

DOXOLOGIES
GAMES

No. 1.

For Revival Meetings, Sabbath Schools, Church
Services and Devotional Singing.

BY

P. H. WOOLSEY *and* JAS. M. BLACK.



NEW-YORK:

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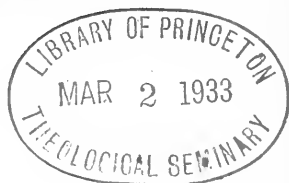
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PRECIOUS GEMS

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PREFACE

WE send forth this little volume of sacred songs and hymns, hoping and praying that God will bless the singing of his truth; and that, aided by his Holy Spirit, many may be brought to Jesus through this instrumentality; and, finally, with us meet around God's throne in heaven to sing praises to the Father and to the Lamb forever.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

J. M. BLACK.

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❁PRECIOUS❁GEMS❁

No. 1.

No. 1. REDEEMING LOVE.

"For God so loved the world."—JOHN iii. 16.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

J. M. BLACK,

1 Come, join the glorious gos - pel band, And sing re-deeming love;

Let prais - es to our God and King As - cend to heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Come, sing his love, Come, sing his love, Come, sing redeeming love.
Come, sing redeeming love, Come, sing redeeming love, Come, sing redeeming love.

- 2 Come, sing the blessed Saviour's name: 3 How precious is that love divine
Rejoice to make it known; By Jesus freely given!
His love through all the world proclaim; It cheers the soul, the heart, the mind,
His mercy freely own. And helps us on to heaven.

No. 2. THE VOICE OF JESUS.

"And he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying."—ACTS ix. 4.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

J. M. BLACK.

1 Oh, what was it I heard one day, When I was so re-bel - lious?

'Twas that same voice that, on the way, Spake to Saul of Tar - sus.

CHORUS.

Oh, that voice, that sweet - est voice, That voice came down from heav - en!

And that voice is plead - ing now, Sin - ner, be for - giv - en.

2 Oh, what will bear me o'er the waves,
On life's rough voyage tossing?
'Twill be that voice that, on the sea,
Calmed the winds and waters.

4 Oh, what will raise me from the tomb
The resurrection morning?
Oh, will it be that voice again?
Yes, 'twill come from heaven.

3 Oh, what will shield me on that day
When this vile world is burning?
That voice that from the fiery flames
Saved the Hebrew Children.

5 Oh, what will guide me when I soar
To that bright world of promise?
Oh, what will welcome me when there?
'Twill be the voice of Jesus.

No. 3. JESUS BIDS YOU.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Strangers, we have come to greet you In the name of God's dear Son;

Will you la - bor in his vine-yard? Will you help his work a - long?

Je - sus bids you, Je - sus bids you, He has work for ev' - ry one;

Je - sus bids you, Je - sus bids you, Bids you la - bor till he come.

2

Christians, we have come to help you sow the seed while yet 'tis day,
Will you help us in our labors,—trusting Jesus for your pay?
Jesus bids you, Jesus bids you, bids you work for him to-day;
Jesus bids you, Jesus bids you, bids you work, and he'll repay.

3

Sinners, we have come to ask you seek the Saviour while you may,
Will you heed the invitation? will you come and seek to-day?
Jesus bids you, Jesus bids you, bids you seek and not delay;
Jesus bids you, Jesus bids you. He will help you all the way.

No. 4. 'TIS SWEET TO KNOW.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1 'Tis sweet to know that Jesus loves us, And guards us with his tender care ;

'Tis sweet to fol-low in his footsteps ; 'Tis sweet his preecious love to share. *dim.*

CHORUS.

'Tis sweet . . . to know, . . . 'Tis sweet . . . to know,

'Tis sweet to know, 'Tis sweet to know, 'Tis sweet to know he loves us,

'Tis sweet . . . to know . . . that Je- . . . sus loves us.

'Tis sweet to know, 'Tis sweet to know, 'Tis sweet to know he loves us.

2 'Tis sweet to give up all for Jesus,
And work for him while here below ;
'Tis sweet to take him for our counsel,
That he may lead where'er we go.

2 'Tis sweet to rest, and trust in Jesus ;
'Tis sweet to read his precious word ;
And know that when we near the Jordan,
He'll guide us safely home to God.

No. 5. OUR ABIDING HOME.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

J. M. BLACK.

1 I read of a home in a coun-try so fair, A-

way from earth's sorrows, temptations, and cares; A home in a world where bright

angels, arrayed In robes of great splen-dor, are prais-ing their God.

- 2 I read how my Saviour, who now reigns above,
Once shed his own blood, out of pity and love:
He shed it to purchase for you and for me
A home in that country, so pure and so free.
- 3 There is a grand army now marching along,
With banners unfurled, and with this for their song:
Come, friends, and come, neighbors, come, just as you are;
Your homes are all furnished, awaiting you there.
- 4 Praise God! he invites us, and we may all go
And live in that land that is free from all woe;
Now, if we in meekness his mercy implore,
He'll fit and prepare us for that blissful shore.
- 5 There is but one way to that blessed abode,
And that is through faith in the dear Saviour's blood;
And when we by faith shall have reached that bright shore,
We'll meet our loved friends who have gone on before.

No. 6. SAVIOUR, BLESS ME NOW.

"Christ hath suffered for us."—I. PETER iv. 1.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1 Suff' - ring Sa - viour, hear my cry; To thy lov - ing

arms I fly; Bless me, Sa - viour, bless me now,

CHORUS.

While to thee I hum - bly bow. Sa - viour, Sa - viour,

bless me now, While to thee I hum - bly bow.

2 Thou alone can keep my feet
From the paths of sin so deep;
Blest Redeemer, Saviour kind,
Cause thy face on me to shine.

3 Let me feel thy saving power
Sweetly flow this very hour;
Fill my soul with love divine;
Take my heart, O Lord: 'tis thine.

No. 7. MY HOME.

Rev. JAMES KORRIS.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Far from my na - tive land, In

sol - i - tude I roam; Nor do I

find a rest - ing - place That I can

call my own, That I can call my own.

2 Out on life's troubled sea,
Dark waters round me roll;
Increasing fears that sometimes rise,
Bring sorrow to my soul.

4 Yes, there's another land,
Where sorrows are unknown;
And on its shores I soon shall stand,
And heaven shall be my home.

3 Is there no other land?
No other scenes of joy?
No rock on which my feet shall stand,
And find more sure employ?

5 Cease, cease, my troubled soul;
This storm will soon be past;
And, when my weary toils are o'er,
I'll wear a crown at last.

No. 8. MANSIONS IN HEAVEN.

I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN xiv. 2.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 There's a land that is called Heaven, Where all faith - ful Chris-tians go: 'Tis a

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time and G major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1 There's a land that is called Heaven, Where all faith - ful Chris-tians go: 'Tis a"

land of wondrous beauty, Where the crystal waters flow. No sor-row, pain, nor sighing, Neither

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "land of wondrous beauty, Where the crystal waters flow. No sor-row, pain, nor sighing, Neither"

sin nor suffering there; They will see and be like Je - sus: Per - fect,

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "sin nor suffering there; They will see and be like Je - sus: Per - fect,"

ho - ly, good and pure, They will see and be like Je - sus; Per - fect, ho - ly, good and pure.

The fourth system of musical notation, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "ho - ly, good and pure, They will see and be like Je - sus; Per - fect, ho - ly, good and pure."

2 There are mansions built in heaven, ready for us by and by;
There the Tree of Life is bearing; we may eat, and never die;
Those mansions are pure jasper, and they never will decay:
||: All who want a heavenly mansion, they had better not delay.: ||

3 Sinner, death is drawing nearer; then why should you longer wait?
To delay until to-morrow, might forever be too late;
Oh, will you come to Jesus, while he pleads for you on high?
||: If you slight his invitations, he will surely pass you by.: ||

No. 9. IF YOU TRUST IN JESUS.

"That we should be to the praise of his glory who first trusted in Jesus."—EPH. i. 12.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Are you oft in sad - ness? Have you grief to - day? If your soul is bur - dened,

Look and trust and pray; If you look to Je - sus, He will calm your fears;

CHORUS.
If you trust His prom - ise, He will dry your tears. If you trust in Je - sus,

If you trust in Je - sus, If you trust him now, Then you know he's

prec - ious, Then you know he's prec - ious, Yes, he's prec - ious now.

2 Is your spirit troubled
On account of sin?
Are there strong temptations
Fighting you within?
When you're heavy-burdened,
Jesus pities most;
He can whisper pardon
When you're almost lost.

3 If you trust in Jesus
What have you to fear?
He will prove most gracious
When temptations near.
Go and cast your burden
Down at Jesus feet!
He will turn your sorrow
Into joy most sweet.

No. 10. THE HAPPY SHORE.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation."—JOHN xvi. 33.

Rev. W. I.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 This world is an o - cean through which we must steer; The

bil - lows roll high and the tem - pests se - vere; But

when we get o - ver to that happy shore, Those bil - lows and tem - pests will

toss us no more, Those bil - lows and tempests will toss us no more.

- 2 On earth we must meet with sore trials and snares;
With floods of temptation, with sorrow and cares;
But when we get over to that happy shore,
Those floods of temptation will toss us no more.
- 3 Our bodies are subject to sickness and pain;
Our minds oftimes tossed with proud men's disdain;
But when we get over to that happy shore,
The proud shall be humbled, and toss us no more.
- 4 Our bread shall be given, and water is sure;
The joys we partake of will ever endure;
No tears shall be dropped when on that happy shore;
Our sorrow and sighing will never be more.
- 5 'Tis there we shall roll in an ocean of bliss,
Forgetting the trials we passed through on earth;
We'll sing and we'll shout when on that happy shore,
Farewell to temptation and sin evermore.

No. 11. THE OPPRESSED ONE.

Rev. W. I.

J. M. BLACK.

1 The care-worn oppressed one in search of her Lord, Came to the proud Pharisee's

banqueting board; In sor - row and sad - ness she knelt at his feet, And with

CHORUS.

tears of contrition she washed them complete. The heart that was bro - ken is

ev - ry whit whole, And Je - sus, the Sa - viour, is the Light of her soul.

- 2 She lavished her ointment, and perfumed Him o'er;
And with heart-rending sighs did his mercy implore;
She wiped his feet dry with the hair of her head;
Her reproach is all gone: she has Christ in its stead.
- 3 She heeds not, she fears not, the scoffer's dark frown;
Her sins all forgiven, she is heir to a crown.
Oh, may we all meet at the great marriage feast,
In God's Banqueting House, our Saviour the Guest.

No. 12. SINGING OF JESUS.

"Sing forth the honor of his name."—Ps. lxxvi. 2.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Sing - ing of Je - sus, the Babe in the man - ger; Sing - ing of

Je - sus, to me once a stran-ger; Sing-ing of Je - sus, the meek, low - ly

Teach - er; Trying to serve him awhile here be-low. Sing-ing of Je - sus, my

Shep - herd and Guide; Singing of Je - sus, in whom I con - fide; Sing - ing of

SINGING OF JESUS. Concluded.

Je - sus, and tell - ing to oth - ers What a dear Saviour, in Je - sus, I find.

CHORUS.

Oh, when shall I see him in glo - ry, in glo - ry, in glo - ry,

Oh, when shall I see him in glo - ry, Where part - ing will nev - er be ?

2 Singing of Jesus, my Shield from all danger ;
 Singing of Jesus, my blessed Redeemer ;
 Singing of Jesus, the loving One calling
 After the lost ones astray from the fold.
 Singing of Jesus by day and by night ;
 Singing of Jesus in weakness or might ;
 Singing of Jesus, who, more than all others,
 Cares for his flock, and will bring them safe home.

3 Singing of Jesus, the King of high Heaven ;
 Singing of Jesus, the Light of that kingdom ;
 Singing of Jesus, the Friend of all sinners,
 Trying to tell of his love in my song.
 Singing of Jesus, my true and tried Friend ;
 Singing of Jesus till this life shall end ;
 Singing of Jesus, in heaven with angels,
 Ever to sing of his wonderful love.

Ending Chorus.—Oh, then I'll be with him in glory, in glory, in glory.
 Oh, then I'll be with him in glory,
 Where parting will never be.

No. 13. BLESSED HOME.

J. M. BLACK.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 There is a bless - ed home a - bove, Where all who love the Sa - viour,

Will sing of his re - deem - ing love, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home in heav'n a - bove, Dear - est home where all is love;

Sweet'twill be with Je - sus there, In our home in heav - en.

2 'Tis there with angels we shall join
 In praising God together;
 And sing the everlasting song
 Forever and forever.

3 Our friends in Jesus will be there;
 To part again? No; never!
 But breathe their songs out on the air
 Forever and forever.

4 Yes, in that blessed home above,
 There will be singing ever;
 For all is joy and peace and love
 Forever and forever.

No. 14. LISTEN FOR HIS VOICE.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. vi. 3.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Come, and let us sing of heav-en, what a glorious place 'twill be, With our

Saviour there for - ev - er, we shall live so pure and free; There's room enough in

heav-en; Je - sus said there's room to spare; And 'tis for the ear - nest

CHORUS.
faith-ful, who shall love and serve him here. O ye peo-ple, far and near,

lis - ten for his voice! If to-day you should him hear, Harden not your hearts..

- 2 Oh, how well do I remember when my Saviour I first knew!
Oh, that sweet and tender whisper! Christians, you have heard it too;
It was the Holy Spirit, and I grieved it not away,
But I plead till he forgave me, and he taught me how to pray.
- 3 Jesus loves and pities sinners, and he's calling every day;
All who heed his faithful warnings, he will lead them all the way;
He's willing to forgive us, he has said so in his word,
If we'll let him be our Shepherd, he will guide us home to God.

No. 15. MY STAFF AND SHIELD.

"With my song will I praise him."—Ps. xxviii. 7.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1 My Saviour is my Staff and Shield; On him I lean from day to day; Since

he him-self to me revealed, I go re-joic-ing on my way.

CHORUS.

I will praise him! I will praise him! And when I reach the glo-ry shore,
praise him, praise him,

With all the shin-ing hosts of God, I'll praise my Saviour ev-er more.

2 I well remember when I heard
My Saviour whisper, "Come to me;"
'Twas sweet and low, but, bless the Lord!
'Twas meant for all eternity.

3 O Sinner, come; your Lord doth wait
To wash away your guilt and sin,
That when you reach the golden gate,
You may triumphantly pass in.

No. 16. MY TRUE FRIEND.

"When I would do good, evil is present with me."—Rom. vii. 21.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 I want to live a Chris - tian, and all my du - ty do ;

I want to love my Sa - viour, and serve him faith - ful too ;

I want to tell the sto - ry of Je - sus' love to me,

But, oh, how weak and fee - ble I always seem to be,

- 2 I want to sing his praises, his love so pure and free ;
I want to live more humble, and have more charity ;
I want a love more holy, more like his love to me ;
Still, oh, how prone to evil I find myself to be !
- 3 I want to serve him better, ; he proves my truest Friend ;
I want no other Saviour ; on him I can depend.
I want him always near me, to be my Strength and Guide ;
Upon the cross he suffered, and there for me he died.
- 4 I want to urge poor sinners to take him as their Friend,
I want them to accept him ; he suffered too for them ;
I'm sure he loves them dearly ; I'm sure his love is true ;
If they will only let him, I'm sure he'll save them too.
- 5 I'm glad he shows such mercy ; I'm glad he is so kind ;
To me he is more precious than any friend I find ;
Although I'm weak and sinful, and erring and unkind,
Yet Jesus freely loves me, and always proves my friend.

No. 17. AWAY WITH THY SORROW.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. xviii. 24.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

J. M. BLACK.

VOICE.

A - way with thy sor - row, my

ORGAN.

Detailed description: This system contains the first musical staff. The voice part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The organ accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The right-hand part plays chords of G4-A4, G4-A4-B4, and G4-A4-B4. The left-hand part plays chords of G4, G4-A4, and G4-A4-B4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

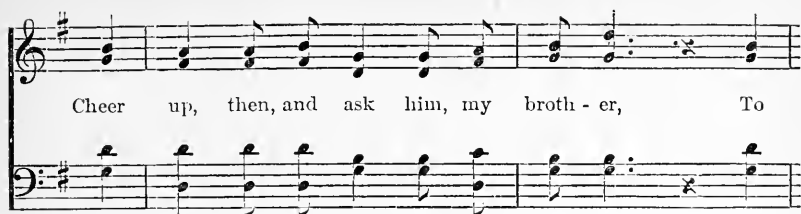
brother; Learn wis - dom from Je - sus, thy Friend; Re-

Detailed description: This system contains the second musical staff. The voice part continues with eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, followed by a whole rest. The organ accompaniment continues with chords: G4-A4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

member his dying words, brother; 'Tis finished! He cried, at the end.

Detailed description: This system contains the third musical staff. The voice part continues with eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, followed by a whole rest. The organ accompaniment continues with chords: G4-A4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

AWAY WITH THY SORROW. Concluded.



Cheer up, then, and ask him, my broth - er, To



shield you from dan - gers un - seen; He'll guide you through life by his



coun - sel, And wash a - way all your sin.

- 2 Away with thy sorrow, my brother,
And trust in that dear loving Friend;
Remember his bleeding wounds, brother;
He suffered for you to the end.
- 3 Away with thy sorrow, my brother;
The blessed Redeemer is thine;
He'll save you when sinking, my brother,
Just tell him thy danger in time.
- 4 Fear not! only trust in him, brother;
Though doubts and though fears may arise;
He'll never forsake you, my brother;
He'll take you to dwell in the skies.

No. 18. LOOKING ONLY TO JESUS.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND.

J. M. BLACK.

1 Look-ing on - ly to Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied One, Who in

vites all that mourn, will you come? will you come? I have left all my

sins at the foot of the cross; Sin-ful pleasures are now to my

taste but as dross, Sin-ful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.

- 2 Oh, how oft have I heard of the Saviour who died,
That my fears might be quelled, and my tears might be dried;
But, alas! my proud heart was too stubborn to yield
To his kind invitation, to come and be healed.
- 3 But, at length, God in mercy has led me to see
That if I would find safety, to Christ I must flee;
The avenger of blood I have seen on my track,
But with Jesus my Refuge, I'll never turn back.
- 4 Still to Jesus I'll look, though life's journey be long;
When approaching the river, let this be my song;
All my sins washed away in the peace-speaking blood,
Come, dear Jesus, come quickly, and take me to God.

No. 19. GO BURY THY SORROW.

ANONYMOUS.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

Slow, with expression.

1 Go bur - y thy sor - row; The world hath its share;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 6/8 time and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1 Go bur - y thy sor - row; The world hath its share;"

Go bur - y it deep - ly; Go hide it with care;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Go bur - y it deep - ly; Go hide it with care;"

Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by night;

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by night;"

Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.

The fourth system of musical notation, ending with a double bar line. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right."

2 Go tell it to Jesus;
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus;
He'll send thee relief.
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on thy way;
He'll lighten thy labor:
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary,
With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness:
Go comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrow;
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine;
Tell Jesus the rest.

No. 20. WHOLLY RESIGNED.

ANONYMOUS.

J. M. BLACK.

1 O Fa-ther, I have learned to trust; And feel, at length, that thou art just

To take a-way each staff and stay Which hindered me from trusting thee,

Which hindered me from trusting thee: I now resign my-will to thine.

2 Not till I found myself alone,
 And all I elung to most was gone,—
 Of friends bereft, till few were left,—
 ||: Could I look up, accept the cup; ||
 And calmly say, "Be thou my Stay."

3 Now with confiding love I rest
 Upon my precious Saviour's breast,
 And feel that he my Friend will be.
 ||: Through all the strife and toils of life; ||
 With Jesus near, I need not fear.

Yes, I have fully learned at last
 On him my every care to cast;
 My dearest friends are in his hands.
 ||: I'll trust his care, and leave them there; ||
 Say, "Peace, be still!" and wait his will.

No. 21. A CHILD'S DREAM.*

W. I. Arr. by P. H. W.

J. M. BLACK.

1 I dreamed last night my mamma came, And thus to me she said:

Come home with me, my dar-ling child. I am not dead; I am not dead.

2 I dreamed, and lo! in heaven she stood
Amid the blood-washed throng,
Where all the saints and angels sing,
And mamma joined in the song.

And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

3 The scene was sad, and yet 'twas love,
'Twas love divinely pure:
Her spirit called, come home with me,
And rest in bliss secure.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

4 I woke, and promised, then and there,
To meet my mamma dear,
Beyond this world of toil and care,
In that celestial sphere.

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 22.

Sweet Hour of Prayer!

REV. W. W. WALFORD.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the
air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 23. JESUS IS THE WAY.

"Now is the accepted time."—II. Cor. vi. 2.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.


ORGAN.



VOICE.



1 Did you ev - er feel like pray - ing, Sin-ner?



Did you ev - er say a word to God? Oh, be - lieve and come to Je -



JESUS IS THE WAY. Concluded.

sus, sin - ner: 'Twas for you he shed his blood.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Way; All who know him pray;

The ac - cept - ed time is now; The day of sal - va - tion to - day.

- 2 Think of all that heavenly army praying
While they on the earth have lived and prayed;
Who has ever reached the heavenly kingdom,
Lest they prayed and prayed and prayed?
- 3 Hear the Lord of Life and Glory praying,
Just a little while before he died;
In the garden he was sweating blood-drops,
While for you and I he prayed.
- 4 Will you heed his warning voice? he calls you,
And the night of death is drawing near;
Will you ask him to forgive you, sinner?
Oh, now ask him: he is here.

No. 24. LIFE'S JOURNEY.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."—JOB xiv. 7.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 On life's un - e - ven jour - ney, we are traveling home, 'Mid tri - als and temp - ta - tions,

go - ing to the tomb; Dan - gers are ve - ry near us all a - long the road,

CHORUS.

But we'll la - bor for our Je - sus till he calls, come home! Oh, then what joy 'twill be,

When our eyes doth surely see The saved of earth, so pure and free, Praising God in heaven.

2 We then shall see our Saviour, in that world of light,
And live with him forever, clad in robes of white;
Short is this life at longest; sure will come the end; '
Saviour, shed more light upon us as we near our home.

3 Oh, let our lights keep shining, while we here below
Toil in our Master's vineyard, hoping as we go;
O Saviour, shield us ever with thy holy wing;
Keep us as thy lambs so tender, till thou take us home.

No. 25. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"As the father hath loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN xv. 9.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1 Oh, the love of Je - sus! It calms our ev' - ry fear;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

It lifts us near - er heav - en,—The home to us so dear;

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

It lifts us near - er heav - en,—The home to us so dear.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Oh, to be with Jesus,
And at his feet to lie;
To dwell with him forever
In that home beyond the sky;
To dwell with him forever
In that home beyond the sky.

3 Oh, to be in heaven,
And with the angels sing
The praises of our Saviour,
And ever-blessed King,
The praises of our Saviour,
And ever-blessed King.

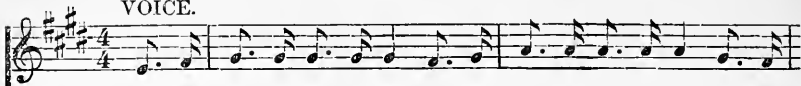
No. 26. SINGING OF MY SAVIOUR.

"Praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

VOICE.

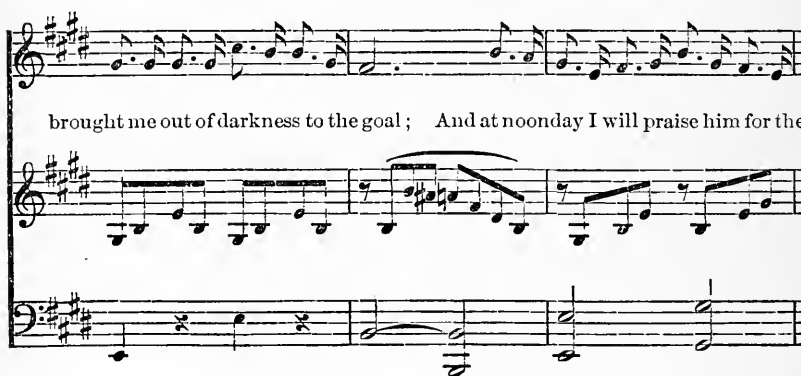


1 In the morning I will sing of my Saviour's love to me, How he

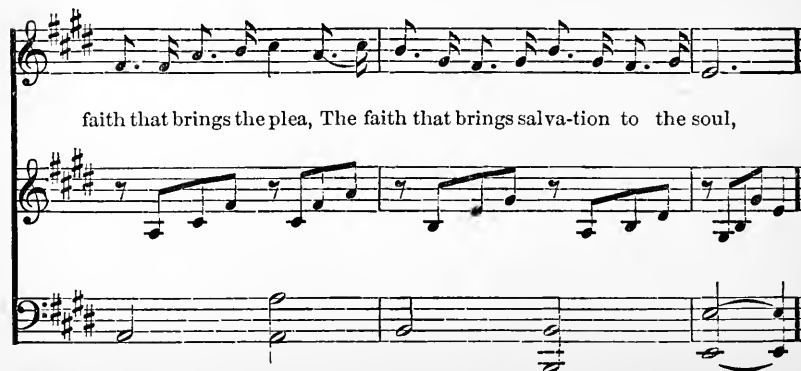
ORGAN.



brought me out of darkness to the goal; And at noonday I will praise him for the



faith that brings the plea, The faith that brings salva-tion to the soul,



SINGING OF MY SAVIOUR. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I will sing, I will sing, I will sing, I will

sing of my Redeem - er all the day; all the day; I will

sing, I will sing, I will sing, I will sing, I will

Repeat *pp* after last verse.
sing, And go re - joic - ing on my way, on my way.

- 2 In the evening I will sing
Of my Saviour's wondrous care
O'er the loved ones he has chosen for his own;
By his loving hand he leads them
To the glory-land so fair,
Which shall be their sweet and everlasting home.

No. 27. THE CITY OF GOD.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

P. H. W.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 There is a great cit - y all built in the sky, Where those who love

Je - sus will go by and by; Its beau - ty surpass - es all oth - ers, I'm

sure: A home in that cit - y now come and secure. Its beauty sur-

pass - es all oth - ers, I'm sure: A home in that city now come and secure.

- 2 No tongue can describe, neither mortal can tell
The joys of the saved who in that city dwell;
|| The rich and the poor and the halt and the blind,
When there will be perfect and happy and kind.: ||
- 3 Have you not some friends, or a dear mother there?
A sister, a brother, or some one more dear?
|| Now Jesus invites you, and wants you to come
And live with those friends in that beautiful home.: ||
- 4 That wonderful city, and beautiful, too,
A home in that city is ready for you;
|| And now don't be doubting and making delay,
For Jesus is willing to show you the way.: ||

No. 28. The Lord will provide.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

Tune, *City of God*. Page 32.

- 1 When troubles assail us and dangers come nigh,
When earth's friends forsake us, to whom shall we fly?
There is a sure refuge in which to abide,
And that is God's promise, "The Lord will provide."
Chorus.—"The Lord will provide;" yes, "The Lord will provide;"
His word is a surety, and he will provide.
- 2 Though often temptations arise in our path,
And fill us with fears, we can triumph by faith;
When tempted, though weak, and our faith sorely tried,
There's one thing to cheer us, "The Lord will provide."
Chorus.—"The Lord will provide," etc.
- 3 No strength of our own, neither goodness we claim,
But trust the dear Saviour, who for us was slain;
For in him God's promise was once verified,
And now he's our Saviour; the Lord did provide.
Chorus.—"The Lord will provide," etc.
- 4 Though we may have doubts, and our hope seem in vain,
Through faith we will conquer and surely obtain;
His promise is certain; while he's on our side,
We'll go on rejoicing, "The Lord will provide."
"The Lord will provide; yes, "The Lord will provide;"
His word is a surety, and he will provide.

No. 29. Thou hast taught us.

E. P. HAMMOND.

Tune, *Looking only to Jesus*. Page 22.

- 1 Thou hast taught us, dear Jesus, to look for the day
When the trumpet shall sound that shall call us away;
And when those who have died in the faith shall arise,
And with us who remain, be "caught up" to the skies.
- 2 "Behold, quickly I come," were thy words long ago;
But, oh, why, tell us why, is thy progress so slow?
Oh, how many have watched and have waited in vain,
And have died without seeing thee coming again.
- 3 Well we know, blessed Lord, though thy journey seems long,
Thou art hastening the day, when, with one joyful song,
We shall hail thine appearing with sweet songs of praise,
And forever shall dwell with the "Ancient of days."
- 4 O Lord, we would stand with our lamps burning bright;
For thy word doth declare that far spent is the night;
Therefore, till thou shalt come we will cling to that Word,
And be "like unto men that do wait for their Lord."

No. 30. THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

"For he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God,"

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1 I have heard of a cit - y whose build - er is God, And that

cit - y I'm long - ing to see; Oh, I joy and rejoice when I

read in his word, There's a home in that cit - y for

me, for me, There's a home in that cit - y for me.

- 2 Oh, when shall I walk in the streets of pure gold?
Where no sin, neither sorrow can be;
But where all will be joy in the heavenly fold,
And a bright crown is waiting for me, for me,
And a bright crown is waiting for me.
- 3 Oh, could I but know that the dear friends I love,
Would be safely brought into the fold;
And that finally they in the mansions above,
Will be chanting the story of old, of old,
Will be chanting the story of old.

No. 31. MY OWN COUNTRY.

Arr. by P. H. WOOLSEY.

SCOTCH AIR.

1 I am far away from home, and with longing heart I sigh For my
I will nev - er feel content, till my eyes with glad - ness see, The
d.c. But those pleasant sights and sounds will as nothing be to me When I

1st time. Fath - er's welcome bidding to my man - sion in the sky;
gold - en gates of heaven and my own coun - try.
hear the an - gels singing in my own coun - try.

2d time. Finc.

D.C.
The earth is decked with flowers, ma - ny tint - ed, fresh and fair;
The birds they war - ble sweetly, for my Fath - er's love they share.

- 2 Like a child to its mother, like a bird comes to its nest,
Even so I fain would hasten to my Saviour's loving breast;
For he'll take me in his arms, feeble, helpless as I be,
He'll bear me safely over to my own country.
My sins they have been many, and my sorrows have been sore,
But there they will not vex me, never be remembered more:
For his blood doth make me clean, all my tears he'll wipe away,
And he'll take me to my mansion in my own country.
- 3 So I'll watch while I'm singing of my home yet while I wait
For the sounding of his footsteps on this side the golden gate;
For he'll come and he'll gather weak and worthless ones like me,
And take them to his Father in his own country.
God gives us grace and favor, yes, and shows us mercy too,
And while the gate is open, all are welcome that pass through;
For his only Son who once suffered death for you and me,
Is our Jesus, King in heaven, of the whole country.
- 4 He hath made us a promise that some glad some day he'll bring
Unto his own royal palace all who love of him to sing;
Then with hearts overflowing, and with joy our eyes will see
The King in all his beauty, and our own country.
He's faithful who hath promised, he will surely come again,
He'll keep his last appointment in an hour I know not when;
Now he bids us all to wait, and in readiness to be
For to go at any moment to our own country.

No. 32. SHE'S GONE.

IN MEMORY OF MISS JENNIE ROBINSON.

ANONYMOUS.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Tread soft-ly in the darkened room, And whisper low a-round the bed;

For an-gel forms are hovering near, To guard the dear, un-conscious dead.

Awhile with us, earth's lowly vale she trod, Then soared away to join the fold of God.

- 2 We wept when o'er her lovely face
Death's shadowy wing was gently spread,
And anguish deep our bosoms rent,
When from the clay her spirit fled;
But from the tomb there came a gentle voice,
That whispered to the sorrowing, Rejoice!
- 3 Rejoice! for 'mid that white-robed throng,
Another seraph tunes its lyre,
And joins the everlasting song
Prescribed upon those walls of fire;
We will rejoice; she's only gone before,
And now awaits us on the other shore.
- 4 Our daughter, sister, we will meet
With you around the great white throne,
Where death's dark shadow ne'er intrudes,
And sorrow's voice is never known;
There all the severed links of life's bright chain
Will be united, ne'er to part again.

No. 33. JESUS IS HERE.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND.

J. M. BLACK.

1 Oh, come to Je - sus now; Je - sus is here:

All near him low - ly bow; Je - sus is here.

Too ma - ny go a - way, Too ma - ny still de - lay,

Though Je - sus bids them stay; Je - sus is here.

2 Oh, come this place within;
 Jesus is here:
 He sees you full of sin;
 Jesus is here.
 He knows you why you come,
 Poor, wretched and undone;
 Seek him, and him alone;
 Jesus is here.

Oh, ye that feel your sin,
 And coming long have been,
 Now find your rest in him;
 Jesus is here.

3 Come, then, to Jesus now;
 Jesus is here:
 All low before him bow;
 Jesus is here.

4 Come, come to Jesus now;
 Jesus is here;
 Together let us bow;
 Jesus is here.
 Oh, what a glorious thing
 Sin's weary load to bring,
 And lose it while we sing,
 Jesus is here.

No. 34. CHARLES. 8s, 7s, 4s.

FAWCETT.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations

Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;

Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,

From without and from within
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful

To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,

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

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

No. 35. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 Men of God, go take your stations,

Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;

Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed

As "the power of God to save,"
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blessed freedom!

Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,

Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence

Shall be with you to the end.

Kelly.

No. 36. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus;
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pitied your condition;
He has sent his gospel word;
Mercy calls you;
Mercy flows in Jesus' blood.

2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love;
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve.
Bless, oh, bless them
From thy shining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest:
Oh, receive us!
Let us find thy promised rest.

Newton.

No. 37. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Makes us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

Newton.

No. 38. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All 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 will surely send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy warfare now is past;
For thy shame thou shall have double;
Days of peace are come at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. *Kelly.*

No. 39. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit;
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak,—the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy world's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live. *Jay.*

No. 40. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be
Till the glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore:
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,—
Full and pure forevermore. *Kelly.*

No. 41. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 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 favored 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. *Kelly.*

No. 42. CONSECRATION, L. M.

DAVIES.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Lord, I am thine. en-tire-ly thine Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sov'reign right in me.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Grant one poor sinner more a place Among the children of thy grace; A wretched sinner, lost to God, But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.</p> <p>3 Thine would I live—thine would I die: Be thine through all eternity; The vow is past beyond repeal, And now I see the solemn seal.</p> <p>4 Here, at that cross whereflows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God, Thee, my new Master, now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.</p> <p>5 Do thou assist a feeble worm The great engagement to perform; Thy grace can full assistance lend, And on that grace I dare depend.</p> | <p>2 Thou art the Anchor of my hope; The faithful promise I receive: Surely thy death shall raise me up, For thou hast died that I might live.</p> <p>3 O long-expected day, begin; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin; Fain would we leave this weary road And sleep in death, to rest with God. <i>C. Wesley.</i></p> |
|--|--|

No. 43. L. M.

- 1 Heaven is a place of endless bliss,
Where God himself forever is;
Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.
- 2 And hell's a state of endless woe,
Where unrepenting sinners go;
Though none that seek the Saviour's
grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.
- 3 Oh, let me, then, at once apply
To Him who did for sinners die!
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell forever with the Lord. *Taylor.*

No. 44. L. M.

- 1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace!
O all-atoning Lamb of God!
I wait to see thy glorious face;
I seek redemption in thy blood.

No. 45. L. M.

- 1 Ye sons of men, in God rejoice,
From land to land his name adore;
Let earth, with one united voice,
Resound his praise from every shore.
- 2 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 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.
- 4 We are his people, we his care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise. *Anon.*

No. 46. L. M.

1 To God the great, the ever-blessed,
Let songs of honor be addressed ;
His mercy firm forever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise ?
Blessed are the souls that fear thee
still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh, may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice ;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.
Anon.

No. 47. L. M.

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling
year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine.
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant
stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.
Doddridge.

No. 48. L. M.

1 'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's 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 songs that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
W. B. Tappan.

No. 49. L. M.

1 How great thy mercies, Lord, appear
To us through every passing year ;
Thy word and providence combine
To prove thy favors all divine.

2 Thy goodness brought us to the place,
Where we are taught to seek thy face,
And blest each teacher with a heart
To act to us so kind a part.

3 By them our wandering feet are led
To seek the courts that Christians tread ;
To hear the messengers proclaim
Glad tidings through a Saviour's name.

4 Thy blessing, gracious Lord, impart,
To sanctify each youthful heart ;
And send thy Holy Spirit down,
That we may live to thee alone.

5 Let thy rich favors now descend
On every teacher, every friend :
May we with them in heaven above
All meet to praise redeeming love.
Unknown.

No. 50. L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord ; my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust :
Their breath departs, their pomp and
power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

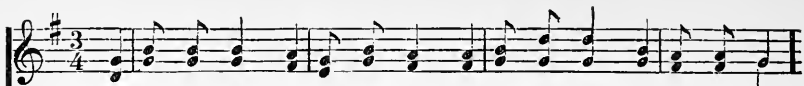
4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the
poor,
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
Watts.

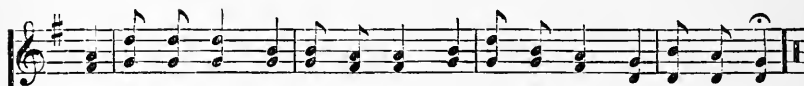
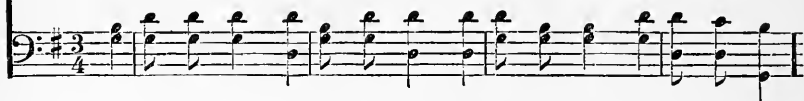
No. 51. EVENTIDE. L. M.

MACKAY.

P. H. WOOLSEY.



1 Asleep in Je - sus! blessèd sleep, From which none ever wake to weep;



A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Unbrok - en 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 has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour'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.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

Ch. Psalmody.

No. 52. L. M.

1 Arise, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

No. 53. L. M.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest
the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the
shade

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O Earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Watts.

No. 54. L. M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
I am Jehovah,—God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.
C. Wesley.

No. 55. L. M.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene;
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with
power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to
bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?
Bathurst.

No. 56. L. M.

- 1 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad;
To all mankind thy love make known.
- 2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;

To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

- 3 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.
- 4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
Wrangham.

No. 57. L. M.

- 1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
C. Wesley.

No. 58. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen beyond the skies.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens this favored hour;
Let thousands feel thy saving power.
Couper.

No. 59. WELLY. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—

A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.
- Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation joins in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne
And to adore the Lamb. *Watts.*

No. 60. C. M.

- 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 lips 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 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
- No. 61. C. M.
- 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe:—
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening 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, unmoved, the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown
Or Satan's arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. *Bathurst.*

No. 62. C. M.

- 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 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub-guards his seat,
Nor 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. *Watts.*

No. 63. C. M.

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

Addison's Spec.

No. 64. C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and heavenly joy imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. *Fawcett.*

No. 65. C. M.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour. *Watts.*

No. 66. C. M.

- 1 Come, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace
To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still. *W.*

No. 67. JERUSALEM. C. M.

MONTGOMERY'S COL.

P. H. WOOLSEY.

1 Jer - u - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ever dear to me!
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace in thee?

In joy, and peace in thee? In joy, and peace in thee

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Oh, when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up And Sabbaths have no end?</p> <p>3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel, at death, dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.</p> <p>4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there, Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>5 Jerusalem! my happy home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.</p> | <p>3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free repast; Sublim'er sweets than nature knows Invite the longing taste.</p> <p>4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound. <i>Steele.</i></p> |
|--|--|

No. 69. C. M.

No. 68. C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

- 1 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

Campbell's Col.

No. 70. C. M.

- 1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
- 6 Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.
C. Wesley.

No. 71. C. M.

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled:
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak. *Watts.*

No. 72. C. M.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. *Mrs. Steele.*

No. 73. C. M.

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

No. 74. MILTON. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

J. M. BLACK.



1 Je - sus, u - ni - ted by thy grace, And each to each endeared,
With con - fi - dence we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Still let us own our common Lord, And bear thine easy yoke,— A band of love, a threefold cord, Which never can be broke.</p> <p>3 Make us into one spirit drink ; Baptize into thy name ; And let us always kindly think, And sweetly speak the same.</p> <p>4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love, Let all our hearts agree ; And ever toward each other move, And ever move toward thee.</p> | <p>2 When in the bosom of the earth The sower hid the grain, Thy goodness marked its secret birth, And sent the early rain.</p> <p>3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine: The plants in beauty grew ; Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine, And the refreshing dew.</p> <p>4 These various mercies from above Matured the swelling grain ; A kindly harvest crowns thy love, And plenty fills the plain.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 75. C. M.

- 1 My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights:—

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning Star,
And thou my rising Sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss ;
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his ;

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord. *Watts.*

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.
Ch. Psalmist.

No. 77. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:—
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

No. 76. C. M.

- 1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

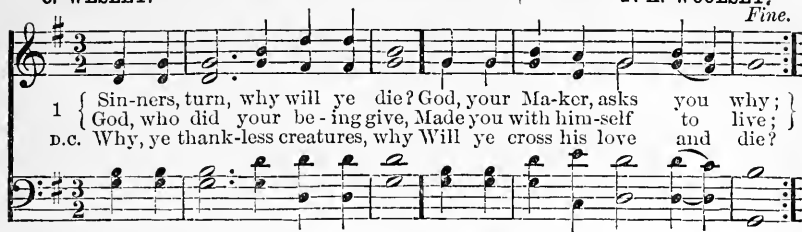
- 4 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day. *C. Wesley.*

No. 78. HASTEN. 7s. 8 lines.

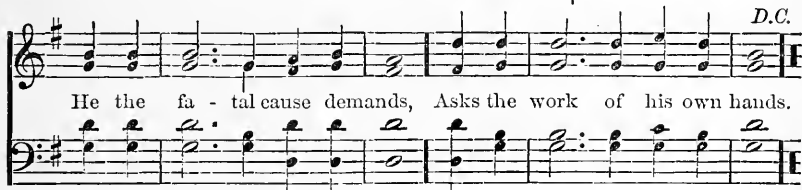
C. WESLEY.

P. H. WOOLSEY,

Fine.



1 { Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Ma-ker, asks you why; }
 God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live; }
 D.C. Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?



D.C.

He the fa-tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 God, who did your soul retrieve,
 Died himself that you might live.
 Will you let him die in vain,—
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land;
 We our dying Lord confess;
 We are Jesus' witnesses. *C. Wesley.*

No. 80. 7s. 8 lines.

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

No. 79. 7s. 8 lines.

- 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 Strive we, in affection strive;
 Let the purer flame revive;
 Such as in the martyrs glowed,
 Dying champions for their God;
 We like them may live and love;
 Called we are their joys to prove;
 Saved with them from future wrath;
 Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' Name,
 Now as yesterday the same;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace:

No. 81. 7s. 8 lines.

- 1 Come, thou high and lofty Lord,
 Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
 Humbly stoop to earth again;
 Come, and visit abject man.
 Jesus, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast:
 For thyself our hearts prepare;
 Come and sit, and banquet there..
- 2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear;
 Manifest thy presence here.
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless:
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
 Thou thyself within us move:
 Make our feast a feast of love. *C. Wesley..*

No. 82. RETREAT. L. M.

STOWELL.
Slow.

T. HASTINGS.

1 From ev-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.

- 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.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid
When temptcd, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 84. L. M.

- 1 Oft as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die ? "
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunge into a world unknown.
- 3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins and let me live.
- 4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be, —
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

Newton.

No. 83. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend, —
Inspire and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace, —
The grace that sure salvation brings ;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings ;
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray
His voice behind me may I hear, —
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way :
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near !

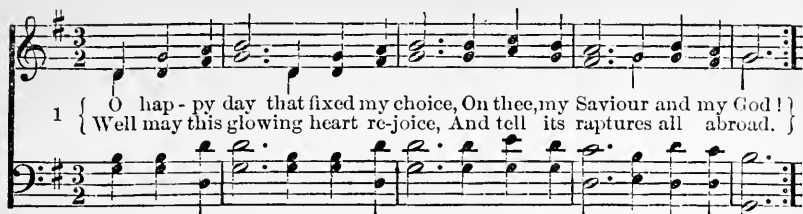
C. Wesley.

No. 85. L. M.

- 1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions, all be still,
Nor let a murmuring thought arise :
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, and air and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

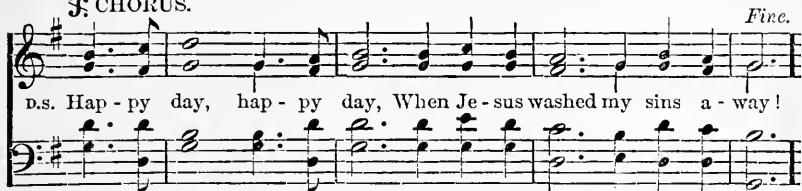
Beddome.

No. 86. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

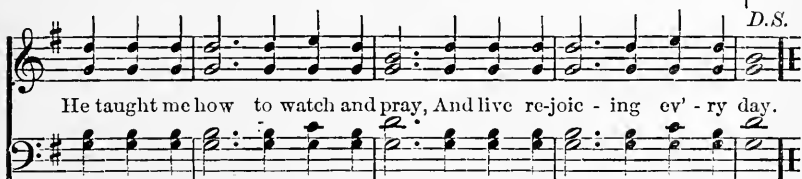


1 { O hap - py day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

♩ CHORUS.



d.s. Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way! *Fine.*



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev' - ry day. *D.S.*

2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Cho.—Happy day, etc.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Cho.—Happy day, etc.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.
Cho.—Happy day, etc.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Cho.—Happy day, etc. *Doddridge.*

3 'Tis finished:—this my dying groan
Shall sin of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished:—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finished:—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished:—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky. *Stennett.*

No. 87. L. M.

Tune, Retreat.

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 vic'try won.

2 'Tis finished:—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

No. 88. L. M.

1 The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies,
For mortal crimes a sacrifice:
What love, what mercy—how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

2 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praises;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

3 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

Mrs. Steele.

No. 89. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 The King of heaven his tab-le spread, And blessings crown the board; Not Par-a-dise with

all its joys, Could such delight af-ford, Could such delight af-ford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here:
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do. *Watts.*

No. 90. C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;

No. 91. 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, filled
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.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. *Newton.*

No. 92. C. M.

- 1 O Saviour, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival, Lord, depart,
And reign, O Christ, alone.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 Oh, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee. *Baptist Col.*

No. 93. C. M.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice:
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine. *Watts.*

No. 94. C. M.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.
- 2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renewed.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven. *C. Wesley.*

No. 95. C. M.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast. *Colyer.*

No. 96. C. M.

- 1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows:
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer, silent prayer. *Martineau's Col.*

No. 97. C. M.

- 1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not:
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory ever be. *Judson.*

No. 98. CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

WESTERN MELODY.

1 Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

- 2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 99. L. M.

- 1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all, our days below
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy. *C. Wesley.*

No. 100. C. M.

- 1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health, nor friendship, here below
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made in love to hear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind, the strokes appear
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
Where dangerous is the road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
Oh, may I yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
Then an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God. *Anon.*

No. 101. BANGOR. C. M.

WATTS.

RAVENSCROFT.

Slow.

1 Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound; Mine ears, at - tend the cry!

Ye v - ing men, come, view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. *Cowper.*

No. 102. C. M.

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

No. 103. C. M.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. *Doddridge.*

No. 104. C. M.

- 1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.
- 3 Oh, let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with him in heaven. *Lyte.*

No. 105. GANGES. C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

1 O Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain, I plead with thee, my suit to gain,
d.s. sus, remem- ber Cal-va- ry,

Fine. I plead what thou hast done: Didst thou not die the death for me? Je-
And break my heart of stone. *D.S.*

- 2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,—
My Ransom and my Peace:
My Surety! thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,—
The Lord, my Righteousness.
- 3 Oh, let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine;
Oh, might he now descend, and rest
Forever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine. *C. Wesley.*

- And as the chariot stood between,
Elijah he was taken in,
And seen no more again.
- 4 Elijah was removed from earth,
Over the gloom and vaults of death,
And never walked the shade.
Over the grave the prophet slept,
Nor with the sleeping nations slept,
Nor dwelt among the dead.
- 5 Elisha saw the prophet rise,
And cries, my Father, with surprise:
Lo, Israel's chariot goes.
Those friends were parted on that day;
Elijah winged his flight away;
Elisha rent his clothes.

No. 106. C. P. M.

Tune, *Ganges.*

- 1 On Jordan's banks Elijah stood,
And with his mantle smote the flood,
And cut the stream in two.
He and Elisha, hand in hand,
'Twixt watery world and solid land,
Like heroes traveled through;
- 2 And as they passed along the way,
A wondrous sight they did survey;
With wonder they surveyed
A chariot of a fiery flame,
And stately horses of the same,
Sent for Elijah's aid.
- 3 And as they passed along the road,
The chariot of Almighty God
Did intervene between;

- 6 Elisha put the mantle on
And back to Jordan quickly came
And stood upon the shore,
And with his mantle smote the flood,
Crying, where is Elijah's God,
And found him, as before.
- 7 The waters they were cut in two;
Elisha passed in safety through;
The Prophets did behold;
They saw the spirit on him rest,
A double portion he possessed,
Which made him strong and bold.
- 8 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
Elijah's God is still awake,
And hears his people pray.
We soon shall meet at Jesus' feet;
Elijah and the Prophets meet,
And reign forever there. *Anon.*

No. 107. HERE IS NO REST.

Arranged for this work.

Fine.



1 { Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, Is no rest! }
 { Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest, I am blest. }
 D.C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest, There is rest.



D.C.

{ For I look for - ward to that glo - rious day, }
 { When sin and sor - row shall van - ish a - way; }



2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest!
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest!
 Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
 Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,
 I will go forward, for this is my theme:
 There, there is rest, there is rest!

Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast,
 There, there is rest, there is rest!

No. 108.

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

1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier
 When I am gone—I am gone;
 Smile when the slow-tolling bell you shall hear
 When I am gone—I am gone;
 Weep not for me when you stand round my grave:
 Think who has died his beloved to save,
 Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have—
 When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me
 When I am gone—I am gone;
 Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
 When I am gone—I am gone.
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
 Come and rejoice that I thus passed away—
 When I am gone—I am gone.

4 This world of care is a wilderness state.
 Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest!

No. 109. ROCK OF AGES.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of refuge."—Ps. xciv. 22.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 110.

- 1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Stained and covered with his blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed:
Driv'n the nails that fixed him there
Crowned with thorns his sacred head:
Plunged into his side the spear:
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

C. Wesley.

No. 111.

- 1 Father, glorify thy Son;
Answer his all-powerful prayer;
Send that Intercessor down;
Send the other Comforter,
Whom, believingly, we claim,—
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.
- 2 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art,—
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Truth hath said it shall be so.

C. Wesley.

No. 112.

- 1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear:—
Love's redeeming work is done:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 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, sinner, come!
- 3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Haweis.

No. 113. CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1 Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, Wait not for to -
d. c. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

D. C.
mor - row, Yield thee to - day, Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room,

- 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,
Where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

Praise by all to thee be given,
Gracious Lord of earth and heaven!

- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessal of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

No. 114.

- 1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:

- 5 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die. *C. Wesley.*

No. 115. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Ps. ix. 9.

C. WESLEY.

SIMON B. MARCH.

Fine.

1 { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
 d.c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

D.C.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plentuous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make me, 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.

- 3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 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.

C. Wesley.

No. 117.

No. 116.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant;
 Still supply my every want;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed:
 From thy fulness I am fed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,—
 Wither without thee and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy;
 Oh, confirm my soul in thee!

- 3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
 Send the help for which I call:
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;
 Love me, save me to the end;
 Give me persevering grace;
 Take the everlasting praise.

C. Wesley.

No. 118. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. viii. 22.

ANON.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

p

1 The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing

Je - sus: he speaks the drooping heart to cheer. Oh, hear the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus. Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on

pp

mor - tal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus:
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

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.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

4 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

7 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.

No. 119. SILVER STREET. S. M.

WATTS.

SMITH.

1 Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;

Je - ho - yah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

No. 120. S. M.

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread.
- 4 Then let us seek His grace,
Whose wrath we cannot bear
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there. *Doddridge.*

No. 121. S. M.

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his powerful sway
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Will guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Renewed from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away. *Doddridge.*

No. 122. S. M.

- 1 Lord, fix our wandering thoughts,
Thy sacred word to hear
With deep attention and with love,
With reverence and with fear.
- 2 Let us remember still
That God is present here,
And let our hearts be all engaged
When we draw near in prayer.
- 3 And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heaven enjoy.
- 4 Oh, may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promised rest. *Anon.*

No. 123. COME, MY BRETHREN

Fine.

1 { Come, my brethren, let us try For a lit - tle sea - son, }
 Ev' - ry bur - den to lay by, Come, and let us rea - son. }
 d.c. Speak, and let the worst be known, Speak - ing may re - lieve you.

D. C.

What is this that casts you down? What is this that grieves you

2 Christ at times by faith I view
 And it doth relieve me,
 But my doubts return anew,
 They are those that grieve me.
 Troubled, like the restless sea,
 Feeble, faint and fearful,
 Plagued with every sore disease,
 How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what your Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood at every pore
 To procure thy pardon.
 View him nailed to the tree,
 Bleeding, groaning, dying,
 See! he suffered this for thee,
 Therefore be believing.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs a healing fountain;
 See the consolation tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move
 For the sick and dying;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Jesus calls: Come unto me.
 Weary, heavy laden.
 Though your sins like mountains rise
 Rise and reach to heaven;
 Soon as you on him rely
 All shall be forgiven.

4 Now methinks I hear one say:
 I will go and prove him:
 If he takes my sins away
 Surely I shall love him.
 Yes, I see the Father smile,
 Smiling moves my burden;
 All is grace, for I am vile,
 Yet he seals my pardon.

No. 124.

1 Drooping souls no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious;
 If on Christ you do believe,
 You will find him precious.
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calls the mourners to him,
 He has died for you and I
 Now look up and view him.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
 Now I know; I feel it;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it;
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 I was lost, but now am found,
 Glory! glory! glory!

No. 125. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1 All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate' fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

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

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

C. Wesley.

No. 126. C. M.

1 Look unto Christ, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

No. 127. C. M.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

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

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me. *C. Wesley.*

No. 128. WELLS. L. M.

PRESB. OOL.
Slow.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'in-sure the great re-ward;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Life is the hour that God has given T'escape from hell and fly to heaven, The day of grace—and mortals may Secure the blessings of the day.</p> <p>3 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might, pursue. Since no device nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.</p> <p>4 There are no acts of pardon past In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death and long despair Reign in eternal silence there.</p> | <p>3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.</p> <p>4 My lips with shame my sins confess, Against thy law, against thy grace: Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just, in death And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well</p> |
|--|--|

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,—
Some sure support against despair.
Watts.

No. 129. L. M.

- Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy health and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Thou, God of grace, wilt tho... despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?

- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemned to die.
Watts.

No. 130. L. M.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Art not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

No. 131. L. M.

- 1 Thrice happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands and trusts his
word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings-
spread,
That fill his neighbors round with dread,
His heart is armed against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.
- 4 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word,
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
Anon..

No. 132. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

EPIS. COL.

WESTERN TUNE.

1 Oh, cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam;

All this wide world, to eith - er pole, Has not for thee a home.

- 2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

No. 133. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds ;
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual 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.
- 5 This glorious hopes revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. *Fawcett.*

No. 134. S. M.

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

No. 135. S. M.

- 1 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.
- 2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.
- 3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
- 4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry,—Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb! *C. Wesley.*

No. 136. LENOX. 6s, 8s.

C. WESLEY.

J. EDSON.

1 A-rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding sacrifice

In my be-half ap-pears; Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands,

My name is writ-ten on his hands, My name is writ-ten on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wound he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 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.

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.

No. 137. 6s, 8s.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;

C. Wesley.

No. 138. MARLOW. C. M.

WATTS.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers,

Kin - dle a flame of heavenly love In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate:
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 139. C. M.

- 1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.
- 2 H'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 3 When, wandering from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare. *Anon.*

No. 140. C. M.

- 1 This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and read thy word;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave the world, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
Oh, may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven. *Presb. Col.*

No. 141. C. M.

- 1 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee:
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
- 3 Oh, may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within;
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin. *Watts.*

No. 142. C. M.

- 1 There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in Wisdom's way.
- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Jane Taylor.

No. 143. C. M.

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still. *Newton.*

No. 144. C. M.

- 1 Now, Lord, fulfil thy faithful word,—
Thy servants' labors bless:
Now let the prayer of faith be heard,
And grant them full success.

- 2 Long have they in thy vineyard wrought
And with unwearied toil;
Alas! they spend their strength for
naught,
Upon a sterile soil.
- 3 Arise, O God, exert thy power;
Thy people's hopes sustain;
And richly on thy vineyard shower
The first and latter rain.
- 4 Lord, we commend the work to thee;
Thy servants guide and bless;
Thy guidance gives security,
Thy blessing, full success. *West.*

No. 145. C. M.

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

No. 146. C. M.

- 1 Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.
- 2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And danger every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give me power.
- 3 My health and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey. *Anon.*

No. 147. HEBRON. L. M.

DWIGHT.

L. MASON.

1 While life pro-longs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given;

But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev' - ry hope of heaven.

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

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

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

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

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
C. Wesley.

No. 148. L. M.

1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone:
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

No. 149. L. M.

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 have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul: I am the Way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say: Behold the way to God. *Cennick.*

No. 150. L. M.

- 1 God of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor I may be,—despised, forgot;
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.
Cowper.

No. 151. L. M.

- 1 Oh, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 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.
Presb. Col.

No. 152. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.
Watts.

No. 153. L. M.

- 1 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath the Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts, our souls possess,
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.
Scott.

No. 154. L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath 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, am 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 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.
Watts.

No. 155. L. M.

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarm of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 Oh, long-expected day, begin:
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.
Dodderidge.

No. 156. OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

C. WESLEY.

1 Oh, how happy are they Who the Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their treasure a-bove,
Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-liest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of
the Lamb:
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

No. 157. EXPOSTULATION.

1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?
n.c. And an-gels are wait-ing to wel- - - - - come you home.

{ When God in great mer-cy is com- ing so nigh? }
{ Since Je- sus in- vites you, the Spir- it says come, }

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 waft 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,
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

No. 158. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s.

HEBER.

Arr. for this work.

1 From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand; Where Afric's sun-ny

foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an-cient riv-er, From

many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

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!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee. *Pratt's Col.*

No. 160. 7s, 6s.

1 We bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary:
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
Oh, teach us how to pray.
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name. *Phillips.*

No. 159. 7s, 6s.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billow's flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

No. 161. SONNET. P. M.

1 { When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, }
 { And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca - naan rise, }

The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her love - ly sonnet sings, Vain world, adieu,

Vain world, a - dieu, And loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu.

No. 162. 8s, 7s.

Tune, *Nettleton*.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore;
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken :
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I hold for you :
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand ;
 With steady helm and free-bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail ;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 d her celestial sonnet sings,
 Glory to God.

2 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me ;
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory—
 God your everlasting light. *Cowper.*

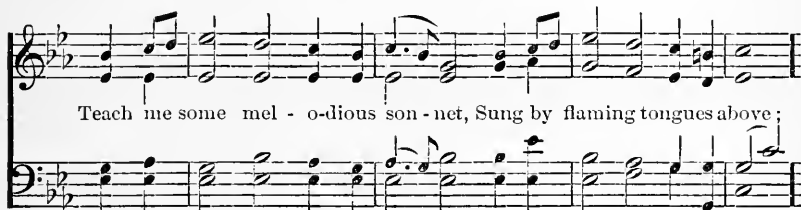
No. 163. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s.

R. ROBINSON.

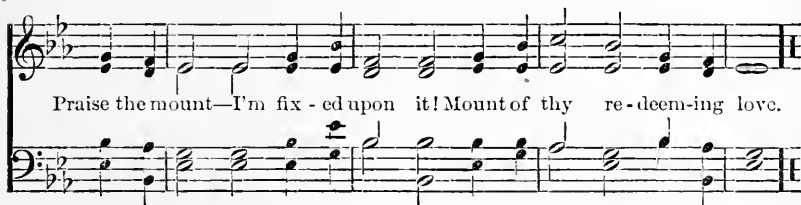
OLD MELODY.



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 mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues above ;



Praise the mount—I'm fix - ed upon it! Mount of thy re - deem-ing love.

- 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 as 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.

No. 164. 8s, 7s.

- 1 Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his suff'rings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

- 2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

C. Wesley.

No. 165. 8s, 7s.

- 1 Glorious thing of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all want of fear remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age. *Newton.*

No. 166. GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. ROUSSEAU.
Fine.

1 { Far from mortal cares re-treat-ing, Sor-did hopes and vain desires, }
 { Here our will-ing foot-steps meeting, Ev'-ry heart to heav'n aspires. }
 D.C. Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claiming Peace and pardon from the skies.

D.C.

From the fount of glo-ry beaming, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes.

- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.
- 3 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside:
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Song of praises
 I will ever give to thee. *Oliver.*

No. 167. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending
 Once for favored sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth 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 All the tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransomed worshipers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make thy righteous sentence known:
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
C. Wesley.

No. 169. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 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;
 Manifests his pard'ning favor;
 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 crying,
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 Oh, how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng;
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong. *Wesley.*

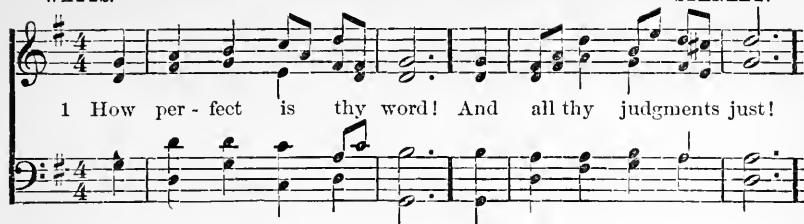
No. 168. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but thou art mighty:

No. 170. SHIRLAND. S. M.

WATTS.

STANLEY.



1 How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just!



For - ev - er sure thy promise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.

- 2 I hear thy word in love;—
In faith thy word obey;
Oh, send thy Spirit from above
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 Oh, may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

No. 171. S. M.

- 1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey,
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light!
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just
o'er ever sure thy promise, Lo
And men securely trust.
- 4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 5 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But learn my way to heaven! *Watts.*

No. 172. S. 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 passion to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 Oh, change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. *Steele.*

No. 173. S. M.

- 1 Blessed are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blessed is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled
vows
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread
And pleasure filled the room.
- 4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above;
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love. *Watts.*

No. 174. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

The following lyric has been greatly blessed by God in leading the anxious to rest solely in the finished work of Christ. I first brought it to this country from Scotland in 1862.

The author, the late Rev. Mr. Proctor, of Scotland, says: Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again, in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out: "What must I do?" I have said to him: "Do! do! What can you do? What do you need to do?"

E. P. HAMMOND.

1 Noth - ing, eith - er great or small, Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;

Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I owe, And

noth - ing, eith - er great or small, Remains for me to do.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 When he from his lofty throne, Stooped to do and die, Everything was fully done: "Tis finished," was his cry.</p> | <p>4 Till to Jesus' work you cling By a simple faith, "Doing is a deadly thing: Doing ends in death."</p> |
| <p>3 Weary, working, plodding one, Wherefore toil you so? Cease your doing; all was done Long, long ago.</p> | <p>5 Cast your deadly doing down, Down at Jesus' feet: Stand in him, in him alone. Glorious and complete.</p> |

No. 175. COME TO JESUS.

J. HART.

1 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS xvi. 31.

2 He will save you.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 16.

3 Oh, believe him.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—HEB. vii. 25.

4 He is able.

"The Lord is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that it should come to repentance."—2 PET. iii. 9.

5. He is willing.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

6 He'll receive you.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—MATT. iii. 7.

7 Flee to Jesus.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS ii. 21.

8 Call unto him.

"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—MARK x. 47.

9 Jesus, save me.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—MARK x. 52.

10 He will hear you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 JOHN i. 9.

11 He'll forgive you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i. 7.

12 He will cleanse you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 17.

13 He'll renew you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—REV. iii. 5.

14 He will clothe you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—JOHN xv. 13.

15 Jesus loves you.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—ISA. liiii. 3.

16 Don't reject him.

"He that hath the Son, hath life."—JOHN v. 12.

17 Only trust him.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness."—Ps. cxlv. 7.

18 You will praise him.

No. 176. FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1 I have a Fath-er in the promised land, I have a Fath-er in the

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

CHORUS.

I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the

promised land, My Fath-er calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promised land.

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

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

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

No. 177. I'M GOING HOME.

1 { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there; }
 { Its glittering towers the sun outshine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine. }

CHORUS, by Congregation.

We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go - ing home to die no more.

To die no more, to die no more, We're go-ing home to die no more

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 My Father's house is built on high Far, far above the starry sky; When from this earthly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.</p> | <p>4 Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, Be mine a happier lot to own, A heavenly mansion near the throne.</p> |
| <p>3 While here a stranger far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam: And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is secure.</p> | <p>5 Then fall this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine, All nature sink and cease to be, That heavenly mansion stands for me.</p> |

No. 178.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 We go the way that leads to God,— The way that saints have ever trod; So let us leave this fleeting shore For realms where we shall die no more.</p> | <p>2 The ways of God are ways of peace; And all his paths are pleasantness: Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er, We're going home to die no more.</p> |
|--|--|

Chorus—We're going home, we're going home,
 We're going home, to die no more;
 To die no more, to die no more;
 We're going home to die no more.

No. 179. REVIVE US AGAIN.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. III. 2. ENGLISH MELODY.

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

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. } Revive us a - gain.
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, [Omit.] }

- 2 We praise, thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 180. OAK. 6s, 4s.

L. MASON.

1 { I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home. }

Round me on ev' - ry hand; Heaven is my fath - er - land, Heaven is my home.

- 2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

No. 181. MEAR. C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause;

Main-tain the hon-or of his word, The glo-ry 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. *Watts.*

No. 182. C. M.

1 That awful day will surely come;
Th' appointed hour makes haste.
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—"depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh, wretched state of deep despair—
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands. *Watts.*

No. 183. C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good. *Watts.*

No. 184. C. M.

1 Amazing grace (how sweet the sound),
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
But grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace. *Newton.*

No. 185. TURN TO THE LORD. 8s, 7s.

HART.

1 { Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore. }
 Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and power. }
 He is a-ble, he is a-ble, He is willing. doubt no more.
 D.C. Glory, honor and sal- vation! Christ the Lord has come to reign.

He is a-ble, he is a-ble, He is will- ing: doubt no more.
 Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek sal- vation, Sound the praise of his dear name.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>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 glimmering beam.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>5 Agonizing in the garden Your Redeemer prostrate lies; On the bloody tree behold him Hear him cry, before he dies, It is finished!— Sinners, will not this suffice?</p> | <p>2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy Gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; May thy presence With us evermore be found.</p> <p>3 So, whene'er the signal's given Us from earth to call away, Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey, May we ever Reign with Christ in endless day. <i>F. Burder.</i></p> |
|---|--|

No. 187. 8s, 7s.

- 1 May I love thee and adore thee,
 O thou bleeding, dying Lamb!
 Teach my heart to bow before thee,
 Kindle there a sacred flame.
- 2 Teach me what I am by nature,
 How to lift my thoughts on high;
 Teach me, O thou great Creator!
 How to live and how to die. *Anon.*

No. 188. 8s, 7s.

- No. 186. 8s, 7s.**
- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Bid us now depart in peace;
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase:
 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.
Anon.

No. 189. MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.

L. MASON.

Slow and soft.

1 Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gentle as the summer breeze,

Pleasant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats among the trees.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know. | But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrow heal. |
| 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel, | 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed. |

No. 190. EVAN. C. M.

ROUSE'S VERSION.

PSALM 23.

WM. H. HAVERGAL,

1 The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie

In pastures green; he leadeth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 My soul he doth restore again, And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake. | 4 My table thou hast furnished In presence of my foes; My head thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows. |
| 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill; For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still, | 5 Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me; And in God's house forevermore, My dwelling-place shall be. |

No. 191. ARLINGTON. C. M.

WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

- 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 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

No. 192. C. M.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 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. Brown.*

No. 193. C. M.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. *Watts.*

No. 194. C. M.

- 1 I would be thine; oh, take my heart,
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.
- 2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore. *Reed's Col.*

No. 195. JESUS ON THE CROSS. 8s, 7s.

"Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."—EPH. v. 2.

E. P. H.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1 Here it was the Lord of Glo - ry At Golgoth - a died for me,

Here I read the wond'rous sto - ry Of his death to set me free.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Here his hands and feet all bleeding, Fast were nailed unto the cross; Here his wounds for me were pleading, When my gain was all his loss.</p> | <p>3 Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are fully blest; They fought the fight, the victory won, And entered into rest.</p> |
| <p>3 Here by God he was forsaken, When he took the sinner's place; For his sake I now am taken Into favor under grace.</p> | <p>4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow; God has recalled his own; But let our hearts, in every woe, Still say,—thy will be done.</p> |
| <p>4 Here the sword of justice slew him, That I might be justified; Praise the Lord I ever knew him, That for me he bled and died.</p> | |
| <p>5 Blessed Jesus, I will love thee, Love thee till my latest breath; And in heaven I will adore thee, When these eyes are closed in death.</p> | |

Conder's Col.

No. 196. 8s, 7s.

Tune, *Arlington*.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.

No. 197. 8s, 7s.

Tune, *Arlington*.

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, I ought to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
Oh, let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear. *C. Wesley.*

No. 198. REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arr. for this work.

1 In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of

rest, There my Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you. }

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

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

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished;
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you;
You shall find an entrance through.

No. 199. WINDHAM. L. M.

WATTS.

DANIEL READ.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-ge-th-er there;

But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el-er.

- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

No. 200. L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Watts.

No. 201. L. M.

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eyes,
And faith points upward to the sky.

Steele.

No. 202. L. M.

- 1 Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known.
- 2 Jehovah in three persons, come,
And draw and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou wilt eternal life reveal.
- 3 Our fallen, ruined souls, to raise,
The knowledge of thyself bestow;
Reveal the riches of thy grace,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

C. Wesley.

No. 203. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. xiii. 1.

WM. COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-manuel's veins,
2 The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,

Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.—*Cho.*

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.—*Cho.*

No. 204. NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

Sa - viour di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my

guilt a - way; Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.

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 distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

No. 205. TO-DAY. 6s, 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

L. MASON.

1 To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers come; Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 206. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

WATTS.

L. MASON.

1 The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev' - ry star thy wisdom shines;

But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

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|--|--|
| <p>2 The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But that blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace.</p> <p>3 Darkness and clouds of awful shade. His dazzling glory shroud in state: Justice and truth his guards are made, And fixed by his pavilion wait.</p> | <p>2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere, Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin compel you to depart.</p> <p>3 Thou God of hope and peace divine, Oh, make these sacred pleasures mine; Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And send the tokens of thy love.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 207. L. M.

- 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.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Grigg.

No. 208. L. M.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest, Come, fix thy mansion in my breast; Dispel my doubts; my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul.</p> | <p>4 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice: His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.</p> |
|--|---|

C. Wesley.

No. 210. L. M.

- 1 What are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
- 2 Lo! 'Tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings;
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name,
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

*Pratt's Col.***No. 211.** L. M.

- 1 Holy and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above:
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.
- 3 Now let me gain perfection's height:
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

*C. Wesley.***No. 212.** L. M.

- 1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—
- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

*W. Scott.***No. 213.** L. M.

- 1 Except the Lord our labors bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.
- 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.
- 3 Grant, Lord, that we may never flee,
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, what'er we do,
And in thy strength our works pursue.

*Bathurst.***No. 214.** L. M.

- 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.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay
- 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would 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.

*Watts.***No. 215.** L. M.

- 1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 What'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my thoughts are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

*Oberlin.***No. 216.** L. M.

- 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.

Watts.

No. 217. DeFLEURY. 8s. Double.

Fine.

1 { How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no long-er I see! }
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me; }
 D.C. But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

D.C.

The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>2 With him I on Zion shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word; he breadth of Immanuel's land Survey by the light of my Lord: But when, on thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see, My fullness of rapture I find,— My heaven of heavens in thee.</p> |
| <p>3 Content with beholding his face, My all to his pleasure resigned, 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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |

C. Wesley.

- 4 Dear 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?
 Oh, 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.

No. 219. 8s. Double.

- 1 Oh, thou who hast spread out the skies,
 And measured the depths of the sea,
 Our incense of praise shall arise
 In joyous thanksgiving to thee.
 Forever thy presence is near,
 Though heavens our bark far from the
 land
 We ride on the deep without fear;
 The waters are held in thy hand.
- 2 Eternity comes in the sound
 Of billows that never can sleep;
 Jehovah encircles us round;
 Omnipotence walks on the deep.
 Our Father, we look up to thee,
 As on toward the haven we roll;
 And faith in our Pilot shall be
 An anchor to steady the soul.

H. F. Gould.

No. 218. 8s. Double.

- 1 I long to behold him arrayed,
 With glory and light from above;
 The King in his beauty displayed,—
 His beauty of holiest love:
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God!

No. 220. 8s. Double.

- 1 Ye angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his
praise.
Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his
feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

- 2 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

- 3 I long to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the
Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
I long—oh, I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.
De Fleury.

No. 221. 8s. Double.

- 1 This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.
Hart.

No. 222. 8s. Double.

- 1 Oh, when shall we sweetly remove,
Oh, when shall we enter our rest,—
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distressed:—
That city of God, the great King,
Where sorrows and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?
- 2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walking in the Light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

- 3 Thou knowest in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.
C. Wesley.

No. 223. 8s. Double.

- 1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,—
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our morning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there. *Anon.*

No. 224. 8s. Double.

- 1 All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord;
Who, meably in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 Oh, wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend:
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 3 Oh, come to thy servants again,
Who long thine appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.
C. Wesley.

No. 225. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WM. COWPER.

L. MASON.

1 What va-rious hin-drances we meet, In com-ing to the mer-cy-seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be oft-en there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity. *Unknown.*

No. 226. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
The living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself on me.
- 2 For thou of life the fountain art,
None else can give or take away;
Oh, may I find it in my heart,
And with me may it ever stay.
- 3 Thus may I drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace.
C. Wesley.

No. 227. L. M.

- 1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near:
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry:
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

No. 228. L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.
Watts.

No. 229. L. M.

- 1 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,—
He hides the brightness of his face:
- 2 But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
- 3 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,—
- 4 The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.
C. Wesley.

No. 230. DUNDEE. C. M.

MONTGOMERY. .

SCOTTISH.

1 When Je - sus left his Fath - er's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth ;

And, all un - hon - ored and unknown, He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his
look,
When mothers round him pressed :
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we forever lie.

No. 232. C. M.

1 How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven :

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here ;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end ;
Its joys as soon are past ;
But, oh, the bliss to which I tend'
Eternally shall last. *Wesley.*

No. 231. C. M.

1 Great Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower ;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light ! arise and shine ;
All gloom and doubt dispel :
Give peace and joy, for we are thine
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring ;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside ;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

No. 233. C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Clifford.

No. 234. BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTCH MELODY.

1 Oh, hap-py is the man who hears Instruc-tion's warn-ing voice,
And who ce-les-tial wis-dom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice.

- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

No. 235. C. M.

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh, the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour
Unless he first divide.
- 5 Oh, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

No. 236. C. M.

- 1 Hail Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in person three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind. *Watts.*

No. 237. C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Where endless day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea:
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbelclouded eyes.

No. 238. C. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever pleads for me;
Salvation to his saints he gives,
And life and liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He will perform the work begun;
He will his own defend;
Will give me strength my course to run,
And love me to the end.
- 4 Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine;
Thy promise stands forever sure,
And all thou art is mine. *C. Wesley.*

No. 239. C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away. *Stennett.*

No. 240. C. M.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign influence know.
- 2 Salvation should our thoughts engage,
While still in youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the coming tomb.

- 3 Oh, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne!
And be our stubborn wills subdued
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.
- 5 Preserve us from the snares of sin
Through our remaining days;
In us let all thy graces shine,
To our Redeemer's praise. *Fawcett.*

No. 241. C. M.

- Oh, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
 - 3 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless. *Medley.*

No. 242. C. M.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near;
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

No. 243. LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH.

L. MASON.

1 My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest
On yonder peaceful shore. *Anon.*

No. 244. S. M.

- 1 Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight:—

No. 245. S. M.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blessed is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see. *Toplady.*

No. 246. S. M.

- 1 Thee, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread;
Nourished by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.
- 2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.
- 3 That glorious, heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
And, in the palace of the skies,
With thee forever reign.

No. 247. S. M.

- 1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.
- 3 The Lord forgives thy sins,—
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He clothes thee with his love,—
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 4 Then bless his holy Name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.
Montgomery.

No. 248. S. M.

- 1 My God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul. *Watts.*

No. 249. S. M.

- 1 And must this body die,—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
Oh, may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues. *Watts.*

No. 250. S. M.

- 1 Our sins on Christ were laid:
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears and blood.
- 2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the sinner live.
- 4 Jesus, we look to thee:—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe. *Fawcett.*

No. 251. S. M.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace:
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room. *Dobell.*

No. 252. CHINA. C. M.

HART.

SWAN.

Slow.

1 Vain man, thy fond pur-suits forbear; Re - pent; thine end is nigh;
Death, at the far - thest, can't be far; Oh, think be - fore thou die.

- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

No. 253. C. M.

- 1 Why do we mourn for dying friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more
slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies. *Watts.*

No. 254. C. M.

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the
ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God. *Watts.*

No. 255. C. M.

- 1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven—or hell. *Heber.*

No. 256. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

NEWTON.

I. PLEYEL.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je-sus loves to answer prayer;

He himself in-vites 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 my 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.

No. 258. 7s.

- 1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh
Watch—till heavenly light appear;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly:
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wiped from every eye:
Pain in endless bliss expire.

No. 257. 7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove;
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

Langford.

No. 259. 7s.

- 1 Make me simple and sincere,
Keep, O Lord, my conscience clear;
Lead me in thy living way:
Bring me to eternal day.
- 2 Oh, preserve my soul from sin;
Slay each rebel thought within;
Take away the heart of stone;
Make we thine—and thine alone.
- 3 Jesus, thou art all my trust;
When consigned to native dust,
Take, oh, take my soul to thee,
And where thou art—let me be.
- 4 Let me rise on wings sublime
Far beyond the scenes of time:
Rise to meet my God and King;
Rise, thy endless praise to sing. *Wesley.*

1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
 Could give the guilt - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

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

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

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden thou didst bear,
 While hanging on the cursed tree,
 And knows her guilt was there.

Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die. *C. Wesley.*

No. 263. S. M.

1 Oh, that I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 A humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
 For having grieved my God;
 A troubled heart, that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
 And melt my hardness down:
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone. *Wesley.*

No. 261. S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see:
 Be thou astonished, O my soul;
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep:
 Each sin demands a tear:
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there. *Beddome.*

No. 262. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,—
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely

No. 264. S. M.

1 Oh, where shall rest be found,—
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

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:
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 Forevermore undone. *Montgomery.*

C. WESLEY. No. 265. AZMON. C. M.

1 Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone;

In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in spir - it one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable,
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

No. 266. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

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 sov'reign 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.

Jones.

No. 267. C. M.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

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

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

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. *Watts.*

No. 268. C. M.

1 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a son is given:—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor, [*gomery.*]
The mighty Lord of heaven. *Mont-*

No. 269. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. *C. Wesley.*

No. 270. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WATTS.

1 My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great,

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

No. 271. S. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create. *Watts.*

No. 272. S. M.

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
claims
To all his children, "Come."
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come:"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.
3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
Jesus, our Saviour, come. *Unknown.*

No. 273. S. M.

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

No. 274. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

TATE AND BRADY.

1 Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high ; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. Wesley.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky.
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

No. 275. L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
grieved ;

No. 276. L. M.

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

No. 277. L. M.

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

C. Wesley.

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