PILGRIM MELODIES

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PILGRIM MELODIES.

A COLLECTION

OF TUNES ADAPTED TO HYMNS IN THE

"Songs for the Sanctuary,"

AND OTHER

PROMINENT COLLECTIONS

FOR CHURCH WORSHIP.

BY

J. E. SWEETSER.

A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND NEW ORLEANS.

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PREFACE.

THE contents of this volume were originally composed and arranged for the use of the Choir of the CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, (REV. DR. STORRS) in Brooklyn, by Mr. J. E. SWEETSER, who was Organist and Director for several years previous to his death. The tunes were never intended for publication, but the earnest solicitations of friends for copies of the various pieces made it necessary to put them in some available shape.

They are printed just as originally written, and as endeared to the hearts of those who heard them sung Sabbath after Sabbath.

The entire collection is copyright property and will be defended accordingly.

FRED. W. LOVEJOY.

Index of Tunes.

	METRE.	HYMN.	PAGE.
Abide with me	10s	785	56
Ballard	7s.	378	42
Barton	C. M. D.	922	32
Beautiful Zion	L. M. 6l.	1298	3
Bergen	L. M.	377	2
Carmelton	7s & 6s.	554	46
Children of God	C. M.	686	18
Come, sing to me of heaven	S. M.	1303	35
Confidence	L. M. D.	788	16
Dall	11s & 8s.	137	68
Diman	L. M.	1228	1
Eaton	11s.	141	70
Eternity	L. M. 7l.	1240	17
Father! how wide thy glory shines	C. M.	249	24
God of my life	L. M.	635	10
Hartford	8s & 7s.	270	50
Harper	8s & 7s. D.	265	52
Harvey	P. M.	627	71
Hope	L. M.	469	4
I once was a stranger	11s.	924	64
Jesup	C. M.	1234	21
Jesus, blessed Mediator	8s & 7s. D.	1306	51
Joy	7s & 6s.	464	47
Lima	7s & 5s, or 7s.	1002	45
Lodi	S. M. D.	684	40
Lycia	L. M. D.	264	14
Manville	S. M.	261	38
Malta	C. M. D.	790	34
Melton	7s. 6l.	786	41
My Shepherd will supply my need	C. M. D.	928	36
Natick	C. L. M.	1001	20
Olive	8s & 6s.	1005	55
O, Thou that hearest	L. M. D.	623	6
Palmer	L. M.	557	7
Paran	7s. D.	1006	44
Peace	6s & 4s.	926	72
Portland	8s & 4s.	1225	60
Praise the Lord	7s & 6s. D.	132	49
Samaria	C. M.	833	22
Send kindly light	10s & 4s.	999	61
Shinar	L. M.	1296	5
Talma	9s & 8s.	688	58
The morning kindles	L. M.	377	13
Trenton	C.M.	553	23
Warren	C. M.	566	31
While we lowly bow	8s, 7s & 4s.	189	54
Willow	7s & 6s. D.	1308	48
With songs and honors sounding loud	C. M.	255	28

NOTE.—The numbers refer to Hymns and Pages in SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY Edition with Tunes.

Metrical Index of Tunes.

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Bergen	L. M.	377	2
Diman	L. M.	1228	1
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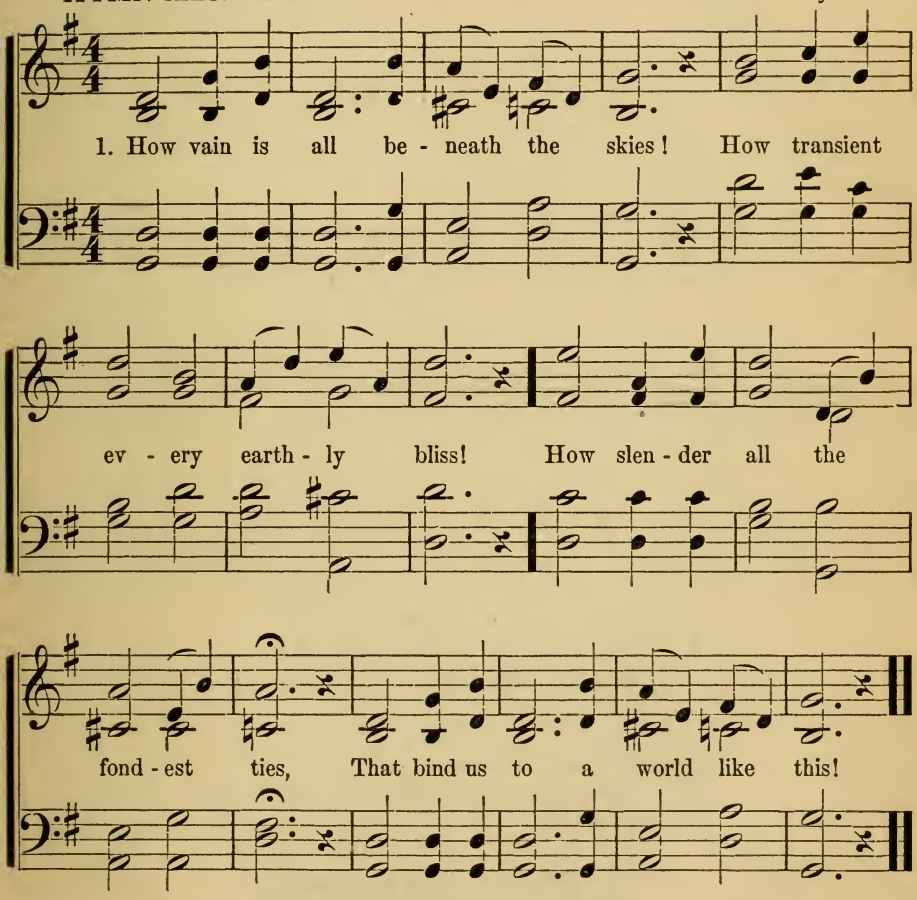
Harvey	P. M.	627	71

Pilgrim Melodies.

DIMAN.

HYMN 1228. L. M. J. E. S.



2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

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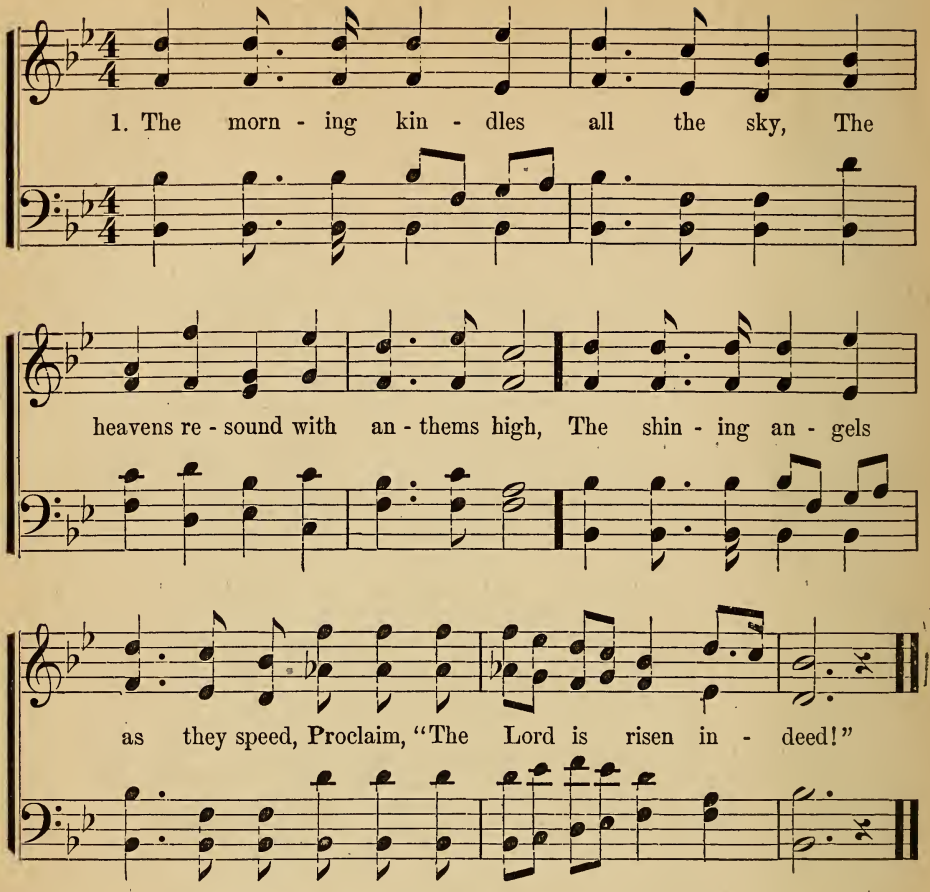
BERGEN.

HYMN 377. L.M. Arr.



2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiléd tomb,
In pomp of triumph, he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirr'd;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His piercéd hands to them he shows,
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angels' message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait;
Help us to render praises due,
To thee the endless ages through!

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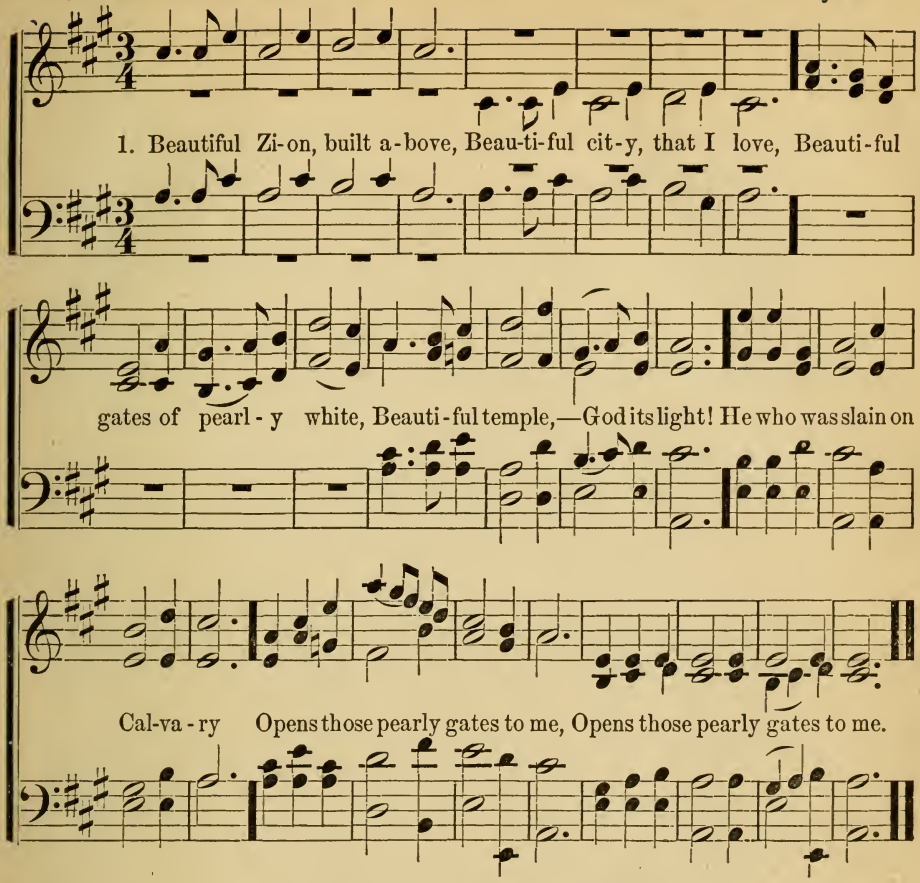
HYMN 1298. L. M. 61. J. E. S.



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

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me!

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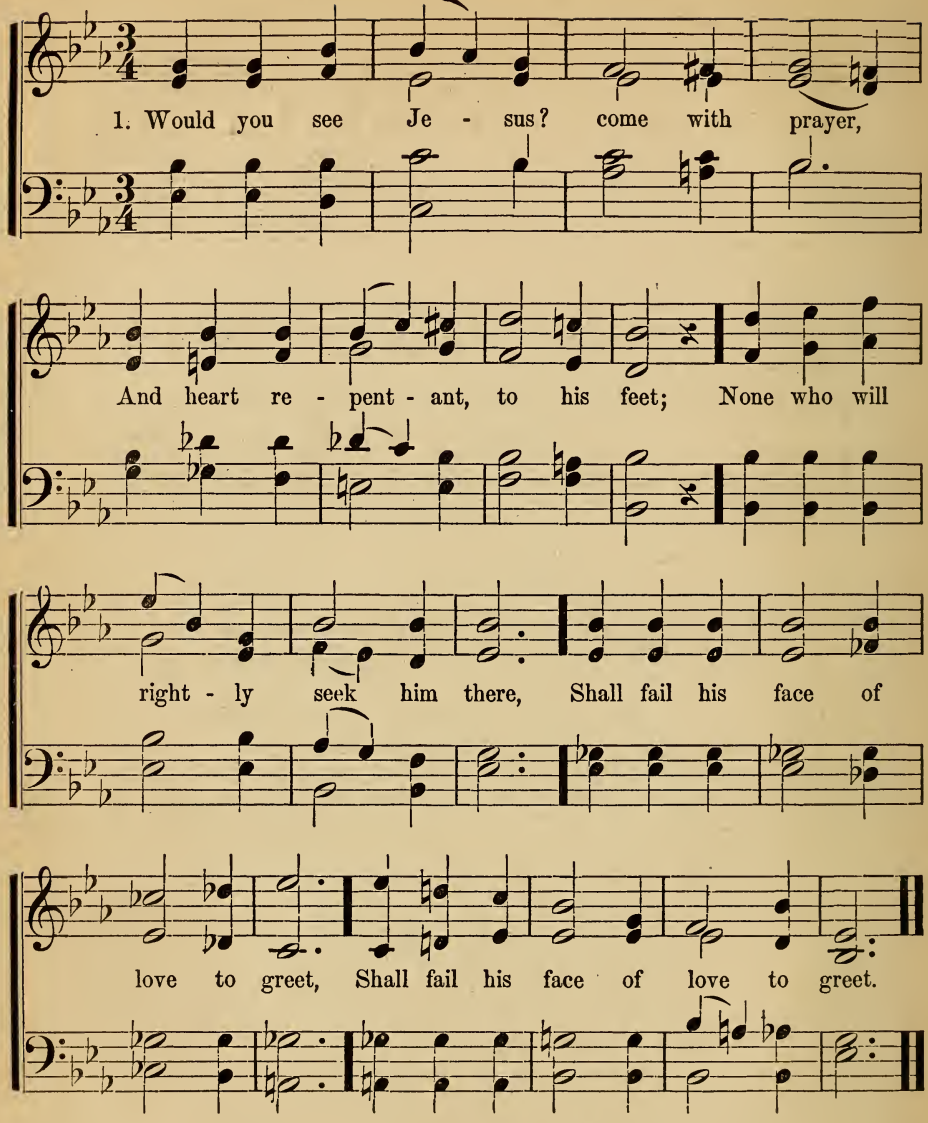
HYMN 469. L. M. J. E. S.



2 Would you see Jesus? come with faith,
And search the word his grace hath given,
For help and guidance in the path
That leads to his abode in heaven.
Would you see Jesus? day by day
Let thought and converse be on high,
And hastening on the heavenward way,
With Jesus live, with Jesus die.

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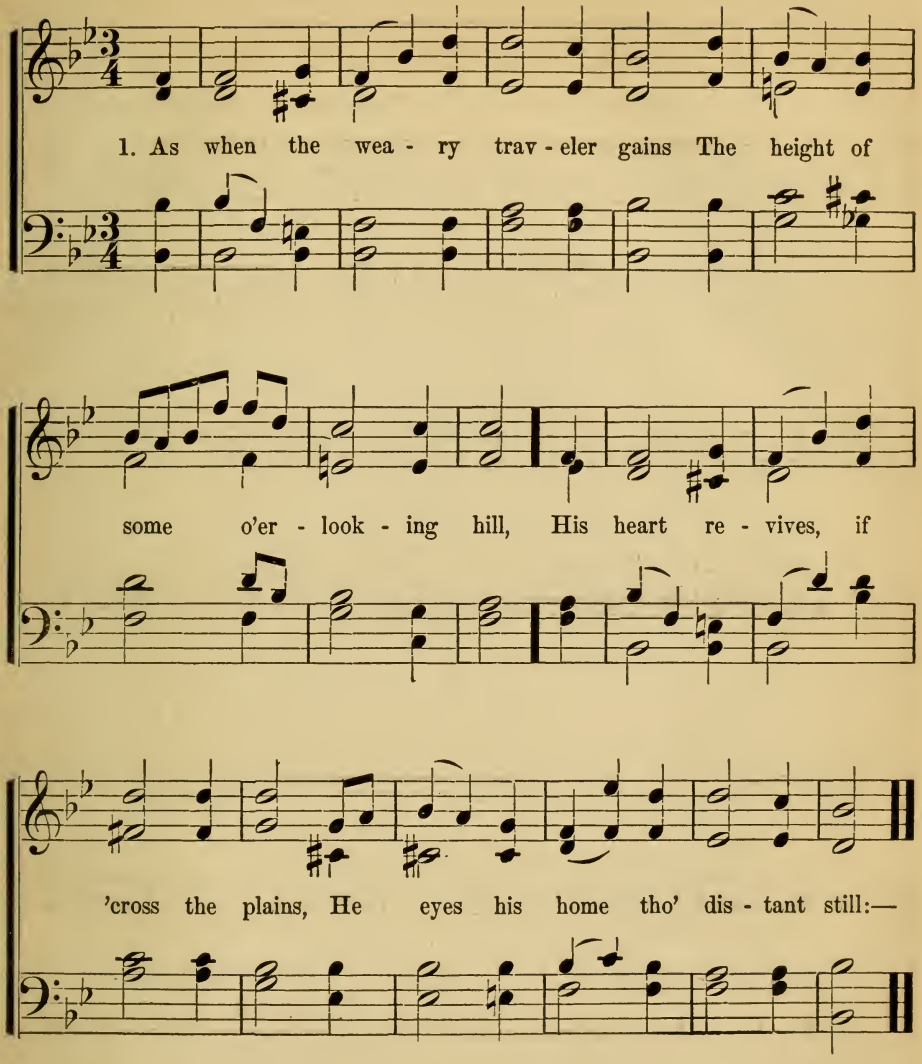
HYMN 1296. L. M. Arr.



2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day!
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away!

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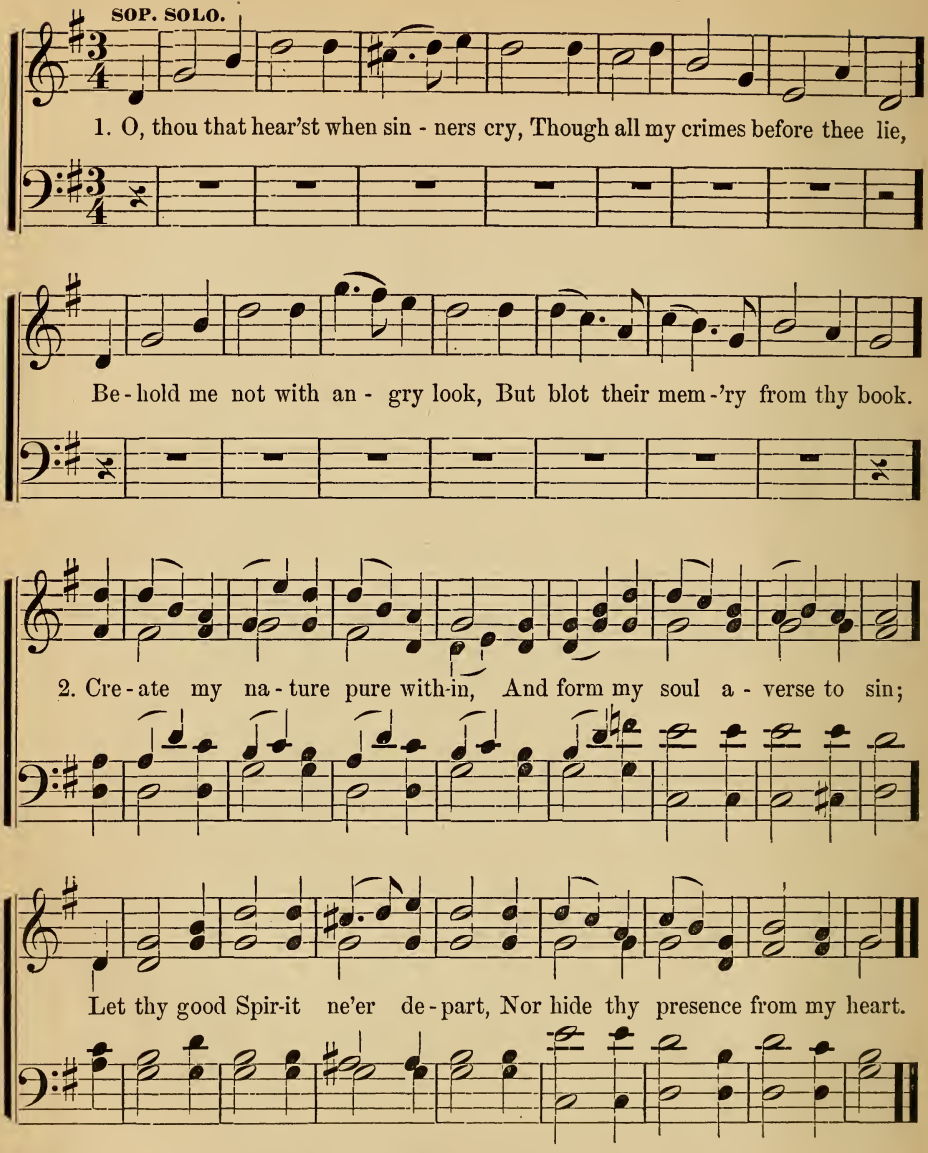
O, THOU THAT HEAREST.

HYMN 623. L. M. D.



3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

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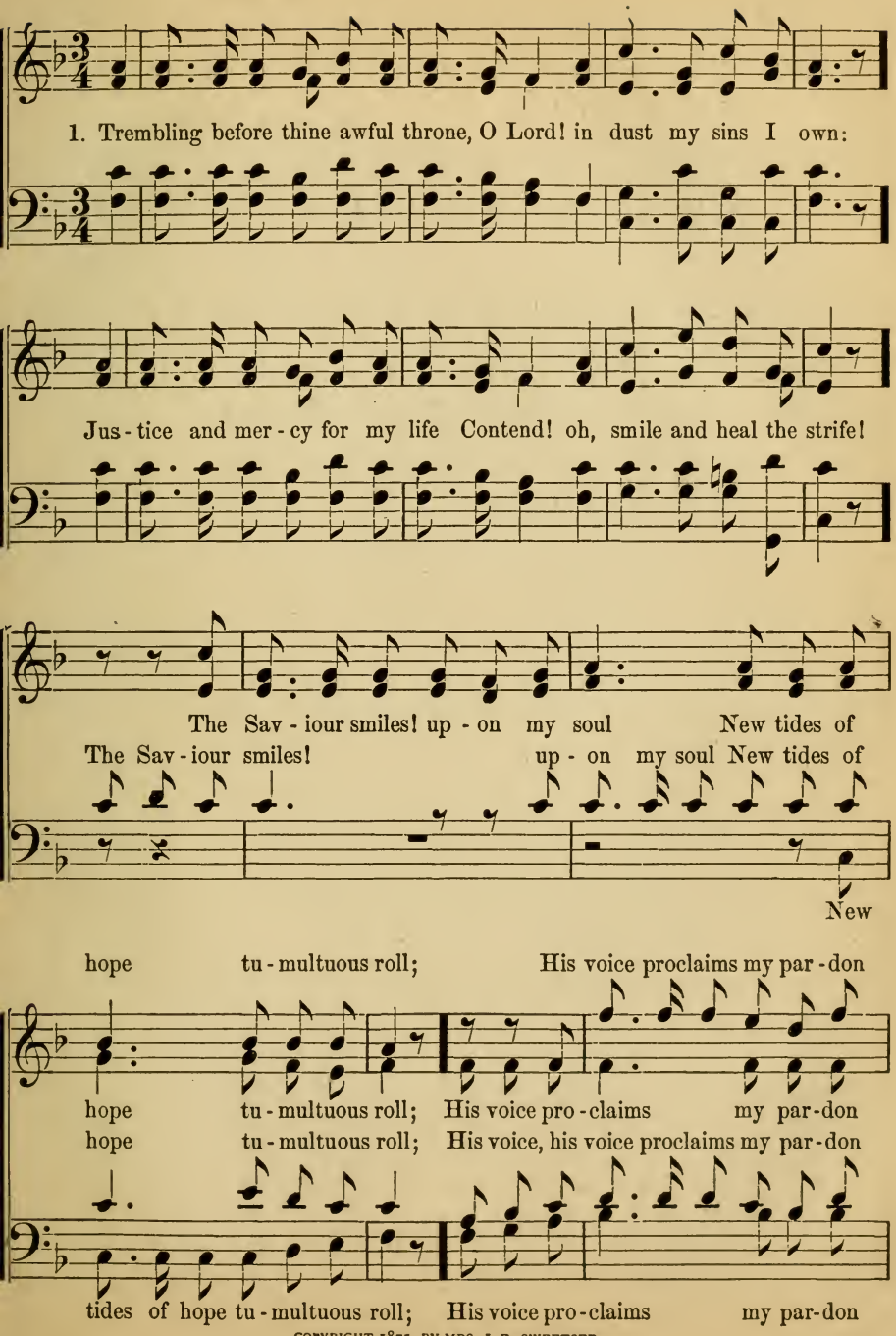
HYMN 557. L. M. J. E. S.



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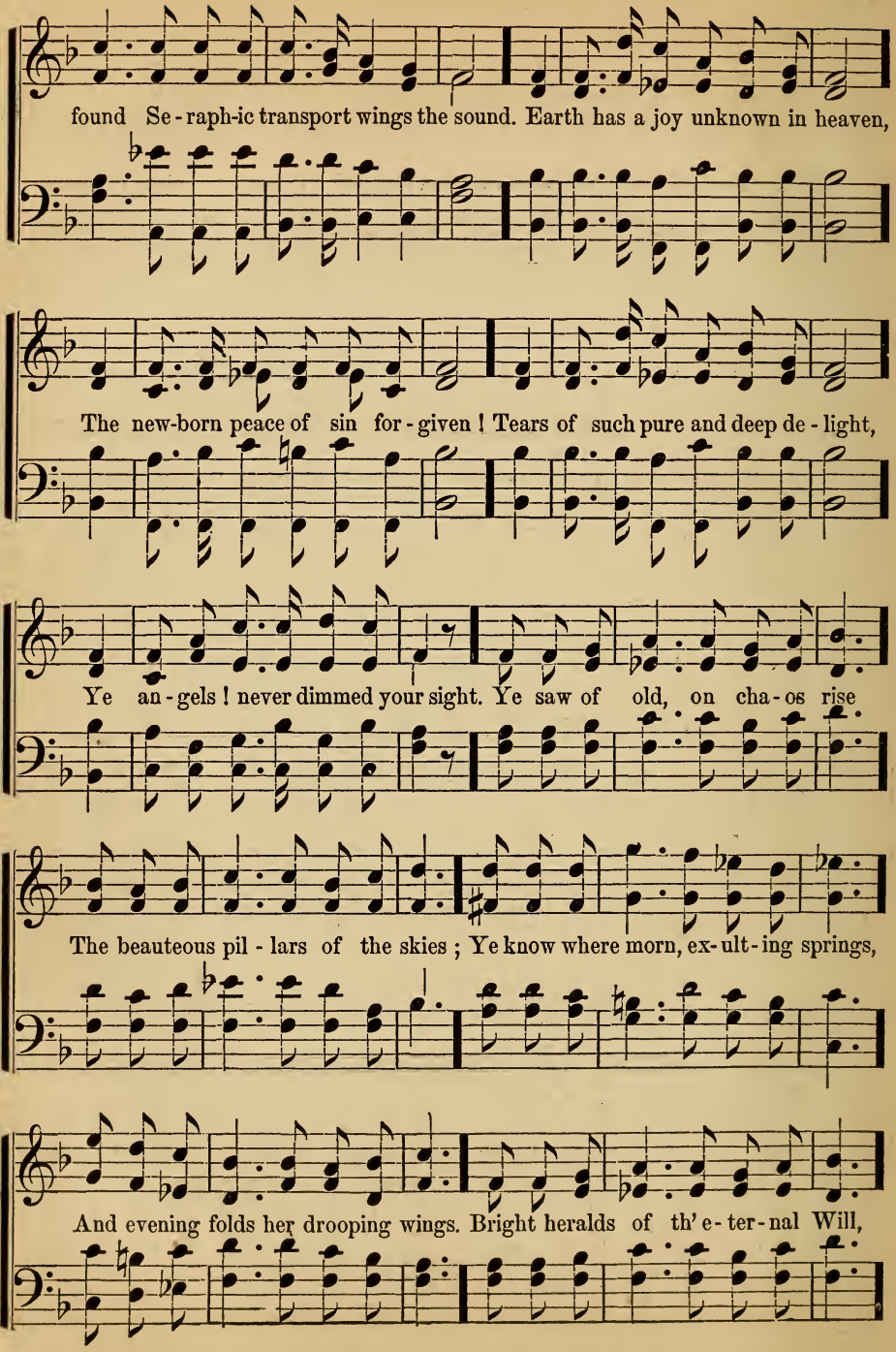
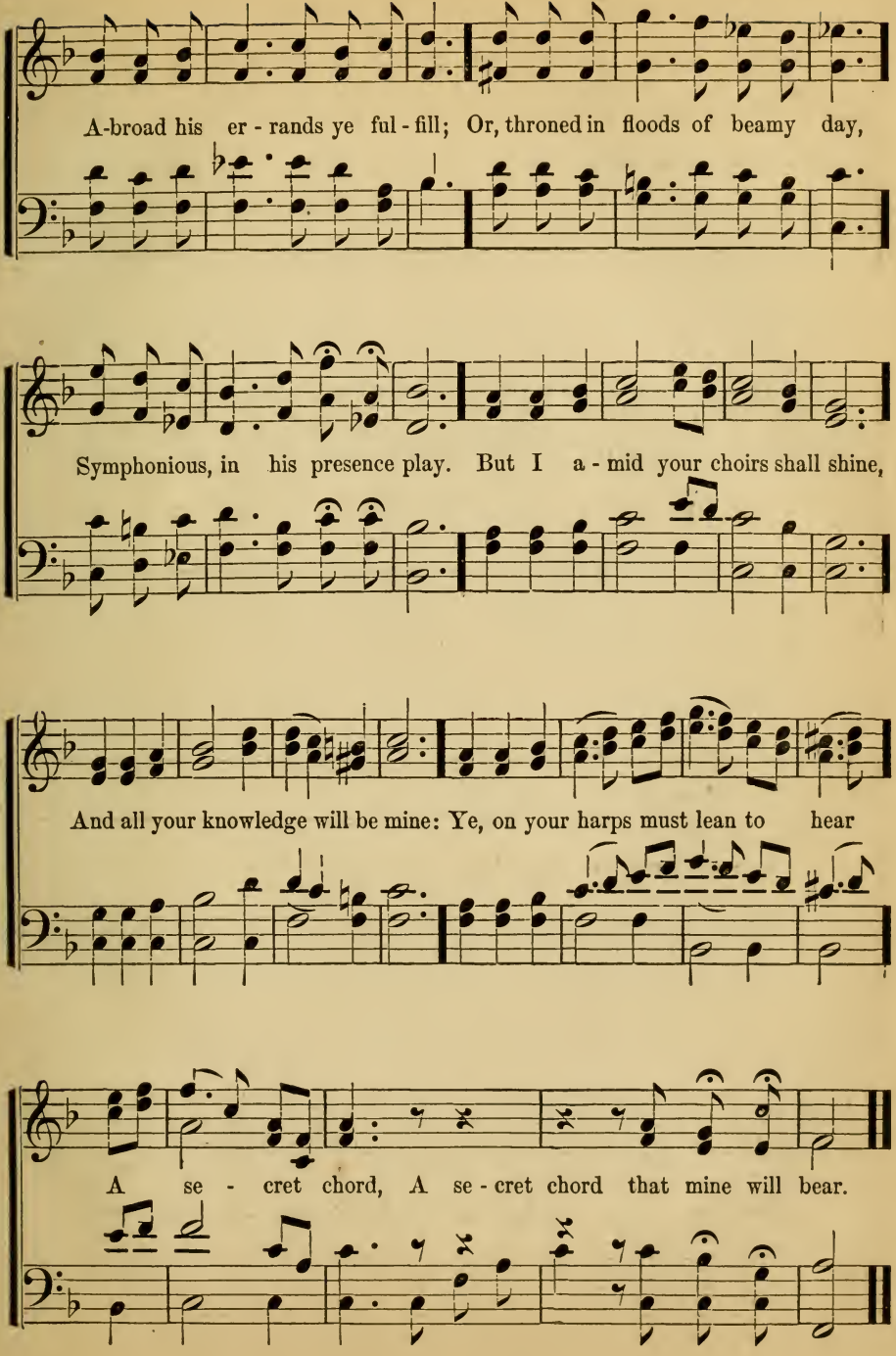
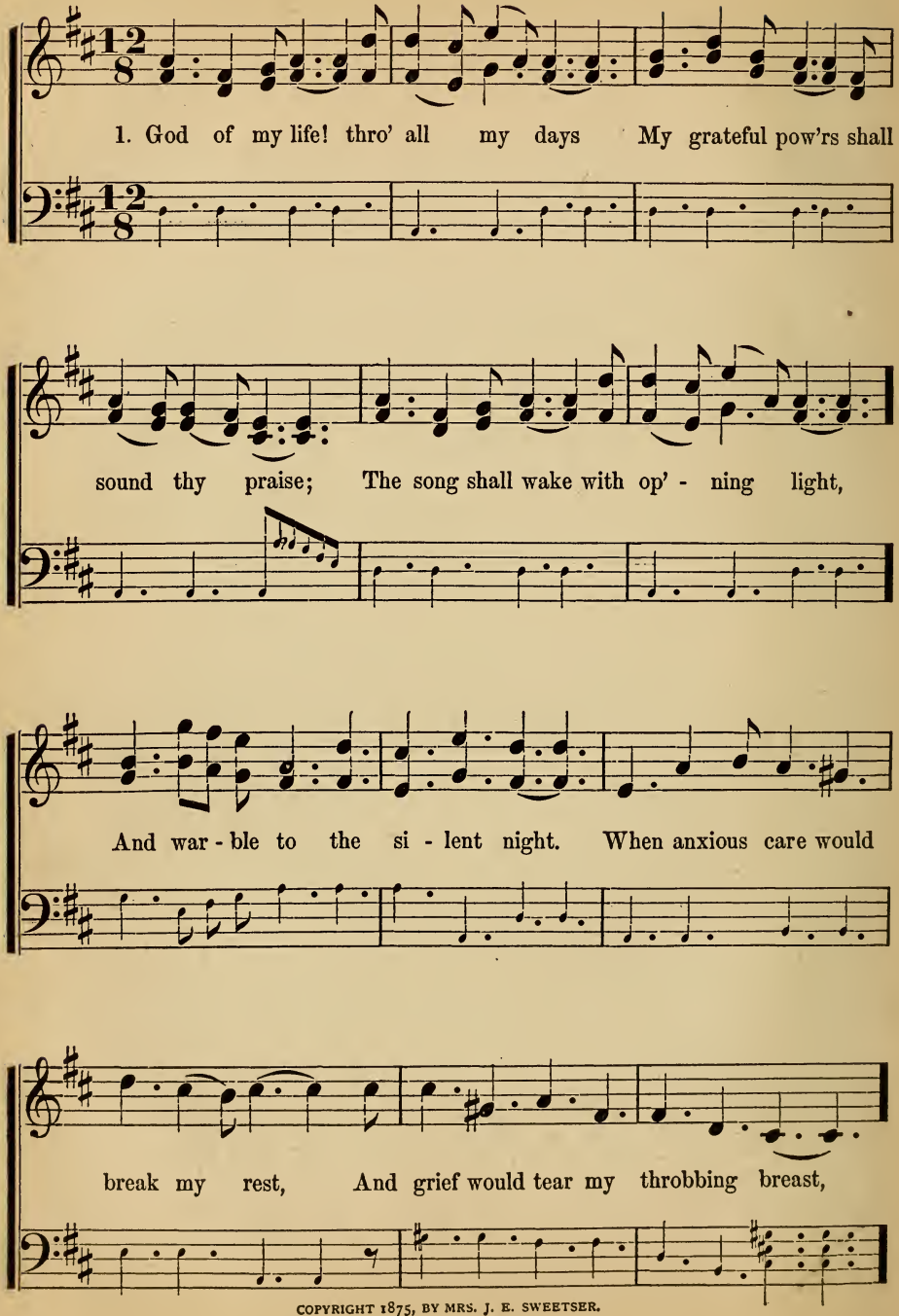

found Se - raph-ic transport wings the sound. Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin for - given ! Tears of such pure and deep de - light,
Ye an - gels ! never dimmed your sight. Ye saw of old, on cha - os rise
The beauteous pil - lars of the skies ; Ye know where morn, ex- ult - ing springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings. Bright heralds of th' e - ter - nal Will,


A-broad his er - rands ye ful - fill; Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play. But I a - mid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine: Ye, on your harps must lean to hear
A se - cret chord, A se - cret chord that mine will bear.

GOD OF MY LIFE!

HYMN 635. L. M.



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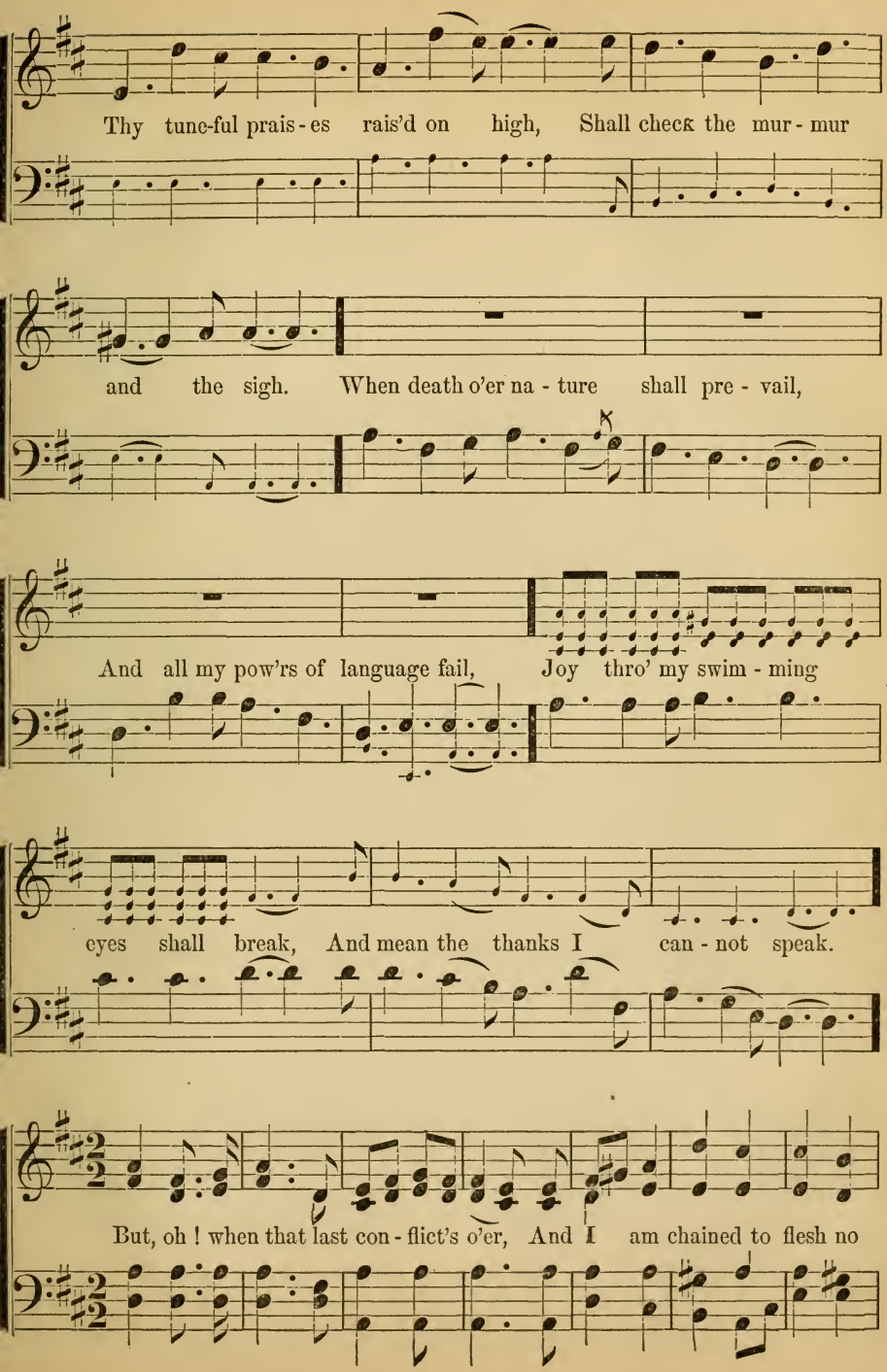
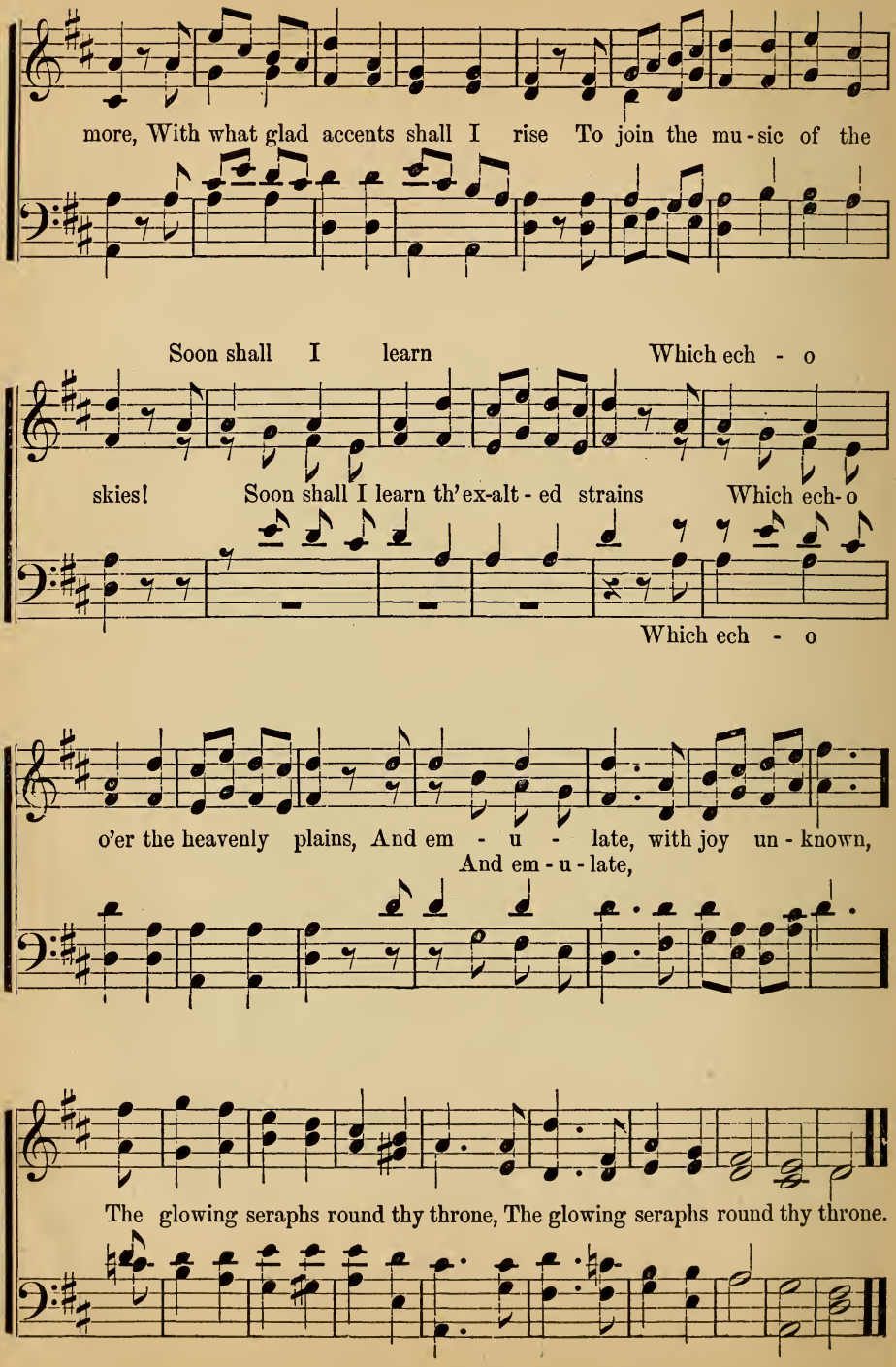
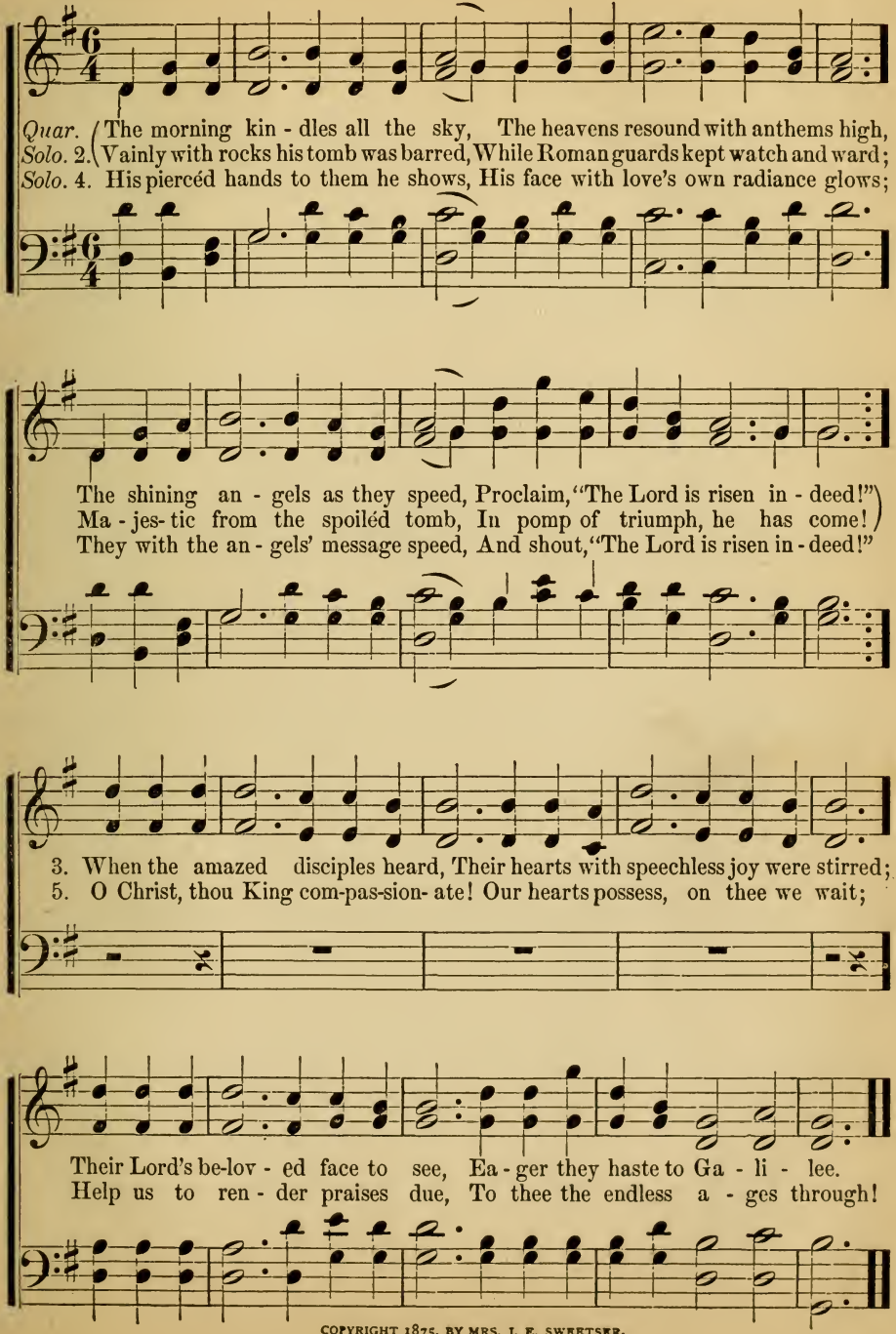

Thy tune-ful prais-es rais'd on high, Shall check the mur-mur
and the sigh. When death o'er na-ture shall pre-vail,
And all my pow'rs of language fail, Joy thro' my swim-ming
eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I can-not speak.
But, oh! when that last con-flict's o'er, And I am chained to flesh no

GOD OF MY LIFE! Concluded.



HYMN 377. L. M.



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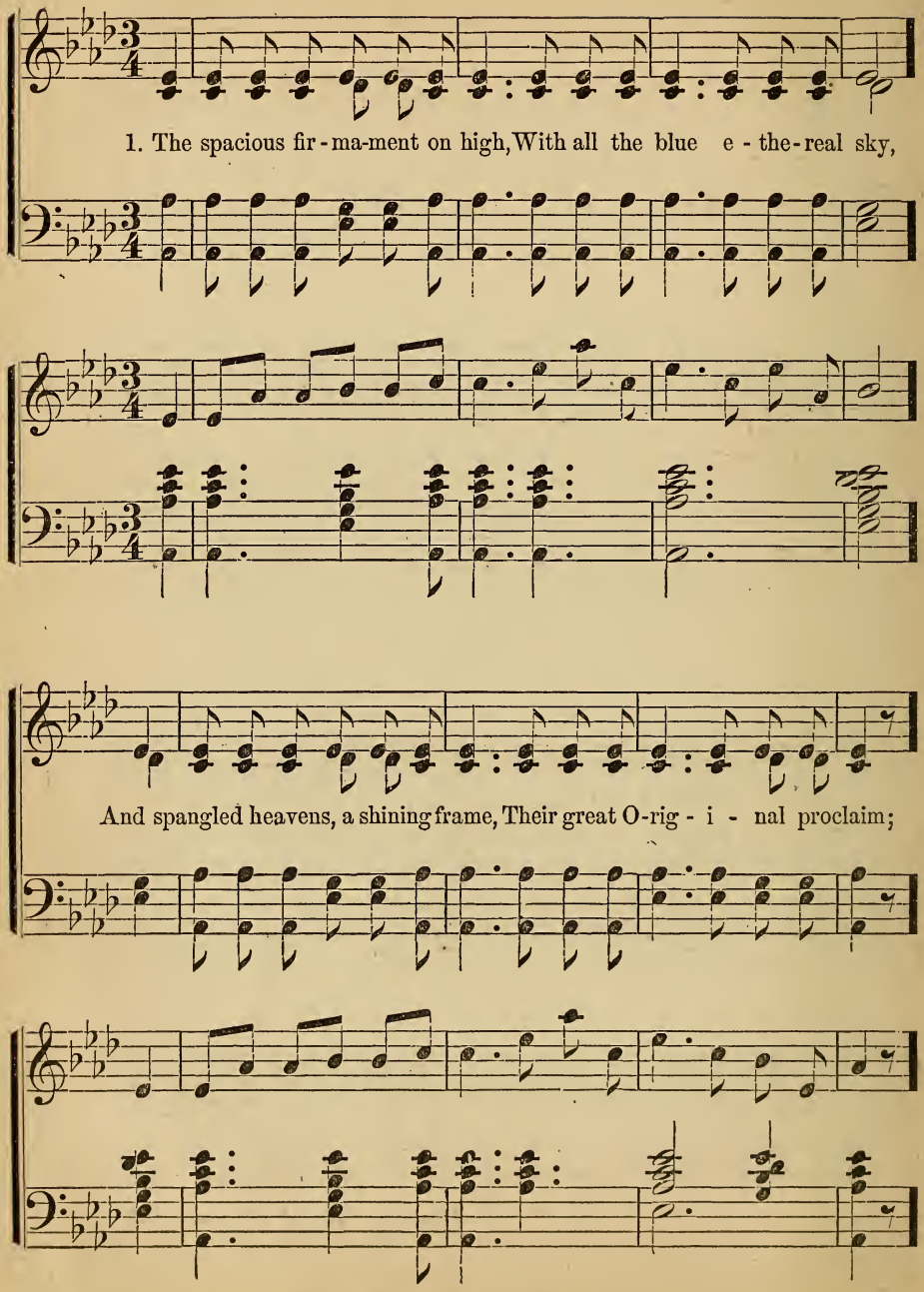
HYMN 264. L. M. D. Arr.



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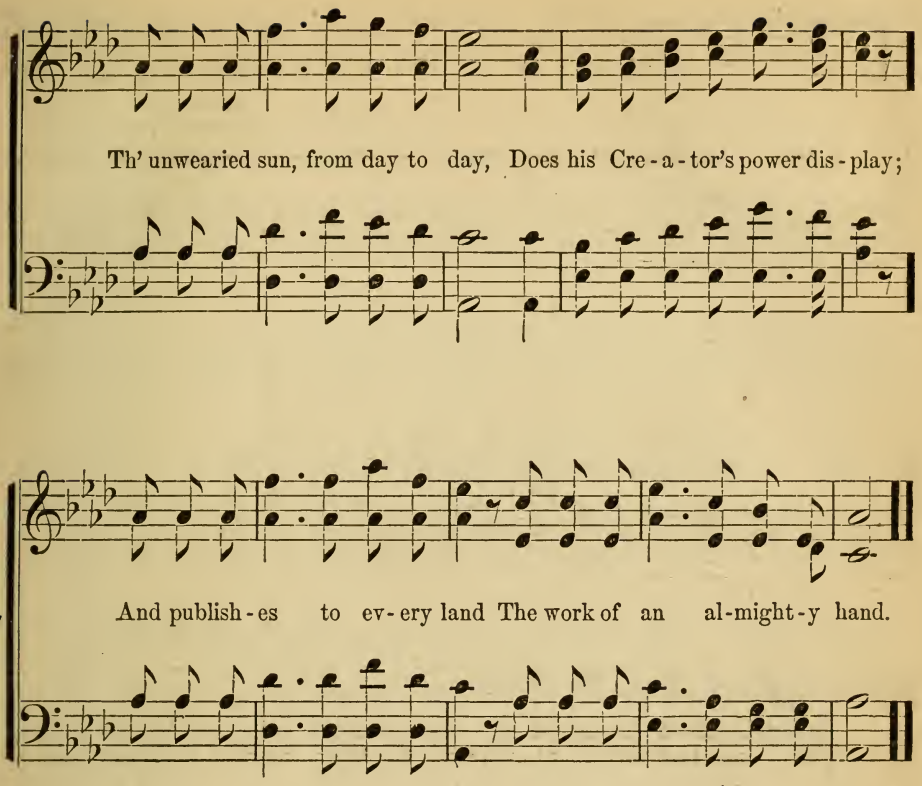
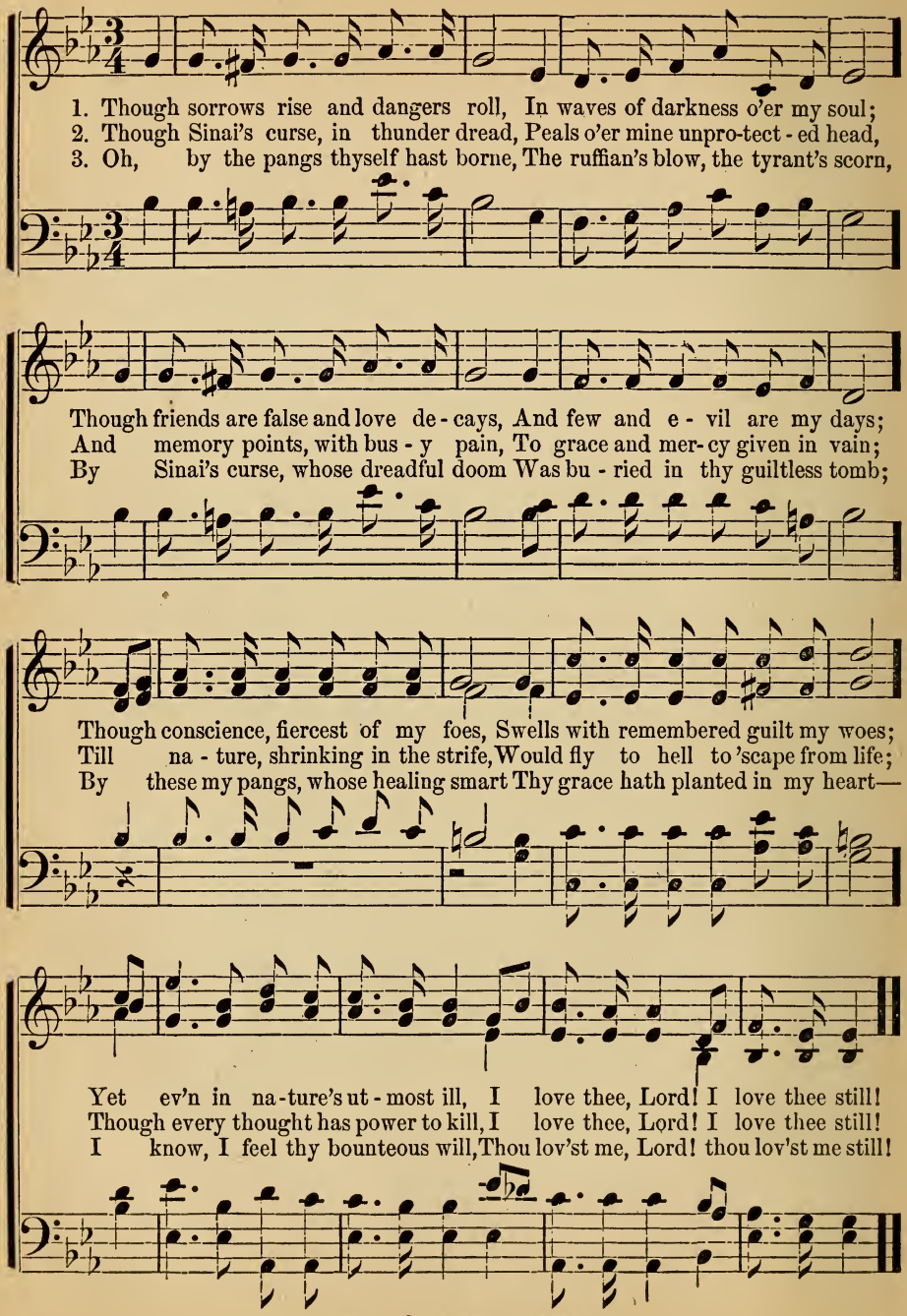


2 Soon as the evening's shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid 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."

HYMN 788. L. M. D. J. E. S.



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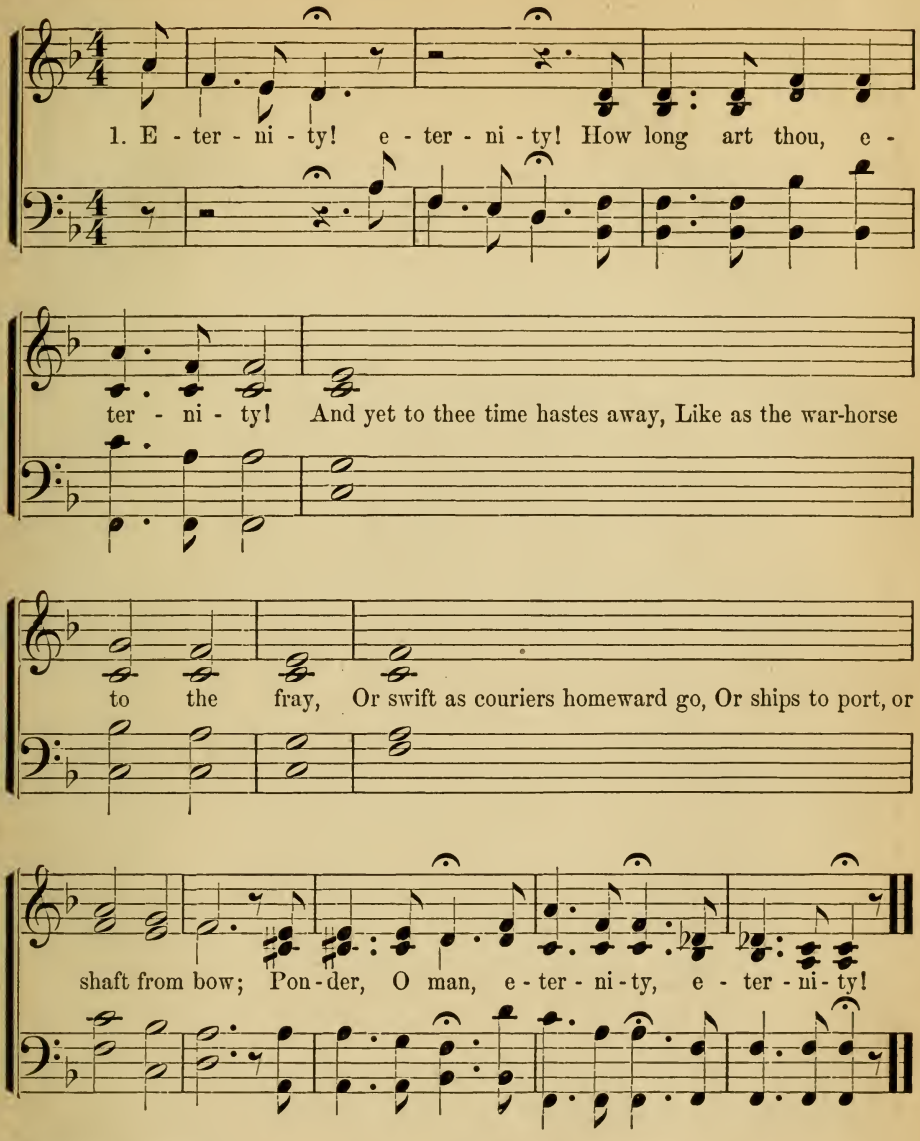
HYMN 1240. L. M. 7 lines. J. E. S.



2 Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh, lasting joy! oh, lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, eternity!

3 Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That do beyond all time endure;
Ponder, O man, eternity!

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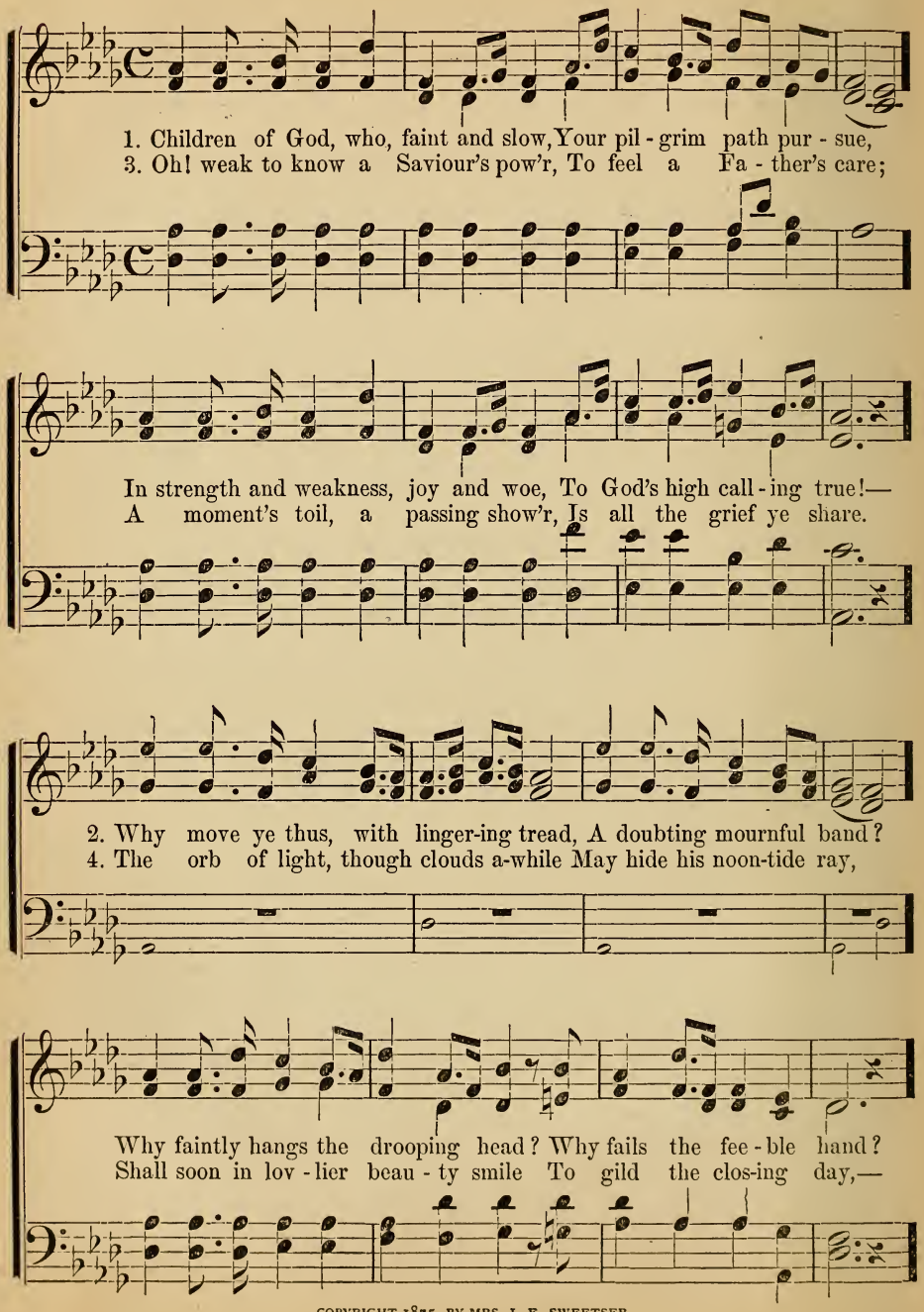
HYMN 686. C. M.



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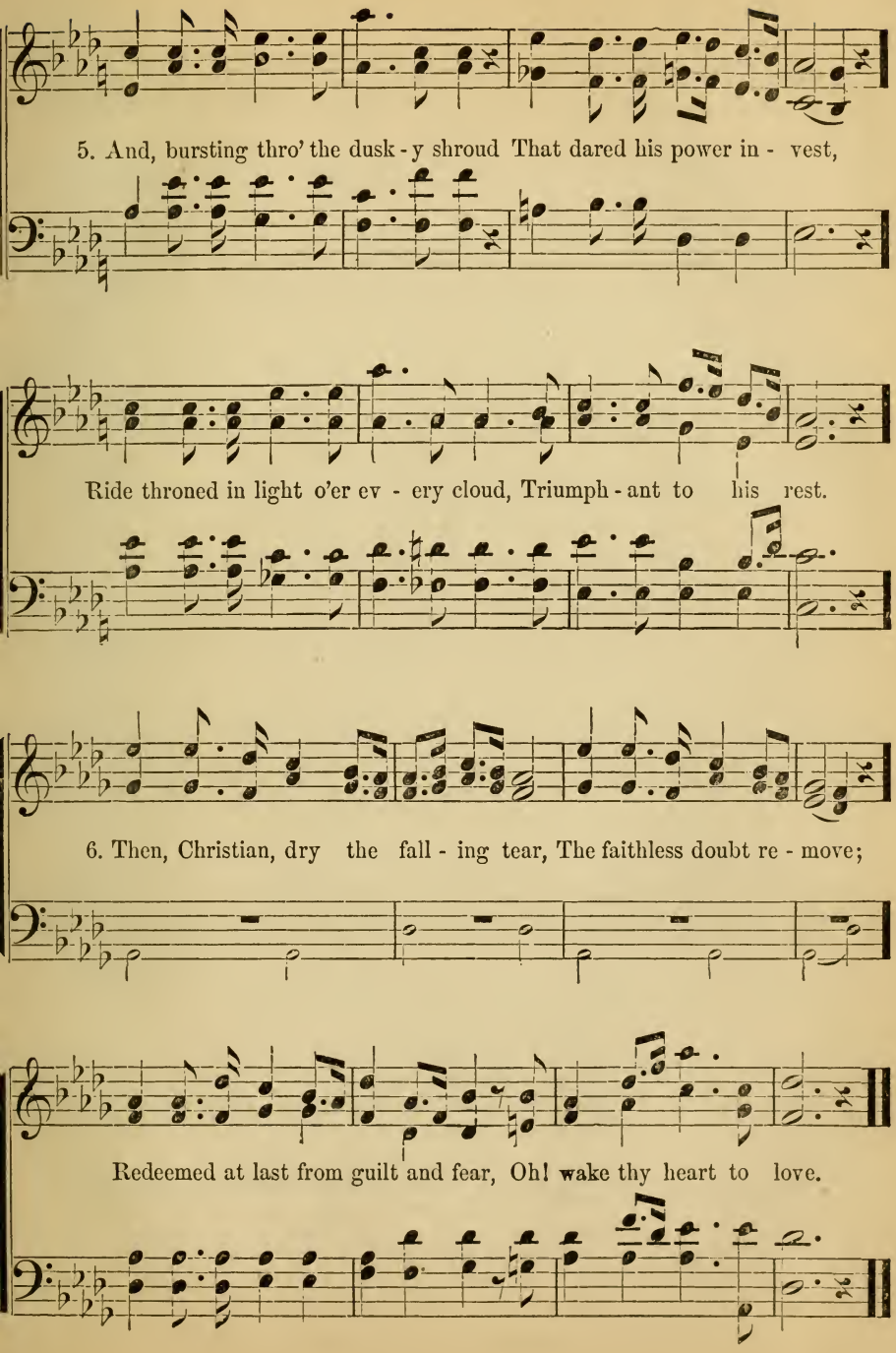
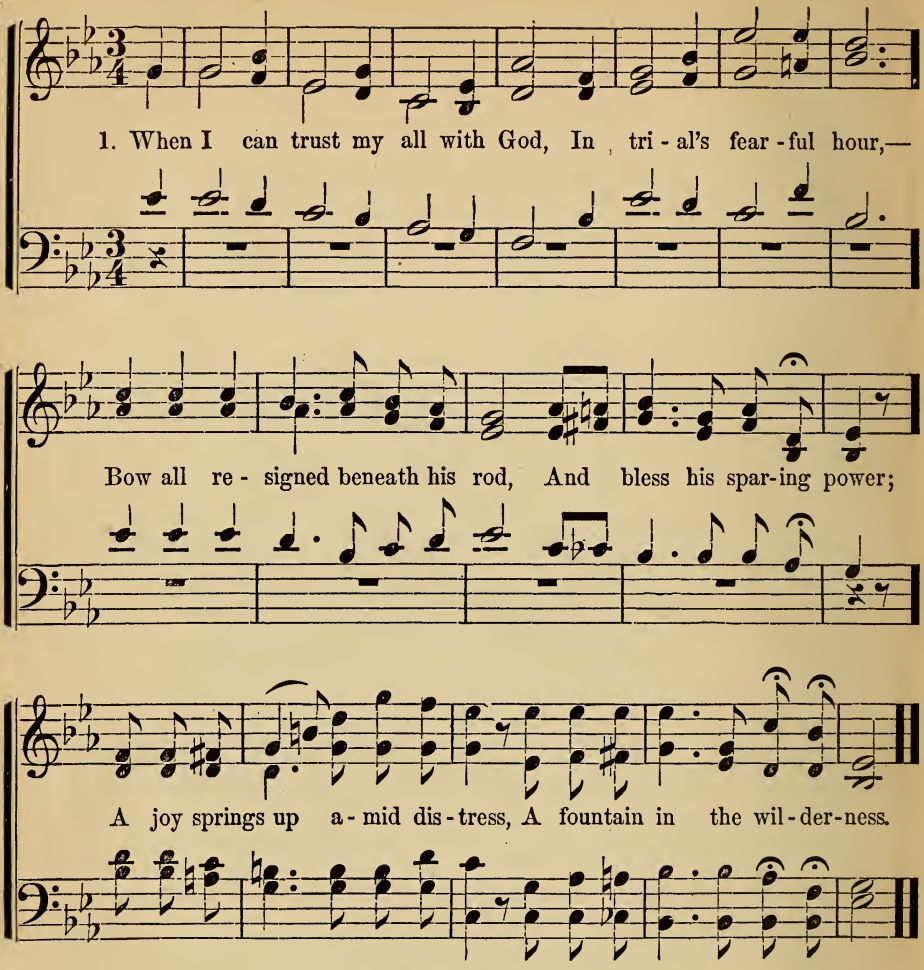

5. And, bursting thro' the dusk - y shroud That dared his power in - vest,
Ride throned in light o'er ev - ery cloud, Triumph - ant to his rest.
6. Then, Christian, dry the fall - ing tear, The faithless doubt re - move;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear, Oh! wake thy heart to love.

HYMN 1001. C. L. M. J. E. S.



2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 Then, blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

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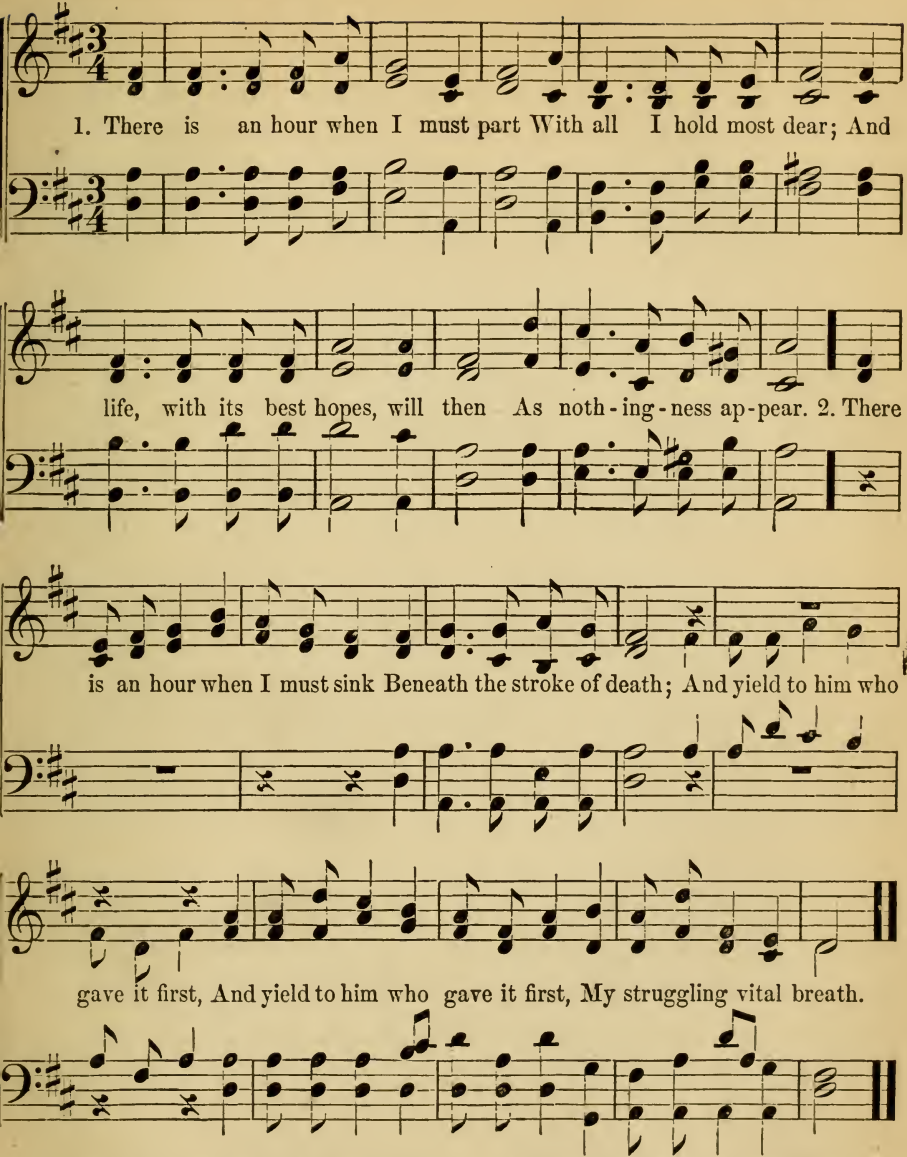
HYMN 1234. C. M. J. E. S.



3 There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat,
And all my sins, and all my foes
In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour when I must look,
On one eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me:
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

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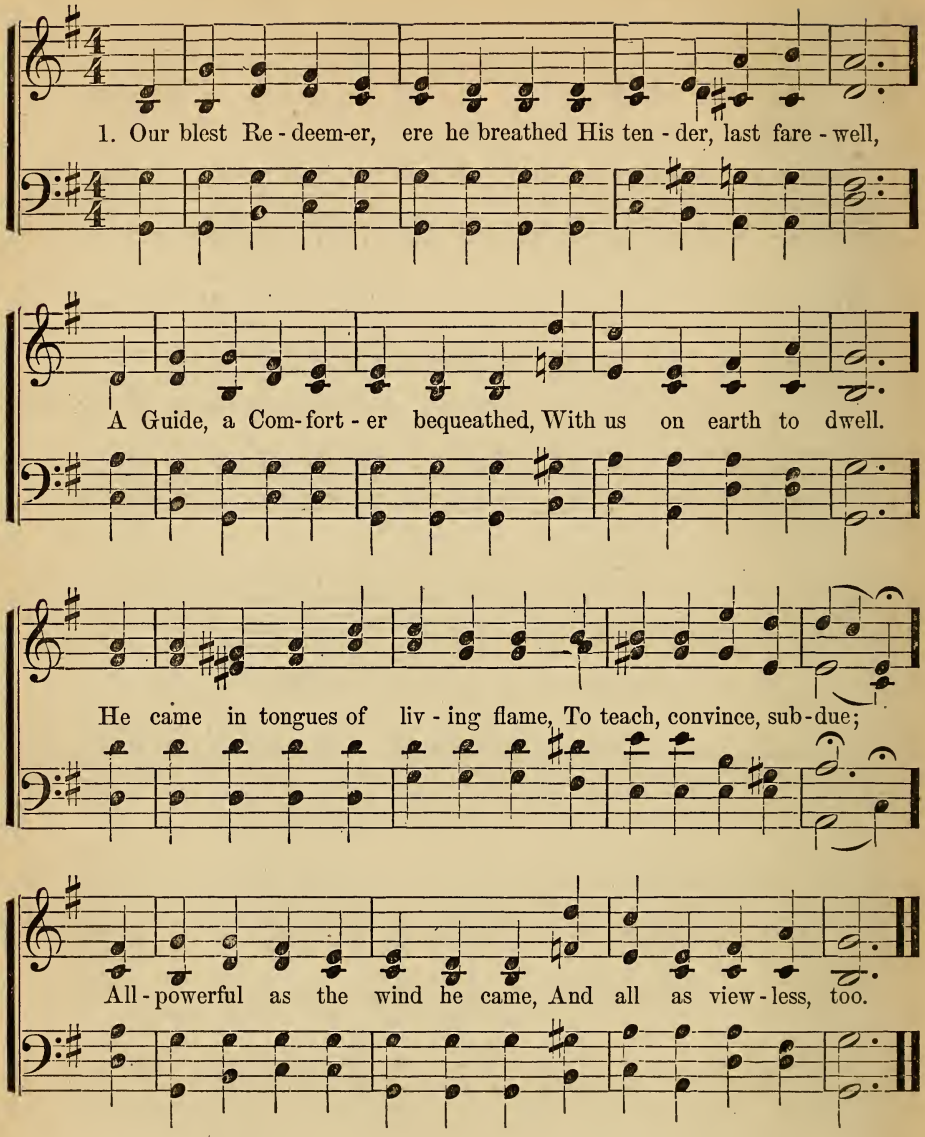
HYMN 833. C. M.



2 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.
And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

3 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his and his alone.
Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee!

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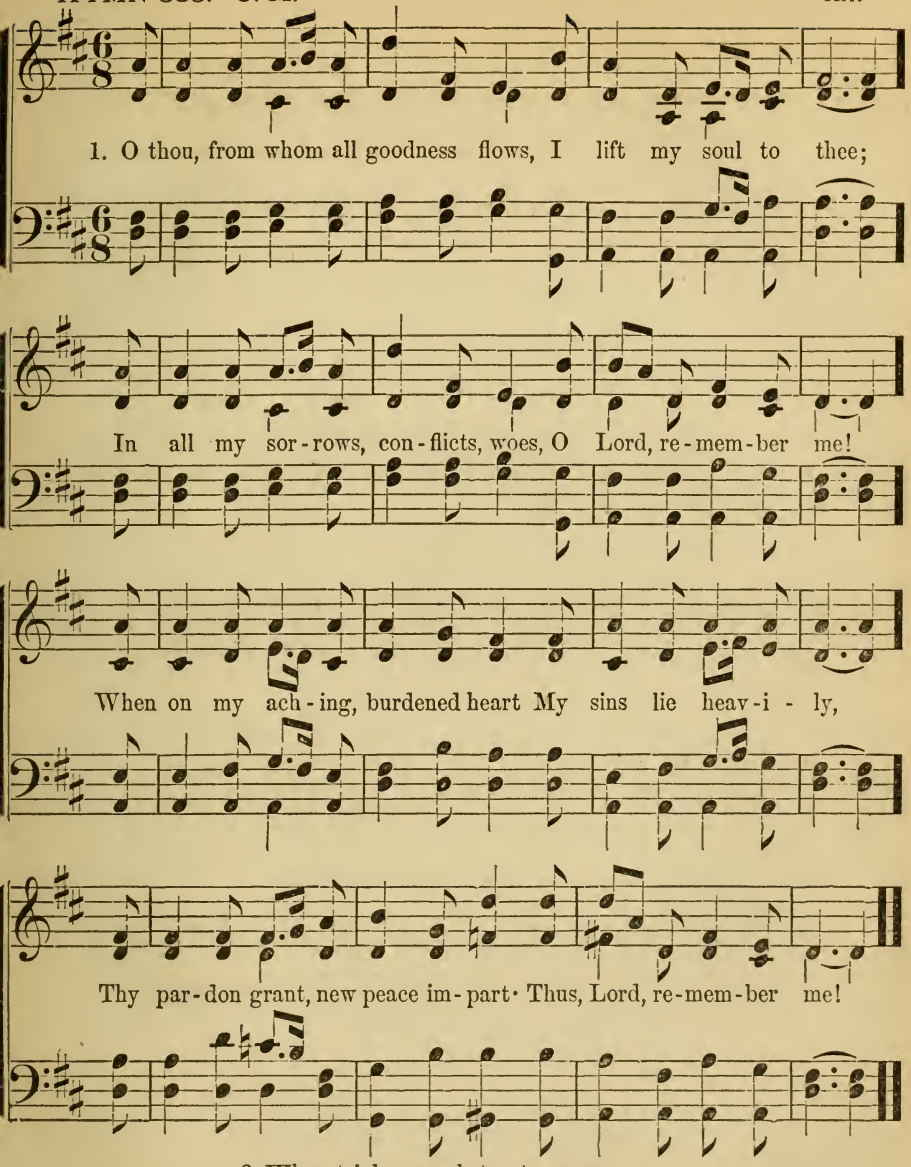
HYMN 553. C. M. Arr.



2 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!
When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

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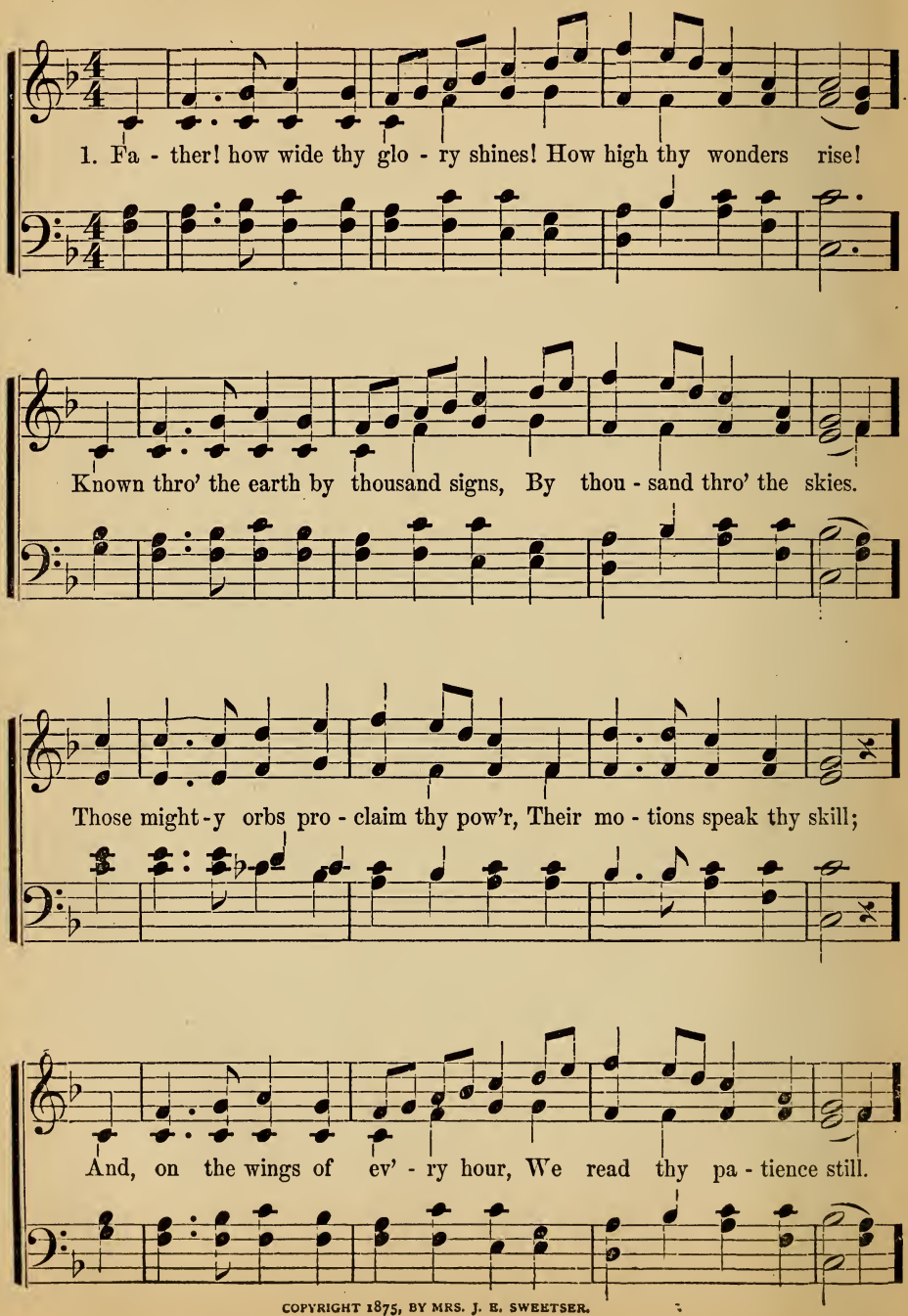
FATHER! HOW WIDE THY GLORY SHINES!

HYMN 249. C. M.



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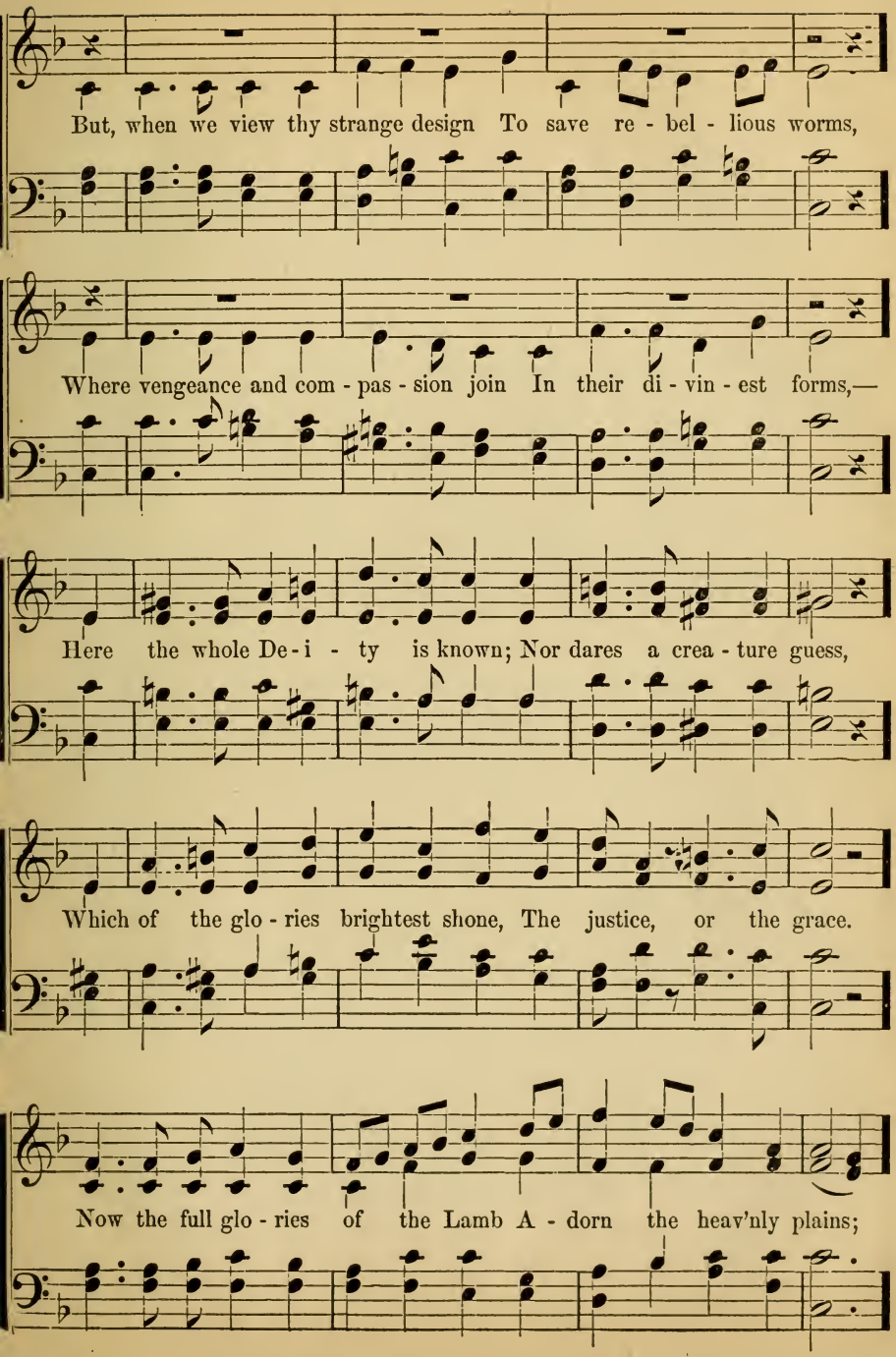
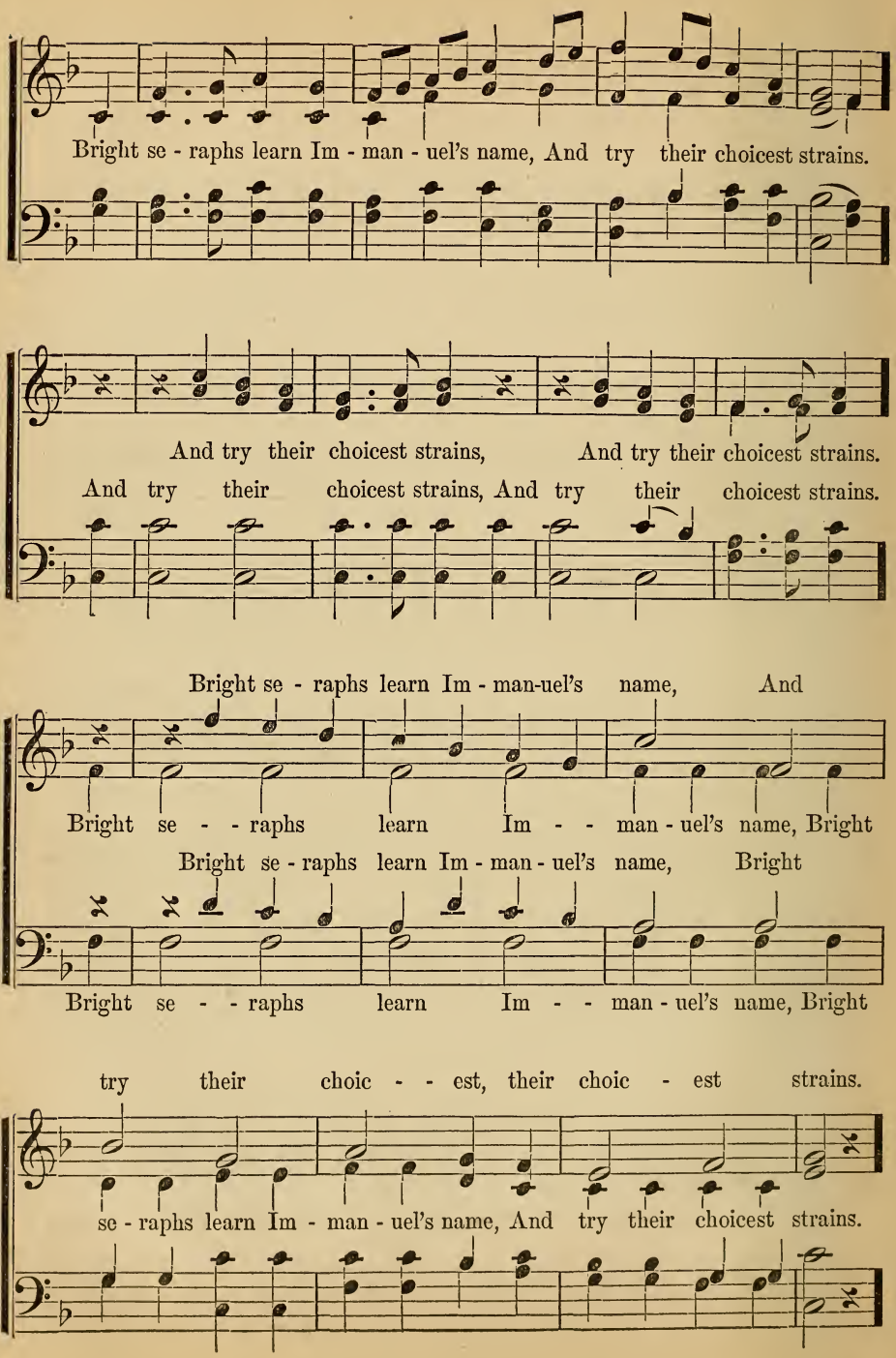
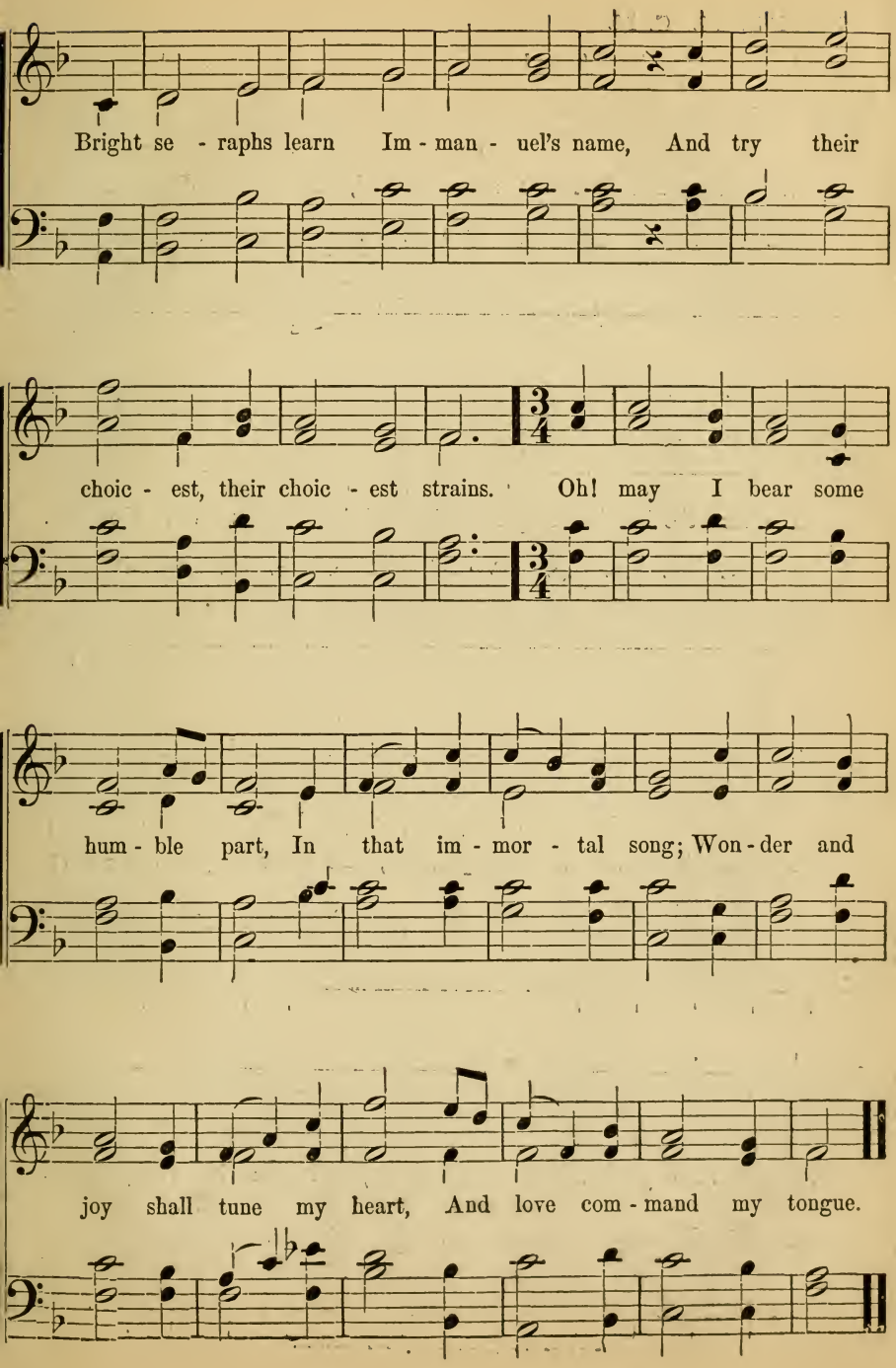
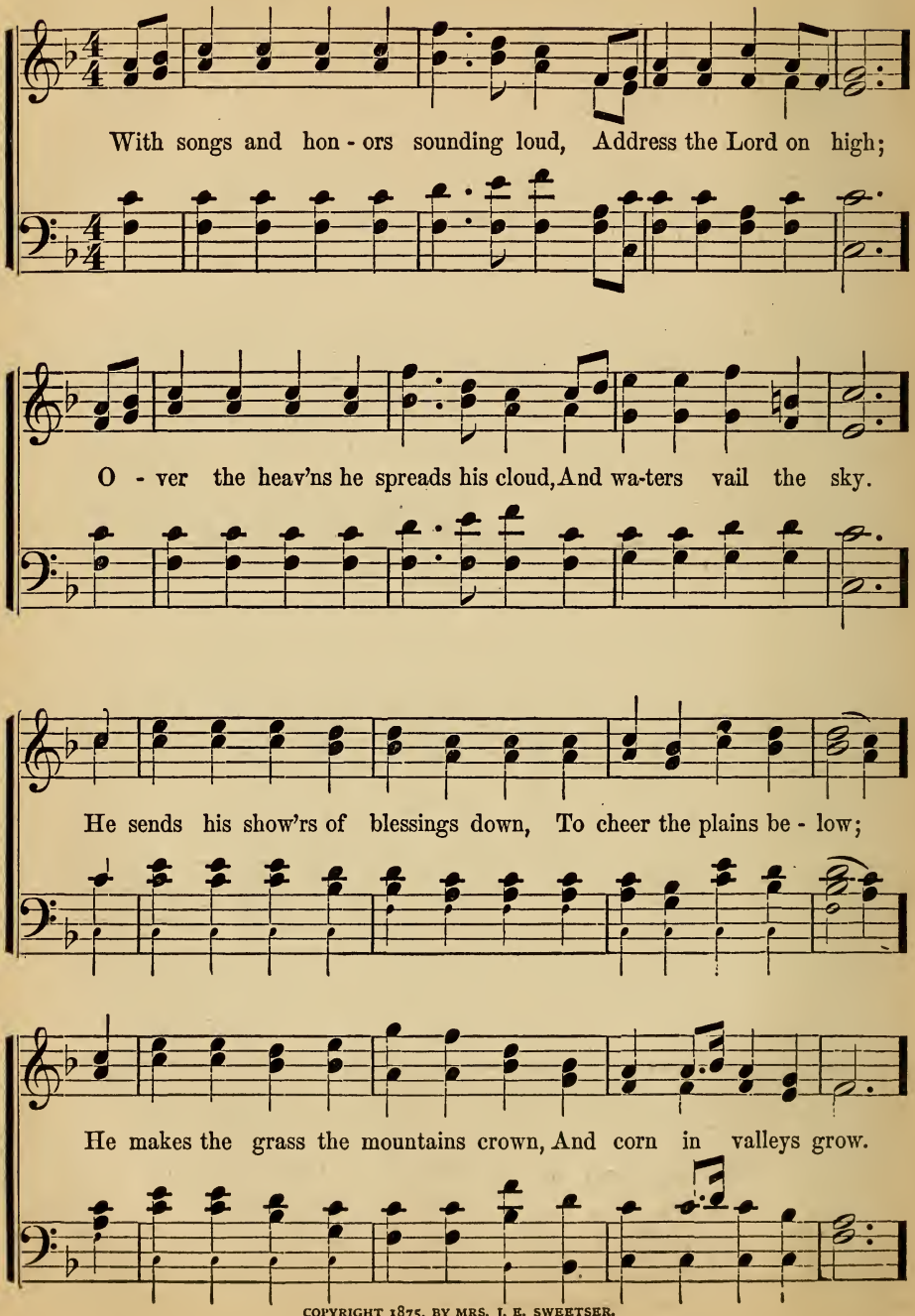

But, when we view thy strange design To save re - bel - lious worms,
Where vengeance and com - pas - sion join In their di - vin - est forms,—
Here the whole De - i - ty is known; Nor dares a crea - ture guess,
Which of the glo - ries brightest shone, The justice, or the grace.
Now the full glo - ries of the Lamb A - dorn the heav'nly plains;

FATHER! HOW WIDE. Continued.




Bright se - raphs learn Im - man - uel's name, And try their
choic - est, their choic - est strains. Oh! may I bear some
hum - ble part, In that im - mor - tal song; Won - der and
joy shall tune my heart, And love com - mand my tongue.

HYMN 255. C. M.



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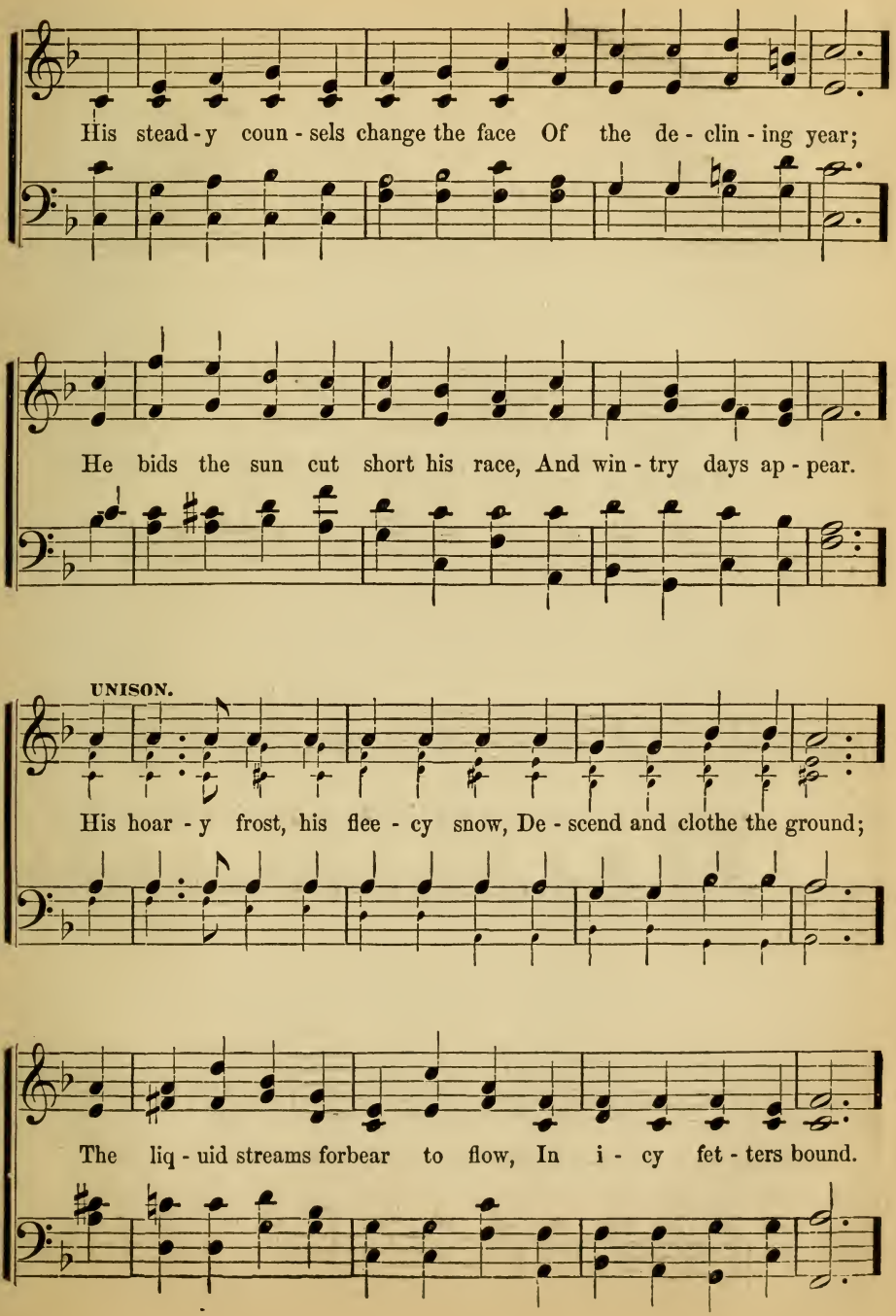
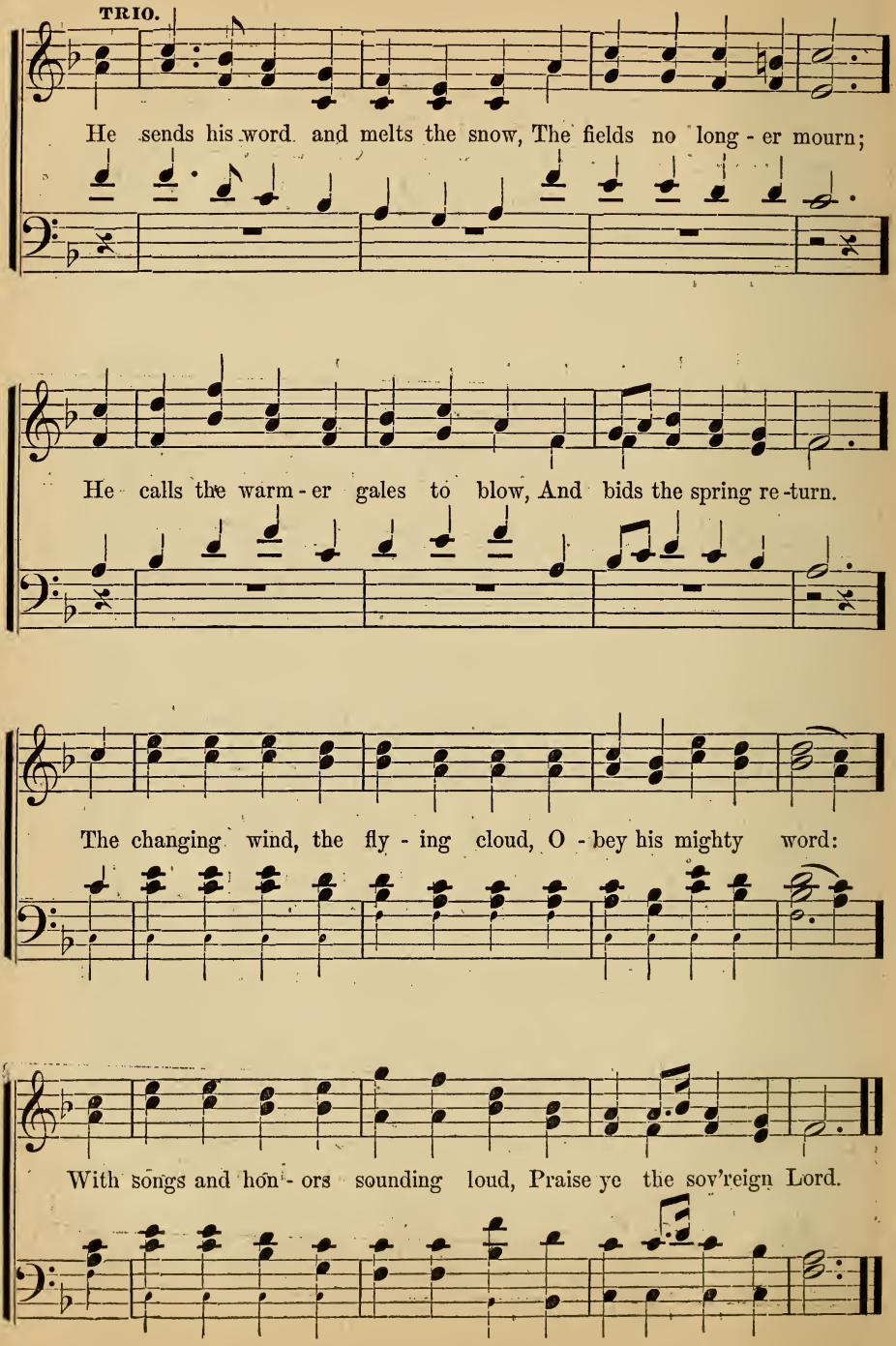
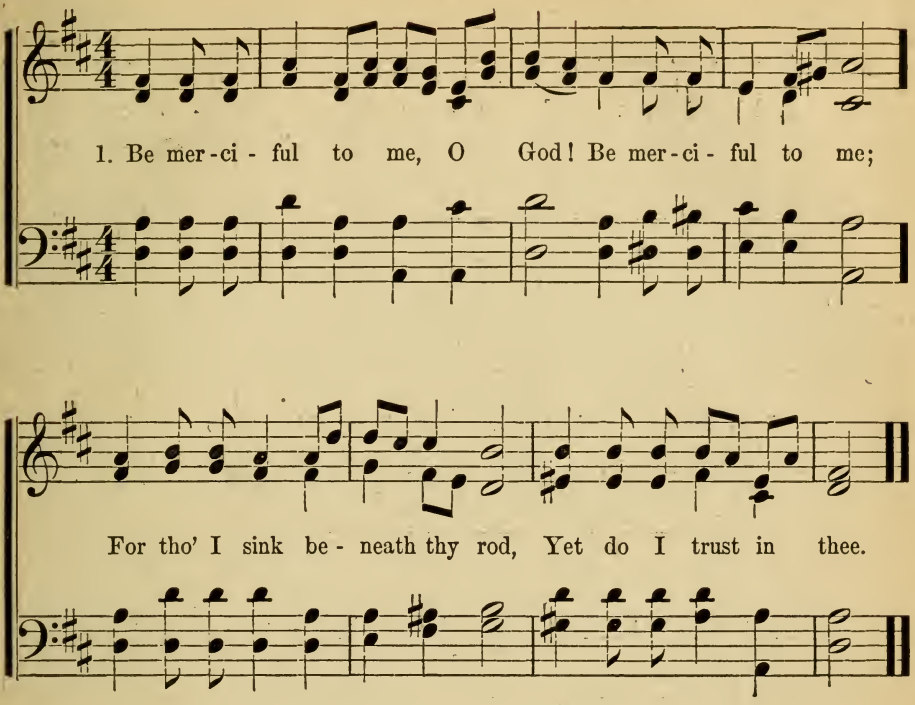

His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year;
He bids the sun cut short his race, And win - try days ap - pear.
UNISON.
His hoar - y frost, his flee - cy snow, De - scend and clothe the ground;
The liq - uid streams forbear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.


TRIO.
He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no long - er mourn;
He calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn.
The changing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his mighty word:
With songs and hon - ors sounding loud, Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

HYMN 566. C. M. Arr.



2 Thou art my refuge, and I know
My burden thou dost bear,
And I would seek, where'er I go,
To cast on thee my care.

3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,
Strong though my spirit be;
Oh, then assist, when foes assail,
The soul that clings to thee.

4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befal'
A thankful heart be mine,—
A heart that answers to thy call,
One that is wholly thine.

5 And may I ne'er forget that thou
Wilt soon return again,
And those who love thy coming now,
Shall shine in glory then.

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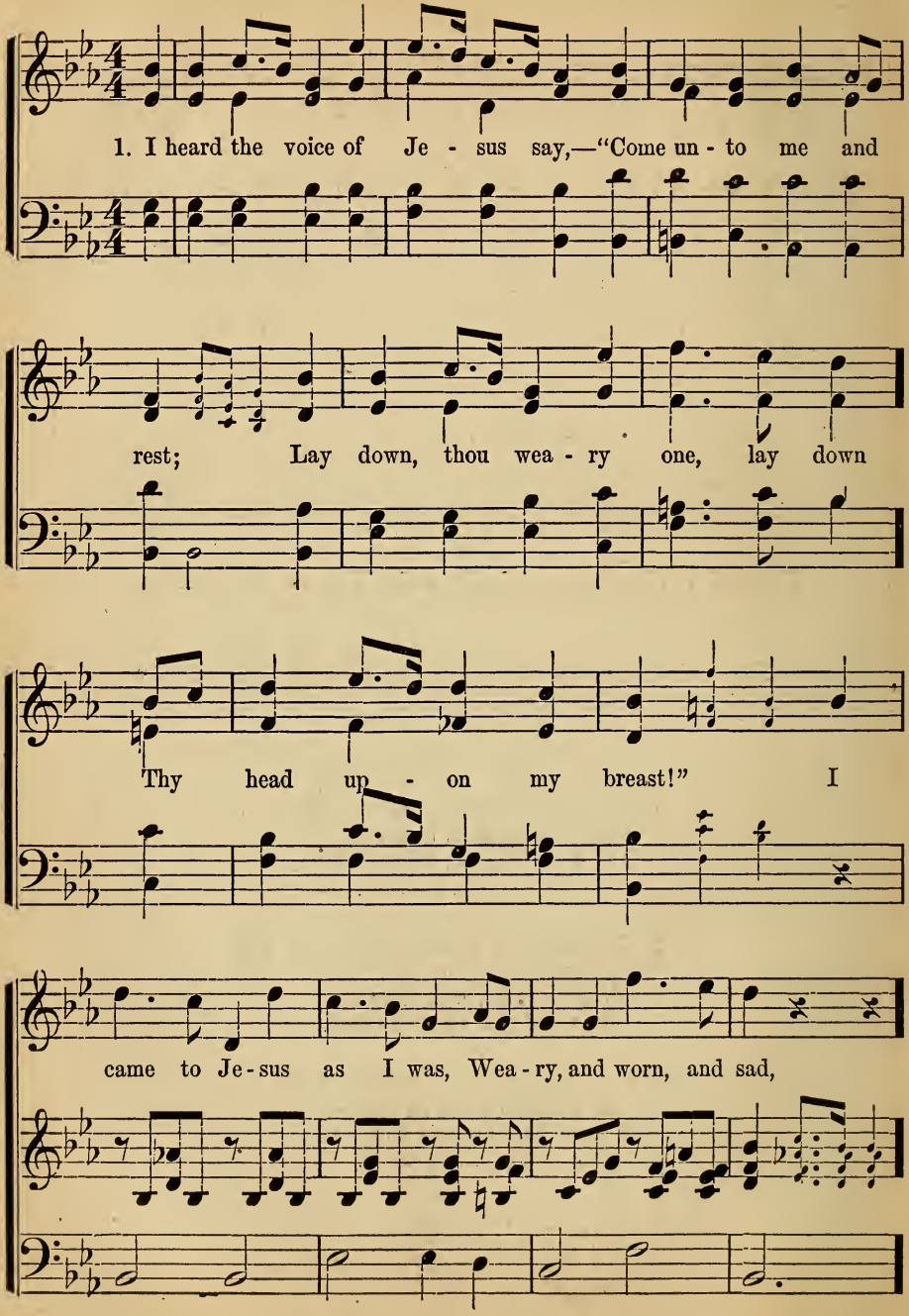
BARTON.

HYMN 922. C. M. D. Arr.



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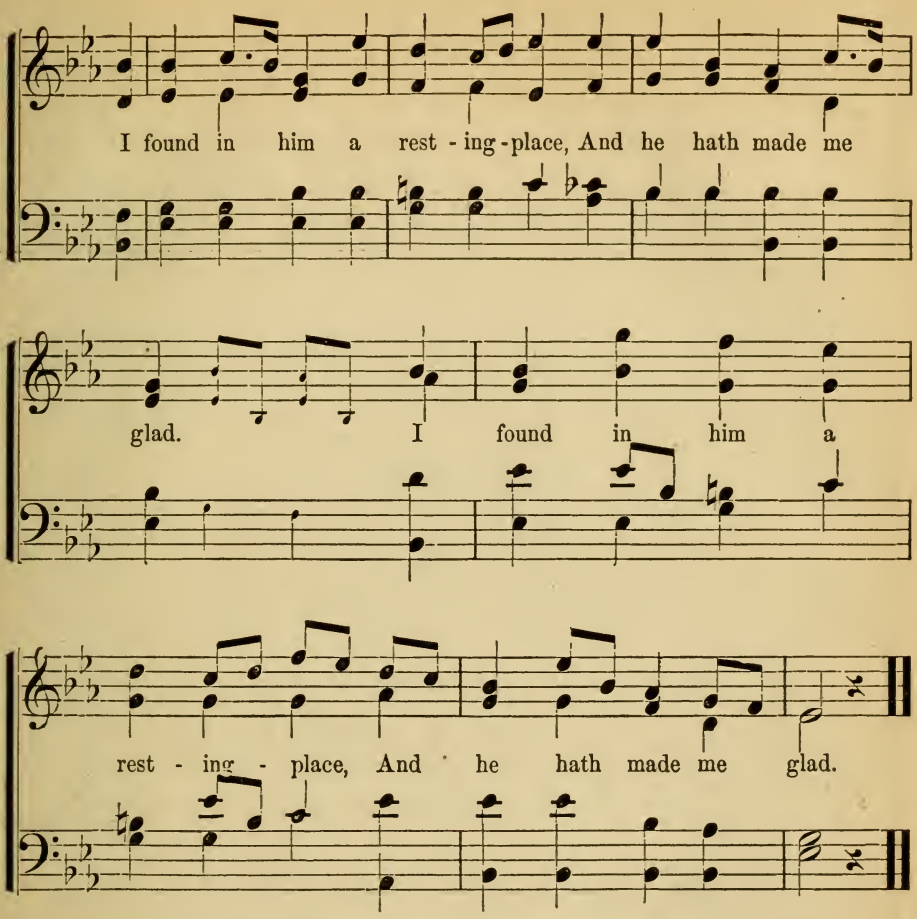
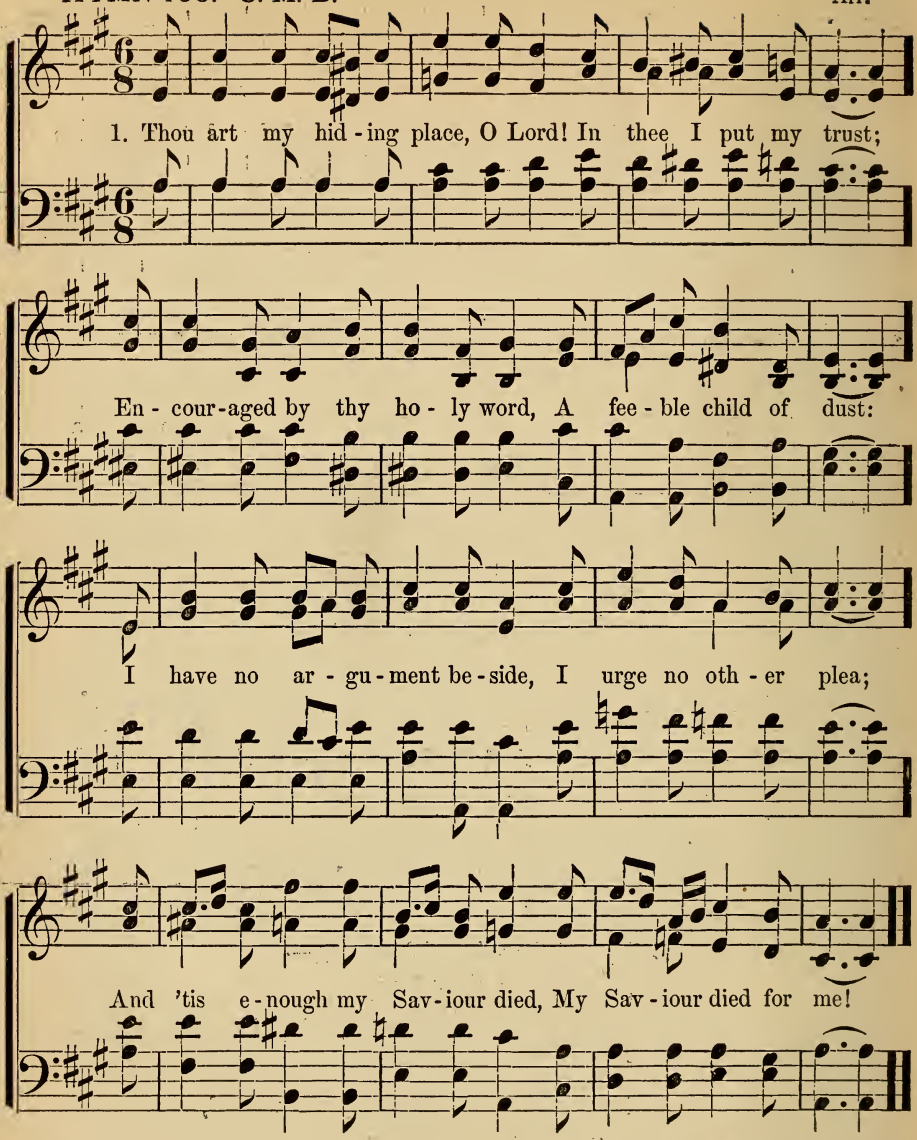


2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

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 Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

MALTA.

HYMN 790. C. M. D. Arr.



2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

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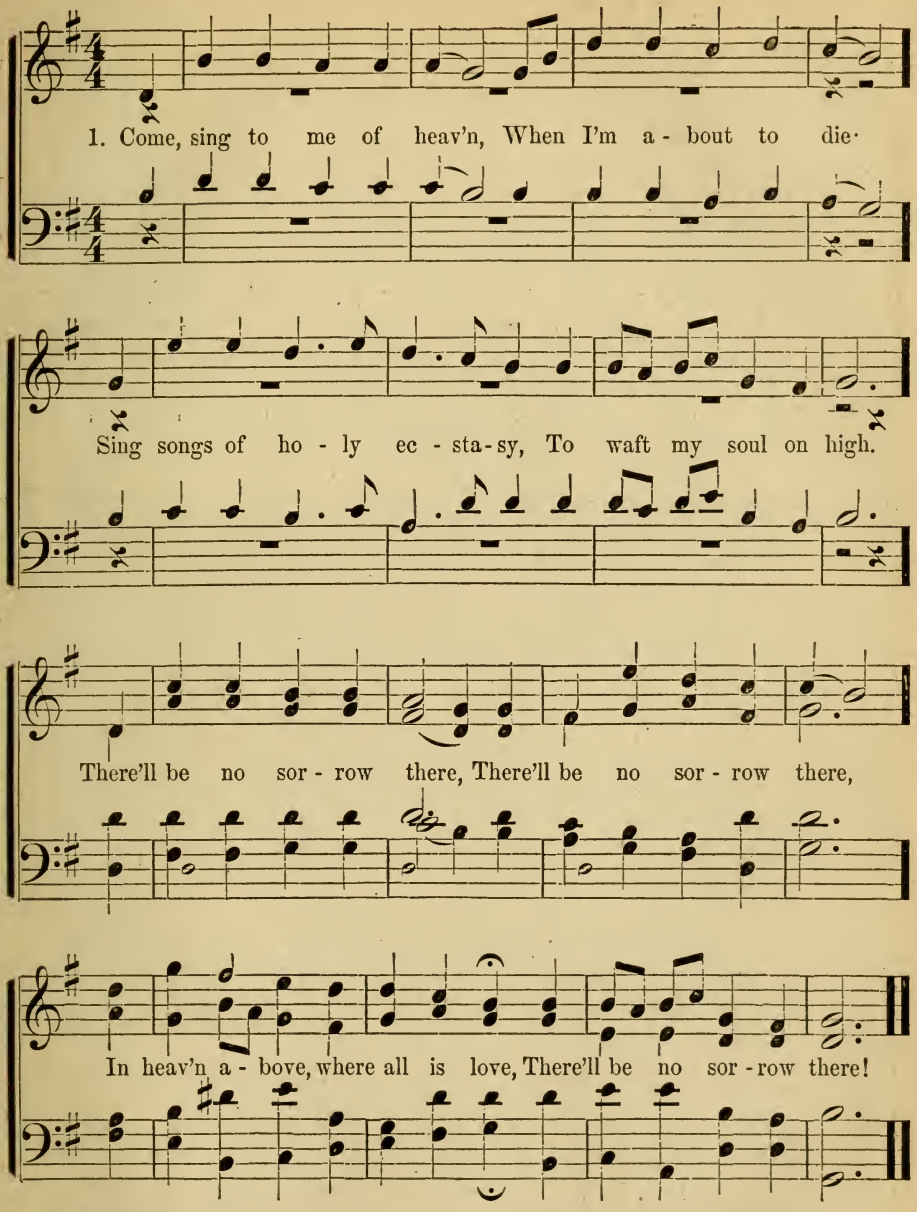
HYMN 1303. S. M.



2 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which on each feature plays.
There'll be no, &c.

3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!
There'll be no, &c.

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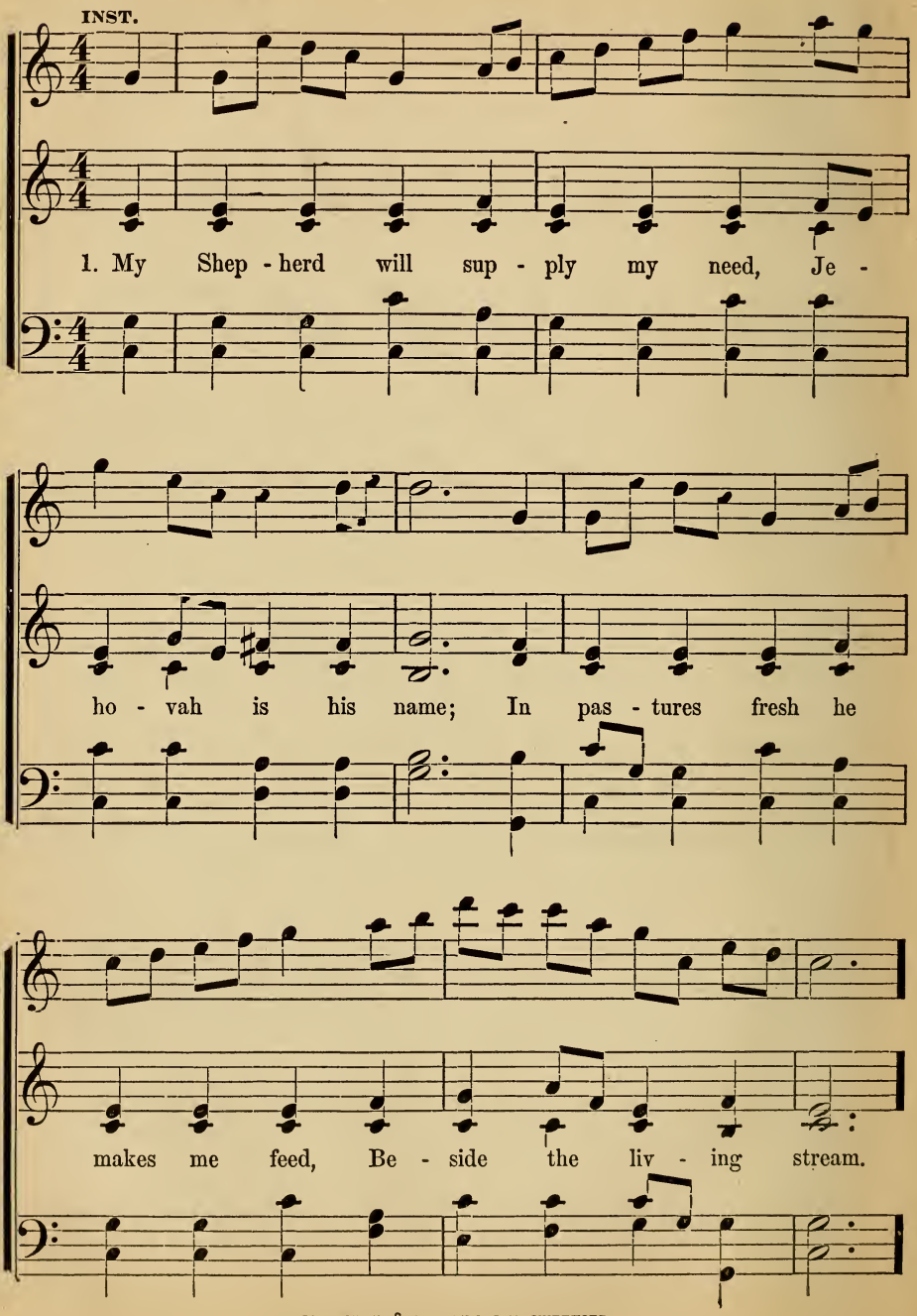
MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY MY NEED.

HYMN 928. C. M. D.



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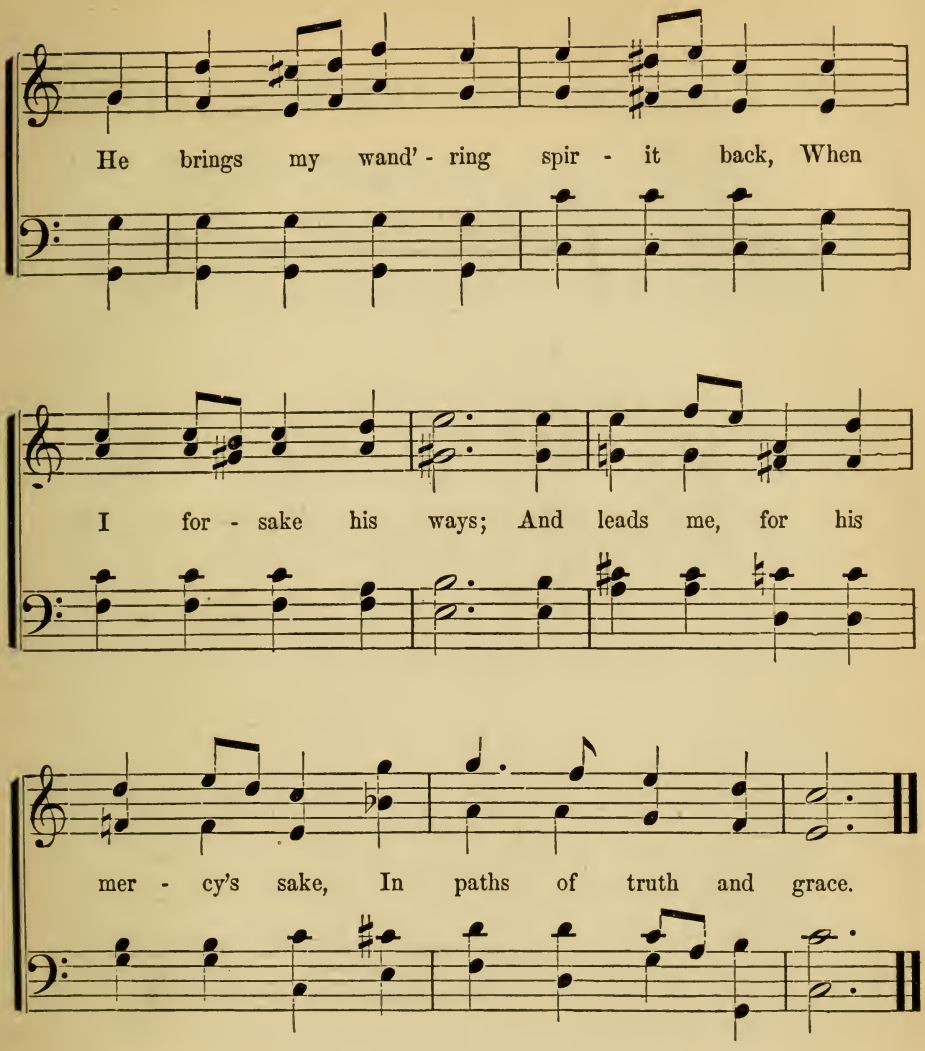


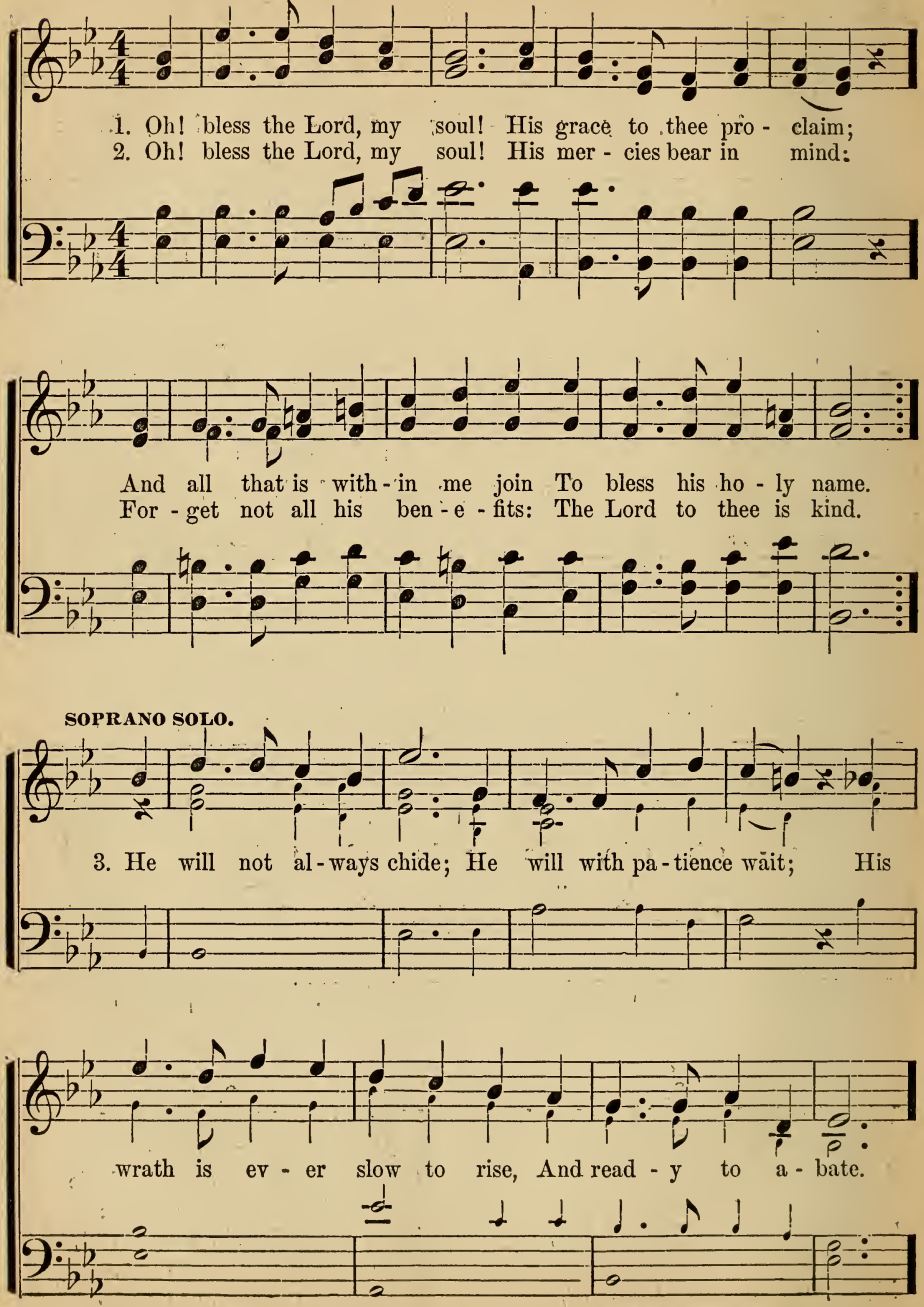
3.

When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest
But like a child at home.

HYMN 261. S. M. J. E. S.



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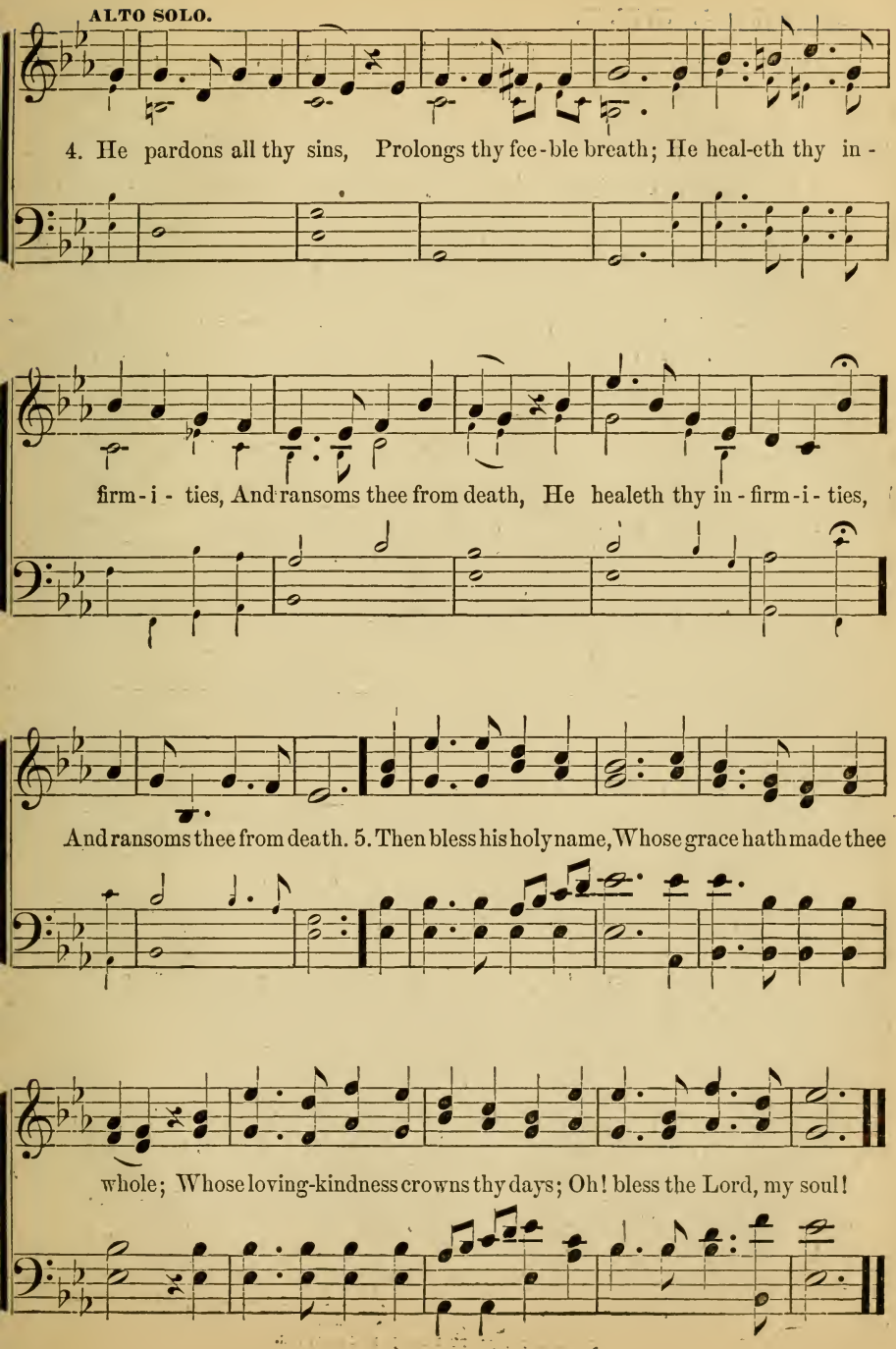
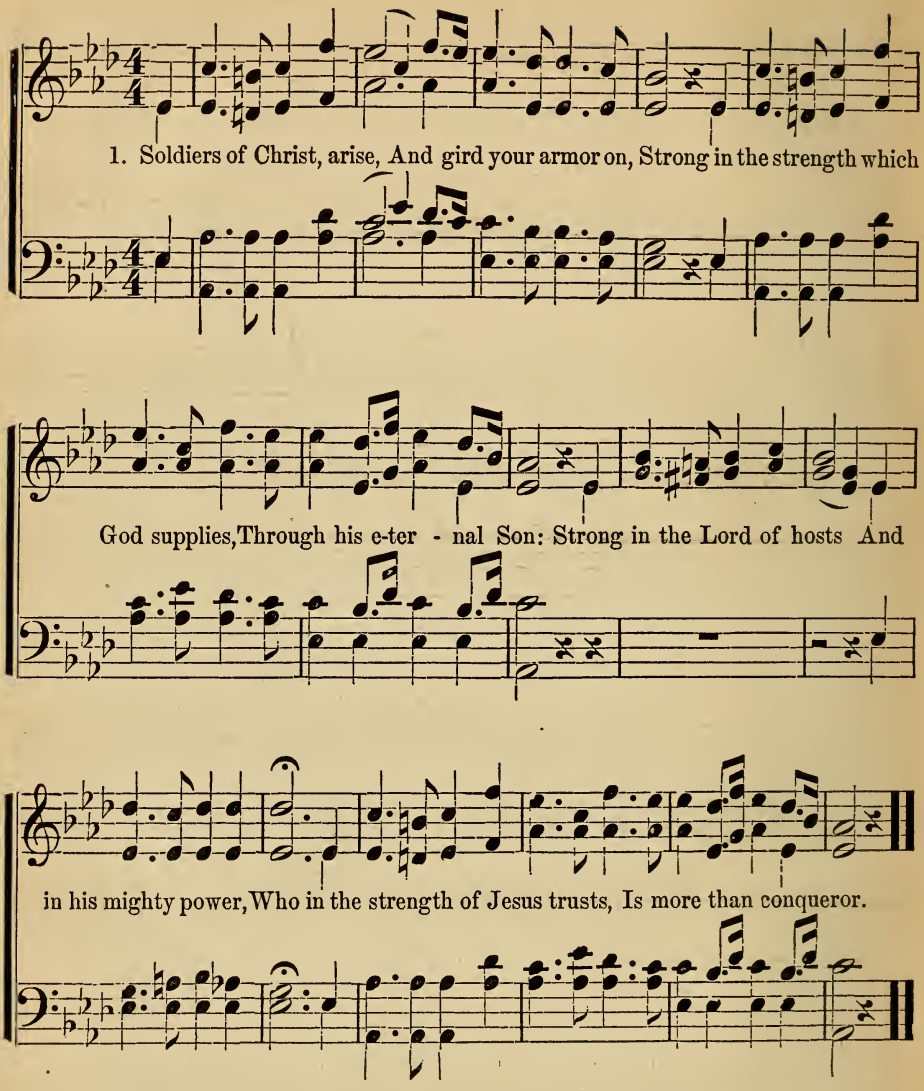

ALTO SOLO.
4. He pardons all thy sins, Prolongs thy fee-ble breath; He heal-eth thy in-
firm-i-ties, And ransoms thee from death, He healeth thy in-firm-i-ties,
And ransoms thee from death. 5. Then bless his holy name, Whose grace hath made thee
whole; Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days; Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!

HYMN 684. S. M. D.



2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The pamoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

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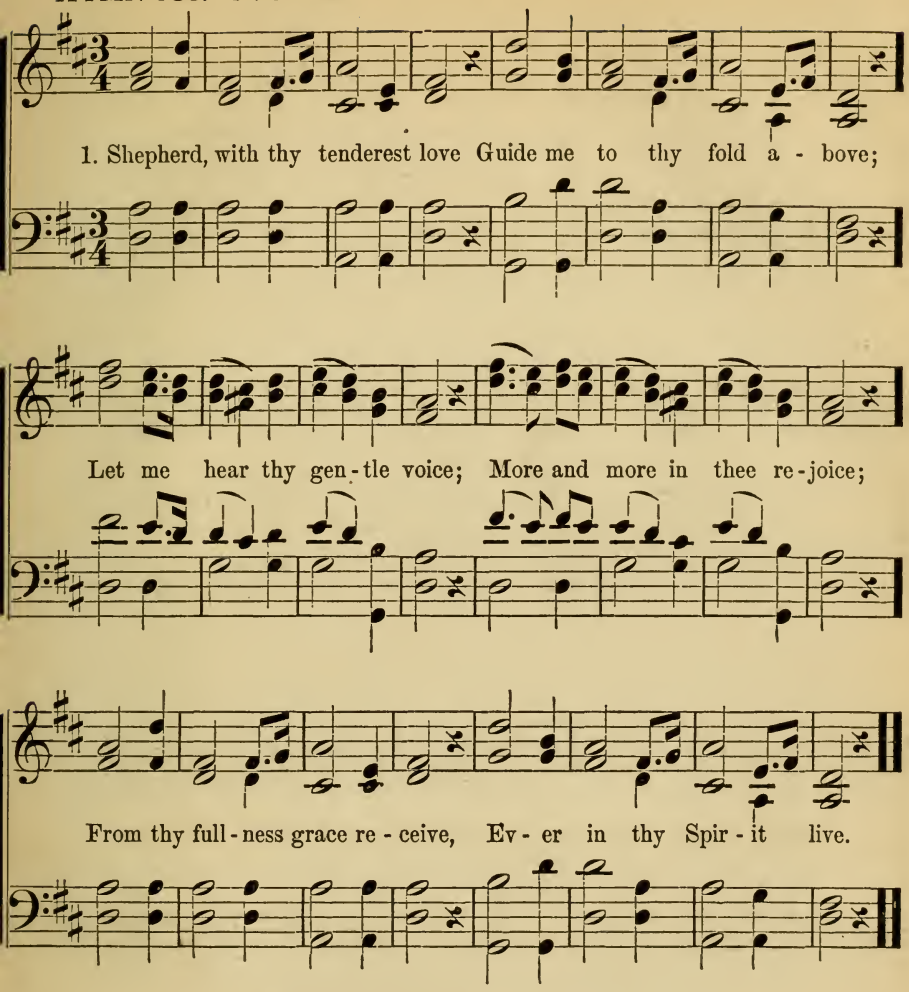
HYMN 786. 7s. 6 lines. Arr.



2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

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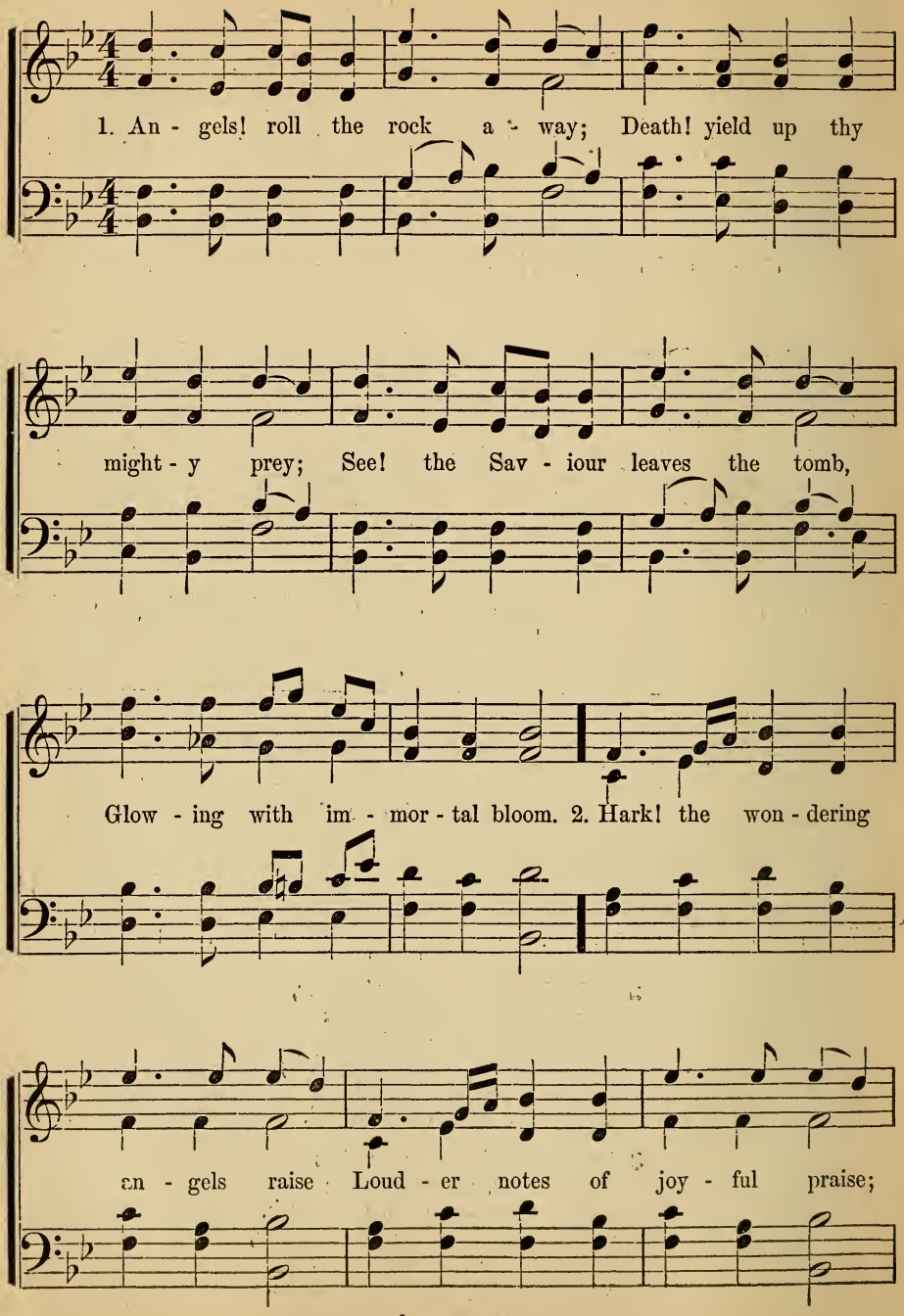
HYMN 378. 7s. J. E. S.



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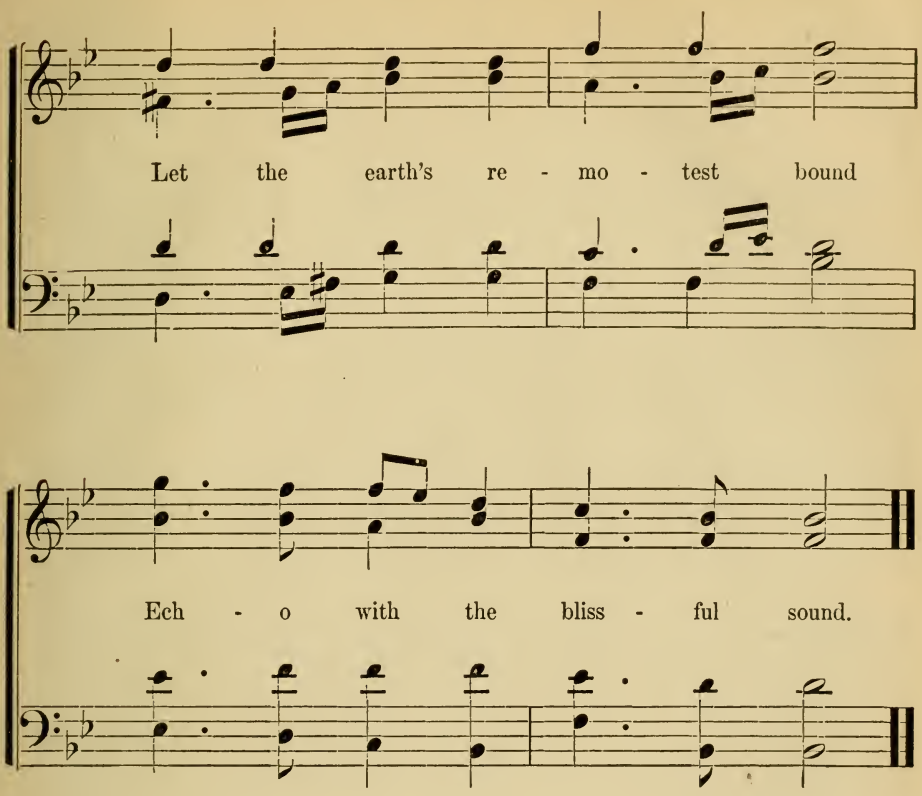


3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

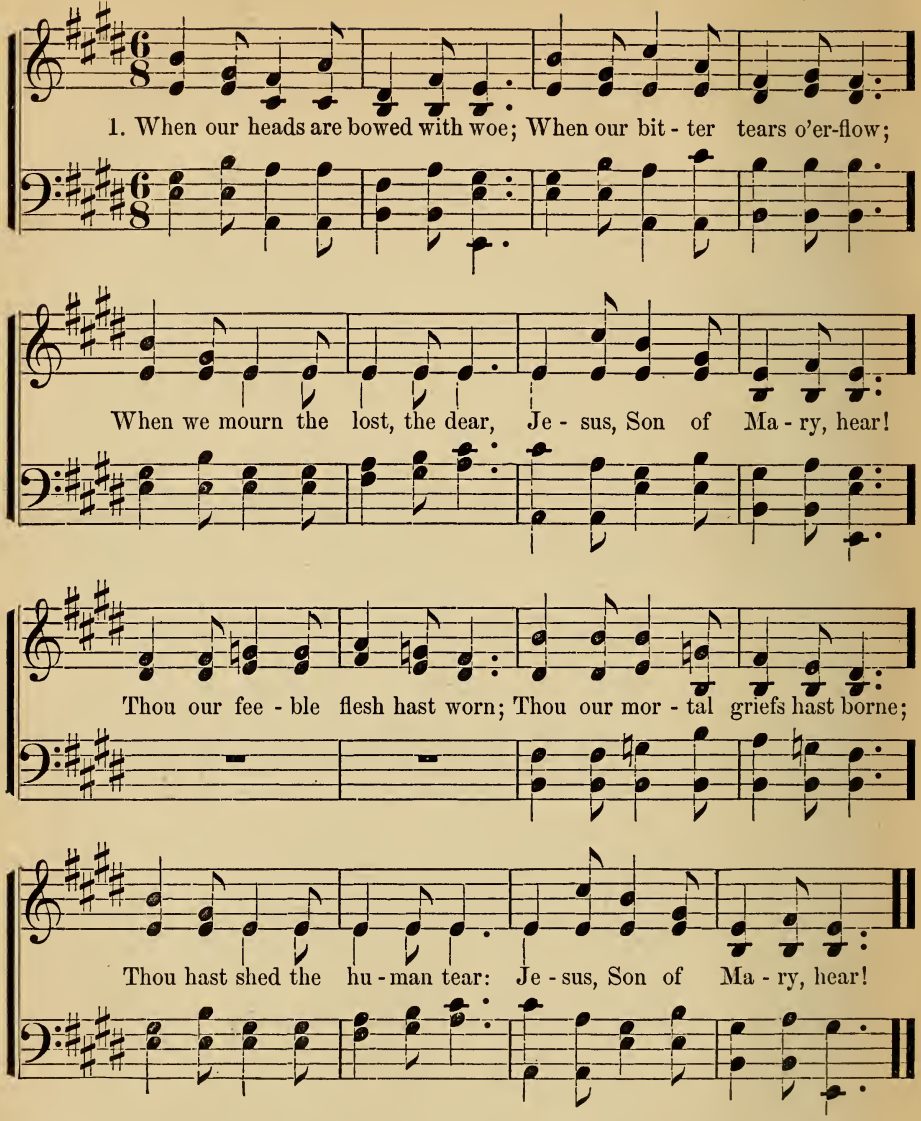
4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne!
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive held!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

PARAN.

HYMN 1006. 7s. D. J. E. S.



2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath:
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

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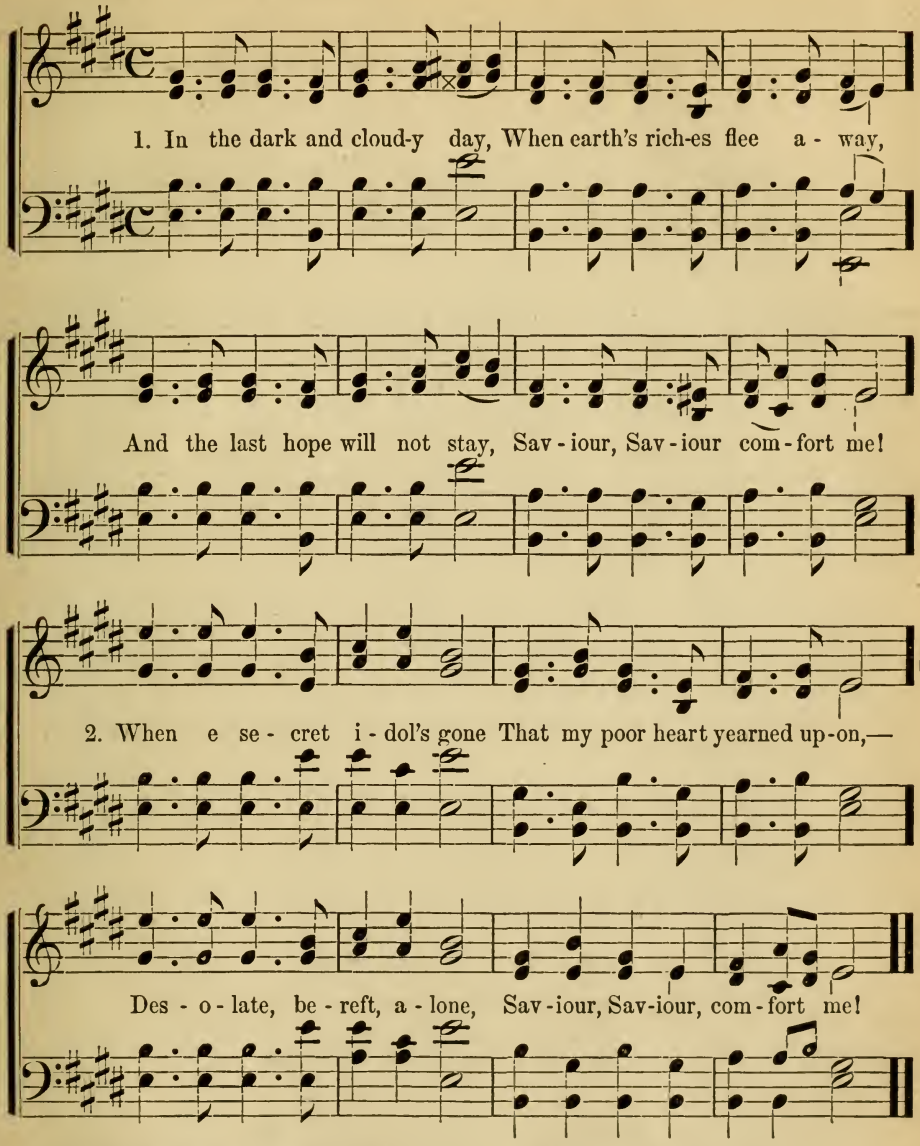
HYMN 1002. 7s & 5s or 7s. J. E. S.



3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

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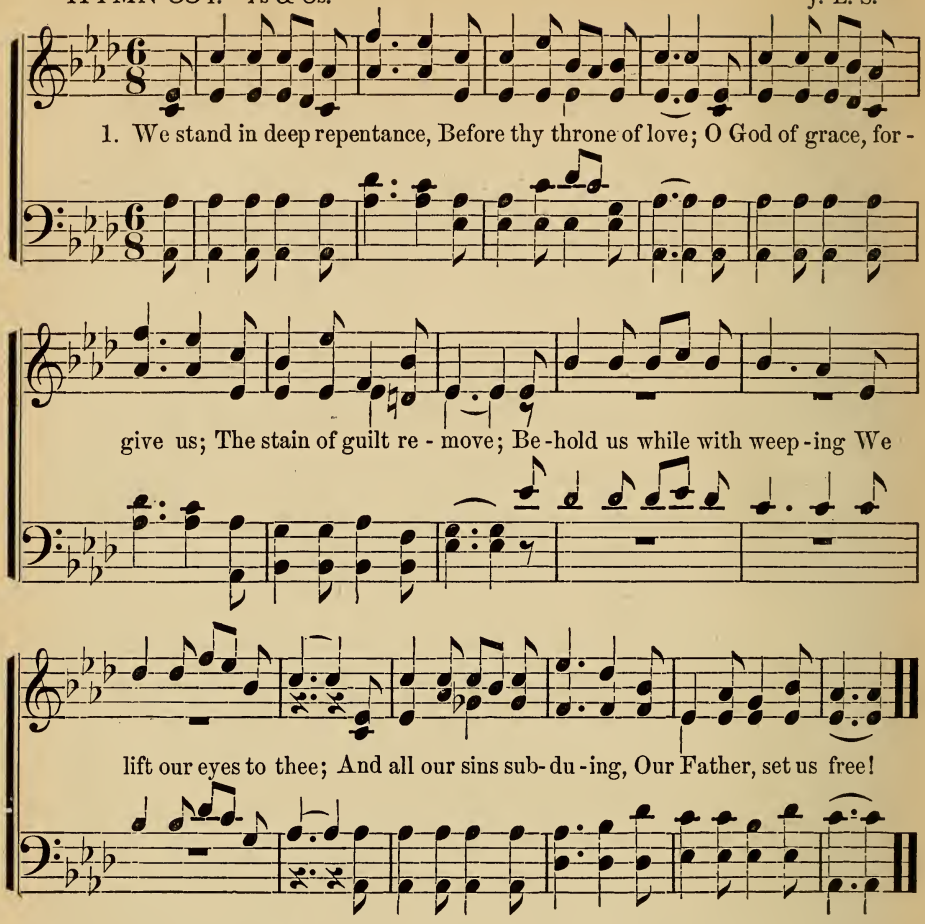
CARMELTON.

HYMN 534. 7s & 6s. J. E. S.



2 Oh! shouldst thou from us fallen
Withold thy grace to guide,
For ever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls— on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

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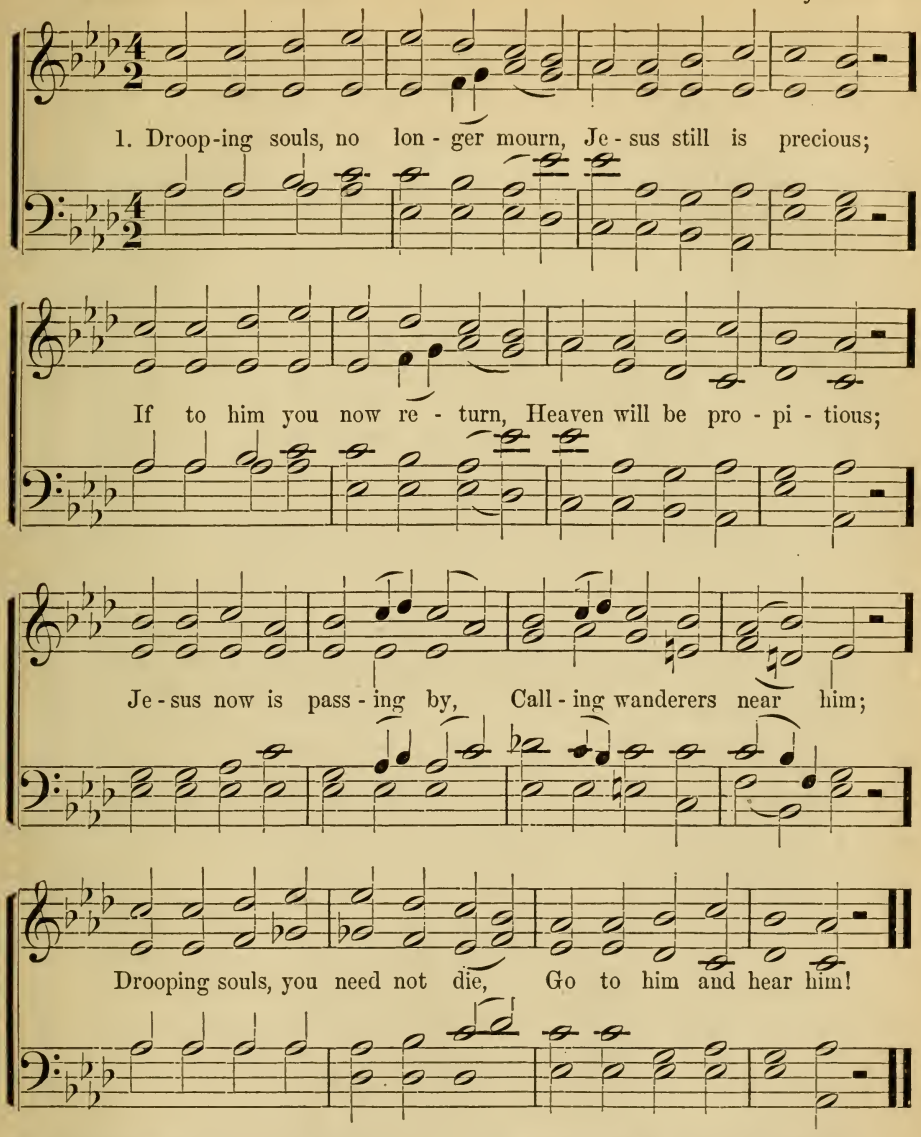
HYMN 464. 7s & 6s. J. E. S.



2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries— "come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden!"
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him;
He to save the dying came;—
Go to him and prove him!
Wandering sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
Worship him; receive him.

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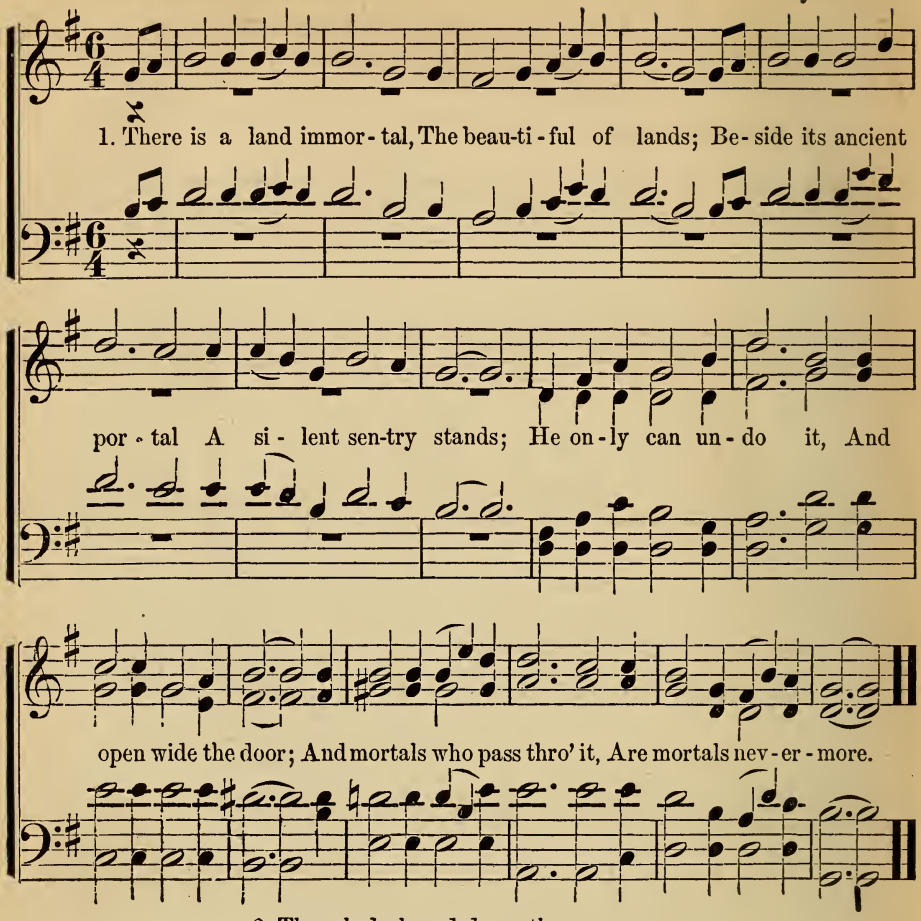
HYMN 1308. 7s & 6s. D. J. E. S.



2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heaven-ward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

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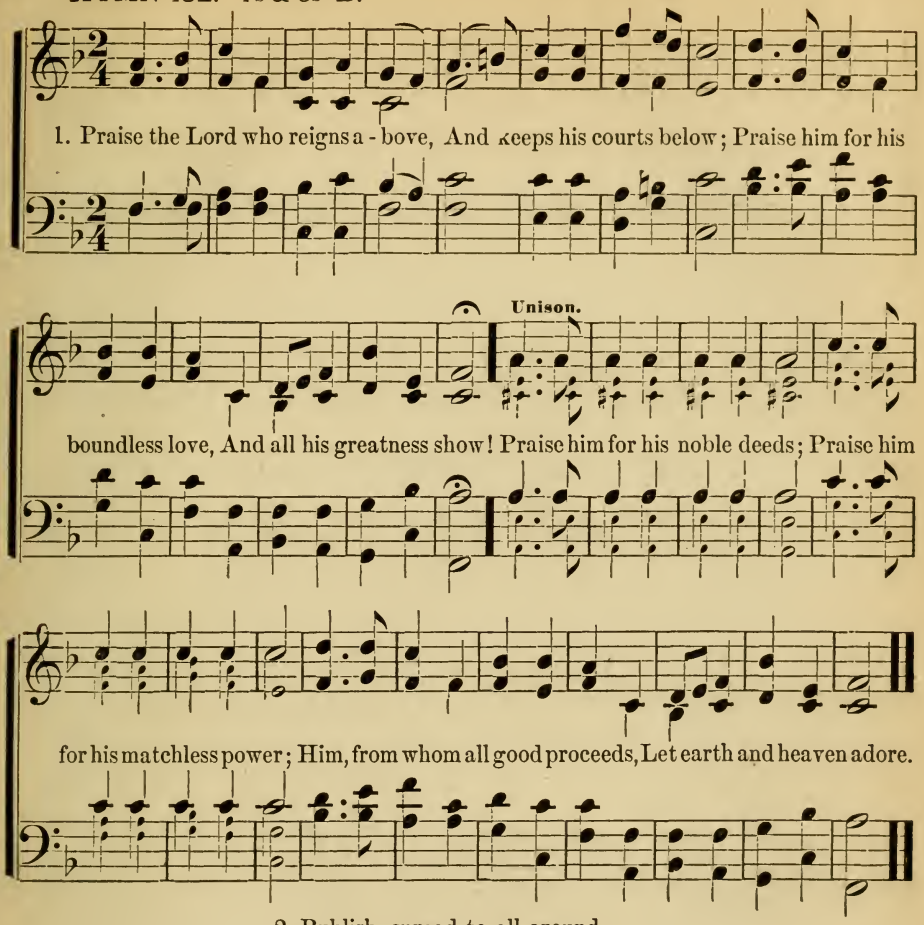
HYMN 132. 7s & 6s D.



2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
The Prince of peace proclaim!
Praise him, every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King:
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

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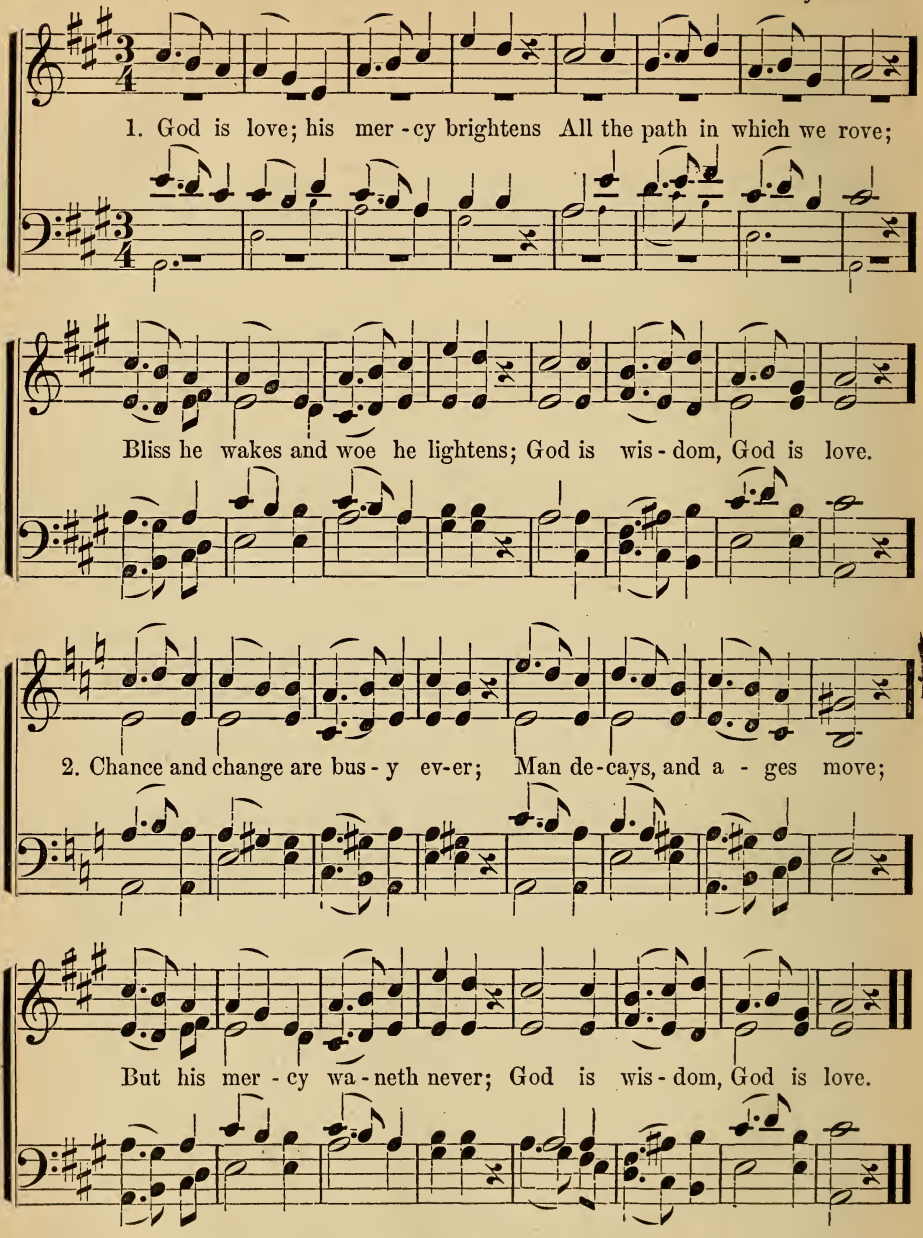
HARTFORD.

HYMN 270. 8s & 7s. J. E. S.



3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom God is love.

4 We with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

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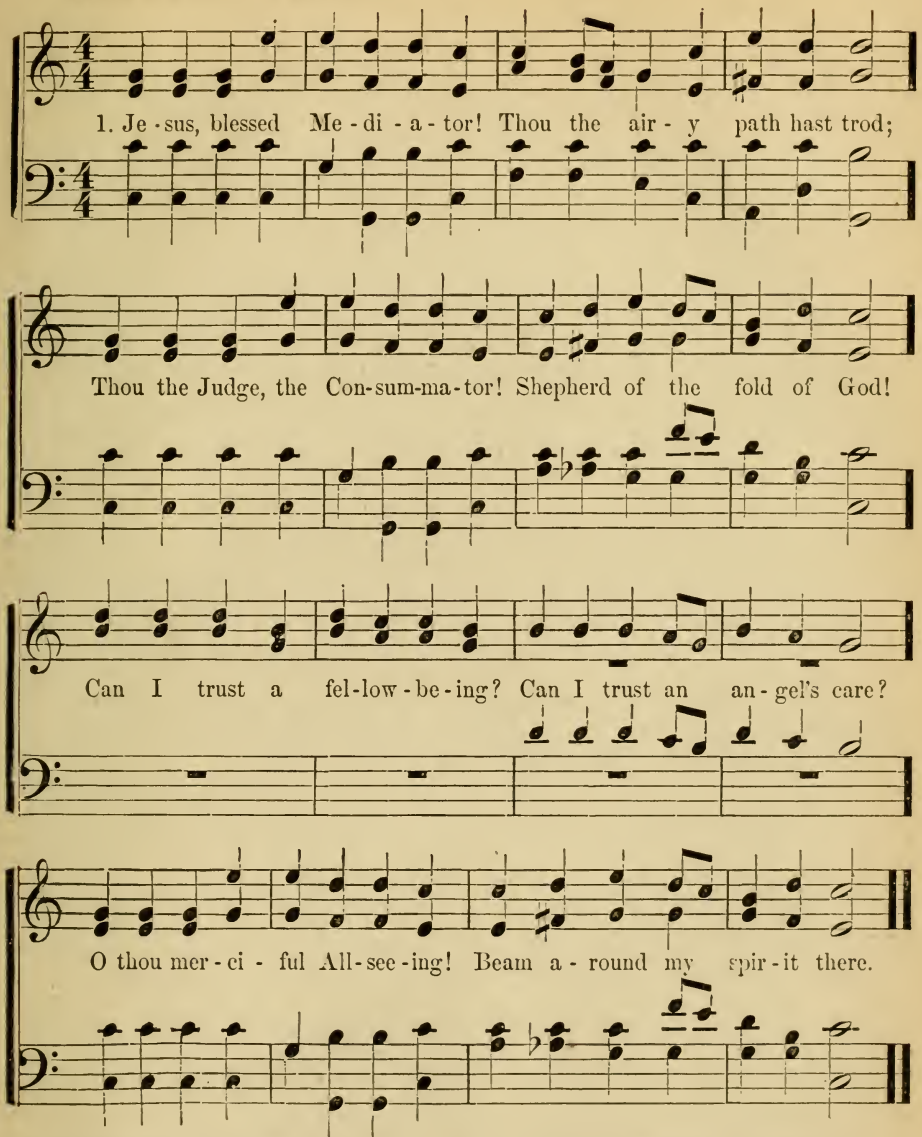
HYMN 1306. 8s & 7s. D.



2 Blessed fold! no foe can enter;
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence!
Blessed, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
Oh, the ineffable Forever!
And the eternal All in All!

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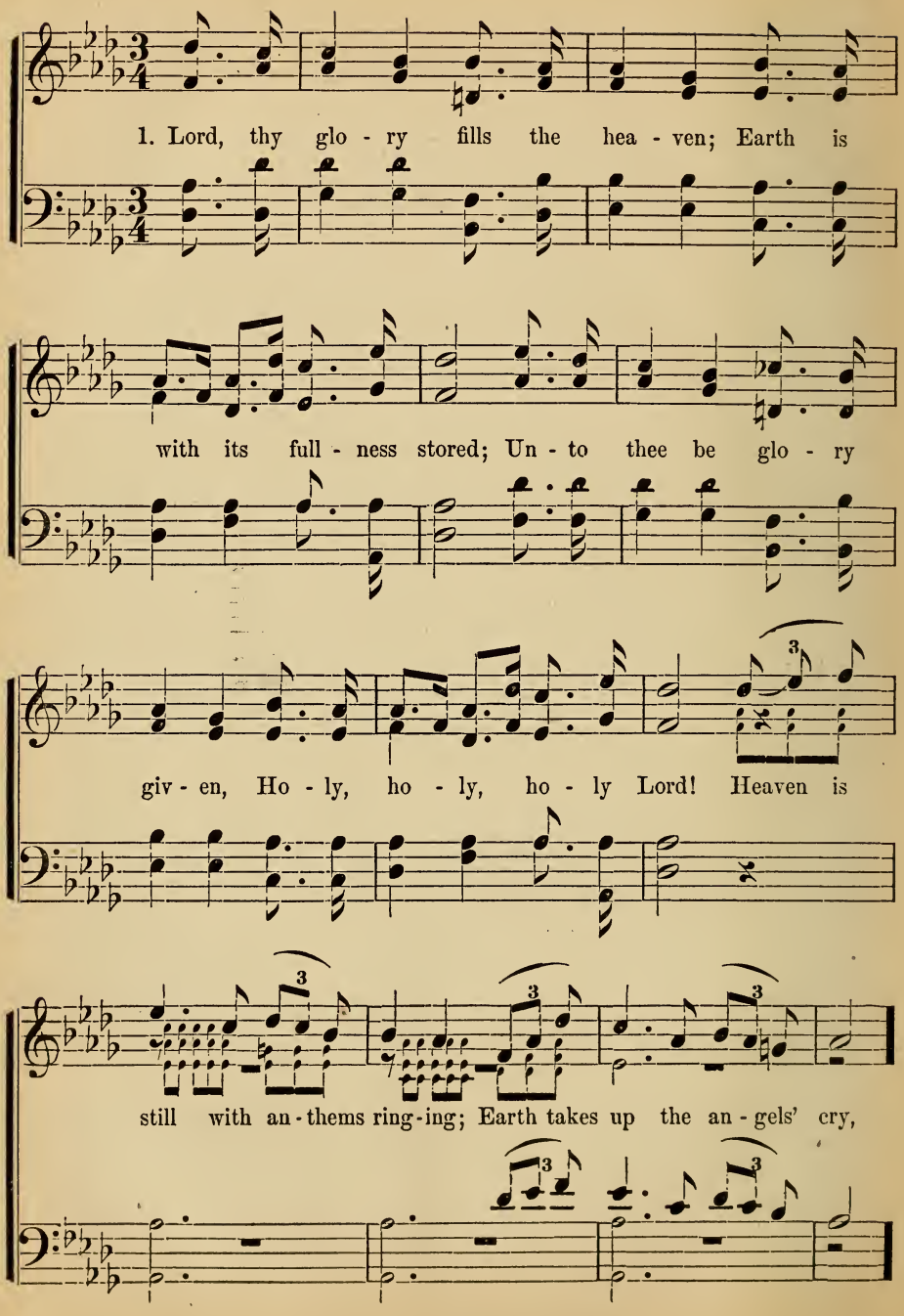
HYMN 265. 8s & 7s. D. Arr.



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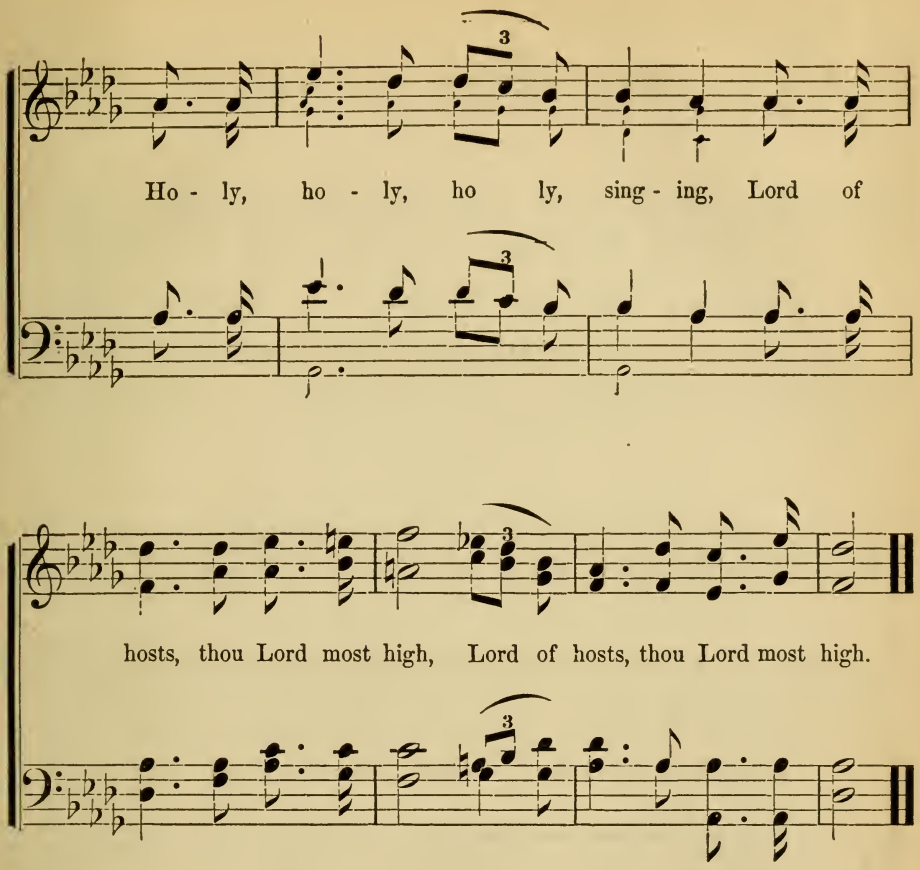
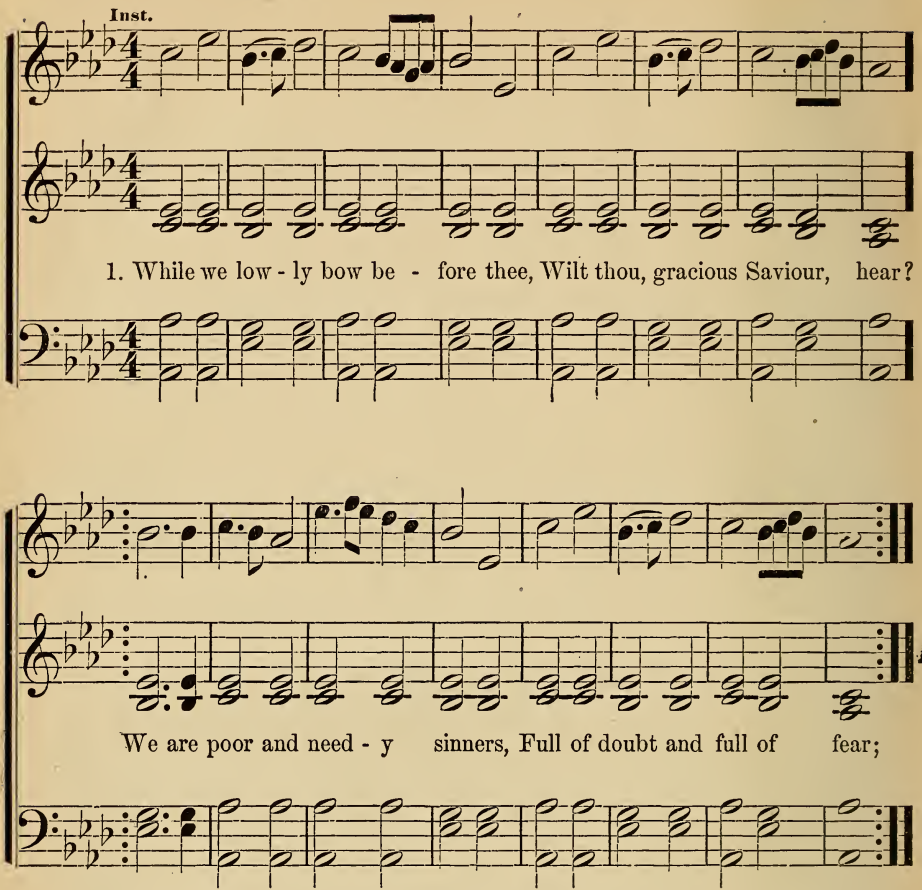


2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heavens;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

WHILE WE LOWLY BOW.

HYMN 189. 8s, 7s & 4s. Arr.



2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase,
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blessed Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

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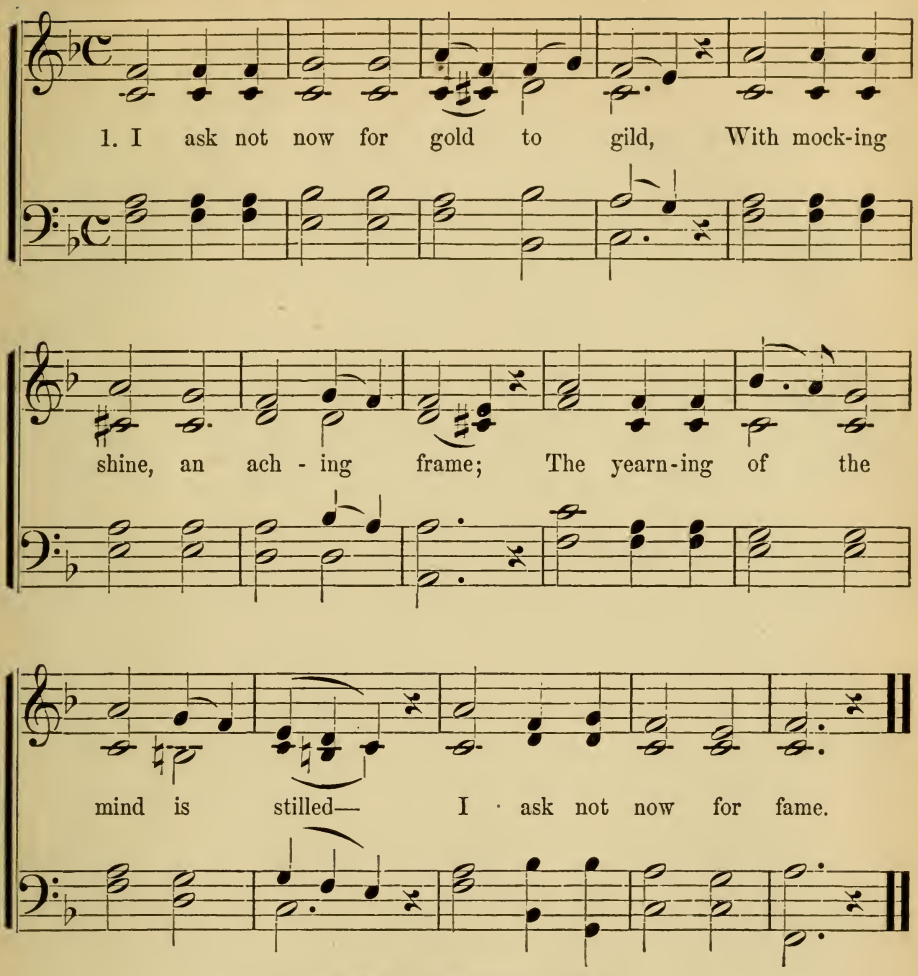
HYMN 1003. 8s & 6s. Arr.



2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sages' thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

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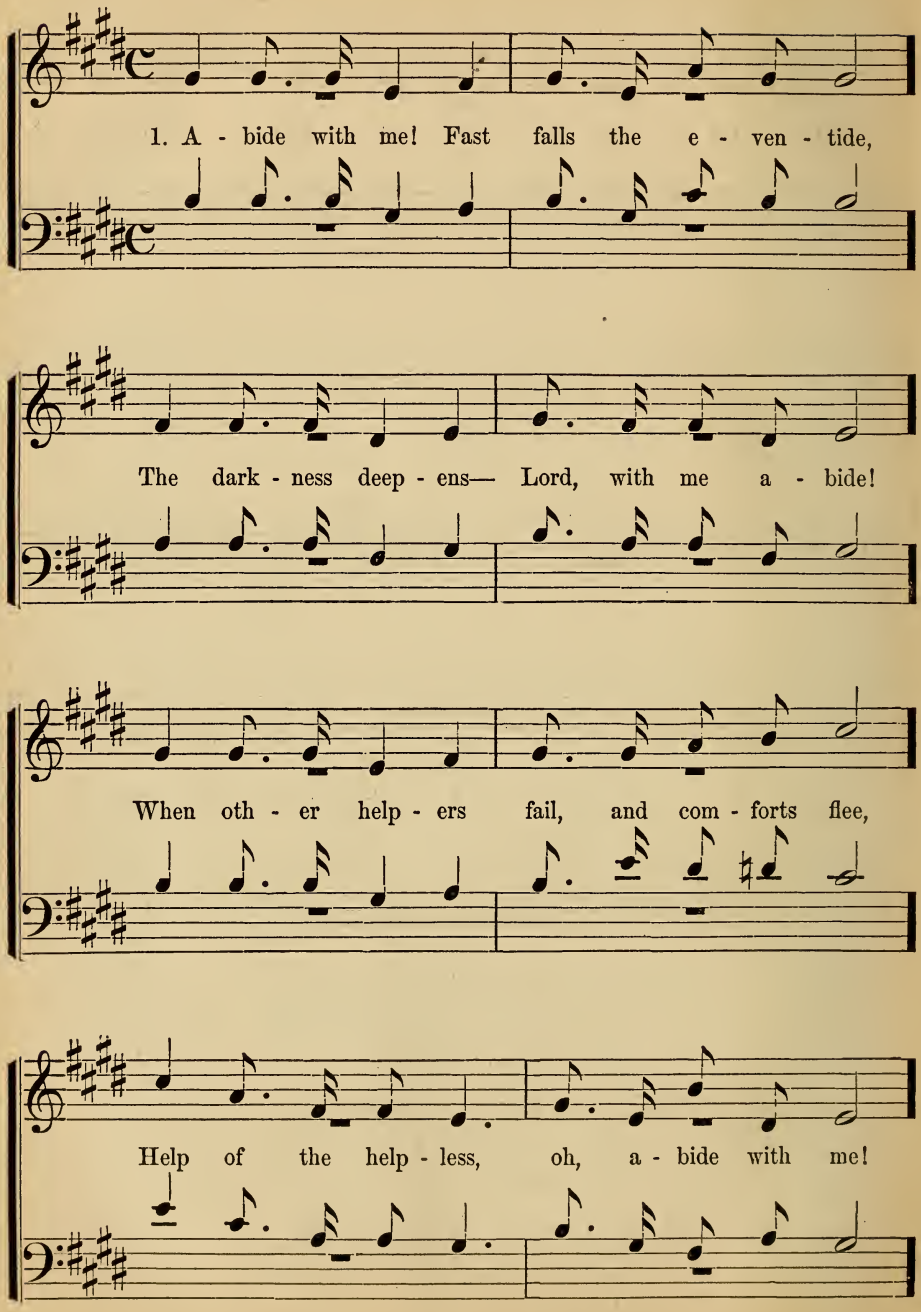
ABIDE WITH ME.

HYMN 785. 10s.



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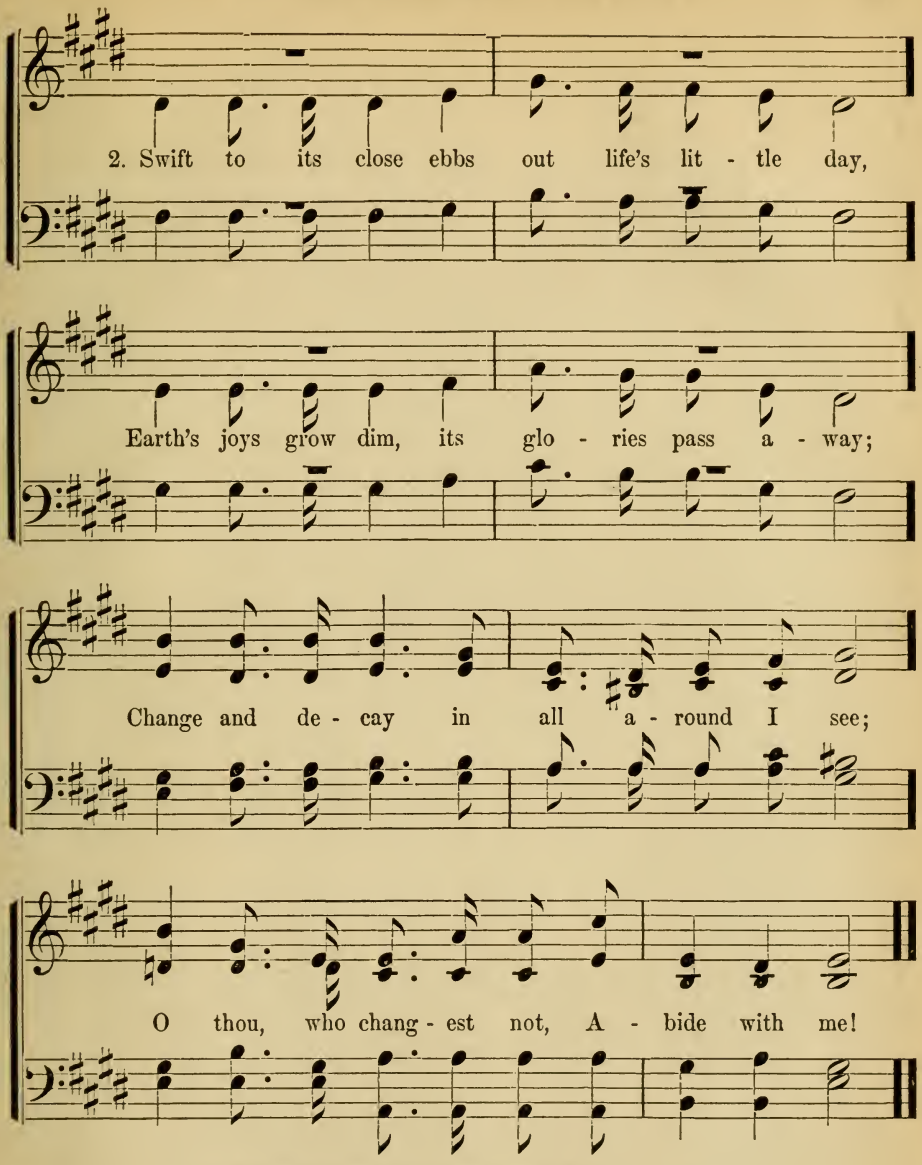


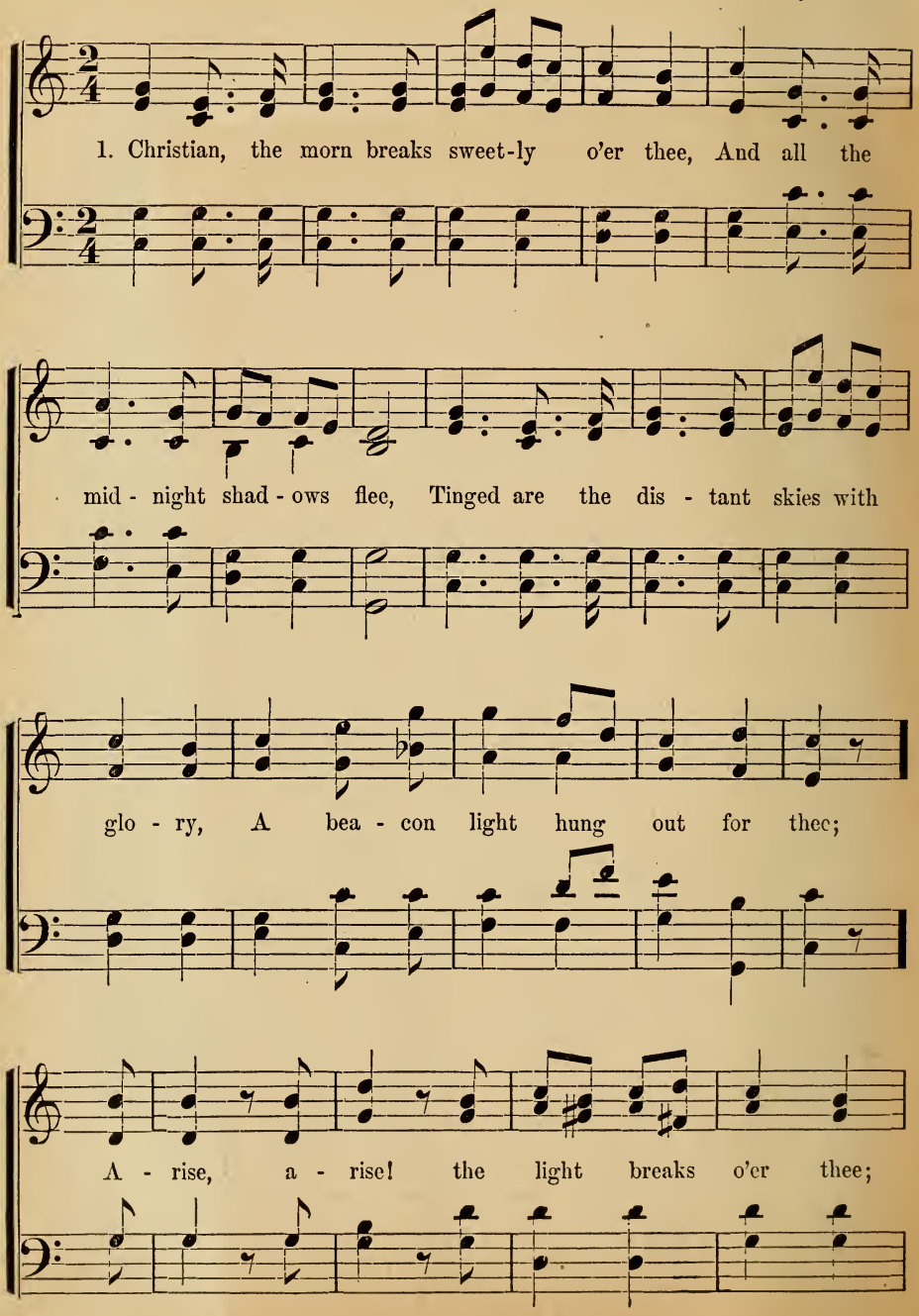
3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

TALMA.

HYMN 688. 9s & 8s.

J. E. S.



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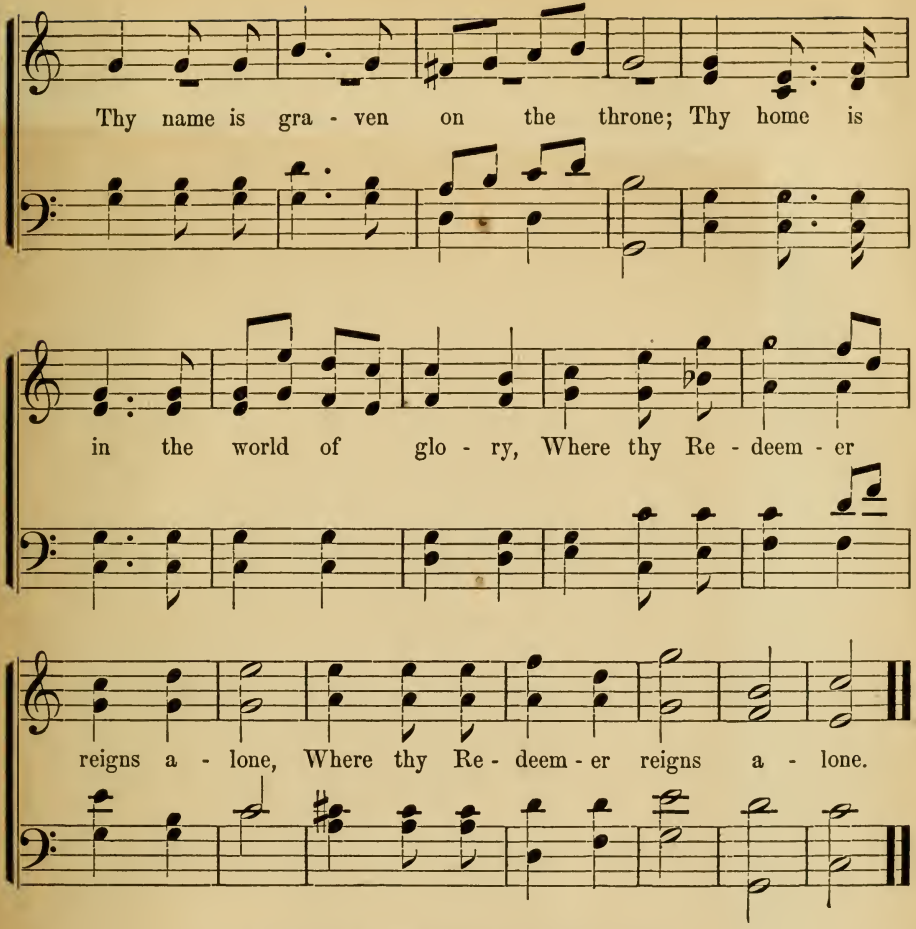
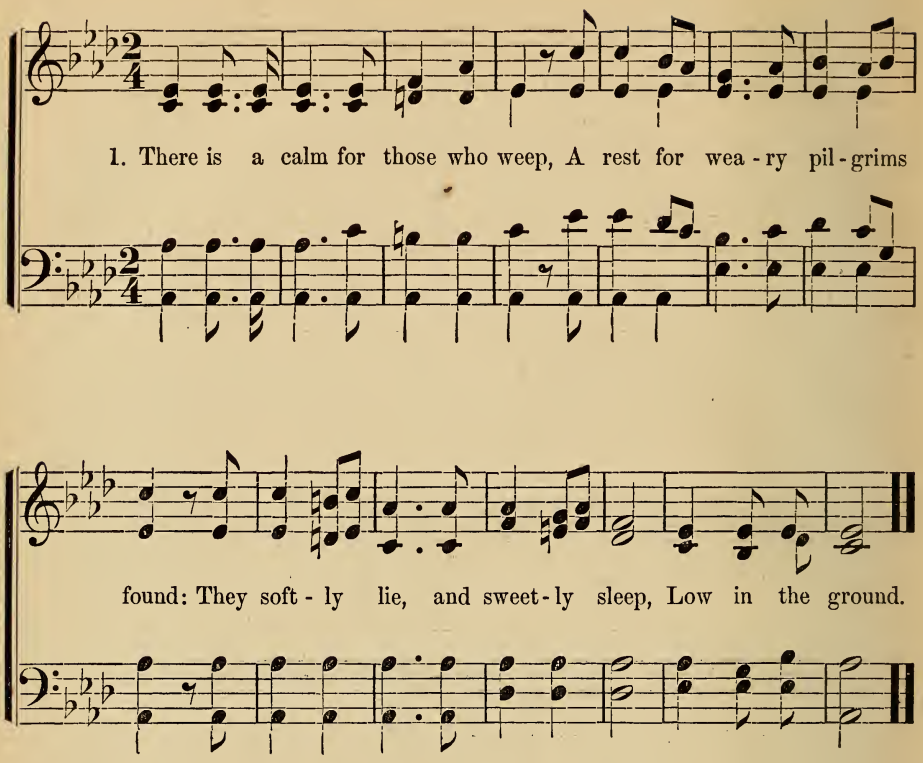


2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed, and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The height that bounds the promised land:
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore!

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

HYMN 1225. 8s & 4s. J. E. S.



2 The storm that racks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

5 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

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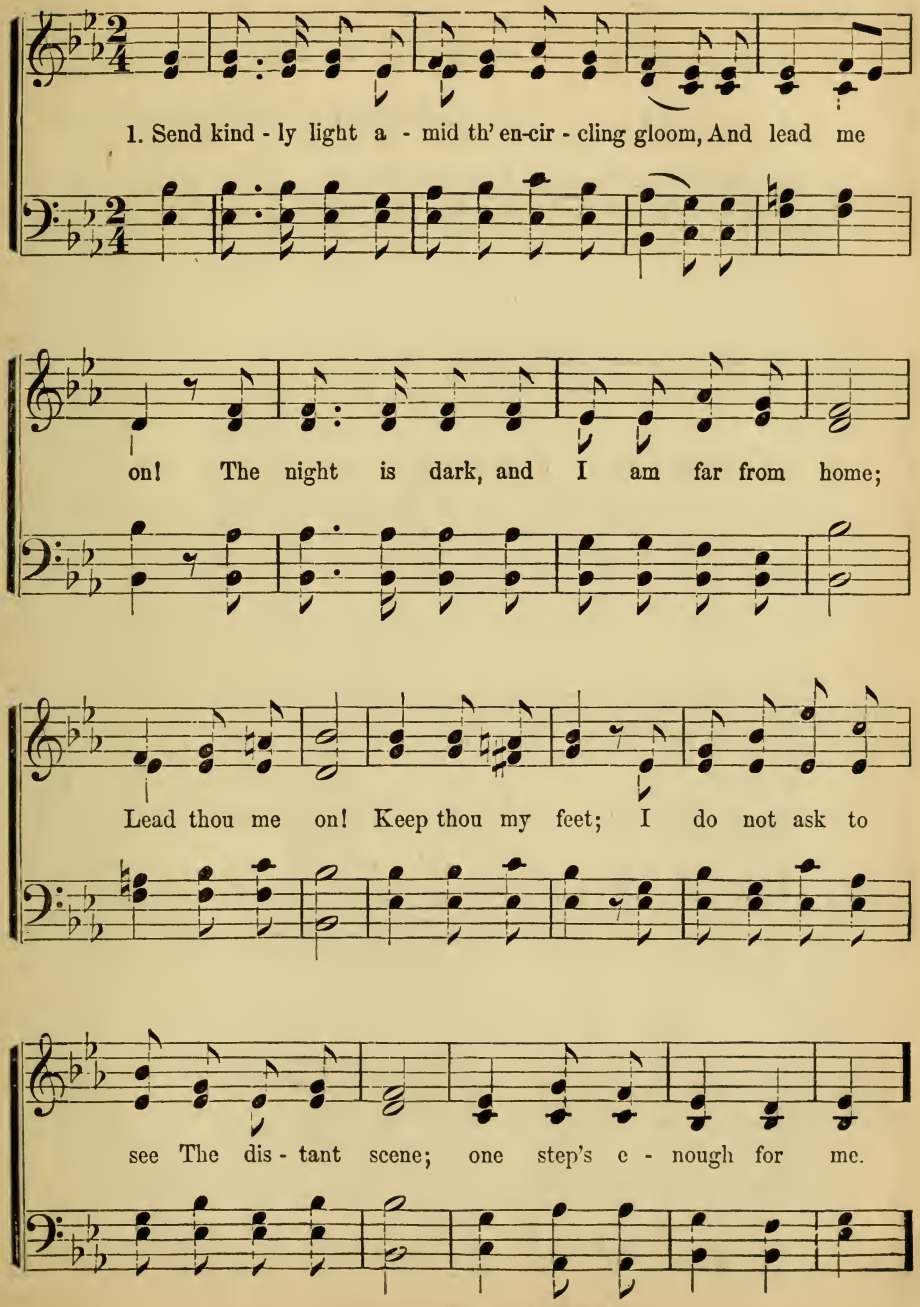
HYMN 999. 10s & 4s.



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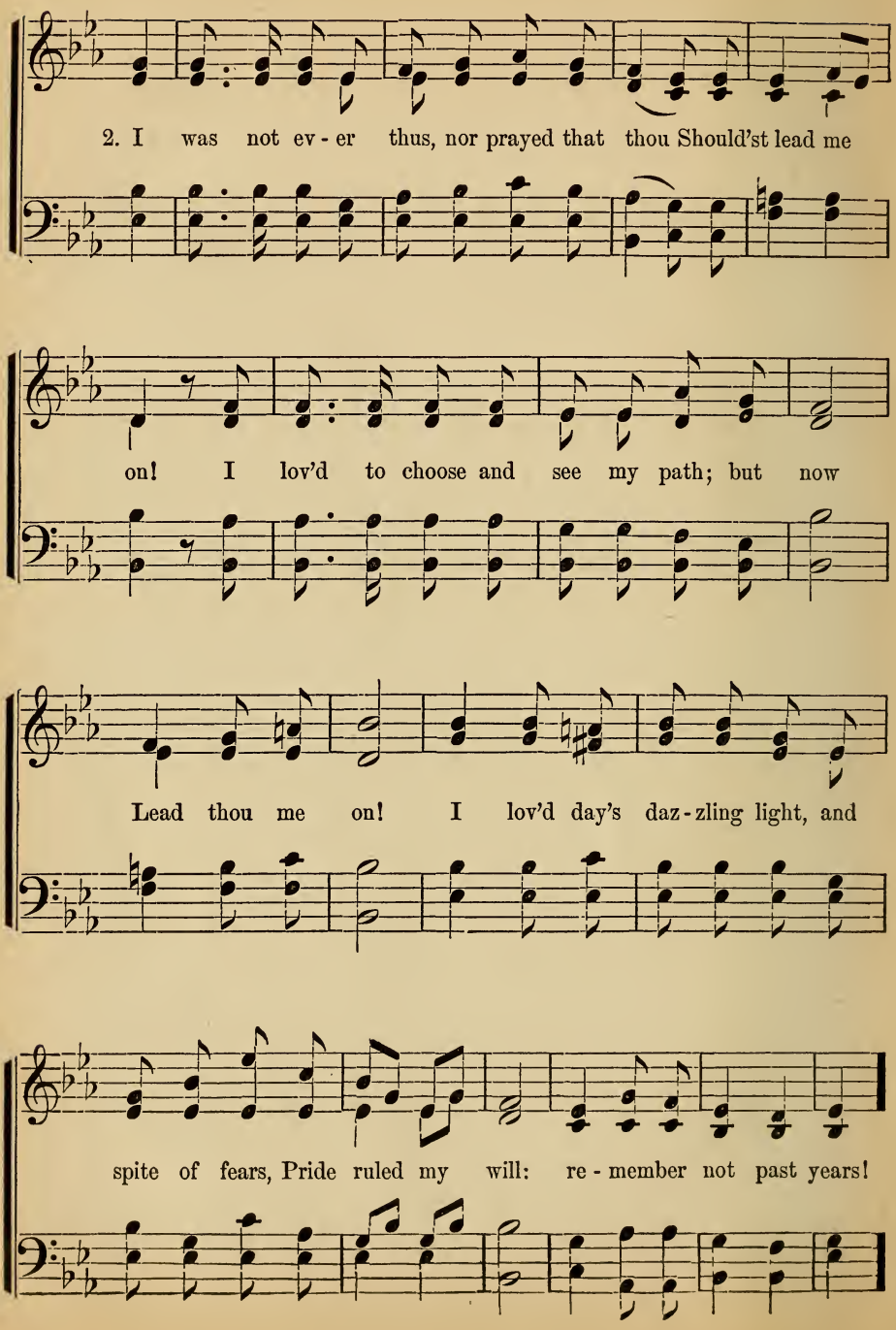
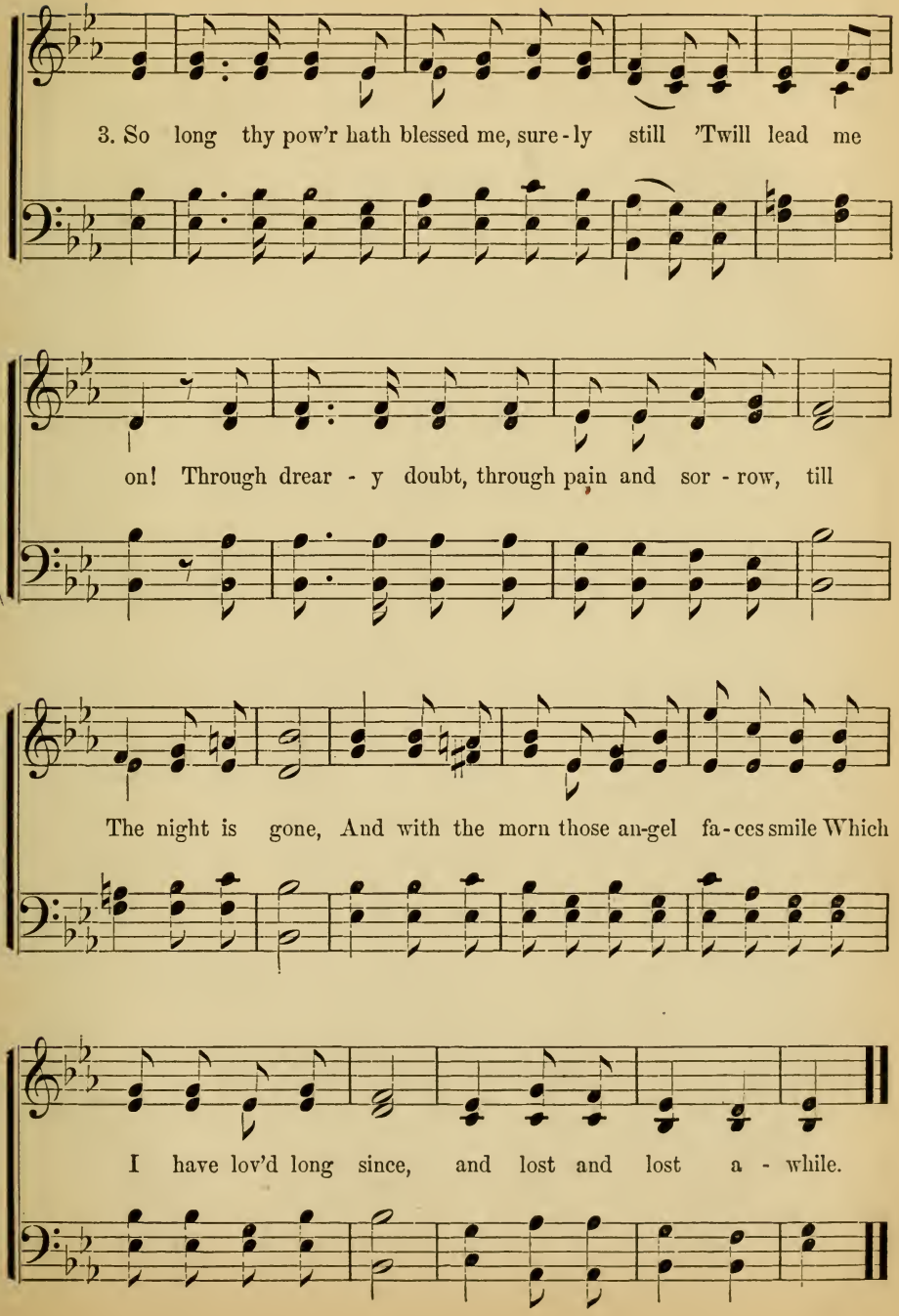
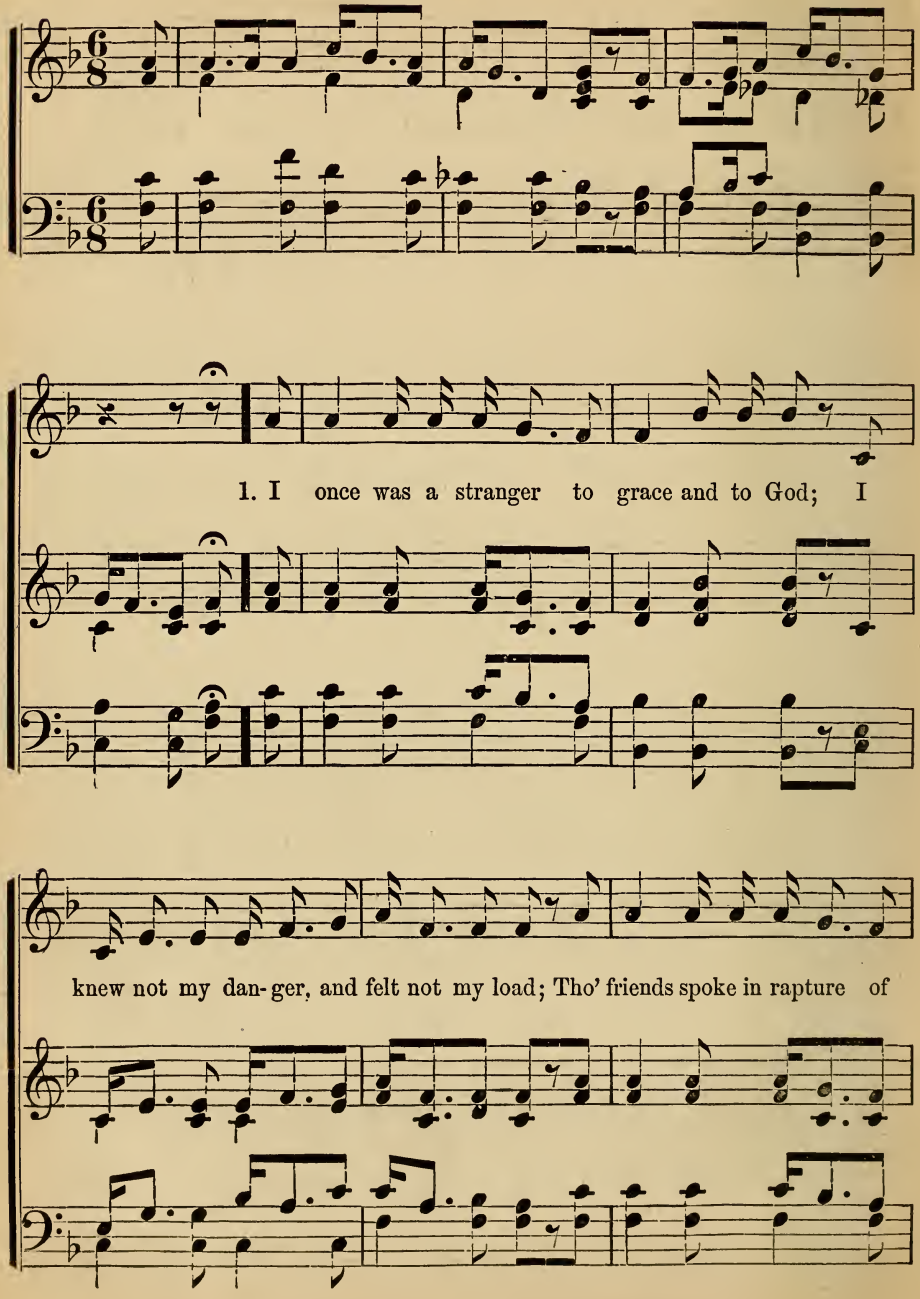

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Should'st lead me
on! I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on! I lov'd day's daz - zling light, and
spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - member not past years!


3. So long thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure - ly still 'Twill lead me
on! Through drear - y doubt, through pain and sor - row, till
The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fa - ces smile Which
I have lov'd long since, and lost and lost a - while.

I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

HYMN 924. 11s. J. E. S.



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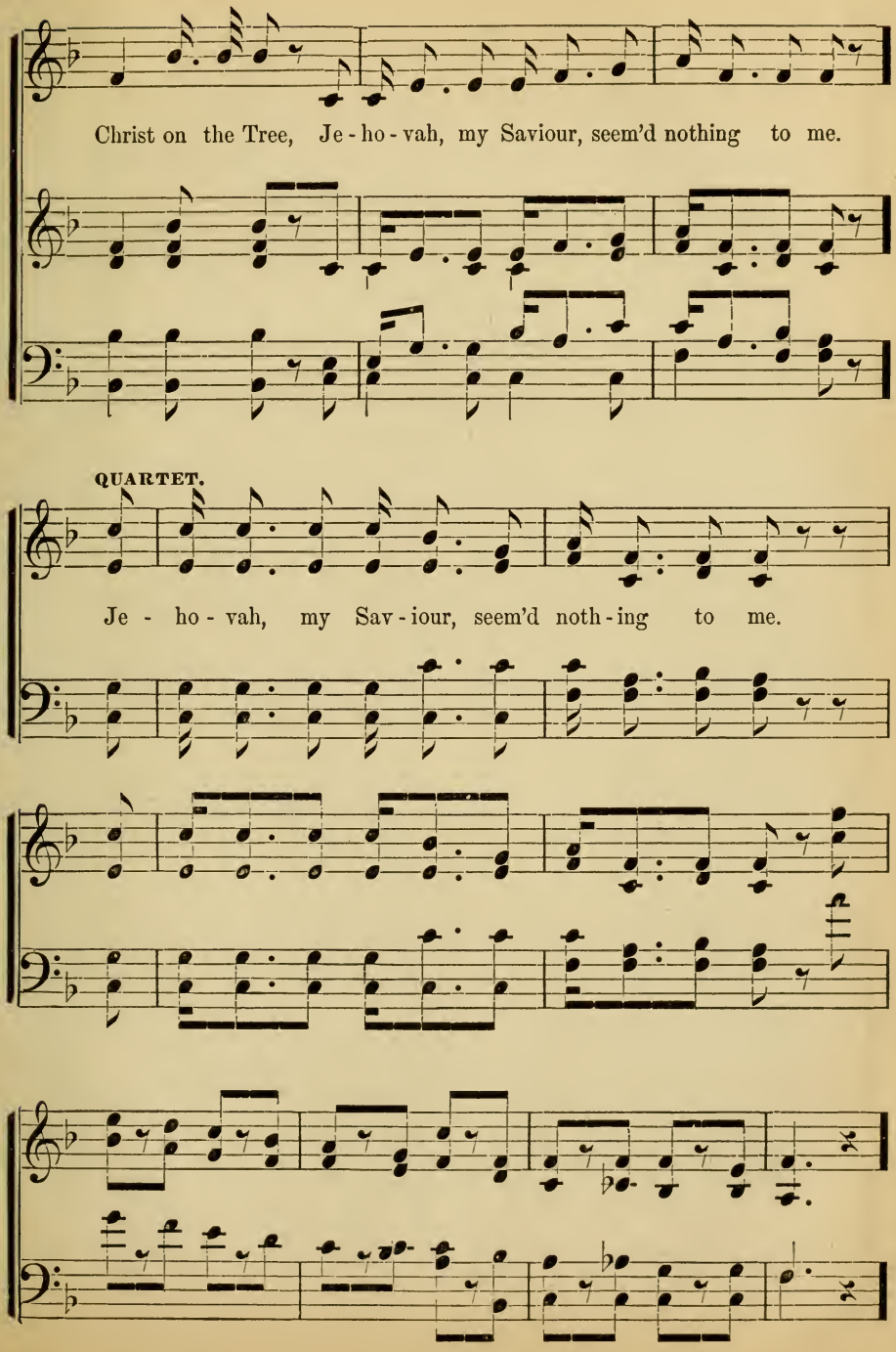
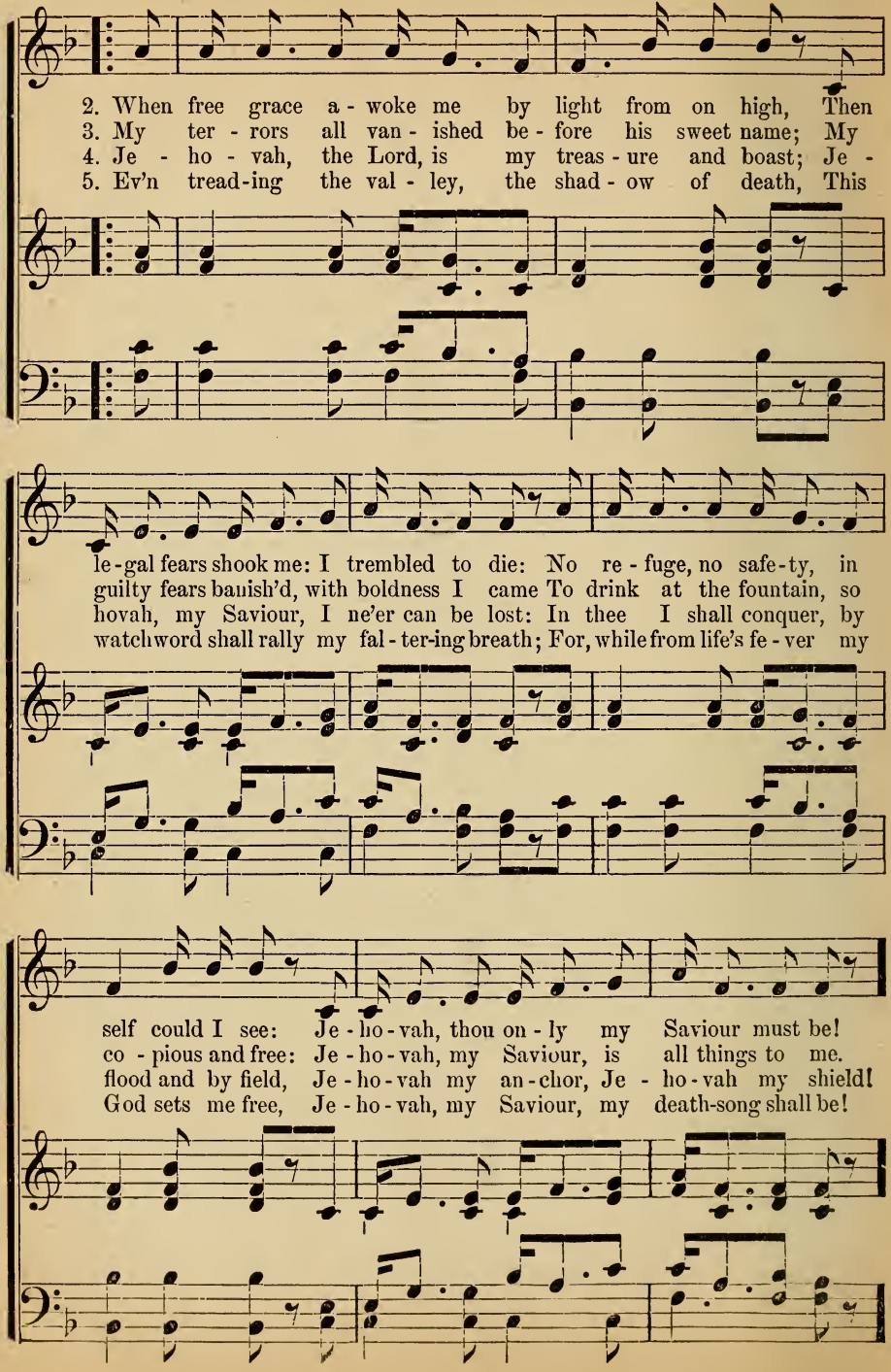
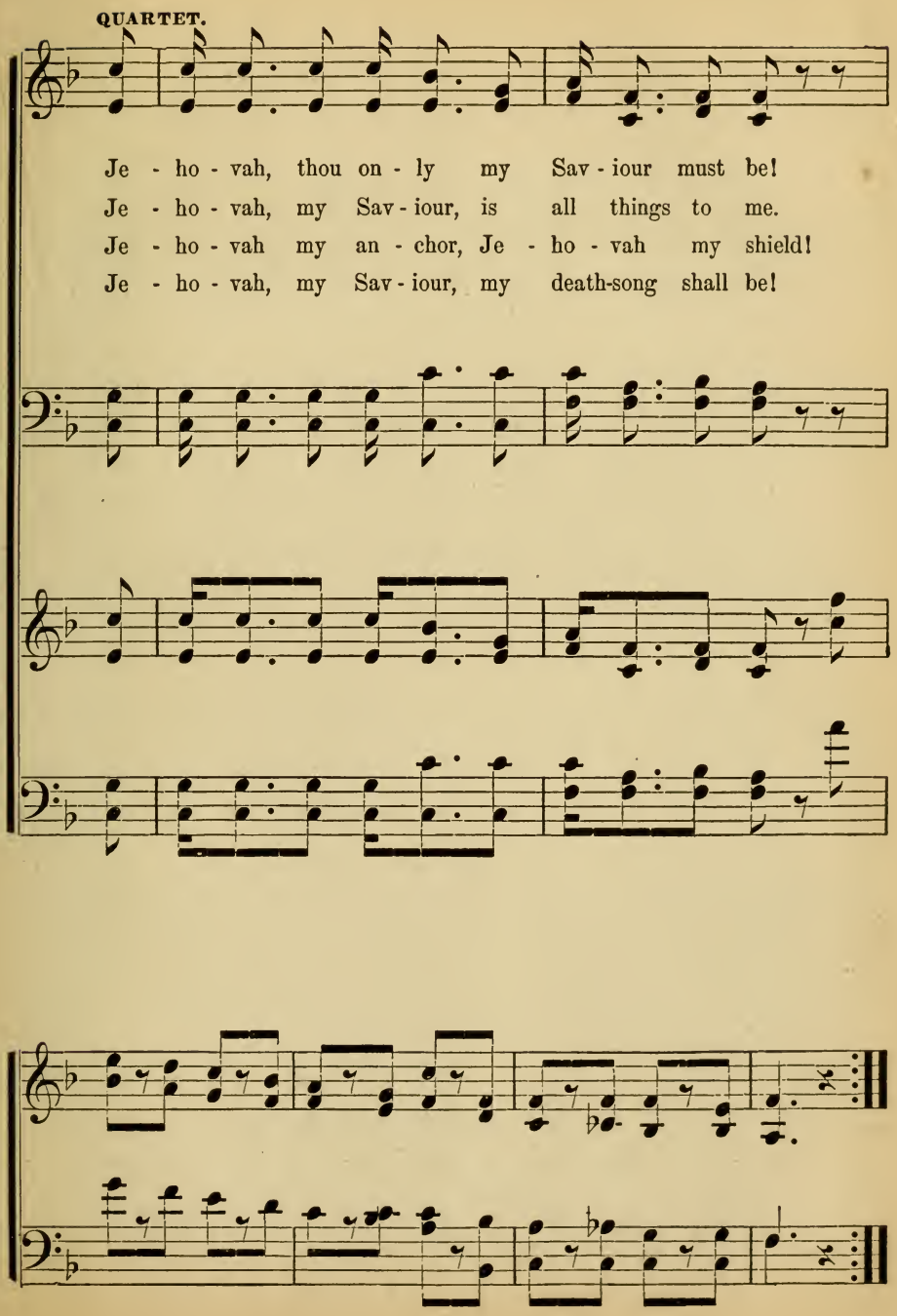
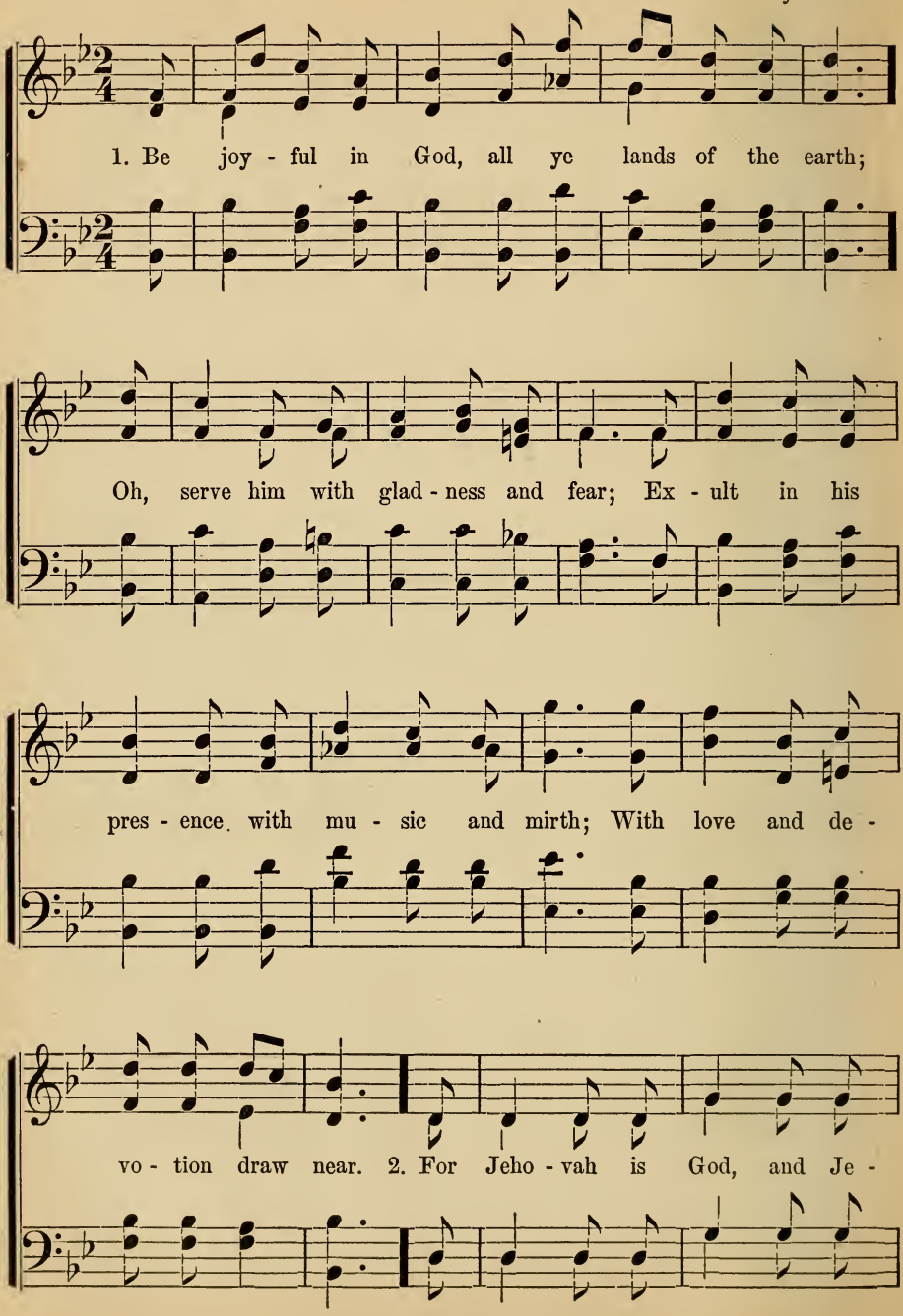

Christ on the Tree, Je - ho - vah, my Saviour, seem'd nothing to me.
QUARTET.
Je - ho - vah, my Sav - iour, seem'd noth - ing to me.

I ONCE WAS A STRANGER. Continued.




QUARTET.
Je - ho - vah, thou on - ly my Sav - iour must be!
Je - ho - vah, my Sav - iour, is all things to me.
Je - ho - vah my an - chor, Je - ho - vah my shield!
Je - ho - vah, my Sav - iour, my death-song shall be!

HYMN 137. 11s & 8s. J. E. S.



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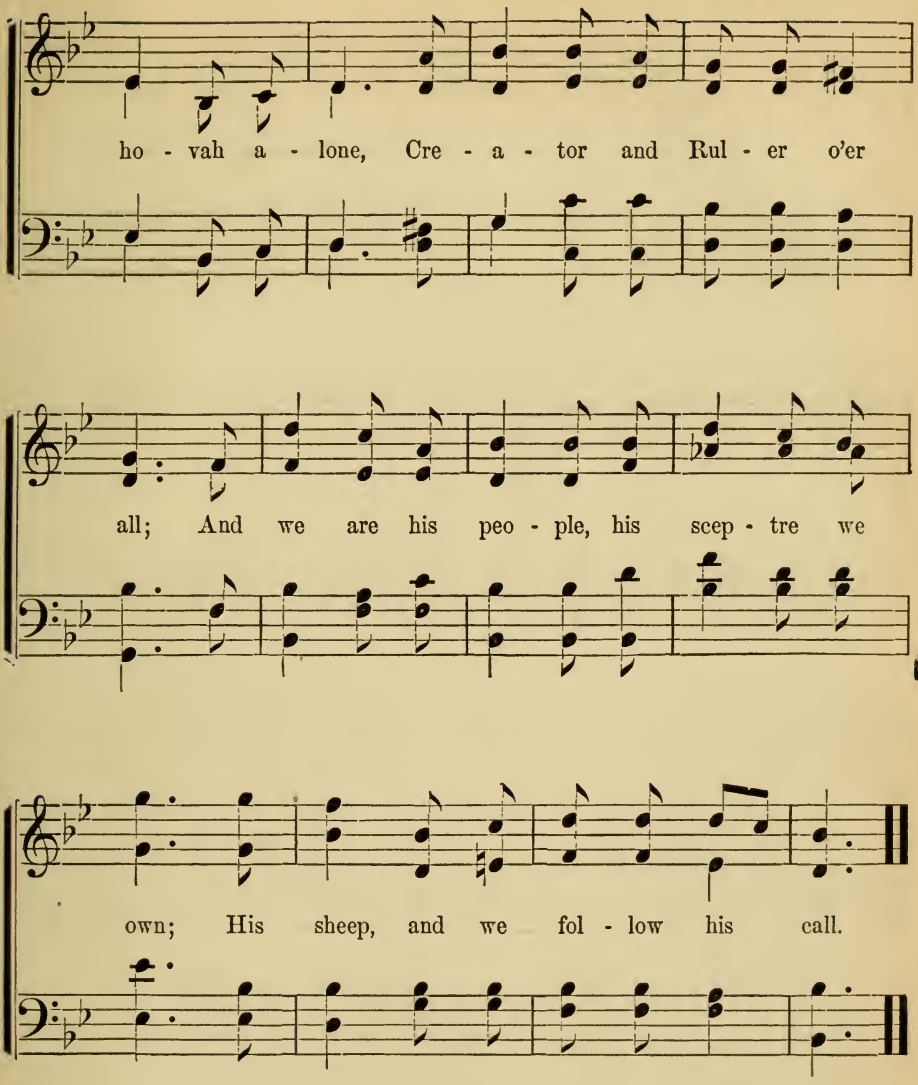
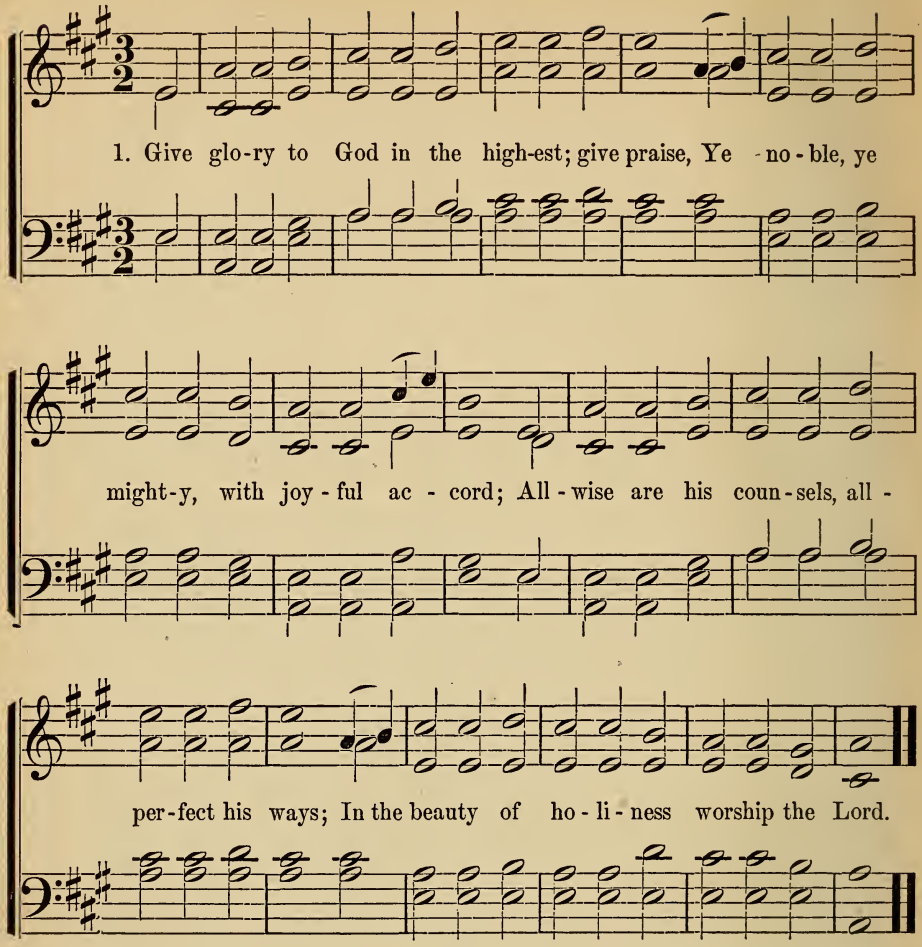


3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 141. 11s. J. E. S.



2 At the voice of the Lord the strong cedars are bowed,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurled;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosomed cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

3 The voice of the Lord, through the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants,—his servants the waves

4 The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his chosen, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record;
But oh, when he speaketh,—in silence adore!

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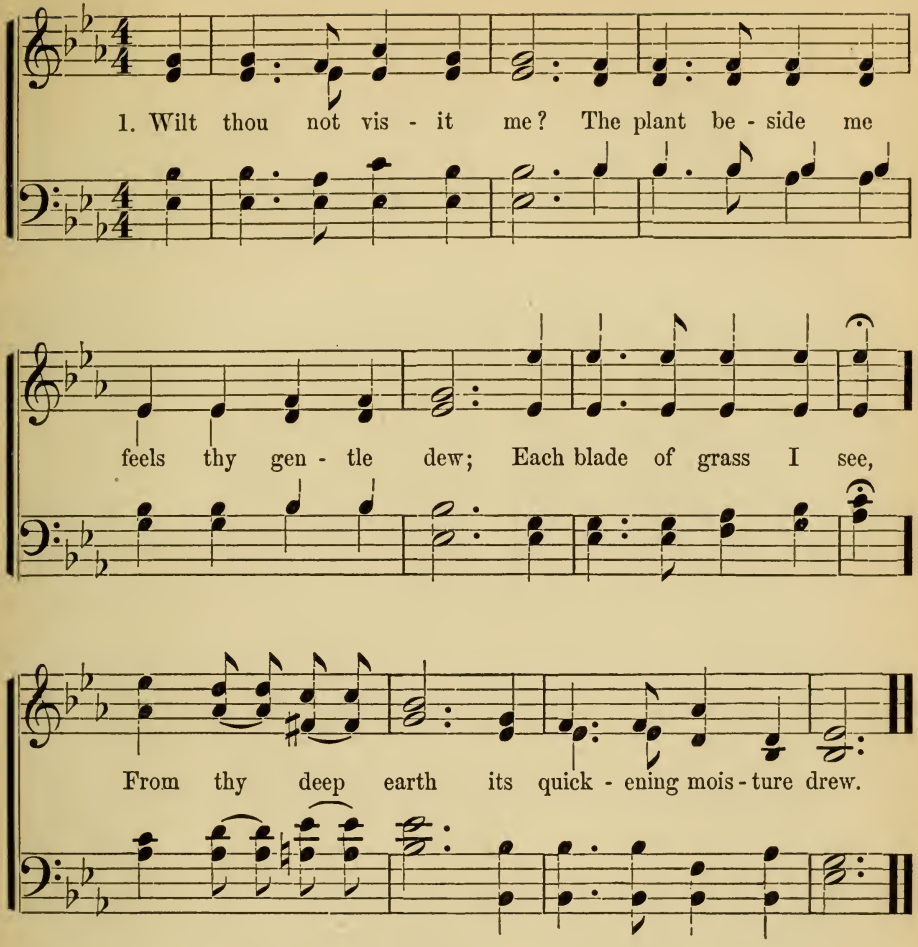
HYMN 627. P. M. J. E. S.



2 Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lift but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3 Come! for I need thy love,
More than the flower the dew or grass the rain;
Come, like thy Holy Dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor trees, thine eye delights so well
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

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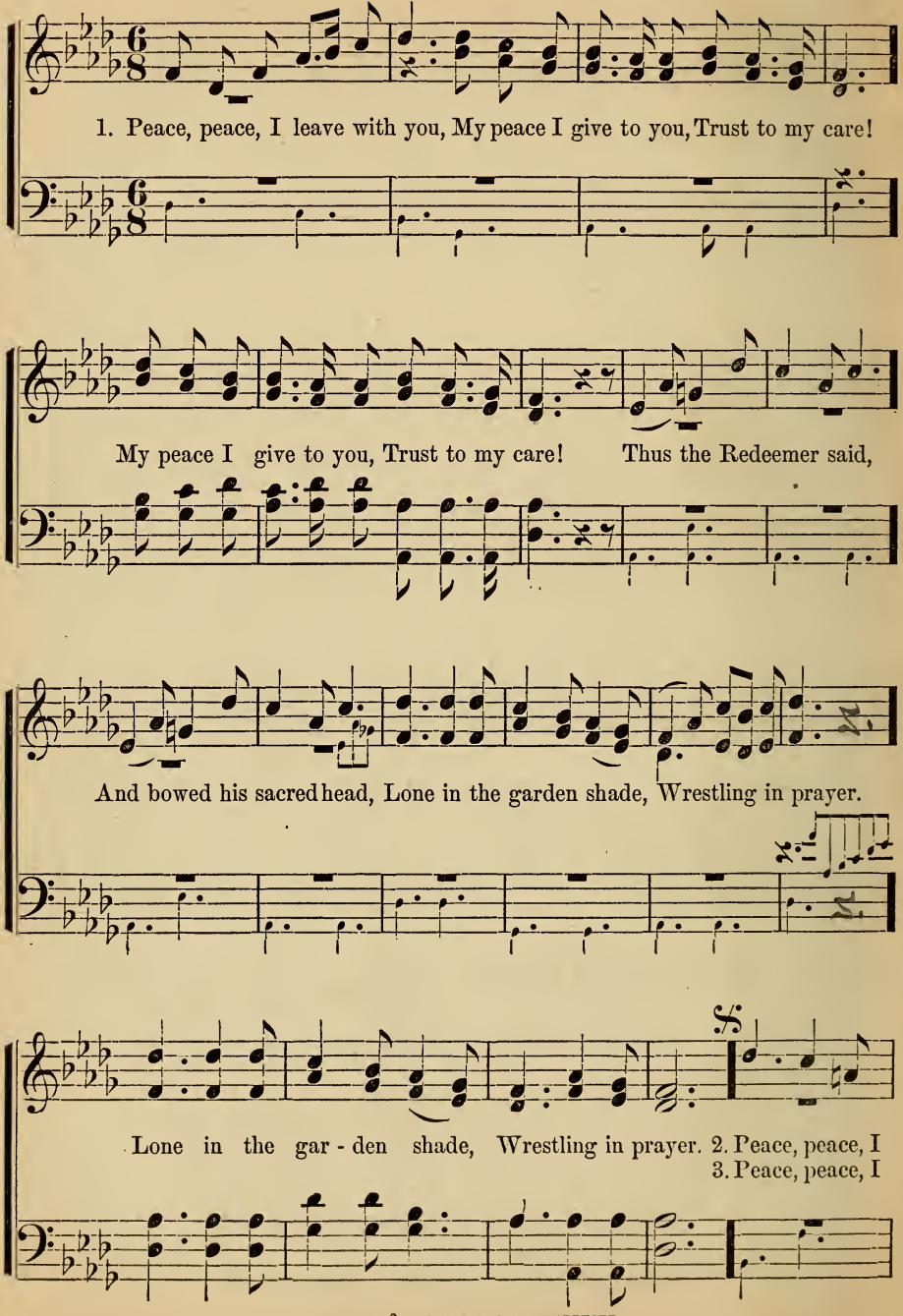
HYMN 926. 6s & 4s. Arr.



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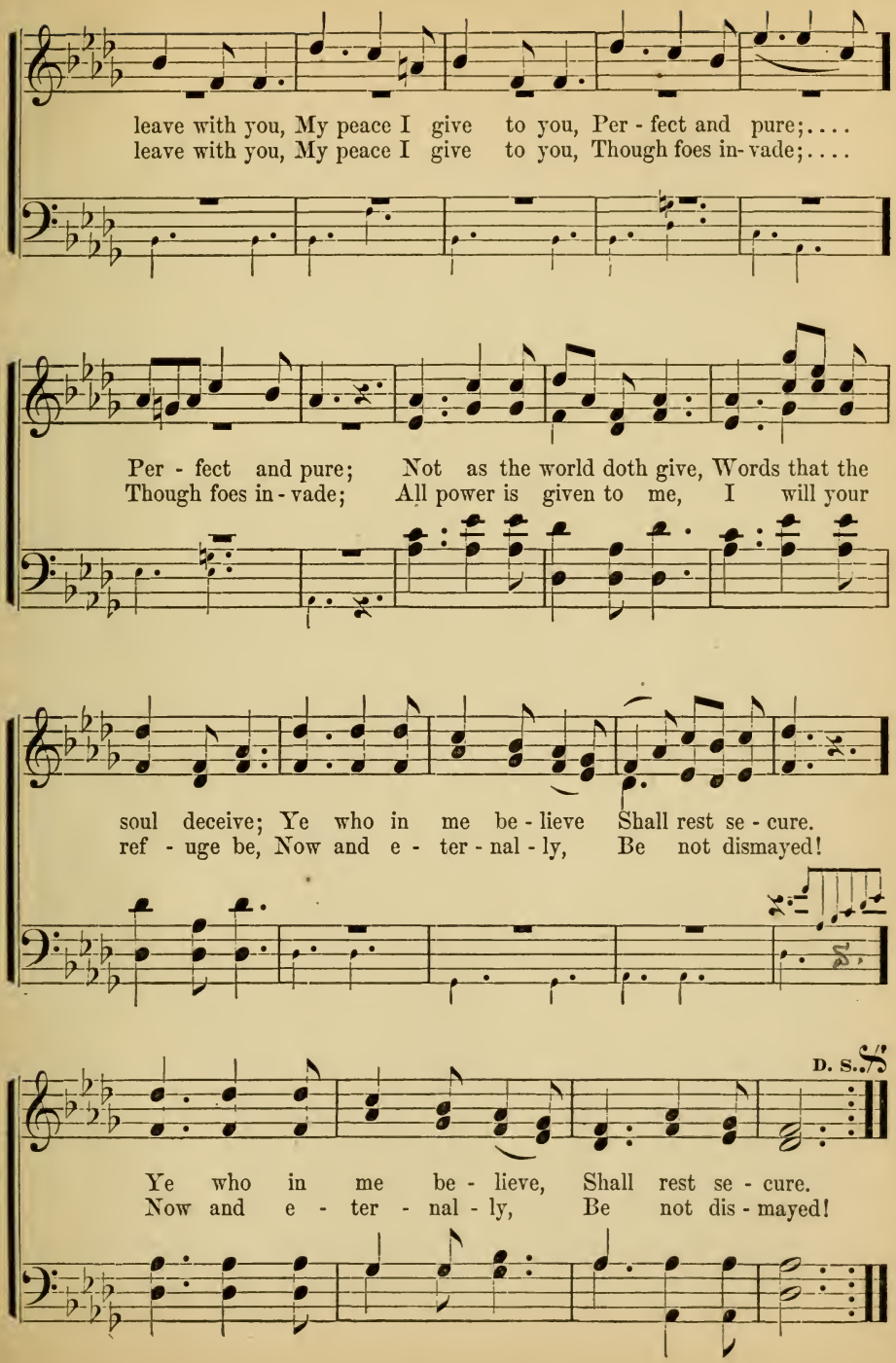
leave with you, My peace I give to you, Per - fect and pure;....
leave with you, My peace I give to you, Though foes in-vade;....
Per - fect and pure; Not as the world doth give, Words that the
Though foes in - vade; All power is given to me, I will your
soul deceive; Ye who in me be - lieve Shall rest se - cure.
ref - uge be, Now and e - ter - nal - ly, Be not dismayed!
D. S.
Ye who in me be - lieve, Shall rest se - cure.
Now and e - ter - nal - ly, Be not dis - mayed!