptable day;  
Come in this moment, at his call,  
And live for him who died for all.

—C. Wesley.

GALILEE

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;  
 2. Je - sus calls us - from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;

Day by day his sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, Chris - tian, fol - low me!  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, - Say - ing, Chris - tian, love me more!

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3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures, —  
 Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
 Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
 Serve and love thee best of all!

—C. F. Alexander.

## 348 Come, Ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

CONSOLATION

Arr. from SAMUEL WEBBE, 1714-1816.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, wher - e'er ye languish, Come to the mercy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;  
 2. Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying, Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.  
 Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der - ly saying, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."  
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Though your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!  
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Though they be red . . . . . like crin-sion, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;  
 "Look un-to me . . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;  
 Tho' they be red.

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

DUET. *p* "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 Hear the voice that entreats you,  
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,  
 QUARTET. *f* Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

*p rit.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!  
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

## SEEK YE MY FACE

Words by WALTER HAWKINS.

F. L. WISEMAN.

*Thoughtfully, but firmly.* ♩ = 108 throughout.

1. Earth's ten thousand voi - ces Dai - ly rise and fall ; But there's one with -  
 2. As the days of child - hood Hap - pi - ly have sped, Oft the voice has  
 3. Speak, thy ser - vant hear - eth ; Speak what - e'er thou wilt : Let me know thy

in me Clear - er than them all : 'Tis the voice of Je - sus ;  
 thrilled me : Fol - low me ! it said, Eith - er in the ac - cents  
 mer - cy ; Let me know my guilt. Con - quer my per - verse - ness ;

And I do not know When its tones first sound - ed, 'Tis so long a - go.  
 Of au - tho - ri - ty, Or of love sore wound - ed - As from Cal - va - ry.  
 Cure me of de - lay. Save me, Lord and Sa - viour ; Save - this ve - ry day.

*mp* REFRAIN. *Solemnly.*

At the part - ing of the ways, At the cri - sis of my

## Earth's Ten Thousand Voices—Concluded

*cres.* days, Thou art call - ing, call - ing, call - ing;

*cres.* And my heart its Lord o - beys.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the lyrics 'days, Thou art call - ing, call - ing, call - ing;' and the second system includes 'And my heart its Lord o - beys.' There are dynamic markings 'cres.' and accents 'A' above the notes.

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**351**

## Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

GUIDE

*Fine.*

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
*D.C.—* He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.

2. Come, ye needy, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;  
 With - out money, With - out money, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.

*D.C.*

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow - er;  
 True be - lief, and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh,

The musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It features two systems of music with treble and bass staves. The first system includes two verses of lyrics and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The second system includes the lyrics 'Je - sus read - y stands to save you...' and another 'D.C.' instruction. The score ends with a 'Fine.' marking.

- 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.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,

- You will never come at all;  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 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. —J. Hart.

*pp* *m*

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Jes-us is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;  
2. Why should we tarry when Jes-us is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?

See, on the por-tals he's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.  
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?

*m* CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are we-ary, come home;

*pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly Jes-us is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

3 Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised,  
Promised for you and for me;  
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

—Will L. Thompson.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?  
 2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de-lay?

Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanctified throng.  
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but his way.

## CHORUS.

Why not?— Why not?— Why not come to him now?

Why not?— Why not?— Why not come to him now?

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,  
 His spirit now striving within?  
 Oh, why not accept his salvation,  
 And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?  
 The harvest is passing away,  
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you,  
 There's danger and death in delay.

*Solo and Chorus*

1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and grief,  
2. O let us now the call o - bey, And steer our bark for yon - der shore,

While on the windward and the lee Hang hea - vy clouds of un - be - lief;  
Where still that voice di - rects the way, In pleading tones for ev - er more;

But o'er the deep a call we hear, Like har - bor bells' in - vit - ing voice;  
A thousand life wrecks strew the sea; They're go - ing down at ev - 'ry swell;

It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the trembling soul re - joice.  
"Come un - to me," "Come un - to me," Rings out th'as - sur - ing har - bor bell.

## Our Life is Like a Stormy Sea—Concluded

CHORUS.

This way, this way, O heart oppress'd, So long by storm and tem-pest  
driv'n; This way, this way, lo, here is rest, Rings out the har-bor bell of heaven.

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3 Oh, tempted one, look up, be strong;  
The promise of the Lord is sure,  
That they shall sing the victor's song,  
Who faithful to the end endure;  
God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,  
Of his abiding love to tell;  
To blissful port, o'er stormy sea,  
Calls heaven's inviting harbor bell.

4 Come, gracious Lord, and in thy love,  
Conduct us o'er life's stormy wave;  
Oh, guide us to the home above,  
The blissful home beyond the grave;  
There safe from rock, and storm, and flood,  
Our song of praise shall never cease,  
To him who bought us with his blood,  
And brought us to the port of peace.  
—John H. Yates.

### 355

## Hark! There Comes a Whisper

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour calling, Soft, soft and clear.  
2. With that voice so gentle, Dost thou hear him say, Tell me all thy sorrows, Come, come away?

CHORUS.

Give thy heart to me, Once I died for thee; Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls, Come, sinner, come.  
Just now. O come.

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3 Wouldst thou find a refuge  
For thy soul oppressed?  
Jesus kindly answers,  
I am thy rest.

4 At the cross of Jesus  
Let thy burden fall,  
While he gently whispers,  
I'll bear it all. —Fanny Crosby.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -  
 2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the  
 3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev - 'ry sin, And op - ens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -  
 pow'r of the soul - cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -  
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pre - sent and per - fect sal -

va - tion shall have: For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.  
 demption shall have: For he is both a - ble and willing to save.  
 va - tion shall have: For Je - sus is read - y this moment to save.

## CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - ter is calling for thee; His grace and his  
 Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee.

## Whoever Receiveth the Crucified One—*Concluded*

mer - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - som for  
 Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as a

sinner he gave, And he is a - bun - dantly a - ble to save.  
 ransom for sinners he gave, And he is a - bun - dantly a - ble to save.

**357**

### Art Thou Weary, Heavy Laden?

BULLINGER

E. W. BULLINGER.

*Sto-ly*

1. Art thou wea - ry, hea - vy la - den? Art thou sore dis - tress?  
 2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.”  
 “In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side.”

- 3 Hath he diadem, as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”
- 4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.”
- 5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?

- “Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past.”
- 6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
“Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.”
  - 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless?  
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, “Yes.” —*Dr. Neale.*

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Calling to - day, call - ing to - day;  
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to - day, call - ing to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?  
Bring him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.

## CHORUS.

Call - - - ing to - day, . . . Call - - - ing to - day, . . .  
Calling, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.  
Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling to - day,

Used by kind permission of George C. Stebbins.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—  
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;  
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;  
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—  
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;  
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;  
Quickly arise and away.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

Words by HARRIET BERCHER STOWE.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. Knocking, knocking! who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, Oh, how fair!  
 2. Knocking, knocking! still He's there! Wait-ing, wait-ing, wondrous fair;  
 3. Knocking, knocking! what, still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly; Nev-er such was seen be-fore;  
 But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy vine,  
 Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knocketh, And beneath the crown'd hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?  
 With their dark and cling-ing ten-drils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.  
 Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-iour wait-ing there.

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DUNDEE (368)

- 1 Father of all, in whom alone  
 We live, and move and breathe,  
 One bright, celestial ray dart down,  
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy Word we search for thee,  
 We search with trembling awe!  
 Open our eyes, and let us see  
 The wonders of thy law.

- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend  
 The light that shines so clear;  
 Now the revealing Spirit send,  
 And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,  
 Which here by faith we know;  
 Let us in Jesus see thy face,  
 And die to all below.

—C. Wesley.

## I Gave My Life for Thee

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fath-er's house of light,— My glo-ry-cir-cled throne

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;  
 I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and loné;

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?

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3 I suffered much for thee,  
 More than thy tongue can tell,  
 Of bitterest agony,  
 To rescue thee from hell;  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
 What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
 Down from my home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love;  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
 What hast thou brought to me?

—Frances R. Havergal.

BEECHER

J. ZUNDEL

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!  
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast!

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find the promised rest;

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;  
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.  
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning! Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive!  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave;  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, and spotless may we be:  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee!  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

—Charles Wesley.

1. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And pray to be for-given,  
2. Help us, through good re - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear;

Oh, let thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heaven.  
Like thee to do our Father's will, Our brother's griefs to share.

- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell  
As free and true as thine.  
4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,

- We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
"Father, thy will be done!"  
5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow thee to heaven!

—J. H. Gurney.

1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!  
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on thee call;

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn unfilled to thee again.  
To them that seek thee, thou art good; To them that find thee, all in all.

- 3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread!  
And long to feast upon thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.  
4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;

- Glad, when thy gracious smile we see;  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.  
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away.  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

—Ray Palmer or Bernard.

## O My Saviour, Hear Me

CROSBY

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Not too fast.*

1. O my Sa-viour, hear me, Draw me close to thee; Thou hast paid my  
2. O my Sa-viour, bless me, Bless me while I pray; Grant thy grace to

ran help som, Thou hast died for me; Now by sim-ple faith I claim  
I help me, Take my fear a-way. I be-lieve thy pro-mise, Lord;

Pardon through thy gracious name; Thou, my ark of safe-ty, Let me fly to thee.  
I will trust thy ho-ly word; Thou, my soul's Re-deem-er, Bless me while I pray.

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3 O my Saviour, love me,  
Make me all thine own  
Leave me not to wander  
In this world alone;  
Bless my way with light divine,  
Let thy glory round me shine;  
Thou, my Rock, my Refuge,  
Make me all thine own.

4 O my Saviour, guard me,  
Keep me evermore;  
Bless me, love me, guide me,  
Till my work is o'er:  
May I then, with glad surprise,  
Chant thy praise beyond the skies;  
There with thee, my Saviour,  
Dwell for evermore.

—Frances J. Crosby.

## Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

EVEN ME

WILLIAM B. DRABURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free—  
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;

Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me—  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy fall on me—

E - ven me, E - ven me. Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O fender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to thee;  
I am longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—

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

6 Pass me not! thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me—  
—Mrs. E. Codner.

## Hushed Was the Evening Hymn

SAMUEL

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The lamp was burn-ing dim  
2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is-rael, slept; His watch the temple-child,  
3. Oh, give me Samuel's ear, The o-pen ear, O Lord! A-live and quick to hear

## Hushed Was the Evening Hymn—*Concluded*

Before the sac - red ark, When suddenly a voice divine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.  
The little Levite, kept; And what from Eli's sense was seal'd The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.  
Each whisper of thy word; Like him to answer at thy call, And to obey thee first of all.

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4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart!  
A lowly heart, that waits  
When in thy house thou art;  
Or watches at thy gates  
By day and night—a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind  
A sweet, unnum'ring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To thee in life and death;  
That I may read, with childlike eyes,  
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

—J. D. Burns.

368

## Arise, My Soul, Arise

LENNOX

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac - ri - fice, In my be - half appears;  
2. He ev - er lives above, For me to in - tercede, His all - redeeming love, His precious blood, to plead;

Before the throne my surety stands; My name is written on his hands, My name is written on his hands.  
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me:  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."  
4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:

His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.  
5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear,  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

—C. Wesley.

## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Words by WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

ZION

T. HASTINGS.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; I am  
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me

weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy pow'ful hand; Bread of heav - en,  
 fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro'; Strong De - liv - 'rer,  
 thro' the swelling cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Be thou still my strength and shield, Strong Deliv'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 I will ev - er give to thee, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee.

## 370

## Eternal Father! Strong to Save

MELITA

1. E ter - nal Fath - er! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
 2. O Sav - iour! whose al - migh - ty word The winds and waves sub - mis - sive heard,

## Eternal Father! Strong to Save—*Concluded*

Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep Its own appointed limits keep:  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep, And calm amidst its rage did sleep:

Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in peril on the sea!  
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumults cease,  
And gavest light, and life, and peace;  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
And ever let there rise to thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.  
—*W. Whiting.*

### 371

## Be Thou With Us Every Day

EVELYN

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Be thou with us every day, In our work and in our play,  
2. When we lie asleep at night, Ever may thy angels bright

When we learn and when we pray: Hear us, holy Jesus.  
Keep us safe till morning's light: Hear us, holy Jesus.

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3 Make us brave without a fear,  
Make us happy, full of cheer,  
Sure that thou art always near;  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 May we grow from day to day,  
Glad to learn each holy way,  
Ever ready to obey:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 May we prize our Christian name,  
May we guard it free from blame,  
Fearing all that causes shame:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 May we ever try to be  
From our sinful tempers free,  
Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Son of God most High,  
Who didst in a manger lie,  
Who upon the cross didst die;  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, whom we hope to see,  
Calling us to come to thee,  
Happy evermore with thee:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

—*Thomas Benson Pollock.*

WHITER THAN SNOW

W. G. FISCHER.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry  
 { I want thee for ev - er to live in my soul; }

2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, } I give up my -  
 { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 self, and what - ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood  
 flow—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
 To those who have sought thee, thou never  
 saidst No—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

—J. Nicholson.

ST. AGNES, DURHAM (352)

1 O for that tenderness of heart  
 Which bows before the Lord,  
 Acknowledging how just thou art,  
 And trembles at thy word !

2 O for those humble, contrite tears  
 Which from repentance flow,  
 That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
 The long-suspended blow !

3 Saviour, to me in pity give  
 The sensible distress,  
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
 And bid me die in peace ;

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
 Before the evil come ;  
 My spirit hide with saints above,  
 My body in the tomb.

—C. Wesley.

Words by R. ROBINSON.

GUIDE

1. Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - ez - er; Hith - er by thy help I've come;  
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Teach me some ce - les - tial measure, Sung by ransomed hosts a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Oh, the vast, the boundless trea - sure Of my Lord's un - chang - ing love.  
 He, to res - cue me from dang - er, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove!

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gath-er to  
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near, With a ten-der com-

Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to him in faith, his pre-  
passion his children to hear; When he tells us we may cast at his

tection to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! Oh, how sweet to be there!  
feet ev - ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! Oh, how sweet to be there!

*D.S.*—What a balm for the wea-ry! Oh, how sweet to be there!

*CHORUS.*  
Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;  
*D.S.*

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3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the  
tempted and tried  
To the Saviour who loves them their sor-  
row confide;  
With a sympathizing heart he removes  
every care;  
What a balm for the weary! Oh, how  
sweet to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting  
him we believe  
That the blessing we're needing we'll  
surely receive,  
In the fulness of this trust we shall lose  
every care,  
What a balm for the weary! Oh, how  
sweet to be there!

—Fanny Crosby

ST. AGNES, DURHAM (252)

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 6 Oh, thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

—Montgomery.

## 377 Sweet Hour of Prayer! Sweet Hour of Prayer!

Words by W. W. WALFORD.

*Slow*

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,  
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,  
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;

*D.C.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r,  
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r,  
And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r!  
*Fine.*

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:  
To him whose truth and faith - ful - ness, En - gage the waiting soul to bless;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lof - ty height, I view my home and take my flight;

*D.C.*  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.  
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.  
And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;  
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace,  
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

EUCHARIST

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From  
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The

ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,  
oil . . . of glad - ness on our heads,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis  
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It

found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.  
is . . . the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?

Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

—H. Stowell.

## Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

HENDON

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Je-sus loves to an-swer pray'r; He himself has  
2. Thou art com-ing to a King, Large pe-ti-tions with thee bring; For his grace and

bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay, Therefore will not say thee nay.  
pow'r are such, None can ev-er ask too much, None can ev-er ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

—J. Newton.

## 380

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee

OLIVET

DR. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di - vine;  
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;

{ Now hear me while I pray, } Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.  
{ Take all my sins a - way, }  
{ As thou hast died for me, } Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.  
{ Oh, may my love to thee }

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

—Ray Palmer.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.

## CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry;

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside thee?  
Whom in heaven but thee?

—G. C. Stebbins.

## I Need Thee Every Hour

1. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;  
2. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay thou near by;

No ten - der voice like thine Can peace af - ford.  
Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.

## CHORUS.

I need thee, O I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need thee;

O bless me now, my Sa - viour, I come to thee!

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3 I need thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will;

And thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

5 I need thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me thine indeed,  
Thou blessèd Son.

—Mrs. Hawkes.

## Nearer, My God, to Thee

BETHANY

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it be a cross  
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way appear, Steps un - to heaven; All that thou send - est me,

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to thee.  
 Nearer to thee.

—Sarah F. Adams.

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Words by Joseph Scriven.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a pri - vi - lege to  
 2. Have we tri - als and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be dis -  
 3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus—*Concluded*

car - ry Everything to God in pray'r! Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what need-couraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, Can we find a friend so faithful Who will all re- fuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to

less pain we bear, All because we do not car - ry Everything to God in pray'r! our sor-rows share? Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. the Lord in pray'r; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

## 385                      There is an Eye that Never Sleeps

AZMON

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER

1. There is an Eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night,  
2. There is an Arm that nev - er tires, When hu - man strength gives way;  
3. That Eye is fixed on ser - aph throngs, That Arm up - holds the sky.

There is an Ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.  
There is a Love that nev - er fails, When earth - ly loves de - cay.  
That Ear is filled with an - gel songs, That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,  
When mortal aid is vain—  
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,  
That listening Ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
Through Jesus to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the world,  
To bring salvation down.

—J. C. Wallace.

1. Clo - ser, Lord, to thee I cling, Clo - ser still to thee; Safe be - neath thy  
2. Clo - ser yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref - uge of my soul; Dread I not the

sheltering wing I would ev - er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as -  
tem - pest - shock, Tho' the bil - lows roll. Wild - est storm can - not a - larm, For, to

saults with - out, with - in, Help me, Lord, the bat - tle win; - Clo - ser, Lord, to thee.  
me, can come no harm, Lean - ing on thy lov - ing arm; - Clo - ser, Lord, to thee.

3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,  
Closer, closer still;  
Meekly there I learn to say,  
"Father, not my will;"  
Learn that in affliction's hour,  
When the clouds of sorrow lower,  
Love directs thy hand of power;—  
Closer, Lord, to thee,.

4 Closer, Lord, to thee I come,  
Light of life Divine;  
Through the ever Blessed Son,  
Joy and peace are mine;  
Let me in thy love abide,  
Keep me ever near thy side,  
In the "Rock of Ages" hide,—  
Closer, Lord, to thee.

—E. G. Taylor, D.D. *Alt.*

1. Sit down beneath his shadow, And rest with great delight; The faith that now beholds him Is pledge of future sight  
2. Our Master's love remember, Exceeding great and free; Lift up thy heart in gladness, For he remembers thee.  
3. Bring ev - ry weary burden, Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief; He calls the heavy laden, And gives them kind relief.

4 A little while, though parted,  
Remember, wait, and love;  
Until he comes in glory,  
Until we meet above:

5 Till in the Father's Kingdom  
The heavenly feast is spread;  
And we behold his beauty,  
Whose blood for us was shed!

—F. R. Havergal.

ANONYMOUS.

Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT.

*With earnest expression*

1. When storms a - round are sweep - ing,      When lone my watch I'm  
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean,      Con - trol its rag - ing  
3. When weight of sin op - press - es,      When dark de - spair dis -

keep - ing,      'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing,      'Mid  
mo - tion;      When from its dan - gers shrink - ing,      When  
tress - es,      All through the life that's mor - tal      And

## CHORUS.

temp - ters' voi - ces call - ing,      *rit.* Re - mem - ber me, O  
in its dread deeps sink - ing,  
when I pass death's por - tal,

Migh - ty One! Re - mem - ber me, O Migh - ty One!

ELLERS

E. J. HOPKINS, 1866.

*Cantabile* *cres.*

1. Fa-ther, a-gain in Je-sus' name we meet, And bow in pen-i-  
2. O we would bless thee for thy cease-less care, And all thy work from

tence beneath thy feet: A-gain to thee our fee-ble voi-ces raise,  
day to day de-clare! Is not our life with hour-ly mer-cies crown'd?

To sue for mer-cy, and to sing thy praise.  
Does not thine arm en-cir-cle us a-round? A-MEN.

3 We are unworthy of thy boundless love,  
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove,  
But now, encouraged by thy voice we come,  
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,  
O by that love which every love excels,  
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,  
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in! AMEN.

—Lady Whitmore, 1824

## 390

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

Words by REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

PILOT

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je-sus, Sa-viour, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tem-pest-ous sea;  
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-c-ean wild;  
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me—*Concluded*

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hi-ding rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o-bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com- pass come from thee: Je- sus, Sa- viour, pi- lot me.  
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je- sus, Sa- viour, pi- lot me.  
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi- lot thee!"

**391**

## Oh, Thou Who Camest from Above

WAREHAM

KNAPP.

1. Oh, thou who cam- est from a- bove The pure ce-  
2. There let it for thy glo- ry burn With in- ex-

les- tial fire to im- part, Kin- dle a flame of  
tin- guish- a- ble blaze; And trem- bling to its

## Oh, Thou Who Camest from Above—*Concluded*

sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.  
source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

—C. Wesley.

### 392

## Was There Ever Kindest Shepherd

CROSS OF JESUS

J. STAINER.

1. Was there e - ver kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,  
2. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide - ness of the sea;  
3. There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more felt than up in heaven;

As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and ga - ther round his feet?  
There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
There is no place where earth's fail - ings Have such kind - ly judg - ment given.

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4 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.

5 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

6 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

7 If our love were but more simple  
We should take him at his word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Frederick W. Faber.

# 393 Hold Thou My Hand! So Weak I Am, and Helpless

HOLD THOU MY HAND

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold thou my hand! so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not  
2. Hold thou my hand! and clos - er, clos - er draw me To thy dear

take one step with - out thy aid; Hold thou my hand; for  
self - my hope, my joy, my all; Hold thou my hand, lest

then, O lov - ing Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.  
hap - ly I should wan - der, And, miss - ing thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold thou my hand! the way is dark before me  
Without the sunlight of thy face divine;  
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,  
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs  
are mine!

4 Hold thou my hand! that, when I reach the  
margin  
Of that lone river thou didst cross for me,  
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,  
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

—Frances J. Crosby.

## 394

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

Words by M. M. WELLS.

M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,  
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est, Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,

*Fine.*

Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land:  
*Whispering soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*  
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear:  
*Whis - per soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

*D.S.*

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,  
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,

## 395

## My God and Father, While I Stray

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
2. Let but my fainting heart be blest With thy sweet spi - rit for its guest,  
3. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore,

# My God and Father, While I Stray—Concluded

REFRAIN.

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" Thy will be done!  
 My God, to thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done!" Thy will be done!  
 I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!" Thy will be done!  
 Thy will, thy will, be done!

Thy will be done! Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"  
 Thy will be done! My God, to thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done!"  
 Thy will be done! I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"  
 Thy will, thy will, be done!

395

## My God and Father, While I Stray

SECOND TUNE—CHANT

ARTHUR H. DYRE TROYTE.

1 My God, and Father, | while I stray  
 Far from my home, in | life's rough way,  
 Oh, teach me from my | heart to say,  
 Thy | will be done!

2 Though dark my path, and | sad my lot,  
 Let me be still and | murmur not,  
 Or breathe the prayer di | vinely taught,  
 Thy | will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call | me to resign  
 What most I prize—it | ne'er was mine;  
 I only yield thee | what was thine:  
 Thy | will be done.

4 Should grief or sickness | waste away  
 My life in prema | ture decay,  
 My Father, still I | strive to say,  
 Thy | will be done.

5 If but my fainting | heart be blest  
 With thy sweet Spirit | for its guest,  
 My God, to thee I | leave the rest:  
 Thy | will be done.

6 Renew my will from | day to day,  
 Blend it with thine, and | take away  
 All that now makes it | hard to say,  
 Thy | will be done.

—Charlotte Elliott.

# 396 O to be More Like Jesus—Jesus Who Died for Me

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. O to be more like Je - sus—Je - sus who died for me, This is my heart's great longing,  
 2. O to be more like Je - sus—more of his likeness bear; E'en tho' the world forsake him

this is my earnest plea. Sim - ply to be like Je - sus—patient, and kind, and true;  
 I would his burden share. Af - ter the pain and sorrow, there shall be sweet re - lease.

## CHORUS.

Fill'd with his love, sent from above, Then I his works would do. More, more like Je - sus  
 Then to a - bide close to his side, Ev - er to dwell in peace.

I would ev - er grow; More of his love—constantly prove—More of his likeness show.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

3 Yes, I would be like Jesus—like him in word and deed;  
 Seeking some other's comfort, filling another's need.  
 Comforting those in sorrow—heavy in heart and sad,  
 Then they would see Jesus in me,  
 And he would make them glad.

4 Hear me, O blessed Saviour, answer my earnest plea,  
 Help me to be more humble, patient, and kind, like thee.  
 Help me to win the lost ones, back to the narrow way—  
 Help me to prove more of thy love—  
 Dwelling in thee each day.

—Grant Colfax Tullar.

## PENITENCE

S. LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -  
2. With for - bid - den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did

ni - al I de - part from thee! When thou see'st me wa - ver, With a  
treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth -

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vour, Suf - fer me to fall.  
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Cal - va - ry.

3 Should thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below,  
Grant that I may never  
Fail thy hand to see:  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

—J. Montgomery.

## A Few More Years Shall Roll

LEOMINSTER

G. W. MARTIN.  
Harmony by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seas - ons come;  
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time;

And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the  
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - re - ner

## CHORUS.

tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day!  
clime.

Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way!

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath-day.

6 'Tis but a little while  
And he shall come again;  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with him may reign.

—H Bonar.

Words by MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen-tle breast, There by his love  
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod-ing care, Safe from the world's  
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re - fuge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen-tle breast, There by his love

*Fine.*  
 o'er - shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in  
 temp-ta-tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor-row, Free from  
 of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with patience, Wait till

*o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.*

a song to me, Ov - er the fields of glo - ry, Ov - er the jasper sea.  
 my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!  
 the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.

*D. C. for Chorus.*

By permission of W. H. Doane.

## 400

## God of My Life, Through All My Days

EUCHARIST (378)

- 1 God of my life, thro' all my days,  
 My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;  
 My song shall wake with op'ning light,  
 And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
 And all the powers of language fail,

- Joy through my swimming eyes shall  
 break,  
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,  
 And I am chained to earth no more,  
 With what glad accents shall I rise  
 To join the music of the skies!
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
 Long as a deathless soul shall live;  
 A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
 Demands and crowns eternity.

—Doddridge.

## 401

## Glory to God on High!

MOSCOW

F. GIARDINI,

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply,  
2. All they a - round the throne Cheer - ful - ly join in one,

Praise ye his name! An - gels, his love a - dore, Who all our  
Prais - ing his name: We who have felt his blood Seal - ing our

sor - rows bore; And saints, cry ev - er - more, Wor - thy the Lamb!  
peace with God, Sound his high praise a - broad; Wor - thy the Lamb!

3 Join, all the ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
Praise ye his name!  
In him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Though we must change our place,  
Yet shall we never cease  
Praising his name;  
To him we'll tribute bring,  
Hail him our gracious king,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb!

-J. Allen.

## 402

## Shepherd Divine, Our Wants Relieve

COMFORT (116)

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day,  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim,  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
"I will not let thee go:

5 "I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me,  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold thy open face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise."

-C. Wesley.

# The Primary Department

# 403 I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old

FIRST TUNE—DAVENANT

Words by JEMIMA LUKE.

Old Melody.

1. I think—when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was  
 2. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a  
 3. But thousands and thousands who wan - der and fall, Nev - er heard of that

here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle children as lambs to his fold—  
 share in his love; And, if I now ear - nest - ly seek him be - low,  
 heav - en - ly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all,

I should like to have been with him then; I wish that his hands had been  
 I shall see him and hear him a - bove; In that beau - ti - ful place he is  
 And that Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that

placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me; And that I might have  
 gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven; And man - y dear  
 glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest, and brightest and best, When the dear lit - tle

# I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old—*Concluded*

seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me!"  
 chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."  
 chil-dren of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

## 403 I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old

SECOND TUNE—SALAMIS

MRS. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE.

Sunday School Teacher's Magazine, 1841.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his  
 3. Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go, and  
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place he is gone to pre - pare For

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as  
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen his kind  
 ask for a share in his love; And if I now ear - nest - ly  
 all who are washed and for - given; And man - y dear chil - dren are

lams to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.  
 look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.  
 gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,  
 Never heard of that heavenly home;  
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
 The sweetest and brightest, and best,  
 When the dear little children of every clime  
 Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

## Hear the Pennies Dropping

CADMAN

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*mp* 1. Hear the pen - nies drop - ping, Lis - ten while they fall;  
*mp* 2. Drop - ping, drop - ping ev - er, From each lit - tle hand;

Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus, — He shall have them all.  
 'Tis our gift to Je - sus, From his lit - tle band.

## REFRAIN.

*mf* Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, Hear the pen - nies fall;

Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus, — He shall have them all.

Used by kind permission of the Composer.

3 Now, while we are little,  
 Pennies are our store;  
 But when we are older,  
 Lord, we'll give thee more.

4 If we have not money,  
 We can give him love;  
 He will own our offering,  
 Smiling from above.

—F. H. De Witt.

# 405 Jesus Bids Us Shine With a Pure, Clear Light

Words by SUSAN WARNER.

E. O. EXCELL.

*mf* 1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle can - dle  
*cr.* 2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it  
*f* 3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round; Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness

Easter-time; They raised their heads and  
 Easter-time, To know the language of  
 is dark - ness, so we must shine;  
 from heav'n to see us shine;  
 and sor - row; so we must shine;

## REFRAIN IN UNISON.

(*cr.*) And then each lit - tle bud did say

small cor - ner, and I in mine.  
 small cor - ner, and I in mine.  
 small cor - ner, and I in mine.

Christ

## SUNBEAM

E. O. EXCELL.

(Re-arranged by C. L. NAYLOR.)

*mf* 1. Je-sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;

In ev'-ry way try to please Him— At home, at lit - tle band. *ave them all.*

## REFRAIN.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Hear the pen - nies fall;

sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam *them all.*

2 Jesus wants me to be loving,  
And kind to all I see;  
Showing how pleasant and happy  
His little one can be.

3 I will ask Jesus to help me  
To keep my heart from sin;

Ever reflecting His good  
And always shine for H.

4 I'll be a sunbeam for Jesus,—  
I can if I but try,—  
Serving Him moment by momen  
Then live with Him on high.

—Nellie Talbot.

# 407 The Little Flowers Came From the Ground

## SNOWDROPS

Words by LAURA E. RICHARDS and W. H.

Unison or Solo,

C. L. NAYLOR.

*mf* 1. The lit-tle flow'rs came from the ground At Easter-time, at  
*mf* 2. O Je - sus, let the joy be ours, At Easter-time, at

Easter-time; They raised their heads and looked a-round At hap - py Eas-ter-time.  
 Easter-time, To know the language of the flow'rs At hap - py Eas-ter-time.

### REFRAIN IN UNISON.

(*cr.*) And then each lit-tle bud did say, — Good peo-ple, bless this ho-ly day; For

*poco rall.*  
 Christ is risen, the an - gels say, This ho-ly, ho-ly Eas - ter Day.

HARRITEL. Arr. by EMMELAR.

1. God will take care of you. All thro' the day Je - sus is near you to keep you from ill  
 2. He will take care of you. All thro' the night Je - sus, the Shep - herd, his lit - tle one keeps;

Waking or resting, at work, or at play, Je - sus is with you, and watching you still.  
 Darkness to him is the same as the light, He nev - er slum - bers, and he nev - er sleeps.

3 He will take care of you. All through the year,  
 Crowning each day with his kindness and love,  
 Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,  
 Leading you on to the bright home above.

4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end,  
 Nothing can alter his love for his own;  
 Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;  
 He will not leave you one moment alone.

Miss Frances R. Havergal.

Author of Words unknown.

VESPER HYMN

RUSSIAN MELODY.

1. God has said, "For ev - er bless - ed Those who seek me in their youth;  
 They shall find the path of wis - dom, And the nar - row way of truth;  
 2. Be our strength, for we are weakness; Be our wis - dom and our guide;  
 May we walk in love and meekness, Near - er to our Saviour's side;  
 3. Thus, when eve - ning shades shall gath - er, We may turn our tear - less eye  
 To the dwell - ing of our Fa - ther, To our home be - yond the sky;

Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour, In the nar - row way of truth.  
 Naught can harm us, naught can harm us, While we thus in thee a - bide.  
 Gent - ly pass - ing, gent - ly pass - ing, To the hap - py land on high.

# 410 When Mothers of Salem their Children Brought to Jesus

SALEM

Old Melody.

1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem their chil - dren brought to Je - sus,  
 2. "For I will re - ceive them and fold them to my bo - som :

The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, and bade them de - part ;  
 I'll be a shep - herd to these lambs, O, drive them not away ;

But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, and sweet - ly smiled and  
 For if their hearts to me they give, they shall with me in

kind - ly said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me.  
 glo - ry live: Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me."

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome !

But there are many thousands who have never heard his name ;

The Bible they have never read, they know not that the Saviour said,

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

4 O, soon may the heathen of every tribe and nation

Fulfil thy blessed Word and cast their idols all away !

O, shine upon them from above, and show thyself a God of love,

Teach the little children to come unto thee !

— W. M. Hutchings.

MIDLANE

THOMAS H. SMITHERS.

1. News for lit - tle chil - dren! Hark! how sweet the sound,  
2. Love for lit - tle chil - dren! Sent from God's own throne,

Roll - ing in its ful - ness To earth's farth - est bound!  
Love! how sweet the tid - ings! Each can make his own;

News of God's sal - va - tion, News with bless - ings rife,  
Love that mak - eth hap - py, Love that mak - eth blest.

Sav - ing, help - ing, cheer - ing — Won - drous words of life.  
Love that gives the wear - y Full and per - fect rest.

With kind permission of the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

3 Peace for little children!  
Peace from God on high,  
Brought by Christ the Saviour,  
When he came to die;  
Made in Calvary's darkness,  
Sealed with Jesus' blood,  
To the world proclaimed  
Perfect peace with God.

4 Joy for little children!  
Oh such perfect joy,—  
Not like earth's enchantments,  
Full of earth's alloy;  
But a joy that resteth  
On foundations sure,  
Joy—for God hath said it—  
Which must e'er endure.

—Albert Midlane.

IN MEMORIAM

J. STAINER.

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,  
 2. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,  
 3. There's a crown for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,

A Friend who nev - er chang - eth, Whose love can nev - er die.  
 Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy.  
 And all who look for Je - sus Shall wear it by - and - by.

Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years,  
 No home on earth is like it, Or can with it com - pare;  
 A crown of bright est glo - ry, Which he will then be - stow

This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name he bears.  
 For eve - ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier, there,  
 On all who found his fa - vour, And loved his name be - low.

By permission of the proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

4 There's a song for little children  
 Above the bright blue sky,  
 A song that will not weary  
 Though sung continually,  
 A song which even angels  
 Can never, never sing;  
 They know not Christ as Saviour,  
 But worship him as King.

5 There's a robe for little children  
 Above the bright blue sky,  
 And a harp of sweetest music,  
 And a palm of victory.  
 All, all above is treasured,  
 And found in Christ alone;  
 O come, dear little children,  
 That all may be your own.

—Albert Midlane.

WALTHAM STREET

*Smoothly. Unison or Duet.*

G. B. BLANCHARD.

*p* 1. Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus— O so sweet!—  
2. When the mo - thers who had brought them Heard men say—

As the lit - tle chil - dren ga - ther Round His feet:  
'Tis no place for lit - tle chil - dren; Go a way!

Young ones to His knees are climb - ing, There to rest;  
They were sor - ry: but their sor - row Soon was gone;

*rall.*  
Old - er ones stand round Him wait - ing To be blessed.  
*mf* For He raised His hands, and blessed them Ev - ery one.

3 And He said to His disciples,—  
These are Mine;  
In the kingdom of My Father  
They shall shine:  
Send them not away, but rather  
Bring them near;  
Even little ones may love their  
Saviour dear!

*f* 4 Still He loves the little children,  
You and me;  
And He wants us all to love Him  
Faithfully:  
Let us, then, with hearts and voices  
Gladly say,—  
I am Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Thine for aye!

*George B. Blanchard.*

FLORA KIRKLAND,  
Prayerfully.

I. H. MEREDITH,

1. Fa-ther, make us lov-ing, Gen-tle, thought-ful, kind; Fill us with thy spir-it,  
 2. Fa-ther, we would ev-er, Live as in thy sight; Thou dost know our long-ings  
 3. Help us to re-mem-ber, Thou art ev-er near; Teach us lov-ing kind-ness,

Make us of thy mind. Help us love each oth-er More and more each day,  
 Aft-er what is right. Fill our hearts with kind-ness As we on-ward go,  
 Ten-der-ness and cheer. There is much of sor-row, In this world be-low;

CHORUS.

Help us fol-low Je-sus, In the nar-row way.  
 Teach us to be lov-ing, Thou hast loved us so. We would learn of  
 Fa-ther, make us lov-ing, Thou hast loved us so.

Je-sus, Help us here be-low, Fol-low in his foot-steps, Who hath loved us so.

*Smoothly.*

NESTLETON

W. FIDDIAN MOULTON.



1. A lit - tle seed lay fast a - sleep Be - neath the earth's brown sod,  
 2. A sun - beam kissed the hid - den spot, And warmed its earth - y bed;  
 3. Up, up it pressed its way a - bove, Up till the light was seen;



- But woke to life and hope when came The wond - rous touch of God.  
 The rain and dew gave kind - ly drink, Till soon it raised its head.  
 Then came the sun, and decked it all In dain - ty garb of green.



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- 4 It grew so straight, and tall, and fair,  
 Each day it would unfold;  
 The smiling sun placed on its head  
 A shining crown of gold.

- 5 At last it stood, with thousands more,  
 A golden ear of corn,—  
 God's gift to man, our daily food,  
 From little seedlings born.

- 6 So children are the seeds God plants  
 Within his garden fair:  
 He loves and guards them every day;  
 They have his constant care.

- 7 And they may grow so straight and pure,  
 So good and full of grace;  
 A crown of gold is theirs, when they  
 Shall see the Saviour's face.

—Clara Writer.

SILOAM.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows!  
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,



## By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill—*Concluded*

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!  
Whose se - cret heart with in - fluence sweet Is up - ward drawn to God.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
And stormy passion's rage.

- 5 O thou whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine, [crowned,  
Whose years with changeless virtue  
Were all alike divine:
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

—Reginald Heber.

### 417

## Children, Loud Hosannas Singing

Words by MRS. STEELE.

REGENT SQUARE

SIR HENRY SMART.

1. Children, loud ho - san - nas sing - ing, Hymned thy praise in old - en time,  
2. Tho' no more the in - carnate Sa - viour We be - hold in lat - ter days;  
3. Loud we'll swell the peal - ing an - them All thy wondrous acts pro - claim,

Ju - dah's an - cient tem - ple fill - ing, With the mel - o - dy sub - lime;  
Tho' a tem - ple far less glorious Ech - oes now the songs we raise;  
Till all heav'n and earth re - sound - ing, Ech - o with thy glorious name;

In - fant voi - ces, in - fant voi - ces, Join'd to swell the ho - ly chime.  
Still in glo - ry, still in glo - ry, Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.  
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Words by MARY L. DUNCAN.

DIJON

OLD MELODY.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
 2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care;  
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Through the dark - ness be thou near me; Watch my sleep till morn - ing light.  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me; Lis - ten to my even - ing prayer.  
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

NUREMBERG

1. All things beau - ti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balm - y air;  
 2. Ev - 'ry tree and flow'r we pass, Ev - 'ry tuft of wav - ing grass,

Sun - ny field and sha - dy grove, Gent - ly whisper, "God is love!"  
 Ev - 'ry leaf and opening bud, Seem to tell us "God is good!"

3 Little streams that glide along,  
 Verdant, mossy banks among,  
 Shadowing forth the clouds above  
 Softly murmur, "God is love!"

4 He who dwelleth high in heaven,  
 Unto us hath all things given;  
 Let us, as through life we move,  
 Ever feel that "God is love!"

-Unknown

# 420 Children of Jerusalem Sang the Praise of Jesus' Name

INFANT PRAISES

English Melody.

1. Chil- dren of Je - ru - sa - lem sang the praise of Je - sus' name ; Children  
 2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalmist said - Babes' and

REFRAIN.

too of mod - ern days Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark ! hark ! hark ! while  
 sucklings' art - less lays Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.

in - fant voi - ces sing ; Hark ! hark ! hark ! while in - fant voi - ces sing,

Loud ho - san nas, loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord ;  
 We are taught to read his word ;  
 We are taught the way to heaven,  
 Praise for all to God be given !

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,  
 All unite to swell the song ;  
 Higher and yet higher rise,  
 Till hosannas reach the skies

—John Henley.

## Ring, Bells, Ring!

CHIMES

Words by MARGARET COOTE BROWN &amp; E. V.

MARGARET COOTE BROWN (arr. by E. R. B.).

*Introduction to each verse.**With spirit.*

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4 and a half note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with eighth notes and a left-hand part with quarter notes. Dynamics include a forte *f* marking and the instruction *With spirit.*

Ring, bells,

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics: ring! High up in the stee - ple; Ring, bells, ring! The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include accents (^) and a forte *f* marking.

ring! High up in the stee - ple; Ring, bells, ring!

The third system contains the concluding vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: Call-ing to the peo - ple. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. Dynamics include accents (^).

Call-ing to the peo - ple.

{	1. Let us all give thanks and pray,	Let us praise the
	2. Fa - ther, un - to Thee we raise	Glad - some songs of
	3. For the fruit - ful fields of grain,	Wa - ving o - ver

## Ring, Bells, Ring!—Concluded

*f*

Lord al-way, grate-ful praise hill and plain, } On this hap-py, hap-py day. } For the love that crowns our days. } We will thank our Lord a-gain. } Ring, bells, ring!

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piece concludes with a final chord marked with a fermata.

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**422**

## Little Children, Wake and Listen

NEWTON FERNS

SAMUEL SMITH.

*Briskly.*

*mf* 1. Lit - tle chil - dren, wake and lis - ten; Songs are break - ing o'er the earth :  
2. Long a - go, to lone - ly mea - dows, An - gels brought the mes - sage down ;

While the stars in hea - ven glis - ten, Hear the news of Je - su's birth.  
Still each year through mid-night sha - dows, It is heard in ev - ery town.

The musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes a piano introduction and two systems of music with lyrics. The piece ends with a final chord.

- 3 What is this that they are telling,  
Singing in the quiet street,  
While their voices high are swelling—  
What sweet words do they repeat?
- 4 Words to bring us greater gladness,  
Though our hearts from care are free;  
Words to chase away our sadness,  
Howe'er sad our lot may be.

- 5 Christ has left His throne of glory,  
And a lowly cradle found :  
Well might angels tell the story ;  
Well may we their words resound !
- f* 6 Little children, wake and listen ;  
Songs are ringing through the earth :  
While the stars in heaven glisten,  
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth !

## Away in a Manger, no Crib for a Bed

Words by MARTIN LUTHER.

UNISON OR DUET.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*mp* 1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
*mp* 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes; But lit - tle Lord  
*cr.* 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for

Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The stars in the bright sky looked  
 Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus; look  
 e - ver, and love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren in

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky, And stay by my side un - til morn - ing is nigh.  
 Thy ten - der care, And fit us for hea - ven to live with Thee there.

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## Jesus, from Thy Throne on High

LEBBÆUS

Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Je - sus, from thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,  
 2. Lit - tle hearts may love thee well, Lit - tle lips thy love may tell,

## Jesus, from Thy Throne on High—*Concluded*

Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.  
 Lit - tle hymns thy prais - es swell: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

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3 Little deeds of love may shine,  
 Little lives may be divine,  
 Little ones be wholly thine:  
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Be thou with us every day,  
 In our work and in our play,  
 When we learn and when we pray:  
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 May our thoughts be undefiled,  
 May our words be true and mild,  
 Make us each a holy child:  
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 Jesus, from thy heavenly throne  
 Watching o'er each little one,  
 Till our life on earth is done,  
 Hear us, holy Jesus.

—T. B. Pollock.

### 425

## Little Drops of Water

RHODES

Anonymous.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,  
 2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble though they be,

Make the might - y o - cean And the beau - te - ous land.  
 Make the might - y a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.

3 Little deeds of mercy  
 Sown by youthful hands  
 Grow to bless the nations,  
 Far in heathen lands.

4 Little deeds of kindness,  
 Little words of love,  
 Make our earth an Eden,  
 Like the heaven above.

—Julia A. Carney.

PROVIDENCE

Words by MARIA STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit - tle spar-row fall, It meets his tend - er view ;  
 2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Per - fumes each lil - y bell ;  
 3. God made the lit - tle birds and flowers, And all things large and small ;

If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know he loves me too.  
 If he so loves the lit - tle flowers, I know he loves me well.  
 He'll not for - get his lit - tle ones, I know he loves them all.

## REFRAIN.

He loves me too, he loves me too, I know he loves me too ;

Be - cause he loves the lit - tle things, I know he loves me too.

Words by MARY M. DODGE.

THANKSGIVING

W. K. BASSFORD.

1. Can a lit - tle child like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?  
 2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,  
 3. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days,

Yes, Oh yes, be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;  
 For the earth in beau - ty dressed, Fa - ther, moth - er, and the rest,  
 For the joy - ful work and true, That a lit - tle child may do:

Love the Lord and do your part, Learn to say with all your heart:  
 For thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For thy boun - ty ev - ery - where,  
 For our lives but just be - gun, For the great gift of thy Son,

## REFRAIN.

Fa - ther, we thank thee, Fa - ther, we thank thee, Father, in heav - en, we thank thee.

Words by LUCY G. STOCK.

SNOWFLAKES

GEORGE C. STOCK.

*Cheerfully, but not too fast.*

*mf* 1. God sends the ti-ny snow-flakes  
*mf* 2. They rest up-on the fir-trees  
 3. God knows the lit-tle flow-ers

Whirl-ing thro' the air, To co-ver up the bush - es And the tree-tops bare; They  
 Like a man-tle white, And co-ver all the brown leaves, Hid-ing them from sight; They  
 Need a blan-ket warm, And so He sends the snow-flakes In a feath-ery storm; They

## REFRAIN.

flut-ter, flut-ter down-ward, Whirl-ing ev-ry-where.  
 flut-ter, flut-ter down-ward, Pure, and soft, and light.  
 flut-ter, flut-ter down-ward, Keeping flow-ers warm. } (cr.) Pret-ty lit-tle snow - flakes,

## God Sends the Tiny Snowflakes—*Concluded*

Whirl-ing thro' the air, Sent by God our Fa - ther, Whirl-ing ev-'ry-where.

This musical score is for the song 'God Sends the Tiny Snowflakes'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Whirl-ing thro' the air, Sent by God our Fa - ther, Whirl-ing ev-'ry-where.'

## 429 I Am so Glad that Our Father in Heaven

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven, Tells of his love in the  
 Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the dearest, that

This musical score is for the song 'I Am so Glad that Our Father in Heaven'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: '1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven, Tells of his love in the Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the dearest, that'

### CHORUS.

Book he has given; } I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,  
 Je - sus loves me.

This musical score is for the chorus of the song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Book he has given; } I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me.'

Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves ev - en me.

This musical score is for the continuation of the chorus. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves ev - en me.'

2 Though I forget him and wander away,  
 Still he doth follow wherever I stray;  
 Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,  
 When I remember that Jesus loves me.

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

—P. P. Bliss.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

Words by MINNIE R. BOYD.  
Not too fast.

E. RAWDON BAILEY.  
SOLO. Joyously.

*mf* Hark! the Christmas

*f* *mf*

*Ped.* \*

*cres.*

bells are ringing; Gladdest message they are bringing: Joy-ful peals they ring to-day; These the words they

*cres.*

*mp* *cres.*

seem to say,— Christ is born on this morn; Join our hap-py, hap-py lay!

*mp* *cres.*

# Hark! the Christmas Bells are Ringing—Concluded

CHILDREN.

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system features a vocal line for children and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "mf Ring, bells, sweet-ly ring; Chil - dren with you sing,— Christ is born on this morn!". The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and rhythmic patterns. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "Ring, bells, ring!". The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *ff*, *f*, and *fff*, and concludes with a double bar line and a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction.

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431

## Shepherd of Tender Youth

OLIVET (380)

- 1 Shepherd of tender youth,  
Guiding in love and truth  
Through devious ways;  
Christ, our triumphant King,  
We come thy name to sing;  
Hither our children bring  
To shout thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife;  
Thou didst thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.
- 3 Thou art the great High Priest;  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heavenly love;

While in our mortal pain  
None calls on thee in vain;  
Help thou dost not disdain,  
Help from above.

- 4 Ever be thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song;  
Jesus, thou Christ of God,  
By thy perennial word  
Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.
- 5 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we thy praises high,  
And joyful sing;  
Infants, and the glad throng  
Who to thy Church belong,  
Unite to swell the song  
To Christ our King.

—Clement of Alexandria.

Words by W. O. CUSHING.

*Moderate*

1. When he cometh, when he cometh, To make up his jewels, All his  
 2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom; All the  
 3. Lit - tle children, lit - tle children, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

## CHORUS.

jewels, precious jewels, His lov'd and his own.  
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the  
 jewels, precious jewels, His lov'd and his own.

morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems of his crown.

MORNING HYMN (52)

- 1 Great God, and wilt thou condescend  
 To be my Father and my Friend?  
 I a poor child, and thou so high,  
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?
- 2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear  
 To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?  
 Or wilt thou listen to the praise  
 That such a little one can raise?

- 3 Art thou my Father? let me be  
 A meek, obedient child to thee;  
 And try in word, and deed, and thought,  
 To serve and praise thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father? then at last,  
 When all my days on earth are past,  
 Send down and take me in thy love  
 To be thy better child above.

—Jane Taylor

## Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild

FIRST TUNE—SIMPLICITY

J. STAINER.

*mp* 1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;  
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Gra - cious Lord, for - bid it not;

Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.  
In the king - dom of Thy grace Give a lit - tle child a place.

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3 Put Thy hands upon my head;  
Let me in Thy arms be stayed;  
Let me lean upon Thy breast;  
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

4 Hold me fast in Thine embrace;  
Let me see Thy smiling face;  
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing, give;  
Pray for me, and I shall live.

—Charles Wesley.

*Children in Unison.*

SECOND TUNE—A CHILD'S PRAYER

A. E. FLOYD.

*Org. Ped.*

*Interlude after each verse except the last.*

*rall.*

By permission of Rev. W. Hodson Smith.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

IN EARLY YOUTH

FRED C. PULLIN.

1. O come in childhood's sunny hour and seek to-day thy Saviour's face; They who seek him,  
 2. O, tell your troubles to the Lord, for he will ev-ry bur-den share; He for sad-ness,  
 3. He giv-eth many precious gifts to those who heed his lov-ing call; Price-less trea-sure,

seek him ear-ly, al-ways find. O seek him, children, hasten now and heed the gen-tle  
 giv-eth gladness;—'tis his way; O, tell him ev-ry lit-tle grief, for he doth feel for  
 bounteous measure, full and free. Of life, love, mercy, hope and peace he hath a-bun-dant

## CHORUS.

call of grace, Give to him in con-se-cra-tion, heart and mind. In ear-ly  
 all thy care, Gently caring, burdens sharing, day by day.  
 share for all, He is faithful, prove his promise, come and see.

youth, remember thy Cre-a-tor, In thy youth, seek heav'nly things to know. The

## O Come in Childhood's Sunny Hour—*Concluded*

Shep-herd seeks the lambs in loving kind-ness; In thy youth un-to the Shep-herd go.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

## 436 Search Me, O God, and Know My Heart

TEACH ME THY WILL

*Prayerfully*

Words and music by C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. Search me, O God, and know my heart, Try ev-'ry tho't each day, Bid ev-'ry e-vil
2. Make me to hide thy bless-ed word Deep written on my heart, Then shall I keep from
3. Give me an un-der-stand-ing heart, That I may know thy will, Thy Spirit, Lord, to

### CHORUS.

thing depart, Lead me in thine own way.  
 sin, O Lord, Nev-er from thee depart. Teach me to do thy will, O Lord, Teach me to  
 me impart, Thy law in me ful-fill.

know thy way, Help me to walk in thy perfect will, and there to live each day.

With acknowledgment to the Tullar-Meredith Co.

ALCOTT

F. C. MAKER.

1. A lit - tle king - dom I possess, Where thoughts and feel - ings dwell ;  
2. How can I learn to rule myself, To be the child I should -

And ve - ry hard I find the task Of gov - ern - ing it well ;  
Hon - est and brave, nor e - ver tire Of try - ing to be good ?

For pas - sion tempts and trou - bles me, A way - ward will mis - leads,  
How can I keep a sun - ny soul To shine a - long life's way ?

And self - ish - ness its sha - dow casts On all my words and deeds.  
How can I tune my lit - tle heart To sweet - ly sing all day ?

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3 Dear Father, help me with the love  
That casteth out all fear ;  
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel  
That thou art very near ;  
That no temptation is unseen,  
No childish grief too small,  
Since thou, with patience infinite,  
Dost soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown  
But that which all may win,  
Nor try to conquer any world  
Except the one within :  
Be thou my Guide until I find,  
Led by a tender hand,  
Thy happy kingdom in myself,  
And dare to take command.

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care; }  
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fields pre-pare: }  
 2. { We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way; }  
 { Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: }

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, 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 favour,  
 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: .  
 —D. A. Thrupp.

1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,  
 I would yield that heart to thee;  
 All my powers to thee surrender,  
 Thine, and only thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,  
 Let my youthful heart be thine;  
 Thy devoted servant make me,  
 Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,  
 Only do thou guide my way;  
 May thy grace through life attend me,  
 Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,  
 To thy service set apart;  
 Suffer me to leave thee never;  
 Seal thine image on my heart.

—J. Burton.

COURAGE

C. L. NAYLOR.

1. Life is open - ing out be - fore you, Youth - ful lives so fresh and bright;  
 2. When com - pan - ions, with der - is - ion, You to sin - ful deeds in - vite,  
 3. When the sen - ses try to move you From the nar - row path of light,

God on high is watch - ing o'er you: Be a he - ro in the fight!  
 An - swer No! with quick dec - is - ion: Be a he - ro in the fight!  
 Lift your heart to God a - bove you: Be a he - ro in the fight!

fight, be a he-ro

*f* REFRAIN.

Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Stand up brave - ly for the  
 Be a he - ro! be a he - ro! Stand for the  
 in the fight! (Org.) (Org.)

right! Be a he - ro! be a he - ro! Be a he - ro in the fight!

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4 When the love of gold would win you  
 From the strictest rule of right,  
 Stand up firmly, truth within you:  
 Be a hero in the fight!

5 When the hand of death shall take you  
 From earth's sorrow and delight,  
 Trust in him who'll ne'er forsake you:  
 Be a hero in the fight!

—Colin Sterne.

1. Re-mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor In youth's bright ear - ly days,  
 2. Re-mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor While heart and ways are pure,

And give to him thy serv - ice, Thy heart's sin - cer - est praise.  
 Keep right thy thoughts and ac - tions, A hap - py life se - cure.

## CHORUS.

Re-mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, Thy God will re-mem - ber thee;  
 re-mem-ber thee;

O love and serve him ev - er In sweet sin - cer - i - ty!

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3 Remember thy Creator;  
 He will thy labours bless,  
 And crown thy toils and trials  
 With life's supreme success.

4 Remember thy Creator  
 In all thy earthly strife,  
 To trust his grace and guidance,  
 And gain eternal life.

—J. Madison Wright.

ST. PETER

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. Oh, hap - py is the child who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice;  
2. For she has treasures great - er far Than east or west un - fold;

And who ce - les - tial Wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.  
And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy days;  
Riches, with splendid honours joined,  
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,  
In pleasure's paths to tread,

A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

—Isaac Watts.

Words by J. KING.

MISSIONARY HYMN

DR. L. MASON.

1. When, his salvation bringing, To Zi - on Jesus came, The children all stood singing Hosanna to his name;  
2. And since the Lord retaineth His love to children still, Tho' now as King he reigneth On Zion's heav'nly hill,  
3. For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our silence shaming, Would their hosannas  
[raise.

Nor did their zeal offend him, But as he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smil'd to hear their song.  
We'll flock around his standard, We'll bow before his throne, And cry aloud, "Hosanna To David's roy - al Son."  
But shall we only render The tribute of our words? No; while our hearts are tender They too shall be the Lord's.

ELLON

G. F. Root.

1. The wise may bring their learning, The rich may bring their wealth; And some may bring their  
 2. We'll bring him hearts that love him, We'll bring him thankful praise, And young souls meekly  
 3. We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties We have to do each day; We'll try our best to

great - ness, And some bring strength and health: We, too, would bring our treasures To  
 striv - ing To walk in ho - ly ways: And these shall be the trea - sures We  
 please him, At home, at school, at play: And bet - ter are these trea - sures To

of - fer to the King; We have no wealth or learn - ing; What shall we children bring?  
 of - fer to the King; And these are gifts that ev - en The poor - est child may bring.  
 of - fer to our King Than rich - est gifts with - out them, Yet these a child may bring.

## 445

## See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand

Words by DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand With all-engaging charms; Hark how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in  
 2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord  
 3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joyful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our  
 [his arms]  
 [of angels came.]  
 [offspring be.]

BRADBURY

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to  
 2. Je - sus loves me, he who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will wash a-

REFRAIN.

him belong; They are weak, but he is strong. Yes, Je - sus loves me—  
 way my sin, Let his lit - tle child come in.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,  
 When I'm very weak and ill,  
 From his shining throne on high  
 Comes to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me, He will stay  
 Close beside me all the way;  
 If I love him, when I die  
 He will take me home on high.

—Anna Warner.

BEAMSLEY

*Flowing speed. Children in Unison (or Solo).*

C. L. NAYLOR.

*mp* 1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, Knows a - bout their work and

## Jesus Loves the Little Children—*Concluded*

play, Helps them when they try to please Him, Hears them al - ways when they

### REFRAIN IN HARMONY.

pray. (*mf*) Hap - py, hap - py, lit - tle chil - dren! Je - sus hears them when they pray.

*Org. Ped.*

- 2 Jesus thinks about the children  
All the nights and all the days,  
Leads the little feet that follow  
Into wisdom's pleasant ways.  
Happy, happy little children!  
Led in wisdom's pleasant ways.
- 3 He will bless them when they ask Him,  
Always patient, true, and mild:  
Jesus knows about their troubles;  
He was once a little child.

Blessed, happy little children!  
He was once a little child.

- 4 By-and-by, for those who love Him,  
He will come some happy day,  
Lead them to the pleasant pastures  
Of the land not far away.  
O the safe and happy children  
In the land not far away!

—H. O. Knowlton.

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## 448

## Glory to the Father Give

FATHER, BLESS (450)

- 1 Glory to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.  
Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

- 2 Glory to the Holy Ghost!  
Be this day a pentecost!  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire!  
Glory to the highest be,  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love!"

—Montgomery.

## I Am Jesu's Little Friend

*Not too fast.*

TROMSO.

Danish Melody.  
Arr. by C. L. NAVLOR.

*mf* 1. I am Je - su's lit - tle friend; On his mer - cy I de - pend :  
2. Ve - ry young and weak am I; Yet he guides me with his eye:

If I try to please him ev - er, If I grieve his spir - it nev - er,  
In a pleasant path he leads me, With a gen - tle hand he feeds me,

*rit.*  
O how ve - ry good to me Will my Saviour al - ways be!  
Chides me when I'm do - ing wrong, Lis - tens to my hap - py song.  
*rit.*

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3 He is with me all the day,  
With me in my busy play;  
O'er my waking and my sleeping  
Jesus still a watch is keeping:  
I can lay me down and rest,  
Sweetly pillowed on his breast.

4 I am Jesu's little friend;  
On his mercy I depend;  
Jesus will forsake me never;  
He will keep me safe forever:  
How I wish my heart could be,  
Loving Saviour, more like thee!

—Frances J. Crosby.

1. Fa - ther, bless our school to - day : Be in all we do and say ;  
 2. Je - sus, well be - lov - ed Son, May thy will by us be done ;

Be in ev - 'ry song we sing, Ev - 'ry pray'r to thee we bring.  
 Come and meet with us to - day Teach us, Lord, thy - self, we pray.

## CHORUS.

Come, oh, come, and with us meet ; And, while sit - ting at thy feet,

May we in the les - son see, Something draw - ing us to thee.

3 Holy Spirit, mighty power,  
 Consecrate this Sabbath hour ;  
 Unto us thine unction give ;  
 Touch our souls that we may live.

4 Father, Holy Spirit, Son,  
 Sacred triune, Three in one,  
 Hear us, while once more we pray,  
 Bless our Sabbath school to-day.

—Annie Cummings.

Words by EMILY H. MILLER.

G. F. ROOT.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell, How once the King of  
 2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and  
 3. To sing his love and mer - cy My sweet - est song I'll raise; And tho' I can - not

Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful; But  
 ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His  
 see him, I know he hears my praise; For he has kind - ly prom - ised That

this I sure - ly know, the Lord came down to save me Because he loved me so.  
 foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me Because he loves me so.  
 I shall sure - ly go To sing a - mong his an - gels, Because he loves me so.

DIJON (418)

- 1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
 Little ones are dear to thee;  
 Gathered with thine arms, and carried  
 In thy bosom, may we be.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
 From thy fold to go astray;

- By thy look of love directed,  
 May we walk the narrow way
- 3 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
 Which on earth thy children sing,  
 May we with thy saints in glory  
 Join to praise our Lord and King.

—J. E. Lesson.

(G, DOUBLE O, D-GOOD)

Words by LIZZIE DEARMOND.

I. H. MEREDITH.

*Moderato.*

1. Je - sus feels so sor - ry When we're do - ing wrong ; If we're good, he's hap - py  
 2. Hear him gen - tly call - ing "Children, come to me, For of such my King - dom  
 3. Some day up in heav - en With the ransomed band, Prais - ing him for ev - er,

## CHORUS.

All the whole day long.  
 Ev - er - more shall be." G, doub - le o, d - good, G, doub - le o, d - good.  
 'Round his throne we'll stand.

We will try to be like Je - sus, G, doub - le o, d - good.

By kind permission of the Tullar-Meredith Co.

AZMON (385)

- 1 Happy the child whose youngest years  
 Receive instruction well,  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,  
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;  
 A flower, when offered in the bud,  
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
 To mind religion young;

- Grace will preserve our following years,  
 And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
 Our childhood we resign;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.
  - 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my youngest breath:  
 Thus I'm prepared for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.

—Isaac Watts

Words by REBECCA F. WESTON.

ON SLOW

D. BATCHELLOR.  
(Harmonized by E. R. B.)

1. Fa-ther, we thank thee for things the night, And for the  
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to

plea-sant morn-ing and light; For rest, and food, and in  
o-thers kind and good; In all we do, in

lov-ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.  
work or play, To grow more lov-ing ev-ery day.

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RHODES (425)

- 1 Gentle, holy Jesus,  
Saviour meek and mild,  
Thou who once wast fashioned  
Like a little child;
- 2 And in grace and meekness  
Up to manhood grew;  
Sharing human weakness,  
Human sorrow, too.
- 3 In thy word so holy,  
Saviour, we can see,  
That of us thou sayest,  
"Let them come to me."

- 4 Glad we come! and render  
All we have to give;  
While our hearts are tender,  
Help us, Lord, to live
- 5 Like thy young disciples,  
That the world may see  
We are taught by Jesus,  
And have learned of thee.
- 6 May we copy closely  
Him we so much love,  
Till we bear his likeness,  
Perfected above.

—Mrs. Whitefield.

## Our Father, Who Art in Heaven

CHANT

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in heav'n, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it

is in heav'n. Give us this day our dai-ly bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who

trespass a - gainst us. And lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil: For

thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

ST. MARY

Words by EDITH F. B. MACALISTER.  
*Smoothly, and with a gentle swing.*

17th Century Melody (arr. by C. L. NAYLOR).  
*Children in Unison (or Duet).*

1. Fa-ther, hear us as we pray  
 2. Bless, we pray thee, Sa - viour dear,

*p* *cres.* . . . . . *cres.* . . . . .

*cres.* . . . . .

For these lit - tle ones to - day : Good and gen - tle  
 All whose names are writ - ten here ; Guard and keep them

*cres.* . . . . .

*dim.* . . . . .

may they be ; Ear - ly may they come to Thee.  
 from harm ; Hold them with thy lov - ing arm.

*dim.* . . . . .

## Once a Little Baby

Words by CUTHBERT ELLISON.  
Not too fast, and positive.

MERRIAL

J. E. ROW.

1. Once a lit - tle ba - by In a man - ger lay;  
 2. Je - sus, bless our ba - by, Sent from heaven a - bove;  
 3. Je - sus, keep our ba - by Al - ways safe from harm;

It was gen - tle Je - sus: Now to him we pray.  
 Down to earth to tell us Of our Fa - ther's love.  
 Guard from ev - ery e - vil By thy lov - ing arm.

Words used by permission of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department.

## Now the Daylight Goes Away

VESPERS

AN EVENING HYMN.

1. Now the daylight goes a - way, Sa - viour, lis - ten while I pray,  
 2. Je - sus, Saviour, wash a - way, All that has been wrong to - day;

Asking thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep. A - men.  
 Help me ev - 'ry day to be Good and gen - tle, more like thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be, All my blessings come from thee,  
 Always near and dear to thee; Oh, how good thou art to me!  
 Oh, bring me and all I love  
 To thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give; Thou wilt love me to the end!  
 Thou didst die that I might live; Let me love thee more and more,  
 Always better than before.

—F. R. Havergal.

Words by L. F. COLB.

1. Birds are sing - ing, woods are ring - ing, With thy prai - ses, bless - ed King ;  
 2. Wat - ers danc - ing, sun - beams glanc - ing, Sing thy glo - ry cheer - i - ly ;  
 3. An - gels o'er us join the chor - us Which on earth we sing to thee ;

Lake and moun - tain, field and foun - tain, To thy throne their tri - butes bring.  
 Blossoms break - ing, na - ture wak - ing, Chant thy prai - ses mer - ri - ly.  
 Heaven is ring - ing, earth is sing - ing, Prai - ses to thee joy - ful - ly.

## REFRAIN.

We, thy chil - dren, join the chor - us, Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, glad - ly praise thee ;

Glad ho - san - nas, glad ho - san - nas, Joy - ful - ly we lift to thee.

## Our Sunday School is Over

GOOD-BYE

*mp.* ALL.

Arr. by E. RAWDON BAILY.

Our Sun - day School is o - ver, And we are go - ing home.

The score consists of three staves: a vocal line in the upper treble clef, a right-hand piano accompaniment in the upper treble clef, and a left-hand piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is marked *mp.* and *ALL.*

TEACHERS.

Good - bye, good - bye; Be al - ways kind and true.

The score consists of three staves: a vocal line in the upper treble clef, a right-hand piano accompaniment in the upper treble clef, and a left-hand piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is marked *mp.* and *ALL.*

*p.* SCHOLARS.

Good - bye, good - bye; We will be kind and true.

The score consists of three staves: a vocal line in the upper treble clef, a right-hand piano accompaniment in the upper treble clef, and a left-hand piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is marked *p.* and *SCHOLARS.*

# RESPONSIVE READINGS

## Psalm I.

*Leader.*—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

*School.*—But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

*Leader.*—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

*School.*—The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

*Leader.*—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

*School.*—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

## Psalm VIII.

*Leader.*—O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

*School.*—Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

*Leader.*—When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

*School.*—What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

*Leader.*—For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

*School.*—Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet:

*Leader.*—All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

*School.*—The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

*Leader.*—O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

## Psalm XIX.

*Leader.*—The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

*School.*—Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

*Leader.*—There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

*School.*—Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

*Leader.*—Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

*School.*—His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

*Leader.*—The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

*School.*—The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the command-

ment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

*Leader.*—The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

*School.*—More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

*Leader.*—Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

*School.*—Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

*Leader.*—Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

*School.*—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

### Psalm XXIII.

*Leader.*—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

*School.*—He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

*Leader.*—He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

*School.*—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

*Leader.*—Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

*School.*—Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

### 1 Corinthians XIII.

*Leader.*—Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

*School.*—And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

*Leader.*—And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

*School.*—Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

*Leader.*—Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

*School.*—Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

*Leader.*—Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

*School.*—Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

*Leader.*—For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

*School.*—But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

*Leader.*—When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

*School.*—For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

*Leader.*—And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## The Ten Commandments

(Exodus xx. 1-17)

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

Jesus said, . . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

After the reading of each Commandment the school should repeat in unison, "Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law."

## The Beatitudes

(Matthew v. 3-12)

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

After each Beatitude the school should repeat in unison, "Grant us this grace, we beseech thee, O Lord."

## The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God the Father Almighty,  
Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our  
Lord; who was conceived by the Holy  
Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered  
under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead,  
and buried; the third day he rose again  
from the dead; he ascended into heaven;  
and sitteth on the right hand of God the  
Father Almighty; from thence he shall  
come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy  
Catholic Church; the communion of  
saints; the forgiveness of sins; the re-  
surrection of the body; and the life ever-  
lasting. Amen.

## The "I Ams" of Christ

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the bread  
of life."

*School.*—"Lord, evermore give us this  
bread."

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the light  
of the world."

*School.*—"Come, and let us walk in the  
light of the Lord."

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the good  
shepherd."

*School.*—"The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want."

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the door of  
the sheep."

*School.*—"Let us "enter in and be saved  
and go in and out and find pasture."

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the vine,  
ye are the branches."

*School.*—"Let us abide in him and  
bring forth much fruit."

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the resur-  
rection and the life."

*School.*—"Thanks be unto God, which  
giveth us the victory through our Lord  
Jesus Christ."

*Leader.*—Jesus said, "I am the way,  
the truth and the life."

*School.*—

"Thou art the way, the truth, the life,  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow."

## The Commands of Christ

The Leader should repeat each com-  
mand and the school respond in unison,  
"I will endeavour so to do, the Lord  
being my helper."

"Repent and believe the gospel."

"Follow me."

"Seek ye first his kingdom and his  
righteousness, and all these things shall  
be added to you."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"Ask and it shall be given you, seek  
and ye shall find, knock and it shall be  
opened."

"Be not anxious for your life."

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures  
upon earth."

"Watch and pray that ye enter not  
into temptation."

"This do in remembrance of me."

"A new commandment I give unto you,  
that ye love one another, as I have loved  
you."

"Go ye therefore and make disciples  
of all nations."

## The Law of Love

*Leader.*—"Thou shalt love the Lord  
thy God with all thy heart, and with all  
thy soul and with all thy mind. This is  
the great and first commandment."

*School.*—"And a second like unto it is  
this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as  
thyself. On these two commandments  
hangerth the whole law and prophets."

*Leader.*—"Love is the fulfilling of the  
law."

*School.*—"Now abideth faith, hope,  
love, these three: and the greatest of  
these is love."

## Praise to God

*Leader.*—"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

*School.*—"We praise thee, O God."

*Leader.*—"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth."

*School.*—"We praise thee, O God."

*Leader.*—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

*School.*—"We praise thee, O God."

*Leader.*—"The Spirit himself beareth

witness with our spirit that we are children of God."

*School.*—"We praise thee, O God."

## Closing Benediction

*Leader.*—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

*School.*—"When thou saidst, seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, thy face, Lord, will I seek."

*Leader.*—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

## EXERCISES

### Missionary

#### OPENING

**Attention.**—(School standing.)

**Call to Song.**—(Hymn announced, No. 89, "Hail to the Lord's anointed.")

*Leader.*—Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

*School.*—O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

(Hymn sung.)

**Prayer.**—(Closing with the Lord's Prayer.)

#### Responsive Reading:

*Leader.*—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

*School.*—Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

*Leader.*—For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

*All.*—And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

**Song.**—(Hymn No. 124, "O, brothers, lift your voices.")

#### Responsive Reading:

*Leader.*—Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

*School.*—But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

*Leader.*—Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

*School.*—And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.

*Leader.*—And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

*School.*—The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

*Leader.*—And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

*School.*—And the suckling child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

*Leader.*—They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

*Song.*—(Hymn No. 94, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.")

### Call to Study.

*Leader.*—I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

*School.*—I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

### CLOSING

#### Reports and Announcements.

*Closing Song.*—(Hymn No. 97, "The morning light is breaking.")

#### Brief Prayer.

**Consecration.**—(To be sung by the School.  
For music see Hymn No. 225.)

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my moments and my days;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;  
Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for thee.

#### Benediction.

*Leader.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

*School.*—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

*All.*—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

## Rally Day

The last Sunday of September in each year is set apart by the General Conference as Rally Day in all our Sunday Schools. For use on this occasion a Special Service is prepared and issued yearly by the General Board, and supplied for the cost of handling to all schools desiring it, by the General Secretary. On Rally Day the annual offering for the General Sunday School Fund is to be taken in all our Sunday Schools for the support of the general work of the Department, as ordered by Discipline.

## Thanksgiving

### OPENING

*Attention.*—(School standing.)

**Doxology**—(No. 25):

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#### Call to Prayer:

*Leader.*—The Lord is in his holy temple:

*School.*—Let all the earth keep silence before him.

**Prayer.**—(Closing with the Lord's Prayer.)

**Call to Song.**—(Hymn announced, No. 321, "Come, ye thankful people, come.")

*Leader.*—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

*School.*—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

(Hymn sung.)

**Memory Selection.**—(School standing.)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good: his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

**Song.**—(Hymn No. 6, "When morning gilds the skies.")

**Responsive Reading:**

*Leader.*—Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

*School.*—The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

*Leader.*—He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

*School.*—He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

*Leader.*—Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

*School.*—The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

*Leader.*—Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

*School.*—Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

*Leader.*—He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

*School.*—He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

*Leader.*—The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

*School.*—Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

*Leader.*—For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

*School.*—He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

*Leader.*—He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

*School.*—He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

**Call to Study.**

*Leader.*—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

*School.*—Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.

*All.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

## CLOSING

**Reports and Announcements.**

**Closing Song.**—(Hymn No. 322, "Sing to the Lord of harvest.")

**Brief Prayer.**

**Consecration.**—(To be sung by the School. For music see Hymn No. 231.)

More love to thee, O Christ,

More love to thee!

Hear thou the prayer I make,

On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea,

More love, O Christ, to thee,

More love to thee,

More love to thee!

**Benediction:**

*Leader.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

*School.*—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

*All.*—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

**Patriotic****OPENING**

**Attention.**—(School standing.)

**Call to Song.**—(Hymn announced, No. 240, "O God, our help in ages past.")

*Leader.*—O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

*School.*—Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

(Hymn sung.)

**Call to Prayer:**

*Leader.*—O come, let us worship and bow down:

*School.*—Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

**Prayer.**—(Closing with the Lord's Prayer.)

**Memory Selection:**

Now therefore hearken, O Israel, unto the statutes and unto the judgments, which I teach you, for to do them, that ye may live, and go in and possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers giveth you.

Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you.

Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it.

Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding

in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.

For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for?

And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day?

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

**Song.**—(Hymn No. 370, "Eternal Father! strong to save.")

**Responsive Reading:**

*Leader.*—Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

*School.*—For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

*Leader.*—A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey;

*School.*—A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

*Leader.*—When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

*School.*—Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day:

*Leader.*—But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day.

*School.*—And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish.

*Leader.*—As the nations which the Lord destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the Lord your God.

*Song.*—(Hymn No. 105, "Land of our birth, we pledge to thee.")

### Call to Study:

*Leader.*—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

*School.*—Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.

*All.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

### CLOSING

#### Reports and Announcements.

*Closing Song.*—(Hymn No. 111, "God bless our native land.")

#### Brief Prayer.

*Consecration.*—(To be sung by the School. For the music see Hymn No. 231.)

More love to thee, O Christ,  
 More love to thee!  
 Hear thou the prayer I make  
 On bended knee.  
 This is my earnest plea,  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee,  
 More love to thee!

#### Benediction:

*Leader.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

*School.*—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

*All.*—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

## Christmas

### OPENING

*Attention.*—(School standing.)

*Leader.*—Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

*School.*—For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

*Call to Song.*—(Hymn announced, No. 308, "Joy to the world! the Lord is come.")

*Leader.*—O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

*School.*—Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

(Hymn sung.)

#### Call to Prayer:

*Leader.*—O come, let us worship and bow down:

*School.*—Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

*Prayer.*—(Closing with the Lord's Prayer.)

*Memory Selection.*—(School standing.)

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

**Song.**—(Hymn No. 299, "It came upon the midnight clear.")

### Responsive Reading:

*Leader.*—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

*School.*—Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

*Leader.*—When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

*School.*—And when he had gathered all the chief priests and the scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

*Leader.*—And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

*School.*—And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

*Leader.*—Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

*School.*—And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

*Leader.*—When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

*School.*—When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

**Song.**—(Hymn No. 314, "Angels, from the realms of glory.")

### Call to Study:

*Leader.*—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

*School.*—Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.

*All.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

### CLOSING

#### Reports and Announcements.

**Closing Song.**—(Hymn No. 304, "O little town of Bethlehem.")

#### Brief Prayer.

**Consecration.**—(To be sung by the School. For the music see Hymn No. 32.)

O Love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee;  
I give thee back the life I owe,  
That in thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

#### Benediction:

*Leader.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

*School.*—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

*All.*—The Lord lift up his countenance, upon thee, and give thee peace.

## Easter Day

### OPENING

**Attention.**—(School standing.)

**Doxology**—(No. 25):

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Call to Prayer:**

*Leader.*—The Lord is in his holy temple:

*School.*—Let all the earth keep silence before him.

**Prayer.**—(Closing with the Lord's Prayer.)

**Call to Song.**—(Hymn announced, No. 178, "Golden harps are sounding.")

*Leader.*—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

*School.*—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

(Hymn sung.)

**Memory Selection:**

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

**Song.**—(Hymn No. 187, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day.")

**Responsive Reading:**

*Leader.*—And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

*School.*—And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

*Leader.*—And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

*School.*—And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

*Leader.*—And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

*School.*—Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

*Leader.*—And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

*School.*—And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

**Call to Study:**

*Leader.*—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

*School.*—Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.

*All.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

## CLOSING

**Reports and Announcements.**

**Closing Song.**—Hymn No. 88, "Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.")

**Brief Prayer.**

**Consecration.**—(To be sung by the School.  
For the music see Hymn No. 288.)

All that I am and have,—  
Thy gifts so free,—  
In joy, in grief, through life,  
Dear Lord, for thee!

And when thy face I see,  
My ransomed soul shall be,  
Through all eternity,  
Something for thee.

**Benediction:**

*Leader.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

*School.*—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

*All.*—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

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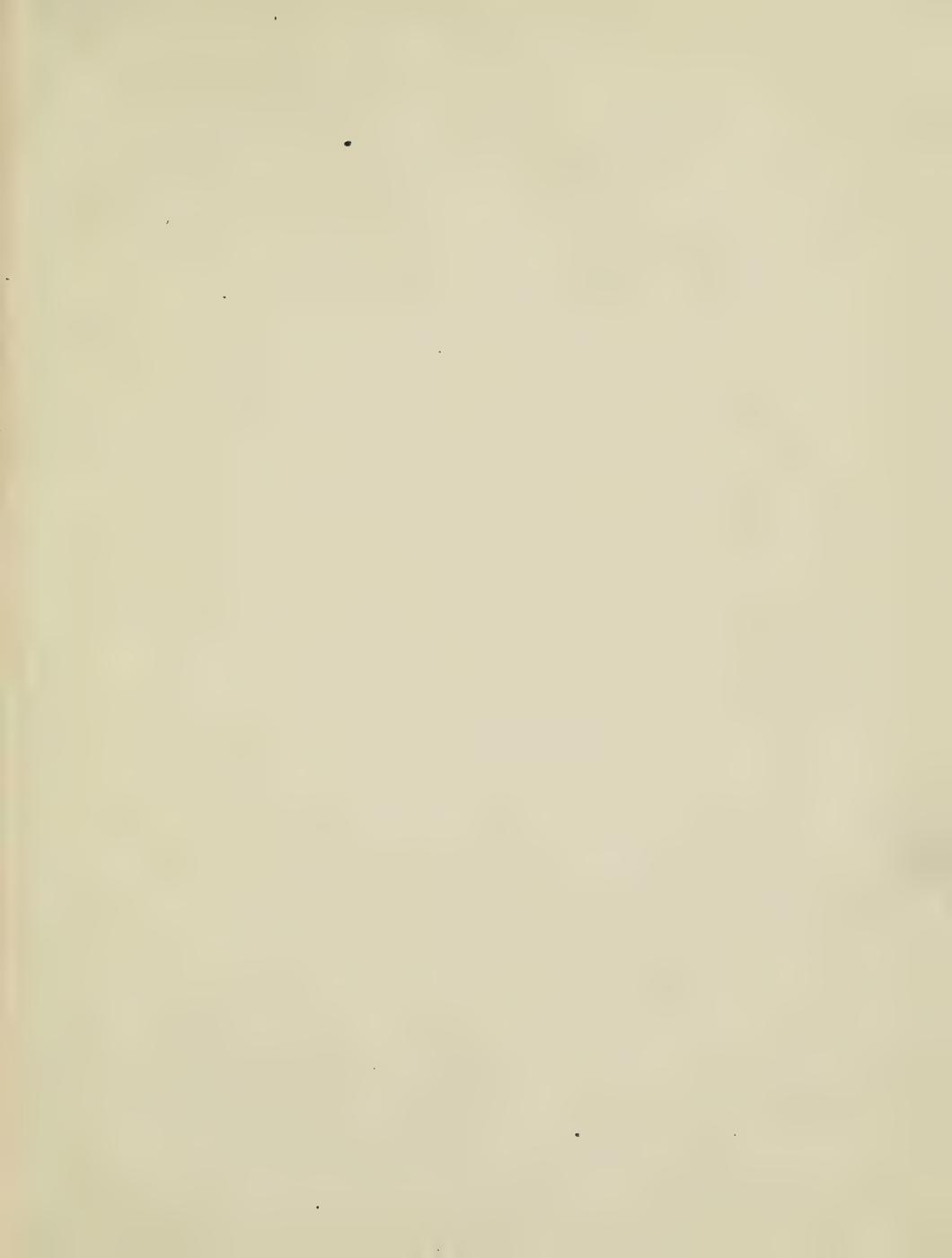














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