

OUR NEW
HYMNAL



FOR GENERAL USE AND
SPECIAL SERVICES

Singing in the Sanctuary.



Let the congregation be well supplied with hymn books, at least one for every two worshippers.

* * * *

Singing meetings should be held for rehearsing the tunes of the ensuing Sabbath, and for general improvement in music.

* * * *

The music should be under the direction of the chorister, who should be well paid for his work, unless he is willing to give the church his services gratuitously.

* * * *

The leader, or choir, should face the congregation while singing, and never monopolize the hymns which are announced from the pulpit.

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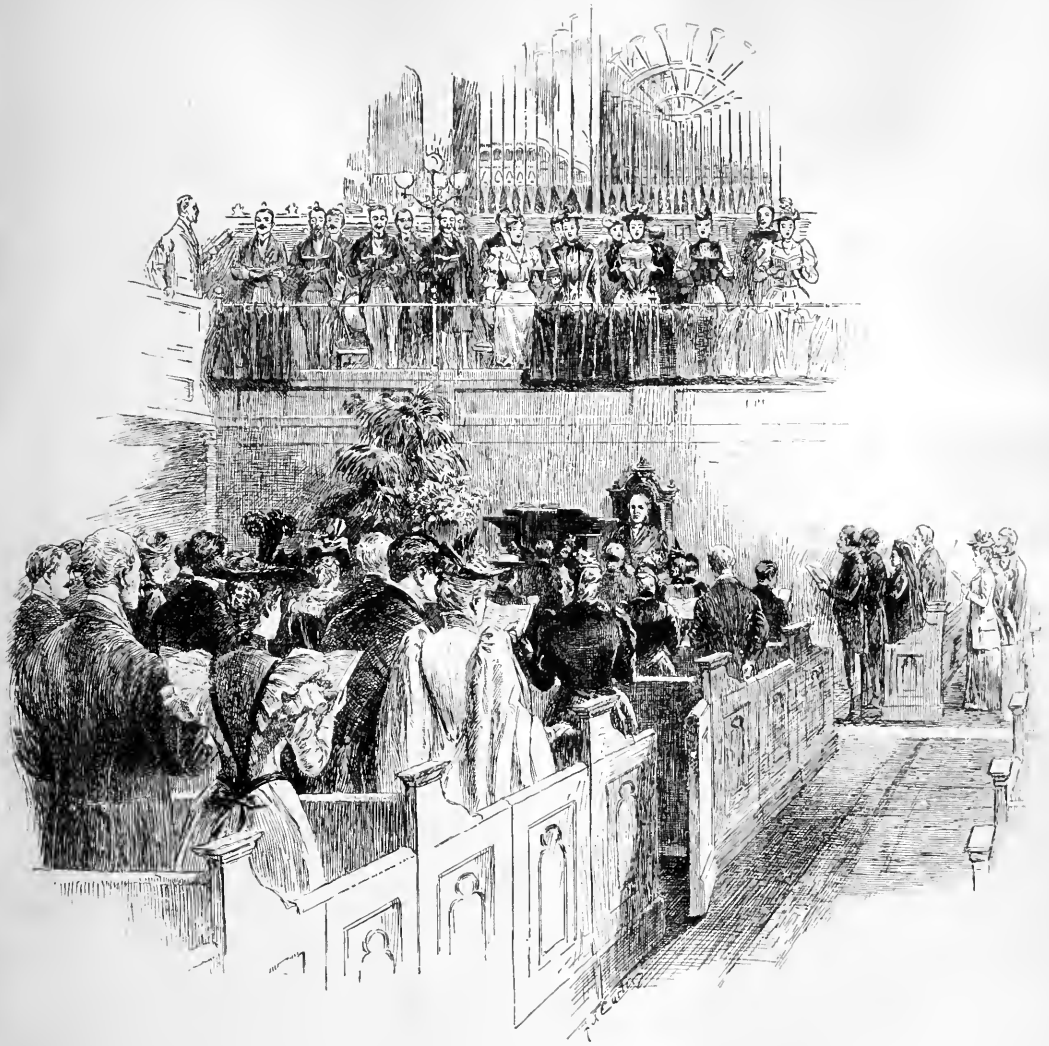
An organ voluntary is always acceptable while the people are assembling or retiring from the church.

* * * *

An appropriate anthem or spiritual song well rendered by the choir, quartet, or soloist just before or after the sermon will produce a profitable effect.

* * * *

The Pastor can do much to make interesting the praise meeting, and in carrying out the above suggestions.



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✓
OUR NEW
HYMNAL



BY

✓✓
PHILIP PHILLIPS, Mus. Doct.

AND

✓
PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

NEW YORK:

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,

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11 RICHMOND ST. W.

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Publisher's Notice.

THIS BOOK contains about five hundred undenominational hymns, believed to be among the best found in the English language. They have been most carefully selected from all sources, and are especially adapted for use in

*THE CHURCH and SUNDAY SCHOOL,
PRAYER MEETINGS and all RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS.*





PREFATORY.

“Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good, sing praises unto His name, for it is pleasant.”

This must mean that all in the sanctuary, from the oldest to the youngest, should praise God, for it is not only comely, but pleasant.

“So the number of them, with their brethren, that were instructed in the songs of the Lord, were two hundred four score and eight.”

A glorious praise meeting, with a choir of two hundred and eighty-eight, to instruct and lead the brethren in the songs of Zion, praise meetings, as well as prayer meetings should be held in our churches.

“Praise the Lord with the psaltery and harp, praise Him with stringed instruments and organs, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.”

Here the Psalmist not only exhorts us to praise the Lord with heart and voice, but also with instruments and organs.

“Praise ye the Lord, sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the congregation of saints.”

Here the great musician tells us to sing *new* songs as well as old unto the Lord.

PREFATORY.

“Teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart unto God.”

This must mean singing the gospel of Jesus, a sort of teaching and admonishing by sacred song, a sweet way to impress and win.

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.”

Take from our prayer meeting the “speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,” and much of the life and interest of the meeting is gone.

“And they sang a hymn and went out into the Mount of Olives.”

This example clearly teaches us we should sing hymns as well as psalms, even though it be at the solemn feast of commemorating the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord.”

If Sunday schools would use more of the solid, substantial hymns and tunes of the church, and our churches adopt the Sunday school mode of rendering their music—which is universally congregational—then would our Sunday schools avoid light, meaningless hymns and tunes and our churches would attract the “Lambs of the flock,” and old and young be taught to love and sing praises to God together.

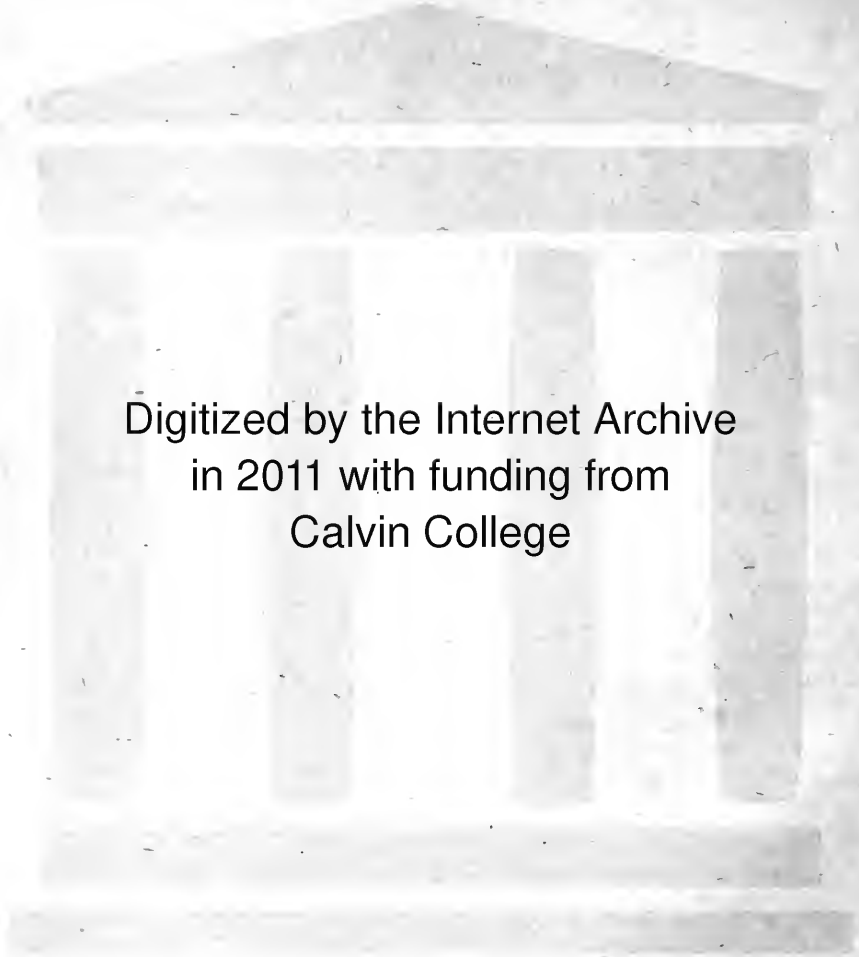
“And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, and as it were a voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunders, saying, Allelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

Music is divine, a heaven-born art, the only science used on earth that will be used in heaven, therefore, coming from God, it belongs to His children to use here and enjoy hereafter.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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OUR NEW HYMNAL.

AZMON. C. M.

CARL G. GLASER.

1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob-tained the prize;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'OUR NEW HYMNAL'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob-tained the prize;'.

And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.

The second system of musical notation for the hymn 'OUR NEW HYMNAL'. It continues the treble and bass staves from the first system. The lyrics are: 'And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.'.

1. *Communion with saints in heaven.*

C. M. **2.** *The Lamb worshipped on earth and in heaven.* C. M.

2 LET all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are the 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.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.
(7)

1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!

With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th' as - semblies of thy saints.

3.

Psalm 84.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ISAAC WATTS.

4.

Psalm 92.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

- 4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS.

5.

The day of Espousals.

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

6. *Look unto Me.*
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire!
 - 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;

- Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

7. *"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."*
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!
 - 3 Come, Light serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:

- We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!
- 4 Come, all the faithful bless -
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

HERMANUS CONTRACTUS?
Tr. by REV. RAY PALMER.

Moderato.

1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions! bow with sa-cred joy:
Know that the Lord is God a-lone: He can cre-ate, and he de-stroy.

8.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honor shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankul songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS.

9.

- 1 O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way;
- 3 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

10.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace! 'tis sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.
- 4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

ISAAC WATTS.

11.

- 1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- 3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. Help me, 'O Lord, thy will to do, In ev - 'ry least af - fair, That ev - er where my
 foot-steps go, Thy love may lin-ger there; In each re - la - tion-ship of life, Help
 me thy life to live, And so to friend and foe a - like, Thy joy and blessing give.

12.

- 2 No other end should rule my heart,
 Naught else its aim should be,
 Than something of Thy love to impart,
 Its joy, its sympathy;
 For, ever Thou wast finding here
 Some heart to help and bless,
 Some chance to dry a mourner's tear,
 To soothe an aching breast.
- 3 And hearts are still the same as then,
 And love has still its power,
 And sin is still the foe of men,
 To cloud each passing hour;
 O then help me, in whom Thou art,
 Thy life and love to show,
 That all in whom my life has part,
 Thy life and love may know.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

13.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night;
 There is an ear that never shuts
 When sink the beams of light.
 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
- 2 But there's a power which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
 That power is prayer which soars on high,
 Through Jesus, to the throne;
 And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

JOHN A. WALLACE.

1. { Mighty God ! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name ? }
 { Lord of men, as well as angels ! Thou art ev'ry (*Omit.*) . . . } creature's theme : Lord of ev'ry

land and nation ! Ancient of eternal days ! Sounded thro' the wide creation, Be thy just and awful praise.

14.

Mighty God.

- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
 For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;—
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 3 For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
 Who can sing that wondrous song ?
 Brightness of the Father's glory !
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
 Break, my tongue ! such guilty silence,
 Sing His praise unceasingly. ROB. ROBINSON.

15.

The Prince of Peace.

- 1 Light of those whose weary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
 Rise on us, Thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :

Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,—
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :
 Come and manifest Thy favor
 To the ransomed, helpless race ;
 Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour !
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. BARNBY.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing ;

To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grate-ful offer-ings bring.

16. *Psalm 92.*

- 1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing ;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER.

17. *Psalm 84.* S. M.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise !
Welcome to the reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

Moderato. REV. CESAR MALAN.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing! Sing your Sav-ior's
worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways! Glo-rious in his works and ways!

18.

4 lines 7s.

- 2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

CENNICK.

19.

4 lines 7s.

- 1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

20.

4 lines 7s.

- 1 Magnify Jehovah's Name;
For His mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

21.

Perfect peace.

4 lines 7s.

- 1 Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open'd wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.
- 3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

MARY B. DANA.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly... }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
 D. C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.
 Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

REFUGE. 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK, by per.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the near - er wa - ters

roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

22. *The Only Refuge.* 7s. D.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O 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 defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

GOD'S TEMPLE IS HERE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. God's tem-ple is here, and the sky is its dome, He speaks from his al-tar to-day,

And fills with his glo-ry trans-cend-ent-ly bright, The place where we gath-er to pray.

CHORUS.

O breth-ren, 'tis good to be here, Our bless-ed Re-deem-er is near; We

plunge in the flood of his life-giv-ing blood, O brethren, 'tis good to be here.

23.

"Let us build here three tabernacles."

2 As Peter cried out when he saw on the mount
Elias with Moses appear,
And Jesus transfigured in garments of light,
O Master, 'tis good to be here.
Cho.—We answer, 'tis good to be here, etc.

3 Come sinner, why linger away from thy God,
Away from the pardon so dear?
Now give him your heart as you kneel at his feet,
And say it is good to be here.
Cho.—Oh, yes, it is good to be here, etc.

mp *Cres.*

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,

Which in my Sav-ior shine, { I'd soar, and touch the heav'n-ly strings, }
 And vie with Ga-briel, while he sings, }

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

24.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine :
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall always shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne :

- In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face :
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;
 And the chan-ges that are sure to come I do not fear to see;
 But I ask thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing thee.

25. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

- 1 Father! I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me;
 And the changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see:
 But I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes;
 And a heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathize.

- 3 So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 And a mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.
- 4 And if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee!
 More careful not to serve Thee much,
 But to please Thee perfectly.

CHEER THEE, SAD SOUL

19

DR THOS. HASTINGS.

1. God is near thee, there - fore cheer thee, Sad soul! . . He'll de-

fend thee when a - round thee Bil - lows roll, When a - round thee bil - lows roll.

26.

"Be of good Cheer."

- 1 God is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee when around thee
Billows roll,
When around thee billows roll.
- 2 Calmy thy sadness, look in gladness
Oh high!
Faint and weary, pilgrim cheer thee,
Help is nigh!
Pilgrim, cheer thee, help is nigh!

- 3 Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
God defends him, God attends him
When he cries!
God attends him when he cries.
- 4 God is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll!
When around thee billows roll.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry,

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

27. "We can not but speak."—ACTS 4: 20.

- 2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat,
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

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

MISS KATE HANKEY.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

21

"The chiefest among ten thousands."

JOHN ZUNDEL.

Andante con moto.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fine.
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D. S. Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.

D. S.
Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;

28.

Love Divine.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

- ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter - cede—His all redeem - ing love, His

my be - half appears; Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
 precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

29.

Arise, my Soul, Arise.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me:—
 Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He can not turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

30.

Glory to glory's King.

- 1 God is gone up on high,
 With a triumphant noise,—
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim the angelic joys:
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 2 All power to our great Lord
 Is by the Father given;
 By angel hosts adored,
 He reigns supreme in heaven:
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 3 High on his holy seat,
 He bears the righteous sway;
 His foes beneath his feet
 Shall sink and die away:
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph! Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
See the King in royal state,

To his heavenly pal-ace gate! Hark! the choirs of an-gel voic-es Joy-ful hal-le-

lu-jahs sing, And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King,

31.

King of Heaven.

2 Who is it this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds of God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty God! in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy inspirations,
Waiting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel. C. WORDSWORTH.

DOXOLOGY.

Praises be to God the Father,
Praises be to God the Son,
Praises to the Holy Spirit—
God Eternal, Three in One.
Praises in the twilight hours
Of His providence and grace,
Praises in His brightest glory
When we see Him, face to face.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of ju - bi-lee is come! The year of jubilee is come! Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The year of ju - bi-lee is come! The year of jubilee is come! Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

32.

The year of jubilee.

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

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark, how the heav'nly

an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of

him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

33.

Crown Him!

2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. MATTHEW BRIDGES.

34.

Lead us to Thee.

S. M. D.

1 Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward cause must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

MRS. EMMA TOKE.

1. Rise, glorious Conquer'r, rise In - to thy na-tive skies; Assume thy right; And where, in

many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.

35.

Triumph.

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
The Lamb once slain.
- 3 Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider your portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown.
- 4 Lion of Judah, Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

36.

Praise to Jesus.

6s & 4s.

- 1 Come, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears,
Dry up your mournful tears;
Join our glad theme;
Beauty for ashes bring;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Hark how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name;
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

REV. JAMES BODEN.

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

27

"But cleave unto the Lord your God."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Earnest and pleading.

1. **Cling to the Might-y One,** **Cling in thy grief,** **Cling to the**
 (Ps. lxxxix: 19.) (Heb. xii: 11.) (Heb. i: 22.)

Ho - ly One, **He gives re - lief;** **Cling to the Gra - cious One,**
 (Ps. cxvi: 8.) (Ps. cxvi: 5)

Cling in thy pain, **Cling to the Faithful One,** **He will sus - tain.**
 (Ps. lv: 4.) (1 Thess. v: 24) Ps. iii: 5.

37.

Cling to the Mighty One.

2 **Cling to the Loving One** (Heb. vii. 25),
Cling in thy woe (Ps. lxxxvi. 7),
Cling to the Living One (1 John vi. 16),
Through all below (Rom. viii. 38-39);
Cling to the Pardoning One (Is. iv. 7),
He speaketh peace (John xiv. 27),
Cling to the Healing One (Exod. xv. 26),
Anguish shall cease (Ps. cxviii. 3).

3 **Cling to the Bleeding One** (1 John i. 7),
Cling to his side (John xx. 27),
Cling to the Risen One (Rom. vi. 9),
In him abide (John xv. 4);
Cling to the Coming One (Rev. xxii. 20),
Hope shall arise (Titus ii. 13),
Cling to the Reigning One (Ps. xcvi. 1),
Joy lights thine eyes (Ps. xvi. 2).

MILES LANE. C. M.

REV. WILLIAM SCRIBESOLE.
Har. by REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

38.

Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seeds of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 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.

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

REV. EDWARD FERRONET.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - a-dem,
And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

29

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, - Ho - ly!
golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.

39. "They rest not day and night."—REV. 4: 8.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! tho' the darkness hide thee,
Tho' the eyes of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in
earth, and sky, and sea,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!
Amen.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

1. With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high ; Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
D. S. He makes the grass the mountains crown,

And wa-ters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless-ing down, To cheer the plains below ;
And corn in val-leys grow.

40.

- 2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 3 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

41.

Psalm 139. C. M. D.

- 1 Jehovah, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 2 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee,
In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

JOHN THOMSON,

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Come, O come, with sa - cred lays, Let us sound th' Almighty's praise! Hith-er bring, in

true con - sent, Heart, and voice, and instrument. To your voi - ces tune the lute; Let not

tongue nor string be mute; Not a creat-ure dumb be found, That hath either voice or sound.

42. "Let every thing that hast breath."

2 Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
And amid this mortal throng
Be ye masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is he.

3 So shall he, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth his blessing shower;
All this huge, wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be.
Then of Jesus let us sing,
And to him our offerings bring,
Heart and voice in sacred lays,
Join to sound the Almighty's praise,

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n, There is a joy for

souls distressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a-bove—in heav'n.

43. "No more death." C. M. 5 l.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

WILLIAM P. TAPPAN.

44.

- 1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER,

45.

The believer's rest.

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, (*Omit.*) Have all lost their sweetness to me, The midsummer

sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay, But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

46. "All-sufficiency of Jesus." 8 lines 8s.

- 2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

47. *Having a desire to depart.* 8 lines 8s.

- 1 I long to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty display'd,—
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!
- 2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,—
My heaven of heavens in thee.
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

1. The Church's one foun-da-tion, Is Jesus Christ her Lord ; She is his new creation By water and the word :

From heav'n he came and sought her To be his holy bride, With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

48.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation,
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.
- 3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till, with the vision glorious,
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the church at rest.
- 4 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the three in one,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with thee.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE.

49.

- 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 perfect plea.
- 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.
- 3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
 And hope to see thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on thy throne :
 There, with thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing thy praises, Jesus,
 To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

35

LOWELL MASON.
D. C.

1st. Fine.

1. { Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! }
 Ev'n tho' it be a cross Omit . . . That raiseth me! Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
 D.C. Nearer, my God, to thee, Omit . . . Near-er to thee!

50. *Genesis 28: 10-22.*

- 2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

SAFE HOME. H. M.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shatter'd deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And on-ly
 not a wreck: But, O! the joy up - on the shore To tell our voy-age - per - ils o'er!

51. *"Safe Home."*

- 2 No more the foe can harm:
 No more of leagured camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp:
 And yet how nearly had he failed,
 How nearly had that foe prevailed!

- 3 The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penned:
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end;
 But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. REV. JOHN MASON NEALE.

J. BARNBY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd.

A - like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.

52.

Praise to Christ.

- 1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 2 To thee, O God, above,
I cry with glowing love,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

- 4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast:
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant I hear:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 6 Be this while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

E. CASWALL, TR.

1. Who are these ar-rayed in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun? Fore-most of the

sons of light; Near-est the e - ter - nal throne? These are they who bore the cross,

No - bly for their Master stood; Suff'ers in his righteous cause, Foll'wers of the dy - ing God.

53.

- 1 Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Foll'wers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came:
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

54.

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days:
Ante-date the joys above,—
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the cords of love,
D. S. I am his and He is mine,

Fine. D. S.

And thus he bound me to him, And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever, For
For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

55.

Christ's Forever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th'eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

ANONYMOUS.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

56.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.

1. Sal-va-tion! O, the joy - ful sound! What pleas-ure to our ears! A sover-eign balm for
 ev-ery wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

57. *Cambridge.*

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

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

IRENE. P. M.

Arr. fr. SCHOLEFIELD.

1. Jesus, heed me, lost and dying, Unto thee for shelter flying, Hear, oh, hear, my heart's sore crying: Heed me, or I die!

58. *Irene.*

2 All my sin and sorrow feeling,
 Come I, as the leper, kneeling;
 Come to thee for help and healing,
 Heal me, or I die!

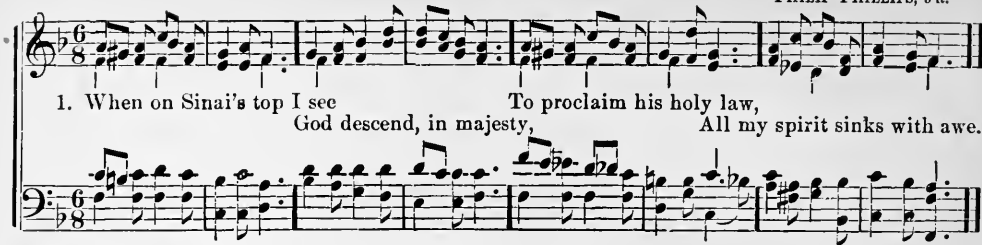
3 Not my tears of deep contrition
 Can secure one sin's remission,
 Helpless, hopeless my condition:
 Help me, or I die!

4 Far away my dead works flinging,
 Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
 Only to thy mercy clinging:
 Bless me, or I die!

5 By the cross, where hope is beaming,
 By its crimson fountain streaming,
 Flowing for the world's redeeming:
 Cleanse me, or I die!

THEOPHANY. 7s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.



1. When on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

59.

Sinai, Tabor, Calvary.

1 When on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

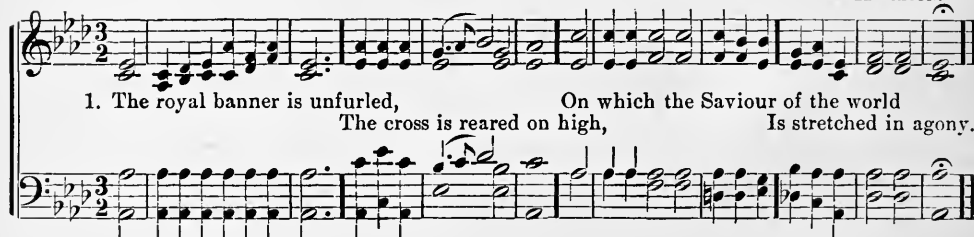
3 When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. The royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

60.

Hail, holy cross.

2 See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive;
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And see! the spear hath pierced His side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And O, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

5 Jehovah, we Thy name adore,
In Thee we will rejoice,
And sing, till time shall be no more,
The triumphs of the cross.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. TR. BY J. CHANDLER.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Up - ward, where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing,

Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole; Up - ward, where the sky is bright - est,

Up - ward, where the blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.

61. *Dwelling in the Heavens.* Ps. cxxiii, 1.

2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him:
With his name the palace rings.

3 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,
A light to shine up - on the road, Which leads me to the Lamb.

62.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

63.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

64.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God, how can it be, That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me?

65.

- 2 How many hearts thou might'st have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine.
- 3 Ah, grace! into unlikely hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

FREDERICK W. FABER.

66.

Godly sincerity.

- 1 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light, and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 4 Walk in the light, and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

BERNARD BARTON.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

EVAN. C. M.

1. Lord, it belongs not to my care Whether I die or live: To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

67.

- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;

- For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

A. NETTLETON.
D. C.

Fine.



1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
 D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—Mount of thy redeeming love.

68.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, 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; oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
 And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled;

69.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by thee.

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

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

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Love di-vine and gold-en, Mys-te-rious depth and height! To thee the world be-

hold-en, Looks up for life and light; O love di-vine and gen-tle, The bless-er

and the blest! Be-neath thy care pa-rent-al The world lies down in rest.

70.

2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love.
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on;
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL.

71.

1 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It has not passed away.
2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
3 Be present, Heav'nly Father,
To give away this bride,

As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.
4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.
5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

JOHN KEEBLE.

1. O love divine, what hast thou done?
Th' incarnate God hath died for me: The Father's co-eternal Son,

Bore all my sins upon the tree! The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

72.

Love divine.

1 O love divine, what hast thou done?
Th' incarnate God hath died for me:
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me His blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from His side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath His cross:
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things from Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune: ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

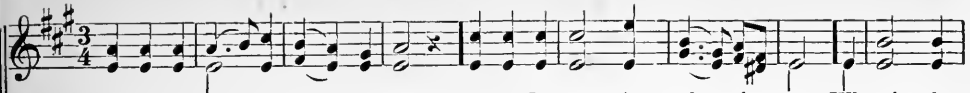
73.

It is finished.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finish'd:—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finish'd:—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

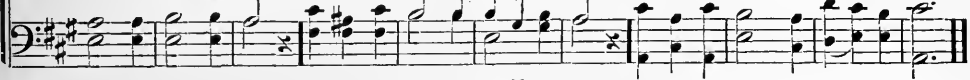
JONATHAN EVANS.



1. O spir-it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen-i - tude of grace, Where'er the



foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos-tate race, Descend on our a - pos-tate race.



74.

- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
 Confusion, order in Thy path;
 Souls without strength inspire with might,
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh,
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

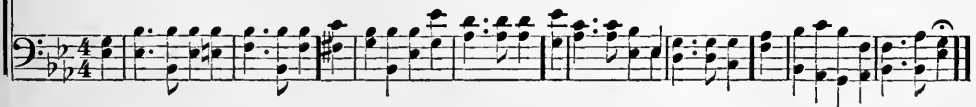
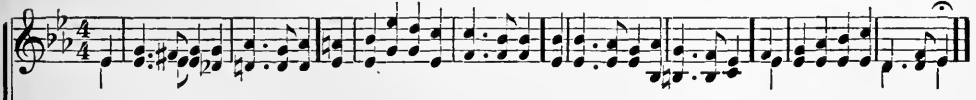
75.

- 1 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting heart proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WALTHAM. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.



1. On the mountain top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bear-ing, Zi-on

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

Verse. **CHORUS.**

76.*Good Tidings to Zion.*

- 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.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

77.*Prayer for Guidance.*

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and 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;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

REV. PETER WILLIAMS.

78.*Her enemies confounded.*

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favour'd lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

THE LOFTIEST NOTE OF PRAISE. C. M. D.

49

"For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Come, strike the highest note with me, The loft-iest note of praise, That ev - er burst from mor-tal tongue, Or an-gel harp can raise; 'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus, Lamb of God, That high-est note shall be; Oh, hal - le - lu - jah to his name, He gave his life for me.

79. *The loftiest note of praise.*

C. M.

- 2 Come, strike the highest note again,
 'Tis Jesus, Jesus still;
 No other name with such delight
 The longing heart can fill.
 Yes, I will glory in his cross,
 And there by faith I'll cling,
 When I forget his wondrous love,
 Then let me cease to sing.
- 3 That highest note, my Saviour dear,
 I'll strike with every breath;
 I'll shout the triumphs of his grace
 Along the vale of death.
 Then in that glorious land of song,
 When crowns of joy are given,
 I'll sing in tender, sweeter strains,
 That highest note in heaven.

FANNY CROSBY.

80. *The precious Name.*

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace:
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

NEWTON.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang, When Je-ho-vah's

work be - gan, When he spake, and it was done, Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of

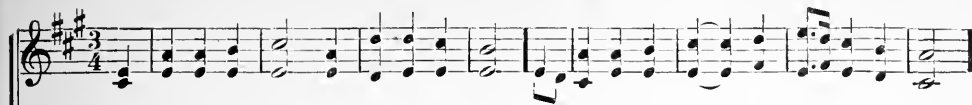
Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose, when he Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

81. "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heavens, new earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-broad his won-der-ful name;



The name all-vic-tor-ious of Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.



82.

"Salvation to God."

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol:
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and
might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing and infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

83.

"Worship the King."

- 1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath his deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

ROBERT GRANT.

THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

Therefore saith the Lord God, behold I lay in Zion a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation, for other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid which is JESUS CHRIST.—ISA. 28:16, and 1st Cor. 3: 11.

84.

Slow and firm.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick - ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
 3. Fear not, I am with you, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov - er - eign, e -
 5. When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
 6. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to
 vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth; At home or a - broad, o - ver
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and
 ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
 sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -

you he hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
 land and o'er sea— As thy days may de - mand, shall thy strength ever be.
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous om - nip - o - tent hand.
 tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
 tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (11s.)

Sublime Chorus.

UNKNOWN.

85. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is

laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word. What more can he

say than to you he hath said, . . . To you, who for ref - uge to

Solo. Duet.

Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.

Chorus.

1. God, in the gos-pel of his Son, Makes his e-ter-nal coun-sels known:

Where love in all its glo-ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.

86.*The Gospel Word.*

- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

87.*Christian Evidence.*

- 1 Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world—
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

JOHN BOWRING.

88.*Psalm 19.*

- 1 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgment right.
- 2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS.

89.*Psalm 19.*

- 1 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;—
- 2 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

ROBERT GRANT.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is ; I shall be well supplied : Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be-side ?

90.

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;

Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

Swiss Collection.

1. My God, my Life, my Love, To thee, to thee I call ; I can not live, if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.

91.

None but Jcsus.

- 2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss :
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

92.*For Dedication.*

- 1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

93.*The Ministry.*

- 1 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must forever live
In rapture or in woe.
- 3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

94.

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord how fair !
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.
- 4 Great God ! we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

HARRIET AUBER.

96.

- 1 This day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise !
The highest heaven, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

WELLESLEY.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea ;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.

95.

- 2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed.

There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

1st time. 2d time.

1. God is the refuge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;
Ere we can of-fer our complaints, [Omit.] Behold Him present with His aid.

97.

- 1 God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of dark distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our griefs allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

98.

- 1 Eternal source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 4 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

99.

- 1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth hath run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

ISAAC WATTS.

100.

- 1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3-Sent forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart;
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform, He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

101.

Providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

102.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

- 3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

ANNE STEELE.

103.

Continued help.

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

JOSEPH ADDISON.

VAUGHAN. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



1. I do not ask that life may be, O Lord, a pleasant road; Nor that thou wouldst take from me, Aught of its weary load.

104.

- 2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright:
Though strength should fail, and heart should bleed,
Lead me through peace to light.
- 3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;

- Let me in darkness feel Thy hand,
And simply follow Thee.
- 4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me.

105.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

106.

- 1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.
- 2 I Love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 4 All that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

W. CROFT.

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home :

107.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

108.

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

- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

109.

- 1 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.
- 2 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 3 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 4 No earthly Father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done,
With me, thy sinful child.
- 5 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, — A fol - l'wer of the Lamb, —
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

110. *The Warfare.*

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease?
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

ISAAC WATTS.

111. *I'm not ashamed..*

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS.

112.

- 1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

ANNE STEELE.

NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.

113. *"Thy years have no end."*

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

NAGELL.

114. *New Year's Morning.*

- 1 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 2 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day:
- 3 Then, O my Lord! prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

HORATIUS BONAR.

115. *Meeting after Absence.*

- 1 And are we yet alive
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without and fears within
Since we assembled last!
- 3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love,
And still he doth his help afford
And hides our life above.

LELAND.

116. *New Year's Evening.*

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps, In vain we search the lowest deeps,
To bring the Lord Christ down; For him no depths can drown.

117.*Whittier.*

- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain:
We touch him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.
- 4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame:
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.
- 5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

119.*The sweetest name.*

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek.
To those who ask, how kind thou art.
How good to those who seek! ¶
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, TR.

118.*Patience of Jesus.*

C. M.

- 1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 3 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 4 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }
 { Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me, } Even me, Even me, Let some drops now fall on me.

120.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call for me,
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WIMBLETON. 8s, 4s.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. God of my life! thy boundless grace My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
 Chose, pardoned, and adopted me; I come to thee.

121.

The Heart Surrendered.

1 God of my life! thy boundless grace
 Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
 My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
 I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
 Whose precious blood was shed for me,
 Into thy hands my soul I yield;
 I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
 Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
 Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
 I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
 Who praise thy name unceasingly;
 Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 I come to thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm

near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

CHORUS.

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

122. "Now they desire a better country."—HEB. 11:16.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.—*Cho.*

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

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

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

MISS PHOEBE CARRY.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee proclaim! And all that is within me join, To bless his holy name!

123.

S. M.

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all his benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
- 4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

MONTGOMERY.

124.

Christ, the guide and counsellor.

S. M.

- 1 Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

125.

S. M.

- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King.
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

KEBLE.

126.

Glorious liberty.

S. M.

- 1 O come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

CHARLES WESLEY.

VARINA. C. M. D.

Arr. by G. F. Root.

1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ;
In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. } There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs ; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

127.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

HENLEY. 11s & 10s.

L. MASON.

1. Come un-to Me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father ; Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest.

128.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed ;
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !

CATHERINE HARBISON ESLING.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. O thou that hearest pray'r, At-tend our humble cry ; And let our servants have Thy blessing from . . on high ;

We plead the promise of thy word, Grant us thy ho-ly spir-it, Lord, Grant us thy ho-ly spir-it, Lord.

129.

- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry,
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply ;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou,—
 We—children of thy grace,—
 Oh, let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place ;
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 And send thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word :
 Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
 And cast their idol gods away.

JOHN BURTON.

130.

- 1 Awaké, ye saints, awake !
 And hail this sacred day ;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay !
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquished all our foes ;

And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.

- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth in humbler strains
 Thy praise responsive sings ;
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

131.

- 1 One sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord below, above,
 One faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword, love ;
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our sacrifice is one ;
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone ;
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
 Our chief, our choicest offering.
- 3 Head of thy church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew ;
 Then shall thy perfect will be done
 When Christians love and live as one.

GEORGE ROBINSON.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love divine; And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call this Sav-ior mine.

132. "I bless the Christ of God."

- 2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
- 4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.
- 5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

133.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

HANFORD. 8, 8, 8, 4.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done."

134.

- 1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's dark way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."
- 3 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 4 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done."

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

J. BARNBY.

1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath His chast'ning

rod, Tho' rough and steep our path-way, worn and wea-ry, Still will we trust in God.

135.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosings bring us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring,
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God, Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadow
And day pour gladness thro' his golden gates;
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled meadows
Where joy our coming waits.

5 Let us press on in patient self-denial;
Accept the hardships, shrinking not from loss,
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown, beyond the cross.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

AUDITE. 7s, 6.

Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Father, hear Thy children's call, Humbly at Thy feet we fall, Prodigals, confessing all: We beseech Thee, hear us.

136.

2 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed.—REF.

3 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity.—REF.

THOMAS BENSON FOLLOCK.

1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trem-bling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pain, And long to fly a-way.

137.*In Sickness.*

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend;
- 3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.
- 4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And wait my spirit home.

REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

138.*Psalms 84.*

- 1 Great God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards the way

From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

ISAAC WATTS.

139.*Trust.—Psalm 34.*

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

TATE & BRADY.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

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

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.

140. "Fast falls the Eventide."

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies ;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

141. "Thy Word of Peace."

1 Saviour again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise ;
We rise to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free :
Darkness and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

1. Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, [Omit.] Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

142.

- 1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

143.*Zeal.*

- 1 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb :
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the earth's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Go, labor on, your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not, the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

HORATIUS BONAR.

144.

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side !
Who hence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst me to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never fading crown.

WESLEY.

145.*Encouragement.*

- 1 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
- 2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.
- 3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man ;
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
- 4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.

1. A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest,

When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.

146. "The day of holy rest."

- 1 Again returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

148.

- 1 Go down, great sun, into thy golden west,
The day is done, the hours of labor past;
The night's dark shadows deepen all around;
The day is over; rest has come at last.
- 2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.
- 3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

EDWARD HUSBAND.

147.

- 1 Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

- 3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate and take us in!

LUCY E. G. WHITMORE.

PETER RITTER.
 Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near:

Oh, may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

149.

"Abide with us."

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

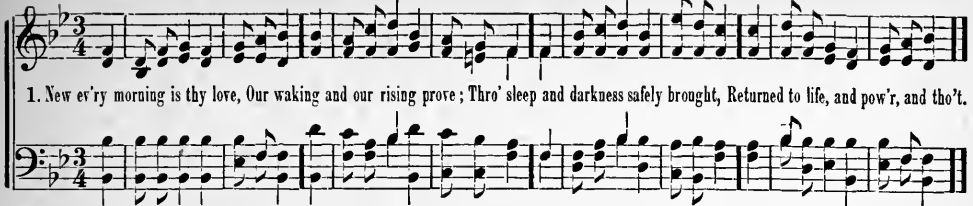
REV. JOHN KEBLE.

150.

"Evening Praise and Prayer."

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far His power prolongs my days;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps are near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head,
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in His Name forbids my fear;
 O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
 And, in the morning, make me hear
 The love and kindness of Thy heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
 And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.



1. New ev'ry morn'ing is thy love, Our waking and our rising prove; Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Returned to life, and pow'r, and tho't.

151. "Praise ye the Lord."

- 1 New every morning is thy love,
Our waking and our rising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Returned to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray,

KEBLE.

152.

- 1 Lord of all being throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.
- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

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

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

153.

- 1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
- 4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

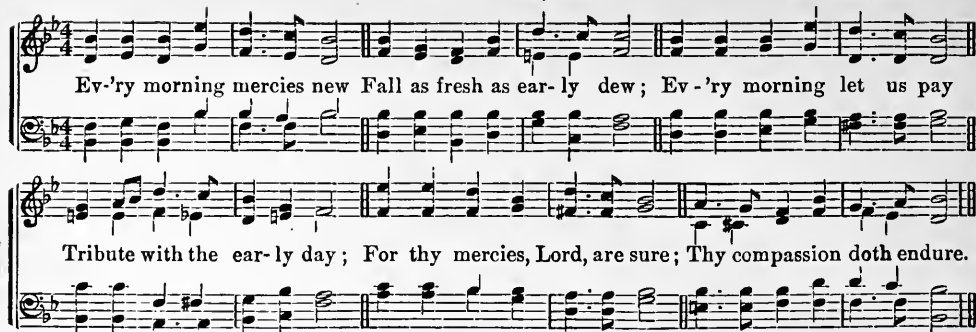
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

154.

"They are thine."

- 1 Dear Savior, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

ALICE BRADLEY HYDE.



Ev-'ry morning mercies new Fall as fresh as ear-ly dew ; Ev-'ry morning let us pay
Tribute with the ear-ly day ; For thy mercies, Lord, are sure ; Thy compassion doth endure.

155. "Mercies new."

- 1 Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew ;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day ;
For thy mercies, Lord, are sure :
Thy compassion doth endure.
- 2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove ;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lifts the burden from the breast ;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.
- 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail :
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life ;
Fit us for our daily strife.
- 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unailing prayer and praise.

H. BONAR.

156. Psalm 67. 7s. 61.

- 1 On thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

HARRIET AUBER.

157. Sabbath. 7s. 61.

- 1 Lord, it is thy holy day ;
Here we meet to praise and pray :
Joining with one heart and mind,
Earthly cares we leave behind.
On the day which thou hast made,
Us in our rejoicings aid.
- 2 Glad as when the glorious shout
Of the morning stars rang out,
Thee, Creator, will we praise,
And our hymns of triumph raise.
Sun and moon, your songs unite ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light !
- 3 Louder yet our strains be borne,
Mindful of that happy morn,
When the world's Redeemer rose,
Victor from the grave's repose ;
Who by death subdued the grave :
Mighty he our souls to save.
- 4 Looking for that rest above,
For the Sabbath of thy love,
Here to-day by hope we rise
To our mansion in the skies ;
Here by faith and love prepare
For our endless Sabbath there.

ANON.

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

To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye:—

158.*Psalm 5.*

- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

ISAAC WATTS.

159.*"Guide us."*

C. M.

- 1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

- 3 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.
- 4 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing:
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

1. Thro' the day thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest; Thro' the silent watches guard us,

Let no foe our peace molest; Jesus, thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee.

160.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when Life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

THOMAS KELLY.

161.

- 1 Saviour, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall;
Let Thy Holy Ghost, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.
- 2 Bless the Gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of thy tender love to-day.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.
- 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.
- 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,

By Thy great example taught:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

162.

- 1 Thou to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain;
Hear us Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.
- 2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.
- 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.
- 4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

GODFREY THRING.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gath - er round my lone - ly door ;
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.

163.

- 2 O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot ;
O, the shrouded and the lonely !
In our hearts they perish not.
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend ;
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

164.

In deep affliction.

- 1 Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.
- 2 Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
In my suff'rings to sustain ;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,—
By thy more than mortal pain.
- 3 By thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour ;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
- 4 By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon ;
Take my sins and fears away.

165.

Bereavement and resignation.

- 1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death hath won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.
- 2 Though cast down we're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone :
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken :
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.
- 3 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne ;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given ;
Thou hast taken but thine own ;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

H. B. MATERNAL.

166.

Saturday Evening.

- 1 Safely through another week,
God hath brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching sabbath day.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious God, our praise demand !
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourished by Thy bounteous hand.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near :
May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy courts appear.

JOHN NEWTON.

EVENING PRAYER. 8s & 7s.

D. BORTNIANSKY.

1. { Sav - ior! breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; }
 { Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }

mf
 Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;

p
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.

167.

1 Saviour! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal;
 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness can not hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb;
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

THANKSGIVING IN SONG.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."—PSALM lxiii. 3.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Let the Re - deem - er's Name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

168. 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's Name.

3 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains prolong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

THINE THE GLORY.

169. Key of G.

"Sing forth the honor of His name."

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

REF. { Hallelujah! Thine the glory. | Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen. | Revive us again.

2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.—REF.

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

WM. P. MACKAY.

PRAISING DAY AND NIGHT.

"Therefore are they before the throne."

FANNY CROSBY.

Duet or Solo and Chorus.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Have ye heard of those who jour-neyed To the bright ce - les - tial land?

How the cit - y they have en - tered At the King's di - vine com-mand?

CHORUS.

Thro' af - flic - tion deep they passed, In His blood their robes are white;

Gath - ered 'round His throne at last, They are prais - ing day and night.

170. 2 Sitting at His blessed table,
Now they eat the fruits that grow
On the tree of life eternal,
Where the crystal waters flow.—Choro.

3 Let us follow their example,
Let us tread the path they trod;
Pilgrims, haste we on our journey,
To the city of our God.—Cho.

GLORIA PATRI.

85

WM. P. MACKAY.

171. { Glory be to the Father, and . . . to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost; }
 { As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men. }

I AM SAVED ETERNALLY.

W. A. GALPIN. By per.

1. I was lost in woe and blindness, In the wea - ry wilds of sin, And with ev - er-lasting

CHORUS.
 kind - ness, My Re - deem - er took me in. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus

died and I am free, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved e - ter - nal - ly.

172. "For he shall save his people."
 2 Long ago he came to save me,
 And to bring me to his fold;
 All he had he freely gave me,—
 Blood and life and love untold.

3 Jesus is my joy and glory,
 He is all in all to me;
 And I long to tell the story,
 Of his mercy full and free.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

"Make his praise glorious."

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

173.

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along;
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 I often feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;
 But though I oft have Him forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh, may my last, expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.—Ps. cxlvii. 1.

I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvellous works.—Ps. ix. 1.

Sing forth the honor of His name; make His praise glorious.—Ps. lxvi. 2.

I will be glad and rejoice in Thee; I will sing praise to Thy name, O Thou Most High.—Ps. ix. 2.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.—Ps. cxlvii. 7.

I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

Sing praises to the Lord, who dwelleth in Zion.—Ps. ix. 11.

Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth Me.—Ps. xxxiii. 1.

Bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of His praise to be heard.—Ps. lxvi. 8.

Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee.—Ps. lxxiii. 3.

Sing unto the Lord, bless His name, show forth His salvation from day to day.—Ps. xcvi. 2.

Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.—Ps. cxiv. 2.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, because His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cxviii. 1.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.—Ps. cvii. 31.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.—Ps. cxlvii. 3.

He giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry.—Ps. cxlvii. 9.

Great is our Lord, and of great power; His understanding is infinite.—Ps. cxlvii. 5.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable.—PSALM cxlv. 3.

PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

“Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Lord.”

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

174.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, Praise the Lord, O my soul; I will praise the Lord,

I will praise the Lord, because His lov-ing kind-ness is bet-ter than life. While I

PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL. Concluded.

live, I will praise the Lord, I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, I'll praise my

Slow.

Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, And when my voice is lost in

pp

death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs. My days of praise will ne'er be past, While life and

Lento.

breath, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en-dures. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Because thy loving kindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise Thee.—Ps. lxiii. 3.

Praise ye the Lord :

For it is good to sing praises unto our God ;
for it is pleasant ; and praise is comely.—Ps.
cxlvii. 1.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving ; . . .

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who
prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh
grass to grow upon the mountains.—Ps. cxlvii.
7, 8.

*Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; Praise thy
God, O Zion :*

For He hath strengthened the bars of thy
gates ; He hath blessed thy children within
thee.—Ps. cxlvii. 12, 13.

*Praise the Lord, all ye nations ; Praise Him,
all ye people.—Ps. cxvii. 1.*

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth
thee with the finest of the wheat.—Ps. cxlvii.
14.

I called upon the Lord in distress :

The Lord answered me, and set me in a
large place.—Ps. xcvi. 5.

I love the Lord,

Because He hath heard my voice and my
supplications.—Ps. cxvi. 1.

Because He hath inclined His ear unto me,

Therefore will I call upon Him as long as I
live.—Ps. cxvi. 2.

*I will sing praises unto Thee among the na-
tions.*

For Thy mercy is great above the heavens :
and Thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.—Ps.
cxviii. 3, 4.

*O give thanks unto the Lord ; for He is good :
and His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cxviii. 29.*

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who
healeth all thy diseases.—Ps. ciii. 3.

*Sing unto Him ; talk ye of all His wondrous
works.—I CHRON. xvi. 9.*

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ;
who crowneth thee with loving kindness and
tender mercies.—Ps. ciii. 4.

*Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.—Ps. ciii.
21.*

He watereth the hills from His chambers.
. . . . He causeth the grass to grow for the
cattle, and herb for the service of man : that
he may bring forth food out of the earth.—Ps.
civ. 13, 14.

*Blessed be the name of the Lord from this
time forth and for evermore.*

From the rising of the sun unto the going
down of the same the Lord's name is to be
praised.—Ps. cxiii. 2, 3.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.

175.

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."

GREGORIAN.

Solo or Semi-Chorus. **First Response.**

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good ; For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.

THANKSGIVING CHANT. Concluded.

Solo or Semi-Chorus. **Second Response and Full Chorus.**



O give thanks unto the God of gods, For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er. A-men.

- 2 To Him that made great lights;
For His mercy endureth forever.
The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars
to rule by night;
For His mercy endureth forever.
- 3 Who remembereth us in our low estate;
For His mercy endureth forever.

- And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
For His mercy endureth forever.
- 4 Who giveth food to all flesh;
For His mercy endureth forever.
O give thanks unto the God of Heaven;
For His mercy endureth forever. Amen.

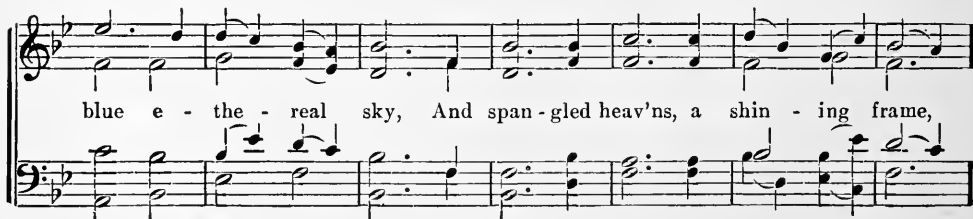
CREATION. L. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the



blue e-the-real sky, And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame,

CREATION. Continued.

Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. The un - wea - ried

sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - - tor's

Ped.

pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish - es, . . . to ev -

'ry land, The work . . of an . . Al - might - y hand.

CREATION. Concluded.

176.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:—
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

177.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—PSALM 100: 2.

GUILLAUME FRANCK, 1543.

KEN.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creat-ures here be-low;

The first system of musical notation for 'Old Hundred' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/2. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 4/2. The lyrics are printed below the staves.



JESUS IS MINE.

33

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,

Earth has no rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!

178.

"My Beloved is mine."

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!

Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!

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

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in the dawning light,
Jesus is mine!

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

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

MRS. H. BONAR.

C. M. VON WEBER. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

179.

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK.

CONSOLATION. L. M.

95

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

179

1. How beautiful were the marks di - vine, That in thy meek-ness used to shine,
 2. O, who like thee, so mild, so bright, Thou Son of man, thou Light of light?
 3. O, who like thee, so hum - bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, be - fore?
 4. O won - d'rous Lord, my soul would be Still more and more conformed to thee,

That lit thy lone - ly path-way, trod In wond'rous love, O Son of God!
 O, who like thee did ev - er go So pa - tient, thro' a world of woe?
 So meek, so low - ly, yet so high, So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty?
 Still more would know, O low - ly One, Thy peace on earth till heav'n be won.

180.

Christ's deeds of mercy.

- 1 When like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.
- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld His face, for He was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.
- 3 Demonic madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.
- 4 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed,
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

181.

His full atonement.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my God and Lord I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF, TR. BY J. WESLEY.

1. Je-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But his heart is still the same; Kinsman, Friend and elder

Brother, To his ev - er-lasting name, Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Bethany?

182.

Denny.

2 Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept, that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

183.

Hallelujah. 8s, 7s, 8s, 7s, 7s & 8s.

1 Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for our salvation slain;
Thousand angel-hosts attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

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

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Spanish Melody, from MARECHIO.

1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!

f
Thou didst suf - er to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
D. S. By thy mer - its we find fay - or; Life is giv - en thro' thy name. *Fine.*

Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame! *D. S.*

184.

Our Paschal Lamb.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

JOHN BAKWELL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. Thou art the Way : to thee alone From sin and death we flee ; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

185.

- 1 Thou art the Way : to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

186.

- 1 O thou, who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown.
- 2 While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call thee Lord and God,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.
- 3 Through all the dangerous paths of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

HENRY ALFORD.

187.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

188.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace :
O be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine ;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !
- 4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

99

J. B. DYKES.

1. Jesus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of thine! The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine!

189.

- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

RAY PALMER.

HARROW. 6s.

J. FARMER.

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead; Thy life was giv'n for me; What have I giv'n for thee?

190.

- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left ought for thee?

- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for thee?
- 5 And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love;
Great gifts thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to thee?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re-sign;

My gracious Re-deemer, my Saviour art thou; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

191.

1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I lov'd 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, when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

ST. CUTHBERT. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed With us to dwell.

192.

2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

HARRIET AUBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the pray'r I make, On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee!

193

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,

- When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

MRS. ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nions to mine ear; Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.

194.

- 1 Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. Jesus! and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

195.

"Ashamed of me."

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

196.

Jesus all in all.

- 1 Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.
- 2 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
- 3 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

RAY PALMER, TR.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s & 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never; I nothing lack if I am his, And he is mine forever.

197.

- 2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

HENRY WILLIAM BAKER.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Christ is made the sure foundation, Christ the Head and Cor-ner-Stone, Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Bind-ing all the Church in one, Ho-ly Zi-on's help for-ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone.

198.

- 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

TR. BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

199.

- 1 God is love; that anthem olden
Sing the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Telling to us day and night
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might!
- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices,

Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love!

- 3 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Our glad story
God is life, and God is love!

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY NONSELL.

200.

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

SPEAK UNTO ME.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. O, blessed words of Jesus, What tenderness is thine!
 What power to soothe and comfort (*Omit*) This wayward heart of mine! How oft in grief's sad hour,

Rit. **A tempo.** **CHORUS. Marching time.**
Tenderly. D. C.

Thy whisperings of love, Have lit my darkened pathway, With radiance from above. Then speak, blessed Savior, O
 Breathing forgiveness so

Rit.

Speak un - to me, Accents of love, Accents of love, Pointing the pathway above.
 full and so free, speak (*Omit.*) speak speak way a-bove.

201.

2 How often have I gathered
 Strength for the daily need,
 From out their boundless storehouse,
 As Thy dear name I plead.
 Balm for my every sorrow,
 Joy for my every fear,
 Is mine, if but Thine accents
 Of peace and love I hear.

3 So ever on my pathway,
 My Savior, Brother, Friend,
 Be sorrow mine or sunlight,
 Thy words of blessing send;
 For joy with them is brighter,
 And grief is grief no more;
 And heaven is in their accents,
 As from Thy lips they pour.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er :

Shame on us, Christian brethren, His name and sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there.

202.

- 1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er :
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.
- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

203.

- 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 heals all 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.
- 3 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child ;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1. Some-times I catch sweet glimpses of his face, But that is all;

Some-times he speaks a pass-ing word of peace, But that is all.

Some-times I think I hear his lov-ing voice, Up-on me call.

204.

1 Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of his face,
But that is all;
Sometimes he speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear his loving voice
Unto me call.

2 And is this all he meant when thus he spoke,
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in him?
Oh, come and see!

3 Oh, come and see! oh, look, and look again!
All shall be right;
Oh, taste his love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night!
Oh, trust thou, trust thou in his grace and power,
Then all is bright.

4 Nay, do not wrong him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love;
Do thou full justice to his tenderness,
His mercy prove:
Take him for what he is, oh, take him all,
And look above!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
 D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,

205. *Toplady.*

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These 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 fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall 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.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, ALT.

206. *Look and live.* 7, 6 lines.

1 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne,
 Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
 View him bleeding on the tree,

Pouring out his life for thee:
 There thy every sin he bore;
 Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On the atoning sacrifice:
 There the incarnate Deity
 Numbered with transgressors see;
 There his Father's absence mourns,
 Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
 Find him mighty to redeem;
 At his feet thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and cares away;
 Now by faith thy Son embrace,
 Plead his promise, trust his grace.

A. M. TOPLADY.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

Arr. from VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

207.

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

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love, I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LITANY. 7s & 6s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. By thy birth and by thy tears, By thy hu-man griefs and fears, By thy con-flict in the
2. By the ten-der-ness that wept, O'er the grave where Lazarus slept, By the bit-ter tears that

Rit.
hour Of the subtle tempters pow'r, Saviour look with pitying eye, Saviour help me or I die.
flowed, O-ver Salem's lost a-bode; Saviour look with pitying eye, Saviour help me or I die.

208.

Litany.

7s, 6s.

3 By the lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By the cross and dying cries;
By the one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye,
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By the triumph o'r the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

LEANING ON THEE.

J. H. MILLER.

1. Lean-ing on thee, my Guide, my Friend, My gra-cious Sav - iour, I am blest;
2. Lean-ing on thee, with child-like faith, To thee the fut - ure I con - fide;

Rall.

Tho' wea - ry, Thou dost con - de-scend To be my rest, To be my rest.
Each step of life's un - trod - den path Thy love shall guide, Thy love shall guide.

211. "Cast thy burden on the Lord."

3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
To weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak—
"Be of good cheer"

4 Leaning on Thee, no fears alarm,
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the everlasting arm,
I can not sink!

MY SAVIOUR SO DEAR.

German Melody.

1. My Sav-iour so dear, Thou art ev - er near, To shield and to bless and pro - tect me.
2. No bur-dens I bear, Nor have I much care, Since thou hast my heart in thy keep - ing.

212. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace."

3 My home and my all
At my Master's call
I'm willing to give for His service.

4 My days are so bright,
Since 'tis my delight
To look through the clouds up to heaven.

5 I now kiss the rod
Sent kindly from God
To bring my poor soul home to heaven.

6 My praise knows no end,
To God now I send
Bright songs of eternal thanksgiving.

MRS. IDA OYENS, 1883.

“SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.”*

111

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je-sus' blood; I am watching and I'm

long-ing while I wait; Soon on wings of love to fly, To my home be-yond the sky,

REFRAIN.

To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate. In the blood of yonder Lamb, Wash'd from

ev-'ry stain I am; Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

Repeat *pp*

213. "And the gates of it shall not be shut."

2 Oh! the blessed Lord of light,
I have loved him with my might;
Now his arms enfold, and comfort while I wait.
I am leaning on his breast,
Oh! the sweetness of his rest,
And I'm thinking of my sweeping thro' the gate.

3 I am sweeping toward the gate
Where the blessed for me wait:
Where the weary workers rest for evermore.

* Dying words of Alfred Cookman.

Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won,
Oh! I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

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

REV. JOHN PARKER.

1. My falt'r-ing feet no safe - ty know ; I'm clinging fast to Je - sus ! This fick - le

CHORUS.

world no help can show, I'm clinging fast to Je - sus ! With both my hands I'm clinging

fast, I'm clinging fast to Je - sus ; My on - ly chance, from first to last, Is clinging fast to Je - sus.

214.

" In this slippery world."

- 2 In every step along my way,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
I dare not trust myself a day,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus.—*Cho.*
- 3 From sin's dread bondage I would flee,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
Christ is my only hope and plea,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus.—*Cho.*

- 1 'Tis cleansing, too, that I would find,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
I would conform to Christ's pure mind,
So cling I fast to Jesus!—*Cho.*
- 5 He comes ! he comes ! my trust makes good,
Whilst clinging fast to Jesus ;
I'm resting only on his word,
And clinging fast to Jesus.—*Cho.*

WHITER THAN SNOW. P. M.

113

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER. By per.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry
 I want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; }

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.
 Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

215. "Whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

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

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

JAMES NICHOLSON.

ASSURANCE.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!

Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.

CHORUS.

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

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

216.

HEB. 10: 25,

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
 Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
 Angels descending, bring from above,
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.—*Cho.*

4 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.—*Cho.*

MRS. FRANCES JANE CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee:

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.

217. *Consecration Hymn.*

- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love :
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
- 3 Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou dost choose.
- 4 Take my will, and make it thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart : it is thine own ;
It shall be thy royal throne.
- 5 Take my love : my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store :
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

218. *Earnest of eternal rest.*

- 1 Gracious Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove ;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me :
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
Wash me in his precious blood,

- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray ;
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

STOCKER.

219. *Encouragements to pray.*

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself invites thee near,—
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
- 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest :
Take possession of my breast ;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to thy journey's end.
- 4 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.

NEWTON.

I'M RESTING AT LAST.

S. J. VAIL.

1. The con-flict is o-ver, the tem-pest is past, I'm rest-ing in Je-sus, I'm

rest-ing at last; The bil-lows that filled my poor soul with a-larm Are hushed at his

REFRAIN.

word in-to still-ness and calm. I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing, I'm

rest-ing at last; I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing at last. I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing,

220. "To you who believe he is precious."

2 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,

To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
There's joy everlasting to feel his blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.—*Ref.*

3 Oh, hinder me not while his love I proclaim,
My soul makes her boast of his wonderful name;

I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,
Then, bounding with gladness, triumphant
I go.—*Ref.*

4 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
Oh, come to the fountain—oh, come at his call!
There's healing, and cleansing, and welcome
for all.—*Ref.*

JEHOVAH JIREH.

117

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Tho' troubles as - sail, and dangers af-fright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all u-nite,

Yet one thing se-cures us, what-ev-er be-tide, The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

CHORUS.

The Lord will pro-vide, The Lord will provide, We'll trust in the promise, the Lord will provide.

- 221.** "My God shall supply all your need."
- 2 His call we obey, like Abraham of old :
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure guide ;
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.—*Cho.*
- 3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name ;

- In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.—*Cho.*
- 4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through,
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.—*Cho.*

TRUSTING. 7s.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER.

1st time.

2d time.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I shall thy sal-va-tion find.
I am counting all but dross;

CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
Humbly at thy cross I bow: Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

222.

At the Cross.

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

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

REV. WILLIAM M'DONALD.

THE VOICE OF REST. C. M. D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Slow.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Come un-to me, and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head up-on my breast. I came to Je-sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad, And he has made me glad.

223.

Come unto Me.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!
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.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my radiant Sun;
So in the Light of light I live,
And glory is begun.

DR. H. BONAR.

THE NEW BEST NAME.

119

"I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. He hath giv'n me a gem, as a to-ken so rare, In my bo-som I've placed it for

safe-keep-ing there, And it shines with a lus-tre so calm and so bright— No
D. S. And I hope to pre-serve it as long as I live, For so

Fine.
 drift from the mountain was ev-er so bright.
 pre-cious a gift none but Je-sus can give. 2. This em-blem of pu-ri-ty

bears my new name, Which no one can read, tho' to me 'tis so plain;
D. S.

224.

The new best name.

3 And oft when my day-dreams draw nigh to a close,
 And I sigh for the calm of the evening's repose,
 How sweet is the solace, when left all alone.
 Which is mine when I gaze on my beautiful stone.

4 And this blest bond of union is promis'd the same
 To all who will love and believe on his name;
 Ah! who would not covet a token so rare,
 In their bosom to place it for safe-keeping there.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
D. S. Yet how rich is my condition,

Fine.

D. S.

Thou from hence my all shalt be! Perish ev'ry fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

225. 'Take up thy cross and follow me.'

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

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal days before thee;
God's own hand will guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE.

226.

"Gently, Lord."

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel hands attended,
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

W. H. DOANE, Mus. Doct. By per.

Slowly.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to thee;

Let thy pre - cious blood, ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.

227.

"Cleanse me from my sin."

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently, as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never, lose my way.

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

NEARER THE CROSS.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Nearer the cross from day to day,

I am coming nearer; Nearer the cross where Jesus died, Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,

Nearer my Savior's wounded side, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.

228. "The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
I am coming nearer,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
I am coming nearer;
Stronger in faith, more clear I see
Jesus who gave himself for me;
Nearer to him I still would be,
Still I'm coming nearer,
Still I'm coming nearer.

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspire,
I am coming nearer,
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
I am coming nearer,
I am coming nearer.

F. J. CROSBY.

WATCH-NIGHT HYMN.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall-ing; Pray, brethren, pray, God's voice is calling;
 2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The fight is end-ing;

REFRAIN.

Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime, We kneel up-on the edge of time. E-ter-ni-ty is
 Be-hold! the glo-ry draw-eth near, The King him-self will soon ap-pear.

drawing nigh, E-ter - ni - ty, E-ter - ni - ty, E-ter - ni - ty is draw-ing nigh.

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229. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
 The day is dying;
 Watch, brethren, watch,
 The time is flying;

Watch as men watch the starting breath,
 Watch as men watch for life and death.

4 Look, brethren, look,
 The day is breaking;
 Hark, brethren, hark,
 The Dead are waking.

With girded loins all ready stand—
 Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

DIADEMS OF BEAUTY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I want the a - dorn - ing di - vine, Thou on - ly, my God, canst be - stow ; I

want in those beau - ti - ful garments to shine, Which dis - tin - guish thy household be - low.

I want ev - 'ry mo - ment to feel That thy spir - it re - sides in my heart—

Rit.
That his pow'r is pres - ent to cleanse and to heal, And new - ness of life to im - part.

230.

"This is the will of God."

2 I want—oh! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee!
That longed-for resemblance once more to
regain—
Thy comliness, put upon me!
I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that "new name" on the mystic
white stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.

3 I want, as a traveler, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way;
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance
to waste—
On the tent only pitched for a day.
I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy
care,
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE CONQUERING LIFE.

125

HARVEY C. CAMP.

1. I'm more than conqueror thro' his blood, Je - sus saves me now; I rest be-

neath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now; I go a king - dom

to ob - tain, I shall thro' him the vic - t'ry gain, Je - sus saves me now. *Ritard.*

231. "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city."

- 2 Before the battle-lines are spread,
 Jesus saves me now;
 Before the boasting foe is dead,
 Jesus saves me now.
 I win the fight, though not begun,
 I'll trust and shout still marching on,
 Jesus saves me now.
- 3 I'll ask no more that I may see,
 Jesus saves me now;
 His promise is enough for me,
 Jesus saves me now.
 Though foes be strong and walls be high,
 I'll shout, He gives the victory,
 Jesus saves me now.

- 4 Why should I ask a sign from God,
 Jesus saves me now;
 Can I not trust the precious blood,
 Jesus saves me now.
Strong in His word, I meet the foe,
 And, *shouting,* win without a blow,
 Jesus saves me now.
- 3 Should Satan come like whelming waves,
 Jesus saves me now;
 Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
 Jesus saves me now.
 He hides me till the storm is past,
 For me He tempers every blast,
 Jesus saves me now.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O thou, whose blood was shed for me, I consecrate my heart to thee, Whate'er of creature

CHORUS.

love is mine, I now to thee, O Christ, resign. Thy cross, thy precious cross, I bear, And find my

sweetest comfort there, I'll serve thee with my latest breath, And praise thee in the vale of death.

232. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

- 1 O Thou, whose blood was shed for me,
I consecrate my heart to thee,
Whate'er of creature love is mine,
I now to thee, O Christ, resign.—*Cho.*
- 2 My soul, that must forever live,
To thee without reserve I give;
Henceforth shall time and talents be
A willing sacrifice to thee.—*Cho.*

- 3 Of all I have, my strength, my health,
And all my earthly store of wealth,
A full surrender, Lord, I make:
My poor, yet only offering take.—*Cho.*
- 4 Now let the flame its dross consume,
And faith's clear light my soul illumine,
That faith that makes me pure within,
And saves me from the power of sin.—*Cho.*

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - ior deigns to die, What melodious sounds we hear

Bursting on the ravished ear;— Love's redeeming work is done— Come and welcome, sinner, come.

233. *Come, and welcome.* 6th P. M. 6 lines 7s.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinners, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinners, come!

CHAS. HOWELLS.

234. *The dying Christian to his soul.* 40th P. M.

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,—
Sister spirit, come away!
—What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,—
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

ALEXANDER POPE.

TUNE—"ARIEL."

Third verse.

The world re - cedes: it dis - ap - pears; hear'n opens on my eyes; my ears With sounds seraphic ring.

Lend, lend your wings! I moult! I fly! }
O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? } O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?

1. Je-ru-sa-lem, the gold-en! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppress'd.

I know not, O I know not What joys a-wait us there; What rad-i-ancy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare.

235.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX. TR. BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE LAST SLEEP. 4s & 6s. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, Till th' eternal mor-row:

Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv-er.

236.

2 Life's dream is past; All its sin and sadness;
Brightly, at last, Dawns the day of gladness:
Under thy sod, Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn Those in life the dearest,
They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice All in Jesus sleeping.

REV. EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.

237.

"Asleep in Jesus."

- 1 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus, oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

- 3 Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim the hour
That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus, oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN Co.

238.

"His beloved sleep."

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

ISAAC WATTS.

239.

Death of the righteous.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A-calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

ENTER THY REST.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. From this bleak hill of storms En - ter thy rest; To yon bright

sun - ny heights En - ter thy rest; Where love for ev - er shines,

Recitative. En - ter in - to rest; *Rit.* En - ter in - to rest, The rest of God.

240. "Enter in through the gates into the city."

2 From hunger and from thirst,
Enter thy rest;
From toil and weariness,
Enter thy rest.
From shadows and from dreams,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

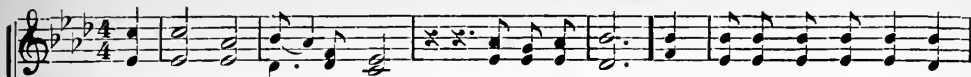
3 From vanity and lies,
Enter thy rest;
From mocking and from snares,
Enter thy rest.
From disappointed hopes,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

DR. H. BONAR.

NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

131

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



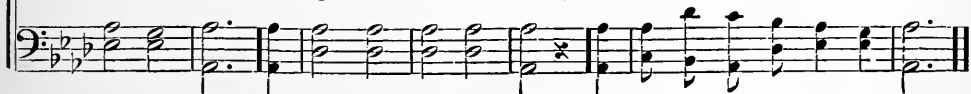
1. No night shall be in heav'n! no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape
2. No night shall be in heav'n! for-bid to sleep, These eyes no more their mournful



ev-er come; No tears shall fall in sad-ness on those flow'rs That breathe their fragrance thro' ce-
vigils keep, Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away, They gaze un-daz-zled on e-



les-tial bow'rs. No night shall be in heav'n, The Lamb of God shall be its light.
ter-nal day. No night shall be in heav'n, The Lamb of God shall be its light.



241. "For the Lamb is the light thereof."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 No night shall be in heaven, no sorrow reign, No secret anguish, no corporal pain; No shivering limbs, no burning fevers there, No souls eclipse, no winter of despair.</p> <p>4 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon— No fast declining sun, no waning moon; But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light 'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.</p> | <p>5 No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room, No bed of death nor silence of the tomb, But breezes ever fresh with love and truth Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.</p> <p>6 No night shall be in heaven, oh, had I faith To rest in what the faithful Witness saith. That faith shall make these hideous phantoms flee, And leave no night henceforth on earth to ma.</p> |
|---|--|

"THE REST THAT REMAINETH."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Where the fad - ed flow'r shall fresh - en— Fresh - en, nev - er - more to fade;

Where the shad - ed sky shall bright-en— Bright-en, nev - er - more to shade;

Where the sun - blaze nev - er scorch - es, Where the star-beams cease to chill;

Where no tem - pest stirs the ech - oes Of the wood, or wave, or hill;

Where the morn shall wake in glad-ness, And the moon the joy pro-long;

Where the day-light dies in fra-grance, 'Mid the burst of ho-ly song;

REFRAIN.

Broth-er, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the ho-ly and the blest.

242.

2 Where no shadow shall bewilder;
 Where life's vain parade is o'er;
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more;
 Where the bond is never sever'd—
 Partings, clasplings, sob and moan—
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noontide—all are done;
 Where the child has found its mother
 Where the mother finds the child;
 Where dear families are gather'd
 That were scatter'd on the wild.—*Ref.*

3 Where the hidden wound is healed;
 Where the blighted life reblooms;
 Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes;
 Where the love that here we lavish
 On the withering leaves of time,
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
 In an ever spring-bright clime;
 Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before—
 Loving on, unchill'd, unhindered—
 Loving once and evermore.—*Ref.*

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Affettuoso. mp *Dim.*

1. Toss'd no more on life's rough billow, All the storms of sorrow fled, Death hath found a quiet

Cres. *Dim.*

pillow For the faithful Christian's head; Peaceful slumbers guarding o'er ^{his} _{her} low - ly head.

243.

1 Toss'd no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death hath found a quiet pillow,
For the faithful Christian's head:
Peaceful slumbers guarding o'er his lowly bed.

2 Oh, may we be reunited
To the spirits of the just;
Leaving all that sin hath blighted
With corruption in the dust;
Hear us, Jesus, thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

FERN DELL. 8s & 7s.

Gently.

1. One sweet flow'r has drooped and faded, One sweet infant voice has fled;

One fair brow the grave has shad - ed, One dear schoolmate now is dead.

244.

But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now ;
She has knelt in heart-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

VALELAND. C. M.

Slow and solemnly.

1. Through sorrow's night, and dan - ger's path A - mid the deep'ning gloom,

We sol - diers of an in - jured King, Are marching to the tomb.

245.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest; Let me go where my Re-deem-er Has prepared his people's rest.

I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forever more; I would join the friends that wait me, O-ver on the oth-er shore.

Cho.—Let me go, 'tis Je-sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day; Bear me o-ver an-gel pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a-way.

246.

- 2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe,
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know;
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, a way,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.
- 3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd,
Blasted round me often lie,
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.
- 4 Let me go where tears and sighing
Are for evermore unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

247.

Hallelujah.

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
||: I will praise thee :||
||: Where shall I thy praise begin ? :||
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifest his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
||: Soul and body :||
||: Shall his glorious image bear. :||
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
||: O how precious :||
||: Is the sound of Jesus' name ! :||
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
||: Hallelujah, :||
||: Love and praise to Christ belong ! :||

CHARLES WESLEY.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

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 joys, full enough for its cheer.

248.

I would not live alway.

- 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 joys, full enough for
its cheer.
- 2 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 descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

WM. A. MUHLBERG.

249.

" I will fear no Evil."

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I
know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when
oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er ;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy king-
dom of Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

OUR JESUS CHANGETH NOT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There's nought on earth to rest up - on, All things are changing here, The smiles of joy we gaze up - on,

The friends we count most dear. One Friend a - lone is changeless—The One too oft for - got,

CHORUS.
Whose love has stood for a - ges past—Our Jesus changeth not. From ev - er - last - ing still the same,

A true and constant Friend, His hand that led us on thus far Will lead us to the end.

250. "The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

2 The sweetest flower upon the earth,
That sheds its fragrance round,
Ere evening comes has dropped its head,
And lies upon the ground.
The dark and dreary desert
Has only one green spot:
'Tis found in living pastures
With him who changeth not.—*Cho.*

3 And clouds o'ercast our summer sky,
So beautiful, so bright!
While with admiring eyes we gaze,
It darkens into night.
One sky alone is cloudless,
There darkness enters not;
'Tis found alone with Jesus—
And Jesus changeth not.—*Cho.*

CHRIST IN SONG.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

"Yea, He is altogether lovely."

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow ; His head with

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ra-diant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece, with the same treble and bass staves and time signature. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the lyrics are written below the treble staff.

251. *Majestic Sweetness.*

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

S. STENNETT.

252. *In Sweet Accord.*

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

I WILL SING OF JESUS.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

SOLO.

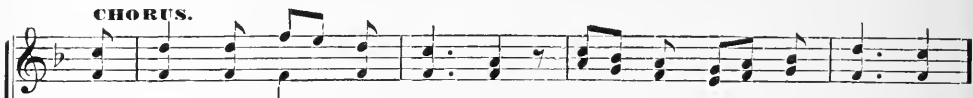


1. I will sing of Je - sus, With His blood He bought me, And



all a - long my pil-grim way His lov - ing hand has brought me.

CHORUS.



O help me sing of Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry



Of Him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.



253.

2 Can there overtake me,
Any sad disaster,
While I sing of Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?

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

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him.—MATT. xvii. 5.

I am the door, by me if any man shall enter in he shall be saved, and go in and out and find pasture.—JOHN x. 9.

I am the Son of God, I and my Father are One.—JOHN x. 30-36.

I am the Good Shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—JOHN x. 11.

And the angel answered and said unto her. . . That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.—LUKE i. 35.

He demanded of them where Christ should be born, and they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the Prophet.—MATT. ii. 4, 5.

Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God.—MATT. xiv. 33.

But the men marvelled saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him.—MATT. viii. 27.

Nathaniel answered and said unto Him, Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel.—JOHN i. 49.

And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the Cross, and the writing was JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.—JOHN xix. 19.

And I saw and bear record that this is the Son of God.—JOHN i. 34.

And looking upon Jesus as He walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God.—JOHN i. 36.

And when the centurion which stood over against Him, saw that He so cried out, and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God.—MARK xv. 39.

And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.—LUKE xxiii. 45.

Lord, to whom shall we go, Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.—JOHN vi. 68.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven ; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever.—JOHN vi. 51.

Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.—JOHN xi. 27.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—JOHN xi. 25.

And unclean spirits when they saw Him, fell down before Him and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God.—MARK iii. 11.

And He rebuking them suffered them not to speak : for they knew that He was Christ.—LUKE iv. 41.

Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince of a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.—ACTS v. 31.

254.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

CORONATION. Key of G.

C. M.

1. ALL 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 ne'er can 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.
4. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

E. PERONET.

I CAN NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

"Without Me, ye can do nothing."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I can not do with-out Thee, A - ny mo-ment of my life; I can not do with-

REFRAIN.

out Thee, Passing thro' this world of strife. Be near me, be near me, Oh, my

Rit.

Saviour, be Thou near me; Ev-er bless and with me stay, Every moment day by day.

255.

2 I can not do without Thee,
Any moment at my side;
I can not do without Thee,
Sweetly, Lord, with me abide.

3 I can not do without Thee,
Any moment of my way;
I can not do without Thee,
Lead me on to perfect day.

"And He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying—

- "Blessed are the poor in spirit,
- "For their's is the Kingdom of Heaven.
- "Blessed are they that mourn,
- "For they shall be comforted.
- "Blessed are the meek,
- "For they shall inherit the earth.
- "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,
- "For they shall be filled.
- "Blessed are the merciful,
- "For they shall obtain mercy.
- "Blessed are the pure in heart,

- "For they shall see God.
 - "Blessed are the peacemakers,
 - "For they shall be called the children of God.
 - "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake,
 - "For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.
 - "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake.
 - "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."—
- MATT. v. 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12.

JESUS THE RECONCILER.

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

ALICE CARY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. Till I learned to love Thy name, Lord, Thy grace de - ny - ing,

I was lost in sin and shame, Dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing!

256.

- 2 Nothing could the world impart,
Darkness held no morrow;
In my soul and in my heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!
- 3 When I learned to love Thy name,
O Thou meek and lowly,
- Rapture kindled to a flame,
Holy, holy, holy!
- 4 Henceforth shall creation ring,
With salvation's story;
Till I rise with Thee and sing,
Glory, glory, glory!

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—JOHN xv. 13.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us.—1 JOHN iii. 16.

Even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.—MATT. xx. 28.

This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. i. 15.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall he not with Him also freely give us all things?—ROM. viii. 32.

For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—2 COR. v. 21.

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written,

Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.—GAL. iii. 13.

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, and put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.—1 PETER iii. 18.

God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.—2 COR. v. 19.

Having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven.—COL. i. 20.

But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.—HEB. ii. 9.

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation.—HEB. ii. 3.

HE DIED FOR YOU AND ME.

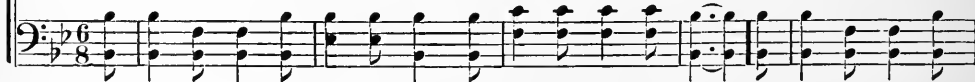
"Bowed His head and gave up the ghost."

ISAAC WATTS.

S. J. VAIL.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that
D.C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, He died for you and me.



sa-cred head For such a worm at I? Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;



257.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—CHO.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's, sin.—CHO.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes with tears.—CHO.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The depth of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away.
'Tis all that I can do.—CHO.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

"I will heal your backslidings."

MOORE.

Solo, Duet or Trio.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye languish, Come to the mer-cy-seat,

ferv-ent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts, Here tell your an-guish,

Repeat *pp*
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.

258.

2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

SONG OF SALVATION.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be; But
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languished and died on the tree; But

did He come down from a - bove, Out of love and com-pas - sion for me, for me,
then is it an - y-where said That He languished and suf-fered for me, for me,

Scripture Response to Verse 1.

Out of love and com-pas-sion for me? It is a faithful saying,
That He languished and suffered for me? and worthy of . . . all ac-cep-ta-tion,

Scripture Response to Verse 2.

that Christ Jesus He was wounded for our trans- the chastisement
came into the . . world to save sinners. gressions, He was bruised for our in-iquities; of our . . .

SONG OF SALVATION. Concluded.

Scripture Response to Verse 3.

peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. In my Father's house are many mansions ;

if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a . . . place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.

CHORUS to last verse only.

Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a-

bove, in His in - fi - nite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

259.

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?—RESP.

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
To whom shall I go but to Thee?
And say by Thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.—CHO.

1. Come to Cal-vary's ho-ly mount-ain, Sin-ners ru-ined by the fall;

Here a pure and heal-ing fount-ain Flows to you, to me, to all,

In a full per-pet-ual tide, O-pened when our Sav-our died.

260.*The healing fountain.*

8, 7, 4s.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the lost a refuge find.
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks need thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful; he will never
Break his covenant sealed in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

261.*Hear, and live.*

8, 7, 4s.

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

JONATHAN ALLEN.

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!

Aud Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in his slav - ish chains.

262. *Lord, help my unbelief.*

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

263. *His pitying love.*

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

264. *Helpless, without grace.* C. M.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew;

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

ANNE STEELE.

3 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

4 Angels, assist our mighty joys:
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.

1. Lord, we are vile, con-ceived in sin, And born un - ho - ly and un-clean;

Sprung from the man whose guilt - y fall - Cor - rupts his race, and taints us all.

265.*The atoning blood.*

- 2 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 3 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 4 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.
- 5 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

ISAAC WATTS.

266.*The great Physician.*

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

ANNE STEELE.



1. O for a glance of heav'n-ly day, To take this stub-born heart a-way;
And thaw, with beams of love di-vine, This heart, this froz-en heart of mine.

267. *Stubbornness of heart.*

- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

JOSEPH HART.

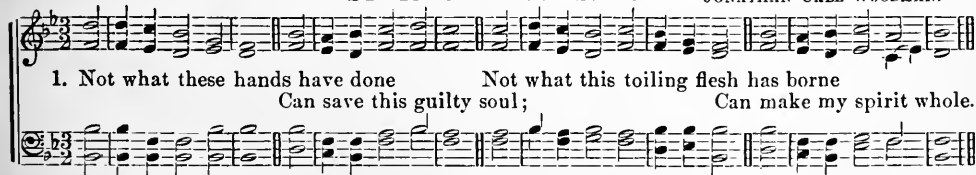
268. *Only by faith.*

- 1 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.
- 3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.



1. Not what these hands have done Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can save this guilty soul; Can make my spirit whole.

269. *"Jesus only."*

- 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

HORATIUS BONAR.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

270.*Glorying in the cross.*

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

271.*Gazing on the cross.*

L. M.

- 1 LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men after thee!

WILLIAM W. HOW.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

272.

The Cross of Christ.

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 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is here, that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ALETTA. 7s.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1 Nev - er fur - ther than thy cross: Nev - er high - er than thy feet:
Here earth's pre - cious things seem dross: Here earth's bit - ter things grow sweet.

273.

Lessons of the cross.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through the cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

1. The spir-it in our hearts, Is whis-pering "sin-ner come;" The bride the

church of Christ pro - - claim, To all . . . his chil - - dren come.

274.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

S. M.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

BP. HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK.

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Will wash thy guilt away.

MRS. ABBY B. HYDE.

276.*The accepted time.*

S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above. JOHN DOBELL.

275.*The call of love.*

S. M.

1 And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit f'om thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

ANON.

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me, Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son ;

That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.

277.

" Take me."

- 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod ;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.
- 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin ;
At Thy teet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

- 4 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree ;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee ;
- 5 Father, take me ; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast
In Thy love for ever living.
I must be for ever blest.

REV. RAY PALMER.

SPIRIT'S WARNING VOICE.

278.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Listen to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice ;
Will ye heed His solemn warnings ?
Can ye slight His wondrous love ?
- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price ;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
Oh, receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay—the soothing peace ;
Press ye then, to realms of glory,
Run with joy the offered race.

MY SOUL'S REDEEMER.

279.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Only Thee, my Soul's Redeemer,
Whom have I in heaven beside ?
Who on earth with love so tender,
All my wandering steps to guide ?
- 2 Only Thee! no joy I covet,
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance—
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.
- 3 Only Thee! I ask no other ;
Thou art more than all to me ;
Life, or health, or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

WELTON. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;
A - rise, ye need - y, he'll re - lieve, A - rise, ye guilt - y, he'll for - give.

280.

- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to Heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins, He blushed in blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

- 4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan,
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate, to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah, who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

RETURN, O WANDERER, RETURN.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

D. C. after Chorus.

1. Return, O wan-der-er, return, And seek thy father's face, Those new desires which in thee burn, Were
D. C. Return, O wan-der-er, return, His

Fine. CHORUS.

pp Rit. D. C.

kin-dled by his grace. Come to the Sav-iour, come to the Sav-iour, Come with thy burden of sin, of sin,
love will let thee in.

281.

C. M.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear,
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Savior's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

WM. B. COLLYER, ALT.

HUGH WILSON.

O thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 Contrition's humble sigh; From sorrow's weeping eye;—

282.

"Return."

- 1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;
- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 The sense of joy divine.

ANNE STEELE.

283.

No peace to the wicked.

- 1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sacred word
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
 You live, devoid of peace:
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease,

- 3 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Through his abounding grace:
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those that seek his face.
- 4 Bow to the scepter of his word,
 Renouncing every sin;
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.

JOHN FAWCETT.

284.

The all-sufficient Saviour.

- 1 The Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in that blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 How rich the depths of love divine!
 Of bliss a boundless store!
 Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
 Thy fullness I implore
- 4 On the alone my hope relies;
 Beneath thy cross I fall;
 My Lord, my life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my All!

ANNE STEELE

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

'And the prison doors were opened.'

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je-sus, let Thy pit-ying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to Thee, like Peter, I
D. S. Turn and look up-on me, Lord,

Would fain like Pe-ter weep; Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
And break my heart of stone.

285.*Break my Heart of Stone.*

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind my back,
And wash me white as snow;
If Thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

CHARLES WESLEY.

287.*Christ a shelter from the storm. 7s, 6s & 8s.*

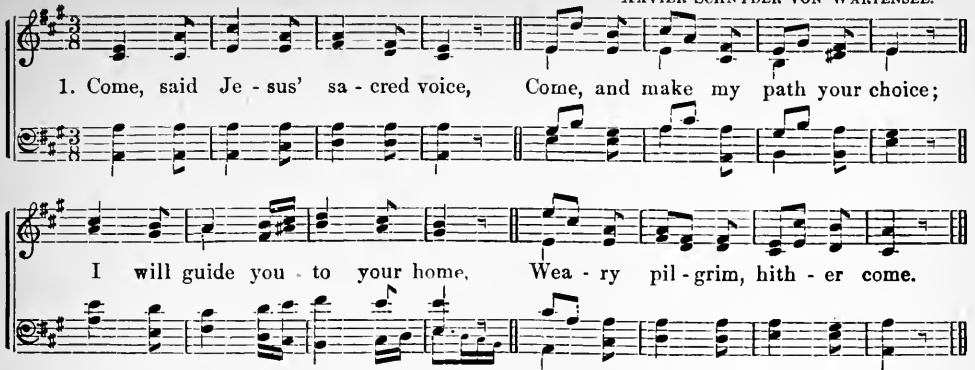
- 1 Saviour, now in me perform
The work Thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe;
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death,

286.*Bid us go in Peace.*

- 1 By Thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,—
By Thy dying love to man,—
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!
- 2 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us fully justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace!

CHARLES WESLEY.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you - to your home. Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

288. "The gracious Call." MATT. xi. 28-30.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice;
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home:
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;
- 4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

289. "The night cometh." JOHN ix. 4.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

290.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



THE HARVEST IS PASSING. 12s & 11s.

1. Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend ;

Rit.

Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee,
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

291.*"The harvest is passing."*

- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee!
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 3 Despised, rejected, at length he may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom shall rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

Arr. from LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam.

292.*"To-day."*

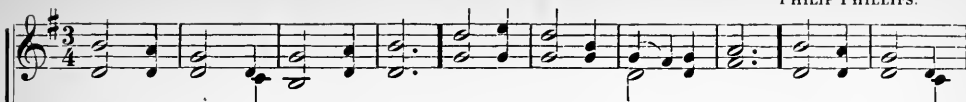
- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam? 2 To-day the Saviour calls: O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 To-day the Saviour calls: For refuge 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; 'Tis mercy's hour. |
|---|--|

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. ALT. BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

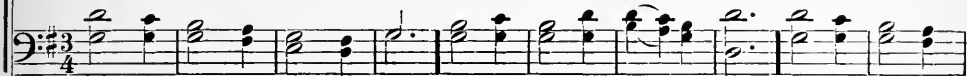
BLESS ME NOW.

161

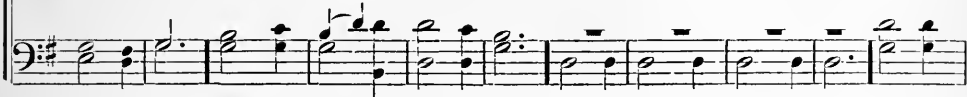
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



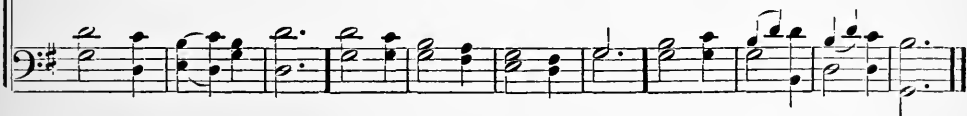
1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, bless me now, At the cross of Christ I bow; Take my guilt and



grief a-way, Hear and heal me now, I pray. Now, O Lord, this ver - y hour, Send thy



grace, and show thy pow'r; While I rest up - on thy word, Come, and bless me now, O Lord.



293.

"Have mercy on me."

2 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break,
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.
Never did I so adore, Jesus Christ, thy Son,
before :
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

3 Mercy now, O Lord, I plead,
In this hour of utter need;
Turn me not away unblest,
Calm my anguish into rest.
O thou loving, blessed One,
Rising o'er me like the sun,
Light and Life art thou within,
Saviour, thou, from every sin.

REV. A. CLARK.

1. De-lay not, de-lay not; O sin-ner, draw near, The waters of life are now flow-ing for thee;

No price is de-mand-ed, the Sav-iour is here, Redem-ption is pur-chased, salva-tion is free.

294.*"Delay not."*

1 Delay not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace.
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. P. M.

Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus: He speaks the drooping

CHORUS.

heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus. Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est

Name on mor - tal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

295.

The Great Physician.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 O hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.—*Cho.*
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Saviour's Name,
 I love the Name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

- 4 His Name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other Name but Jesus;
 O how my soul delights to hear
 The precious Name of Jesus.—*Cho.*
- 5 And when to that bright world above,
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His Name, the Name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

EXHORTATION. 27th P. M. 4 lines 11s.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
 D. C. And an-gels are wait-ing to wel- - - - come you home.

mer-cy is com-ing so nigh? Since Je - sus in-vides you, the Spir - it says come,

296.

Exhortation.

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or wait you to mansions of glory on high?

- 3 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
 And trusting in heaven we never shall part;
 O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

"Springing up into everlasting life."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,

There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And

sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, And

CHORUS.

sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. Oh, glo-ri-ous

Musical notation for the 'Glorious Fountain' section, consisting of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

297. *Glorious Fountain.*

1 THERE is a fountain ||: filled with blood, :||
 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged ||: beneath that flood, :||
 And sinners plunged heneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood, :||
 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God, :||
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream, :||
 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

COWPER.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

298.

Western Melody.

Musical notation for the 'Cleansing Fountain' section, consisting of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff. The lyrics are placed below the staff.

There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners plunged be-

Musical notation for the continuation of the 'Cleansing Fountain' section, consisting of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff. The lyrics are placed below the staff. The word 'Fine.' is written above the staff, and 'D. S.' is written above the end of the staff.

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

"HEAR MY CRY."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Son of Da-vid! hear my cry; Savior, do not pass me by; Touch these eyelids veiled in night,

Turn their darkness in - to light. Son of David, hear my cry! Savior, do not pass me by.

299.*"Hear my cry."*

- 2 Though the proud my voice would still,
They may chide me if they will,
Yet the more I'll pray for grace,
Only here shall be my place.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.
- 3 Though despised by all but thee,
Thou a blessing hast for me;
Faith and prayer can never fail,
Lord, with thee I *must* prevail;
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.
- 4 Glorious vision! heavenly ray!
All my gloom has passed away;
Now my joyful eye doth see,
And my soul still clings to thee,
Thine the glory evermore,
Mine to worship and adore.

FANNY CROSBY.

300.*"Lovest thou Me?"*

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word,
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
- 2 I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
||:Sought thee wandering, 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 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
||:Yet I love Thee, and adore;:||
||:O for grace to love Thee more!:||

WILLIAM COWPER.

O, BE SAVED.

167

S. J. VAIL.

1st time. 2d time.

1. Sin-ner, how thy heart is troubled! God is com-ing ver - y near;
Do not hide thy deep e - mo-tion, Do not check that fall - ing tear.

CHORUS.

Rit.

O, be saved, his grace is free! O, be saved, he died for thee! O, be saved, he died for thee!

301.

O, be saved.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee, Jesus lowly, meek, and mild; To the Friend who died to save thee, Wilt thou not be reconciled?—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Art thou waiting till the morrow? Thou may'st never see its light; Come at once! accept his mercy; He is waiting—come to-night.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 With a lowly, contrite spirit. Kneeling at the Saviour's feet, Thou canst feel, this very moment, Pardon, precious, pure, and sweet!—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Let the angels bear the tidings Upward to the courts of heaven! Let them sing, with holy rapture, O'er another soul forgiven!—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

F. J. CROSBY.

COME, COME TO JESUS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, come to Jesus, He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er, eag-er-ly Come, come to Je-sus!

302.

Come to Jesus.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er, eagerly Come, come to Jesus!</p> <p>2 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to ransom thee, O slave! so willingly; Come, come to Jesus!</p> | <p>3 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! trustingly Come, come to Jesus!</p> <p>4 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to give to thee, O blind! a vision free; Come, come to Jesus!</p> | <p>5 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to shelter thee, O weary, blessedly; Come, come to Jesus!</p> <p>6 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to carry thee, O lamb! so lovingly Come, come to Jesus!</p> |
|--|--|---|

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. S. I did not love my Father's voice,

Fine. D. S.

I would not be con-trolled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

303.

Lost but found.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

I AM WEARY OF MY SIN. 7s.

ANON.

1. "I am weary" of my sin; Saviour, come and take me in
O, I long for full release; With thyself to dwell in peace.

304.

"I am weary of my sin."

2 "I am weary" of my pains;
Bring me, Lord, with thee to rest;
Change my groans to joyful strains
'Mid the concert of the blest.

3 "I am weary" of the earth,
Where the wicked spurn thy love;
With thy sons of heavenly birth
Let me worship thee above.

BALERMA. C. M.

169

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - solve,
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:—

305.

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin,
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

- 4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

EDMUND JONES.

EMMANUEL. C. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. When, wounded sore, the stricken soul One only hand, a pierced hand,
Lies bleeding and unbound, Can heal the sinner's wound.

306.

A pierced Hand.

- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood, that washes white,
His hand, that brings relief;
His heart, that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

LANGRAN. 10s.

J. LANGRAN.

1. Wea - ry of earth, and laden with my sin, I look at heaven, and long to enter in,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

307.

Langran.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas he who found me on the deadly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

SAMUEL J. STONE.

ALVAN. 8, 7, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; } He is able, he is able, He is willing: doubt no more.
Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power: }

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

309.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Lo, the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

REV. JOSEPH HART.

STEPHANOS. P. M.

W. H. MONK.

310.

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
“Yea, a crown in very surety;
But of thorns.”

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.”

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

TRANS. FROM LATIN BY F. M. NEALE.

REV. JOHN HART STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest, By

CHORUS.

trusting in His word. { Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now; } He will save you, He will save you, [Omit. . . .] } He will save you now.

313.

"Only trust Him."

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

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

REV. JOHN HART STOCKTON.

ST. OSWALD. 8, 7.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love bestows; For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.

314.

2 Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

3 Praise, my soul, the God that sought Thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;

Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

4 Let His grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth His praise.

FRANCIS S. KEYS.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

315.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
By fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

316.

- 1 O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord,
Savior of all who trust Thy word,
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.
- 2 In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

- 3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.
- 4 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory the Great. Tr. by RAY PALMER.

317.

- 1 With 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, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion: Come to Me!"
- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

COME, SINNER, COME. 7s & 4s.

175

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come sin - ner, come! While we are

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!

318.

"Come unto me."

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

W. E. WITTER.

1. "Come unto Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." O blessed voice of Jesus, Which comes to hearts oppressed!

It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of pardon, grace and peace, Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love which cannot cease.

319.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

CHERITH. C. M.

Arr. from SPOHR.

1. Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend, As such I look to thee; Now, in the full-ness of thy love, O Lord, remember me.

320.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

RICHARD BURNHAM.

321.

"Prepare us, Lord."

1 Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

THOMAS COTTERILL.

JESUS IS HERE.

177

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, come to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here; All low be - fore him

bow, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here; Too ma - ny go a - way, Too

ma - ny still de - lay, Tho' Je - sus bids them stay; Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.

322. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

2 Come, then, to Jesus now,
 Jesus is here;
 All near him lowly bow,
 Jesus is here;
 Oh, ye that feel your sin,
 And coming long have been,
 Now find your rest in him;
 Jesus is here.

3 Oh, come to Jesus now,
 Jesus is here;
 Old and young together bow,
 Jesus is here;
 Oh, what a glorious thing,
 Sin's weary load to bring,
 And lose it while we sing;
 Jesus is here.

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

323.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—*Cho.*
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—*Cho.*

- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

DEODATUS DUTTON, JR., 1829.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Un-ut-tered or ex-pressed; The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trem-bles in the breast.

324.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,

While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

179

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

2. { What means this eager, anx-i-ous throng, Which moves with busy haste along ;
These wond'rous gath'rings day by day ? What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray ?

In ac-cents hush'd the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by !"

In ac-cents hush'd the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."

325.

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?

A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Mau's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, their deaf, and lame;
||: The blind rejoice to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.

Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.

||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" :||

MIS8 ETA CAMPBELL.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

With feeling.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks, has knock'd before, Has waited long, is

CHORUS.

waiting still, You treat no other friend so ill. Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll
come in,

cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
from sin; come in.

326.

- 2 Oh, lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at *his* door rejected stand.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

SALVATION IN SONG.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

I'M A PILGRIM.

"Here we have no continuing city."

MARY S. B. DANA.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Fine.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;
D. C. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.

327.

2 There the glory is ever shining;

I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey;

My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

CHORUS.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

Softly.

Whisp'ring soft - ly, Wand' - rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

328.

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names are there;

CHO.-When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

CHO.-Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

183

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - circ - ling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The first system of the musical score for 'Lead, Kindly Light'. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, maintaining the harmonic structure.

on, Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'on, Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.' The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

329.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

THE NEED OF SALVATION.

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein, and as he read he wept and trembled, and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, What must I do?

But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.—ISA. lxiv. 6.

I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered.

Then I said, Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips.—ISA. vi. 5.

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run, yet he stood still, because as I perceived he could not tell which way to go. I looked then and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, Wherefore dost thou cry? He answered, Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment.

And it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement.—HEB. ix. 27.

Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.

For Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the king it is prepared; he hath made it deep and large: is the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it.—ISA. xxx. 33.

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, because I know not where to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and this was written therein, "Flee from the wrath to come." The man therefore read it, and looking very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.—1 TIM. vi. 12.

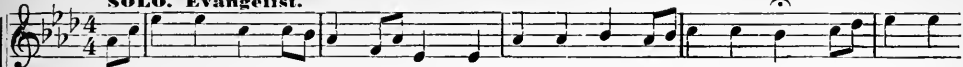
ETERNAL LIFE, MY CRY.

FANNY CROSBY.

"Lay hold on Eternal Life."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

SOLO. Evangelist.

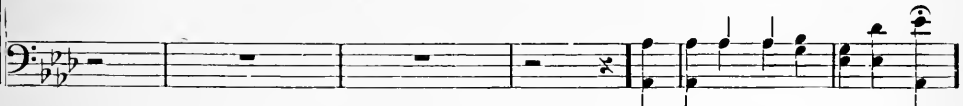


Would'st thou be saved? No time to lose; A - rise, and run the heavenly road. Would'st thou be

CHORUS very effective when singers not seen.



blest? then Pilgrim haste To leave destruction's dread abode. O come, O come, the Saviour calls,



"I am the way, the truth, the life; Come lith - er, burdened soul, to Me."



330.

PILGRIM.

Oh, tell me how! oh, 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.—CHO.

EVANGELIST.

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.

PILGRIM.

God's Word will guide me; yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will!—CHO.

PILGRIM.

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.

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me * * * and I will give you rest."

FANNY CROSBY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Come, heav - y - lad - en one, sigh - ing for rest; Come, as a wea - ry bird

flies to her nest. Now the ac - cept - ed time, now is the day; Come to the

Largo. **REFRAIN.**

mer - cy-seat—why wilt thou stay? Hark, 'tis thy Saviour's voice call - ing to thee,

Very slow.

"Come, heavy-lad-en one, come un-to Me."

331.

- 2 Come like the prodigal, He will receive;
He will forgive thee all; only believe.
Joy to the mourning heart He will restore;
Turn from the path of sin, wander no more.
REF.—Hark, 'tis, etc.
- 3 Linger not, linger not, come while 'tis day;
Come ere the shades of night close on thy way.
Life is a fleeting dream, soon 'twill be o'er;
Turn from its fading joys, wander no more.
REF.—Hark, 'tis, etc.

So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now over the gate was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked therefore more than once or twice, saying, *Here is a poor burdened sinner; I come from the city of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in.*

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—MATT. vii. 7, 8.

I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate. So, when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither. Evangelist bid me come hither, and knock (as I did); and he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do. Then said Good-will, We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all they have done before they came hither—"they are in nowise cast out;"

and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ and His apostles; and it is as strait as a rule can make it.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—MATT. vii. 13, 14.

Then Christian asked him, further, if he could not help him off with the burden that was upon his back, for as yet he had not got rid thereof nor could he by any means get it off without help. He told him as to this burden, Be content to bear it until thou comest to a place of deliverance, for there it will fall from thy back of itself.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—HEB. xii. 1, 2.

COME TO ZION'S GATE.

332.

"Turn, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

1. Pil-grim, burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zi-on's gate; }
 There, till mer-cy let thee in, Knock and weep and wateh and wait. } Knock, He knows the
 D.C. Watch, for sav-ing grace is nigh; Wait, till heavenly light appears.

sinner's cry; Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;

- 2 Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice:
 Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe and sealed and bought and blest;
 Safe, from all the lures of vice,
 Sealed, by signs the chosen know;
 Bought, by love and life the price,
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

THE JOYS OF SALVATION.

Now, I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall called Salvation.

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation.—ISA. xxv. 9.

Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below in the bottom a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him He said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.—ZECH. iii. 4.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death. Then he stood awhile to look and wonder, for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden.

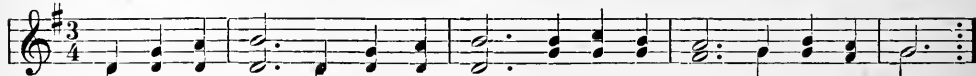
Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.—COL. ii. 14.

He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the water down his cheeks.

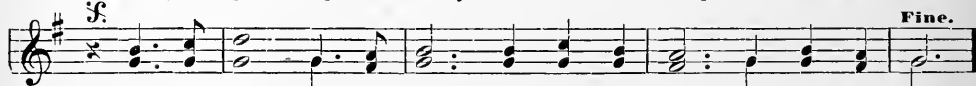
Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three shining ones came to him, and saluted him, with, Peace be to thee. So the first said to him, Thy sins be forgiven thee; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark in his forehead. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing.

HAPPY DAY.

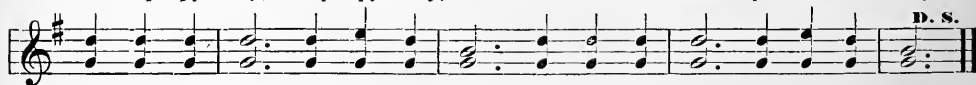
CHARLES WESLEY.



1. Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D. S. Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.



333. He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

BEULAH LAND.

189

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

EDGAR PAGE.

JOHN R. SWEENEY. By per.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine,
2. The Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun - ion here have we;

Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mans - ions are pre - pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev - er - more.

334.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees ;
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.—CHO.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.—CHO.

HEAVEN.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 COR. v. 1.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.—JOHN xiv. 2.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they?—REV. vii. 13.

And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—REV. vii. 14.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple ; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.—REV. vii. 15.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.—REV. vii. 16.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—REV. vii. 17.

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—REV. xxi. 27.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—REV. xxi. 23.

In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Ps. xvi. 11.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life in the paradise of God.—REV. ii. 7.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.—REV. xxi. 7.

“ Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate : and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them, the harps to praise withal, and

the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye in to the joy of your Lord.* Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut up the gates. Which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Bunyan.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

E. H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, from "Singing Pilgrim," by per. of BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The

far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. While the

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, Where no storms ev - er beat on the
glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

335.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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 veil intervenes : Between the fair city and me. </p> | <p>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. : </p> |
| <p>3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow, And the river of life floweth by; For no death ever enters that city, you know, : And nothing that maketh a lie; : </p> | <p>5 O 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. : </p> |

336.**THE GLORY LAND. S. M.**

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 FAR from these scenes of night, Unbounded glories rise, And realms of joy and pure delight Unknown to mortal eyes.</p> | <p>3 No cloud those regions know,— Realms ever bright and fair! For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there.</p> |
| <p>2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes But half its charms explore, How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!</p> | <p>4 O may the prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love, Till wings of faith, and strong desire, Bear every thought above.</p> |

ANNE STEELE.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

337.

A Christian Child.

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.
- 4 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!
- 5 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

338.

"Return, my soul!"

- 1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

J. STENNETT.

339.

- 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age
It gives but borrows none.
- 2 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

ASA HULL. By per.

Semi-Chorus. Moderato.

1. Stand up for Je-sus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a - (*Omit.*) - round thy soul!

Full Chorus. A little faster.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

Stand up, his right-eous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus, your best Friend.

340.

- 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.—CHO.
- 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 heav'n's bright shore.—CHO.
- 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
- Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.—CHO.

OH! WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

195

Not too fast.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh! we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Captain's word:

We are under marching orders to take the battle-field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

CHORUS.

Come and join the army, the ar-my of the Lord: Je-sus is our Captain, we ral-ly at his word.

Sharp will be the conflict with the pow'rs of sin; But with such a Leader we are sure to win.

341.

- 2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove;
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love:
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain;
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.—*Cho.*
- 3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side:
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride.
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack:
We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them back.—*Cho.*
- 4 Oh! glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword;
Glorious is the kingdom of Christ, our Lord:
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And his people shall be blessed for evermore.—*Cho.*

From "The Silver Chime," by per.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called lit-tle chil-dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His

arm had been thrown 'round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

342.

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.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown 'round me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 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.

In that beautiful place He has gone to pre-
pare

For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him
there,

For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

PARADISE No. 1. P. M.

197
J. BARNEY.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?

REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

343.

- 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.
- 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.—REF.

- 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song.—REF.
- 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—REF.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ANGEL VOICES. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN,

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light—An - gel harps for - ev - er ringing,

Rest not day nor night, Thousands only live to bless thee And con - fess thee, Lord of might,

344.

- 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest,
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright.

- 3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

FRANCIS POTT.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

REV. A. B. SMITH.

1. O-pen the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in— In from the highways and hedges,

In from the places of sin. Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold!

REFRAIN.

Open the door for the children, Gather them in-to the fold. Gather them in, gather them in,

Gather them in-to the fold; Gather them in, gather them in, Gather them in-to the fold.

345. "He shall gather the lambs with his arms."

2 Open the door for the children;
 See! they are coming in throngs;
 Bid them sit down to the banquet,
 Teach them your beautiful songs;
 Pray you the Father to bless them;
 Pray you that grace may be given.
 Open the door for the children,
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—*Ref.*

3 Open the door for the children;
 Take the dear lambs by the hand;
 Point them to truth and to goodness,
 Send them to Canaan's land.
 Some are so young and so helpless,
 Some are so hungry and cold!
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold,—*Ref.*

MRS. KIDDER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore:

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

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

pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil - grims of the night.

346.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!"
 And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

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

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

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

EVERY HOUR. P. M.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No ten-der voice like thine Can peace af-ford.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, oh, I need thee; Ev'ry hour I need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-ior! I come to thee.

Copyrighted 1872, by R. Lowry.

347

John xv: 5

- 2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.—REF.
- 3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

- 4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.
- 5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed one.—REF.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKES.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNBY.

1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given: Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

348.

- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

INCARNATION. P. M.

201

J. BARNBY.

S.

We march, we march to vic-to-ry, With the cross of the Lord before us, With his loving eye looking

| 1st 2 verses. | 3d verse only. |

down from the sky, And his ho-ly arm spread o'er us, His ho-ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

His

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar-mor bright to meet him; And we put to flight the

D. S.

armies of night, That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him. We

349.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet his salvation;
Our banner the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

G. MOULTRIE.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. BRADBURY, per. Biglow & Main Co.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. } Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are ; Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

350.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

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

THE SHINING SHORE.

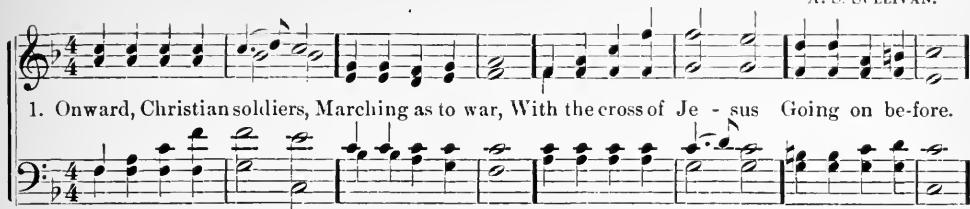
GEO. F. ROOT. By per.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would
not detain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and . . . dan-ger, For oh, we stand on
Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And just before the shining shore We may almost dis-cov-er.

351.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning—For oh, &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. For oh, &c.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

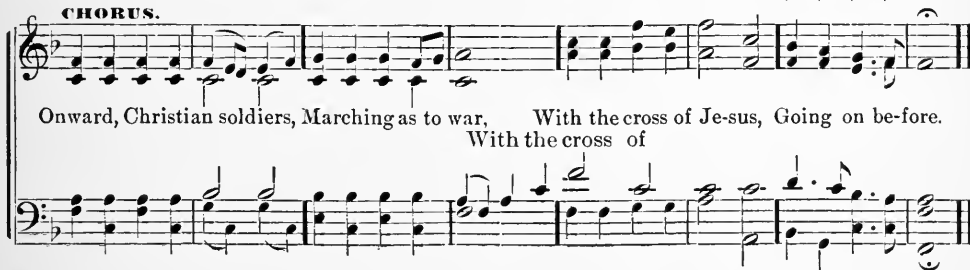


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be-fore.



Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into bat - tle, See His banner go.

CHORUS.



Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, Going on be-fore.
With the cross of

352.

- 2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus,
Constant will remain,

- Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that can not fail.—CHO.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

SABINE BARING GOULD.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

352¹/₂

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love, Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly white,
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels, clothed in white, Beau-ti-ful strains, that never tire,

Beau-ti-ful tem-pel, God its light, Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its light.
Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir. Beau-ti-ful strains, that never tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

By permission. BIGLOW & MAIN Co.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Duett.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day;

CHORUS.

Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Savior King, Loud let his praises ring, For ev-er-more.

353.

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

CHORUS.

Oh, ye shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;

CHORUS.

O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. C. M.

1. Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent; They stopped the prod - i-

D. C. I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in for-eign lands; My Fa-ther's house has
 End. D. C.

gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent. I'll die no more for bread,

large sup - plies, And bounteous are his hands.

354.

2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
 But hunger, shame, and fear?
 My Father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starving here.
 3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face;
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place.

4 His Father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and ran, and smiled,
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.
 5 "Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!"
 Enough! the Father said:
 Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.

JOHN NEWTON.

355.

OAK. 6s & 4s.

DR. MASON. By per.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on ev-ry hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

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

3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and best,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

COME TO JESUS. P. M.

ANON.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Just now, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now; Come to Jesus, just now.

356.

The Gospel call.

- 2 He will save you, He will save you,
 He will save you just now;
 Just now He will save you,
 He will save you, just now.
- 3 Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
 Don't reject Him, just now, etc.
- 4 He is ready, He is ready,
 He is ready just now, etc.

- 5 O believe Him, O believe Him,
 O believe Him, just now, etc.
- 6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
 Do not tarry just now, etc.
- 7 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen;
 Amen, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

ANON.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine. *D. C.*

1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, } Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room;
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day, }

D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

357.

Boast not of to-morrow.

- 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.

- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

- 4 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou be
 Through that long to-morrow,
 Eternity?
 Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?

THOMAS HASTINGS.

THE GUIDING HAND.

With simplicity.

RESPONSE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Is this the way, my Fa-ther? 'Tis, my child: Thou must pass thro' this tangled, dreary wild, if thou wouldst reach the

Cres. *f* *p* *pp*
cit-y uu - de - filed, Thy peace - ful home a - bove, Thy peace - ful home a - bove.

358.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

2 But enemies are round.

RESPONSE.—Yes, child, I know

{ That where thou least expect'st thou'lt find a foe;

{ But victor shalt thou prove

O'er all below,

||: Only seek strength above. :||

3 My Father, it is dark,

RESPONSE.—Child, take my hand,

{ Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the land;

{ Trust to my all-seeing care,

So shalt thou stand

||: 'Midst glory bright above. :||

ST. MAURA. H. M.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed be,

In thy once opened fount, I bring them, Saviour, all to thee; The burden is too great for me.

359.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"

2 My heart to Thee I bring

The heart I cannot read—

A faithless, wandering thing,

An evil heart indeed.

I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,

That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My life I bring to Thee,

I would not be my own;

O Saviour, let me be

Thine ever, Thine alone.

My heart, my life, my all I bring

To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet;

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

360. "The Lord watch between us."

1 God be with you till we meet again;
By his counsel guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you!
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—*Cho.*

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

JEHOVAH IS MARCHING ALONG.

209

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

f Tempo di marche.

1. Let the nations awake to the signs of the times; A voice that is might-y and strong,

Like the thun-der of wa-ters, proclaims to the world, Je - ho - vah is march-ing a - long.

CHORUS.

ff
Then wake, let us stand with our face to the right, And tread' neath our feet ev -'ry wrong;

The king-doms of dark-ness are trembling with fear, Je - ho - vah is march-ing a - long.

361. "Can ye not discern the signs of the times."

2 Men of business, awake to the signs of the times;

Be true, and to others be just;
Give your wealth to the Lord, for to Him it belongs,

He lent it to you as a trust.—*Cho.*

3 Let the women awake to the signs of the times;

God calls you—the cross nobly bear;
You can light up the heart with the pages of life,
And triumph with God thro' your prayer.—*Cho.*

4 Let the young men awake to the signs of the times:

God calls you, because ye are strong;
You can work in the vineyard with ardor and zeal,

For Him who is marching along.—*Cho.*

5 Careless sinner, awake to the signs of the times;

Give Jesus your heart while you may;
O be washed in his blood—he will make you his child,
And take your transgressions away.—*Cho.*

1. { We shall meet no more to sever, By and by, by and by ; }
 { And the darkness will be over By and (Omit.) } by, by and by : With the toilsome

journey done, And the glorious battle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.

CHORUS.

{ We shall meet no more to sev - er, By and by, by and by ; }
 { And the darkness will be o - ver, (Omit.) } By and by, by and by.

362.

2 We shall see and be like Jesus,
 By and by, by and by ;
 He a crown of life will give us,
 By and by, by and by ;
 And the angels who fulfill
 All the mandates of his will,
 Shall attend and love us still.
 By and by, by and by.—*Cho.*

3 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
 By and by, by and by ;
 And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
 By and by, by and by ;
 There our storms and perils passed,
 And with glory ours at last,
 We'll possess the kingdom vast,
 By and by, by and by.—*Cho.*

GUARD THY TONGUE.

211

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Guard thy tongue and guard it wisely, Thence a world of evil springs; Tho' it be a little member, Yet it

boasteth wondrous things. It can whisper words of comfort, It can wound and cheer the heart, It can seal the bonds of

CHORUS. Largo. **Rit.**

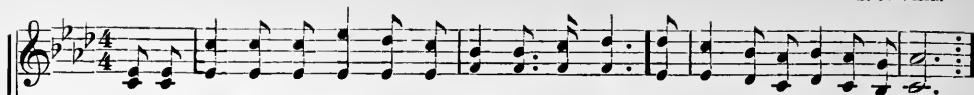
union, It can break them all apart. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, And keep thou the door of my lips."

363.

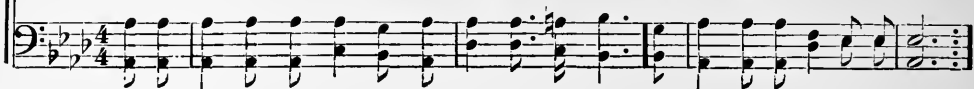
"The tongue is a little member."

- 2 It can cheer the sad and lonely,
Like a beam of morning light;
O'er a gentle, loving spirit
It can throw a cruel blight.
We have need to guard it wisely,
And be careful what we say,
Lest we harm an erring brother,
Who may stumble by the way.—*Cho.*
- 3 With the tongue we blend our voices
In the melody of song;
With the tongue we utter falsely,
And we do each other wrong.
Can a single fountain give us
Sweet and bitter waters too?
Yes! the tongue speaks good and evil,
Though it ought not so to do.—*Cho.*

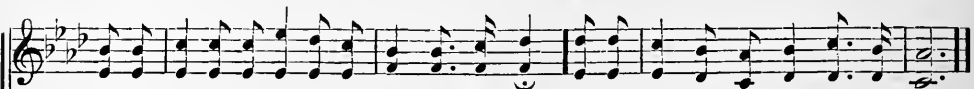
- 4 How a spark of angry feeling
It will kindle to a flame;
We can chain the savage lion,
But the tongue can no man tame.
With the tongue we bless our Father,
With the tongue His law profane;
With the tongue we praise our Maker,
And we take His Name in vain.—*Cho.*
- 5 Hush that idle whisper, sister,
Think the Lord is standing near,
Listening to each word thou speakest
Of the souls to him so dear!
Tell how firmly walks thy brother;
All his brave and true deeds tell;
Speak not of the past's dark errors,
Tell not that he slipped and fell.—*Cho.*



1. { Oh, how sweet is the Bi - ble ! how pure is the light That streams from its pa - ges di - vine ! }
 'Tis a star that shines soft thro' the gloom of the night, Of jew - els a wonderful mine. }



It is bread for the hun - gry, 'tis food for the poor, A balm for the wounded and sad, -



'Tis the gift of a Father—his likeness is there, And the hearts of his children are glad.



Copyright by P. P.

364. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

2 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how sweet in the storm!

It speaks to the sinner distressed ;
 And the tempest is hushed, and the sea is made calm,
 The troubled and weary find rest,

'Tis a friend's loving counsel—the voice of a guide,

How gentle, and faithful and true!
 For no harm can the dear little pilgrim betide,
 If his feet its directions pursue.

HOLY SABBATH DAY.

213

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. We are singing, we are singing Happy songs of grateful love, And our childhood-voices mingle

With the minstrels of the grove; They are praising him who made them In their wild and simple lay,

CHORUS.

And we gladly join their chorus On this ho-ly Sabbath day. Precious moments, may we prize them,

Precious day of calm re-pose, Day of all the week the brightest, Day when Christ, the Lord, a-rose.

365. "Delight in the Sabbath."

2 We are singing, we are singing
Of the blessed Lamb of God,
Of the Savior, who redeemed us
By his pure and precious blood;
To the pearly gate of mercy
He has taught our soul the way,
May he come and bless the children
On this holy Sabbath-day.—*Cho.*

3 We are singing, we are singing
Of the pilgrim's home of rest,
Where the faithful dwell forever,
And the pure in heart are blessed.
We are singing of its beauty,
And we swell the joyous lay,
For we know our Savior hears us
On this holy Sabbath-day.—*Cho.*

JOHN THOMAS CRAPE. By Per.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of

CHORUS.
weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all." Je - sus paid it all,

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

366.*"Jesus paid it all."*

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

MRS. ELVINA MABEL MYERS.

SONG OF FAITH.

215

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Oh, had I No-ah's changeless faith, That saved him in the ark, When earth was drowned be-
 2. Oh, had I Abram's faith su-blime, That said thy will be done, When God com-mand-ed

CHORUS.

neath the flood Of wa-ters wild and dark. Oh, for a faith so firm and strong, That
 sac - ri - fice Thy son, thine on - ly son.

mountains would re-move; A faith that o-ver-comes the world, And sweetly works by love.

367. "The just shall live by faith."
 3 Oh, for Elijah's trusting faith,
 He prayed, and prayed again;
 When, lo! a little cloud arose,
Cho.—Faith brought the promised rain.

4 Oh, for the steadfast faith of Paul,
 Unwavering, clear and bright,
 Through faith he ran the Christian race,
Cho.—And fought the glorious fight.

OH, FOR A FAITH. C. M.

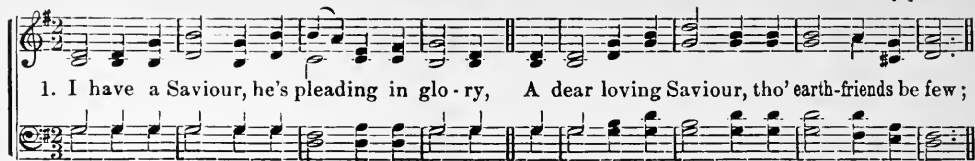
(Omit Chorus to this hymn.)

368.
 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;
 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God!—
 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—

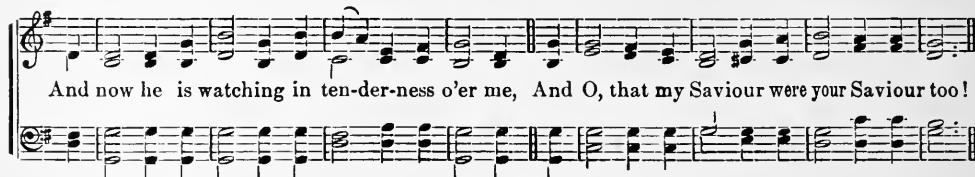
4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble can not drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile;—
 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes the dying bed.
 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, that hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

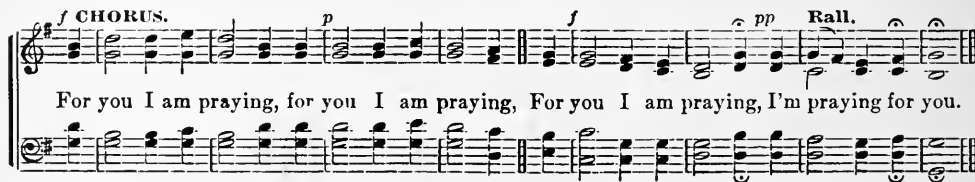
IRA D. SANKEY. By per.



1. I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glo-ry, A dear loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;



And now he is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me, And O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!



f CHORUS. *p* *f* *pp* *Rall.*
For you I am praying, for you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

369.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."

- 2 I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven;
But O, may He lead you to go with me too!—*Cho.*
- 3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
O, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—*Cho.*
- 4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it was given to you!—*Cho.*
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—*Cho.*

S. O'MALLEY CLOUGH.

CROSS OF CHRIST! LEAD ONWARD.

217

R. KELSO CARTER. By per.

1. Cross of Christ! lead on-ward, Thro' the Holy War; In this sign we conquer, Now and evermore.

Not of man the pow-er, Not to man the fame; We are victors on - ly In our Leader's name.

CHORUS. Slightly ritard.

Cross of Christ! lead onward, Thro' the Holy War; In this sign we con-quer Now and evermore.

370.

2 Not with pomp and pageant,
Not in earthly pride;
We must fight our battles
Like the crucified.
Overcome by suff'ring,
Vict'ry thro' defeat;
Tried and tested daily
In the furnace heat.—*Cho.*

3 Panoplied in graces,
Bold, yet humbly meek;
Resting while we're working,
Strong, but ever weak,
Timid, tho' courageous,
Gaining as we give;
Crucified in Jesus,
Yet, in Him we live.—*Cho.*

4 By a cloud encompassed,
Witnesses above;
Saints, Apostles, Prophets,
Precious ones we love;
While "advance!" is sounding,
Mounts the battle thrill,
Cross of Christ! lead onward
Where the Captain will.—*Cho.*

5 Marching in the pathway
That the Master trod,
Walks one daily with us
Like the Son of God,
To the end enduring,
Armor ne'er laid down
Till the cross leads upward
To the blood-bought crown.—*Cho.*

R. K. C.

TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D. S. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

FINE.

D. S.
 Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pains we bear,—

371.*"There is a friend."*

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
 In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou will find a solace there.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

219

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Christ, the Teach-er, com-eth To our class to-day; And the Lord has
 2. Christ, the Teach-er, com-eth In sweet gen-tle-ness, Touch-ing all the

ma-ny Bless-ed things to say; Who will glad-ly lis-ten,
 chil-dren With a friend's ca-ress; Who will come the near-est

Look-ing in his face, Los-ing not a sen-tence While he fills the place?
 To the Sav-ior King? Who will be most earn-est? Who most love will bring?

372.

"And He opened his mouth."

3 Christ, the Teacher, cometh,
 Listen to his call;
 We have little knowledge,
 He will teach as all—
 Tell us of our Father,
 And our home in heaven,
 Where the sweet harp music
 And the crowns are given.

4 Christ, the Teacher, cometh,
 Do not turn away
 From the friend who lingers
 In our class to-day;
 Listen to him gladly,
 Love and trust him well,
 He will be your Guardian
 Till with him you dwell.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Lo! our fa - thers' God is with us! We can trace his might - y hand In our

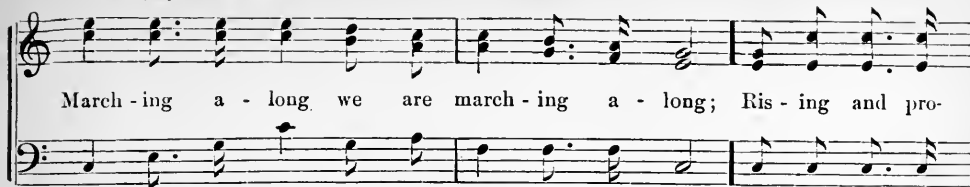
The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a common time signature. The lyrics are: "1. Lo! our fa - thers' God is with us! We can trace his might - y hand In our". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a right-hand staff in treble clef and a left-hand staff in bass clef. The piano part includes chords and rhythmic patterns that support the vocal melody.

churches, vast in number, Wide ex-tend-ing o'er our land ; Let our full u - nit-ed chorus

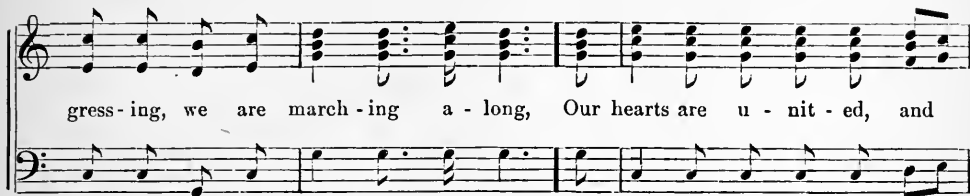
The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are consistent with the first system. The lyrics are: "churches, vast in number, Wide ex-tend-ing o'er our land ; Let our full u - nit-ed chorus". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and rhythmic accompaniment.

Ritard.
Ev - er on - ward roll a - long, And the year of time be - vo - cal With our loud, ecstas - tic song.

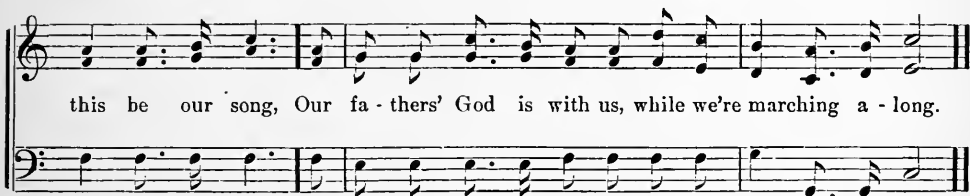
The third system concludes the piece. It begins with the instruction "Ritard." above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "Ev - er on - ward roll a - long, And the year of time be - vo - cal With our loud, ecstas - tic song." The musical notation includes a final cadence in the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

CHORUS, by WM. B. BRADBURY. *Full and loud.*


March - ing a - long we are march - ing a - long; Ris - ing and pro -



gress - ing, we are march - ing a - long, Our hearts are u - nit - ed, and



this be our song, Our fa - thers' God is with us, while we're marching a - long.

373.

2 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!

Lost in wonder, we adore

Him who brought them safely hither

With the Gospel to our shore.

Fired with zeal, and armed with courage,

Strong in faith and love divine,

Thro' the darkest cloud that gathered

They could see his glory shine.—*Cho.*

3 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!

They have laid their armor down,

They have passed the vale of shadow

Left the cross to wear the crown:

We must bear their glorious standard,

Wield our veteran fathers' sword,

In the army of the faithful

We are battling for the Lord.—*Cho.*

4 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!

Sing aloud with heart and voice,

Still increasing and progressing,

Brethren, let *us all* rejoice!

Hallelujah! what a meeting,

When we reach the shining shore,

There with Saints who've gone before us,

Shout *salvation* evermore.—*Cho.*

FANNY CROSBY.

I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I long to be-hold him ar-rayed. With glo-ry and light from a - bove;
2. I lang-uish and sigh to be there, Where Je - sus hath fixed his a - bode:

The King in his beau - ty dis - played, His beau - ty of ho - li - est love.
Oh, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God.

CHORUS.

When the storms . . . all are o'er, . . . I shall see him on the
When the storms all are o'er, "in the sweet by-and-by,"

1st time.

2d time.

beau - ti - ful shore, (by-and-by,) see him on the beau - ti - ful shore. (by-and-by.)

374. "We shall see him as he is."

3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.—*Cho.*

4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see;
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.—*Cho.*

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Oh, nev - er yield to gloom - y tho'ts, Tho' dark our path may be; The morning
2. With stead - y pace the Christian moves To - wards the bliss - ful shore, And sings with

REFRAIN.

light will soon ap - pear, Its dawn we soon shall see. 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore, 'Tis
cheer - ful heart and voice, 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore.

bet - ter on be - fore; Yes, brighter is the sky be - yond, And bet - ter on be - fore.

375. "In thy light shall we see light."

- 3 When tempted to forsake his God,
And give the contest o'er,
He hears a voice, which says, "Look up,
'Tis better on before."—*Ref.*
- 4 When stern affliction clouds her sky,
And death stands at the door,
Hope cheers him with her sweetest note,
'Tis better on before.—*Ref.*

- 5 And when on Jordan's banks he stands,
And views the radiant shore,
Bright angels whisper, "Come away,
'Tis better on before."—*Ref.*
- 6 And so it is! for high in heaven
They never suffer more;
Eternal calm succeeds the storm,
'Tis better on before.—*Ref.*

DR. JOSEPH FARKER.

ROBED AND READY.

S. J. VAIL

1. Robed and read-y, press-ing home-ward, Where the Sav-ior leads the way;
2. Robed and read-y, saved of Je-sus, Robed for all the jour-ney through;

FINE.
Gird-ed with the heav'n-ly ar-mor, For the con-flicts of the day.
Du-ty's call ac-cept-ing glad-ly, Sav-ior, keep us blest and true.

D. S. Soon with Je - sus free for - ev - er, By the throne we'll joy-cus stand.

CHORUS. **D. S.**
Robed and read-y Zi-on's pil-grims, Journeying to the bet-ter land,

376. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God."

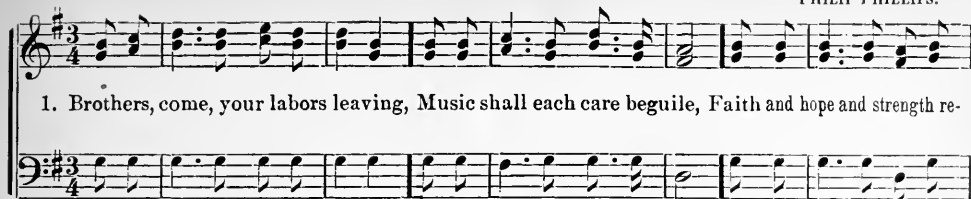
3 Robed and ready, pressing homeward,
Ready for the cross or crown;
Ready still to do or suffer,
Yonder waits the saints' dear home.

4 Robed and ready for the struggles
That this life must ever have,
Leaning on the arm extended,
Just to guide, and guard, and save.

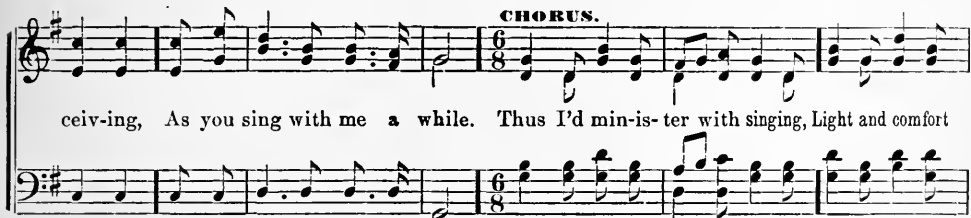
5 Robed and ready for the burdens
Jesus has for us to bear;
Crowns will only be the brighter,
Higher glories we shall share.

6 Robed and ready, saved and happy,
Robed by Jesus for the way;
Ready thus his word to follow,
Robed and ready, day by day.

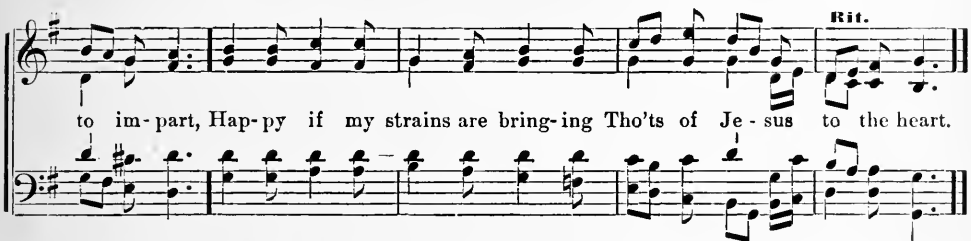
REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. Brothers, come, your labors leaving, Music shall each care beguile, Faith and hope and strength re-



CHORUS.
ceiv-ing, As you sing with me a while. Thus I'd min-is-ter with singing, Light and comfort



to im-part, Hap-py if my strains are bring-ing Tho'ts of Je-sus to the heart.

377.

"I will sing praises to my God."

2 Singing to the little children,
Precious buds of sweet perfume,
These I'd gather for my Master,
Ere the world has dimmed their bloom.
Cho.—I would minister with singing.

3 Singing to the busy toilers,
Striving hard with hand and brain,
Of a higher, nobler service,
Of a rest that doth remain.
Cho.—Singing, singing, always singing.

4 Singing to the pilgrims hoary,
Bending 'neath the load of years,
Telling of the land of glory,
End of trials, end of tears.
Cho.—Singing, singing, always singing.

5 Till the morning brighten o'er us,
Till the welcome call is given,
Till we reach the home before us,
Sing with me the songs of heaven.
Cho.—So I would be always singing.

WM. GROSER, JR., of London.

HIS SPIRIT INTERCEDES.

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. This lit - tle life is full of grief; Oh, seek the life a - bove,
2. This lit - tle life is full of sin; Oh, seek a par-d'ning God,

In Je - sus find your sweet re - lief, E - ter - nal rest and love.
He'll make you clean and pure with - in, 'Tis prom - ised in his word.

CHORUS.

Then go to Christ, the cru - ci - fied, For ev - 'ry soul he pleads;

With groans that can - not be ex - pressed, His Spir - it in - ter - cedes.

378. "With groanings that can not be uttered."

3 This little life is full of care,
Then cast your cares on him,
He'll all your burdens sweetly bear,
And save from every sin.—*Cho.*

4 This little life is full of change,
Decay and death are here;
But there unfading beauty reigns
In that celestial sphere.—*Cho.*

SOW THY SEED.

227

S. J. VAIL.

1. In the morn-ing, when the dew is spark-ling, Sow thy seed, (sow thy seed,) sow thy
 2. When with welcome show'rs the earth is wa-tered, Sow thy seed, sow thy

seed, (sow thy seed,) Ere the sun, too red-ly glow-ing, Ere the wind, too roughly blow-ing,
 seed, That the gen-tle rain dis-till-ing, All the germ with new life fill-ing,

Blight the ten-der germ, and thus thy sow-ing Be in vain, (be in vain.) Be in vain, (in vain.)
 Bring a glad-some harvest for thy till-ing, Rich and rare, (rich and rare,) Rich and rare, (and rare.)

379. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do."

3 With a heart where hope and love are dwelling,
 Sow thy seed.

Let not earnest zeal be wanting;
 Press through trials, nothing daunting,
 Trusting in the blessed Lord for granting
 Thy request.

4 In life's morning, when the heart is tender,
 Sow thy seed,
 And the ground, thy words receiving,
 May through humble faith, believing,
 Blossom rich and fair in garnered sheaving,
 Fair to view.

5 Teacher, strong in faith and earnest effort,
 Sow thy seed:
 Be thy task with prayer anointed;
 Steadfast at thy post appointed,
 Find at last the glorious harvest granted—
 Thy reward.

6 In the name of Christ, thy Lord and Master,
 Sow thy seed.
 He a loving watch is keeping;
 He to joy will change thy weeping:
 And in heaven behold with joy the reaping
 Of thy toil!

BROTHERLY LOVE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Must I my broth-er keep, And share his pain and toil; And

weep with those that weep, And smile with those that smile; And

act to each a broth-er's part, And feel their sor-rows in my heart?

380. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

- 1 Must I my brother keep,
 And share his pain and toil;
 And weep with those that weep,
 And smile with those that smile;
 And act to each a brother's part,
 And feel their sorrows in my heart?
- 2 Must I his burden bear,
 As though it were my own,
 And do as I would care
 Should to myself be done;
 And faithful to his interest prove,
 And as myself my neighbor love?

- 3 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
 A student let me be,
 And learn, as it is meet,
 My duty, Lord, of thee:
 For thou didst come on mercy's plan.
 And all thy life was love to man.
- 4 Oh! make me as thou art;
 Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow—
 The kind and gentle heart
 That feels another's woe.
 May I be thus like thee, my Head,
 And in my Saviour's footsteps tread!

IN THE VINEYARD.

229

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. In the vine- yard of our Fa - ther, Dai - ly work we find to do ;

Scat - ter'd glean - ings we may gath - er Though we are but young and few ;

Lit - tle clus - ters, lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too.

381.

"Other fell into good ground."

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly, gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals, telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

WHATSOEVER THE SOWING BE.

"Whatsoever a man Soweth, that shall he also reap."

S. J. VAIL.

382.

1. Are we sow - ing seeds of kindness ? They shall blossom right ere long. Are we sowing seeds of
 2. We can nev - er be too care - ful What the seeds our hands shall sow ; Love from love is sure to

discord ? They shall ripen in - to wrong. Are we sowing seeds of honor ? They shall bring forth golden grain.
 ripen, Hate from hate is sure to grow. Seeds of good or ill we scatter Heed - less - ly a - long our way ;

CHORUS.

Are we sow - ing seeds of falsehood ? We shall yet reap bitter pain. For what - so - ev - er the
 But a glad or grievous fruit - age Waits us at the harvest day.

sow - ing be, That ye must gath - er, and bring to Me ! That ye must gather and bring to Me !

PHILIP PHILLIPS, owner of Copyright.

BONDAGE OF SIN.

231

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Toil - ing in the house of bond - age, By a ty - rant's chain op - pressed,

Groan - ing 'neath the heav - y bur - dens, Is - rael cried to God for rest.

CHORUS.

We, like them, to sin are cap - tive, Till the light of truth we see;

We are in the house of bond - age, Till the Sav - ior makes us free.

383.

"*Know ye not.*"

2 God in love beheld his people;
With a strong and mighty hand
From their cruel foes he led them
To a fair and goodly land.—*Cho.*

3 As they praised their great deliverer,
We, redeemed, with rapture sing,
Christ, our soul's reward and refuge,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Cho.*

RAISE ME HIGHER.

NOTE.—A dying girl suddenly opened her eyes, and said, "Raise me higher! raise me higher!" Her loving parents sought to arrange her pillows, when she smiled, and said, "Not so; I mean something far different—higher! higher!" and soon she was borne by angels into the joy of her Lord. Her tombstone bears the inscription:—"J. B. aged 13 years. 'Raised Higher.'"

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Raise me high-er, raise me high-er, Out of sin's dark gloomy sea; To the Savior bring me

nigh-er, Who was cru-ci-fied for me. Come, ye an-gels, spread your bright wings, Bear me

to Gol-go-tha's height; Man's redemption there was finished, Let me see the wondrous sight.

384.

2 Raise me higher, raise me higher,
From the fires and pain of woe;
Ever nigher, ever nigher,
Sorrow's flames around me glow.
Come, ye angels, spread your bright wings,
Bear me up to Tabor's height,
Let me see the Saviour's glory,
Grief shall vanish at the sight.

3 Raise me higher, raise me higher,
From this vain world's empty glare;
To Mount Zion bring me nigher,
To the light and glory there.
Come, ye angels, spread your bright wings,
Bear me to the land of rest,
Open wide the pearly portals,
Bear me to my Saviour's breast.

Arr. from FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW.

1. { Al - le - lu - ia, sing to Je - sus, His the scept-re, his the throne; }
 { Al - le - lu - ia, his the triumph, His the (Omit.) . . . } vic - to - ry a -

lone; Hark, the songs of peace-ful Zi - on Thun-der like a might - y flood, Je - sus

out of ev - 'ry na-tion, Hath redeemed us by his blood, Hath redeemed us by his blood.

385.*"A Priest forever."*

2 Alleluia, not as orphans,
 We are left in sorrow now;
 Alleluia, He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how:
 Tho' the cloud from sight received Him,
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget His promise,
 "I am with you evermore?"

3 Alleluia, Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our Food, our Stay,
 Alleluia, here the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day;
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

386.*"I am with you always."* 8s & 7s. D.

1 Always with us, always with us,
 Words of cheer, and words of love:
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
 From His dwelling place above.
 With us when the storm is sweeping,
 O'er our pathway dark and drear,
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear.

2 With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream;
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 Like the ancient prophet's dream.
 Always with us, always with us,
 Pilot in the surging main,
 Guiding to the distant heaven,
 Where we shall be home again.

REV. EDWIN HENRY NEVIN.

HE LEADS US ON.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. He leads us on by paths we did not know, Up-wards he leads us, tho' our

steps are slow; Tho' oft we faint and fal-ter by the way, Tho' storms and dark-ness

REFRAIN.

Rit.

oft ob-scure the sky. But when the clouds are gone, We know he leads us on, He

At the end of the last verse.

Slow

leads us on, he leads us on. He leads us on, he leads us on, he leads us on.

387.

He leads us on.

2 He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.

3 And he, at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life,
No parting there, or pain, on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends, and sing for evermore.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

GLORY IN TRIBULATION.

235

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. The world delights to per - se - cute The chil - dren of the Lord ; 'Twas always so in

CHORUS.

a - ges past, And told us in his word. Re-joice, when per-se - cutions come, Re-

proach in meekness bear, 'Twill be a star whose radiant light Will gem the crown you wear.

388. "Knowing that tribulation worketh patience."

- 1 The world delights to persecute
The children of the Lord ;
'Twas always so in ages past,
And told us in his word.—*Cho.*
- 2 Though we for conscience suffer wrong,
The Lord will make it right,
The world despiseth Christian works,
As darkness hates the light.—*Cho.*

- 3 The more the world revile and scorn,
The more let zeal abound ;
We are not greater than our Lord,
Whose brow with thorns was crowned.—*Cho.*
- 4 Go on still trusting in the Lord,
His word will never fail ;
Lo! he is with us till the end ;
Go on, we shall prevail.—*Cho.*

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I stood outside the gate, A poor way-far-ing child; Within my heart there beat

A tem-pest, loud and wild. A fear oppressed my soul, That I might be too late;

And oh! I trembled sore, And prayed outside the gate, And prayed outside the gate.

389. "Him that cometh unto me."

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
 "I will," a voice replied;
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And carried all my sin;
 She eased my burdened soul,
 Then Jesus took me in.

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

JOSEPHINE POLLARD,

GO THOU AND WEEP.

237

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Say not thou hast no mis-sion, Re-mem-ber those a - far, Who nev-er knew its

CHORUS.

glo-ry, The "Bright and Morning Star." Go thou and weep, no tear is lost; And,

pil-grim, it may be, Thy tear may lead a dy - ing soul The bet - ter life to see.

390. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."
 2 Say not, O Christian worker,
 Thy seed is sown in vain,
 For thou in time shalt gather
 Thy sheaves of golden grain.—*Cho.*

3 Go weeping to thy labor,
 And thou, when toil is o'er,
 Shalt come again rejoicing,
 And bring thy precious store.—*Cho.*

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNBY.

1. I love to steal awhile away From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful pray'r.

391.

Retirement.

- 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.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

W. H. MONK.

1. Come my soul, thy suit prepare, He himself has bid thee pray,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r; Therefore will not say thee nay.

392.

A prayer in need.

- 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 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:

- There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

JOHN NEWTON.

H. J. GAUNLETT.

Rit.

1. My God, is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn to ev'ning star, As that which calls me to thy feet, The hour of pray'r ?

393.*The hour of prayer.*

- 2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.
- 3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

- 4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

DIJON. 7s.

German Evening Hymn.

1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the holy Sabbath day; Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

394.*Twilight.*

- 2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

- 3 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES!

Arr. from G. A. MINER. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eyes;

Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

REFRAIN. Bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves! We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves!

1st. 2d. Repeat *pp*

395.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!—*Ref.*
- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's o'er, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!—*Ref.*

KNOWLES SHAW.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

241

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill,"
 Tho' all beneath is dark as death,
 For the Savior whispers "Love me;"
 Yet the stars are bright a-

bove me. Then upward still, To Zion's hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before shines more and more, As it

REFRAIN. **2d Semi-Chorus.** **Full Chorus.**

nears the golden city. I'm climbing up Zion's hill, I'm climbing up Zion's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

396.

2 I know I'm but a little child,
 My strength will not protect me;
 But then I am the Saviour'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."
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

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.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

REV. J. G. CHAFFEY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN Co.

Single voice. (boy) (or semi-chorus.)

1. Do you know any little barefoot boy, In a garret or a cellar, Who shivers with cold, and whose

CHORUS.

garments old—Will scarcely hold together? Go bring him in; there is room to spare; Here are food, and shelter, and

Repeat in full Chorus.

pity; And we'll not shut the door 'gainst one of Christ's poor, Tho' you bring ev'ry child in the city.

397.

GIRL.

- 2 Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching;
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's
storm;
The alms of the richer taking?
"Go bring her in," &c.

TEACHER.

- 3 Go! gather them in from the tenement house,
And the merchant's stately palace;
From the world's dark strife, and the
heavenly life,
Let them drink from the golden chalice.
"Go bring them in," &c.

BOY.

- 4 Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the lots on Sunday,
And who's late at school, and who breaks
the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?
"Go bring him in," &c.

TEACHER.

- 5 '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.
"Go bring them in," &c.

MRS. E. M. SANGSTER.

MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

243

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. In the si-lent midnight watches List, thy bo-som door, How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,

Knock-eth ev - er - more; Say not 'tis thy puls - e's beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;

CHORUS.

'Tis thy Saviour knocks and cri - eth: "Rise and let me in!" Let him in, oh, let him in,

He will cleanse thy heart from sin, He will wash thy guilt a-way, Let him in to - day.

398.

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 Saviour goeth,
 Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Waiting for thy sins!
 Nay; alas, thou guilty creature,
 Hast thou then forgot?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 Now he knows thee not.

DR. A. C. COX.

HE LEADETH ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me, O blessed tho't, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, what-

REFRAIN.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me! He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me! By

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

399.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—

Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

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.
He leadeth me, etc.

THE PILOT.

Fine.
1. Toss'd upon life's raging billow, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
D.C. Thou the faithful watch art keeping, "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

D. C.

And canst feel a sail-or's woe. Never slumb'ring, never sleeping, Tho' the night be dark and drear,

400. "The Lord shall guide thee continually."

2 And tho' loud the wind is howling,
Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red!
Darkly tho' the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

DR. L. MASON.

m *Sf*

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling,
D. S. Work, for the night is com-ing,

Fine. D. S.

Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
When man's work is done.

401.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

1. We sing of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair, And oft are its

REFRAIN.

glo-ries confess'd—But what must it be to be there? But what, but what, but what must it

be to be there? And oft are its glo-ries confess'd—But what must it be to be there?

402. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

2 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear—
The church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there?

3 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

JOYFULLY.

A. D. MERRILL.

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spir-its a - bove; }
An-gel-ic chor-is-ters sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home! }

Soon with my pil-grimage end-ed be - low, Home to the land of bright spir-its I go;

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

403. "Joyfully onward."

2 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

ALLEN.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Can my soul find rest from sorrow, Can my sins for-giv-en be, Must I wait un-til to-mor-row,
D. S. Will he lift this veil of blindness

Fine. *D. S.*
Ere my Saviour speaks to me? Will he speak in words of kindness? Will he wash a-way my sin?
And remove this deadly pain?

404.

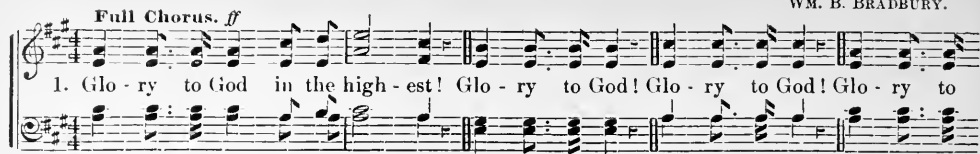
2 Oh, the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish,
Give me just one ray of light—
Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!

3 Now he hears me, he will save me,
I behold his shining face;
Hear him whisper, he will have me—
Oh, the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How he cometh from above—
Fills my soul, oh, glory, glory!
With the blessings of his love.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

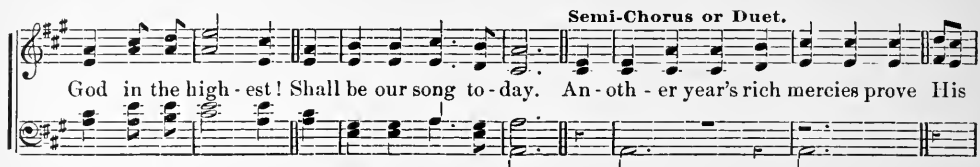
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Full Chorus. *f*

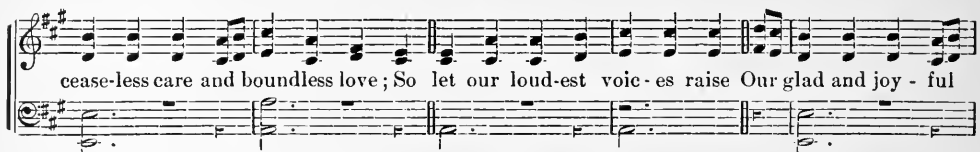


1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to

Semi-Chorus or Duet.

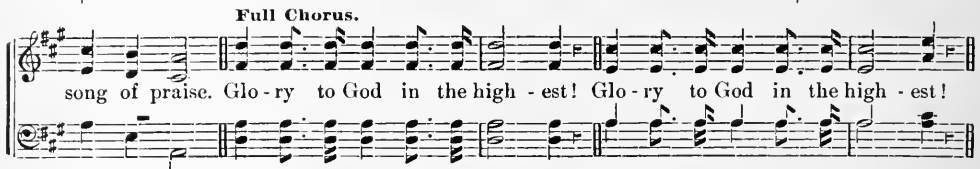


God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day. An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His




cease-less care and boundless love; So let our loud-est voic - es raise Our glad and joy - ful

Full Chorus.



song of praise. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!



f Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, *f* (Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

1st. 2d.

405.

2 Glory to God in the highest,
 Glory to God! Glory to God!
 Glory to God in the highest!
 Shall be our song to-day.

O, may we, an unbroken band,
 Around the throne of Jesus stand,
 And there, with angels and the throng
 Of his redeemed ones, join the song.

By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN Co.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GO! WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.

249

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. List-en! the Mas-ter be-seech-eth, Call-ing each one by his name; His voice to each

lov-ing heart reacheth, Its cheer-ful - est serv-ice to claim. Go where the vineyard de-

mandeth Vinedressers' nurture and care; Or go where the white harvest standeth, The

Rit. joy of the reap-er to share. Then work, brothers, work! let us slum-ber no long-er, For

CHORUS.

GO! WORK TO-DAY. Concluded.

God's call to la-bor grows strong-er and stronger; The light of this life shall be

darkened full soon, But the light of the bet-ter life rest-eth at noon.

406.

2 Seek those of evil behavior,
 Bid them their lives to amend;
 Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
 And be to the friendless a friend,
 Still be the lone heart of anguish
 Soothed by the pity of thine;
 By way-side, if wounded ones languish,
 Go pour in the oil and the wine.—*Cho.*

3 Work, though the enemies' laughter
 Over the valleys may sweep,
 For God's patient workers hereafter
 Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
 Ever on Jesus reliant,
 Press on your chivalrous way,
 The mightiest Philistine giant
 His Davids are chartered to slay.—*Cho.*

4 Work for the good that is nighest:
 Dream not of greatness afar;
 That glory is ever the highest
 Which shines upon men as thy are.
 Work, though the world would defeat you;
 Heed not its slander and scorn:
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you
 With smiles thro' the gates of the morn.—*Cho.*

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

DR. WM. MORLEY FUNSHON.

T. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole ; Look up to him, he

CHORUS.

only can forgive, Believe on him and thou shalt surely live. { Go and tell Jesus, he on-ly can forgive. }
 { Go and tell Jesus, oh, turn to him and live. }

Go and tell Je-sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, he on-ly can forgive.

407.

- 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 for ever rest.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

408.*"Pray without ceasing."*

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

409.*Design of prayer.*

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

410.*For the peace of Jerusalem.*

- 1 O thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

- 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.

411.*For sustaining grace.*

- 1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

412.*For the fire of divine love.*

- 1 O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Firmly.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-giv'n, So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heav'n.

413.

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

414.

- 1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And wait it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. May the grace of Christ our Savior, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho-ly Spir-it's fa-vor, Rest up-on us from a-bove.

415.

Benediction.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Savior,
And our Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which each can not afford.

JOHN NEWTON.

416.

Dismissal.

- 1 Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

ROBERT HAWKER.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I!

W. G. FISHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And

CHORUS.
sorrows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul! Oh, then to the

Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I! Oh,
is higher than I!

then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I!

417.

2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
Though blessings or sorrows prevail;
When climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. JOHNSON.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE OF SONG.

"Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and the stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law."—DEUT. xxxi, 12.

GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

GIARDINI.

418.



1. God bless our Sunday school, Increase our Sun-day school, God bless our school! Send down Thy



grace di-vine, May ev-'ry child be Thine, And love all hearts entwine, God bless our school!



2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls;
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labors crowned by Thee;
God bless our school!

3 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our school!
And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our school!

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers.

For the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.—EPH. iv. 11, 12.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy,

let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

Or he that exhorteth on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.—ROM. xii. 6-8.

PRAYER—Closing with

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

*GOD GAVE US EACH A TALENT.

I. B. WOODBURY.

419. DUET. Cheerful.

Fine.

1. God who gave us each a tal - ent, To im - prove it gave com - mand: }
 If we hide it in a nap - kin, He will claim it at our hand. }
D. C. Tho' our path be e'er so hum - ble, We have all a work to do.

REFRAIN. Sung by the teachers.

D. C.

Let us, then, be up and do - ing, Keep - ing still this truth in view,—

2 With the heralds of the Gospel,
 If we can not bear a part,
 We can drop a word of kindness
 That may reach some careless heart.

—REFRAIN.

3 We may touch a chord of feeling
 Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep,
 To the blessed fold of Jesus
 We may bring some wandering sheep.

—REFRAIN.

* Verses to be sung by the children as a Duet. Teachers sing the Refrain.

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In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.— JOHN i. 1.

Every word of God is pure : He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him.—PROV. xxx. 5.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness :

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—2 TIM. iii. 16, 17.

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man :

But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 PETER i. 20, 21.

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began.— LUKE i. 70.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.—REV. i. 3.

The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth. 1 KINGS xvii. 24.

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—JAMES i. 22.

Search the Scriptures ; for in them ye think ye have eternal life :

And they are they which testify of me.— JOHN v. 39.

Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word,

Which is able to save your souls.—JAMES i. 21.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way ?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.—PSALM cxix. 9.

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.— 2 TIM. ii. 15.

And that their children, which have not known anything, may hear and learn to fear the Lord your God as long as ye live.—DEUT. xxxi. 12, 13.

The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.— RUTH ii. 12.

And, behold, I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.—REV. xxii. 12.

THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Solo or Duet. Semi-Chorus. Solo or Duet.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! Small may be thy spir-it-field,

THE GOLDEN STORE. Concluded.

But a good - ly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kind - ly word and deed—

Semi-Chorus. **Full Chorus for each verse.**

Scat-ter, scat-ter good-ly seed! O-pen, then, thy gold-en store, Stretch the fur-rows

Semi-Chorus.

more and more, God will give thee all thy need— Scat-ter, scat-ter good - ly seed!

420.

2 Sun and showers aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro,
Daily good thy simple creed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHO.

3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground :

Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed !—CHO.

4 Springtime always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open, then, thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more;
God will give thee all thy need.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed !—CHO.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother :

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—PROV. i. 8-10.

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find knowledge of God.—PROV. ii. 5, 6.

Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory ; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.—PHILIPPIANS ii. 3.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another.—GAL. v. 26.*

Be kindly affectioned one to another with

brotherly love ; in honor preferring one another.—ROM. xii. 10.

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.—1 PET. iii. 8.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.—EPH. iv. 29.

But above all things, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath : but let your yea be yea ; and your nay, nay.—JAMES v. 12.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight.—PROV. xii. 22.

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.—REV. xxi. 27.

MOTHERS OF SALEM.

421.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."



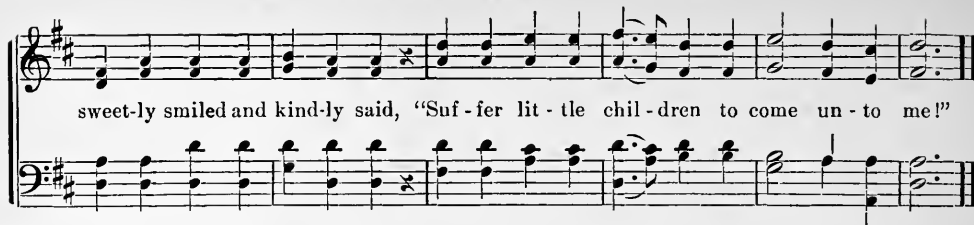
1. When moth-ers of Sa - lem their children brought to Je - sus, The stern dis-ci - ples



drove them back, and bade them de - part ; But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And



MOTHERS OF SALEM. Concluded.



2 "For I will receive them, and fold them to my bosom,
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh, drive them not away;
For if their hearts to me they give,
They shall with me in glory live,
Suffer little children to come unto me."

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid the children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard his name;
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,
That they may hear thee to them say,
"Suffer little children to come unto me."

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED FROM THE WORD OF GOD.

QUEST.—*Should children obey their parents?*

ANSWER.—Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.—EPH. vi. 1.

Q.—*Does Jesus love little children, and desire them to come unto Him?*

A.—Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me.—MATT. xix. 14.

Q.—*What does God promise children in the Bible?*

A.—Those that seek me early, shall find me.—PROV. viii. 17.

Q.—*Should little children like you remember God?*

A.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—ECCLES. xii. 1.

Q.—*Is God in every place, seeing everything?*

A.—The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—PROV. xv. 3.

Q.—*Are wicked persons happy?*

A.—There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.—ISA. xlvi. 22.

Q.—*What is the way of the righteous?*

A.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace.—PROV. iii. 17.

Q.—*Are we all sinners?*

A.—All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—ROM. iii. 23.

Q.—*Whom did Christ come into the world to save?*

A.—Christ came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. i. 15.

Q.—*How can your soul be saved?*

A.—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—ACTS xvi. 31.

Q.—*Is Christ the only Saviour?*

A.—There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.—ACTS iv. 12.

Q.—*Is Jesus able to save all?*

A.—He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him.—HEB. vii. 25.

Q.—*Must we all die?*

A.—It is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgment.—HEB. ix. 27.

Q.—*What does the Bible say of Christians when they die?*

A.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—REV. xiv. 13.

LET THE CHILDREN COME.*

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

422.

1. In the ear - ly spring-time, When your leaves are fair, Lit - tle buds of prom-ise,

Lit - tle blos-soms rare; Hear the words of Je - sus, Pre-cious will they be,

CHORUS.

Bring the lit - tle chil-dren, Let them come to me. Let them come to me,

Let them come to me, Bring the lit - tle chil-dren, Let them come to me.

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LET THE CHILDREN COME. Concluded.

2 All the little children
Gladly will we bring
To the arms of Jesus,
Heaven's exalted King;
For the invitation,
Gracious, full and free,
Says to all the children,
Let them come to me.

—CHORUS.

3 Let them come in welcome
To my bleeding side,
To secure their pardon
I was crucified:
They may be forgiven,
From the law set free,
I, the Lord, have risen,
Let them come to me.

—CHORUS.

4 Jesus, we are coming
To thy loving arms,
Safely there reposing,
Sin no longer harms.
From the wiles of Satan
Thou canst set us free,
Tho' we're little children,
We will come to thee.

—CHORUS.

(SHORT ADDRESS.)

JESUS LOVES ME.

423.

(Infant-Class Song.)

"We love him because he first loved us."

W. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;

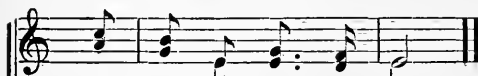


Lit - tle ones to him be - long, They are weak, but he is strong.

CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me,



The Bi - ble tells me so.



2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.—CHO.

3 Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die,
He will take me home on high.—CHO.

*JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

263

424.

"Let your light so shine."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle

Burning in the night, In this world of darkness We must shine, You in your small

cor - ner, I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for him ;
Well he sees and knows it
If our light grows dim.
He looks down from heav'n,
Sees us shine,
You in your small corner
I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness
In this world abound—
Sin and want and sorrow.
We must shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

* To be sung by the Infant Class.

BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

"Pere we have no continuing city."

H. R. BISHOP.

425.

1. Bright home of our Sa - vour, what glo - ries a - wait The spir - its that

BRIGHT HOME ABOVE. Concluded.

pass thro' thy bright pearl - y gate! What an - thems of rap - ture, un-

ceas - ing and high, Com - pose the loud cho - rus that glad - dens the sky!

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for yon - der blest home.

- 2 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare—
 No heart can conceive of the blessedness there,
 Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
 When pure in his likeness they rise from the dust.—CHO.
- 3 We bless thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
 The beautiful home thou hast gone to prepare;
 We trust in thy mercy, that, washed from our sin,
 Thro' yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—CHO.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand ; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

426.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation !—O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

427.

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed!"

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high His royal ban-ner!
D. S. Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,

FINE. D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vict'ry un - to vict'ry His arm-y shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord in- deed.

428.

7s. & 6s.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

429.

7s. & 6s.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

REV. S. F. SMITH.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

267

"And rested the Sabbath-day."

DR. L. MASON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;

His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

430. *Dominion over all.*

- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
 - 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
 - 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
- REV. ISAAC WATTS. Ab. and sl. alt.

432. *"Behold the Way!"*

- 1 Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin,

431. *Prayer for speedy Triumph.* L. M.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
 - 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign.
 - 3 Oh, that the anthem now might swell
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns.
- BAPTIST MAGAZINE, 1816.

L. M.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"
 - 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
 - 6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"
- JOHN CENNICK.

f **Bold and vigorous. Declamando.** **Cres.**

1. Watchmen, on-ward to your stations, Blow the trumpet long and loud; Preach the

Cres. *f*

gos-pel to the na-tions, Speak to ev-'ry gath-'ring crowd; See the day is breaking;

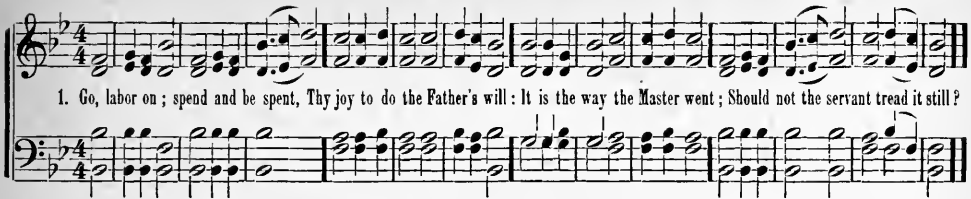
See the saints a-wak-ing, No more in sadness bow'd, No more in sadness bow'd.

433.

2 Watchmen, hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign,
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the list'ning train:
See his love revealing;
See the spirit sealing;
'Tis life among the slain!
'Tis life among the slain!

3 Watchmen, as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ his love to learn;
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness.
When they his grace discern,
When they his grace discern.

L. O. EMERSON.



1. Go, labor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will: It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

434.

- 1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; enough while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
To toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR.

435.

- 1 Take up thy cross, the Savior said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST.

436.

- 1 Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, upon thy guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL.

437.

- 1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?
- 2 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his spirit grieve?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, and still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 4 God calling yet! I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK.

YOUR MISSION.

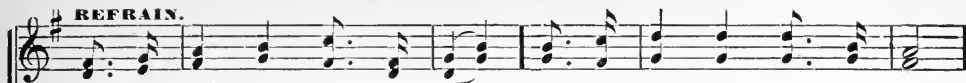
VAIL and PHILLIPS.

1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet,
 2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain, steep and high,

Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet;
 You can stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by;

You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay,
 You can chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long,

You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a - way.
 Tho' they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song.



As they launch their boats a - way, As they launch their boats a - way;
They will not for - get the song, They will not for - get the song;



You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a - way.
Tho' they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song.



438. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,"

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you can not tow'rds 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 our Saviour's feet.
Ref.—Sitting at our Saviour's, etc.

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 battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.
Ref.—You can cover, etc.

5 If you can not in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
Ref.—Hides the heaviest, etc.

6 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.
Ref.—You can find, etc.

O LONG-EXPECTED DAWNING.

S. J. VAIL.

1. And is the time ap - proach - ing, By prophets long fore - told, When all shall dwell to -

geth - er, One Shepherd and one fold? Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be

CHORUS.

thrown, And ev - 'ry pray'r be of - fer'd To God in Christ a - lone? O long - ex - pect - ed dawning,

Come with thy cheering ray! When shall the morning bright - en, The shadows flee a - way?

439.

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?—*Cho.*

- 3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
Thè Lord and Prince of Peace?—*Cho.*

Remainder of hymn on p. 25.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Traveller! o'er yon

mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of

joy or hope fore-tell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

440.*The Names of Offices of Christ.*

7s. D.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born :
 From the highest realm of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.
 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh
 Names most awful, names most high.

2 Wonderful in counsel, he,
 The incarnate Deity :
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
 Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

FRANZ ABT.

Soprano.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.

Bass or Tenor.

Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam-ing star!

CHORUS.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell? Trav'-ler! yes; it

brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.

441. *Watchman! tell us of the night.*

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

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

HENRY SMART.

1. Angels from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye, who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry,
2. Shepherds, in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re-sid-ing;

Now proclaim Messiah's birth: Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Yonder shines the infant-light: Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

442. *Good tidings of great joy.*

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you, break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

AMERICA. (National Hymn.)

Maestoso.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free - dom ring.

443.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might!
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

OUR COUNTRY.

Con energia.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild

tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do thou our coun - try save, By thy great might.

444.

2 For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
On thee we wait;
Be her walls holiness,
Her rulers righteousness,
Her officers be peace;
God save the State.

3 Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On thee we call;
Give us prosperity,
Give us true liberty,
May all the oppressed go free,
God save us all.

HOME PATRIOTISM.

277

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. { Our coun-try, un-ri-valled in beau-ty And splendor that can not be told, }
 { How love-ly thy hills and thy wood-lands, (*Omit.*) }

2d time.
 Ar-rayed in a sun-light of gold. The ea-gle, proud king of the mountain,

Is soar-ing ma-jes-tic and free; Thy riv-ers and lakes in their grand-eur,

Roll on to the arms of the sea, . . Roll on to the arms of the sea.

445. "A land that floweth with milk and honey."

2 Our country, the birth-place of freedom,
 The land where our forefathers trod,
 And sang in the aisles of the forest
 Their hymns of thanksgiving to God.
 Their bark they had moored in the harbor,
 No more on the ocean to roam;
 And there, in the wilds of New England,
 They founded a country and home.

3 Our country with ardent devotion,
 In God may Thy children abide;
 In Him be the strength of the nation,
 His laws and his counsel to guide.
 Our banner—that time honored banner
 That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam—
 God keep it unsullied forever—
 Our standard, our union, our home.

FANNY CROSBY.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.

1. I've roamed o - ver mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've traversed the wave-rolling sand ;

Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own native land.
D. S. Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own native land.

CHORUS.
 No, no, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no,
D. S.

446.

2 The right hand of friendship how oft have
 I grasped,
 And bright eyes have smiled and looked
 bland ;
 Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
 In the west—in my own native land.
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
 Yet happier far were the hours, etc.

3 Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that
 we love,
 Where flourishes Liberty's tree ;
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own
 native home,
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, etc.

Allegro.

1. The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a
storm - y sky Their giant branches tossed; And the heav - y night hung dark,
The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of exiles moored their barque On the wild New England shore.

Rit.

447.

1 The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their barque
On the wild New England shore.

2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll o' the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang,
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they
found,
Freedom to worship God!

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
2. O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard, And hushed their rag - ing at Thy word,

Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep, Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;
Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - midst its rage did sleep;

p
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.

448. "And there was a calm."

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour!
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

449. L. M.

1 Almighty Father, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters, Thou our home.*
2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse the calm and troubled breast.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessings in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.
4 Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

* Can use the last two lines of first to the second hymn.

HARVEST HOME.

281

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home ; All is safely gath-er'd in,

Ere the win - terstorms be - gin ; God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to

be sup-plied ; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home. A - men.

450. "He watereth the hills from His chambers."

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield :
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home ;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide :
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home. Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the waters, Strong in faith that works by love, Like the dew's of heav'n descending,

On-ly known to God a-bove. For our Father God doth notice, When each seed of good is sown, And will

CHORUS.

care-ful-ly preserve them Till they all to fruit are grown. Blest in bless-ing, Blest in bless - ing,
Blest in blessing, Blest in blessing,

Faithful servant of the Lord ; Blest in bless - ing, Blest in bless - ing, Thou shalt find a sure reward.
Blest in blessing, Blest in blessing.

451. " *In the morning sow thy seed.*"

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Though thy store be small indeed,
For the willing not the wealthy,
Ever sow the choicest seed.
And although the tempter whispers,
"Casting is not worth its cost ;"
Proofs are everywhere around us,
That no work of love is lost.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
For when many days are past,
Thou shalt find it with an increase,
Richly blessing thee at last.

Thus thy soul be filled with gladness,
And thine eyes with thankful tears ;
While some happy soul shall bless thee,
Throughout all eternal years.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
For the promise, long since given,
Still remaineth ours forever,
Promised in the word of heaven :
"Thou shalt find it," "thou shalt find it,"
Though thy waiting may be long ;
And thy doubts shall all be ended
In a glad, triumphant song.—

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

283

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. In dim re - cess - es of thy spi - rit's chamber Is there some hid - den grief thou

may'st not tell? Let not thy heart for - sake thee, but re - mem - ber, His

Ritard.
pit - ying eye who sees and knows it well. God knows it all! God knows it all!

452. "For your heavenly Father knoweth."

2 And art thou tossed on billows of tempta -
tion,
And wouldst do good, but evil still pre -
vails?
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge
fails—
God knows it all! God knows it all!

3 And dost thou sin! thy deeds of shame
concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see—
Then walk in pride, without one sign re -
vealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet
thee!
God knows it all! God knows it all!



1. Give to the winds thy fears: Hope and be un-dismayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

453.

"Befiehl du deine Wege."

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT.
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY.

LAST HOPE. 7s.

Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

454.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has 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.

ANDREW REED.

JAMES CLARK PHILLIPS.

1. I glo - ri - fy thee, O my Fa - ther in heav'n, For the mercy and love that to me thou hast giv'n,

For the blessings unnumbered that brighten my way, For thy care in the night and thy presence by day.

Rit.
I glo - ri - fy thee, O I glo - ri - fy thee, Blest Fa - ther in heav'n, I glo - ri - fy thee.

455.

- 2 I glorify thee, O my Saviour above,
For the gift of thyself, for that wonderful love
Which led thee from heaven to dwell here below,
And brighten our gladness and lighten our woe;
I glorify thee! O, I glorify thee,
Blest Saviour above, I glorify thee.
- 3 I glorify thee, thou blest Spirit divine,
That thy counseling, comforting presence is mine,
To guide me, his child, to the Father above,

- Thro' the blight of earth's woes to the bliss of his love;
I glorify thee! O, I glorify thee,
Blest Spirit divine, I glorify thee.
- 4 Then help me while singing and speaking thy praise,
To live it and love it my portion of days;
Till heaven shall be mine, and eternity bring
Its perfect thanksgiving, my God and my King.
I glorify thee! O, I glorify thee,
Blest Father in heaven, I'll glorify thee.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, Jr.

1. While, with cease-less course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Ma-ny souls their race have run,
D. S. We a lit - tle long-er wait,

Fine.

Nev - er-more to meet us here. Fixed in an e - ter-nal state, They have done with all below,
 But how lit - tle none can know. *D.S.*

456.

New Year.

- 1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Nevermore to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below,
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view :
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Savior's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

JOHN NEWTON.

457.

The close of the year.

- 1 Thou who roll'st the year around,
 Crowned with mercies large and free,
 Rich thy gifts to us abound,
 Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
 Kindly to our worship bow,
 While our grateful thanks we tell,
 That, sustained by thee, we now
 Bid the parting year—farewell!
- 2 All its numbered days are sped,
 All its busy scenes are o'er,
 All its joys forever fled,
 All its sorrows felt no more.
 Mingled with the eternal past,
 Its remembrance shall decay ;
 Yet to be revived at last
 At the solemn judgment-day.
- 3 All our follies, Lord, forgive,
 Cleanse us from each guilty stain ;
 Let thy grace within us live,
 That we spend not years in vain.
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
 Happy spirits, may we fly
 To our everlasting home,
 To our Father's house on high!

RAY PALMER.

LIFE IS BUT A FLEETING DREAM.

287

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Life is but a fleet-ing dream, On-ly stran-gers here we roam; Life is but a

change-ful scene, Yon-der is the Christian's home. Just be-yond the roll-ing tide

An-gels watch us on the shore, Where the pearly wa-ters glide, And the weary thirst no more.

458. "For now we see through a glass darkly."

- 2 Here we feel the tempter's power,
Here we sigh for living-bread,
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
Doubt and fear and storms are o'er,
There the fruits of joy abound,
We shall hunger there no more.
- 3 Here we breathe the sultry air
Of a lonely desert plain,
Trials here the heart must bear
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.

There the waves of death are passed,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.

Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the light,
He will wipe our tears away.

SINGING THE GOSPEL.

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Sing - ing the gos - pel of Je - sus In sim - ple strains of love; Sing - ing of

CHORUS.

mer - cy for sin - ners, Thro' Christ, our Lord, a - bove. Sing, yes, sing the gos - pel

To all man - kind be - low; Sing - ing of free sal - va - tion Wher - ev - er called to go.

459. "Singing and making melody."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Singing the gospel of Jesus In simple strains of love; Singing of mercy for sinners, Through Christ, our Lord, above.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>2 Singing the gospel of Jesus, "Twill cheer the spirit so; Sing of the blood that cleanseth More white than falling snow.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 Singing the gospel of Jesus, For Christ in song may win; Singing the great salvation, That saves us from all sin.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 Singing the gospel of Jesus, His words of truth and love; Singing of life and glory, Till home is gained above.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|

SHINING ANGELS.

289

"We shall see him as he is."

Arranged from a Southern Melody.

460.

1. I want to see the shin-ing an-gels, Shin-ing an-gels, shin-ing an-gels,

CHORUS.
I want to see the shin-ing an-gels, But I can-not till Je-sus takes my

sins all a-way, Then I'll give him my heart, And I'll praise him while I

live, I'll praise him when I die, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

- 2. I want to see my blessed Jesus, &c.
- 3. I want to see the Golden City, &c.

- 4. I want to see the saints in glory, &c.
- 5. I want to meet my friends in heaven, &c.

NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

D. C. Chorus.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heav'nly shore? The land for-ev - er bright and fair, Where sorrow reigns no more?
 CHO. There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there; In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

461.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
 To fear and doubting given,
 Mount up at last, and happy fly,
 On angels' wings to heaven?—*Cho.*

3 Hail, love divine and pure!
 Hail, mercy from the skies!
 My hopes are bright, and now secure,
 Upborne by faith I rise.—*Cho.*

4 I part with earth and sin,
 And shout the danger's past;
 My Saviour takes me fully in,
 And I am his at last.—*Cho.*

462.

1 O happy, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet!
 There we shall see each other's face,
 And all our brethren greet.

2 The Church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest,
 And, crowned with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.

3 With joy we shall behold,
 In yonder blest abode,
 The patriarchs and prophets old,
 And all the saints of God.

WESLEY.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

1. Lord, teach us to num-ber the days of our life-time, And reck-on the days that for-ev - er have flown;

Re-gard-ing them all as but steps of the progress, As steps that are not-ed, or yet to be known.

463.

2 Yes! Life is the name of that slender existence
That dwells in the perishing body of clay;
A flower of the morning, it grows in the sunshine—
It blooms for a little and dies in a day.

3 Time passes unheeded and often forgotten,
The chimes of the seasons go merrily round;
The dread hour of midnight steals on in the darkness,
And thunders the night-watch with dull heavy sound.

4 The dew of the night and the mist of the morning
Scarce live but a moment, when upward they fly;
The babe of our joy is the child of our sorrow;
To-day it is fondled—tomorrow to die.

5 Then teach us to number the days of our life-time,
And study to walk in more heavenly ways:
As we reckon the hours and the chimes of the noontide,
So teach us, great Teacher, to number our days.

I AM COMING, LORD.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That flow'd on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-vary!

464.

- 2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.—*Cho.*
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To Perfect Faith and Love,
To Perfect Hope and Peace and Trust,
For Earth and Heaven above.—*Cho.*
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,

- By adding grace, to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.—*Cho.*
- 5 And he the Witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every Promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.—*Cho.*
- 6 All Hail! Atoning Blood!
All Hail! Redeeming Grace!
All Hail! the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.—*Cho.*

1. I know not if he comes at eve, Or night, or morn, or noon ;
2. I know not why our souls should doubt His pro - mise to ap - pear,

I know the breeze of twi - light grey, That fans the
When ev - 'ry flow - er's open - ing eye, Looks up in -

cheek of dy - ing day, Doth ev - er whis - per — *Soon!*
to the chang - ing sky, And seems to mur - mur — *Near!*

465.

" Watch therefore."

3 I know not round his blessed feet
What peerless glories throng ;
I only know from rending tomb
The good shall burst in beauty's bloom ;
And faith assures—*Not long!*

4 I know not if his chariot wheels
Yet near or distant are ;
I only know each thunder-roll
Doth wake an echo in my soul,
That saith—*Not very far!*

5 I know not if we long must wait
The summer of his smile ;
I only know that hope doth sweep
With thrilling touch my heart-strings deep,
And sings—*A little while!*

6 I know not on this glorious theme
Why lips so soft are dumb ;
I only know the saddened earth
Will flash with beauty and with mirth,
At sound of "*Lo, I come!*"

THE JUDGE IS AT THE GATE.

293

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax-ing late, Be so - ber, and keep
2. A - rise, a - rise, good Christian, Let right to wrong succeed; Let pen - i - ten - tial

vig - il, The Judge is at the gate; The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The
sor - row To heav'n - ly glad - ness lead; To light that has no eve - ning, That

Judge who comes with might, Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right.
knows no moon nor sun, The light so new and gold-en, The light that is but one.

466.

"Work your work betimes."

3 O happy, holy portion,
Perfection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

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

1. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race, And thee, O my

Sav-ior, I soon shall em-brace; They may tor-ture this bod-y, my

spir-it is free, And the bil-lows of death shall but waft it to thee.

467.

2 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year, and never stand
still,
And never stand still, till the Master appear,
And never stand still, till the Master appear.

3 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name;
Thy kingdom most holy, on earth be the
same;
O give to us daily, our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

PRODIGAL CHILD.

295

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Far from home, yes far from home, In sin and rags I sad-ly roam; No ten-der love or

CHORUS.
Fa-ther's care, But filled with sor-row and de-spair. Come home! come home! . . .

Rall. **A tempo.**
Prod-i-gal child, come home; Come home! come home! Prod-i-gal child, come home.

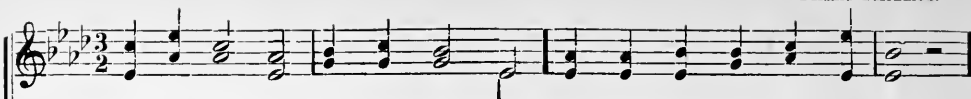
468. "And he began to be in want."

2 Far from home and far from God,
I feel the chast'ning of His rod,
In feeding here among the swine,
Refusing peace and love divine.
Cho.—Come home! etc.

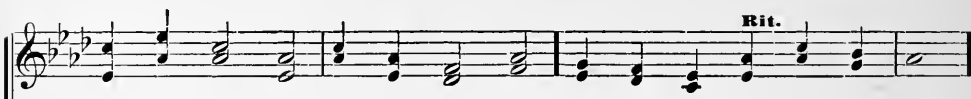
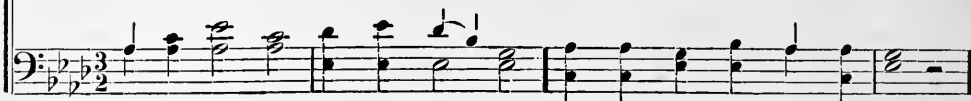
3 Quick to the banquet-house repair,
Thy Father stands to greet thee there,
Come, now, behold His smiling face,
He'll kiss thee with his pard'ning grace.
Cho.—Come home! etc.

DO THE RIGHT.

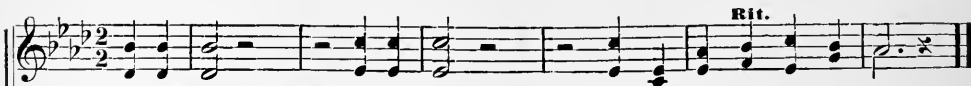
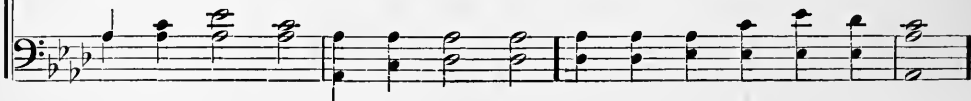
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Cour-age, broth-er, do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;



There's a star to guide the hum-ble; "Trust in God, and do the right."



Do the right, do the right, "Trust in God, and do the right,"
do the right, do the right,



469. "Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

297

From the German.

f With Spirit.

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right! In a no - ble

cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right! Be their zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed,

ff

With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed. God speed the right! God speed the right!

470. "And every man that striveth."

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the right!
 Like the good and great in story,
 If they fall, they fall with glory,
 God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
 God speed the right!
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 God speed the right!

Spirited.

1. Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade ?
Why stand ye i - dle, waiting For reapers more to come ? The gold-en morn is passing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb ?

471.

7s & 6s.

- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain :
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
Thy 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.
- 4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low ;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord ;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

LET TEMPERANCE AND HER SONS REJOICE. Anthem.*Bold and spirited.**D. C.*

1. Let temp'rance and her sons re-joice, And be their praises loud and long, Let ev-'ry heart and
ev-'ry voice, Conspire to raise a song, A joy-ful song, both loud and long, A joyful, joyful song.

Fine. *D. C.*

472.

- 2 O, let the anthem raise to God,
Whose favoring mercies so abound,
And let his praises fly abroad,
The universe around,

- 3 His children's prayers he deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe,
And temp'rance, like a cherished plant,
Beneath his care shall grow,

* Sing third and fourth lines D. C.

CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

299

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Brother, you may work for Jesus, God has given you a place In some portion of his vineyard,

And will give sustaining grace. He has bidden you "Go la-bor," And has promised a re-ward,

E-ven joy and life e - ter - nal In the kingdom of your Lord, In the kingdom of your Lord.

473.

- 2 Brother, you may pray to Jesus,
 In your closet and at home,
 In the village, in the city,
 Or wherever you may roam.
 Pray that God may send the Spirit
 Into some dear sinner's heart
 And that in his soul's salvation
 ¶: You may bear some humble part. :||
- 3 Brother, you may "sing for Jesus,"
 Oh, how precious is his love!
 Praise him for his boundless blessings
 Ever coming from above.

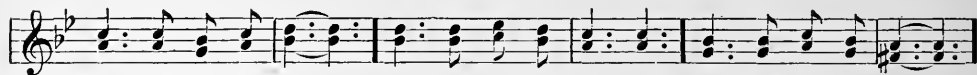
- Sing how Jesus died to save you,
 How your sin and guilt he bore;
 How his blood hath sealed your pardon,
 ¶: "Sing for Jesus" evermore. :||
- 4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
 Him who died that you might live;
 Oh, then all your ransomed powers
 Cheerful to his service give.
 Thus for Jesus you may labor,
 And for Jesus sing and pray;
 Consecrate your life to Jesus—
 ¶: Love and serve him every day. :||

JESUS WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

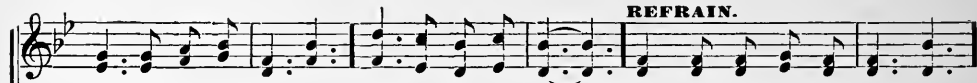
H. R. PALMER, Mus. Doc., by per.



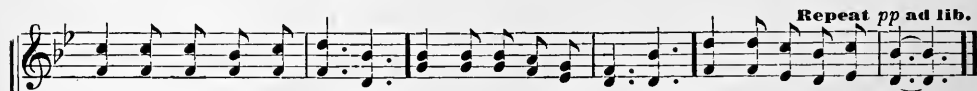
1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For weak-ness is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help us



Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due,



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



Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.



474.

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. - *Ref.*

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

JOSEPH EMERSON SWEETSER.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

475. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,
 And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

476. *"Out of the Depths."*

1 Out of the deep I call
 To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
 Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
 Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
 The woeful deep of sin,
 Of evil done in days gone by,
 Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
 And dread of coming shame,
 From morning watch till night is near
 I plead the precious Name.

REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall

I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Be found at thy right hand?
{ Who sometimes am afraid to die, }

477.

The Tribunal.

- 2 I love to meet thy 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?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

LADY HUNTINGTON.

478.

"Complete in him."

- 1 Come join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—
"In him ye are complete!"
- 3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength and righteousness,—
"In him ye are complete!"

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

TEMPERANCE IN SONG.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—ROM. xiv. 21.

479.

HOW LONG, O LORD.

DR. L. MASON.

1. How long, O Lord our God, Shall sin and sor-row reign, And drunkards love to

tread the road That leads to wrong and pain.

- 2 With zeal and pity move
All those who fear thy name,
So shall they spread the cause of love,
The wayward to reclaim.
- 3 Come, and strong drink remove,
And bring the better day;
When all men shall thy precepts love,
And thy commands obey.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church, but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.—MATT. xviii. 15-17.

But thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; if thy brother trespass against thee rebuke him, and if he repent forgive him.—LUKE xvii. 3.

Then came Peter to Him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.—MATT. xviii. 21, 22.

PRAYER.

SLAVERY AND DEATH.

Tune—HAMBURG. L. M.

480.

1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl;
 Softer than silk are iron chains
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

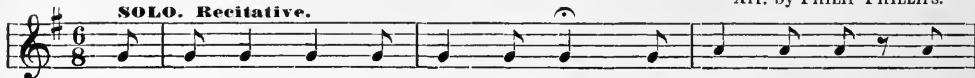
2 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live, by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

RENOUNCE THE CUP.

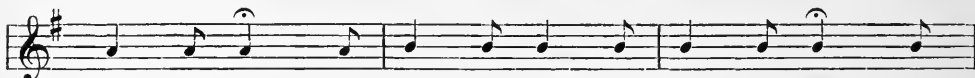
"Nor thieves, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Arr. by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

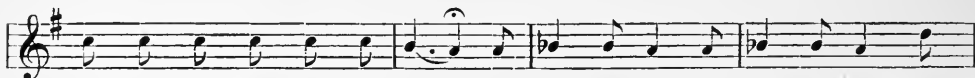
SOLO. Recitative.



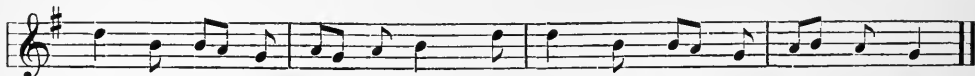
1. A drunk - ard reached his cheer - less home, The storm with - out was



dark and wild; He forced his weep - ing wife to roam, A



wan-d'rer, friend-less, with her child; As thro' the fall - ing snow she pressed, The



babe was sleep - ing on her breast, The babe was sleep - ing on her breast.

481.

2 And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifted snow,
 Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
 O God! she cried, in accents wild,
 If I must perish, save my child.

4 At morn her cruel husband passed,
 And saw her on her snowy bed;
 Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
 Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled.
 He raised the mantle from the child,
 The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

3 She stripped the mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 As round the child she wrapped the vest,
 She smiled to think that it was warm.
 With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
 The broken-hearted found relief.

5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
 Poor thoughtless one, *it speaks to you!*
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue:
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
 Immortal soul, why will you die?

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup.—PROV. xxiii. 31.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—PROV. xxiii. 32.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them.—ISA. v. 11.

For while they be folden together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry.—NAHUM i. 10.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness.—HAB. ii. 15.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—ISA. v. 22.

The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—PROV. xxiii. 21.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—ROM. xiv. 21.

Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.—PROV. iv. 15.

Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God.—I CORINTHIANS vi. 10.

Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee.—LEV. x. 9.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—PROV. xx. 1.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—EPH. v. 18.

They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.—ISA. xxiv. 9.

But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.—ISA. xxviii. 7.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?—PROV. xxiii. 29.

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. PROV. xxiii. 30.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

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

RESCUE THE PERISHING. Concluded.

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:

CHORUS.

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

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

482.

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

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

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

307

"Meekness, temperance,—against such there is no law."

1. Weep for the fall - en! hang your heads in sor - row, And mourn - full - ly

sing the re-quiem sad and slow; Thousands have per-ished by the fell de -

Solo. stroy - er; Oh, weep for youth and beau - ty, **Duet.** Oh, weep for youth and

Full Chorus. beau - ty, Oh, weep for youth and beau - ty in the grave laid low.

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN. Concluded.

483.

- 2 Voices of wailing tell our hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go ;
Hark ! to their accents, their's, the broken-hearted,
||: Who weep for youth and beauty :|| in the grave laid low.
- 3 Weep for the fallen, but amid your sorrow
Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow ;
Rescue the thousands from the fell destroyer,
||: For why should youth and beauty || in the grave lie low ?

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, or trust in uncertain riches.

But in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy ; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.—1 TIM. vi, 17, 18.

Let your conversation be without covetousness ; and be content with such things as ye have.

For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—HEB. xiii. 5.

But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ?—1 JOHN iii. 17.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all Thy soul, and with all thy mind : this is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it.
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—MARK xii. 30, 31.

Children, obey your parents in all things : for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.—COL. iii. 20.

And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath : but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—EPH. vi. 4.

Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself ;

And the wife see that she reverence her husband.—EPH. v. 33.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love ; in honor preferring one another.

—ROM. xii. 10.
Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.—ROM. xii. 17.

STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of righteousness."

PHILLIPS & BRADBURY.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, both in the key of D major (two sharps) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. O Chris-tian, a - wake, for the strife is at hand, With hel - met and

shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold temp-ter, go,

fear-less-ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

Unison. **Semi-Chorus.** **Full Chorus.** **Rit.**
Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

484.

- 2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.—CHO.
- 3 The cause of thy Master with vigor defend;
O watch, fight and pray—persevere to the end;
Wherever he leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.—CHO.
- 4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer:
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.—CHO.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

ASA HULL. By per.

Semi-Chorus. Moderato.

1. Stand up for Je-sus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on o-cean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a - [Omit . . .] round thy soul!

Full Chorus. A little faster.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

Stand up, his right-eous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus, your best Friend.

485.

- 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.—CHO.
- 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!

- Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.—CHO.
- 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 heav'n's bright shore.—CHO.

Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them.—PROV. xxiv. 1.

Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners.—1 COR. xv. 33.

Divers weights are an abomination unto the Lord; and a false balance is not good.—PROV. xx. 23.

That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter; because the Lord is the avenger of all such.—1 THESS. iv. 6.

Keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a strange woman.—PROV. vi. 24.

Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.—PROV. vii. 27.

Denying ungodliness and wordly lusts,
We should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.—TITUS ii. 12.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.—PROV. xxiii. 20.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—PROV. xxii. 21.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight.—PROV. xxii. 22.

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.—REV. xxi. 29.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.—PROV. xvi. 32.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice.—EPH. iv. 31.

A new commandment I give unto you:
That ye love one another as I have loved you.—JOHN xiii. 34.

Follow peace with all men, and holiness,
Without which no man shall see the Lord.—HEB. xii. 14.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you,

And pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.—MATT. v. 44.

Abstain from the appearance of evil.
And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.—THESS. v. 22.

Watch ye and pray,
Lest ye enter into temptation.—MARK xiv. 38.

THE MASTER IS WAITING.

MRS. ANNIE WYTENMEYER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. My sis - ter, the Mas - ter is call - ing for you, Oh, hear his sweet
2. He waits where his chil - dren are cry - ing for bread, Where the tempt - ed

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

THE MASTER IS WAITING. Concluded.

voice and o - bey; The har - vest is white, but the la - borers are few,
read - y to fall: "I would not that a - ny should per - ish," he said,

CHORUS.

Go, work in my vine - yard to - day. The Mas - ter is wait - ing,
"I come with sal - val - tion to all."

wait - ing, wait - ing, The Mas - ter is wait - ing and call - ing for you.

486.

- 3 He waits in the homes of the poor and oppressed,
To lighten the burdens they bear;
And brings to the weary and fainting ones rest—
Go quickly, and meet with him there.—CHO.
- 4 My sister, the Master is waiting for you;
He calls for the reapers to-day;
There's work for each one of his children to do;
Oh! haste thee, no longer delay.—CHO.

GEORGE HEATH.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise; The

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

487.

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 lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

488.

WATCHFULNESS.

1 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmy wait
Thy succors from above;
And stand against their hate,
And well-dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts and chase
The truth to his own hell.

5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,—
To thee my weakness show:

6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad

an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.

489. *Good tidings of great joy.*

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

TATE AND BRADY.

490. *The Birth of Christ.* C. M.
(For Solo see Christmas Service.)

- 1 What means this golden glory round
This soft celestial light,
That falls upon the sleeping ground
And gilds the shadowed night?
2 What mean these voices sounding sweet
Upon the midnight air;
These heavenly harmonies that meet
In cadence full and fair?
3 What means the star in yonder sky,
Bright blazing o'er his peers,
Like flaming beacon set on high
To shine a thousand years?

- 4 What means this maiden mother here
With face so pure and sweet?
And why these wise men stooping near
To kiss the baby's feet?
5 O soul of man be hushed, as in
This presence thou art come,
And bid away each thought of sin,
Each thought of strife be dumb.
6 For he, who in the manger lies,
Is God's beloved son,—
For thee a human sacrifice,—
Thy ransom is begun!

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

DR. L. MASON.

Animated. Treble and Tenor may be inverted.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our

dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

491.

Star of the East.

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

BISHOP R. HEBER.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."

LOWELL MASON.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let

ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And, heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

492.*Christmas Morning.*

- 2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour 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 glory of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

493.*Welcome Christmas.*

C. M.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to heal,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Our ransomed spirits seal.
- 3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?

Lo! the an - gel - ic host re - joices; Heav'n - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

494. *Peace on earth, good-will to men.*

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

JOHN CAWOOD.

495.*The glad Song.*

8s & 7s.

1 Hark, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises soundeth forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.

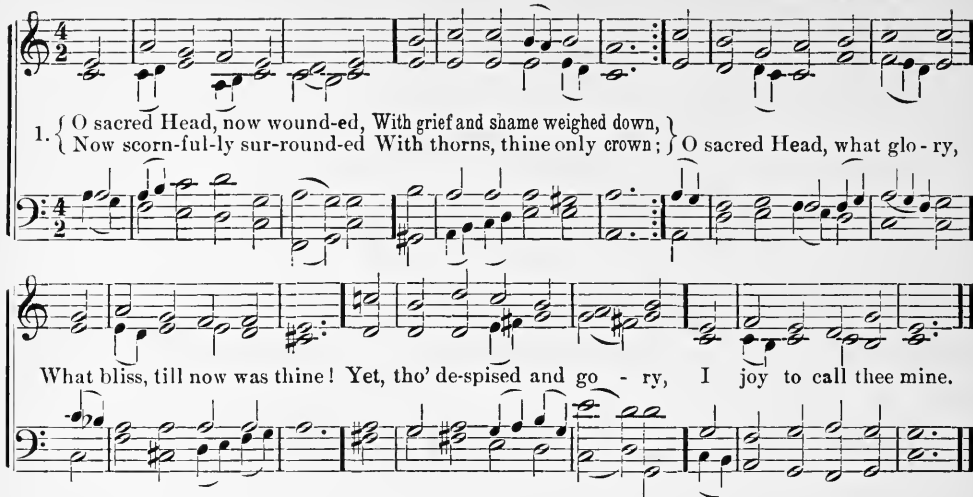
3 Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;

As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

4 All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

5 On this day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



1. { O sacred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weigh-ed down, }
 Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, thine only crown; } O sacred Head, what glo-ry,
 What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, tho' de-spis-ed and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

496.

Crowned with thorns.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain:
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve thy place;
 Look on me with thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

5 What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me thine forever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

497.

Standing at the door.

7s & 6s.

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er:
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,
 His name and sign who bear,
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there!
 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
 And lo, that hand is scarred,
 And thorns thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!
 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter
 And leave us never more.

REV. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

CAROL. C. M. D.

319

R. S. WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, we be-lieve it was for us

Fine. D. S.

Who died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear; But He hung and suffered there.

498.

"The dear Lord."

- 2 We may not know, we can not tell
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him, too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY.

1. Come let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up to the courts above, And smile to see our Father there, Up-on a throne of love.

499.

The Gates Opened.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
No double flaming sword.

- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ives' brow The star is dimmed that late - -ly shone:

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

500.*Christ in Gethsemane.*

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

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

501.*Prophecy fulfilled.*

L. M

- 1 'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

SAMUEL STENNETT.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane, Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r; Your Redeemer's con-flict see,
 Watch with him one bit-ter hour; Turn not from his griefs a-way, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

502.

Gethsemane.

2 Follow to the judgment hall;
 View the Lord of Life arraigned!
 O, the wormwood and the gall,
 O, the pangs his soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, pain, or loss,
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete:
 "It is finished!" hear Him cry:
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay;
 All in solitude and gloom;
 Who hath taken him away?
 Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
 Saviour teach us so to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A DOXOLOGY.

Lord, by thee were all things made,
 And in thee do all things live,
 Then to thee be honor paid;
 Praise to thee let all things give,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

503.

CHANT FOR COMMUNION.

Words on page 144.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, Would he devote that blessed head
 And did my sovereign die? For such a worm as I?

DAWN. L. M.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!

He lives, he lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head!

504.

Easter Day.

- 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! all glory to his name;
He lives! my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.
- 4 He lives! my wise and mighty friend;
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to guide me safely there.

SAMUEL MEDLEY,

505.

Dying, rising, reigning.

L. M.

- HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:

- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
- 5 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

H. K. WHITE.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

506.

The counsel of his grace.

- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

507.

King of kings, and Lord of lords. C. M.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of Lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

THOS. KELLEY.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,

Where Christ the cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom!

O weep no more the Sav - iour slain, The Lord is ris'n, he lives a - gain.

508. *The Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning.*

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place, He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

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

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again,

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissfull then to die!
Since He has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS. ALT.

1. Morn's rose - ate hues have decked the sky; The Lord has ris'n with

vic - to - ry: Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia!

509.*Risen with victory.*

2 The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given;
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:
Alleluia!

3 O praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One:
Alleluia!

NICOLAS LE TOURNEAUX.

510.*The earth renewed.*

8, 8, 8, & 4.

1 Earth blooms afresh in joyous dyes;
In Christ's arising all things rise;
A solemn joy o'er nature lies;
Alleluia!

2 Now peace the sea, the sky doth fill,
Heaven's breath wakes fair each vale and hill;
Spring pours thro' barren hearts and chill;
Alleluia!

3 Life wins from death the glorious prey;
The Cherub's sword is turned away,
And Eden's paths are free to-day;
Alleluia!

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

511.*"Finita proelia."*

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun;
Hallelujah!

2 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen head;
Hallelujah!

3 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Hallelujah!

UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE 12TH CENTURY.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

S. J. VAIL.

1. We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er, There will be a glorious dawn ; We shall meet to part-no, never,

On the res - ur-rect-ion morn, From the deepest caves of o-cean, From the des - ert and the plain,

p CHORUS.
From the val-ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise again. We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er,

Cres. *f*
There will be a glorious dawn ; We shall meet to part-no, nev-er, On the res - ur-rect-ion morn.

512. "Sown in corruption . . . raised in incorruption."

2 When we see a precious blossom

That we tended with such care,

Rudely taken from our bosom,

How our aching hearts despair!

Round its little grave we linger,

Till the setting sun is low,

Feeling all our hopes have perished

With the flower we cherished so.—*Cho.*

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,

In the lone and silent grave ;

Blessed be the Lord that taketh,

Blessed be the Lord that gave.

In the bright, eternal city

Death can never, never come!

In His own good time He'll call us

From our rest to Home, sweet Home.—*Cho.*

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the notes of praise a-bove, }
 { Je-sus reigns and heav'n re-joic-es, Je-sus reigns, the God of love. } See, he sits on yonder throne,

2. { Sing with all the sons of glo-ry, Sing the res-ur-rec-tion song; }
 { Death and sorrow, earth's dark story, To the for-mer days be-long. } All around the clouds are breaking,

See, he sits,
 All a-round,

CODA.

Je-sus rules the world alone. Coda. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus reigns, for ev-er-more.
 Soon the storms of time shall cease, In God's likeness, man a-wak-ing, Knows the ev-er-last-ing peace.

Je-sus rules,
 Soon the storms,

513.

Worshipped of Angels.
 Heb. i. 6.

8s & 7s. D.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting throne;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.—Coda.

3 Saviour, 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!"—Coda.

REV. THOMAS KELLY. (1769—1855.) 1804. AB.

God has promised, Christ prepares it,
 There on high our welcome waits;
 Every humble spirit shares it,
 Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
 Jesus lives who once was dead;
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,
 Child of God, lift up Thy head!
 Patriarchs from the distant ages,
 Saints all longing for their heaven,
 Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
 All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!
 O to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
 "Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

514.

Harwell.

2 O what glory, far exceeding
 All that eye has yet perceived!
 Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
 Never that full joy conceived.

REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING.

"Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks."

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor-

tals give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more; Lift up your

hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!

515.

Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail,—
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

CHARLES WESLEY.

516. EASTER HYMN.

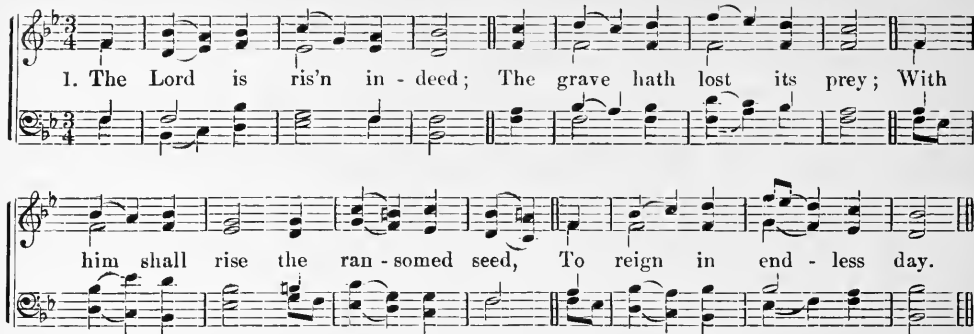
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath
 2. He who bore the pain and loss, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Com-fort-
 3. He who slum-bered in the grave, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Is ex-
 4. Now he bids us tell a-broad, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! How the

bro - ken ev - 'ry chain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark! an-
 less up - on the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lives in
 alt - ed now to save, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Now thro'
 lost may be re - stored, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! How the

gel - ic voic - es cry, Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le -
 glo - ry now on high, Pleads for us and hears our cry; Hal - le -
 Chris - ten - dom it rings, That the Lamb is King of kings, Hal - le -
 sin - ner is for - given, How we, too, may en - ter heav'n, Hal - le -

Ritard

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!



1. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; The grave hath lost its prey; With
him shall rise the ran - somed seed, To reign in end - less day.

517.*Joy in His resurrection.*

S. M.

- 1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

THOMAS KELLY.

519.*The victory of the cross.*

S. M.

- 1 Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 3 Extol His kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on His Father's throne:
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The victory of His cross.

CHARLES WESLEY.

518.*The Saviour's triumph.*

S. M.

- 1 The Lord on high ascends,
Once more to take his seat;
Celestial pow'rs rejoicing fly,
His glad return to greet.
- 2 The mighty battle gained,
The world's great prince undone,
Before His Father He presents
The mortal palm He won.

- 3 Unborne above the clouds,
Sweet hope He sheds on all:
He flings the gates of Eden back,
Shut fast by Adam's fall.
- 4 May we, while waiting Christ,
To heavenly works arise,
And ever live such santly lives,
That we may reach the skies.

AMBROSE OF MILAN.

HENRY SMART.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic-es raise; Sing to God a hymn of

gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise: He who on the cross a vic-tim For the

world's sal-va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo-ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.

520.

"He is risen."

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
So that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high,
To the Father, and the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

EP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes; Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,

Re-as-cends his na-tive heav'n. There the glo-rious tri-umph waits; Lift your heads, e-

ter-nal gates; Wide un-fold the rad-iant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in.

521.

Christ re-ascending.

- 2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.
- 3 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

522.

Gazing up.

7s. D.

- 1 Master, Lord, to Thee we cry,
On Thy throne exalted high;
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.
- 2 Ever may we upward move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Looking for our heavenly home:
Then may we with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Service No. 6.

CHRISTMAS IN SONG.

PREPARED BY PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

"When marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,

One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye."

523.

A CHRISTMAS MARCH.

Opening voluntary for organ.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

Semper Crescendo.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *Swell.* instruction. The melody features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) and is marked with 'A' above the staff. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with triplet markings.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic and a *Lightly.* instruction. It includes a repeat sign and a *Swell.* instruction. The lower staff includes *Great.* (Great Pedal) and *Ped.* (Pedal) markings.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff begins with an *Omit to* instruction and a *ff* dynamic, followed by a *Lightly.* instruction. The lower staff includes *Great.* and *Ped.* markings.

A CHRISTMAS MARCH. Concluded.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. There are two asterisks above the first measure of the treble staff. The system concludes with a *Rit.* (Ritardando) marking.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic and a *Swell. A tempo.* instruction. The bass staff is marked *Choir or soft Great.* The system includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a *D. C. Cres.* (Da Capo Crescendo) marking leading to a *f* (forte) dynamic.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a *2d ending.* marking above a repeat sign. The system concludes with a *Rit.* (Ritardando) marking and a *A tempo.* instruction. The bass staff has a *Full Swell* marking at the end.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. This system is characterized by triplets in both staves, indicated by a '3' over each group of three notes. The treble staff also has an *A* (Accento) marking above several notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff begins with a *Rit.* (Ritardando) marking and a *A tempo.* instruction. The bass staff has a *3 Great.* marking above a triplet. The system concludes with a *Rit.* (Ritardando) marking.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

335

524.

Voices in unison.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

ff

We come, we come, with joy - ful hearts, To sing our Christ-mas an - them,

Voices in unison.

To Christ to raise our hymn of praise, And bring our trib - ute to him;

ff

For his the joys that crown our lives, And mer - cies flow - ing ev - er,

D. S.

So on we sing till heav'n shall bring The an-thems end - ing nev - er.

LORD'S PRAYER. A Chant.

For Quartet without accompaniment.

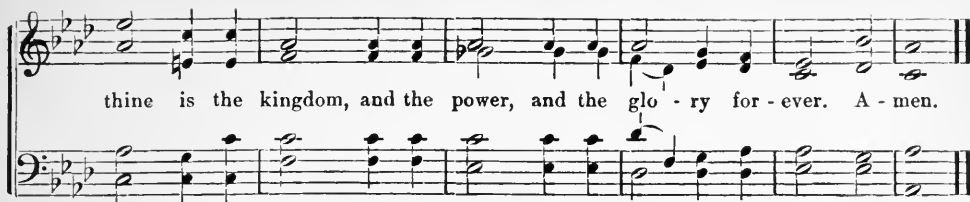
PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy

will be done . . . on earth as it is in heaven,

And give us this day our daily bread, and forgive . . . us our } trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-

gainst us, And lead us not into temptation, But de-liver us from evil, For



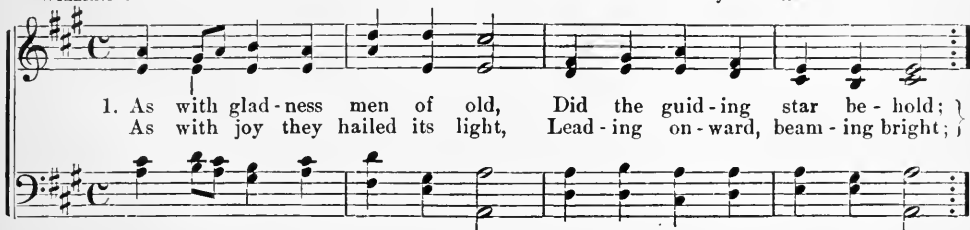
thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry for - ever. A - men.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN.

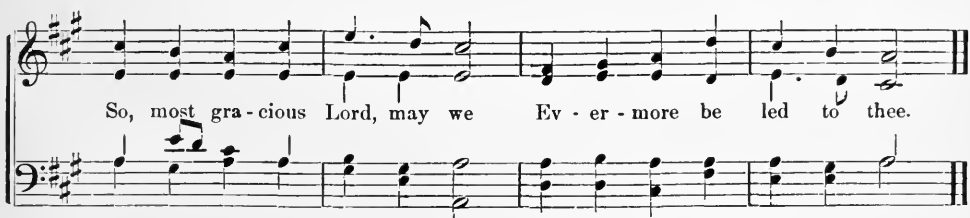
"As with gladness men of old."

WILLIAM C. DIX. 7. 6 l.

Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. As with glad-ness men of old, Did the guid-ing star be-hold; }
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright; }



So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee.

526.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy

- Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PASTOR :—We are met tonight as a church and Sabbath-school to celebrate the anniversary of our Savior's birth. It is right that the recurring anniversaries of such a beginning of such a life should be one of the chief festivals of the church. Tonight our exercises will treat

briefly of the birth of Christ in prophecy, the birth of Christ itself, and that birth in its relation to us today.

S. S. SUPR. :—Let us then read alternately (or class by class as may be the case) a few verses of

PROPHECY AS TO THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people : but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about and see ; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee ; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then shalt thou see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear and be enlarged ; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

The kings of Tarshish and of the Isles shall bring presents ; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him ; all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth ; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and the needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba ; prayer also shall be made for him continually ; and daily shall he be praised.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulder ; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.*

*NOTE.—If possible, these words, as taken from the "Messiah," could be most effectually rendered here by a trained choir.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. Bethlehem.

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

Solo for Soprano.

Introduction and Interludes.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. etc.

Voice.

1. What means this gold - en glo - ry round This soft ce - les - tial light,

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in two staves below. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.

That falls up - on the sleep - ing ground And gilds the shadowed night?

The second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It follows the same three-staff format (voice and piano accompaniment) and key signature. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

What mean these voic - es sound - ing sweet, Up - on the mid - night air,

The third system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format. The vocal line includes the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features some dynamic markings, including a crescendo hairpin.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. Concluded.

Dim. et rit.

These heav'n-ly har - mo - nies that meet, In ca - dence full and fair?

Dim. et rit.

527.

2 What means the star in yonder sky,
 Bright blazing o'er his peers,
 Like flaming beacon set on high
 To shine a thousand years?
 What means this maiden mother here,
 With face so pure and sweet?
 And why these wise men stooping near
 To kiss the baby's feet?

3 O soul of man be hushed, as in
 This presence thou art come,
 And bid away each thought of sin,
 Each word of strife be dumb.
 For he, who in the manger lies,
 Is God's beloved son,—
 For thee a human sacrifice,—
 Thy ransom is begun!

SUPT. :—*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.*

SCHOOL (or class) :—Saying, where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea; for thus it is written by the Prophet.

And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule thy people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh.

EXERCISE FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

Have a large, four pointed wooden star, neatly bronzed, suspended from the ceiling or other support; having at its four points and four inner angles, candles ready for lighting. The children with lighted tapers, advance in order, each lighting a candle and repeating a verse, (No. 8 lighting the uppermost candle,) until the star, being complete, is drawn up, and the last two verses repeated in unison.

Pupil No. 1 lights candle 1, and repeats

"I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *truth*,
To guide men in their manhood,
To guide them in their youth."

Pupil No. 2 lights candle 2, and repeats :

"I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *peace*,
To give men from their sorrows
A sweet and sure release."

No. 3. "I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *grace*,
To which all angry feelings,
And sinful, must give place."

No. 4. "I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *joy*,
Which neither grief nor sadness,
Nor heart-aches can destroy."

No. 5. "I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *life*,
That lasts and lasts forever,
Beyond this world of strife."

No. 6. "I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *faith*,
To light the darkest shadows,
And cheer the darkest path."

No. 7. "I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *hope*,
An anchor sure and steadfast,
A sweet, abiding hope."

No. 8. "I light a little candle,
Its rays shine out with *love*,
And since these all shine in it,
I place it all above."

UNISON. "And all these many graces
Thus in one star do shine,
Which sheds them all about us,
In radiance most divine."
"We hail it in its beauty,
Sweet star that shone o'er him,
And shines thro' all the ages,—
The Star of Bethlehem."

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

*And there were in the same country shepherds
abiding in the field, keeping watch over their
flocks by night.*

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

*And the angel said unto them, Fear not:
for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great
joy, which shall be to all people.*

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

*And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall
find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes,
lying in a manger.*

And suddenly there was with the angel a mul-

titude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will towards men.*

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

*And they came with haste, and found Mary
and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.*

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

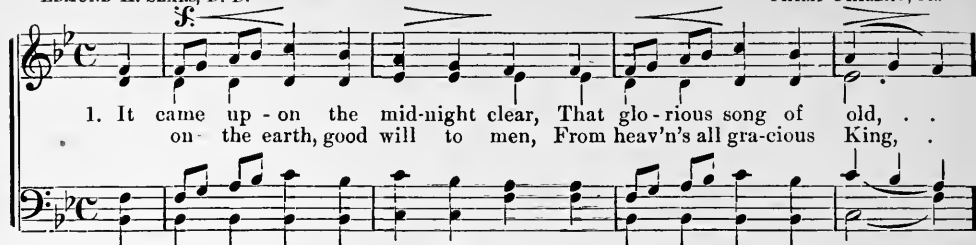
*And all they that heard it wondered at those
things which were told them by the shepherds.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL. By the School.

EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D.

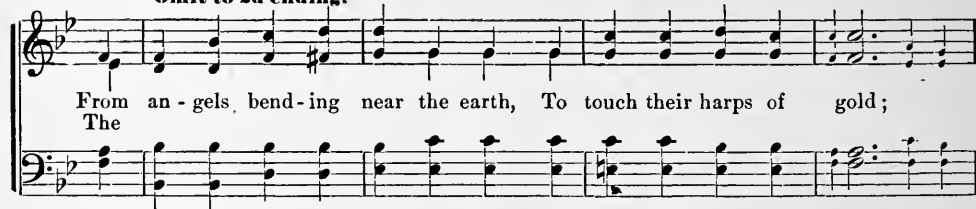
PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

f



1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, . .
on - the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all gra-cious King, . .

Omit to 2d ending.



From an - gels, bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
The

D. S. 2d time.

p Slow and voices in unison.*ff* A tempo.


Peace world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

528.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

After the singing of the "Christmas Carol" may occur collection for the poor, distribution of gifts, exercises with tree, or whatever may have been arranged.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARLHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her-ald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

God and sinners reconciled!" { Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise, }
 { Join the triumph of the skies; } With the angel host proclaim,

"Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

529.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 In the manger born a king,
 While adoring angels sing,
 "Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
 Bid the trembling soul be still,
 Christ on earth has come to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!

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

Remarks from the Pastor as to the meaning of Christ's birth to us.

GLORIA PATRI.

Prayer for God's blessing.

Gloria Patri in G, (common,) or if desired in D flat, as below.

530.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

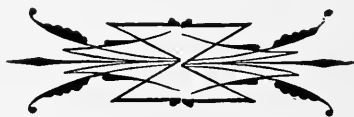
The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, world without end. A - men, A - men.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a more active melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Benediction.

Closing Voluntary.



+ Alphabetical Index of Hymns +

+ + Giving First Lines + +

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enly Dove;" in fact,
many of*

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*which, in the Church
the Prayer-meeting,
the Sunday-school,
and at the Fireside*

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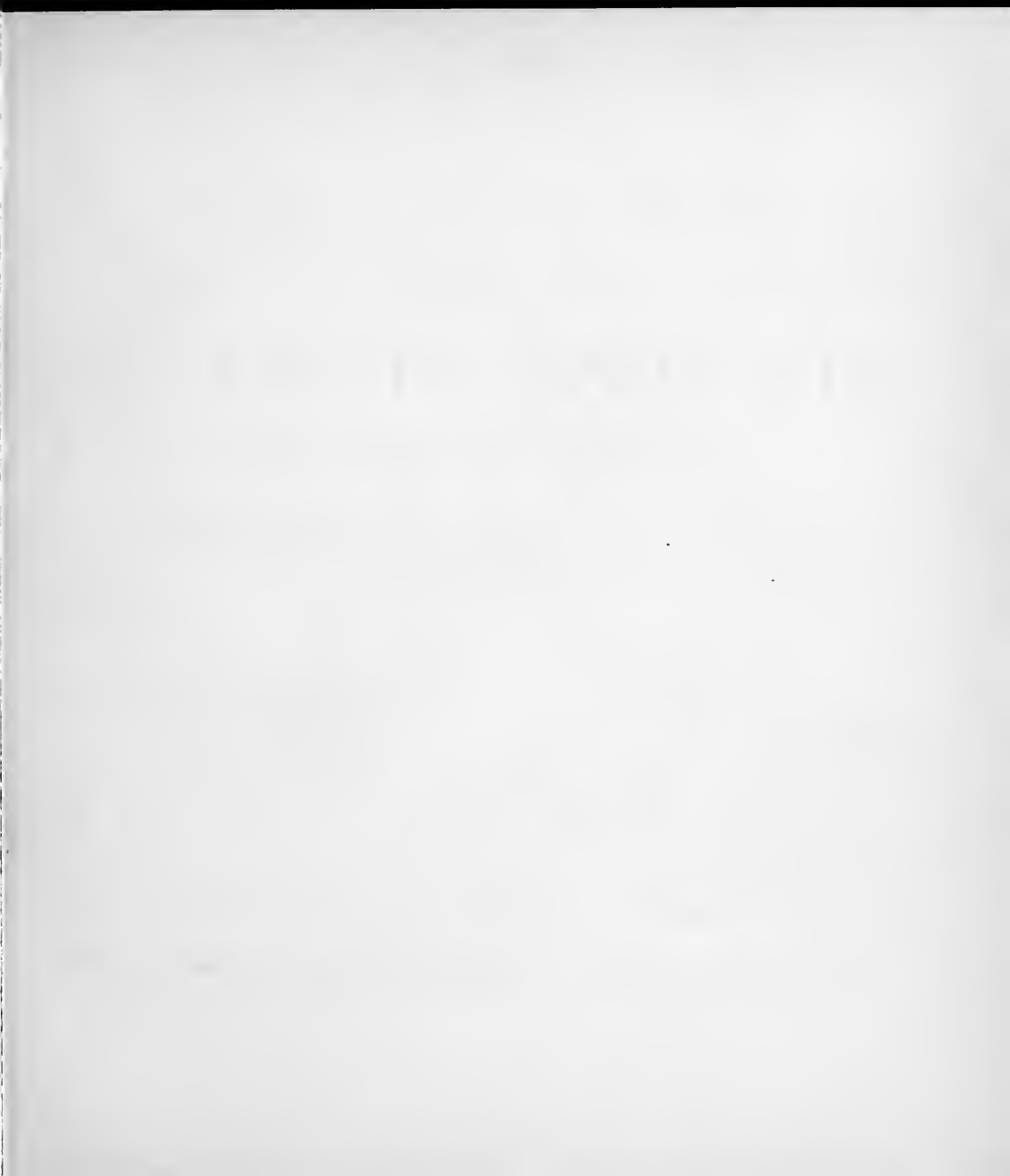
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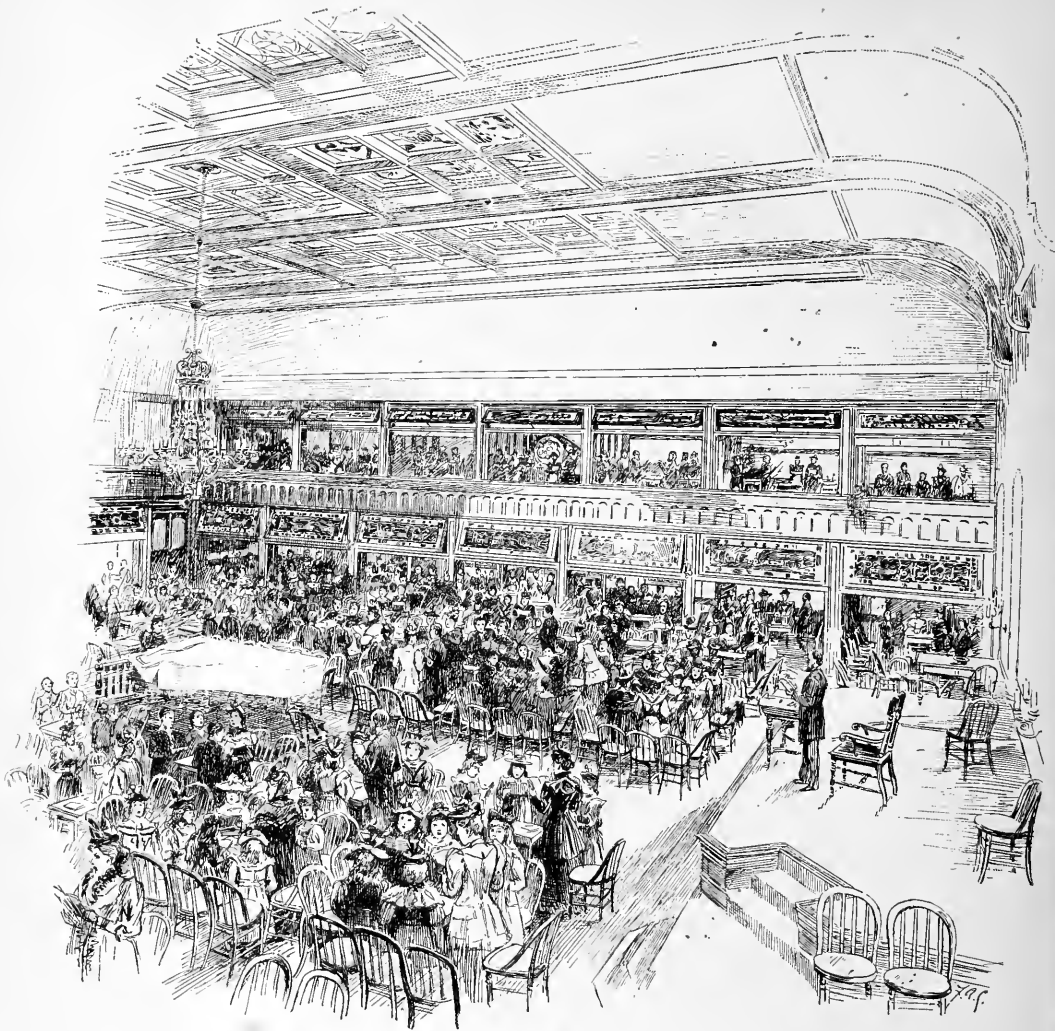
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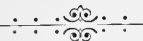
What should be the object of singing in the Sunday School?

To aid in worship; make more impressive and enduring the lessons taught in the School.



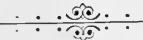
What kind of songs should be used?

Such as are praiseworthy, full of the Gospel, and adapted to the lesson. Light and meaningless hymns should be avoided.



How much time should be devoted to singing in a session of one hour?

About fifteen minutes at the opening and close. An hour of sacred song may be made very attractive and useful to children and teachers, if held at a convenient time.



How can little children best be taught to sing new songs?

First the leader should sing one verse alone, after which he should sing one or two strains alternately with the children until the tune is committed.

