

THE
NORTH-WESTERN
HYMN BOOK.

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1070 Moody (D. L.) The North-Western
Hymn-Book: a collection adapted to
Church, Sunday School, and Revival Ser-
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THE



NORTH-WESTERN

HYMN BOOK.

A COLLECTION ADAPTED TO CHURCH,
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND REVIVAL
SERVICES.

COMPILED BY P. J. MOODY.

CHICAGO.

1868.



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PREFACE.

For a long time we have felt in our Mission work the need of a large collection of the oldest and most popular hymns. In order to supply this want we have not hesitated to draw freely on every collection of hymns, whether American or European, that has come to our notice, and we hereby express our acknowledgments to the different composers and publishers. May our united prayers go up to our God for His blessing upon this effort to advance His kingdom upon earth—and to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, shall be the glory.

D. L. MOODY

SPALDING & LAMONTES,
PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
138 LAKE STREET

HYMNS.

1 The Name of Jesus. C. M.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 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.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

2

Coronation.

C. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3

Christ the Fountain.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 **The Cross.**

L. M.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to thy 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 tribute far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 **Come let us Join.**

C. M.

1 **C**OME 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
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

6 Loving Kindness.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's
 praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving kindness, O, how free

CHORUS.

His loving kindness, loving kindness,
 His loving kindness, O, how free.

- 2 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart:
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.
 CHO.—His loving kindness, &c.
- 3 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.
 CHO.—His loving kindness, &c.
- 4 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.
 CHO.—His loving kindness, &c.

7 The Holy Spirit. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

8 Desire for Holiness. C. M.

- 1 **O**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 the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

9 The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **O**UR FATHER in heaven, we hallow
 thy name,
 May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the
 same;
 Oh! give to us daily our portion of bread;
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us
 to know
 That humble compassion which pardons
 each foe;
 Keep us from temptation, from weakness
 and sin,
 And thine be the glory forever, Amen.

10 Christ our Refuge. [7s, Double.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high,
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

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

11 **The Bleeding Saviour.**

- 1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my sovereign die ;
 Did he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 3 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe :
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'T is all that I can do.

12 **Christ in the Garden.**

- 1 **W**HILE nature was sinking in still-
 ness to rest,
 The last beam of daylight shone dim in
 the west,

In deep meditation I wandered my feet,
O'er fields by pale moonlight, in lonely
retreat.

2 While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that
was there,
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sin-
ner's part.

3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion the stranger
might be ;
I saw him, low kneeling, upon the cold
ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his
prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat,
blood and tears !
I wept to behold him!—I asked him his
name :
He answered, " 'T is JESUS! from heaven I
came!

5 "I am thy Redeemer ! for thee I must die ;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by ;
Thy sins like a mountain, are laid upon
me !
And all this deep anguish I suffer for
thee."

13

Faith in Christ.

6s & 4s.

- 1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

14

Christ the Rock.

7s.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure,
 Save me, Lord! and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeing breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee, on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

15

Christ our All.

8s & 7a.

1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shall be;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And whilst thou shall smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might!
 Foes may hate and friends disown me,
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
 In thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With thy favor, life is gain:

O ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
 O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

16

The Sabbath.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath to me,
 The day when the Saviour arose !
 'T is heaven his beauties to see,
 And in his soft arms to repose ;
 He knows I am weak and defiled,
 My life is but empty and vain ;
 But if he will make me his child,
 I'll never forsake him again.
- 2 This day he invites me to come :
 How kindly he bids me draw near !
 He offers me heaven for home,
 And wipes off the penitent tear ;
 He offers to pardon my sin,
 And keep me from every snare,
 To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
 And show me his tenderest care.
- 3 I cannot, I must not refuse ;
 His goodness has conquered my heart :
 The Lord for my portion I choose,
 And bid all my folly depart.
 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
 The day my Redeemer arose !
 'T is heaven his beauties to see,
 And in his soft arms to repose.

17 Invitation to Christ. 8s & 7s.

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power.
 Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
 Sound the praise of his dear name;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
 Turn, etc.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.
 Turn, etc.

18 Will you go? 8s & 3s.

1 **W**E'RE traveling home to heaven
 above:
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blessed abode
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road:
 Will you go?

- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
 Will you go?
 Far, far from death and curse and night:
 Will you go?
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go?
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain:
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again?
 Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see:"
 Will you go?

19 Judgment Anticipated. C. P. U.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge,
 shalt come,
 To bear thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet the people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
 What if my name should be left out,
 When Thou for them shalt call?

- 8 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
 Be thou my only hiding place,
 In this the accepted day ;
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

20 **Successful Resolve.** **C. M.**

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come with your guilt and fear opprest,
 And make this last resolve :
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there."

21 **Will you Meet Us ?**

- 1 **S**AY, brothers, will you meet us,
 Say, brothers, will you meet us,
 Say, brothers, will you meet us,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
- 2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 Where parting is no more.

- 3 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
 Jesus lives and reigns forever
 On Canaan's happy shore.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 For ever, evermore.

22 **Come, my Soul.**

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray;
 Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin—
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

23 **To-day the Saviour Calls.** **6s & 4s.**

- 1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls:
 Ye wanderers, come;
 O, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

- 2 To-day the Saviour calls,
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

24 Rest for the Weary.

- 1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your
choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary, &c.

- 2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

There is rest for the weary, &c.

25

Come to Me.

- 1 **W**ITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my soul may flee,
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
- 3 Come, for all else must fall and die,
 Earth is no resting place for thee,
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, "Come to me."

26 **Just as I am.** Ss & 6s, or L. M.

- 1 **J**UST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me:
 And that thou bidst me come to thee,
 O, Lamb of God! I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can wash each spot,
 O, Lamb of God! I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O, Lamb of God! I come, I come.

27**I'm a Pilgrim.**

- 1 **I**'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night—
 Do not detain me, for I am going,
 To where the fountains are ever flowing.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining !
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart is
 there ;
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary ;
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light !
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, or any dying.

28**The Son of God in Tears.****S. M.**

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wondering angels see ;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there

29

Blest be the Tie.

S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burden bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

30

Nearer, my God, to Thee. 4s & 6s.

- 1 **N**EARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me !
 Still all my songs shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

31 Soldier of the Cross. C. M.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Shall I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

32 The Bright Crown.

From the Golden Chain, page 53.

- 1 **Y**E valiant soldiers of the cross,
 Ye happy, praying band;
 Though in this world you suffer loss,
 You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

CHORUS.

Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns
 of the world,
 For we've all got the cross to bear;
 It will only make the crown brighter to
 shine,
 When we have the crown to wear.

- 2 All earthly pleasure we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view,
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through.
 Let us never, &c.
- 3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
 When we arrive at home,
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done."
 Let us never, &c.

33 Let us Walk in the Light.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give—
 In the light, in the light,
 Sweetest pleasure while we live—
 In the light of God.
 'Tis religion must supply—
 In the light, in the light:
 Solid comfort when we die—
 In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
 Walk in the light;
 Let us walk in the light,
 In the light of God.

- 2 After death its joys shall be—
 In the light, in the light;
 Lasting as eternity—
 In the light of God.

Be the living God my friend—
 In the light, in the light : .
 Then my bliss shall never end—
 In the light of God.

Let us walk in the light, &c.

34 The Pilgrim's Rest. 10s & 1s.

1 **H**ERE o'er the earth as a stranger I
 roam,

Here is no rest, here is no rest !
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest !

For I look forward to that glorious day
 When sin and sorrow shall vanish away,
 My heart doth leap when I hear Jesus say,
 There, there is rest, there is rest !

2 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest !
 Here I must part with the friends I hold
 dear,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest.
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
 Blessed are those who have died in the
 Lord,
 They have been called to receive their
 reward,
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

35 **A Light in the Window.**

From the Golden Chain.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a light in the window for thee, brother,
 There's a light in the window for thee;
 A dear one has moved to the mansion above,
 There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

- A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee;
 A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee.
- 2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm,
 brother,
 When from toil and from care you are free,
 The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
 With a light in the window for thee.
 A mansion in heaven we see, &c.
- 3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
 All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
 Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
 There's a light in the window for thee.
 A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

36 The Jubilee Proclaimed.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow—
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound—
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

2 Exalt the Lamb of God—
 The sin atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face.
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

37 Watchman, tell us of the Night.

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

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 Higher yet that star ascends ;
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth *
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

38 Here we Meet to Part Again.

- 1 **H**ERE we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again,
 But when we meet on Canaan's plain
 There'll be no parting there.

CHORUS.

In that bright world above,
 Shout! shout the victory,
 We're on our journey home.

- 2 Here we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again,
 But when a seat in heaven we gain
 There'll be no parting there.
- 3 Here we meet to part again,
 Here we meet to part again,
 But when we join the heavenly train,
 There'll be no parting there.

39

Watch and Pray.

S M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh! watch and fight and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help Divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
 To his divine abode.

40

Joyfully Onward.

10s.

- 1 **J**OYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits
 above;
 Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy, says "Come;"
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
 Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
 Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
 Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low ;
 Safe in our Saviour we feel not the blow ;
 Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb—
 Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be
 gone ;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
 roam ;
 Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

41 Christian Confidence. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all !

CHORUS.

I want to go, I want to go,
 I want to go there too ;
 I want to go where Jesus is,
 I want to go there too.

42 The Gospel Advancing. Webb

1 **T**HE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly winds are blowing
 - With peace upon their wings.

43 Delightful Views. C. M

1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'll launch away.

44 Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

1 **M**Y days are gliding swiftly by
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
 "Let every lamp be burning;"
 We look afar across the wave,
 Our distant home discerning.
 For now we stand, &c.

3 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise
 Each cord on earth to sever,
 There bright and joyous in the skies
 There is our home forever.
 For now we stand, &c

45 Homeward Bound. 10s & 4s.

1 **O**UT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound;
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless
 tide,
 We're homeward bound.

Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
 We're homeward bound.

2 We'll tell the world as we journey along
 We're homeward bound ;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and op-
 pressed,
 Join in our number ; oh ! come and be
 blest ;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
 We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide
 We're home at last ;
 Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
 We're home at last ;
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore
 We're home at last.

46

Asleep in Jesus.

L. M.

1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep,
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foss.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding place;
On Indian plains or Lapland's snows,
Believers find the same repose.

47 Rejoicing in Death. Peculiar.

- 1 COME, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness
Let heaven begin below

- 8 Then to my raptured ear,
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.
- 4 When round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.

48

Death a Blessing.

11s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to
 stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
 its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
 sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
 tent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the
 tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me
 arise,
 To hail him in triumph ascending the
 skies.

49 **Heavenly Home.** **6s & 4s.**

1 **I**'M but a traveler here—
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear—
 Heaven is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heaven is my home.

50 **Foretaste of Heaven.** **11s.**

1 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature
 complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with
 saints;
 To find at the banquet of Mercy there's
 room,

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home
 Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
 home.

- 2 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion
 with thee;
 Though now my temptation like billows
 may foam,
 All all will be peace when I'm with thee
 at home.
 Home, home, &c.

51 Beautiful Zion. **Gs & 8s.**

1 **B**EAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light
 He who was slain on Calvary,
 Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven where all is light
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

52 I'm going Home. **L. M.**

1 **M**Y heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor pain, nor death can enter there;

Its glittering towers the sun outshine
That heavenly mansion shall be mine

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

3 My father's home is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

I'm going home, &c.

8 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne

I'm going home, &c

53 **Mansions of Rest.** **8s. 7s & 5s**

1 **I**N the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for you,

On the other side of Jordan,

In the sweet fields of Eden,

Where the tree of life is blooming

There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

There is rest, &c.

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.

There is rest, &c.

54 **Come, Christian Brethren.** **L. M.**

1 **C**OME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Brethren! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

55 **I love Thee, I love Thee!**

1 **I** LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my
Lord:

I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my
God;

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know,

But how much I love thee I never can
show

2 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest;
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be
 my song,
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and
 my tongue.

3 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's
 bright King,
 He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me
 to sing;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes
 loud and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth
 fill.

56 Greenland's Icy Mountains. Webb.

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

2 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With Wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim;

Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

- 8 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.

57

Cross and Crown.

C. M.

1 **M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

58 Grateful Recollection. P. M. 8s & 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

59 I lay my Sins on Jesus. 7s & 8s.

- 1 **I** LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless lamb of God
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
 All fullness dwells in him ;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

60

I'm not Ashamed.**C. M.**

1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the glory of his cross,
 And honor all his laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name
 His name is all my boast;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with him remains,
 Protected by his power,
 What I've committed to his trust,
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own his servant's name
 Before his father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place

61

Importunate Prayer.**C. M**

1 **J**ESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray, and never faint.

- 2 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer:
 He sees, he hears, and from on high
 Will make our cause his care.

62 **I Waited for the Lord.** **C. M.**

- 1 **I** Waited for the Lord my God,
 And patiently did bear;
 At length to me he did incline
 My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
 And from the miry clay,
 And on a rock he set my feet,
 Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
 Our God to magnify;
 Many shall see it, and shall fear,
 And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blessed is the man whose trust
 Upon the Lord relies;
 Respecting not the proud, nor such
 As turn aside to lies.

63 **Like as the Hart.** **C. M.**

- 1 **L**IKE as the hart for water-brooks
 In thirst doth pant and bray,
 So pants my longing soul, O God,
 That come to Thee I may.

- 2 My soul for God, the living God,
Doth thirst; when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear?
- 3 My fears have unto me been meat,
Both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say
- 4 My soul is poured out in me,
When this I think upon;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone;
- 5 With them into God's house I went
With voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
The solemn holy days.
- 6 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why in me so dismay'd?
Trust God, for I shall praise Him yet,
His count'nance is my aid.

64

Bless the Lord.

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be

Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that ev'n as the eagle's age,
Renewed is thy youth.

6 God righteous judgment executes
For all oppressed ones;
His ways to Moses, he his acts
Made known to Israel's sons.

65 The Lord's my Shepherd. C. M.

1 **T**HE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill;
 For thou art with me; and thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house forevermore
 My dwelling place shall be.

66**Glorious Spirits.****C. M.**

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing

By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

67 **Nothing but Leaves.**

1 **N**OTHING but leaves! the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves?

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

3 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Savior's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

68

Salvation. .

C. M.

1 **S**ALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
 'T is pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

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

69 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues. C. M.

1 **O**H, for a thousand tongues, to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise:
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease:
 'T is music in the sinner's ears;
 'T is life, and love, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean—
 His blood availed for me.

70 **O Lord, forgive.** **L. M**

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repentant rebel live:
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

71 **Heaven bids thee Come.** **6s & 4s.**

- 1 **C**HILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day;
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high;
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

72

Arise, my Soul, arise!**H. M.**

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 A bleeding sacrifice
 In thy behalf appears.
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 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!
- 3 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.

73 The Star of Bethlehem. L. M.

1 **W**HEN, marshaled on the nightly
 plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering
 bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!

74 Happy Day. L. M.

1 **O**H, happy day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

~ CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day!
 Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,

- And at thy footstool humbly pray
That thou wouldst take our sins away;
Happy day, happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away.
- 2 'T is 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.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
Happy day, happy day.

75 The Conqueror's Song. 10s & 11s.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'T is mine to obey, 't is his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely pre-
vail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Eben-Ezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me
 quite thro'.

76 Christ Takes our Sins Away. S. M.

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

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

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

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the accursed tree
 And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove:
 We bless the lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

77 Sweet Hour of Prayer. 1 M.

- 1 **S**WEET hour of prayer, sweet hour
 prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known:
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 May I thy consolations share,
 Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height
 I view my home and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To sieze the everlasting prize,
 And shout, while passing through the air
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

78 Savior, Visit thy Plantation. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **S**AVIOR, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;

All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die ;
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

79 **Rise, my Soul.** **7s & 6s.**

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place ;
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
 Both speed them to their source ;

So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon your Savior will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

80 A Charge to Keep I Have. S. M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save
 And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill:
 Oh may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master'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 forever die.

81 I Love to Steal Awhile Away. C. M.

1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear;
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast,
 On Him whom I adore.

82 Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

83 Lo, on a Narrow Neck of Land. C.P.M.

1 **L**O, on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell!

2 Oh God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply in my thoughtless heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late:
 Wake me to righteousness.

3 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

84 Jerusalem, my Happy Home. C. M.

1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 walls
 And pearly gates behold;

- Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

85

Guide Me.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

86

The New Jerusalem.

P. M.

- 1 **W**E are on our journey home,
 Where Christ our Lord has gone ;
 We shall meet around his throne,
 When he makes his people one,
 In the new Jerusalem.
- 2 We can see that distant home,
 Though clouds roll dark between ;
 Faith views the radiant dome,
 And a lustre flashes keen
 From the new Jerusalem.
- 3 Oh holy, heavenly home ;
 Oh rest eternal there ;
 When shall the exiles come,
 Where they cease from earthly care,
 In the new Jerusalem ?
- 4 Our hearts are breaking now
 Those mansions fair to see ;
 O Lord, thy heavens bow,

And raise us up with thee
To the new Jerusalem.

87 **He Leadeth Me.**

1 **H**E leadeth me! O, blessed thought,
O, words with heavenly comfort
 fraught,
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me!

CHORUS.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me;
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 't is 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.

88

The Gospel Ship.

- 1 **T**HE gospel ship is sailing,
 Sailing, sailing,
 The gospel ship is sailing,
 Bound for Canaan's happy shore;
 All who would ship for glory,
 Glory, glory,
 All who would ship for glory,
 Come and welcome, rich and poor
 Glory, hallelujah!
 All on board are sweetly singing,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Hallelujah to the Lamb!
- 2 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Breezes, breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along.
 Her company are singing,
 Singing, singing,
 Her company are singing,
 Glory, glory, is their song.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Take passage now for glory,
 Glory, glory,
 Take passage now for glory,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
 With us you shall be happy.
 Happy, happy,
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.

89

The Ever Green Shore.

1 **WE** are joyously voyaging
 Over the main,
 Bound for the ever green shore,
 Whose inhabitants never
 Of sickness complain,
 And never see death any more.

CHORUS.

Then let the hurricane roar,
 It will the sooner be o'er;
 We will weather the blast, and will land at
 last,
 Safe on the evergreen shore.

2 We have nothing to fear
 From the wind and the wave,
 Under our Savior's command;
 And our hearts in the midst
 Of the dangers are brave,
 For Jesus will bring us to land.

3 Both the winds and the waves
 Our commander controls;
 Nothing can baffle his skill;
 And his voice when the thundering
 Hurricane rolls,
 Can make the loud tempest be still.

4 In the thick murky night,
 When the stars and the moon,
 Send not a glimmering ray,

Then the light of his countenance,
Brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.

5 Let the high heaving billow
And mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side
That can comfort and save;—
There's one that will never forsake.

6 Let the vessel be wrecked
On the rock or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more:
He will bear, none the less,
Every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the ever green shore.

90

Sweet Land of Rest.

1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh
When will the moment come?
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home—

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering home—
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

- 8 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam,
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round,
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

91 I'm a Pilgrim Going Home.

- 1 Christians, I am on my journey!
 E'er I reach the narrow sea,
 I would tell the wondrous story,
 What the Lord has done for me.

[CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Tho' a stranger here I roam,
 I am on my way to Zion,
 I'm a pilgrim going home.

- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
 Taught my heart to seek his face;
 From a mild and lonely desert,
 Brought me to his fold of grace.
- 3 I shall yet behold my Savior,
 When the day of life is o'er;
 I shall cast my crown before him,
 I shall praise him evermore.

92

"Never be Afraid."

- 1 **N**EVER be afraid to speak for Jesus,
 Think how much a word can do;
 Never be afraid to own your Savior,
 He who loves and cares for you.

CHORUS.

Never be afraid, never be afraid,
 Never, never, never,
 Jesus is your loving Savior,
 Therefore never be afraid.

- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
 In his vineyard day by day;
 Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
 He will all your toil repay.
- 3 Never be afraid to live for Jesus,
 If you on his care depend,
 Safely shall you pass through every trial,
 He will bring you to the end.

93

Zion's Pilgrim.

- 1 **P**ILGRIMS we are to Canaan bound,
 Our journey lies along this road;
 This wilderness we travel round,
 To reach the city of our God,

CHORUS.

O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
 What makes your robes so white appear?
 Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood
 And we are traveling home to God.

- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
 In this dark desert to complain;
 A few more sighs, a few more tears,
 And we shall bid adieu to pain.
- 3 O blessed land! O happy land!
 When shall we reach thy golden shore!
 And one redeemed, unbroken band
 United be forever more.
- 4 O may we meet at last above
 Amid the holy blood washed throng,
 And sing forever Jesus' love,
 While saints and angels join the song

94 The Better Land.

- 1 **W**HITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
 Going each with staff in hand?
 We are going on a journey,
 Going at our King's command.
 Over hills, and plains and valleys,
 We are going to his palace,
 We are going to his palace,
 Going to the better land.
 We are going to his palace,
 Going to the better land.
- 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You, a little, feeble band?
 No, for friends unseen are near us,
 Holy angels round us stand.

Christ our leader, walks beside us,
 He will guard and he will guide us,
 He will guard and he will guide us.
 Guide us to that better land.

3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off better land?

Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Savior's loving hand.

We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 In that bright that better land.

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you,
 To that bright and better land?

Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.

Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land.

95

White Robes.

1 **W**HO are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Singing one triumphant song?

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes,
 White robes are waiting for me!
 Yes, clean robes, white robes,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb

- 2 These thro' fiery trials trod,
 These from great afflictions came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name.
- 3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.
- Golden Censer, page 84.

86 **The Beautiful Land.**

Golden Censer, page 67.

- 1 **A** BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
 A land of rest from sorrow free;
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
 And beautiful angels too are there.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land with me?
 Will you go? will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land?

- 2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
 It ne'er has known the shades of night;
 The glory of God, the light of day
 Hath driven the darkness far away.

- 8 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
- 4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light;
 And in one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Savior's matchless grace.

97 "Jesus on the Cross I Saw."

Praises of Jesus, page 41.

- 1 **J**ESUS on the cross I saw,
 Bleeding, dying, all for me,
 I could almost hear him say,
 All thy sins are pardoned thee.

CHORUS.

- I have seen Jesus,
 I have seen Jesus,
 I have seen Jesus,
 My Savior, on the cross.
- 2 First my heart could scarce believe,
 That my sins were all forgiven,
 But assurance I've received,
 And I hope to sing in heaven.
- 3 Now my soul is full of joy,
 "I love Jesus, yes I do;"
 Singing is my chief employ,
 "Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

The Land of Beulah.

Golden Shower, page 50.

- 1 **M**Y latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run ;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

CHORUS.

- O come angel band,
Come and around me stand,
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.
- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings ;
The holy ones, behold they come,
I hear the noise of wings.
- 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me ;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

99 The Angels There Will Teach.

Golden Shower, page 92.

1 **T**O the heavenly land ;
 To the heavenly land,
 Where the saints and the seraphs stand ;
 We are on our way ;
 We are on our way,
A united and happy band.

CHORUS.

For the angels there will teach us,
 How to sing a sweeter song !
 And no sorrow'll ever reach us,
 In that happy, happy throng
 In the heav'nly land ! In the heav'nly land,
 Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

2 Tho' we often tire ;
 Tho' we often tire,
 Where the pathway is steep and strait,
 We will still press on ;
 We will still press on,
 Till we pass through the Golden Gate.

3 But we need not fear ;
 But we need not fear,
 For we've Jesus to be our guide ;
 And with him so near ;
 Aye with him so near,
 Naught of evil can e'er betide.

100

Try to be Like Jesus.

Golden Censer, page 54.

- 1 **W**E'LL try to be like Jesus,
 The children's precious Friend,
 Far dearer than a mother,
 A sister, or a brother,
 He'll love us to the end.

CHORUS,

We'll try to be like Jesus,
 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 The children's precious Friend.

- 2 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 In body and in mind;
 For pure he was and holy,
 In temper meek and lowly,
 And to poor sinners kind.
- 3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 And do our Father's will;
 We'll seek His strength in weakness,
 We'll bear the cross in meekness,
 Up Calvary's rugged hill.
- 4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 And when we come to die,
 At his right hand in glory
 We'll sing the blessed story
 The ransomed sing on high.

101

Go and Tell Jesus.

Golden Censer, page 61.

- 1 **G**O and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make
thee whole;
Look up to him, he only can forgive,
Believe on him, and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS.

- Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive,
Go and tell Jesus, O turn to him and live.
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.
- 2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your
eyes;
His blood was spilt, his precious life he
gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might
have.
- 3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy
tears;
He'll take thee in his arm, and on his
breast
Thou mayst be happy, and forever rest.

102

Dare to do Right.

Golden Censer, page 8.

- 1 **D**ARE to do right! dare to be true!
 You have a work that no other can
 do;
 Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
 Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CHORUS.

Dare, dare, dare to do right!
 Dare, dare, dare to be true!
 Dare to be true! dare to be true!

- 2 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.
- 3 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Jesus, your Savior, will carry you through;
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight;
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?

103

Pilgrim, Halting.

Golden Chain, page 88.

- 1 **P**ILGRIM, halting, staff in hand,
 Haste away! haste away!
 Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand,
 Haste, haste away;

E'en this path where thou dost stand,
 Endeth in a better land
 Far away, far away,
 Far, far away.

- 2 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
 Look above, look above;
 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
 Look, look above;
 All is light around the throne—
 Sorrow's sighs are there unknown—
 All is love, all is love,
 All, all is love.

- 3 Hark! a voice of melody
 "Pilgrim come! pilgrim come!"
 Hark! a voice of melody!
 "Pilgrim, come home!"
 'Tis thy Father calleth thee,
 Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
 Safe at home, safe at home,
 Safe, safe at home.

104 Shall we Meet Beyond the River?

Musical Leaves, page 8.

- 1 **S**HALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 Where, in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet? shall we meet?
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?

- 2 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
- 3 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

105

Song of Faith.

Golden Censer.

- 1 **H**AD I but the faith of pious Abel,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of pious Abel,
Happy would I be.
For the sacrifice he brought,
By simple faith was given;
It gained the precious boon he sought,
The love, the smile of heaven.
- 2 Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
Happy would I be.
For the gloomy vale of death
His footsteps never trod;

He went to heaven on wings of faith,
For Enoch walked with God.

8 Had I but the faith of faithful Abraham,
(Oh, for this living faith!)

Had I but the faith of faithful Abraham,
Happy would I be.

For he left his native plain,

And sought a stranger land ;

His only son he would have slain,
By faith in God's command.

4 Had I but the faith of the Christian Mar-
tyrs,

(Oh, for this living faith!)

Had I but the faith of the Christian Mar-
tyrs,

Happy would I be.

They were racked with torturing pains,

Yet brilliant was their faith ;

It shone above the burning flames,

Triumphant over death.

106 A Land Without a Storm.

Golden Shower.

1 **T**RAVELER, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form?
Naught to me the wind's rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.

CHORUS.

And I'm going, yes, I'm going,
 To that land that has no storms,
 And I'm going, yes, I'm going
 To the land that has no storms.

2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
 Not to fear the tempest's power?
 I have not a thought of danger,
 Though the sky more darkly lower.

3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
 Soon the darkness will be o'er.
 No! I see a beckoning finger,
 Guiding to a far-off shore.

4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
 Opens to receive thy form.
 Yes! but I shall be immortal
 In that land without a storm.

107 We're Nearer Home.

Golden Shower.

1 **WE** know not what's before us,
 What trials are to come;
 But each day passing o'er us,
 Brings us still nearer home.

CHORUS.

We're nearer, nearer home,
 Our blessed, happy home,
 Where grief and sin can never come;
 We're nearer, nearer home,

- * Nearer home, nearer home,
 Nearer to my happy home;
 Nearer home, nearer home,
 Our blessed happy home.
- 2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
 And clouds our sky o'ercast,
 Let us remember only,
 That it will soon be past.
- 3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
 Life to our hearts may bring,
 In doubt we will not languish,
 But cheerfully we'll sing.

108 "Climbing up Zion's Hill."

Musical Leaves, page 24.

- 1 "I'M trying to climb up Zion's Hill,"
 For the Savior whispers, "Love me;
 Though all beneath is dark as death,
 Yet the stars are bright above me.
 Then upward still, to Zion's Hill,
 To the land of joy and beauty,
 My path before shines more and more,
 As it nears the golden city.

CHORUS.

I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
 I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
 Climbing, climbing,
 Climbing up Zion's Hill.

- 2 I know I'm but a little child,
 My strength will not protect me;
 But then I am the Savior's lamb,
 And he will not neglect me.
 Then all the time I'll try to climb
 This holy hill of Zion,
 For I am sure the way is pure,
 And on it comes "no lion."
- 3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
 And climb this hill together;
 And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
 And sing as we go thither.
 Then mount up still God's holy hill,
 Till we reach the pearly portals,
 Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs,
 Of the shining-robed immortals.

109 We are Coming, Blessed Savior.

Golden Censer, page 17

- 1 **W**E are coming blessed Savior,
 We hear thy gentle voice;
 We would be thine forever,
 And in thy love rejoice.
 We are coming, we are coming,
 We are coming, blessed Savior,
 We are coming, we are coming,
 We hear thy gentle voice.
- 2 We are coming, blessed Savior,
 To meet that happy band,

And sing with them forever,
 And in thy presence stand.
 We are coming, &c.,
 To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Savior,
 Our Father's house we see;
 A glorious mansion ever,
 For children young as we.
 We are coming, &c.,
 Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming, blessed Savior,
 To crown our Jesus King,
 And then with angels ever
 His praises we will sing.
 We are coming, &c.,
 To crown our Jesus King.

110 A Home Beyond the Tide.

1 **W**E are out on the ocean sailing,
 Homeward bound, we swiftly glide:
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.

2 Come on board, O, "ship" for glory,
 Be in haste—make up your mind!
 For our vessel's weighing anchor,
 You will soon be left behind!

3 When we all are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er!
 We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing forevermore.

111 "The House Upon a Rock."

Golden Censer, page 72.

1 **O** IF my house is built upon a rock,
 I know it will stand forever;
 The floods may come, and the rolling thun-
 der's shock,
 May beat upon my house that is founded on
 a rock,
 But it never will fall, never will fall,
 Never, never, never.

CHORUS.

My rock is firm, it is my sure foundation,
 'Tis Jesus Christ, my loving Savior,
 Jesus Christ, my loving Savior,
 The rock of my salvation,
 The rock of my salvation.

2 For he whose word is lasting as the hills,
 Whose truth is unchanging ever,
 Hath said my house on the solid rock shall
 stand,
 He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of
 his hand,

And it never will fall, never will fall,
Never, never, never.

- 3 O, if my house be built upon the sand,
'T will fall when the floods are swelling ;
The winds will blow, and the tempest will
descend,
And beat upon my house that is built upon
the sand,
And it surely will fall, never to rise,
Never, never, never.
- 4 Then let my house be built upon a rock,
For there it will stand forever ;
The floods may come, and the rolling thun-
der's shock
May beat upon my house that is founded on
a rock,
But it never will fall, never will fall,
Never, never, never.

112 Beautiful Land of Rest.

Musical Leaves, page 45.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, forever bright,
Beautiful land of rest !
No winter there, nor chill of night,
Beautiful land of rest !
The dripping cloud is chased away,
The sun breaks forth in endless day,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest !

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest !

2 Jerusalem, forever free,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 The soul's sweet home of liberty,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
 The ransomed there will never know,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest !

8 Jerusalem, forever dear,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 The pearly gates almost appear,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 And when we tread the lovely shore,
 We'll sing the song we've sung before,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest !

113 O say, Shall we Meet you all There?

Musical Leaves, page 55.

WHERE do you journey, my brother,
 O where do you journey, I pray?
 Where do you journey, my sister,
 For stormy and dark is the way.

We're journeying onward to Canaan,
 Through suffering and trial and care,
 And when we get safely to glory,
 O say, shall we meet you all there?

CHORUS.

O say, shall we meet you all there?
 O say, shall we meet you all there?
 And when we get safely to glory,
 O say, shall we meet you all there?

- 2 What is your mission, my brother,
 What is your mission below?
 What is your mission, my sister,
 As journeying onward you go?
 Our mission is practicing mercy,
 Sweet charity, patience and love,
 And following the footsteps of Jesus
 That lead to the mansions above.

114 Battling for the Lord.

Musical Leaves, page 62.

- 1 **W**E'VE 'listed in the holy war,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Eternal life, eternal joy,
 Battling for the Lord!

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
 Battling for the Lord !
 We've 'listed for this mortal life,
 Battling for the Lord !

8 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
 Battling for the Lord !
 In favor of our heavenly King,
 Battling for the Lord !

115 The Promised Land.

1 I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
 I have a Father in the promised land ;
 My Father calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
 I'll away, I'll away to the promised land ;
 My Father calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Savior in the promised land,
 I have a Savior in the promised land ;
 My Savior calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,
 I have a crown in the promised land ;
 When Jesus calls me, I must go
 To wear it in the promised land.

- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
 I hope to meet you in the promised land;
 At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
 We'll praise him in the promised land.

116

Lonely Traveler.

Musical Leaves, page 78.

- 1 **I**'M a lonely traveler here,
 Weary, oppressed;
 But my journey's end is near,
 Soon shall I rest;
 Dark and dreary is the way,
 Toiling I've come;
 Ask me not with you to stay,
 Yonder's my home.
- 2 I'm a traveler to a land
 Where all is fair,
 Where is seen no broken band;
 All, all is there.
 Where no tear shall ever fall,
 Nor heart be sad;
 Where the glory is for all,
 And all are glad.
- 3 I'm a traveler—call me not—
 Upward my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot,
 I cannot stay;
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
 Pilgrim, I'll roam;
 Hail me not—in vain you call;
 Yonder's my home.

117 Children in Heaven. C. M.

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

CHORUS,

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
- 3 What brought them to that world above ?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there ?
- 4 Because the Savior shed his blood,
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean !

118 Your Mission.

Musical Leaves, page 90.

- 1 **I**F you can not on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet ;

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high;
You can stand within the valley,
Where the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you can not t'wards the needy,
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

4 If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

- 5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare,
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it anywhere.

119 Flee to your Mountain.

Casket, page 10.

- 1 **F**LEE as a bird to your mountain,
 Thou who art weary of sin;
 Go to the clear flowing fountain,
 Where you may wash and be clean
 Fly, for the avenger is near thee;
 Call, and the Savior will hear thee,
 He on his bosom will bear thee,
 O thou, who art weary of sin,
 O thou, who art weary of sin.
- 2 He will protect thee forever,
 Wipe ev'ry falling tear;
 He will forsake thee, O never,
 Cherish'd so tenderly there;
 Haste, then, the hours are flying;
 Spend not the moments in sighing;
 Cease from your sorrow and crying;
 The Savior will wipe ev'ry tear.
- 3 Come, then, to Jesus thy Savior,
 He will redeem thee from sin;

Bless with a sense of his favor,
 Make thee all glorious within ;
 Call, for the Savior is near thee,
 Waiting in mercy to hear thee ;
 And by his presence to cheer thee,
 O thou, who art weary of sin.

120 **Waiting by the River.**

Casket, page 22.

1 **WE** are waiting by the river,
 We are watching on the shore,
 Only waiting for the boatman,
 Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

CHORUS.

We are waiting by the river,
 We are watching on the shore,
 Only waiting for the boatman,
 Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar ;
 Yet we hear the song of angels,
 Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,
 We have caught such radiant gleams,
 Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
 With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
 We have seen them leave our side,

With our Savior we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.

- 6 When we've passed that vale of shadows
With its dark and chilling tide :
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

121 Stand up for Jesus.

- 1 **S**TAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand !
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods around thy soul !

CHORUS.

Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand !
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand !
Stand up, his righteous cause defend ;
Stand up for Jesus, your best friend !

- 2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land !
Spread ye his glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord !
- 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand !
Till heathen lands with wond'rous eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.
- 4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Soon with the blest immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on Heaven's bright shore.

122

The Resurrection.

Casket, page 26.

- 1 **T**HEY hung King Jesus on a rude rugged tree,
 Hung King Jesus on a rude rugged tree,
 They hung King Jesus on a rude rugged tree,
 But the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

CHORUS.

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
 He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
 He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
 But the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

- 2 Then Joseph begged his body and laid it
 in the tomb,
 But the Lord conveyed his spirit home,
- 3 And Mary came running, her Savior there
 to see,
 But the Lord had risen from the tomb.
- 4 Go tell my disciples I've gone to Galilee,
 For the Lord has risen from the tomb.
- 5 Go preach to every nation and tell to dying
 men,
 That the Lord was dead but lives again.

123

Jesus paid it all.

- 1 **N**OTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe.
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

- 2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stooped down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
Yes, "finished!" was his cry.
- 3 Weary, working, plodding one!
O, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing;" all was done,
Yes, ages long ago.
- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
All "doing" ends in death.

124

The Happy Song.

Golden Shower.

- 1 **W**E are now in youth's bright morning,
Cheerily we're passing on;

Joys around us sweetly dawning,
Tell us joys may yet be won.

CHORUS.

We are young, and we are happy,
Happy, happy in our song,
We are young, and we are happy,
Happy, happy in our song.

- 2 If the charms of earth are fleeting,
And should quickly pass away ;
Still the Holy Spirit's greeting,
Shall not with those charms decay.
- 8 When we cross the shining portal,
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal,
We'll be happy evermore.

125

I Long to be There.

Casket, page 107.

- 1 **W**HEN I think of that city of light,
And of crowns which the glorified
wear ;
And of garments so pure and so white,
Then I long, O, I long to be there.

CHORUS.

O, I long with the saints in light,
To be clothed with garments white,
And in songs with angels unite,
Singing glory, glory hallelujah to the
Lamb!

- 2 It is not that I'm weary of pain,
Or impatient in trials and cares,
For I know that to die would be gain,
And I long, O, I long to be there.
- 3 To that city my Savior has gone,
A rich mansion and crowns to prepare;
For the hosts that are following on,
And I long, O, I long to be there.

126 Looking Home.

- 1 **A**H! this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy throngings;
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing.

CHORUS.

Looking home, looking home,
Towards the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In his Father's kingdom.

- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
- 3 Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

- 4 Blessed home! Oh, blessed home!
 All for which we're sighing,
 Soon our Lord will bid us come
 To our Father's kingdom.

127 Welcome Home.

- 1 **T**HERE is a realm where Jesus reigns,
 A home of grace and love,
 Where angels wait with sweetest strains,
 To greet the saints above.

CHORUS.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
 They'll sing their welcome home to me,
 The angels will stand on the heavenly
 strand,
 And sing their welcome home.

- 2 There sons of earth will join to bless
 The precious Savior's name,
 Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
 And saved from sin and shame.

- 3 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
 And I will give you rest;"
 The angels wait their melody,
 To greet you with the blest.

128 Fellowship of Love.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love!

And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song
With those who've gone before !

2 Yes, happy thought ! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see
And never part again.

3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways,
That we with those we love may join
In never ending praise.

129 We are Passing Away.

1 **T**O-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

CHORUS.

We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away,
To the great Judgment-day.

- 2 Leave all your sports and glittering toys ;
Come, share with us eternal joys ;
Or, must we leave you bound to hell ?
Then, dearest friends, a long farewell.
- 3 Once more, we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

130**Bright Canaan.**

- 1 **T**OGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

- Oh, Canaan! bright Canaan!
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Oh, Canaan! it is my happy home!
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
And I am resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

131

Delay Not.

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not; O, sinner, draw
near;
The waters of life are now flowing for
thee;
No price is demanded; the Savior is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is
free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its
sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
- 3 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment
shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend
thee his aid?

132

I Love Jesus.

- 1 **I**'M a pilgrim bound for glory,
I'm a pilgrim going home,
Come and hear me tell my story,
All who love the Savior come.

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, hallelujah,
 I love Jesus, yes I do;
 I love Jesus, he's my Savior,
 Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

- 2 First his holy spirit sought me,
 In the dark and cloudy day;
 Soon his grace and mercy taught me
 In his word to seek the way.
- 3 Faint and weary then he brought me
 To the fountain of his love,
 Showed me how his blood had bought me,
 Sealed my pardon from above.
- 4 Soon to Jordan's swelling river
 Like a pilgrim I shall come,
 Then, to be with Christ forever
 I'll go, singing glory, home.

133

May I Come In?

- 1 **B**EHOLD me standing at the door,
 And hear me pleading evermore,
 With gentle voice above the din,
 "May I come in? may I come in?"
- 2 I fought for thee with death's dark wave;
 I burst the dungeons of the grave;
 I would my rightful guerdon win.
 May I come in? may I come in?"

- 3 I wore the cruel thorns for thee;
I listen long and patiently
To hear thy footsteps from within.
"May I come in? may I come in?"
- 4 There's surely room within thy breast
For one more loving than the rest;
More loving far than earthly kin—
"May I come in? may I come in?"
- 5 I would not have thee beat in vain
My Father's door, and plead in pain,
When heaven and all its joys begin.
"May I come in? may I come in?"

134 Sweet Heaven of Rest.

- 1 **A** LAND there is beyond the tomb,
For which the Christian prays;
Where saints, and Christ, and angels dwell,
And will through endless days.

CHORUS.

'Tis heaven, sweet heaven,
Sweet heav'n of rest;
How I long to be there,
And its glories to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast.

- 2 We recognize among the throng
Some friends who've gained the land;
And now to hail us on the shore,
With outstretched arms they stand.

- 3 Grim death no more to our affright
 Will point his dreadful sting;
 By Judah's Lion trodden down,
 We'll "Victory" o'er him sing.

135 Pure and Holy as Thou Art.

- 1 **B**LESSED Jesus, can it be
 That a little 'child like me
 Ever can be made 'like thee,
 Pure and holy as thou art?
- 2 Jesus, I am full of sin,
 Canst thou here a triumph win—
 Cleanse and make me pure within?
 Pure and holy as thou art.
- 3 Jesus, hear me when I pray,
 Teach me what I ought to say,
 Make me, Jesus, day by day,
 Pure and holy as thou art.
- 4 Teach me, Lord, to work for thee—
 With thy Spirit strengthen me,
 Help me evermore to be,
 Pure and holy as thou art.

136 I Long to Go where Jesus Reigns.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unseen by mortal eyes.

CHORUS,

I long to go where Jesus reigns—
 Where trials shall be o'er,
 Where sin and sorrow, death and pains,
 And nights shall be no more.

2 No cloud these happy regions know,
 Forever bright and fair,
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

3 Oh! may the heavenly vision fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

137

It is Finished.

1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd all that God had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe;
 "It is finished;"
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 3 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs!
 Join to sing the glorious theme;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name!
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

138 Born of God Through Thee. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Sabbath suns may all have set,
 My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
 The place, at least, where we are met
 May know my steps no more;
- 2 The prophet of the cross may ne'er
 Again preach peace to me;
 The voice of interceding prayer
 A farewell voice may be.
- 3 Dying Redeemer, to thy breast,
 A dying wretch, I flee;
 Bid me be reconciled and blest,
 And born of God through thee.

139 Heavenly Rest. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
 On this sweet day of rest;
 O! bless this flock, and make this fold
 Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
 Are these sweet days of love;
 But what a Sabbath shall I keep
 When I shall rest above!

- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
 Here, in thine own appointed way,
 I wait to see thy face.
- 4 O! if my soul, when death appears,
 In this sweet frame be found,
 I'll clasp my Savior in mine arms,
 And leave this earthly ground.

140

The Lord's Day.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND now another week begins,
 This day we call the Lord's;
 This day he rose, who bore our sins—
 For so his word records.
- 2 Hark! how the angels sweetly sing!—
 Their voices fill the sky;
 They hail their great victorious King,
 And welcome him on high.
- 3 Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing
 Of Christ, our risen Lord—
 Of Christ, the everlasting King—
 Of Christ, th' incarnate word.
- 4 Hail, mighty Savior! thee we hail!
 High on thy throne above;
 Till heart and flesh together fail,
 We'll sing thy matchless love.

141 Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest. S. M.

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 One day, amid the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

142 Gracious Spirit. L. M

1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

143**'Tis Midnight.****L. M.**

- 1 **T**IS midnight, and on Olive's brow,
 The star is dimmed that lately shone,
 'Tis midnight, in the garden now
 The suffering Savior prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
 Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears ;
 E'en the disciple that he loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt,
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
 Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and, from ether-plains,
 Is borne the song that angels know ;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

144**'Tis Finished.****L. M.**

- 1 **T**IS finished!—so the Savior cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died,
 'Tis finished!—yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round:
 'Tis finished!—let the echo fly,
 Through heaven and hell, through earth
 and sky.

145 Behold a Stranger at the Door! L.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 Has waited long—is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh! lovely attitude—he stands
 With melted heart and loaded hands;
 Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!

146 The Broad Road. L.M

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveler.
- 2 “Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
 Create my heart entirely new,
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
 Which false apostates never knew.

147

The Voice Within.

L. M.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner! hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice—
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man;
 Ye who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 4 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be:
 Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

148

The Comforter.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 Whom Jesus sends from heaven,
 O comfort us thy children here,
 And show our sins forgiven.
- 2 O come, and in our hearts reside,
 Let them thy temples prove;
 Nor let our sinfulness and pride
 Provoke thee to remove.

3 But with thy gracious power descend,
 And all our sins subdue ;
 O bid us to thy sceptre bend,
 And form our souls anew.

4 Where God the Spirit is a guest,
 All graces there abound ;
 Love, joy and peace make calm the breast,
 And thanks and praise resound.

149 Mary at the Savior's Tomb. 7s.

1 **M**ARY to the Savior's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn,
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes,
 For awhile, she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Christ has risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice ;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day ;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

150 Longing to See Jesus. 7s & 6s.

1 **O**WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above ;

And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O! cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

151 **Indebtedness to Christ.** **C. M.**

1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

152 **Sanctifying Influence.** **S. M.**

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son and Thee.

153 **Joy of a Convert.** **11s & 9s.**

1 **O**H! how happy are they
 Who the Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 O what tongue can express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 It was heaven below
 My Redeemer to know!
 And the angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 Then, all the day long,
 Was my Jesus my song,
 And redemption through faith in his name ;
 O that all might believe,
 And salvation receive,
 And their song and their joy be the same.

154 **The Sanctifier.** **7s.**

1 **H**OLY Ghost! with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine ;
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long hath sin without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit! all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol-throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

155 **Glorying in the Cross.** *Ss & 7s.*

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

156 Guidance and Help Sought. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 **G**ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Thro' this lowly vale of tears,
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.

O, refresh us—
O, refresh us with thy grace.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.

Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!

Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

157 Zion Encouraged. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,

Zion long in hostile lands,
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

8 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God thy Savior will defend thee,
 Victory is thine at last;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

158 Little Ones Come unto Me. P. M.

1 **I** THINK when I read that sweet story
 of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs to
 his fold,
 I should like to have been with them
 then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on
 my head,
 That his arm had been thrown around
 me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look
 when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

8 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may
 go,
 And ask for a share in his love

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above;

- 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to pre-
pare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

159 When the Harvest is Past. 12s & 8s.

- 1 **W**HEN the harvest is past, and the
summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the blest
Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more—
- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer
shall blow,
The Gospel no message declare—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wail-
ing of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?
3. When the holy have gone to the regions of
peace,
To dwell in the mansion above;
When their harmony wakes, in the full-
ness of bliss,
Their song to the Savior of love—

- 4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

160 **Insulted Spirit, Stay!** **L. M.**

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despise,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
- 3 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest;
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

161 **"Take My Yoke upon You."**

"**C**OME to me, all ye that labor,
 Heavy laden and oppressed"—
 These were the precious words of Jesus—
 "Come, and I will give you rest."

CHORUS.

'Tis a Father's love,
 'Tis a Father's call,
 In his house above
 There is room for all;
 Yes, there's room for all
 In my Father's heavenly home;
 Yes, there's room for you,
 There's room for me.

162

Dwelling with God.

S. M.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
 So, Jesus! let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from thee I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"
 Savior, if 'tis thy will
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfill.
- 4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the vail in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word—
 And oft repeat before the throne—
 "Forever with the Lord!"

163 **Come Every Pious Heart.**

1 **C**OME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Savior's name!
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate his fame;
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died;
 What he endured, no tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose—
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky the conqueror rode
 And reigns on high, the Savior-God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come—
 His chariot will not stay—
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day;
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.

164 **The Watchman's Cry.**

1 **H**ARK! 'tis the watchman's cry!
 Wake, brethren, wake!

Jesus, our Lord, is nigh!—Wake, etc.
 Sleep is for sons of night,
 Ye are children of the light,
 Yours is the glory bright!—Wake, etc.

2 Call to each waking band,
 Watch, brethren, watch!
 Clear is our Lord's command!—Watch, etc.
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at the Master's gate,
 E'en tho' he tarry late!—Watch, etc.

3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 Pray, brethren, pray!
 Would ye his heart rejoice?—Pray, etc.
 Sin calls for constant fear,
 Weakness needs the strong one near;
 Long as ye struggle here!—Pray, etc.

4 Now sound the final chord,
 Praise, brethren, praise!
 Thrice holy is our Lord.—Praise, etc.
 What more befits the tongues
 Soon to lead the angels' songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs,—
 Praise, brethren, praise.

165 The Watchword of the Reformers.

1 **I** ONCE was a stranger to grace and to
 God,
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my
 load;

- Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ
on the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" 'twas nothing to me.
- 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that
roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to
the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu:" was nothing to me.
- 3 When the free grace awoke me, by light
from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to
die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Savior must be.
- 4 My terrors all vanished before the sweet
name,
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I
came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and
free;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.
- 5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of
death,
This "watchword" should rally my falter-
ing breath;
For if from life's fever my God set me free,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song should
be.

166

Love for Jesus.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art
mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety
divine!
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior, art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy
brow—
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in
death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me
breath;
And say, if the death-dew lie cold on my
brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in the heaven of light;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

167

No Condemnation.

- 1 “**N**O condemnation!”—O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word—

Perfect in comeliness art thou
In Christ, thy risen Lord.

2 In heaven his blood forever speaks
In God the Father's ear:
His Church, the jewels, on his heart
Jesus will ever bear.

3 "No condemnation!"—precious word!
Consider it, my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
His stripes have made thee whole.

4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ the spotless Lamb;
So shall we love thy gracious will,
And glorify thy name.

168 He Died to Win our Love.

1 **A** PILGRIM through this lonely world
The blessed Savior pass'd;
A mourner all his life was he—
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Dead to the world, with him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

- 4 By faith, his boundless glories there
 Our wond'ring eyes behold—
 Those glories which eternal years
 Can never all unfold.

169 We'll Anchor By-and-By.

- 1 **O**UR souls are in God's mighty hand;
 We're precious in his sight;
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him in glory bright.

CHORUS.

We'll stem the storm; it won't last long;
 We'll anchor by-and-by,
 In the haven of eternal rest,
 With Jesus ever nigh.

- 2 Him eye to eye we soon shall see;
 Our face like his shall shine:
 Oh! what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join!
- 3 Oh! what a joyful meeting there!
 In robes of white arrayed,
 We'll all unite in praising him
 Whose glories never fade.
- 4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We'll have no less days to sing God's
 praise
 Than when we first begun.

170

God is Love.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love.
Let heaven and earth their praises bring:
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
God is love.
- 2 Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ we have redemption found:
God is love.
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.
- 3 What tho' my heart and flesh should fail!
God is love.
Thro' Christ I shall o'er death prevail:
God is love.
Now Jordan's bed I need not fear,
My Savior, he himself was there;
My heart in dying, he can cheer.
God is love.
- 4 In glory we shall sing again,
God is love.
Yes, this shall be our lofty 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.

171 Rise, My Soul!

1 **R**ISE, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus,
 Jesus fills thy wondering eyes;
 See him now, in glory seated,
 Where thy sins no more can rise.

2 There in righteousness transcendent,
 Lo! he doth in heaven appear,
 Shows the Blood of his atonement
 As thy title to be there.

3 All thy sins were laid upon him,
 Jesus bore them on the tree;
 God who knew them laid them on him,
 And, believing, thou art free.

172 Life Everlasting.

1 **T**HERE is life in a look at the Crucified
 One;
 There is life at this moment for thee:
 Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be
 saved—
 Unto him who was nail'd to the tree.

2 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou
 seen?
 His cry of distress hast thou heard?

Then why, if the terrors of wrath he
endured,

Should pardon to thee be deferr'd ?

3 We are heal'd by his stripes ;—would'st
thou add to the word ?

And he is our righteousness made :

The best robe of heaven he bids thee put
on :

Oh ! could'st thou be better arrayed ?

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared,

There remaineth no more to be done ;

That once in the end of the world he
appear'd,

And completed the work he begun.

5 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus, at
once,

The life everlasting he gives ;

And know, with assurance, thou never
canst die,

Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

173

Praise the Lord.

C. M.

1 COME, happy children, come and raise
Your voices with one accord ;
Come, sing the cheerful song of praise,
And bless your Savior Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his grace,
Who pardons all your sin,

And says that such as seek his face
Shall life eternal win.

- 8 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And praise and glory give
To him who left his throne above,
And died, that you might live.

174 Christ is Born in Bethlehem. 7s.

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS keeping watch by night,
Saw around a glorious light,
Heard an angel's voice proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Soon by many a heavenly tongue,
"Glory be to God," was sung;
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Joyful tidings to mankind!
Richest grace they now may find;
Children, too, this grace may claim;
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 4 O how great the Savior's love,
Thus to leave his throne above;
Thus to bear our guilt and shame,
And be "born in Bethlehem!"

175 Glory to God. C. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, the angel said,
Good tidings, lo! I bring;
In David's city lies a babe,
And Jesus is the King.

2 Glory to God, and peace on earth,
 Good will to man is shown!
 Let heavenly joy at Jesu's birth
 Be through the nations known.

3 Glory to God, let man reply,
 For Christ the Lord is come;
 Behold him in a manger lie;
 A stable is his room.

4 Glory to God! let all the earth
 Join in the heavenly song,
 And praise him for the Savior's birth,
 In every land and tongue.

176

Death of a Sister.

C. M.

1 **D**EATH has been here and borne away
 A sister from our side;
 Just in the morning of her day,
 As young as we, she died.

2 Not long ago she fill'd her place,
 And sat with us to learn;
 But she has run her mortal race,
 And never can return.

3 We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath thy chastening rod;
 One must be first: oh, may we all
 Prepare to meet our God!

177 Death of a Brother. 8s & 7s.

1 **P**EACEFUL be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,—
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

2 Dearest brother, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrow heal.

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tear is shed.

178 There is a Happy Land. 6s & 4s.

1 **T**HERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior-King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?

On, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye.
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun
 We reign for aye.

179

Happy Day.

88.

- 1 **P**RESERVED by thine almighty power,
 O Lord, our Maker, Savior, King,
 And brought to see this happy hour,
 We come thy praises here to sing.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
 Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay.
 And at thy footstool humbly pray
 That thou wouldst take our sins away
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Christ shall wash our sins away

- 2 We praise thee for the joyful news
 Of pardon through a Savior's blood ;
 O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
 The way to happiness and God.

- 8 And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars, round thy throne
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

180 Anniversary Day. 8s, 7s & 6s.

- 1 **D**AYS and weeks and months, returning,
Bear us gently down life's way :
Still their lesson we are learning
With each anniversary day.

CHORUS.

We hail this day, so full of joy,
And greet it with our song.

- 2 Glad our hearts, and glad our voices,
Joy controls the hasting hour ;
None so sad but he rejoices
'Neath to-day's controlling power.
- 3 Glad for classmates, and for teachers,
Guiding us with gentle rule,
Glad for all the gifts that reach us,
Through our own loved Sabbath School.
- 4 Let us not forget the meaning
Days like these forever wear :
One more field has had its gleaning,
One more sheaf our arms should bear.

181 Kind Words. 6s & 4s.

- 1 **K**INDS words can never die :
Heaven gave them birth ;

Wing'd with a smile they fly
 All o'er the earth.
 Kind words the angels brought,
 Kind words our Savior taught,—
 Sweet melodies of thought!
 Who knows their worth?
 Kind words can never die, etc.

2 Kind deeds can never die:
 Though weak and small,
 From his bright throne on high
 God sees them all.
 He doth reward with love
 All those who faithful prove;
 Round them, where'er they move,
 Rich blessings fall.
 Kind deeds can never die, etc.

3 Our souls can never die;
 God's word we trust;
 He to our bodies said,
 "Dust unto dust."
 Savior, our souls prepare
 Thy happy home to share,
 Us to thy mansions bear,
 When life is past.
 Our souls can never die, etc.

182 Love One Another. Peculiar.

1 **W**E all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 And keep the golden rule.

CHORUS.

Sing on, love on, a little band of loving ones,—
Sing on, love on, a little happy band.

2 We always love our parents,
We always love our parents,
We always love our parents,
As children ought to do.

183 **Yet there is Room.** **C. M.**

1 **C**OME sinner, to the gospel feast,
Oh, come without delay,
For there is room on Jesu's breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold ;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

3 There's room around the Father's board
For thee and thousands more ;
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,
Yes, come this very hour.

184 **The Penitent Inquirer.** **7s. D.**

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

2 I have long withstood his grace,
 Long provoked him face to face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus answers from above,
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss thy feet.

4 If I rightly read thy heart,
 If thou all compassion art,
 Now thine ear in mercy bow,
 Pardon and accept me now!

185

Lovest Thou Me?

75.

1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Savior, hear his word,
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:—
 "Say poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when dying, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath;
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done:

Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

186 **Ho! Ye that Thirst.** **C. M**

1 **H**O! ye that thirst, approach the spring,
Where living waters flow:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

2 "My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live."

3 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before his footstool fall.

187 **I'm a Pilgrim Bound for Glory.**

1 **I**'M a pilgrim bound for glory;
I'm a pilgrim going home;
Come and hear me tell my story,
All that love the Savior, come.

CHORUS.

Jesus loves me; Hallelujah!
Jesus gave himself for me,
Jesus leads me on to glory;
Oh! rejoice, rejoice with me.

- 2 I will tell you what induced me
 For the better land to start!
 'Twas the Savior's loving kindness
 Overcame and won my heart.
- 3 Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
 Like a pilgrim I may come;
 Then I hope to shout salvation,
 And go singing glory home.

188

The Better Land.

P. M.

- 1 **K** NOW ye that better land,
 Where care's unknown?
 Know ye that better land
 Around the throne?
 There, there in happiness,
 There streams of purest bliss;
 There, there are rest and peace,
 There, there alone.
- 2 Yes, yes, we know that place,
 We know it well;
 Eye hath not seen his face,
 Tongue cannot tell;
 There are the angels bright,
 There saints enrob'd in white,
 All, all are clothed in light—
 There, there they dwell.
- 3 Come! hasten that sweet day:
 Let time begone!
 Come! Lord, make no delay
 On thy white throne:

Thy face we wish to see,
 To dwell and reign with thee,
 And thine forever be—
 Thine, thine alone.

189 Coronation of the King of Kings.

1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
 From the fight return victorious:
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Savior! angels crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him!
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crown the Savior "King of Kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around him;
 Own his title, praise his name.
 Crown him! crown him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

190

The Solid Rock.

P. M.

1 **M**Y hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

191 The Realms of the Blessed. 8s.

- 1 **W**E talk of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We talk of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare ;
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We talk of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear ;
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there !

192 We're Going Home. L. M.

- 1 **W**E go the way that leads to God,
The way that saints have ever trod ;

So let us leave this fleeting shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home to die no more.

- 2 The ways of God are ways of peace,
And all his paths are pleasantness;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er
We're going home to die no more.

193 **One Day Nearer Home.**

Golden Shower, page 21.

- 1 **A** CROWN of glory bright,
By faith's clear eyes I see
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.

CHORUS.

I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer
my home to-day;
Yes! nearer my home in heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

- 2 O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And thro' the storms of life
My way pursue.

- 3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

194

Knocketh.

The Key Note, page 348.

- 1 **I**N the silent midnight watches
 List—thy bosom's door,
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore.
 Say not 'tis thy pulses beating,
 'Tis thy heart of sin ;
 'Tis thy Savior knocks and crieth,
 " Rise and let me in ! "
- 2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps,
 To the hall and hut ;
 Think you death will tarry knocking,
 When the door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But the door is fast :
 Grieved, away thy Savior goeth,
 Death breaks in at last,
- 3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let you in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay ! alas, thou guilty creature !
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 Now he knows thee not.
- 4 Think, then, while thy pulse is beating,
 And thy heart of sin,
 How thy Savior stands and crieth,
 " Rise and let me in ; "

How he knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore,
 In the silent midnight watches,
 At thy bosom door.

195

Who Shall Sing ?

Golden Chain, page 14.

- 1 **W**HO shall sing, if not the children?
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem?
 Why to them were voices given,
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear,
 Why, unless the song of heaven
 They begin to practice here?
- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Savior's throne
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turn'd;
 Is not this the same perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learn'd?
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh, they cannot sing too early!
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me then, why should not they?

196 Be Kind to the Loved Ones, &c.

S. S. Bell No. 2, page 46.

1 **B**E kind to thy father; for when thou
 wast young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he?
 He caught the first accents that fell from
 thy tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee.
 Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with gray;
 His footsteps are feeble,—once fearless and
 bold:
 Thy father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy mother; for, lo! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen;
 Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort
 her now,
 For loving and kind she hath been.
 Remember thy mother; for thee will she
 pray
 As long as God giveth her breath;
 With accents of kindness, then, cheer her
 lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

197 The Song of Angels.

S. S. Hosanna, page 48.

1 **T**HERE is a song the angels sing,
 And its notes with rapture ring,

Round the throne whose radiance fills the
heavens above.

Shepherds heard the distant strain,
Watching on Judea's plain,

"Glory be to God, to men be peace and love!"

CHORUS.

Through the earth and through the sky
Let the anthem ever fly,

"Peace, good will to men, and glory be to
God on high!"

2 'Tis a song for children too;
To the Savior 'tis their due;

Let its grateful notes ascend to him again
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,

"Glory be to God, good will and peace to
men!"

3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,

Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall
cease:

Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise,

"Glory be to God, to men good will and
peace!"

198 . The Lion of Judah.

Golden Harp, page 36.

1 **T** WAS Jesus, my Savior, who died on
the tree,

To open a fountain for sinners like me:

His blood is that fountain which pardon
bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

CHORUS.

For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry
chain,
And give us the vict'ry again and again.

2 And when I was willing with all things to
part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my
heart;
So now I am join'd with the conquering
band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' com-
mand.—(CHO.)

3 And when the last trumpet of judgment
shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the
ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melt-
ing away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that
day.—(CHO.)

4 And when with the ransom'd, by Jesus my
head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be
led,
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross ever-
more.—(CHO.)

199 Come, Ye Blessed of My Father.

Ortola, page 148.

THEN shall the King say unto them on
 his right hand,
 Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the
 kingdom prepared for you
 From the foundation of the world.
 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat;
 I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;
 I was a stranger, and ye took me in;
 Naked, and ye clothed me;
 I was sick, and ye visited me;
 I was in prison, and ye came unto me;
 (*Recite*—Matthew, 25th chapter; 37, 38, 39,
 and part of 40th verse.)
 “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the
 least
 Of these my brethren, ye have done it unto
 me,
 Ye have done it unto me.”

200 Hope of the Blest.

Happy Volcoe, page 195.

OH, when shall I dwell in a mansion all
 bright,
 And Jesus my Savior behold,
 Or walk by his side, like an angel of light,
 In a city all garnish'd with gold?

CHORUS.

Home of the blest, home of the blest,
 When wilt thou ever be mine?

Home of the blest, home of the blest,
Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

2 No pearl from the ocean, no gold from the
mine,

Can pardon and purity buy ;
I'll trust in the blood of a Savior divine,
And I'll cling to his cross till I die.

3 Though light are the sorrows that burden
a child,

And fleeting the tempest of woe,
I long for the land that was never defiled ;
To the home of the blest would I go.

4 But while I'm a stranger away from my
home,

I'll toil in the vineyard and pray ;
I'll carry the cross while I think of the
crown,
And I'll watch for the break of the day.

201 The Savior Our Friend. 8s & 7s

B. S. Hosanna, page 192.

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

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Savior died to have us,
Reconciled, in him, to God.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

202

Beautiful River.

Happy Voices, page 220.

- 1 **S**HALL we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

- Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Savior's face.
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

203

Angels' Welcome.

Happy Voices, page 103.

1 **M**Y home is in heaven, my rest is not
 here,
 Then why should I murmur when trials
 appear?
 Be hush'd, my dark spirit: the worst that
 can come
 But shortens my journey and hastens me
 home.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, with their music
 will come,
 With music, sweet music, to welcome me
 home;
 In the bright gates of crystal the shining
 ones will stand,
 And sing me a welcome to their own native
 land.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
 And building my hopes in a region like
 this;
 I look for a city which hands have not
 piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
 —(CHO.)

8 The thorn and the thistle around me may
 grow,
 I would not recline upon roses below;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
 Till I find them forever on Jesus' own
 breast.—(CHO.)

204 A Beautiful Home.

Happy Voices, page 149.

1 **T**HERE'S a beautiful home for thee,
 brother,
 A home, a home for thee;
 In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
 There, brother, 's a home for thee.

CHORUS.

A beautiful home for thee, brother,
 A beautiful home for thee;
 In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
 There, brother, 's a home for thee.

2 There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
 A rest, a rest for thee;
 In those mansions above, where all is love,
 There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

205 **There, There is Rest.**

Casket, page 65.

- 1 **C**OME, poor pilgrim, sad and weary,
 Why heaves thy breast?
 Roaming this wide world so dreary,
 Sighing for rest.

CHORUS.

Rest, rest, sweet rest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

- 2 There is rest for thee in glory,
 Among the blest;
 Listen to the joyful story,
 There, there is rest.
- 3 There are those who've gone before us,
 All who are blest;
 Singing now the happy chorus,
 There, there is rest.
- 4 There the golden harps are ringing,
 Harps of the blest;
 And the angel bands are singing,
 There, there is rest.

206 **Marching Along.**

Golden Chain, page 112.

- 1 **T**HE children are gath'ring from near
 and from far,
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the
 war,

The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and
long,
We'll gird on our armor and be marching
along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along,
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and
long,
Then gird on the armor and be marching
along.

2 We've listed for life, and we'll camp on
the field,
With Christ as our Captain, we never will
yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and
strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching
along.

8 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we
must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation
and sin.
But one thing assures us, we cannot go
wrong,
If trusting our Savior while marching
along.

207 Ho, Reapers of Life's Harvest.

- 1 **H**O ! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?
- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below,
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

208 A Cry from Macedonia.

Golden Conser, page 112.

1 **T**HERE'S a cry from Macedonia,—Come
and help us;

The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring.

O, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Remember the great command, Away!

Go ye forth and preach the word to every
creature,
Proclaim it in ev'ry land.

CHORUS.

They shall gather from the East,
They shall gather from the West,
With the patriarchs of old,
And the ransom'd shall return
To the kingdoms of the blest,
With their harps and crowns of gold.

There's a cry from Macedonia,—Come and
help us;

The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring.

2 Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the
mountains,

The tidings of peace who bring, Who
bring

To the nations of the earth who sit in
darkness,

And tell them of Zion's King ;
 Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and
 doing,
 Go work in your Master's field, Away !
 Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of
 salvation,
 The Lord is your strength and shield.

CHORUS.

Let the distant isles be glad,
 Let them hail the Savior's birth,
 And the news of pardon free,
 Till the knowledge of the truth
 Shall extend to all the earth,
 As the waters o'er the sea.

There's a cry from Macedonia,—Come and
 help us ;

The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come !
 Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
 We thirst for the living spring.

209 Don't You Hear the Angels, etc.

Sabbath School Bell No. 2, page 6.

1 **H**OLY angels, in their flight,
 Traverse over earth and sky,
 Acts of kindness their delight,
 Wing'd with mercy as they fly.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Don't you hear them ? coming over hill and
 plain,
 Scattering music in their heavenly train ?

CHORUS.

Oh! don't you hear the angels coming, singing as they come?

Oh! bear me, angels, bear me home. .

2 Though their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.

3 Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
Oh, how sweetly would we ring
Thro' the world the Savior's name.

210. My Savior's Throne.

Fresh Laurels, page 34.

1 **I** WANT to go where the Savior reigns
On the beautiful throne above,
And catch the strains of the heavenly choir,
As they sing of his dying love,
As they sing of his dying love.

REFRAIN.

Oh, that beautiful, beautiful throne,
That beautiful Golden Throne!
I want to go where the Savior reigns,
And sit in the beautiful throne.

2 I want to sit by the living stream,
As it flows from the Golden Throne,
And bathe my soul in its crystal flood,
And dwell with the saints at home.
And dwell with the saints at home.

- 8 I want to walk in the golden streets,
 Along with the blood-wash'd throng.
 And greet the friends who have gone be-
 fore,
 And unite in the new-made song,
 And unite in the new-made song.

211

All the Way.*Fresh Laurels, page 48.*

- 1 **I**'M but a youthful pilgrim,
 My journey's just begun;
 They say I'll meet with sorrow
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of trouble,
 And trials, too, they say;
 But I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

CHORUS.

But I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

- 2 Then like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it,—joy or sorrow,—
 And lay at Jesus' feet.
 He'll comfort me in trouble,
 He'll wipe my tears away;
 With joy I'll follow Jesus
 All the way
 With joy I'll follow, etc.

- 8 Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear;
 For when I'm close by Jesus,
 Grief cannot come too near.
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day;
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.
 To heaven I'll follow, etc.

212 Give Thanks.—Chant.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Ortola, page 264.

- 1 **O** GIVE thanks unto the Lord for he is
 good;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 2 O, give thanks unto the God of gods;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 3 O, give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 4 To him who alone doeth great wonders;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 6 To him that stretched out the earth above
 waters;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 7 To him that made great lights;
 CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

- 8 The sun to rule by day ; the moon and stars
by night ;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 9 Who remembered us in our low estate ;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 10 And hath redeemed us from our enemies ;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 11 Who giveth food to all flesh ;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
- 12 O, give thanks unto the God of heaven ;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
Amen.

213

The Child's Prayer.

S. S. Bell No. 1, page 116.

- 1 INTO her chamber went
A little child, one day,
And by her chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray :
Jesus, my eyes are closed,
Thy form I cannot see—
If thou art near me, Lord,
Wilt thou not speak to me ?
A still, small voice she heard with- | in
her | soul,
“ What is it, child ? I hear thee, | tell me | all.”
- 2 I pray thee Lord, she said,
That thou wilt condescend

To stay within my heart,
 And ever be my friend ;
 The path of life looks dark—
 I would not go astray ;
 Oh, let me have thy hand
 To lead me in the way.

“Fear not, thou shalt not run the | race
 a- | lone ;”

She thought she felt a soft hand | press
 her | own.

3 They tell me, Lord, that all
 The living pass away ;
 The aged soon must die ;
 And even children may ;
 Oh, let my parents live
 Till I a woman grow ;
 For if they die, what can
 A little orphan do ?

“Fear not, my child ; whatever | ills may | come,
 I’ll not forsake thee till I | bring thee | home.”

4 Her little prayer was said,
 And from her chamber, now,
 She passed forth, with the light
 Of heaven upon her brow.
 “Mother, I’ve seen the Lord ;
 His hand in mine I felt ;
 And oh, I heard him say,
 As by my chair I knelt,

‘Fear not, my child ; whatever | ills may | come,
 I’ll not forsake thee, till I | bring thee | home.’”

214**My Home is There.***Fresh Laurels, page 94.*

- 1 **A**BOVE the waves of earthly strife,
 Above the ills and cares of life,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;
 My home is there, my home is there.

CHORUS.

My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
 In the land where the glorified ever shall roam,
 Where angels bright wear crowns of light,
 My home is there, my home is there.

- 2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
 Where buds and flowers immortal grow
 Where trees their fruit celestial bear,
 My home is there, my home is there.

- 3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptation, tears and care;
 My home is there, my home is there.

- 4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where Jesus, loving Savior, waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;
 My home is there, my home is there.

215 I am Waiting by the River.*Fresh Laurels, page 125.*

- 1 **I**AM waiting by the river,
 And my heart has waited long;
 Now I think I hear the chorus
 Of the angels' welcome song.

Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
 On the hill-tops of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

2 Far away beyond the shadows
 Of this weary vale of tears,
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping
 Through the bright and changeless years.
 Oh, I long to be with Jesus,
 In the mansions of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
 From the calm and quiet shore,
 And they soon will bear my spirit
 Where the weary sigh no more;
 For the tide is swiftly flowing,
 And I long to greet the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

216 I will Sing for Jesus.

1 I WILL sing for Jesus,
 With his blood he bought me;
 And all along my pilgrim way
 His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

Oh! help me sing for Jesus,
 Help me tell the story

Of him who did redeem us,
The lord of life and glory.

2 I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

3 Still I'll sing for Jesus,
Oh! here will I adore him
Among the clouds of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

217 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Tune—Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 **W**HAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Pressing our busy streets along?
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
Voices, in accents hushed, reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To charm the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below,
Man's pathway trod; 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er he came
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame

Blind men rejoice to hear the cry,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

- 4 Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home.
 Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept his proffered grace,
 Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 5 But if you still this call refuse,
 And dare such wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will he sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer in justice spurn,
 "Too late! too late," will be the cry,
 "Jesus of Nazareth HAS PASSED BY!"

218 **Hope of Heaven.** **C. M.**

- 1 **H**AIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one;
 Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds,
 To joys before unknown.

CHORUS,

- It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given:
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 Nor ling'ring look, nor parting sigh,
 Our future home shall know;
 There love shall beam from every eye,
 And hope immortal grow.
 Oh sacred hope, oh, blissful hope, etc.

219

Jesus Reigns.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation.
Published now to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
He reigns

- 2 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing
Here are life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
- 3 For his love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the glad Messiah's praises.

220

Pardon Offered.

- 1 **S**INNERS will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,

To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

8 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits speed your way,
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

221 **Whither Goest Thou?** *Ss & 7s.*

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stran-
ger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide,

Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide.

- 3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee;
Hence, for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

222

Rest at Home.

P. M.

- 1 **I**T'S over rolling Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming—
Oh, there rest at home.

CHORUS.

- There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
Oh, there rest at home.
- 2 Let us all go to Jesus,
And cast our crowns before him,
And cry he is worthy—
Oh, there rest at home.
- 3 When we all get to heaven,
There will be no more dying,
Our trials will be over—
Oh, there rest at home.
- 4 When this warfare is over,
In this vale of sin and sorrow,
For the way-worn pilgrim—
Oh, there rest at home.

223

Little Things.

1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

224

Little Travelers.

78.

1 **L**ITTLE travelers, Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits:
Gives the crowns his followers win;
Lift your heads ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

- 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."
- 3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"
Lift your heads ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

225 **Lo! He Cometh!** **Ss, 7s & 4s**

- 1 **L**O! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome! welcome, Judge divine.

- 3 "Come ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into life and joy;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise be your employ;"
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome to the skies!

226**Warning.****P. M.**

- 1 **O** HEARKEN, sinners, we have cause
 To warn you of your danger;
 We pray be reconciled to him
 Who once lay in a manger.

CHORUS.

- Ho! every one that thirsts,
 Come ye to the waters,
 Freely drink and quench your thirst,
 Ye Zion's sons and daughters.
- 2 There is a fountain deep and wide,
 For sin and all uncleanness,
 Come drink and wash and be made white,
 And prove the gospel's freeness.
- 3 O! see the crowd that's traveling on,
 In paths of self-denial,
 They march along the banks of love,
 And long for your arrival.
- 4 Shall unbelief debar you from
 The knowledge of your Savior?
 Believe, and you'll be justified;
 Believe, and live forever.

- 5 My night of sin and grief is gone,
 My soul is fill'd with glory;
 O, for a thousand tongues to tell
 Love's animating story.
- 6 Let heaven and earth with me unite,
 And sing and shout hosanna;
 The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
 And fill'd my soul with manna.

227

Mercy's Free.

P. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith I view my Savior dying,
 On the tree, on the tree;
 To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me, look to me;
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be, can it be?
 Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—
 He is my Prophet, Priest and King—
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken,
 Peace to me, peace to me;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free;

Soon as I in his name believ'd,
 The Holy Spirit I receiv'd,
 And Christ from death my soul retriev'd,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
 And every moment Christ is precious,
 Unto me, unto me;
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove—
 All may enjoy the Savior's love,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

228

Hinder Me Not.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue;
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints
 For I must go with you.
- 2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
 My every pleasant sweet;"
 "Hinder me not," my soul replies,
 "Because the way is great."
- 3 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries.
 "Or force shall thee detain;"
 "Hinder me not, I will be gone,
 My God hath broke thy chain."
- 4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

- 5 And when my Savior calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 "Hinder me not," come, welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

229

Remember Me.

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me.

CHORUS.

- Remember me, remember me,
 O Lord, remember me;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.
- 2 When trials sore obstruct my way
 And ills I cannot flee;
 O let my strength be as my day;
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When in the solemn hour of death,
 I wait thy just decree,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,
 Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
 Good Lord, remember me.

230 **No Tears in Heaven.** **C. M.**

1 **W**HAT if our bark, o'er life's rough
 wave,
 By adverse winds be driven,
 And howling tempests around us rave—
 There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
 Our heart with anguish riven,
 Still, let it never be forgot—
 There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
 And fade like hues at even,
 Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
 There are no tears in heaven.

231 **Give Me Jesus.** **6s.**

1 **W**HILE wandering to and fro,
 In this wide world of woe,
 Where streams of sorrows flow,

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus—Give me Jesus—
 Give me Jesus—
 You may have all this world—
 But give me Jesus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
 When pressed by grief I sigh,
 Still this shall be my cry,
 Give me Jesus, etc.

- 3 When to the mercy seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, etc.
- 4 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, etc.
- 5 When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, etc.
- 6 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Give me Jesus, etc.

232 Joy of Christ's Advent. C. M.

- 1 **J**OY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows 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.

233 See the Kind Shepherd.

Chimes, page 44.

- 1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 And calls his sheep by name ;
 Gathers the feeble in his arms,
 And feeds each tender lamb.

CHORUS.

O, Savior, dear Savior,
 Joy of the blest !
 How I long to be thine,
 In bright glory to shine,
 And to be forever at rest.

- 3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
 Where living waters flow :
 And guide us to the fruitful fields,
 Where trees of knowledge grow.

234 Children's Praise.

Chimes, page 90.

- 1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
 By the Savior, when on earth ;

Joyful in the sacred temple,
Shouts of youthful praise had birth.

CHORUS.

Come, children, come, and tune your voices,
Come, children, come, and tune your voices,
Sing ye aloud while heaven rejoices,
Sing, children, sing.

- 2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet;
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street.
- 3 Blessed Savior! now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high!
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay.

235

Children's Hosannas.

Chimes, page 150.

- 1 **W**HAT are the soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains,
What anthems loud and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring,
Hosanna! hosanna!
Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of Kings,
The Savior comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

236

Sabbath Home.

Chimes, page 172.

1 **O**H! we love to come to our Sabbath
home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us, with love to our home above,
And the crown that awaits us there

2 Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love him more.

3 Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in from the depths
of sin
Some wretched, wandering one.

4 Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Savior's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

237**Jesus, Our Savior.**

Chimes, page 185.

- 1 **W**HO was in a manger laid? Jesus.
 Who for money was betrayed? Jesus.
 Who up Calvary was led,
 Who for us his life-blood shed?
 Jesus Christ, creation's head.
- 2 Who can hear us when we call? Jesus.
 Who the dearest friend of all? Jesus.
 Who alone can do us good,
 When we're tost on Jordan's flood?
 Jesus Christ, our risen Lord.
- 3 Who can rob the grave of gloom? Jesus.
 Who can raise us from the tomb? Jesus.
 When before the Judge we wait,
 Who will open heaven's gate?
 Jesus Christ, our Advocate.
- 4 Who will give us sweetest rest? Jesus.
 Whom in heav'n shall we love best? Jesus.
 At his feet our crowns we'll fling,
 While rapturous songs we sing,
 Jesus Christ, our Savior King.

238**Thanks to the Lord.****C. M.**

- 1 **H**OSANNAS were by children sung,
 When Jesus was on earth;
 Then surely we are not too young
 To sound his praises forth.

CHORUS.

Oh, heaven! sweet heaven! home of the blest!
 How I long to be there
 All his glories to share,
 And to lean upon Jesus' breast.

2 The Lord is great—the Lord is good,
 He feeds us from his store,
 With earthly and with heavenly food,
 We'll praise him evermore.

3 We'll thank him for his gracious word,
 We'll thank him for his love,
 We'll sing the praises of our God,
 Who reigns in heaven above.

239 Sunday School Recruiting Song.

Golden Censer, page 10.

1 **D**O you know any little barefoot boy,
 In a garret or a cellar,
 Who shivers with cold, and whose garments
 old
 Will scarcely hold together?

CHORUS.

Go bring him in, there is room to spare;
 Here are food, and shelter, and pity:
 And we'll not shut the door
 'Gainst one of Christ's poor,
 Tho' you bring every child in the city.

- 2 Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching ;
Whose skrinking form braves the winter's
storm,
The alms of the richer taking ?
- 3 'Tis the Master's work, there is none so low,
But his loving hand may reach them,
And there's none so sunken in want and
woe
But we'll joy to help and teach them.

240 Jesus, Gentle Shepherd.

Happy Voices, hymn 95.

- 1 **F**AR from the fold of Jesus,
I, a wayward child,
Like a straying lamb, had wandered,
Into deserts wild :
But the Gentle Shepherd sought me,
Won me by his charms ;
Safe away from danger bro't me,
In his loving arms.

CHORUS.

- Praise Jesus, Gentle Shepherd,
Savior, loving mild :
Jesus' name is sweetest music
To the Christian child.
- 2 To his bosom close he pressed me,
Pardoned all my sin,
Led me by the stillest waters,
Into pastures green.

Now all day I'm glad and joyful,
 Happy in his love ;
 All the night my rest is peaceful,
 Guarded from above.

- 8 Evermore I'll trust in Jesus,
 He shall be my Guide ;
 No allurement shall entice me,
 From my Shepherd's side ;
 By-and-by, from earth's temptations,
 He will give me rest,
 And in heaven's greener pastures
 Make me ever blest.

241 The Resurrection. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **S**EE the eternal Judge descending,
 View him seated on his throne :
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain ;
 While in anguish thus lamenting
 That he ne'er was born again :
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 " Yonder sits the slighted Savior,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 O ! that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move :

Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "depart!"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "depart!"

242 Come to the Savior To-Day.

Happy Voices, hymn 30.

- 1 **O**H come to the Savior, dear children,
to-day,
'Tis folly to wait till you're older,
The heart is now tender, but if you delay,
'T will surely grow harder and bolder.

CHORUS.

The Savior is calling to-day;
He waits to receive you and save;
Give heed to the warning,
Ere life's sunny morning,
Be closed in the night of the grave.

- 2 You hear of the cross where Immanuel bled,
And tears down your faces are stealing;
But when a few years have rolled over
your head,
You'll hear of that cross without feeling.

- 3 How many short graves in the graveyard
you see,
How many dear children there slumber ;
And few may the days of your pilgrimage
be,
No mortal can tell us their number.
- 4 Then fly to the Savior, dear children, to-day,
While life's feeble taper is burning :
The Spirit now strives ; should you grieve
him away,
In vain may you wait his returning.

243 **Eternal Life, My Cry.**

The Singing Pilgrim, page 6.

- 1 **W**OULDST thou be saved ? no time
to lose,
Arise, and run the heavenly road ;
Wouldst thou be blest ? then, pilgrim,
haste
To leave destruction's dread abode.

CHORUS.

O, come ! O, come ! thy Savior calls,
I am the way, the truth, the life ;
Come hither, burdened soul, to me.

- 2 O, tell me how ! O, tell me where !
The way I long have sought to know ;
But fear the guilt and sin I bear
Will sink me in the depths of woe.

- 3 God's word will guide thee; dost thou see
 A light from yonder distant hill?
 On, Pilgrim, on! it shines for thee,
 With steady course pursue it still.
- 4 God's word shall guide me; yes, I see
 A light from yonder distant hill;
 O, tell me, does it shine for me?
 Hail glorious light! I will, I will!
- 5 Farewell, a long farewell to those
 Who seek to stay me as I fly;
 My ears against their call I close,
 Life, life, eternal life! my cry.

244

The Living Water.

C. M.

The Singing Pilgrim, page 74.

- 1 **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water! thirsty one
 Stoop down and drink and live."
- 2 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
 "I am this dark world's light:
 Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."

4 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till all my journey's done.

245 · Home of the Soul.

The Singing Pilgrim, page 91.

1 **I** WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
 land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glitter
 ing strand,
 While the years of eternity roll,
 While the years of eternity roll.

2 O, that home of the soul, in my visions
 and dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see,
 Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
 Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great trees of life in their beauty
 do grow,
 And the river of life floweth by,
 For no death ever enters that city you know,
 And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and
 for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

- 5 How sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain!
 With songs on our lips and with harps in
 our hands,
 To meet one another again.

246 The Guiding Hand.—Chant.

Star, page 87.

1 “**I**S this the way, my Father?”
 “’Tis my child;

Thou must pass through the tangled dreary
 wild,

If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,
 Thy peaceful home above.”

2 “But enemies are around.”

“Yes, child, I know,

Where least expected thou shalt find a foe:
 But victor thou shalt prove o’er all below:
 Only seek strength above.”

3 “My father, it is dark.”

“Child, take my hand;

Cling close to me, I’ll lead thee thro’ the
 land;

Trust my all-seeing care; so shalt thou
 stand

’Midst glory bright above.”

4 “My footsteps seem to slide.”

“Child, only raise

Thine eyes to me, then, in these slippery
 ways,

I will hold up thy going, thou shalt praise
Me for each step above."

5 "Oh, Father, I am weary."

"Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast. It was my love that
spread

Thy rugged path; hope on till I have said,
Rest, rest for aye, above."

247 Will You Go There?

Star, page 72.

1 **T**HERE'S a country, dear children, of
endless delight,
Unclouded by sorrow, ne'er shaded in
night,
Where the spirits in glory unite in the
psalm,
Ascribing all honor to God and the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Will you go there?

Will you go there to see our blessed Savior?

Will you go there?

Will you go there to praise him evermore?

2 And may little children unite with that
throng?

Shall they to the choir celestial belong?

Oh, say, may our voices with seraphim
chime,

And join the redeemed in that music sub-
lime?

- 3 Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus,
 and pray
 That early he'll help you to find the good
 way:
 Oh, he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own
 smile of love,
 And appoint you a place in the mansions
 above.
- 4 O heaven! with joy from this world of
 distress,
 Where sin is a burthen, and trials oppress—
 From the wilderness drear, where uncer-
 tain we roam,
 We look to that land where the soul has a
 home.
 We will go there, etc.

248 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Star, page 37.

- 1 **M**Y heavenly home is bright and fair,
 We'll be gathered home,
 Nor death, nor sighing visit there,
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
 We'll be gathered home,
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine,
 We'll be gathered home.
- 3 My father's house is built on high,
 We'll be gathered home,
 Above the arch'd and starry skies,
 We'll be gathered home.

249

Thy Servant Still.

C. M.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
 To suffer shame or loss;
 Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
 And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
 The face of feeble clay?
 Behold thy Savior ever near
 Will guard thee in the way."
- 4 Oh how my soul would rise and run
 At this reviving word,
 Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
 To follow thee, my Lord.

- 5 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,—
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

250 I Saw One Hanging on a Tree. C. M.

- 1 **I** SAW one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 A second look he gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live."
- 4 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
- 5 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

251 **Watch and Pray.** **C. M.**

- 1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the
ground,
On which the Lord was laid ;
His sweat as drops of blood ran down,
In agony he prayed.
- 2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will ;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow :
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

252 **Mercy.** **C. M.**

- 1 **M**ERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry ;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save ;
At thy command I tread,
With failing steps, life's stormy wave
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just;
 But wilt thou leave me?—No!
 I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
 I will not let thee go.

4 To thee, thee only will I cleave;
 Thy word is all my plea:
 That word is truth, and I believe—
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

253**I Was a Traitor.****L. M.**

1 **I** WAS a traitor doomed to die,
 Bound to endure eternal pains
 When Jesus saw me from on high,
 Was moved by love, and broke my
 chains.

2 Did melting pity stoop so low,
 The Lord of heaven pour out his blood,
 To save our rebel-race from woe,
 And be our Advocate with God?

3 Infinite mercy! boundless love!
 Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
 The Son of God, his grace to prove,
 Hangs on a tree, and groans, and dies!

254**I Do Believe.**

1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go?

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe
 That Jesus died for me:
 And through his blood, his precious
 blood,
 I shall from sin be free.

2 What did thine only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor to secure
 My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes;
 O may I now receive that gift;
 My soul, without it, dies.

255 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend. C. M. D.

1 **J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the fullness of thy love
 O Lord, remember me:
 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary,
 Remember all thy dying groans;
 And then remember me.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
 I yield myself to thee;
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me;

Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
 But thy salvation's free;
 Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
 Howe'er oppressed I be,
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do thou remember me;
 And when I close my eyes in death,
 When creature-helps all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
 I pray remember me.

256

Home at Last.

S. M.

- 1 **F**AR from my heavenly home,
 Far from my Father's breast,
 Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come
 And speed me to thy rest!"

CHORUS,

There'll be no sorrow there:
 In heaven above, where all is love—
 There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 Upon the willows long
 My harp has silent hung;
 How should I sing a cheerful song,
 Till thou inspire my tongue?
- 3 My spirit homeward turns,
 And fain would thither flee:
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
 When I remember thee.

- 4 To thee, to thee I press—
 A dark and toilsome road;
 When shall I pass the wilderness,
 And reach the saints' abode?
- 6 God of my life, be near;
 On thee my hopes I cast:
 O guide me through the desert here,
 And bring me home at last!

257

The Hiding-Place.**C. M.***Minstrel of Zion, page 84.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, the city where you dwell
 Is doomed to fearful woe;
 Those dark, impending clouds foretell
 The quick descending blow.

CHORUS.

Sinners, the hiding place is nigh;
 The Savior calls—away!
 He is the only refuge—fly!
 There's danger in delay.

- 2 Fly to the mountain, quickly fly,
 Nor will your flight be vain;
 'Tis God's own house, and heaven is nigh.
 Stay not in all the plain.
- 3 Why do you tarry, trembling souls,
 Haste ere the lightnings blaze:
 Fly ere the rumbling thunder rolls,
 Fly to the hiding-place.

258

The Prodigal.

C. M.

Minstrel of Zion, page 42.

- 1 **Y**E erring souls that wildly roam
 From heaven and bliss astray,
 Your father's voice invites you home,
 He makes a feast to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh! I'll not die here with want severe,
 And starve in foreign lands;
 In my father's house are rich supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.

- 2 And thou art bidden, weary one,
 With wants and woes opprest;
 And every far-off wandering son,
 May be a welcome guest.

- 3 The father stands and waits to greet
 His late returning son;
 Go, haste thee, child, he runs to meet,
 And kiss thee as his own.

259

Endless Rest.

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the cross a gracious voice,
 Salutes my ravish'd ears,
 "Rejoice, thou ransomed soul, rejoice,
 And dry those falling tears.

- 2 "Sinner," he cries, "behold the head
 This thorny wreath entwines;
 Look on these wounded hands, and read
 Thy name in crimson lines.

3 "These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,
 This anguish rends my breast.
 That I may save thy soul from hell,
 And give thee endless rest."

260 **Won by Kindness.** **Ss & 7s.**

Minstrel of Zion, page 60.

1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;
 "Others by thy word are savéd,
 Now to me afford thine aid."
 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he called the louder still;
 Till the gracious Savior bid him,
 "Come and ask me what you will."
 3 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let mine eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

261 **A Savior.** **C. M.**

Minstrel of Zion, page 86.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mixed in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun;
 Our hearts have burned, while Jesus spoke,
 And glowed with sacred fire;
 He stooped and talked, and fed and blessed,
 And filled th' enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

A Savior! let creation sing;
 A Savior! let all heaven ring:
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fullness in our souls he pours;
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining those who've gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

262

I'm Happy.

Minstrel of Zion, page 56.

- 1 I'M happy, I'm happy! Oh wondrous
 account!
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus, my Savior, the kingdom to
 share.
- 2 Oh, who is like Jesus! he's Salem's bright
 King;
 He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me
 to sing;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to
 his will,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

263

The Dreadful Sentence. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

CHORUS.

The judgment day is rolling on,
 The judgment day is rolling on,
 The judgment day is rolling on,
 Prepare to meet thy God.

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word,—Depart!
- 3 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
 And yet forbid to die;
 To linger in eternal pain,
 And death forever fly!—
- 4 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.

264

He Lives.

L. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
 He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
 He lives to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need.

- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring me safely there.

265**Ashamed of Jesus.****L. M.**

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
 Whose glories shine through endless day !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
 That I no more revere 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 Savior slain ;
 And O, may this my glory be—
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

266**World of Light.**

- 1 **T**HERE is a beautiful world
 Where saints and angels sing,
 A world where peace and pleasure reigns
 And heavenly praises ring.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there;
 Palms of vict'ry, crowns of glory,
 We shall wear
 In that beautiful world on high.

2 There is a beautiful world,
 Unseen to mortal sight;
 And darkness never enters there,
 That home is fair and bright.

3 There is a beautiful world
 Of harmony and love;
 O may we safely enter there,
 And dwell with God above.

267

Who is He ?

Chapel Gems, page 75.

1 **W**HO is he in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall ?

CHORUS.

'Tis the Lord, O, wondrous story,
 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory,
 At his feet we humbly fall,
 Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

2 Who is he in yonder cot,
 Bending to his toilsome lot ?

3 Who is he who stands and weeps
 At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps ?

- 4 Who is he in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
- 5 Lo! at midnight who is he,
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
- 6 Who is he in Calv'ry'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?

268 I Feel like Singing all the Time.

Praises of Jesus, page 28.

- 1 **I** FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a Friend of mine;
I'll serve him every day.

CHORUS.

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.
- 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing "Jesus is mine;"
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

169 I Love to Sing "Just Now."

Praises of Jesus, page 39. Tune—"Jesus loves me."

- 1 "PRECIOUS Jesus, he is mine!"
 Since I heard his loving call
 I've been singing all the time;
 One sweet hymn is best of all.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
 The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Yes, I love to sing "Just now,"
 Jesus is in every line;
 Since I saw his thorn-clad brow,
 I've been happy all the time.

- 3 Oh! that all my little friends
 Would to Jesus come "just now!"
 He would wash away their sins,
 Lighting up with joy each brow.

CHORUS.

Yes, come to Jesus,
 Oh! come to him "just now!"

270 Child's Prayer.

Praises of Jesus, page 41. Tune—"Jesus loves me."

- 1 JESUS, Savior, pity me,
 Hear me when I cry to thee,
 I've a very wicked heart,
 Full of sin in every part.

CHORUS.

Dear Jesus, hear me,
 Dear Jesus, hear me,
 Dear Jesus, hear me,
 Oh, listen to my prayer.

- 2 I can never make it good,
 Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
 Jesus, Savior, pity me,
 Hear me when I pray to thee.
- 3 When I try to do thy will,
 Sin is in my bosom still,
 And I soon do something bad;
 Then my heart is dark and sad.
- 4 Now I come to thee for aid,
 All my hope on thee is stayed,
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will give myself to thee.

271

Rest with Jesus.

Praises of Jesus, page 45. Tune—"Rest for the Weary."

- 1 **T**HIS is not my place of resting,
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hasting,
 On to my eternal home.

CHORUS.

In the city of the holy—
 In the land of the blessed,
 Where my Savior reigns in glory,
 There my home shall be.

There my home shall be ever,
 There my home shall be ever,
 There my home shall be ever,
 There my home shall be.

- 2 In it all is light and glory,
 O'er it shines a nightless day;
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse has pass'd away.

272 Response to "Jesus Paid it All."

Praises of Jesus, page 48,

- 1 I 'VE cast my deadly doing down,
 Down at Jesus' feet;
 I stand in him, in him alone,
 Glorious and complete.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
 All to him I owe,
 And something either great or small
 From love to him I'll do.

- 2 Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
 By a simple faith,
 Doing was a deadly thing,
 It would have been my death.
- 3 'Twas my sins that nailed him there,
 Mine that shed his blood,
 Mine that pierced the bleeding side
 Of the Son of God.

- 4 Now my life shall all be given
To my risen Lord,
Doing all the way to heaven,
Something in his word.

273 I Love to Read the Bible.

Praises of Jesus, page 49. Tune—"Jesus Paid it All"

- 1 **N**OW the book I love to read
That speaks of Jesus' love
There I find that he indeed
For me had shed his blood.

CHORUS.

The Bible tells to me
All I need to know,
Of Jesus' sufferings on the tree
For me so long ago.

- 2 "Full of Jesus," every page,
Blessed, blessed book,
Joy it brings to youth and age.
Who for its treasures look.
- 3 In this blessed, precious mine
Is the pearl of greatest worth;
Seek for it, and you will find
The richest prize on earth.

274 King of Glory.

Prayer Meeting Tune Book, page 78.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;

Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices :

Jesus reigns the God of Love.

See He sits on yonder throne !

Jesus rules the world alone ;

Hallelujah, Amen !

- 2 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Chosen to behold thy face.
- 3 Savior, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away !
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King.

275 Strength Equal to the Day.

Prayer Meeting Tune Book, page 65.

- 1 **W**AIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon this word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see ;
This is still my sweet relief,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

- 3 Rock of ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise, full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure;
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

276 **Oh, Tell Me No More.** **P. M.**

1 **O**H! tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy
 ground.

3 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live;
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.

277 **Jesus, I Rest in Thee.** **C. M.**

1 **J**ESUS, I rest in thee,
 In thee myself I hide;
 Laden with guilt and misery
 Where can I rest beside?
 'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast
 My weary soul alone I rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God,
 The Father rests in thee:
 And in the savor of that blood,
 Which speaks to him for me,
 The curse is gone—through thee I'm
 blest;
 God rests in thee—in thee I rest.

278 Pearl of Greatest Price. C. M.

- 1 **I**'VE found the Pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
A precious Christ have I.
- 2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.
- 3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My med'cine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown
My glory, and my wealth.

279 Sun of My Soul. L. M.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior'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.

280**Lord, I am Thine.****L. M.**

Diapason, page 141.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine
 With full consent I thine would be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Savior's image rise.

281**Happy Home.****C. M.**

Diapason, page 155.

- 1 **H**APPY the home, when God is there,
 And love fills every breast;
 Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
 And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
 And praise is wont to rise;
 Where parents love the sacred word,
 And live but for the skies.
- 3 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
 This blessed peace to gain;
 Unite our hearts in love to thee,
 And love to all will reign.

282**Sinner Come.****3s & 6s.**

Diapason, page 251.

- 1 **S**INNER! come,
 'Mid thy gloom,

All thy guilt confessing ;
 Trembling now,
 Contrite bow,
 Take the offered blessing.

2 Sinner! come,
 While there's room,
 While the feast is waiting,
 While the Lord,
 By his word,
 Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come,
 Ere thy doom
 Shall be sealed forever ;
 Now return,
 Grieve and mourn,
 Flee to Christ, the Savior.

283 **Haste, Traveler, Haste!** *Ss & 4s.*

Diapason, page 254.

1 **H**ASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes
 on,
 And many a shining hour is gone ;
 The storm is gathering in the west,
 And thou art far from home and rest ;
 Haste, traveler, haste!

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky :
 The rains descend, the winds are high ;
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path ; no refuge near ;
 Haste, traveler, haste!

- 3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,—
 A covert from the wind and rain,—
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,—
 A refuge from the wrath to come:
 Haste, traveler, haste!
- 4 Then linger not in all the plain:
 Flee for thy life—the mountain gain:
 Look not behind; make no delay;
 Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!
 Haste, traveler, haste!

284 **Our Blest Redeemer.** **8s & 4s**

Diapason, page 254.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame
 To teach, subdue;
 All powerful as the wind he came,
 As viewless, too.

285 **Thy Will be Done.** **8s & 4s.**

Diapason, page 258.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough
 way,
 Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done."

- 2 What tho' in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved no longer nigh;
 Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will be done."
- 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!"

286

"Need of Jesus."

Diapason, page 291.

1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am full of sin,
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within;
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious
 The sinner's only plea,
 I need thee, I need thee, I need thee.

2 I need thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor,
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
 I need the love of Jesus,
 To cheer me on my way;
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay,
 I need thee, I need thee, I need thee.

287**Purity of Heart.****C. M.**

- 1 **O**H! for a heart to praise my God ;
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 Oh! for a lowly contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him who dwells within.
- 3 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart :
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

288**The Eternal Gates.****C. M.**

- 1 **T**HE eternal gates lift up their heads,
 The doors are open'd wide,
 The King of Glory is gone up
 Unto his Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now thou art
 And look upon thy face.
- 3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
 And let thy grace be given,
 That while we linger yet below
 Our treasure be in heaven.

289

The Sinner's Friend.

Golden Censer, page 7.

1 **W**HATEVER cross the world may
 bring
 Of poverty and shame,
 To Jesus' hand we still can cling—
 He always is the same.

CHORUS.

He who was the sinner's Friend,
 Will be with us to the end,
 Noting every smile and tear:
 Our blessed Savior's ever near.

2 In sorrow's hour his love can cheer,
 And bid our fears depart;
 He makes our happiness more dear,
 And fills with peace our heart.

290

The Happy Home.

1 **I** AM bound for the land of the living,
 O hinder me not on my way;
 The sunlight is bright'ning before me
 That heralds eternity's day.
 The flowers that bloom in my pathway
 Breathe odors that waft me right on;
 They lure me no longer to tarry,
 But welcome earth's time to be gone.

CHORUS.

There's a happy home,
 Beyond this world of care;
 A home above, where all is love,
 And the good shall all meet there;
 A home above, where all is love,
 And the good shall all meet there,
 Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

2 I am waiting the summons that bids me
 No longer a pilgrim to roam,
 But, leaving the past in this death-land,
 Make the land of the living my home.
 The messenger-angel stands waiting,
 The signal to whisper to me,
 That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
 And the master is calling for me.

291 **O, do not be Discouraged.**

Orlola, page 37.

1 **O** DO not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 O, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend;
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,

Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win ;
For the Savior is your Captain,
For the Savior is your Captain,
And he hath vanquished sin.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand ;
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land. ♪

292

We are Pilgrims.

Golden Shower, page 109.

1 **W**E are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth,
Every hour and every breath,
Brings us nearer still to death.

CHORUS.

Yes, we are pilgrims,
Yes, we are pilgrims,
Yes, we are pilgrims on our journey home.

- 2 Let not trifles by the way,
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and straight,
Leading to the golden gate.
- 3 No, our faith hath one in view
Who was once a pilgrim too;
From his track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.

293

My Fatherland.

Plymouth S. S. Col., page 199.

- 1 **T**HERE is a place where all my hopes
are stayed,
My heart and my treasures are there,
Where verdure and blossoms will never-
more fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

- That blissful place is my dear fatherland;
By faith its delights I explore;
But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand,
That leads me in peace to the shore.
- 2 There is a place where loving friends are
gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me,
Exalted with Christ on his pure white
throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

- 3 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er,
 A place which the Savior to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

294 I Ought to Love my Savior.

Golden Shower, page 16.

- 1 **I** OUGHT to love my Savior!
 No earthly friend can be
 One half so kind and faithful,
 As he has been to me.
 Before my lips could utter
 His sweet and precious name,
 Until the present moment,
 His love has been the same.

CHORUS,

I ought to love my Savior,
 My precious, precious Savior,
 I ought to love my Savior,
 He loves me well, I know.

- 2 He left his home in glory,
 To save my soul from death;
 And now in all life's dangers,
 He still sustains my breath.
 I lay me down and slumber
 All thro' the hours of night;
 And wake again in safety
 To hail the morning light.

295

Golden Chain.

Golden Chain, page 8.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Praise ye the Lord, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 May sorrow fly from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow;
 Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

296

Try to Live like Jesus.

Golden Censer, page 87.

- 1 **L**ET us all from day to day,
 Try to live like Jesus;

Hand in hand we'll go
In our path below.

CHORUS.

His presence then will be our guide,
And ev'ry hour will sweetly glide,
And we shall all rejoice, rejoice,
And we shall all rejoice.

2 Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live
And our foes forgive.

297

Right Away.

Fresh Laurels, page 83.

- 1 **I** WILL come to Jesus right away, right
away,
'Tis his spirit calls me, I obey;
Jesus will receive me,
He will never leave me.
I will come to Jesus right away, right away,
I will come to Jesus right away.
- 2 I will pray to Jesus right away, right away,
I will seek his blessing every day,
While my heart is pleading,
He is interceding,
I will pray to Jesus right away.
- 3 I will live for Jesus right away, right away,
'Tis my Savior calls me, I obey;
Now in childhood's morning,
Is the gentle warning,
I will live for Jesus right away.

- 4 I will work for Jesus right away, right
 away,
 Labor in his vineyard every day;
 With my heart pursuing
 What my hands are doing,
 I will work for Jesus every day.

298

Sweet By-and-By.

Webster's New Book.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land that is fairer than day
 And by faith we may see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest,
 And our spirits will sorrow no more:
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall sing on that beautiful shore;
- 3 To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer the tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of his love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days.
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall praise on that beautiful shore.

299

Looking to Jesus.

Palmer's New Book.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

- 3 To him that o'ercometh,
 God giveth a crown,
 Thro' faith we shall conquer,
 Tho' often cast down;
 He who is the Savior,
 Our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

300 The Pilgrim's Song.

Banner, page 49.

- 1 **W**E have no home but heaven,
 A pilgrim's garb we wear,
 Our path is marked by changes,
 And strewed with many a care;
 Surrounded by temptation,
 By varied ills oppress'd,
 Each day's experience warns us
 That this is not our rest.

CHORUS.

We have no home but heaven,
 We want no home beside;
 O God! our Friend and Father!
 Our footsteps thither guide.

- 2 We have no home but heaven,
 Then wherefore seek one here?
 Why murmur at privations,
 Or grieve when trouble's near?
 It is but for a season,
 That we as strangers roam,
 And strangers must not look for
 The comforts of a home.

301 Jesus, to Thy Dear Arms I Flee.

Banner, page 50.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thy dear arms I flee,
 I have no other help but thee,
 For thou dost suffer me to come;
 O take a little wanderer home,
 O take a little wanderer home.

2 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
 Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
 O say my sins are all forgiven,
 And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

8 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
 O be thou ever, ever mine;
 And let me never, never roam,
 From thee, the little wand'rer's home.

302 Oh, Shall I Wear a Starless Crown?

Golden Promise, page 20,

1 **O**H, shall I wear a starless crown
 In yonder world of glory?
 Or will some little friend be found
 To whom I've told the story.
 The wondrous story of the cross,
 The sufferings of the Savior,
 Who died that he from worldly dross,
 Might win us to his favor.

CHORUS.

Oh happy day! Oh happy place!
 We soon shall meet together,
 Where Jesus stands with smiling face,
 To crown us his forever.

303 Jesus, Dear, I Come to Thee.

Fresh Laurels, page 31.

1 **J**ESUS, dear, I come to thee,
 Thou hast said I may;
 Tell me what my life should be,
 Take my sins away.

Jesus, dear, I learn of thee,
 In thy word divine,
 Every promise there I see,
 May I call it mine.

CHORUS.

Jesus, hear my humble song,
 I am weak, but thou art strong,
 Gently lead my soul along,
 Help me come to thee.

2 Jesus, dear, I long for thee,
 Long thy peace to know,
 Grant those purer joys to me,
 Earth can ne'er bestow;
 Jesus, dear, I cling to thee;
 When my heart is sad,
 Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
 Thou wilt make me glad.

304

Beautiful Mansions.

Fresh Laurels, page 9.

1 **B**EAUTIFUL mansions, home of the
 blest,
 Land where the faithful ever shall rest;
 There is my treasure, there shall I be,
 Lord, I am weary, lead me to thee.

CHORUS.

Savior be near me,
 Thy gentle voice can cheer me,
 O Jesus my Savior,
 Lead me to thee.

- 2 Here in a desert cheerless I roam,
Laden with sorrow, far from my home ;
Clouds on my pathway darkly I see,
Lord I am weary, lead me to thee.
- 3 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here,
Why should I doubt thee, what do I fear ;
Light in the distance, breaking I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.

305

Jewels.

Fresh Laurels, page 65.

- 1 **W**HEN he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

CHORUS.

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

- 2 He will gather, he will gather,
The gems for his kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His lov'd and his own.
- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and his own !

306

Just Beyond.

Musical Leaves, page 27.

- 1 **H**EAR you ever angels singing,
 As around the throne they shine?
 Yes, I often hear them chanting,
 Chanting hymns of love divine.

CHORUS.

Heaven's plains are just before us,
 Just beyond the shores of time;
 Soon we'll join the mighty chorus,
 In that brighter, better clime.

- 2 Hear you ever in your slumbers,
 Songs from those who've gone before?
 O! how often do I hear them,
 Singing on the other shore.

307

Is there One for me ?

Golden Censer, page 95.

- 1 **M**ANSIONS are prepared above,
 By the gracious God of love;
 Many will those mansions see;
 Is there one prepared for me?

CHORUS.

Is there one for me?
 Is there one for me?
 Many will those mansions see—
 Is there one prepared for me?

- 2 Crowns that dazzle human eye,
 Wait for those that reach the sky;
 Many will those bright crowns be—
 Is there one prepared for me?
- 3 Robes of spotless white, are given
 By the glorious King of Heaven;
 All can have them, they are free;
 Is there one prepared for me?

308

Jesus Died for me.

Golden Promise, page 192.

- 1 **I** LOVE to sing of that great Power,
 That made the earth and sea,
 But better still I love the song
 Of "Jesus died for me."

CHORUS.

- He died for you and me,
 From sin and death to free;
 I love to sing the glorious song
 Of "Jesus died for me."
- 2 I love to sing of God, of heaven,
 And all its purity,
 God is my Father, heaven my home,
 For "Jesus died for me."
- 3 And when I reach that happy place,
 From all temptation free,
 I'll tune my ever rapturous note,
 With "Jesus died for me."

309 Resurrection of Christ.

Sacred Lyre, page 50.

- 1 **A**NGELS roll the rock away;
 Death yield up thy mighty prey;
 See! he rises from the tomb—
 Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Savior; seraphs raise
 Your triumphant shouts of praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
 Now to glory see him rise;
 Hosts of angels on the road
 Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise him, with your golden lyres;
 Praise him in your noblest songs;
 Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

310 Resurrection of Christ.

Sacred Lyre, page 50.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb!
 Jesus dissipates its gloom!
 Day of triumph through the skies,
 See the glorious Savior rise.
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.

- 8 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

311 Worship the new-born Savior.

Sacred Lyre, page 51.

- 1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

312 Increase of Zion Prayed for.

Sacred Lyre, page 62.

- 1 **R**EVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace;
Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame;
Kindle our zeal for Jesus' name.

- 2 May young and old thy word receive;
 Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
 The wounded conscience healing find,
 And joy refresh each drooping mind.

313**The Way to Peace.**

112

Sacred Lyre, page 69.

A CQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner
 with God,
 And joy like the sunshine shall beam on
 thy road,
 And peace like the dew-drop shall fall on
 thy head,
 And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed

- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with
 God,
 And he shall be with thee when fears are
 abroad;
 Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy
 path,
 Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

314**Weep for the Lost.**

C. M.

- 1 **W**EEP for the lost! Thy Savior wept
 O'er Salem's hapless doom;
 He wept, to think their day was past,
 And come their night of gloom.
- 2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
 O'er Israel's gloomy face,

When Vengeance had unsheathed her
sword;

Repentance came too late.

3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
'That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil, with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair.

315 **Divine Pleadings.**

Sacred Lyre, page 79.

1 **H**ARK! sinner, hark! God speaks to
thee:

How shall I let thee go?

How shall I thy destruction see,
And all thine anguish know?

2 Sinner, how shall I give thee up?
I've loved thee as a child;
Yet of thy sins, thou fill'st the cup,
As if with passion wild.

- 3 Sinner, how shall I let thee go?
 My heart doth yearn for thee,
 Yet thou dost love transgression so,
 Thou wilt not turn to me.
- 4 O sinner, stop! pause in thy path,—
 Pause, ere it be too late;
 And now, while I hold back my wrath,
 Escape thy threat'ning fate.

316 We'll Stem the Storm.

Wesleyan Harp.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, to Pisgah's height,
 And view the promised land,
 And see by faith the glorious sight,
 Our heritage at hand.

CHORUS.

- We'll stem the storm, it wont be long,
 The heavenly port is nigh;
 We'll stem the storm, it wont be long,
 We'll anchor by-and-by.
- 2 There endless springs of pleasure flow
 At my Redeemer's side,
 For all who live by faith below,
 And in their Lord confide.
- 3 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
 Just o'er the narrow flood,
 And fields adorned in living green,
 The residence of God.

- 4 My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
 The spark will soon decay ;
 And then my happy soul will sail
 To everlasting day.

317

Social Prayer.

Sacred Lyre, page 218.

- 1 **F**ROM busy toil and heavy care
 We turn the weary mind ;
 And in the place of social prayer
 Our sanctuary find.

CHORUS.

The welcome hour, the peaceful hour,
 It is the hour of prayer ;
 Our souls receive renewing power,
 For Jesus meets us there.

- 2 The voice that stilled the stormy waves
 On distant Galilee,
 Speaks once again, and at the sound,
 Retires another sea.
- 3 These heaven-bright hours too soon are
 past ;
 Grant, Lord, this greater boon ;
 A place where worship never ends,
 Nor night succeeds to noon.

CHORUS FOR NOON-MEETING.

The mid-day hour, the noontide hour
 It is the hour of prayer ;
 Our souls receive renewing power,
 For Jesus meets us there.

318

The Old, Old Story.*The Silver Spray.*

- 1 **T**ELL me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love.
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon!
 The "early dew" of morning,
 Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that 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."

319 We shall Sleep but not Forever.

Musical Leaves, page 54.

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

CHORUS.

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

320 The Power of Prayer

Chapel Gems, page 29.

- 1 **W**HEN my soul was distress'd and my
 spirit was bow'd,
 And the dark waves of trouble ran wild,
 Then I pray'd to the Lord and he parted
 the cloud,
 And he look'd down upon me and smil'd

CHORUS.

Oh, the sunshine drove darkness away,
 And freed my glad heart from its pall;
 And I wish'd, oh I wish'd that the whole
 world would pray
 For the smile of the Lord on us all.

- 2 When my friends had all left me alone to
 my lot,
 Then I went to my Savior and Friend;
 And he soothingly spoke to my spirit,
 " Fear not; I am with thee e'en unto the
 end."
- 8 When billows of sorrow did over me roll,
 Then I pray'd for his help from above;
 And he look'd down upon me and fill'd up
 my soul
 With emotions of rapturous love.

321

Jesus by the Sea.

Chapel Gems, page 24.

1 **O** I LOVE to think of Jesus as he sat
beside the sea ;

Where the waves were only murm'ring
on the strand ;

When he sat within the boat, on the silver
wave afloat,

While he taught the waiting people on
the land.

CHORUS.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;

And I love the precious Word,

Which he spake to them that heard,

While he taught the waiting people by
the sea.

2 **O** I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd
upon the sea ;

When the waves were rolling fearfully
and grand ;

How the winds and waves were still at the
bidding of his will,

While he brought his lov'd disciples safe
to land.

CHORUS.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;

How he walk'd upon the wave,

His beloved ones to save,

While he brought them safely o'er the
stormy sea.

- 8 O I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd
beside the sea ;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon
the shore ;
How he bade them follow him and forsake
the paths of sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.

CHORUS.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;
O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;
And I long to leave my all,
At the dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

322

The Penitent

New Golden Chain, page 118. Tune—"Aron, arons of God."

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

CHORUS.

Crying save me, save me,
Save me! blessed Savior!
Crying save me, save me!
O thou Lamb of God.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

8 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears—but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

323 Hosannas in the Temple.

New Golden Chain, page 119. Tune—"Around the Throne of God."

1 When Jesus to the temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard,
 The little children owned his claim,
 And in his train appeared.
 Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
 For many tongues agreed;
 Hosanna to the heavenly King,
 To David's promised seed.

324 The Beautiful River.

Sabbath School Gem, page 56.

1 **O** HAVE you not heard of the beautiful
 stream,
 That flows thro' our Father's land?
 Its waters gleam bright through the heav-
 enly light,
 And ripple o'er golden sand.

CHORUS.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
 Seek now that beautiful stream;
 Its waters so free are flowing for thee—
 Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

- 2 Its fountains are deep and its waters are
 pure,
 And sweet to the weary soul;
 It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
 Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
- 3 This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
 It flows for all nations, free!
 A balm for each wound in its water is
 found;
 Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!
- 4 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful
 stream,
 And dwell on this peaceful shore?
 The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones
 home,
 And wander in sin no more.

325

Portuguese Hymn.

11a.

Happy Voices, page 49.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled,
 Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled.

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; Oh be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid :
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteousness, omnipotent
 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.

 DOXOLOGIES.

No. 1. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM 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 name shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

No. 2. L. M.

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

No. 3. C. M.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now
And shall be evermore.

No. 4. L. M.

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

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