

Antiently from the
number of camp meeting

met-chin within the year

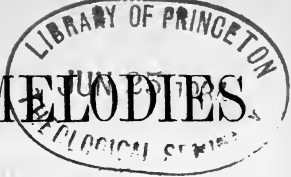
from the title of these

Singing them

see before



SACRED MELODIES



FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY

REV. H. MATTISON, A.M.,
OF THE BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE.

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.”—
EPHESIANS, v. 10.

NEW YORK:
MASON BROTHERS.
1859

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THOMAS B. SMITH & SON,
82 & 84 Beekman St.

PRINTED BY
C. A. ALVORD,
15 Vandewater St.

P R E F A C E .

THE title of this work clearly indicates its design and character. It is a collection of popular hymns and tunes, old and new, for use upon all occasions of Social Worship.

No pains or expense have been spared to make the book as complete as possible. Contributions have been obtained from all parts of the country ; a large number of tunes never before in print, have been written out from the lips of those who knew them ; and the whole has been condensed as much as possible, in order to secure the greatest possible number of hymns and tunes, and to furnish, within a limited space, an ample variety.

As to the character of the music, it is freely admitted that no good tune has been rejected, either because formerly connected with secular words, or because technically imperfect in its artistic structure. Still the number of secular melodies is small, and confined to those that have already lost, to a great extent, their secular associations, by being sung to sacred words.

It is well known that a large portion of the popular

melodies sung at camp-meetings, and in other social religious gatherings, can not be conformed to the rules of musical composition, without so far changing their original character, as in a great measure to destroy their identity. We have preferred, therefore, rather to make the composer's rules yield to the tune, as known and sung by the masses, than to change the tune in obedience to the demands of musical science. Our aim has been to give the tunes *as sung*, and not altogether as the rules of musical composition might require them to be.

But tunes learned by the ear only, as many of the following have hitherto been, will always be sung differently in different localities; and as the notes, when a tune is written out, can indicate it in but one way, it follows of necessity that all who learned it differently, will regard the notes as incorrect. It is not as *they* learned or heard it, and therefore they suppose it wrong.

In regard to all such supposed errors, we have only to say, we have given the tunes as sung to us, or as we learned them, and nothing better could be done. To attempt to give them as sung here and there, with the innumerable variations, would be both an irrational and a hopeless undertaking.

As to the *poetry* of the hymns, we have seldom attempted to conform them even to our own liberal standard of taste and criticism. Consequently several hymns have been inserted that are disfigured by poetical blemishes. They are evangelical in sentiment, and well calculated to enkindle devotional feeling; and we have not deemed it best to throw them away on account of one or two poetical defects. Neither have we presumed to attempt their improvement. It is much easier to point out a blemish in a hymn, than to remove it; and we despise all such "tinkering" of well known hymns and music.

After all the condensation, and the extending of the work to 432 pages, many will no doubt be disappointed in not finding their favorite hymns in it. But such should remember that ten such books would not contain the "favorite hymns" of all the sweet singers of Israel. Out of some two thousand tunes in manuscript, in print, and unwritten, we have selected all we had room for, of those which we judged best adapted to our design, on the whole.

Many excellent hymns and tunes contributed by friends have been left out, some because they came too late, and others because we had no room for them. Scores of pieces, really meritorious, but which came

rather late, are left out, solely because it would not do further to enlarge the book, and to enhance its price.

With a most liberal outlay of money on the part of our Publishers, the aid of numerous friends in all parts of the country, and our own assiduous labor, we have produced a book which we believe to be far superior, on the whole, to any thing of the kind ever before published, either in this country or in Europe. But of this others must judge.

In conclusion we have only to acknowledge our obligation to the numerous friends who have contributed to our undertaking, by furnishing hymns and tunes, and making important suggestions. Especially are we indebted to Professor G. W. PETTIT of New York, and Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, of the Oneida Conference, for much valuable assistance in the prosecution of our labors.

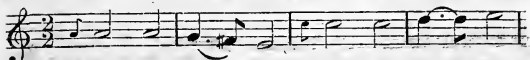
That the tendency of the book may be to the furtherance of the Gospel, and to the glory of God, is our most earnest and devout prayer.

H. MATTISON.

NEW YORK, *January 21, 1859.*

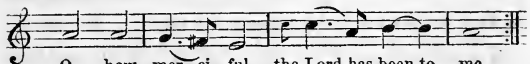
SACRED MELODIES.

1. THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.



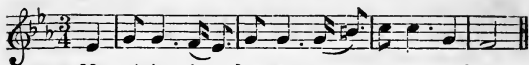
Cho. The Lord is mer-ci - ful, The Lord is pit - i - ful ;

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing,
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing,

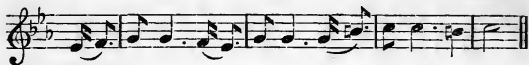


O how mer-ci - ful the Lord has been to me.
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Call for songs of loud - - est praise. }

2. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee :
4. 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.



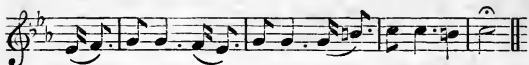
1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;



Then why should I murmur at trials severe?



Be tranquil, my spirit, the worst that can come,

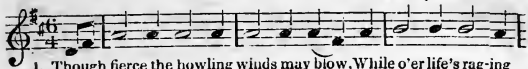


But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

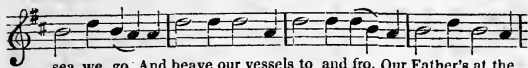
2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And staying my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city not builded with hands,
And its glorious temple eternally stands.
3. Afflictions may try me—they can not destroy,
One vision of home turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears that flow from mine eyes,
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.
4. Let trouble and danger my progress oppose;
They can only make heaven more bright at the close:
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.
5. A scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it can not be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

3. OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

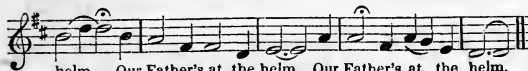
Music by Rev. M. Lron.



1. Though fierce the howling winds may blow, While o'er life's rag-ing



sea we go; And heave our vessels to and fro, Our Father's at the

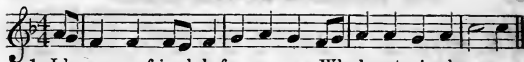


helm, Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the helm.

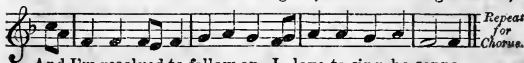
2. Though lying-to with close-reefed sails,
While on us beats the furious gale,
Our child-like faith will never fail, &c.
3. Though mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies, &c.
4. Though down we plunge deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save, &c.
5. Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say, &c.
6. Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing without a fear, &c.
7. Oh, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven—
Their Father's at the helm.
8. Then let us join our cheerful songs,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm.

4.

HOSANNA.



1. I have some friends before me gone, Who love to sing hosanna,



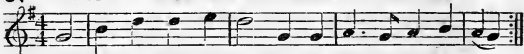
And I'm resolved to follow on, I love to sing ho-sanna.

Chorus.

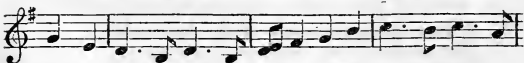
For we have but the one more river to cross, And then we'll sing hosanna.
For we have but the one more river to cross, And then we'll sing hosanna.

2. Ten thousand in their endless home, All love, &c.
And we are to the margin come, And love, &c. *Cho.*
2. One family we dwell in him, We love, &c.
Tho' now divided by the stream, We love, &c. *Cho.*
4. One army of the living God, We love, &c.
Part of the host have crossed the flood, Who love, &c.
5. Amen, Amen, my soul replies, &c., &c.

5. WE'LL MARCH AROUND JERUSALEM.



1. { O brethren, will you meet me On that delight-ful shore? }
{ O brethren, will you meet me, Where parting is no more? }



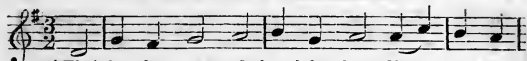
And we'll march around Je - ru - sa - lem, We'll march around Je -



- rusalem, We'll march around Jerusalem, When we arrive at home.

2. O Sister, will you meet me, &c.
3. O Leader, will you meet me, &c.
4. O Preacher, will you meet me, &c.
5. Young Convert, will you meet me, &c.
6. Yes, bless the Lord, I'll meet you, &c.
7. Backslider, will you meet me, &c.
8. O Sinner, will you meet me, &c.

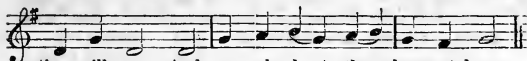
6. THE WHEAT AND TARES. L. M.



1. { Tho' in the out-ward church be - low The wheat and
Je - sus ere long will weed the crop, And pluck the



tares to - geth - er grow, } *Chorus.*
tares in an - ger up. } For soon the reap - ing



time will come, And an - gels shout the har-vest home.

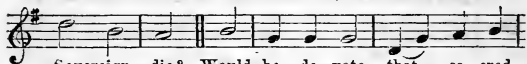
2. Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew?—*Chorus.*
3. Oh, this will aggravate their case!
They perished under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.—*Chorus.*
4. We seem alike, when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.—*Chorus.*
5. The tares are spared for various ends—
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfill.—*Chorus.*
6. But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.—*Chorus.*
7. Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare!—*Chorus.*

7.

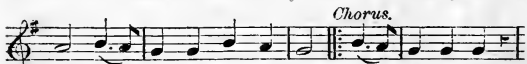
REMEMBER ME. C. M.



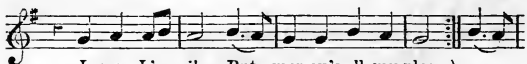
A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my



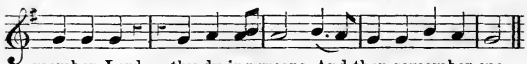
Sovereign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred



head, For such a worm as I? { I own I'm base,
Re - member, Lord,



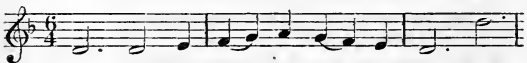
I own I'm vile, But mer - cy's all my plea; }
thy dy - ing groans Re - member Cal - va - ry! } Re -



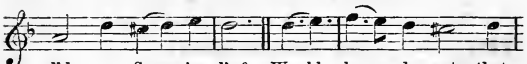
- member, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, And then remember me.

8.

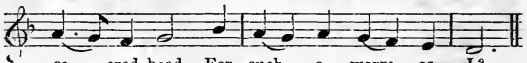
THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.



A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed, And
Chorus. Oh!..... the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The



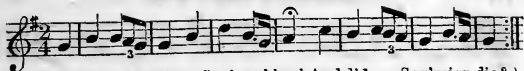
did my Sovereign die? Would he de - vote that
Lamb on Cal - va - ry! The Lamb that was slain, Yet



sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
liv - eth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

9.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.



1. { A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? }
 { Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I? }

Cho. { Re-member me, re-member me, Dear Lord, re-member me, }
 { Remember, Lord, thy dying groans, And then remember me. }

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
Chorus.—Remember me, &c.

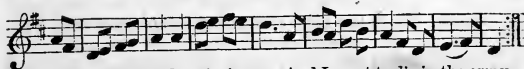
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in;
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man the creature's sin.
Chorus.—Remember me, &c.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
Chorus.—Remember me, &c.

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.
Chorus.—Remember me, &c.

10.

DIE IN THE ARMY.



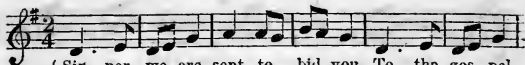
{ Jesus my all to heav'n is gone, And I want to die in the army.
 { He whom I fix my hopes upon, And I want to die in the army.

Chorus.

The army, the army, the army of the Lord, And I want to die, &c.

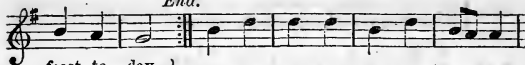
11.

JESUS CALLS YOU.

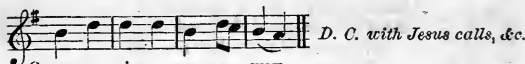


1. { Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you To the gos - pel
 { Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Will you, can you

End.



feast to - day, }
 yet de - lay? { Je - sus calls you, Je - sus calls you :




Come, poor sinner, come a - way.

2. Come, O come! all things are ready,
 Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
 If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
 Sinners, can your souls appear
 Guests in heaven,
 Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?
- 3. Come, O come! leave father, mother;
 To your Saviour's bosom fly:
 Leave the worthless world behind you,
 Seek for pardon, or you die:
 "Pardon, Saviour!"
 Hear the sinking sinner cry.
4. Even now the Holy Spirit
 Moves upon some melting heart,
 Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
 Sinner, will you say, "Depart?"
 Wretched sinner,
 Can you bid your God depart?
5. What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
 Were they more than tongue can tell?
 What are all its boasted treasures
 To a soul when sunk in hell?
 Treasure! pleasure!
 No such sounds are heard in hell.

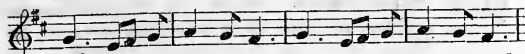
JESUS CALLS YOU. (CONCLUDED.)

6. Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain;
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again:
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain!

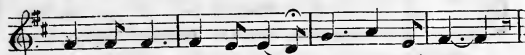
12. THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.



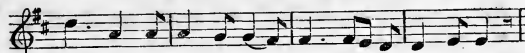
{ Je - sus, most ho - ly one, We lift our souls to thee; }
{ Plead for us, Sa - viour, Lone wand'ers on the sea. }



Watch us while shadows lie Far o'er the wa - ter spread;




Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine, too, has' bled.



Thou that hast looked on death, Aid us when death is near,

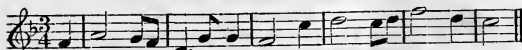


Whis - per of heav'n to faith—Redeemer, Re - deemer, hear,



Hear, O hear, and save us, Tossed on the deep!

13. GOLDEN HILL. S. M. (108)



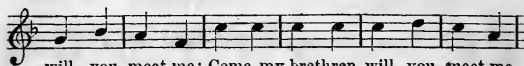
A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, &c.

14.

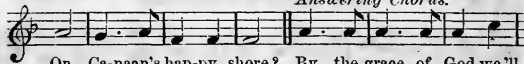
ALL HAIL.



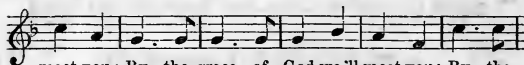
1. Come, my brethren, will you meet me ; Come, my brethren,



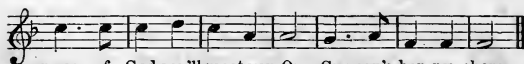
will you meet me ; Come, my brethren, will you meet me

Answering Chorus.

On Ca-naan's hap-py shore? By the grace of God we'll



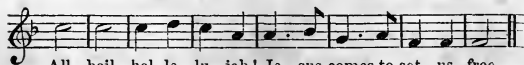
meet you ; By the grace of God we'll meet you ; By the



grace of God we'll meet you On Ca-naan's hap-py shore.

Full Chorus.

Then all hail, hal - le - lu - jah ! All hail, hal - le - lu - jah !



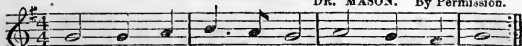
All hail, hal - le - lu - jah ! Je - sus comes to set us free.

2. Come, my Sister, will you meet me,
Come, my Sister, &c.
3. Come, our Leader, will you meet us,
Come, our Leader, &c.
4. Come, Young Convert, will you meet us,
Come, Young Convert, &c.
5. Come, our Pastor, will you meet us,
Come, our Pastor, &c.

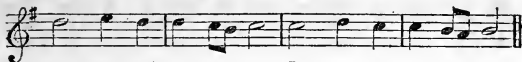
15.

OAK. 6s & 4s.

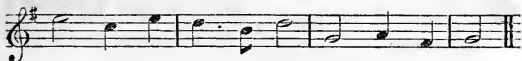
DR. MASON. By Permission.



1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; }
 { Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home. }



Dan - ger and sor - row stand, Round me on ev - ery hand ;



Heaven is my fa - ther - 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 over-past ;

I shall reach home at last—

Heaven is my home.

3. There at my Saviour's side,

Heaven is my home ;

I shall be glorified—

Heaven is my home :

There are the good and blest,

Those I loved most and best ;

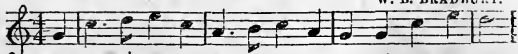
There, too, I soon shall rest—

Heaven is my home.

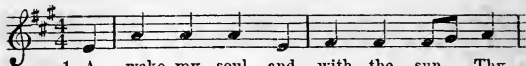
16.

BROWN. C. M.

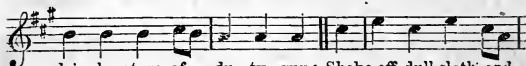
W. B. BRADBURY.



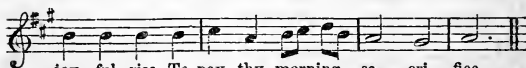
When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, &c.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy

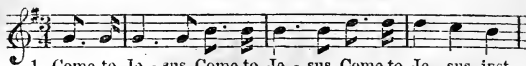


dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and

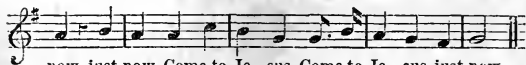


joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sa - cri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
3. All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.



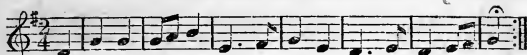
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just



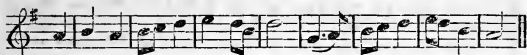
now, just now, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.

2. He will save you—*just now.*
3. He is able—*just now.*
4. He is willing—*just now.*
5. He is ready—*just now.*
6. I believe it—*just now.*
7. Can you doubt him—*just now.*
8. See him pleading—*just now.*
9. Lo, he saves you—*just now.*
10. Hallelujah—*Amen.*

19. LONGING FOR JESUS. Old Tune.



1. { I long to see the season come, When Jesus will be mine ;
O, may we feel that we are one, And know that we are thine. }



Sinners, to Je-sus now draw nigh, And cast your cares on him ;

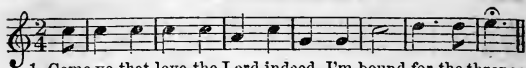


And then to Je-sus you will fly, And see your glorious King.

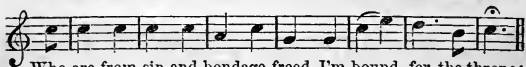
2. Jesus, we come before thee now,
And in thy presence dwell ;
Would thou, O Lord! from heaven smile
For fear we sink to hell.
We know that death is at the door,
And we must shortly go
To mingle with the happy there,
Or sink to endless woe.
3. Would thou, dear Lord, in that dread hour,
Send some physician nigh ;
Send angels to convey me home
To him that bled and died.
Jesus the powers of hell subdues,
Let captives come to thee ;
Into thy arms for mercy fall,
And dwell eternally.
4. We are but pilgrims in this land,
We seek a better shore ;
We seek a place at God's right hand,
Where parting is no more.
There shall I reign, and shout, and sing
To him that died for me,
And make the heavenly arches ring
To all eternity.

20.

BOUND FOR THE THRONE.

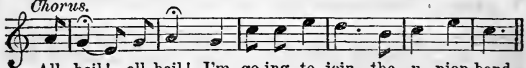


1. Come ye that love the Lord indeed, I'm bound for the throne;

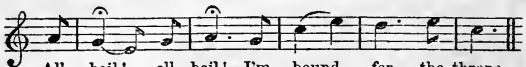


Who are from sin and bondage freed, I'm bound for the throne:

Chorus.



All hail! all hail! I'm going to join the u-nion band,

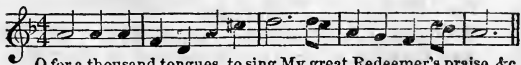


All hail! all hail! I'm bound for the throne.

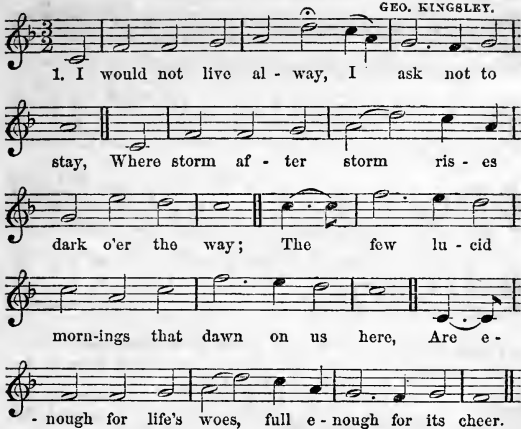
2. Great tribulation we shall meet, I'm bound, &c.
But soon we'll walk the golden street, I'm bound, &c.
3. Tho' hell may rage, and vent her spite, I'm bound, &c.
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight, I'm bound, &c.
4. Sound thro' the earth, and down to hell, I'm bound, &c.
The powers of darkness can't prevail, I'm bound, &c.
5. Behold the righteous marching home, I'm bound, &c.
And all the angels bid them come, I'm bound, &c.
6. Ye everlasting gates, fly wide, I'm bound, &c.
For Christ awaits his coming bride, I'm bound, &c.
7. Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud, I'm bound, &c.
Here comes the purchase of his blood, I'm bound, &c.
8. There tears are gone, there sorrows flee, I'm bound, &c.
No more afflicted shall we be, I'm bound, &c.

21.

NORTH SALEM. C. M. (423)



O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise, &c.



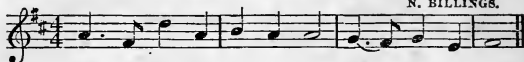
1. I would not live al - way, I ask not to
 stay, Where storm af - ter storm ris - es
 dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid
 morn - ings that dawn on us here, Are e -
 - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

2. I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb!
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

23.

I'M A TRAVELER.

N. BILLINGS.



1. I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Wea - ry, oppressed;



But my journey's end is near—Soon I shall rest.



Dark and drear-y is the way, Toil - ing I've come—



Ask me not with you to stay—Yon - der's my home.

2. I'm a weary traveler here,
 I must go on,
 For my journey's end is near—
 I must be gone.
 Brighter joys than earth can give
 Win me away;
 Pleasures that for ever live—
 I can not stay.

3. I'm a traveler to a land
 Where all is fair;
 Where is seen no broken band—
 All, all are there.
 Where no tear shall ever fall,
 Nor heart be sad;
 Where the glory is for all,
 And all are glad.

4. I'm a traveler, and I go
 Where all is fair;
 Farewell all I've loved below—
 I must be there.

I'M A TRAVELER. (CONCLUDED.)

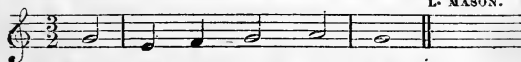
Wordly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign ;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward's my way ;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam ;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

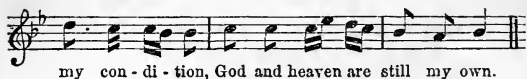
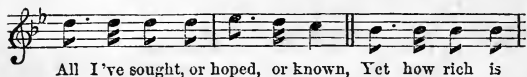
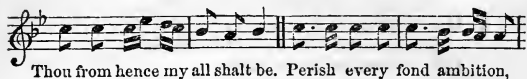
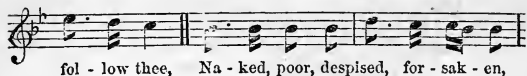
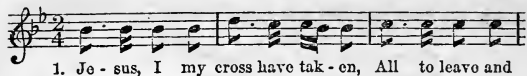
21.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



1. O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
2. Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
4. O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.



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

* It is said that a young lady in England was much persecuted by her unconverted father, because she had embraced Jesus. He sought to divert her mind, and gave her a song to play and sing, called "Go, forget me, why should sorrow," &c. To his surprise she played and sung the above hymn. There is another tune to these words which some prefer to this.

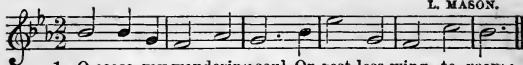
DISCIPLE. (CONCLUDED.)

3. Go then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

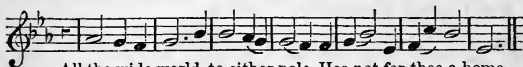
4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5. Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

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



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



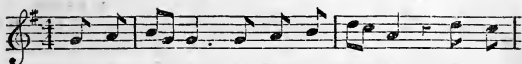
All the wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

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.

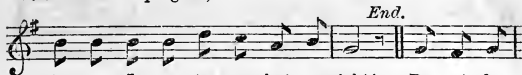
27.

O WHERE CAN REST BE FOUND.

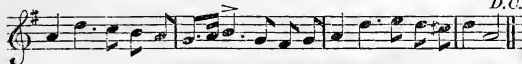
1. O where can rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
4. There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can
 d. c. I'm a pil-grim, &c.



tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night! Do not de-



- tain me, for I am going To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

2. Of that city, to which I journey,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears, nor any dying.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3. There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 Oh! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
 Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

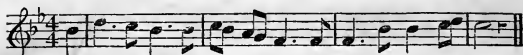
4. Father, mother, and sister, brother,
 If you will not journey with me, I must go;
 For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
 Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?

5. Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
 I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone;
 With this your portion, your heart's desire,
 Why will you perish in raging fire?

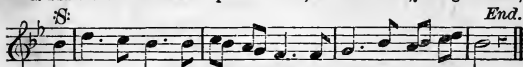
6. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
 In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;
 For he who formed thee, will soon restore thee,
 From sin and death to praise and glory.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

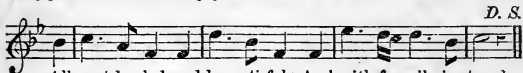
29. I HAVE NO FATHER THERE. C. M.



1. I saw a wide and well-spread board, And children, young and fair,



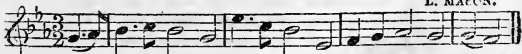
Came one by one, the eldest first, And took their stations there ;
They gather'd round with joy to feast On meats and snow-white bread.



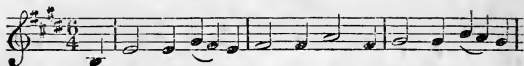
All neat-ly clad, and beau-ti-ful ; And with fa-mil-iar tread,

2. Beside the board the father sat,
A smile his features wore,
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.
A meager form, arrayed in rags,
A-near the threshold stood—
A half-starved child had wandered there
To beg a little food.
3. Said one, " Why standest here, my dear ?
See, there's a vacant seat
Amid the children—and enough
For them and thee to eat."
" Alas for me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair ;
" No right have I amid your group,
I have no father there."
4. O hour of fate ! when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far-resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead ;
What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And, gazing on the blessed, exclaim,
" I have no father there !"

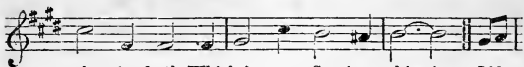
1. "Go, bring me," said the dying fair,
With anguish in her tone,
"Those costly robes and jewels rare—
Go, bring them every one."
They strewed them on her dying bed,
Those robes of princely cost;
"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these my soul is lost!
2. "With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor feared the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my heart,
I looked for heaven to come.
I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,
My soul was filled with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I bartered heaven for these.
3. "Take them, they are the price of blood,
For them I lost my soul;
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom;
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.
4. "Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care—they cost you much—
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear—"
She said, and sunk away.



There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's, &c.



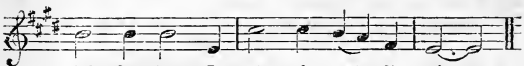
1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the



glories forth, Which in my Sa-viour shine! I'd



soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel

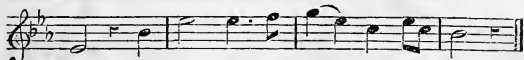


while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine.

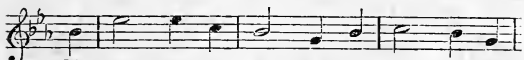
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
4. Well, the delightful day will come,
When Christ my Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.



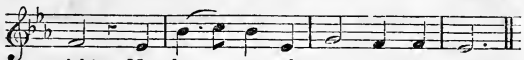
1. O thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de-



- light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call ;



My com - fort by day, and my song in the



night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

2. Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ;
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
3. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone ?
4. His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
6. He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

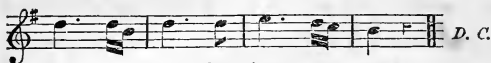
34. SINNER, CAN YOU HATE THE SAVIOUR?



1. { Now the Saviour stands and pleading, At the sin - ner's
 Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ceding, Un - der - tak - ing
 d. c. Once he died for your be - havior, Now he calls you



bolt - ed heart; }
 sin - ner's part. } Sin - ner, can you hate the Saviour?
 to his arms.



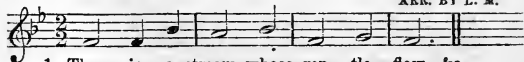
Can you thrust him from your arms?

2. Jesus stands, oh, how amazing!
 Stands and knocks at every door;
 In his hands ten thousand blessings,
 Proffered to the wretched poor.
3. See him bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare you heavenly rest;
 Listen, while he kindly calls you,
 Hear, and be for ever blest.
4. Now he has not come to judgment,
 To condemn your wretched race;
 But to ransom ruined sinners,
 And display unbounded grace.
5. Will you plunge in endless darkness,
 There to bear eternal pain;
 Or to realms of glorious brightness
 Rise, and with him ever reign.

35.

WARD. L. M.

ARR. BY L. M.



1. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow, &c,



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?



{ When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh; }
 { Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spi - rit says come, }

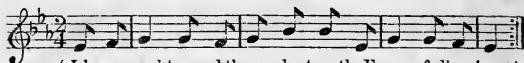


And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

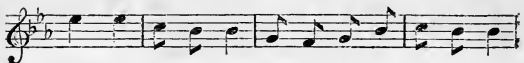
2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 Oh, how can you question, if you will believe;
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come,
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
4. 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.
5. 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.
6. 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.

37.

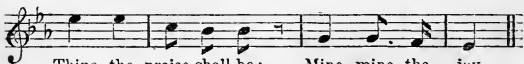
HAPPY LAND.



1. { I have sought round the verdant earth, For un-fading joy ; }
 { I have tried every source of mirth, But all, all will cloy. }



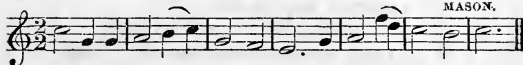
Lord, be-stow on me Grace to set the spi-rit free ;



Thine the praise shall be ; Mine, mine the joy.

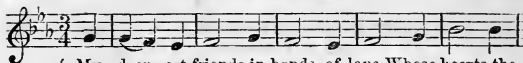
2. I have wandered in mazes dark
 Of doubt and distress,
 I have had not a kindling spark,
 My spirit to bless ;
 Cheerless unbelief,
 Filled my lab'ring soul with grief,
 What shall give relief ?
 - What shall give peace ?
3. I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
 From folly away ;
 I then trusted thy holy word,
 That taught me to pray.
 Here I found release—
 Weary spirit here found rest,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.
4. I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore ;
 The heart's richest tribute bring,
 To thee, God of power ;
 And in heaven above,
 Saved by thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move,
 For evermore.

1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day :
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.
2. Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.
3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then, to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

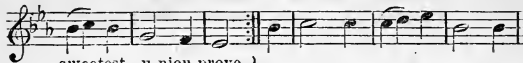


As C.M. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin, &c.

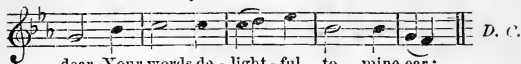
As 8s & 6s. There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above—in heaven.



1. { My dear - est friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts the
Your friendship's like the strongest band; Yet we must
D. C. And when I see that we must part, You draw like



- sweetest u-nion prove, }
take the parting hand. } Your company's sweet, your union
cords a - round my heart.



dear, Your words de - light - ful to mine ear;

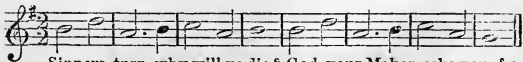
2. How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
3. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
Which makes me think we'll meet again.
A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
4. I hope you will remember me,
If you no more my face should see:
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

11. AND CAN IT BE THAT I SHOULD GAIN.

1. And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me? } *Repet.*
2. 'T is myst'ry all—th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'T is mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.
3. He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'T is mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!
4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
5. No condemnation now I dread—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

12.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



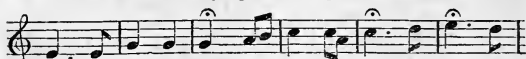
Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you, &c.

43.

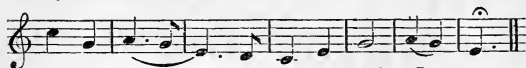
JUDGMENT.



1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that



day For ev - ery vain and i - dle thought, And ev - ery



word I say, And ev - ery 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 ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior 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.

44.

WARNING TO SINNERS.

1. When pity prompts me to look round
Upon my fellow clay,
See men reject the gospel sound.
O God! what shall I say?
2. My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doomed to eternal woe;

WARNING TO SINNERS. (CONCLUDED.)

Fain would I speak, but 't is in vain,
If God does not speak too.

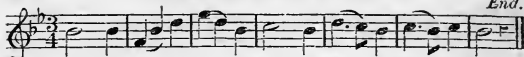
3. O sinner, sinner, won't you hear,
When in God's name I come?
Upon your peril do n't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.
4. Now is the time, the accepted hour,
O sinners, come away!
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise, without delay.
5. Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again
When wrapt in keen despair.

45.

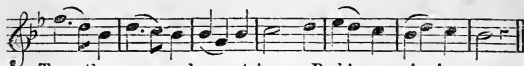
FIDELITY. P. M.

1. Oh, brethren, be faith - ful, Oh, brethren, be
faith - ful, Oh, brethren, be faith - ful, faith - ful, faith-ful,
Till we all ar - rive at home.

2. Oh, sisters, be faithful, &c.
Till we all arrive at home.
3. There shall we see Jesus, &c.
When we all arrive at home.
4. Then will we shout glory, &c.
When we all arrive at home.
5. There'll be no more parting, &c.
When we all arrive at home.

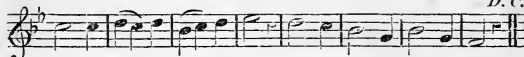


1. Je - sus drinks the bitter cup, The wine press treads alone :
D. C. Earth's profoundest center quakes, The great Jeho-vah dies.



Tears the graves and mountains up, By his ex - pir - ing groan :

D. C.



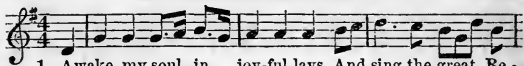
Lo, the powers of heav'n he shakes, Nature in convulsion lies ;

2. O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart !
Oh, that all to thee might turn !
Sinners, ye may love him too ;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you.
3. Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love !
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above !
Lives our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given ;
Worshiped as he was before,
The immortal King of heaven.
4. Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth, which never fail ;
Hast'ning to behold thy face
Without a dimming veil ;
We shall see our heavenly King,
All his glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel choirs to sing
Our dear, triumphant Lamb.

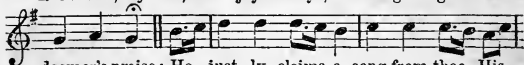
1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A
heart from sin set free: A heart that al - ways
feels thy blood, A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So
free - ly spilt for me: A heart that al - ways
feels thy blood, So free - - ly spilt for me.

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.

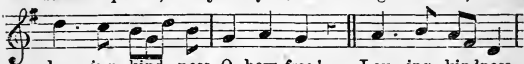
* For another excellent tune, see NORTH SALEM, No. 21.



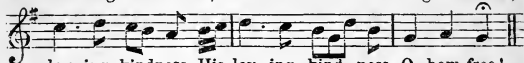
1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing the great Re-



- deemer's praise; He just-ly claims a song from thee, His



lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free! Lov-ing-kindness,



lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
4. When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!
5. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
7. Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

49.

ROOM ENOUGH.



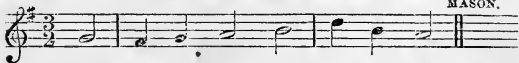
1. { Come on, my part - - ners in dis - tress, I
My comrades through the wil - der - ness, I
have a home in glo - ry; } *Chorus.*
have a home in glo - ry; } O glo -
- ry, O glo - ry! There's room e - nough in
Par - a - dise, For all a home in glo - ry.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
We have a home in glory;
Look forward to that heavenly place,
We have a home in glory.
3. Who suffer with our Master here
Shall have a home in glory;
And shall before his face appear,
We have a home in glory.
4. Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
We have a home in glory;
And you and I ascend at last,
We have a home in glory.

50.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

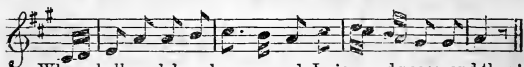
MASON.



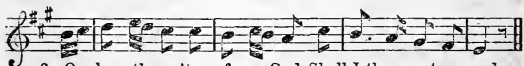
Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.



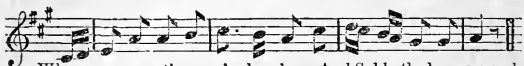
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me!



When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee!



2. O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend;



Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end.

3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blessed seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

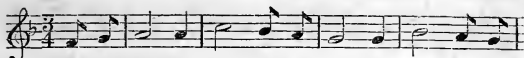
4. Why should I shrink at pain and wee?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

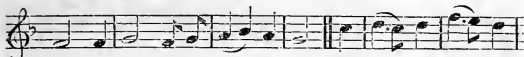
6. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7. Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

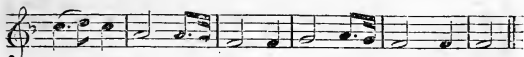
* Or to LILLA DAL*, No. 146 with the Chorus, "O heaven," &c.



1. "Are we al-most there? are we al-most there?" Says the



wea - ry saint as he sighs for home; "Are those the ver-dant



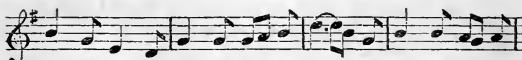
trees that rear, Their stately forms 'mid heav'n's bright dome?"

2. Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream,
That flows through the paradise of God;
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
To walk those golden streets abroad.
3. He's weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime,
To glow with the vigor of endless life,
And be compassed no more by the bounds of time.
4. His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
With anxious heart, "*Are we almost there?*"
5. They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—
But, ah! how vain do they all appear.
6. For he's had an earnest of those joys,
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks, "*Are we almost there?*"
7. He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet his Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,
He can say indeed—" *We are almost there.*"

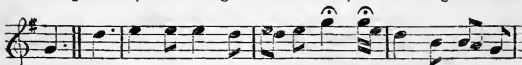
53. THE GARDEN HYMN. C. P. M.



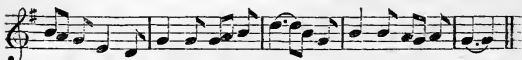
1. The Lord in - to his garden comes; The spices yield a



rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive; The li-lies grow and



thrive : Refreshing showers of grace divine, From Jesus flow to



every vine, Which makes the dead revive, Which makes the dead, &c.

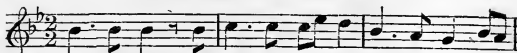
2. Oh, that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become!
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes
 And makes his people one.
3. The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun,
 My soul a witness is :
 I taste and see the pardon free,
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.
4. We feel that heaven is now begun,
 It issues from a shining throne,
 From Jesus' throne on high ;
 It comes like floods we can't contain ;
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we still are dry.
5. But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply ;

THE GARDEN HYMN. (CONCLUDED.)

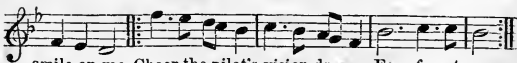
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains where they flow
That never will run dry.

6. There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home :
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
7. Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

54. FAR, FAR AT SEA.



1. Star of peace, to wanderers dreary, Bright the beams that



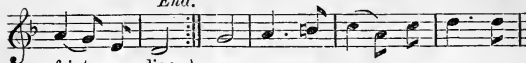
smile on me, Cheer the pilot's vision dreary, Far, far at sea.

2. Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee ;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
4. Star Divine, Oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee ;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

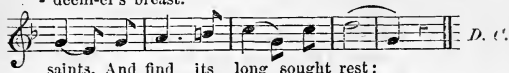
55. AND LET THIS FEEBLE BODY FAIL.



1. { And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to
 D. C. That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re -
End.



faint or die; }
 worlds on high. } Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied
 - deem-er's breast.

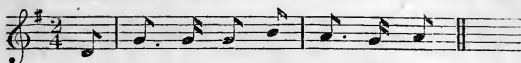


saints, And find its long sought rest:

2. In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
3. Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me?
 Before my ravished eye,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise!
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
4. Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

56.

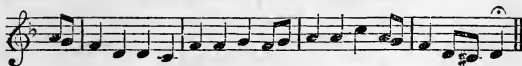
AULD LANG SYNE.



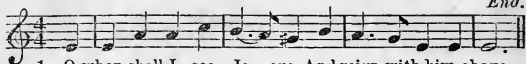
1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

57.

OLD TUNE. L. M. Double.



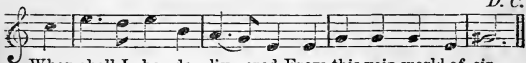
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God.

End.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him above,
D. C. And, with my blessed Je - sus, Drink endless pleasures in ?



And from the flow-ing foun - tains Drink ev-er-last-ing love ?

*D. C.*

When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,

2. Oh, now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before—
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
For all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
3. Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die ;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly :
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I'll bid it all adieu ;
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
4. And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Oh, cast your cares on Jesus,
And never cease to pray :
Gird on your heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended
You'll reign with him above.

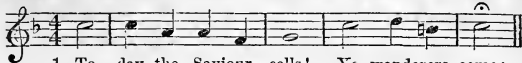
O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Fear not that he'll upbraid you,
Though often you'll request—
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

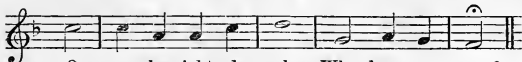
59.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

MASON.



1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers, come;



O ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

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

60.

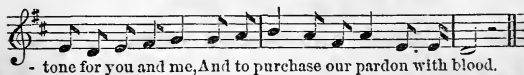
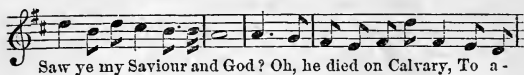
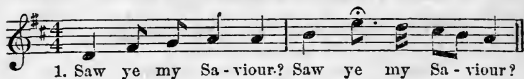
AMERICA. S. M.



My soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

61.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR ?



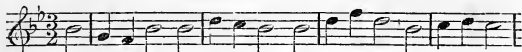
2. He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
There he bowed his head and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
3. Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.
4. Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land;
And the sun refused to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain:
5. When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulcher laid.
6. Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince, and the Author of peace,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR ? (CONCLUDED.)

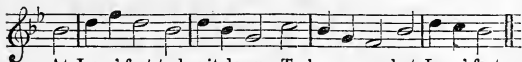
7. There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them—I pray thee forgive."
8. "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe ;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

62.

FOREST. L. M.



1. O that my load of sin were gone ; O that I could at last submit

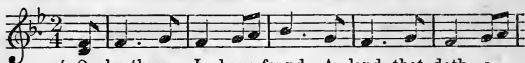


At Jesus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

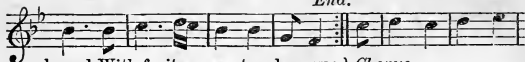
2. Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I can not rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4. Fain would I learn of thee, 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.

63.

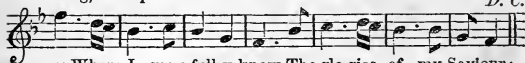
CHRISTIAN'S SONG.



1. { O brethren, I have found A land that doth a -
 The more I eat I find, The more I am in -
 d. c. And as I pass a - long, I'll sing the Christ-ian's
End.



- bound With fruit as sweet as hon-ey ; } *Chorus.*
 - clined To shout and sing ho - san-na. } My soul doth long to
 song, I hope to live for ev - er. *D. C.*



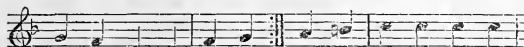
go Where I may full-y know The glo-ries of my Savlour ;

3. In fields of living green,
 Close by the crystal stream,
 My Saviour leads his children,
 And if they watch and pray,
 Each moment every day,
 Their Shepherd never leaves them.
4. While perfect love controls
 Each motion of their souls,
 Their faces shine with heaven ;
 And as they pass along,
 They sing the Christian's song,
 We hope to live for ever.
5. Perhaps you think me wild,
 Or simple as a child—
 I am a child of glory ;
 I am born from above,
 My soul is filled with love,
 I love to tell the story.
6. My soul now sits and sings,
 And practises her wings,
 And contemplates the hour
 When the messenger shall say,
 " Come, quit this house of clay,
 And with bright angels tower."

64. OH, THEY CRUCIFIED MY SAVIOUR.

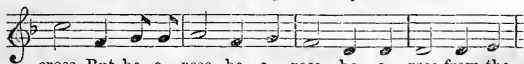


1. { Oh, they cru - ci - fied my Sa - viour, Oh, they
 { Oh, they cru - ci - fied my Sa - viour, [Omit - -

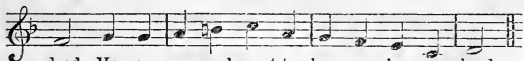


cru - ci - fied my Sa - viour,

- - - - -] And they nailed him to the



cross, But he a - rose, he a - rose, he a - rose from the



dead, He a - rose, and went to heav-en in a cloud.

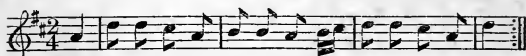
2. Then Joseph begged his body,
 And he laid it in the tomb.
 But he arose, &c.
3. Then down came the angels,
 And they rolled away the stone.
 And he arose, &c.
4. Oh, the grave it could not hold him,
 For he burst the bonds of death.
 And he arose, &c.
5. Then Mary came running,
 And looking for the Lord.
 But he arose, &c.
6. Oh, where have you laid him?
 For he is not in the tomb.
 For he arose, &c.
7. Go, tell John and Peter,
 I have risen from the dead.
8. Go, tell to doubting Thomas,
 I have risen from the dead.
9. Then our hearts they burned within us,
 As he talked along the way.

OH, THEY CRUCIFIED MY SAVIOUR. (CONCLUDED.)

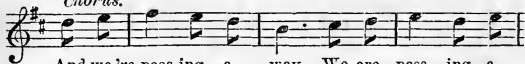
10. Oh, why stand ye gazing,
O ye men of Gallilee?
11. Don't you see him now ascending?
There to plead for you and me.
12. In the world there's tribulation,
But in me ye shall have peace.
13. By-and-by we'll go and meet him,
Where pleasures never die.

65.

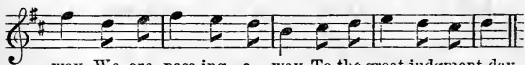
PASSING AWAY.



1. { We're passing from the earth away, Like mist before the sun ; }
Our eyes scarce open on the day, Be - fore our race is run. {
Chorus.



And we're pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a -

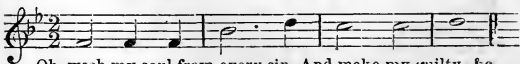


- way, We are pass - ing a - way To the great judgment day.

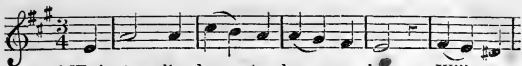
2. We're passing from the earth, as falls
The grass before the blade ;
Our wealth, our fame, our honors, all,
Will soon be lowly laid.
3. Then let us hear and heed the word
To us in mercy given ;
Believe, repent, obey the Lord,
And seek the bliss of Heaven.

66.

WELTON. L. M.

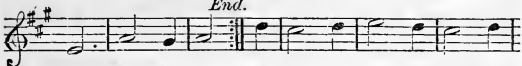


Oh, wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty, &c.

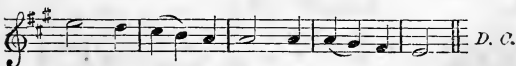


1. { We're traveling home to heaven a - bove, Will you
 To sing the Sa - viour's dy - ing love, Will, &c.
 d. c. And mil - lions more are on the road, Will, &c.

End.



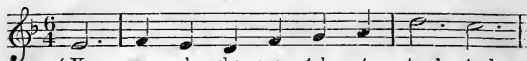
go? Will you go? Millions have reached that blest a -



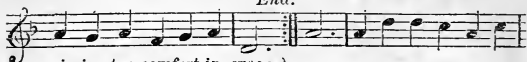
- bode, An - oint - ed kings and priests to God,

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, &c.
 In rapturous strains to praise his name, &c.
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share, &c.
3. We're going to join the heavenly choir, &c.
 To raise our voice, and tune the lyre, &c.
 There saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring, &c.
4. Ye weary, heavy-laden, come, &c.
 In the blest house there still is room, &c.
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve, &c.
5. The way to heaven is straight and plain, &c.
 Repent, believe, be born again, &c.
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross, and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see," &c.

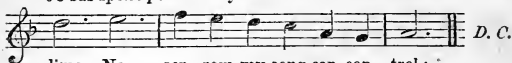
68. BISHOP HEDDING'S FAVORITE.



1. { Ye an - gels, who mor - tals at - tend, And
 Come, lis - ten, ye heav - en - ly friends, My
 d. c. I sing of the rap - tur - ous time, When
End.



min-is - ter comfort in woe; }
 hap-pi - er sto - ry to know: } I sing of a theme most sub-
 Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.



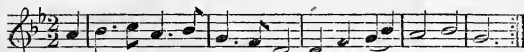
- lime, No sor - row my song can con - trol ;

2. When guilt my poor heart did assail,
 Because I had wandered from God,
 I strove my sad case to bewail,
 My sins were a cumberous load ;
 O Saviour ! have mercy ! I cried ;
 Oh, pardon a wretch that's so vile !
 Then quickly his blood was applied,
 And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
3. My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
 Was chased in a moment away ;
 The joy of my soul, newly born,
 Increased like the dawning of day.
 My Saviour redeemed me from sin,
 He saves not in part but in whole ;
 He writes his salvation within—
 For, oh ! he spoke peace to my soul.
4. I now am so blessed with his love,
 I covet not earth's greatest store ;
 He visits me oft from above—
 I have him, I want nothing more :
 Resigned to his pleasure I'd live,
 Till time's latest circle shall roll,
 His utmost salvation receive,
 For, oh ! he spoke peace to my soul.

BISHOP HEDDING'S FAVORITE. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
 No danger my soul can affright,
 While onward to mansions of day
 I go in Immanuel's might.
 Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
 From the center quite through to each pole,
 I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
6. Ye angels who wait while I sing,
 And patiently hear my glad song,
 Come, bear me to Jesus, my King,
 To join with the heavenly throng.
 'Tis there I'll eternally feast
 On joys that enrapture the whole;
 All heaven would welcome the guest,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
7. Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
 Farewell to my friends and my foes;
 I haste from these scenes to the skies,
 Where pleasure eternally flows:
 He bids me leave all for his sake—
 I'll run till I reach the blessed goal;
 Then me to his arms he will take,
 Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

69. PRAISE THE LORD.



1. { I know that my Redeemer lives, Praise the Lord, O my soul; }
 { What joy the blest assurance gives, Praise the Lord, O my soul. }



Praise the Lord, } Praise the Lord, O my soul;
 { Praise the Lord, [OMIT - -] O my soul.

2. He wills that I should holy be, Praise, &c.
 That holiness I long to feel, Praise, &c. *Chorus*

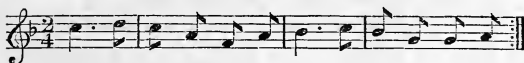
1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, When
 we must be part - ed from this so - cial band; Our
 sev - eral engagements now call us a - way, Our
 part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.

2. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
 We may all meet again, if kind Providence smile;
 But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
 We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.
3. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
 The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged:
 With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
 We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.
4. Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for war,
 Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
 Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
 Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
5. Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad, broken heart,
 Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part:
 He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
 His arms are extended your souls to receive.
6. Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell, all around,
 We may ne'er meet again till the last trump shall sound:
 To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
 Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

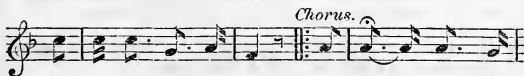
71. FIGHT ON, YE BOLD SOLDIERS.

1. Fight on, ye bold soldiers, you will soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged.
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may roar,
You will enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
2. Your work near completed, your conflict's near done,
The conflict near ended, the victory won.
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may roar,
We'll stand on fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
3. Your days are near finished, your sun almost down,
On the other side of death, you'll inherit a crown;
Though the worms your poor body may claim as their
prey,
You will outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.

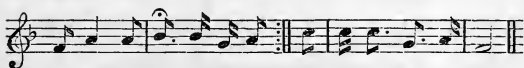
72. KEEP LOOKING TO THE LORD.



1. { Do n't get wear-y, broth-er, Do n't get wear-y, broth-er,
Do n't get wear-y, broth-er, [OMIT - - - - -]



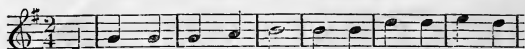
Keep look-ing to the Lord. { If all the world's a-
And he ... will be



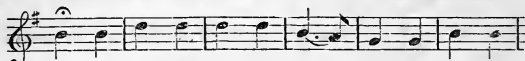
gainst you, Je-sus stands for you,
with you, [OMIT - - - -] Keep looking to the Lord.

2. Don't get weary, sister, &c.

3. Don't get weary, mourner, &c.

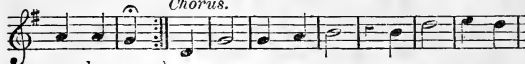


1. } Come, classmates, do n't grow weary, But let us journey
 { The pass - ing scenes all tell us, That death will sure-ly

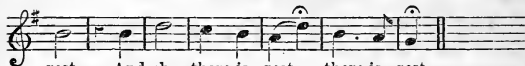


on, The mo - ments will not tar - - ry, This life will
 come, These bodies soon will mold - er In the dark and

Chorus.



soon be gone ; }
 drear-y tomb. } And oh, there is rest, and oh, there is



rest, And oh, there is rest, there is rest.

2. Our friends have gone before us,
 They beckon us away,
 We never more shall see them,
 Till the fearful judgment day;
 But we have listed in the army,
 We have listed for the war,
 We will fight until we conquer
 By faith and humble prayer.
3. Our Captain's gone before us,
 He bids us all to come ;
 High up in endless glory,
 He has fitted up our home ;
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Will strive to hedge our way,
 But we'll o'ercome their powers,
 If we only watch and pray.
4. And Jesus will be with us,
 Even to our journey's end,
 In every sore affliction,
 His "present help" to lend ;

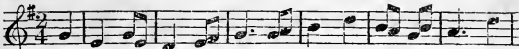
THERE IS REST. (CONCLUDED.)

He never will grow weary,
Though often we request ;
"He will give us grace to conquer,"
"And take us home to rest."

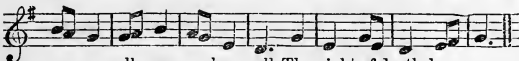
5. Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood ;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good ;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who will keep us to the end ;
All glory be to Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.

74.

EVENING HYMN.

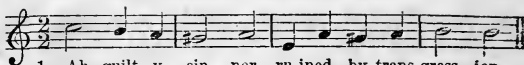


1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear ; Oh,



may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near.

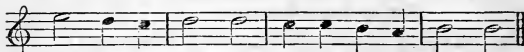
2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest :
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
4. And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.



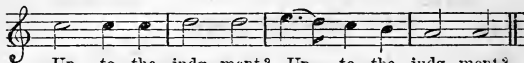
1. Ah guilt-y sin-ner, ru-ined by trans-gress-ion,



What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in ter-ror,



God shall com-mand thee, covered with pol-lu-tion,



Up to the judg-ment? Up to the judg-ment?

2. Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, seek annihilation?
Vain thy presumption; justice still shall triumph
In thy destruction.
3. Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.
4. Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him;
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms extended,
Waits to embrace thee,
5. Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment
Just as you are, but come with heart relenting,
Come to the fountain open for the guilty;
Jesus invites you.
6. But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment
Leave you for ever.

THE WARNING. (CONCLUDED.)

7. Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, but shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.
8. Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,
Dying unpardoned.
9. Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirits meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

76. HEARKEN, YE SPRIGHTLY. (370)

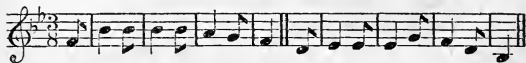
1. Hearken ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones,
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider,
Learn from a friend's pen, truths that are most painful,
A sick-bed reflection.
2. Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,
Fondly my heart said, joy shall last for ever,
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
But by permission.
3. Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-bed;
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.
4. Kindest attention of my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician,
All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
Torture my whole frame.
5. Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruitless,
Changing my place does not abate my fever;
Here like a reptile, on a bed of embers,
Tortured I languish.

HEARKEN, YE SPRIGHTLY. (CONCLUDED.)

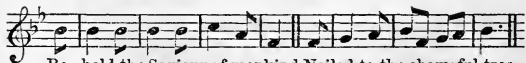
6. Twenty-five years I've spent without considering
Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment ;
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.
7. Oft have I listened while death-bells were tolling,
Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,
But for myself was, spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.
8. Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,
In my gay moments thoughts of death I've banished,
When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolved,
Death to prepare for.
9. Time in advance to me seemed moving slowly,
Days without numbering I proposed for pleasure
But they are blasted ! Now behold the end of
Procrastination !
10. Tortured in body, not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
All is disorder ! yet my state eternal
Now is depending.
11. Now ghastly death ! pray stop one moment longer,
Till I give warning to my gay companions !
No time is granted for expostulation,
Shun my example.

77.

OLIVER.

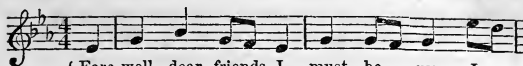


1. Behold the Saviour of mankind, Behold the Saviour of mankind,

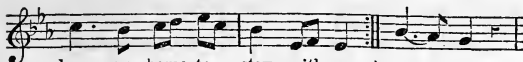


Be - hold the Saviour of mankind Nailed to the shameful tree.

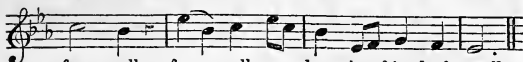
2. I can, I will, I do believe, &c.
That Jesus died for me.



1. { Fare-well, dear friends, I must be gone, I
I'll take my staff, and fol - low on, Till



have no home to stay with you ; }
I a bet - ter land do view. } Fare - well,



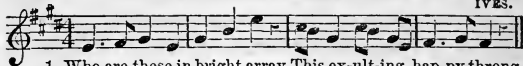
fare - well, fare - well, my lov - ing friends, farewell.

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care, or bliss ;
I leave you here and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
5. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you ;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view,
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.
6. Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
Oh turn and find salvation near.
Oh turn, oh turn, oh turn,
And find salvation near.

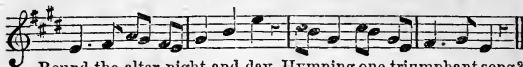
79.

IVES. 7s. Double.

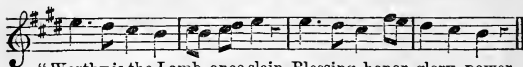
IVES.



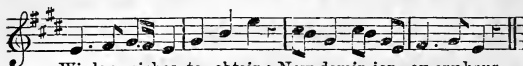
1. Who are these in bright array, This ex-ult-ing, hap-py throng,



Round the altar night and day, Hymning one triumphant song?



" Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power,



Wisdom, riches to obtain, New domin-ion ev-ery hour.

2. These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great afflictions came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name:
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand:
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed:
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs:
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

80. WHO ARE THESE ARRAYED IN WHITE?

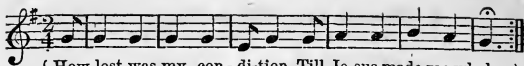
1. Who are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light;
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross;
 Nobly for their Master stood;

WHO ARE THESE ARRAYED? (CONCLUDED.)

- Sufferers in his righteous cause ;
Followers of the dying God.
2. Out of great distress they came ;
Washed their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow ;
Therefore are they next the throne ;
Serve their Maker day and night ;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

81. PALMS OF GLORY.

1. Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light ;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne ;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.
2. Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords—
“Take the kingdom ; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.”
Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
’T was their Saviour’s righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.
3. Who are these ? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam’s race ;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us ;
Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high !



1. { How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole ;
 { There is but one Phy - si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul. }
 D. C. There 's power enough in Jesus, To cure a sin - sick soul.

Chorus.

There 's a balm in Gil - e - ad To make the wounded whole ;

2. Next door to death he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.
3. The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin ;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within ;
4. 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness, all combined ;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.
5. From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain ;
6. Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost :
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.
7. At length, this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace !—
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case ;

* Sing Chorus line twice over after each verse.

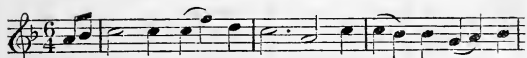
BALM OF GILEAD. (CONCLUDED.)

8. First gave me sight to view him—
 For sin my eyes had sealed—
 Then bade me look unto him :
 I looked, and I was healed.

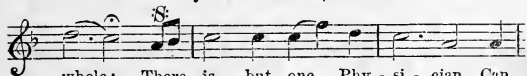
9. A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.

10. Come, then, to this Physician ;
 His help he 'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition ;
 'T is only, Look and live.

83. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

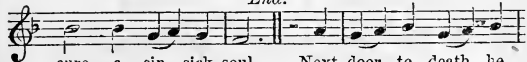


1. How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me

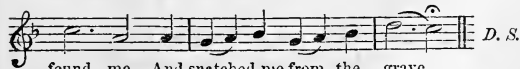


whole: There is but one Phy - si - cian, Can
 D. S. To tell to all a - round me, His

End.

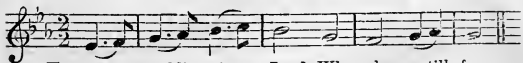


cure a sin - sick soul. Next door to death he
 wondrous power to save.



found me, And snatched me from the grave, *D. S.*

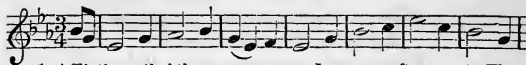
84. ILLINOIS. L. M.



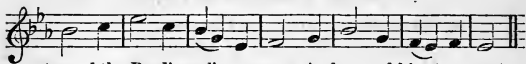
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still, &c.

85.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.



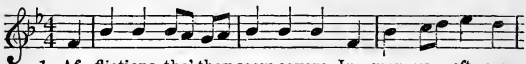
1. Afflictions, tho' they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent ; They



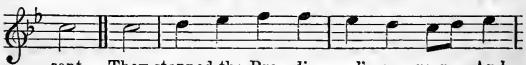
stopped the Prodi - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to repent.

86.

I'LL DIE NO MORE FOR BREAD.



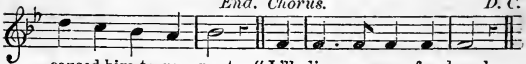
1. Af - flictions, tho' they seem severe, In mer - cy oft are
D. C. I'll die no more for bread," he cried, "Nor starve in foreign



sent, They stopped the Pro - di - gal's ca reer, And -
lands ; My Fa - ther's house has large sup - plies, And

End. Chorus.

D. C.



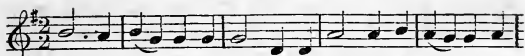
caused him to re - pent. "I'll die no more for bread,
bounteous are his hands."

2. "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My Father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
3. I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
4. His Father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

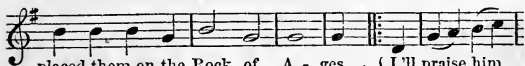
I'LL DIE NO MORE. (CONCLUDED.)

5. "Father, I've sinned, but Oh forgive!"
 "Enough!" the Father said:
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.
6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around;
 My son was dead, and lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found."
7. 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a Father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

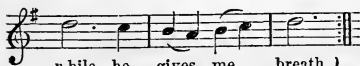
87. OH, HE'S TAKEN MY FEET.



Chor. Oh, he's tak - en my feet from the mire and the clay, And he's



placed them on the Rock of A - ges. 1. { I'll praise him
 I hope to

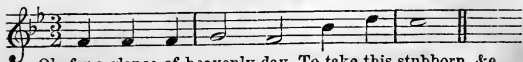


D. C. with Chorus.

while he gives me breath, }
 praise him af - ter death. }

2. I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.—*Chorus.*
3. And I will tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found.—*Chorus.*

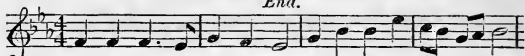
88. WARE. L. M.



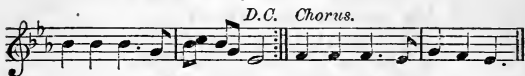
Oh, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn, &c.

89.

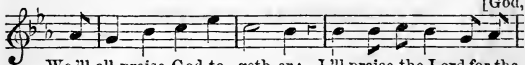
COME AND TASTE.

End.

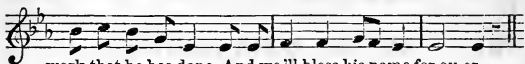
1. Come and taste a - long with me, Conso-la-tion running free,
D. c. Sweeter than the hon-ey-comb.

*D.C. Chorus.*

From my Father's wealthy throne, I'll praise God, and you'll praise
[God,



We'll all praise God to - geth-er; I'll praise the Lord for the



work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for ev-er.

2. Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one;
The more that comes with free good will
Makes the banquet sweeter still.
3. Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more,
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
4. Goodness, running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem!
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
5. Saints in glory sing aloud—
Joy to see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.
6. Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts flowing every where;
This I boldly can attest,
That my soul has got a taste.

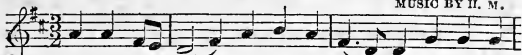
COME AND TASTE. (CONCLUDED.)

7. Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume ;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.
8. Oh return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face ;
Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

90.

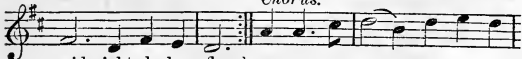
CHRISTIAN, AWAKE!

MUSIC BY H. M.

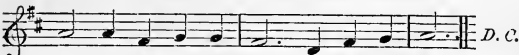


1. { Christian, a - wake! the light breaks o'er thee, And all tho
Tinged are the dis - tant clouds with glo-ry, A beacon
D. C. Thy home is in yon world of glo - ry, Where thy Re-

Chorus.



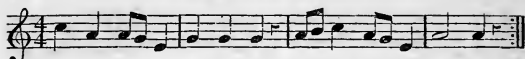
mid-night shadows flee, }
light hangs out for thee. } A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks
deem - er reigns a-lone.



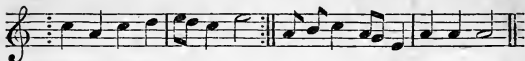
o'er thee, Thy name is grav - en on the throne ;

2. Tossed on the dark, proud waves of ocean,
Calmly composed, undaunted be ;
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion,
Thy God doth still remember thee.—*Cho.*
3. Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er,
List! to the heavenly hosts now cheering ;
See! in what throngs they range the shore.—*Cho.*
4. Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's mid-day ray ;
The starry crown in realms of glory,
Invites the happy soul away.
Cho.—Away, away! leave all for glory, &c.

91. BURST, YE EMERALD GATES.



I. { Burst, ye emerald gates and bring, To my raptured vis - ion, }
 { All th' ecsta - tic joys that spring, Round the bright elysian. }



{ Lo, we lift our longing eyes, }
 { Break, ye interven - ing skies, } Open the gates of Para - dise.
 { Sons of righteousness, arise, }

2. Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him:
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him;
 Angelic trumps resound his fame;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name;
 Heaven echoing the theme.
3. Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy! Holy! Holy One!
4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem methinks to seize us;
 Join we too the holy lays,
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

The musical score is written on four staves in a single system. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in a soprano clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: "1. While na - ture was sink - ing in still - ness to rest, And the last beams of day - light shone dim in the west, O'er fields, by pale moonlight, to a lone - ly re - treat In deep med - i - ta - tion I wan - dered to weep."

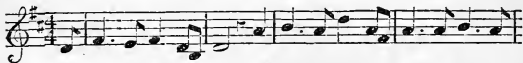
2. While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and faltering, from one that was there,
The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
3. I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be!
I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.
4. So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and
tears!
I wept to behold him!—I asked him his name,
He answered,—“ 'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!
5. “I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but can not pass by!
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.”
6. I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow, to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN. (CONCLUDED.)

7. I trembled with terror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord! save a poor sinner!—Oh save, or I die!"
He cast his eyes on me, and whisperéd, "Live!
Thy sins which are many I freely forgive!"
8. How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, Oh how pleasant! How cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!
9. I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love!
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,
Of that loving Stranger that banished my fears!
10. The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When, Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

93.

THE BACKSLIDER.



1. How can I vent my grief? My Comforter is fled! By day I



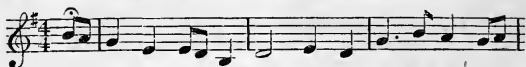
sigh without re - lief, And groan up - on my bed.

2. I once enjoyed my Lord;
Lived happy in his love;
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.
3. This world I did despise,
With all its gaudy show;
Through faith in Christ turned off my eye
From vanities below.

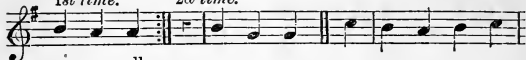
THE BACKSLIDER. (CONCLUDED.)

4. I then could praise the Lord ;
For his redeeming love ;
I knew his grace did peace afford,
For I that peace did prove.
5. But, oh ! alas, my soul,
Where is thy comfort now ?
Why did I let my love grow cold ?
Ah ! why to idols bow ?
6. How little did I think,
When first I did begin
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.
7. I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear ;
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.
8. My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say ;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.
9. I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet ;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand, or keep my seat.
10. My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past ;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.
11. Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess ;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.
12. I'll mortify my pride ;
Myself I will deny ;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

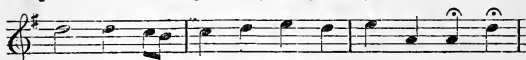
94. THERE IS A LAND OF PLEASURE.



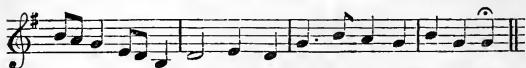
1. { There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for
'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I hope to
- 1st time.* *2d time.*



ev - er roll;
[OMIT - - - -] rest my soul; Long darkness dwelt a-



- round me, With scarce-ly once a cheering ray; But



since my Saviour found me, A light has shone along my way.

2. I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
Oh, come along, poor sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land!
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a last farewell!
Oh, come, or you'll repent
When you do reach the gates of hell!
3. The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
Oh, how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there;
From sinking down to darkness,
And to regions of despair?
4. The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride o'er Jordan's wave.

THERE IS A LAND. (CONCLUDED.)

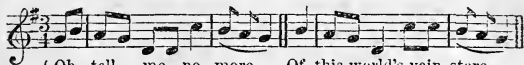
His word has calmed the ocean ;
His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
Oh, may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!

5. Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low :
I soon shall reach that region
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you
A few more days to suffer here :
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults—I'm almost there.

6. Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then I shall see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance
And take his ransomed people home.

95.

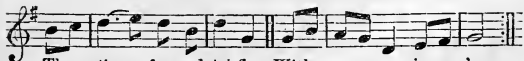
A SHOUT IN GLORY.



{ Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store,
{ A coun - try I've found Where true joys a - bound,

Chorus.

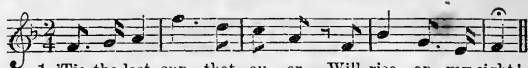
{ Then you may give him glory, And I will give him glory,
{ When you arrive, when I arrive, When they arrive, when we all arrive,



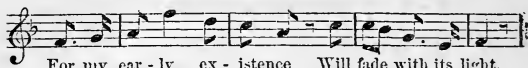
The time for such tri-fles With me now is o'er.
To dwell I'm determined On that hap - py ground.

We will shout and give him glory, When we all arrive at home ;
We will shout, &c.

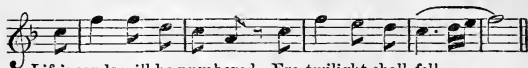
96. 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



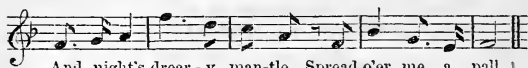
1. 'Tis the last sun that ev - er Will rise on my sight!



For my ear - ly ex - istence Will fade with its light.



Life's sands will be numbered Ere twilight shall fall,.....



And night's drear - y man - tle Spread o'er me a pall. 1

2. 'T was the last faithful warning,
That fell on my ear,
'T was the last gospel sermon
I ever should hear,
That last prayer so earnest
Was offered in vain,
There remains to me, only,
The "wages of sin."

97. 'TIS THE LAST BLOOMING SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last blooming summer,
These eyes may behold,
Long, long ere another,
This heart may be cold!
But time's golden moments
My sins have beguiled,
And I grieve that so shortly
This pulse must be stilled.
2. On a death bed of sorrow
Dark hours roll by,
Forsaken of Heaven,
Ah, who dares to die!

'TIS THE LAST BLOOMING SUMMER. (CONCLUDED.)

The turf will press sadly
Upon my lone grave,
For, alas! I have spurned Him
Who only can save.

98. 'TIS THE LAST CALL OF MERCY.

1. 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Oh! sinner receive it;
To Jesus now flee!
He often has called thee,
But thou hast refused
His offered salvation,
And love is abused.
2. If thou slightest this warning,
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning
"The harvest is past,
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon no more."
3. 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh come to life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam!
4. 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart!

'T IS THE LAST CALL OF MERCY. (CONCLUDED.)

The last note is sounding,
The judgment is nigh!
The Bridegroom is coming.
Obey lest ye die.

5. 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Break away from thy bondage,
Oh sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner,
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended,"
And perish at last.

99. HARK! LISTEN TO THE TRUMPETERS.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trumpet - ers, They call for vol - un -
teers; On Zi - on's bright and flow - ery mount, Be -
hold their of - fi - - cers: Their hors - es white, their
ar - mor bright, With courage bold they stand, En -
list - ed sol - diers for their King, To march to Canaan's land.

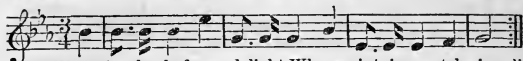
2. It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier now to be;
Oh who'll enlist, gird on their arms,
And fight for liberty!

HARK! LISTEN. (CONCLUDED.)

We want no cowards in our band,
Who will their colors fly;
We call on valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3. To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All armed and drest in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
The great, eternal Lamb—
His garments stained in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.
4. The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell:
How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The great Emanuel!
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God:
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.
5. There on a green and flowery mount,
Where fruits immortal grow;
With angels all arrayed in white,
And our Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
While Satan and his army too,
Shall down to hell be hurled.
6. Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire;
And all surround his glorious throne,
And join the heavenly choir.

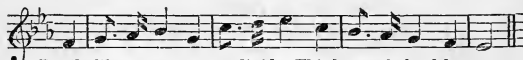
100. **VARINA.** C. M. Double.



1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
 { Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }



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

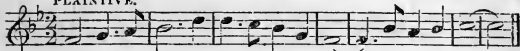
6. Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

101. **OLD TUNE.** C. M. Double.

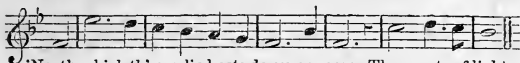


Sure I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

PLAINTIVE.



1. No starless night Will darken for a moment heaven's high dome,



'Neath which th'angelic hosts do ev-er roam, The courts of light.

2. No sorrow there,

No breaking hearts, or crushing, withering woe,
Nor aught of sorrow, grief, their hearts can know,
Nor aught of care.

3. No winter's gloom,

Nor chilling, piercing winds, to blight the flowers,
That bloom unfading in immortal bowers,
For ever bloom.

4. No sickness there,

No writhing, aching forms, no fever heat,
No beds of languishing, nor weary feet,
But all is fair.

5. No death to come,

And seize our loved ones from our clasping, there,
To chill the warm, true, bounding heart, and tear
Them from our home.

6. But all is love,

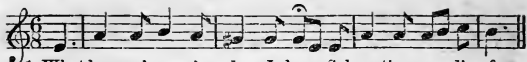
And all is happiness, and peace, and joy,
And heavenly pleasure, bliss without allo
In heaven above.

7. And Christ the Son,

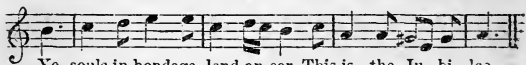
Bestoweth on his faithful saints a home
In that bright world of bliss where they shall come,
When life is done.

8. In realms of light,

With joy unceasing, they shall praise him there,
Through all eternity where all is fair,
And pure, and bright.

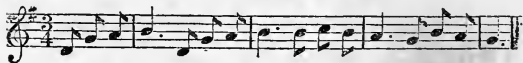


1. What heavenly music do I hear, Sal-va-tion sounding free ;

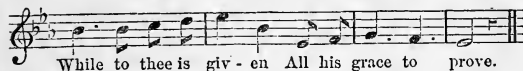
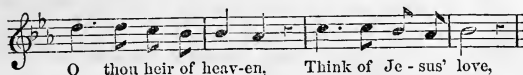
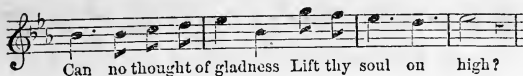
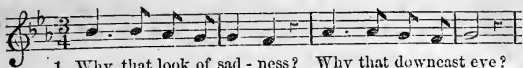


Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

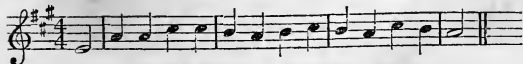
2. How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.
3. Good news, good news to Adam's race ;
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.
4. The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace ;
This is the Jubilee.
5. Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
This is the Jubilee.
6. Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.



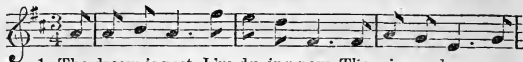
Oh, happy day ! that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.



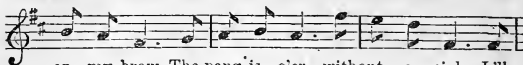
2. Is thy burdened spirit
 Agonized for sin?
 Think of Jesus' merit,
 He can make thee clean:
 Think of Calvary's mountain,
 Where his blood was spilt,
 In that precious fountain
 Wash away thy guilt.
3. Is thy spirit drooping?
 Is the tempter near?
 Still in Jesus hoping,
 What hast thou to fear?
 Set the prize before thee,
 Gird thine armor on,
 Heir of grace and glory
 Struggle for thy crown.



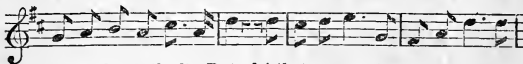
Refining fire, go through my heart; Illuminate my soul; &c.



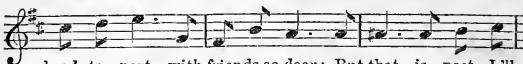
1. The dream is past, I'm dy-ing now, There is a damp-ness



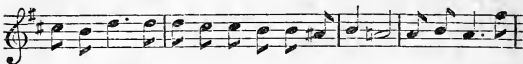
on my brow, The pang is o'er—without a sigh I'll



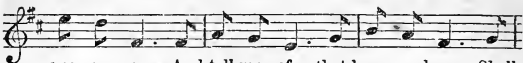
pass away and sweetly die. But, oh! that pang cost many a sigh, 'Twas



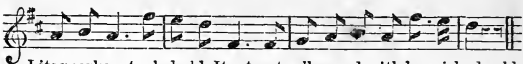
hard to part with friends so dear; But that is past, I'll



weep no more, With me the dream of life is o'er. And now, sweet sister,



near-er come, And tell me of that hap - py home; Shall



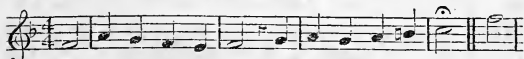
I its pearly gates behold, Its streets all paved with burnished gold.

2. And in that clime so strangely fair,
 Say, shall I feel a stranger there?
 Or, will their harp-strings sweetly blend?
 To welcome me, a child and friend?
 But softly, sister, softly speak,
 And stay those tears upon thy cheek,
 Weep not for me, oh do not pain,
 I would not wake to earth again.
 Thy hand, so often clasped of old,
 Thy soft, warm hand, for mine grows cold;
 And now, dear sister, let me rest
 My weary head upon thy breast.

3. And fold thy arms about my form,
 It shivers 'neath death's dark, cold stream,
 But sing me, sister, ere I go,
 Our song—our childhood's song you know;
 And let its gentle numbers flow,
 As last you sung, soft, sweet, and low;
 And when its last faint echoes die,
 And the bright tears steal from thine eye,
 I shall not heed them as they stray,
 I shall be gone, far, far away,
 Then, dearest sister, fare-you-well,
 I'm going to heaven, with Christ to dwell.

108.

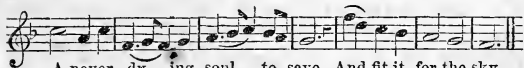
HOPE. S. M. (13)



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A



nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;

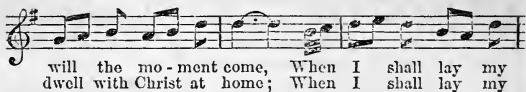
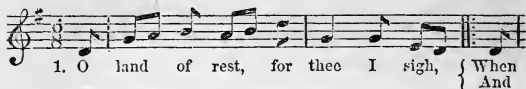


A never - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 Oh may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
3. Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

109.

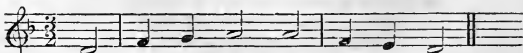
LAND OF REST. C. M.



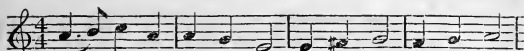
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know;
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.
3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sighed for home.
5. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

110.

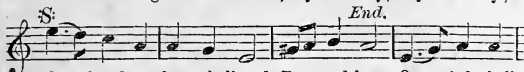
WINDHAM. L. M. (394)



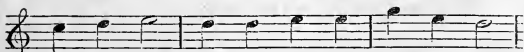
Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk, &c.



1. Our bondage here shall end, By - and-by, by - and - by;

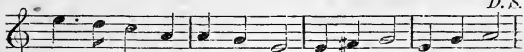


Our bond-age here shall end, By - and-by; Our griefs shall
And bright glory crown the day, By-and-by.



van - ish then, With our three-score years and ten.

D. S.



And bright glory crown the day, By - and-by, by - and-by;

2. When our Deliverer comes,
By-and-by—by-and-by,
From Egypt's yoke set free,
We will hail the jubilee,
And to Canaan all return
By-and-by—by-and-by.
3. Though strong our foes appear,
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Our hearts shall know no fear,
For Israel's God is near:—
While the fiery pillar moves
We'll go on—we'll go on.
4. By Marah's bitter streams
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
The Rock shall yield supply;—
To a land of corn and wine
We'll go on—we'll go on.
5. And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,

While the ransomed host shall shout,
 "We are come—we are come."

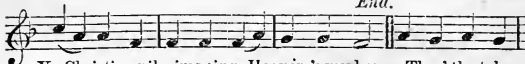
6. There friends shall meet again,
 Who have loved—who have loved;
 Our embraces shall be sweet,
 When we each other greet,
 At our great Redeemer's feet,
 Who have loved—who have loved.
7. There, with the happy throng,
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice;
 Shouting "glory to our King,"
 Till the dome of heaven shall ring,
 And through all eternity
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.

112. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

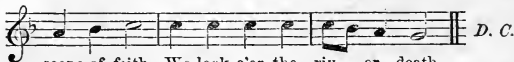


1. Ye Christian pilgrims sing, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
 D. C. And exultingly exclaim, Heaven's my home, heaven's, &c.

End.



Ye Christian pilgrims sing, Heaven's my home. Thro' the tele-
 And exult-ing-ly ex-claim, Heaven's my home.



- scope of faith, We look o'er the riv - er death,

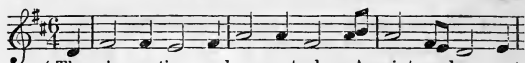
2. Though the world may me disown, Heaven's, &c.
 And I'm little and unknown,
 I'm an heir to yonder throne, Heaven's, &c.
3. In a dark and stormy day, Heaven's, &c.
 On Jehovah I will stay,
 And pursue my happy way, Heaven's, &c.
4. Though I sail o'er life's rough sea, Heaven's, &c.
 My dear Saviour sails with me,
 And he tells me never to fear, Heaven's, &c.

5. Oh that every soul could say, Heaven's, &c.
Oh that every soul could say,
If I die this blessed day,
I should rise and soar away;
Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

113.

BE IN TIME.

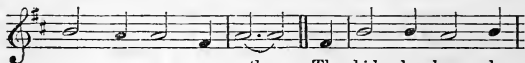
1. The voice of wisdom hear, be in time, be in time,
The voice of wisdom hear, be in time.
To break off every sin, in earnest now begin,
For the night will soon set in, be in time, be in time.
For the night will soon set in, be in time.
2. Ye aged sinners, hear, be in time, &c.
Your sands are running fast, your die will soon be cast,
Ye aged men, make haste, be in time, &c.
3. Though late you may return, be in time, &c.
Though late you may return, you're not too late to learn.
While the lamp holds out to burn, be in time, &c.
4. You, who are young in years, be in time, &c.
You say you're in your bloom, and far from the dark
tomb,
But mind, your day will come, be in time, &c.
5. Ye young, ye gay, ye proud, be in time, &c.
You must die and wear the shroud, be in time,
Then you'll cry and want to be, happy in eternity;
When the monster death you see, be in time, &c.
6. Backslider, will you hear, be in time, &c.
Your sinful course forsake, yourselves to prayer betake,
Your deathless soul's at stake, be in time, &c.
7. Should you the work delay, you're undone, &c.
Should you the work delay, and squander life away,
Death will be a solemn day, be in time, &c.
8. Oh! should the door be shut, when you come, &c.
Should God in anger say, depart from me away,
It will be too late to pray, be in time, &c.



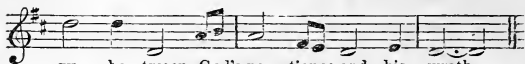
1. { There is a time we know not when, A point we know not
That marks the des-ti-ny of men, To glo - ry or de-



where, }
spair; } 2. There is a time by us un - seen, That



cross - es ev - ery path; The hid - den boun - da-



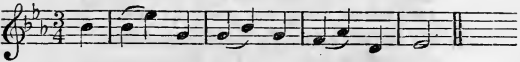
- ry be - tween, God's pa - tience and his wrath.

3. To pass that limit, is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pall the glow of health.
4. The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit, light and gay,
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be thrust away.
5. Oh! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes, is lost.
6. How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?
7. An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent!
And harden not your heart."

115. EARTH HAS ENGROSSED.*

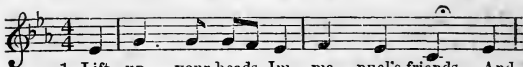
1. Earth has engrossed my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
2. There the blessed Man, my Saviour sits,
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delight,
On all the happy minds.
3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around.
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.
4. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing?
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
5. Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel, too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.
6. I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

116. GRATITUDE. L. M.

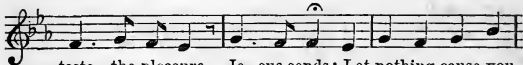


How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly race they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

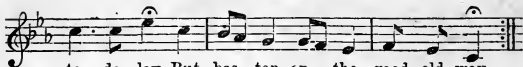
* Appropriate after a sermon on grieving the Spirit.



1. Lift up your heads, Im - ma - nuel's friends, And
Chorus. And I'll sing hal - le - lu - - - jah, And



taste the pleasure Je - sus sends; Let nothing cause you
 glo - ry be to God on high; And I'll sing hal - le -

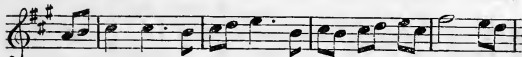


to de - lay, But has - ten on the good old way.
 - lu - - jah, There's glo - ry beam - ing through the sky.

2. Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory;
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
3. Oh good old way! how sweet thou art,
 May none of us from thee depart;
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
4. Though Satan may his arts employ,
 Our blooming prospects to destroy,
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 By marching in the good old way.
5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promised land,
 Then we will sing, and shout, and pray,
 And march along the good old way.
6. Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
 Remember glory's at the end;
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the good old way.
7. When far beyond this mortal shore,
 We meet with those who've gone before,
 We'll shout to think we've gained the day
 By marching in the good old way.



1. { My soul's full of glo - ry, in - spir - ing my tongue, }
 { Could I meet with an - gels I'd sing them a song; }



I'd sing of my Je - sus, and tell of his charms, And



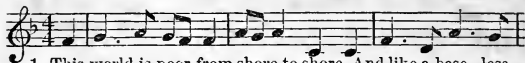
beg them to bear me to his lov - ing arms.

2. Methinks they're descending to hear what I sing;
 Well pleased to hear mortals while praising their
 king;
 O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame,
 I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus' name.
3. O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
 'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole:
 Oh bring me to view thee, thou glorious king;
 In regions of glory thy praises to sing.
4. Oh heaven! sweet heaven! I long to be gone,
 To meet all my brethren before the white throne.
 Come angels! come angels! I'm ready to fly,
 Come quickly convey me to God in the sky.
5. Sweet Spirit, attend me till Jesus shall come,
 Protect and defend me till I am called home:
 Though worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
 'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noonday.
6. The sun shall be darkened, the moon turned to blood:
 The mountains all melt at the presence of God;
 Red lightnings may flash, and loud thunders may roar,
 All this can not daunt me from Canaan's blest shore.
7. A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,
 I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal;
 My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,
 This moment for heaven I'd leave all below,

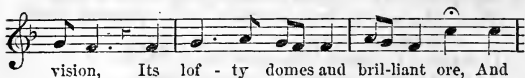
DYING CHRISTIAN. (CONCLUDED.)

8. Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come ;
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home ;
Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour my spirit will bear.
9. I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see ?
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me !
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going, I'm gone,
Oh glory ! oh glory ! 't is done ! it is done !

119. THIS WORLD IS POOR.*



1. This world is poor from shore to shore, And like a base - less



vision, Its lof - ty domes and bril-liant ore, And



gems and crowns are vain and poor, There's nothing rich but heaven.

2. Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given:
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky—
There's nothing lives but heaven.
3. Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven ;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball—
There's nothing firm but heaven.
4. A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven :
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom—
This earth is all a dismal tomb—
I have no home but heaven.

* For another good tune for these hymns, see

THIS WORLD IS POOR. (CONCLUDED.)

5. The clouds disperse, and light appears,
My sins are all forgiven ;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears,
Roll on, thou sun—fly swift, my years—
I'm on my way to heaven.
6. Adieu, to all below, adieu,
Let life's dull chain be riven :
The charms of Christ have caught my view
The world of light I will pursue—
To live with him in heaven.

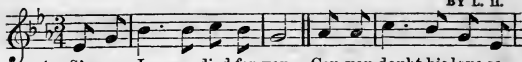
120. THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

1. This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but heaven.
2. Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave are driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light their troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but heaven.
3. And false the light of glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but heaven.
4. And where's the light, held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven ;
Affliction's sigh, and sorrow's tear,
Have never found a refuge here,
There's nothing kind but heaven.
5. From those who walk in wisdom's ways,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

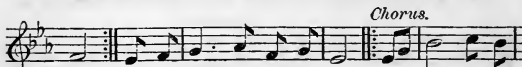
121.

HAIL, HAPPY DAY!

BY L. H.

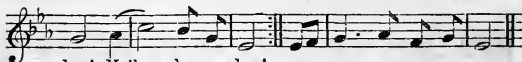


1. { Sinners, Je - sus died for you, Can you doubt his love so
Will you spurn him? Oh, beware! [OMIT - - - - -]



Chorus.

true?
- - -] Lest he leave you in de - spair. { Oh, hail, happy
Oh, hail, happy

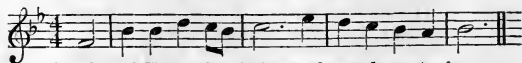


day! Hail, happy day!
day! [OMIT - - - - -] When Je - sus set me free.

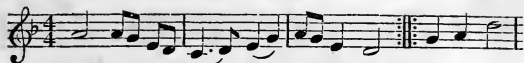
2. On the cross he bled and died,
Sinner, see the crucified!
Can ye turn from love like this,
When he offers life and peace?
3. In the grave for you he laid,
Wresting terrors from its bed,
Then arose, ascended high.
Will you join him in the sky?
4. Come with us, to mansions there,
Give up sin, a crown to wear,
Leave this world, a throne to gain,
Fly to Christ, and with him reign.
5. In His love we'll ever share,
Joy and peace will gather there,
When we pass the chilling flood,
Then we'll live and reign with God.

122.

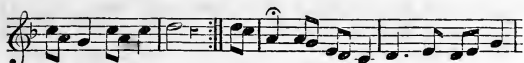
CONCORD. S. M.



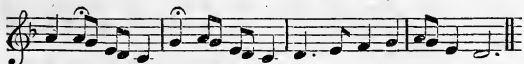
The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, &c.



1. { There is a heaven o'er yonder skies, } A heaven I
 { A heaven where pleasure nev - er dies— } But fear a-



sometimes hope to see, }
 - gain 't is not for me. } But Je - sus, Je - sus is my friend, O



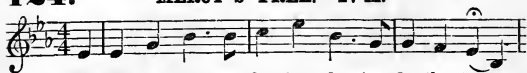
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus, Je - sus is my friend.

2. The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the gospel gate;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.
 - But Jesus, &c.
3. I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes:
 The tempter cries, I near shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
 But Jesus, &c.
- [4. The way of danger I am in,
 Beset with devils, men, and sin,
 But in this way thy track I see,
 And marked with blood it seems to be.
 Sweet Jesus, &c.]
5. Come life, come death, come then what will,
 His footsteps I will follow still,
 Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.
 Oh Jesus, &c.

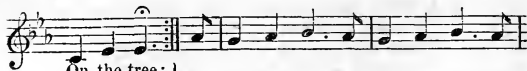
THERE IS A HEAVEN. (CONCLUDED.)

6. Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend and King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "press on, and here's the crown."
Oh Jesus, &c.
7. "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
Oh Jesus, &c.
8. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.
Oh Jesus, &c.

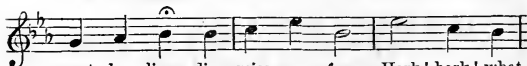
124. MERCY'S FREE. P. M.



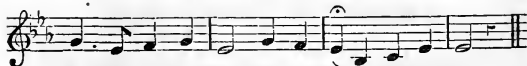
1. { By faith I see my Sa-viour dy - ing On the tree,
To ev - ery na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me,



On the tree; }
Look to me; } He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re-



- pent, be - lieve, dis - miss your fear. Hark! hark! what



pre-cious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?

MERCY'S FREE. (CONCLUDED.)

Oh yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3. Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received;
And Christ from death my soul reprieved;
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
4. Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
5. This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God, declare it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
6. Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

1. { On-ly wait-ing till the shadows Are a lit-tle longer
 { On-ly wait-ing till the glimmer [OMIT - - - - -
 D. C. Till the stars of heaven are breaking [OMIT - - - - -

End.
 grown ;
 - - - Of the day's last beam is flown ; Till the night of death is
 - - - Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

fad - ed From the heart once full of day ;
 D. C.

2. Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
 For the summer-time is faded,
 And the autumn winds have come.
 Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly,
 The last ripe hours of my heart ;
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.
3. Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate ;
 Even now I hear the footsteps,
 And their voices far away ;

ONLY WAITING. (CONCLUDED.)

If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

4. Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

126.

TRUST IN GOD.

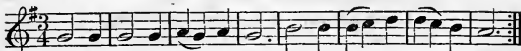
1. Brother, is life's morning clouded?
Has thy sunlight ceased to shine?
Is the earth in darkness shrouded,
Wouldst thou at thy lot repine?
Cheer, up brother, let thy vision
Look above. See; light is near,
Soon will come the next transition,
"Trust in God and persevere."
2. Brother, has life's hope receded,
Hast thou sought its joys in vain?
Friends proved false when mostly needed,
Foes rejoicing at thy pain?
Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing
Waiting for thee, never fear;
Foes forgiving, sins confessing,
"Trust in God and persevere."
3. Brother, all things round are calling,
With united voice, "be strong,"
Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
They must loose their strength ere long.
Yes, my brother, though life's troubles
Drive thee near to dark despair,
Soon 't will vanish like a bubble,
"Trust in God and persevere."

TRUST IN GOD. (CONCLUDED.)

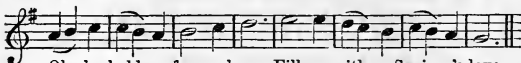
4. He from his high throne in heaven
 Watches every step you take,
 He will see each fetter riven,
 Which your foes in anger make ;
 Cheer up, brother, he has power
 To dry up your bitter tear,
 And though darkest tempests lower,
 "Trust in God and persevere."
5. Brother, there's a quiet slumber
 Waiting for thee in the grave ;
 Brother, there's a glorious number
 Christ in mercy deigns to save.
 Wait, then, till life's quiet even,
 Closes round thee, calm and clear,
 And till called from earth to heaven,
 "Trust in God and persevere."

127.

HALLEY.

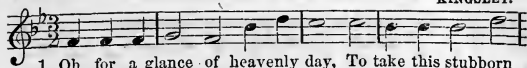


1. } Now from labor and from care, Evening shades have set me free ;
 { In the work of praise and prayer, Lord, I would converse with thee.

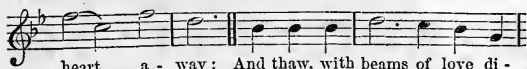


Oh, be-hold me from a-bove, Fill me with a Saviour's love.

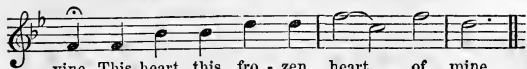
2. Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
 Wither all my earthly woes,
 Naught can charm me here below
 But my Saviour's melting voice,
 Lord, forgive ; thy grace restore,
 Make me thine for evermore.
3. For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the Gospel's cheering ray,
 For the spirit's quickening power,
 Grateful notes to thee I raise,
 Oh accept my song of praise.



1. Oh, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn



heart a - way ; And thaw, with beams of love di -



- vine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine.

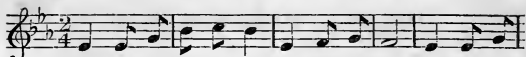
2. The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Oh Lord, an adamant would melt ;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

129.

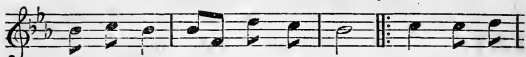
EVENING.

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.

130. PILGRIMS AND WANDERERS.



1. Brethren and sisters dear, Journeying home, Press thro' earth's



wil - der - ness, Cheer - ful - ly on; Though dangers
Chorus.—Pil - grims and



ga - ther round, Thick - ly for you, Let your song
wan - der - ers, Here though we roam, Earth - ly storms



peal a - long, Joy - oüs and free.
can not harm, Heaven is our home.

Repeat for Chorus.

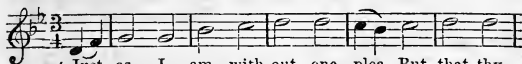
2. Earth hath her pleasures sweet,
Luring us here,
Loved friends most fondly greet,
Friends that are dear.
Yet though their forms we love,
We ne'er will stray,
Press we on—nearer home—
Home far away.—*Chorus.*

3. Worthies have passed before,
Heavenward they trod,
And we will follow on,
Trusting in God.
Bright crowns of glory now
On high they wear,
By their side let us sit—
Jesus is there.—*Chorus.*

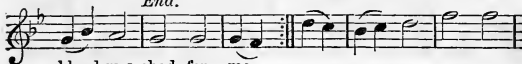
4. There the redeemed we'll meet,
Nearer the throne,
There the Redeemer greet,
Glorious One!

Deep-toned our songs shall swell,
 Where angels love,
 With delight—clothed in white,
 Far—far above.—*Chorus.*

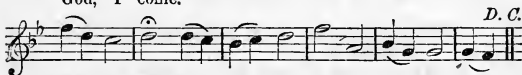
131. JUST AS I AM. (298)



1. } Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that thy
 } And that thou bid'st me come to thee—O Lamb of
 D. C. To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot—O Lamb of
End.



blood was shed for me,
 God, I come. [OMIT - -] Just as I am, and
 God, I come.



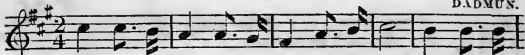
wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

2. Just as I am—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without—
 O Lamb of God, I come!
 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in thee to find—
 O Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come!
 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

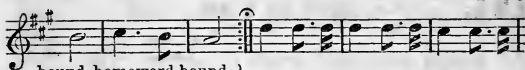
132.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

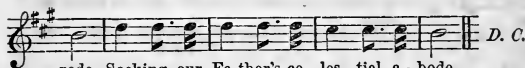
D. ADMUN.



1. { Out on the o-c-ean all boundless we ride, We're homeward
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward
D. C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward



- bound, homeward bound. }
bound, homeward bound. } Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've
bound, homeward bound.

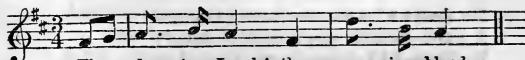


rode, Seeking our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode,

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound.
Steady, Oh pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.
3. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

133.

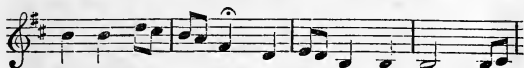
FOUNTAIN. C. M. (241)



Thou dy - ing Lamb! thy pre - cious blood.



1. A foun-tain in Je - sus which runs al-ways free; For



washing and cleansing such sin-ners as we; Our

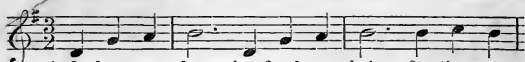


sins, though like crimson, made white as the wool, No

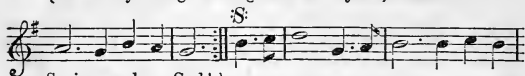


lack in the fountain, It al-ways is full.

2. All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A living for ever, if we will believe.
3. The guests which were bidden refused the call,
For they were not ready nor willing at all
To be stripped of their honor, and part with their store
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.
4. If they are not ready and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.
5. He decks us with jewels and rings of rich kind,
A garment, not woven, but richly refined;
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
A plan of the Father in, glory to sing.

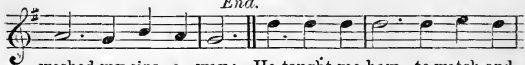


1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its

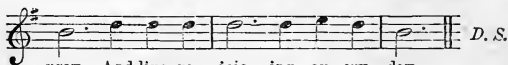


Saviour and my God! }
raptures all a-broad. } Happy day, happy day, When Jesus

End.



washed my sins a - way ; He taught me how to watch and

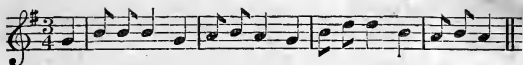


pray, And live re - joice - ing ev - ery day.

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.
Happy day, &c.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
With him of every good possessed.
Happy day, &c.
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.
Happy day, &c.

136.

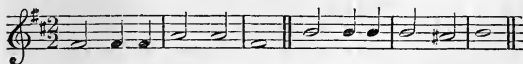
WE'RE GOING HOME. (390)



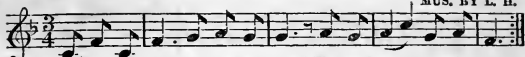
1. I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home, to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
We're going home, to die no more.
2. Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still,
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
We're going home, &c.
3. Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's my Saviour, Friend, and King ;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, " Press on, and here's the crown."
We're going home, &c.
4. " Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
We're going home, &c.

137.

SHAWMUT.



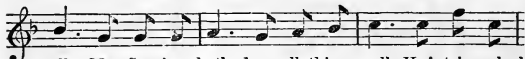
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.



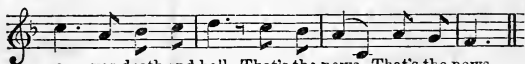
1. } When'er we meet you always say, What's the news? what's, &c.
 Pray, what's the order of the day, [OMIT - - - - -]



What's the news? what's the news? Oh, I have got good news to



tell, My Sa-viour hath done all things well, He's triumphed



o - ver death and hell, That's the news, That's the news.

2. The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 To set a world of sinners free—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
 But now he's risen from the dead—
 And lives above for us to plead—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 3. To heaven above the conqueror's gone—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 He's passed triumphant to the throne—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And on that throne he will remain—
 Until as Judge he comes again,
 Attended by a dazzling train—
 That's the news! That's the news!
- His work's reviving all around—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And many have redemption found—
 That's the news! That's the news!

WHAT'S THE NEWS? (CONCLUDED.)

And since their souls have caught the flame
They shout hosannah to his name,
And all around they spread his fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

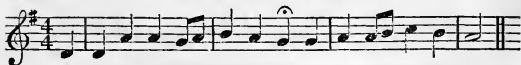
5. The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

6. And Christ the Lord can save me now—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful hearts he can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

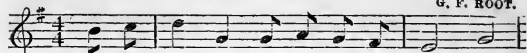
7. And then if any one should say—
What's the news! What's the news!
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now, with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better Land—
That's the news! That's the news!

139.

OLD TUNE. C. M.



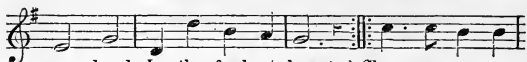
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.



1. { On 'this drear-y earth I long have wan - dered,
Here 'mid scenes that oft are sad and try - ing,



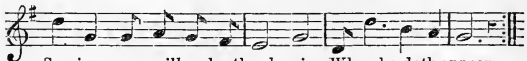
Weary and op-pressed; Where the dearest ties are oft-en
Sor-row's cup runs o'er; While in lone-ly, lone-ly plac-es



sun - dered In the fond-est breast; } *Chorus.*
ery - ing For bright Canaan's shore. } All the while my



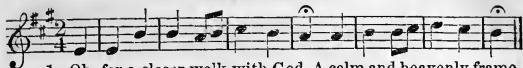
watch I'm keeping, In this vale of tears; For the



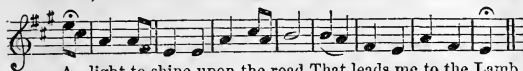
Sa-viour soon will wake the sleeping, When he doth appear.

2. Cold and silent friends are near me sleeping,
Where the flowers wave,
And in mournful strains are often weeping,
Loved ones round their graves.
While the gentle gales are round me sighing,
In the lute's sad tone,
They toll the knell of mortals dying,
Dearly loved and gone.—*Chorus.*
3. Come, my brethren, lonely, sad and weary,
Soon thy King will come,
And change this earth that's dark and dreary,
To an Eden home.
Mourning pilgrim, Christ is sweetly calling,
Hark! his voice now hear,
And the evening shades around are falling,
Soon he will appear.—*Chorus.*

141. OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK.



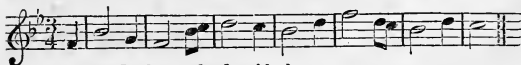
1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,



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 memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

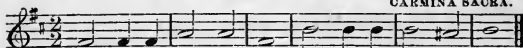
142. AVON. C. M.



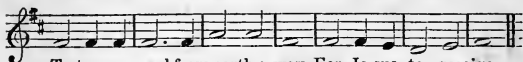
In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

143. SHAWMUT. S. M. Chant.

CARMINA SACRA.



1. And can I yet de - lay, My lit - tle all to give?



To tear my soul from earth a-way, For Je - sus to receive.

2. Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
3. Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all resign .
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.
4. Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
5. My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
6. My life, my portion thou ;
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

144. THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

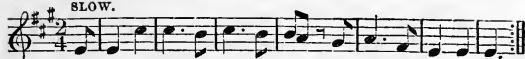
1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see ;
Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
He shed those tears for thee.

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS. (CONCLUDED.)

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.

145. DYING DAY.

SLOW.

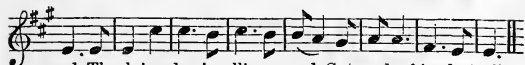


1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ; Repent, thy end is nigh ; }
{ Death, at the farthest, can't be far ; Oh, think before thou die. }



First Chorus.

The dying day is roll-ing round, The dying day is rolling

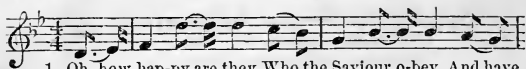


round, The dying day is rolling round, Get ready, friends, to die.

2. Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins how high the mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave !
How stands that dark account ?

2d *Cho.*—The judgment day is rolling round,
The judgment day is rolling round,
The judgment day is rolling round,
Prepare to meet thy God.

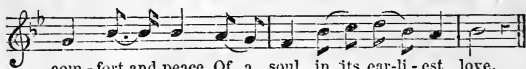
3. Death enters, and there 's no defense ;
His time there 's none can tell ;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.—1st *Chorus.*
4. Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume ;
But, ah ! destruction stops not there ;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.—2d *Chorus.*



1. Oh, how hap-py are they, Who the Saviour o-bey, And have

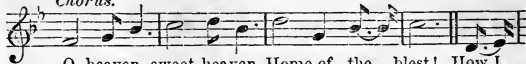


laid up their treasures above; Tongue can never express The sweet

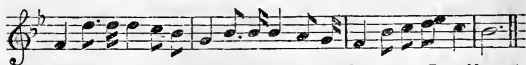


com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li - est love.

Chorus.



O heaven, sweet heaven, Home of the blest! How I



long to be there, all its glories to share, And to lean upon Jesus' breast.

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! &c.

3. 'T was a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore, &c.

4. Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song:

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LILLY DALE. (CONCLUDED.)

Oh that all his salvation might see ;
 "He hath loved me," I cried,
 "He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me."

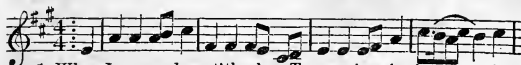
Oh heaven, &c.

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.

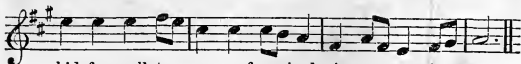
Oh, heaven, &c.

147.

PISGAH. C. M.* (368)



1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll



bid farewell to ev-ery 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.

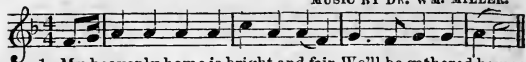
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall ;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4. Then shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

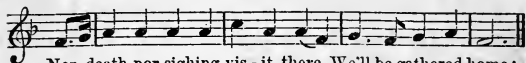
* Or to LILLA DALE, No. 146, with Chorus, "O heaven, &c."

148. THE HEAVENLY MANSION.

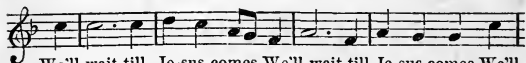
MUSIC BY DR. WM. MILLER.



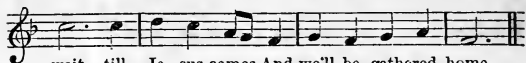
1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home;



Nor death nor sighing vis - it there, We'll be gathered home :-

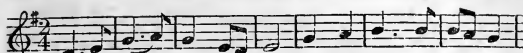


We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll



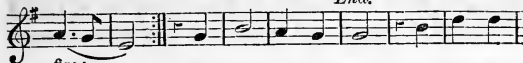
wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

2. Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
We'll be gathered home,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine,
We'll be gathered home.—*Chorus.*
3. When from this earthly prison free,
We'll be gathered home,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
We'll be gathered home.—*Chorus.*
4. Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home,
Which flames devour or waves overflow,
We'll be gathered home.—*Chorus.*
5. The earth may fail and stars decline,
We'll be gathered home,
The sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll be gathered home.—*Chorus.*
6. All nature sink and cease to be,
We'll be gathered home,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
We'll be gathered home.—*Chorus.*



1. { Al - mighty love in - spire My soul with sa - cred
 { And an - i - mate de - sire [OMIT - - - - -
 D. C. I hope to sing his prais-es [OMIT - - - - -

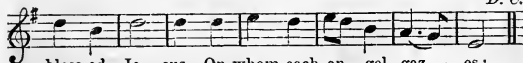
End.



fire;.....

My soul to re - new; I love my
 A - bove th' ethereal blue.

D. C.



bless-ed Je - sus, On whom each an - gel gaz - es;

[Repeat Tune for Chorus.]

And Oh give him glory,
 And Oh give him glory,
 And Oh give him glory,
 For glory is his due,
 Yes, you may give him glory,
 And I will give him glory,
 We'll shout and give him glory,
 Beyond th' ethereal blue.

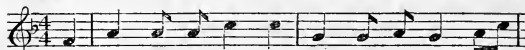
2. In him I have believed,
 He has my soul retrieved,
 From sin he has redeemed
 My soul which was dead:
 And now I love my Saviour,
 For I am in his favor,
 And hope with him for ever,
 The golden streets to tread.
3. In hopes of seeing Jesus,
 When all my conflict ceases,
 To him my love increases,
 To worship and adore.
 Come then, my blessed Saviour,
 Vouchsafe to me thy favor,

OH, GIVE HIM GLORY. (CONCLUDED.)

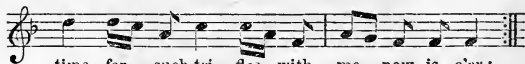
To dwell with thee for ever,
When time shall be no more,

4. Then in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship the Lamb;
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.
5. See yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before me,
And there we'll tell the story
Of all-redeeming love;
And there we shall for ever
Drink of the flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne of love.
- Oh there we'll give thee glory,
Oh there we'll give thee glory,
Oh there we'll give thee glory,
And sing the song of love,
And you may give him glory, &c.

150. OH, TELL ME NO MORE. (434)



1. { Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store, Tho
With me now is o'er, with me now is o'er, Tho



time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er ;
time for such tri - fles, &c.

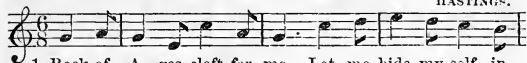
2. The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive :
My soul don't delay—he calls thee away :
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

OH, TELL ME NO MORE.. (CONCLUDED.)

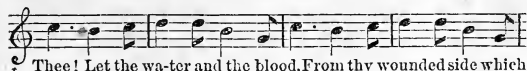
2. No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go ;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
4. Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within :
And when I 'm to die, receive me I 'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I can not tell why.
5. But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He 'll not live in glory and leave me behind :
So this is the race I 'm running, through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face,

151. ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

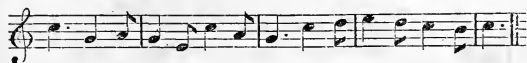
HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in



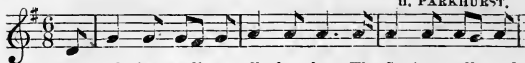
Thee! Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which



flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no longer know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to the cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

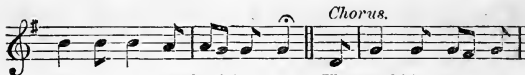
H. PARKHURST.



1. Farewell, fare-well to all be - low, The Saviour calls, and



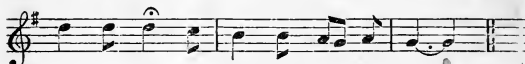
I must go; I launch my boat up - on the sea, This



land is not the land for me. This world is not my



home, This world is not my home, This world is all a



wil - der - ness, This world is not my home.

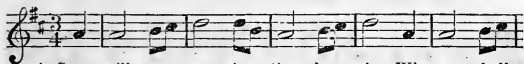
2. I've found the winding paths of sin
A rugged road to travel in;
Beyond the swelling waves I see
The land my Saviour bought for me.
This world is not, &c.
3. Oh! sinner, why will *you* not go?
There's room enough for you I know;
Our boat is sound, the passage free,
And there's a better land for thee.
This world is not, &c.
4. Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I can not be
This land is not the land for me.
This world is not, &c.

CONVERT'S FAREWELL, (CONCLUDED.)

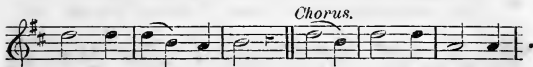
5. Praise be to God! my home's on high;
 The angels sing, and so will I;
 Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
 Oh, that's the land—the land for me.
 This world is not, &c.

153.

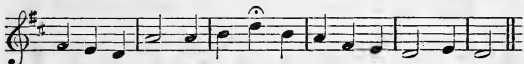
ROLL ON.



1. Soon will our weep-ing time be o'er, When we shall

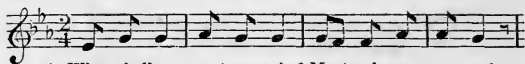


weep and sigh no more. Roll on, roll on, sweet

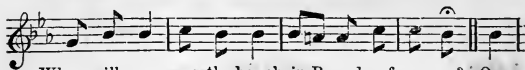


moments, roll on, And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home

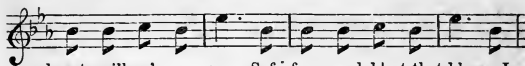
2. Jesus himself shall guide our way,
 Till safe we rest in endless day.
3. A few more rolling years at most,
 Will land us safe on Canaan's coast.
4. From sleeping clay and beds of dust,
 Our Jesus will call home the just.
5. Our ransomed souls shall soar away,
 To praise our God in endless day.
6. When landed on the heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more.
7. And when we Christ in glory meet,
 Our thrilling hopes will be complete.
8. Then shall we sing the song of grace,
 Safe in our glorious dwelling place.



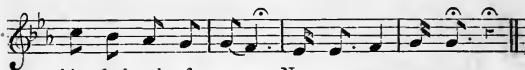
1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er?



When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ev-er? Our



hearts will ne'er re-pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In



this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev-er.

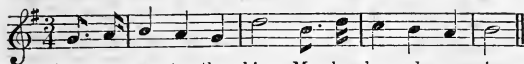
2. When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never.
3. Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never.
4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever:

UNITY. (CONCLUDED.)

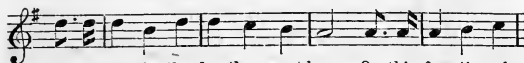
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never.

155.

ROWLEY.



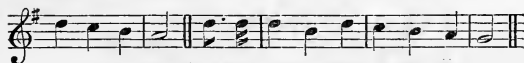
1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed, a - rise,



And re-joyce in the day thou wast born : On this fes - ti - val



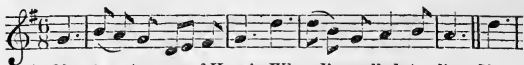
day, Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to



Zi - on re - turn, And with singing to Zi - on re - turn.

2. We have laid up our love, and our treasure above.
Though our bodies continue below ;
The redeemed of the Lord, we remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.
3. With singing we praise, the original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestowed ;
Our being receive from his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.
4. For thy glory we are, created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again, that our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

156. OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.*



1. Oh, sing to me of Heav'n, When I'm called to die, Sing
Chorus.
There'll be no more sorrow there, There'll be no more sorrow there, In



songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high!
Heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.—*Chorus.*
3. When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face;
To catch the bright, seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.—*Chorus.*
4. Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.—*Chorus.*
5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.—*Chorus.*
6. Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.—*Chorus.*

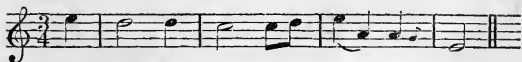
* Sung by the Court-street Sabbath-school, Binghamton, N. Y., at the funeral of Miss JULIAETTE CLARKE, daughter of Rev. H. R. CLARKE, of the Wyoming Conference; and also at the funeral of Miss ELIZABETH S. MATTISON, daughter of the compiler, June 22, 1854.

157. I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

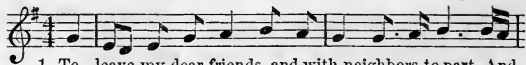
BY L. H.

1. I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear, and toil, and care.
Chorus.—There will be no more parting there,
There will be no more parting there,
In heaven above where all is love.
There will be no more parting there.
2. I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Chorus.*
2. I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—*Chorus.*
4. I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs for ever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—*Chorus.*
5. I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair,
Oh how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there.—*Chorus.*

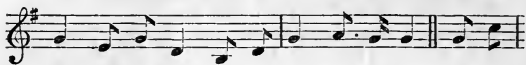
158. CHINA. C. M.



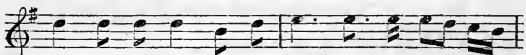
What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!



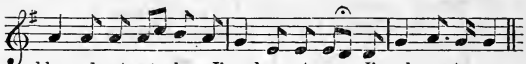
1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And



go from my home it af - fects not my heart, Like the



thought of ab - sent - ing my - self for a day, From that



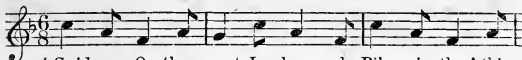
bless-ed retreat where I've chosen to pray, I've chosen to pray.

2. Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.
3. The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.
4. 'T was under the covert of that pleasant grove,
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
Presented himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.
5. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.
6. For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

BOWER OF PRAYER. (CONCLUDED.)

7. Sweet bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing that Jesus resides every where,
And will in all places give answer to prayer.
8. Although I may never revisit your shade,
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made;
And, when at a distance, my thoughts shall repair
To the place where my Saviour first answered my
prayer.
9. My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
Will guide and direct me when on him I call;
And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer.

160. PILGRIM'S PRAYER.



1. } Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
{ I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy



barren land; }
powerful hand; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

161.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

J. W. DADMUN.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of
rest, There my Sa-viour's gone be - fore me, To ful-
- fill my soul's re - quest; There is rest for the
weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the
weary, There is rest for you— On the oth-er side of
Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the
tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land, &c.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear, &c.

* The parts of this beautiful tune may be had in sheets, at 25 cts. per dozen, by addressing J. P. MAGEE, Boston, Mass.

REST FOR THE WEARY. (CONCLUDED.)

4. Death itself shall then be vanished;
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed!
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
 There is rest, &c.
5. Sing, Oh sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.
 There is rest, &c.

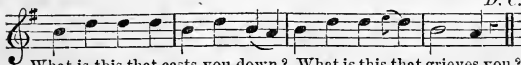
162. COME, MY BRETHREN. 7s & 6s.

End.



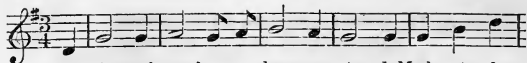
1. { Come, my brethren, let us try, For a lit - tle sea - son, }
 { Ev - ery bur - den to lay by, Come, and let us rea - son. }

D. C. Speak, and let the worst be known, Speaking may relieve you.

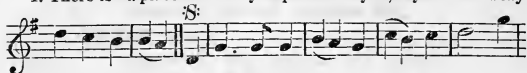


What is this that casts you down? What is this that grieves you?

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.

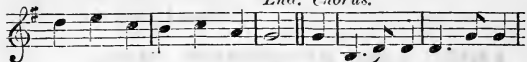


1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my

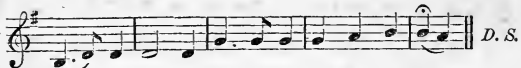


treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And
D. S. Come, fa-vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And

End. Chorus.



fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That bliss - ful place is my
waft me in peace to the shore.



fa - ther-land; By faith its de-lights I ex - plore;

2. There is a place, where the angels dwell,
A pure and peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
But there is the palace of God.
3. There is a place, where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty shall see.
4. There is a place, where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

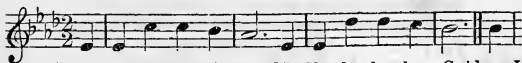
1. I seek a place which is out of sight;—
A city high up in the skies;
There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.

I'M BOUND FOR HOME. (CONCLUDED.)

Chorus.—I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
The house and the city above;
And all who forsake their sins may come,
And dwell in that city of love.

2. I seek a place where they heave no sigh;—
Where sorrow can never be known:
But where I shall drink from founts of joy,
That gush ever bright from the throne.
3. I seek a place where they never die;—
Where beauty and youth never fade:
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
“My friend, my beloved is dead.”
4. I seek a place where they sin no more;—
Where Satan my foe can not lure:
And oh! when I reach that blessed shore,
My soul is for ever secure.
5. I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
Apostles and martyrs and seers;
Encircled in robes of light divine,
Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.
6. I seek a place, where the Saviour reigns,
That Jesus once nailed to the tree,
He purchased that place with blood and pains,
And went to prepare it for me.

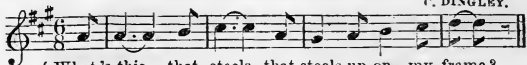
165. LAKE ENON. S. M.



While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide; - I



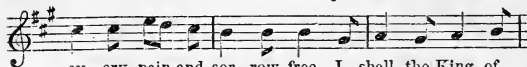
bid fare-well to ev - ery fear; My wants are all supplied.



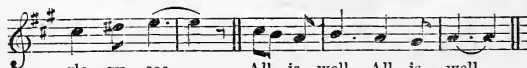
1. { What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame,



Is it death? Is it death? }
Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death, I soon shall be From



ev - ery pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of



glo - ry see, All is well, All is well.

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me.
All is well.
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.
3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory.
All is well.
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.
4. Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me.
All is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.
All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu !
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well.

167. GOD IS LOVE.

1. What sound is this ? a song through heaven resound-
ing,
God is Love !
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
God is Love !
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same ;
God is Love !
2. This song repeat, repeat ye saints in glory,
God is Love !
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is Love !
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,
God is Love !
3. Creation speaks with thousand tongues, proclaiming,
God is Love !
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is Love !
But let the burdened sinner hear
The Gospel, sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is Love !
4. This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is Love !
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is Love !

GOD IS LOVE. (CONCLUDED.)

That God is Love I know full well ;
 And had I power his love to tell,
 With loudest notes my song should swell :
 God is Love !

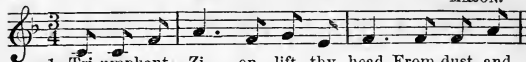
5. The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
 God is Love !
 And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure,
 God is Love !

This theme shall be my song below,
 And when to glory I shall go,
 This strain eternally shall flow,—
 God is Love !

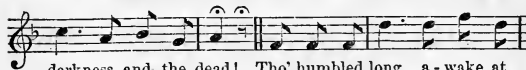
168.

ANVERN. L. M.

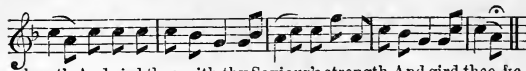
MASON.



1. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and

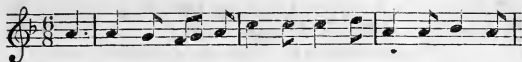


darkness, and the dead ! Tho' humbled long, a - wake at



length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee, &c.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
 And let thy excellence be known :
 Decked in the robes of righteousness,
 Thy glories shall the world confess.
3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer
 His hand thy ruin shall repair ;
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 To guard thee in eternal peace.



1. When thou, my righteous Judge shalt come, To take thy ransomed



chil - dren home, Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall



such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-

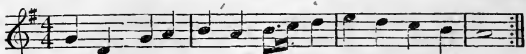


- fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

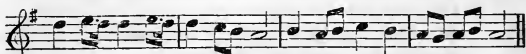
2. I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious throne to bow,
 Though weakest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 To have my worthless name left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?
3. Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In that expected day.
 Thy pardoning voice oh let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fail, I pray.
4. Let me among thy saints be found
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of endless grace.

170.

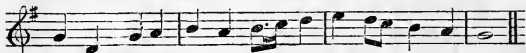
AMSTERDAM. P. M.



1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, }
 { Rise from all terrestrial things, T'ward heaven thy native place. }



Sun and moon and stars decay ; Time shall soon this earth remove ;

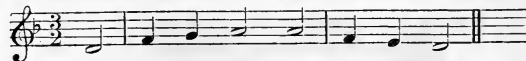


Rise, my soul, and haste a-way, To seats prepared a - bove.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn :
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
 Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
 To realms of endless peace.

171.

WINDHAM. L. M.



1. Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !
 Let a repenting rebel live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

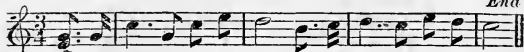
WINDHAM. (CONCLUDED.)

2. My crimes are great, but do n't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pardoning love be found.
3. Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.
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.
5. 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.
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.

172.

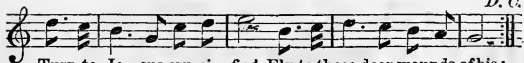
BETHANY. P. M.

End



1. Weary souls, that wander wide, From the central point of bliss,
D. C. Sink in-to the purple flood, Rise in-to the life of God.

D. C.

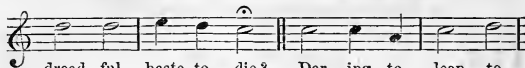


Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Fly to those dear wounds of his ;

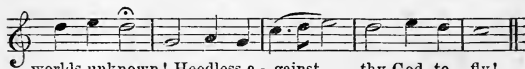
2. Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.



1. Sin - ner, oh, why so thoughtless grown? Why in such



dread - ful haste to die? Dar - ing to leap to



worlds unknown! Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly!

2. Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
3. Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!
For ever telling, yet untold.

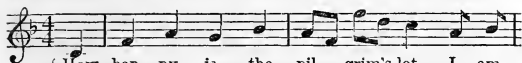
1. While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. While God invites, how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is 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.
5. 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.

THE ACCEPTED TIME. (CONCLUDED.)

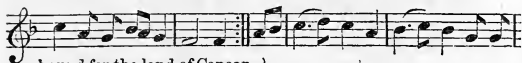
5. Now God invites; how-blessed the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come; sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

175.

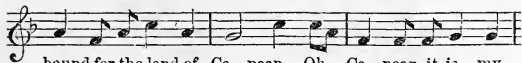
CANAAN. L. M.



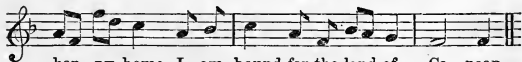
1. { How hap - py is the pil - grim's lot, I am
How free from ev - ery anx - ious thought, I am



- bound for the land of Canaan. }
bound for the land of Canaan. } Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, I am



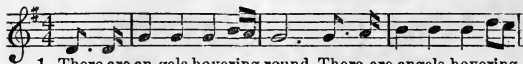
- bound for the land of Ca - naan, Oh, Ca - naan, it is my



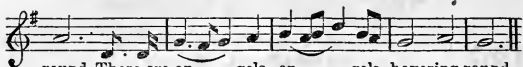
- hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

2. Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger in the world unknown.
3. I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight.
4. There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there.
5. If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming, too.
6. I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.
7. Our songs of praise, shall fill the skies,
While higher still our joys they rise.

176. THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



1. There are an-gels hovering round, There are angels hovering



round, There are an - gels, an - - gels hovering round,

To carry the tidings home,
To the new Jerusalem ;
Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come ;
Let him that heareth, come,
Let him that thirsteth, come.

We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord has gone.
We will meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one.
We shall reign for evermore.
In the new Jerusalem.

177.

THE WATCHER.



1. Pray—for the year is ending,
The last thou e'er may'st see ;
And the life thou wouldst be mending,
May be never more to be.
2. Pray—the New Year will open
With hopes that must deceive ;
And many a heart be broken,
That's now too proud to grieve.
3. Pray—for the tempter trieth
The wiles that failed before ;
In every path there lieth
The last year's snare, and mo

THE WATCHER. (CONCLUDED.)

4. Pray—for death's poisoned arrows
Are flying thick and fast;
And this year's coming sorrows,
May be greater than the last.
5. Pray—for the dark wave's sighing,
That overwhelms the whole;
And winter winds are sighing
A requiem for thy soul.
6. Pray—now the Saviour's waiting
To show thy sins forgiven;
And the Holy Ghost entreating
To seal thee heir of heaven.

178. WHAT SINNERS VALUE I RESIGN.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined. The first staff contains the first line of the hymn, the second staff contains the second line, and the third staff contains the third line and ends with a double bar line.

What sin - ners val - ue I re - sign, Lord, 't is e - nough

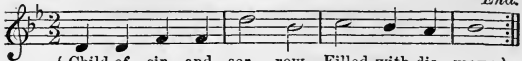
that thou art mine, I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful

face, And stand com - plete in righ - teous - ness.

2. This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
3. O glorious hour, O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the bands with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

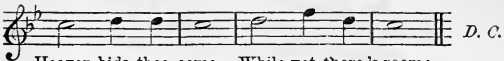
179. CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

End.



1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may ; }
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day ; }

D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

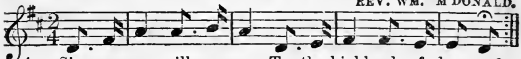


Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room ;

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.

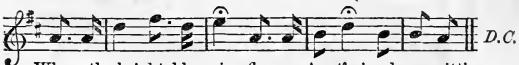
180. INVITATION. 6s & 7s.

REV. WM. M'DONALD.



1. { Sin - ner, go ; will you go To the highlands of heaven ? }
 { Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given ; }

D. C. And the leaves of the bowers In the breezes are fitting.



Where the bright, blooming flowers Are their odors emitting ;

2. Where the rich golden fruit,
 Is in bright clusters pending,
 And the deep laden boughs,
 Of life's fair tree are bending.
 And where life's crystal stream,
 Is unceasingly flowing,
 And the verdure is green,
 And eternally growing.
3. Where the saints robed in white—
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain ;

INVITATION. (CONCLUDED.)

Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4. He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding
And the Saviour will soon,
And for ever, cease pleading.

181.

LILLY DALE.*

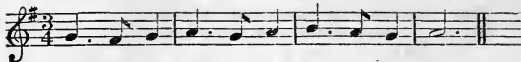


1. We speak, we speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed, confessed;
But what must it be to be there?
2. We speak, we speak of its pathway of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold, untold,
But what must it be to be there?
3. We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within, within:
But what must it be to be there?
4. Then let us, let us, 'midst pleasures and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know, shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

* For Chorus see No. 146.

WORDS BY HUNTER.

MUS. BY REV. A. D. MERRIL



1. Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers, sing as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone
Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

183.

THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

1. Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing as upward it hastes to the skies,
"Victory! victory! homeward I rise."
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

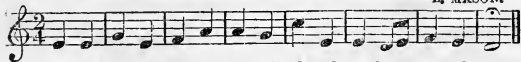
THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR. (CONCLUDED.)

2. There lies the wearisome body at rest ;
Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast ;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
"Victory ! victory !" sings in its flight,
While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth ;
"Welcome, O welcome to our happy shore ;
Victory ! victory ! weep ye no more."
3. How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory ! victory ! shouting in death,
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise ;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
"Victory ! victory ! Jesus hath come !"

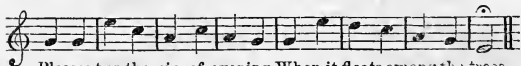
184.

MOUNT VERNON.

L. MASON.

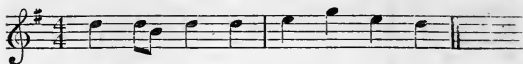


1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze ;



Pleasant as the air of evening, 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.
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 't is God that hath bereft us ;
He can still our sorrow heal.
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.



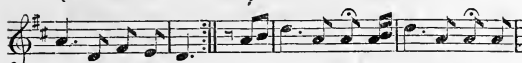
1. Whither go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
Pressing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
Chorus.—No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Oh hallelujah, Oh hallelujah,
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Oh hallelujah, O, praise ye the Lord.
2. Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,
Passing through the waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blessed with such a guide.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
3. Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
4. Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.
5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound, &c.
6. No, that stream has nothing frightful,
' To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 't will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
Oh, I'm bound, &c.

186.

SONNET. 8s & 4s.



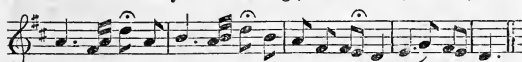
1. { When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant



calm, and skies are clear, }
hills of Canaan rise, } These soul for joy then claps her wings, And



loud her lovely son-net sings, Vain world, a - dieu, Vain



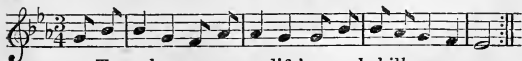
world, adieu. And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world, adieu.

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.

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,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God.

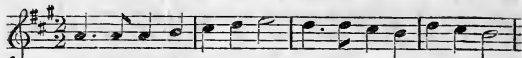
187.

FENWICK. 8s & 7s.

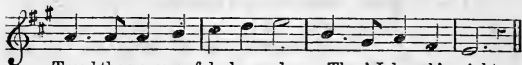


Tossed no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death hath found a quiet pillow,
For the faithful Christian's head.

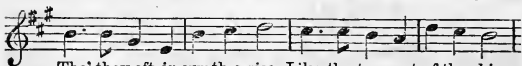
188. HEIRS OF AN IMMORTAL CROWN.



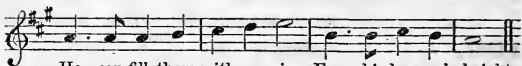
1. Heirs of an immortal crown, Heed not every foeman's frown;



Tread the powers of darkness down, Thro' Jehovah's might.



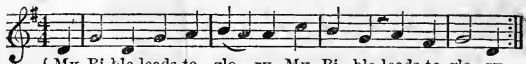
Tho' they oft in wrath a-rise, Like the tempest of the skies,



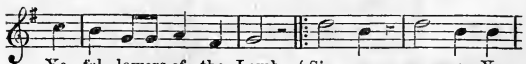
He can fill them with surprise, From his heavenly height.

2. Soldier in the tented field,
 Ply thy helmet, sword and shield,
 Till the line of battle yield,
 And before thee flee.
 In thine armor fearless stand,
 Guided by Jehovah's hand,
 Till within the promised land
 He shall set thee free.

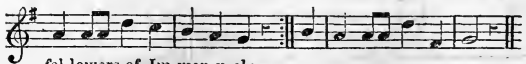
189. MY BIBLE LEADS TO GLORY.



1. { My Bi-ble leads to glo - ry, My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry,
 My Bi-ble leads to glo - ry, [OMIT - - - - -]



Ye fol - lowers of the Lamb. { Sing on, pray on, Ye
 Sing on, pray on, [OMIT

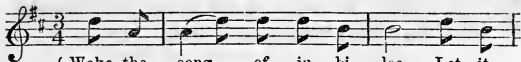


fol-lowers of Im-man-u-el;
] Ye fol-lowers of the Lamb.

2. Religion makes me happy,
Religion, &c. -
Sing on, pray on, &c.
3. King Jesus is my Captain,
King Jesus, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
4. I long to see my Saviour,
I long, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
5. Then farewell, sin and sorrow,
Then farewell, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

190.

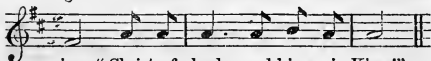
AMBOY. 7s.



1. { Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it
Now is come the promised hour; Je - sus
D. C. Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus



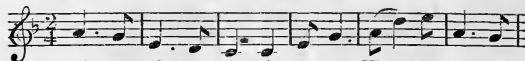
ech - o o'er the sea! }
reigns with sov'reign power! } 2. All ye na - tions, join and
reigns for ev - er - more.



sing, "Christ, of lords and kings, is King!"

3. Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"
4. Wake the song of Jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.

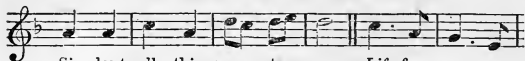
* Sing the small notes at the *D. C.*



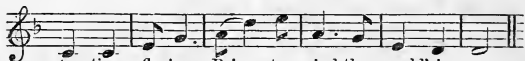
1. { Hail, ye sigh-ing sons of sor-row, View with me th' au-
Learn from thence your fate, to-morrow Dead, perhaps laid



- tum - nal gloom; }
in the tomb! } See all na - ture, fad - ing, dy - ing,



Si - lent, all things seem to mourn; Life from veg - e -



- ta - tion fly-ing, Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

2. Oft autumnal tempests rising,
Make the lofty forest nod;
Scenes of nature, how surprising!
Read in nature, nature's God.
See the God, the great Creator,
Lives eternal in the sky,
While we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.
3. Sorrow now my mind depresses,
Autumn shows me my decay;
Brings to mind my past distresses,
Warns me of a dying day.
Autumn makes me melancholy,
Strikes dejection through my soul,
While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.
4. What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy!
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy

GLOOM OF AUTUMN. (CONCLUDED.)

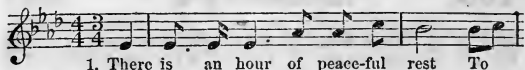
- Age and sorrow now have blasted
 Every youthful, pleasing dream;
 Quivering age with youth contrasted,
 Oh how short life's glories seem!
5. Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
 Just to cheer my drooping mind,
 But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
 Driven before the dreary wind.
 As the annual frosts are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So my friends are yearly dropping,
 Through old age and dire disease.
6. Fast my sun of life's declining,
 I must sleep in death's dark night;
 But my hope, pure and refining,
 Rests in future life and light.
 When a few more years I've wasted,
 When a few more springs are o'er,
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall live to die no more.

192. MISSIONARY. P. M.

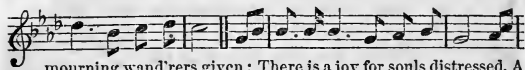
THS. COMMUCK.

1. Oh, how hap - py are they, Who the Sa - viour o -
 - bey, And have laid up their treas - ures a - bove;
 Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet com - fort and
 peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

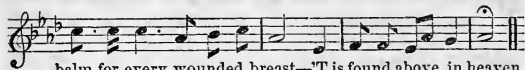
193. THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST. (133)



1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To



mourning wand'ers given ; There is a joy for souls distressed, A

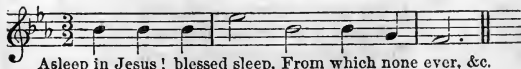


balm for every wounded breast—"T is found above, in heaven.

2. There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.
3. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
4. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
5. There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

194.

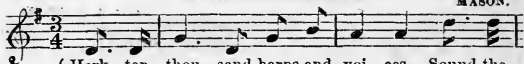
REST. L. M.



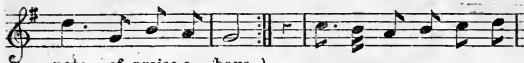
Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep, From which none ever, &c.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a
 wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I, Would
 fain like Pe - ter weep. Let me be by grace re-
 - stored; On me be all long-suff'ring shown; Turn, and
 look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

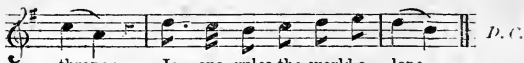
2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
3. For thy own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow;
 If thy bowels now are stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.



1. { Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the
 Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic - es: Je - sus
 D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -



- note of praise a - bove, }
 reigns the God of love; } See, he sits on yonder
 lu - jah, A - - men.



throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives us worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
3. King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
4. Saviour, hasten thy appearing;
 Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

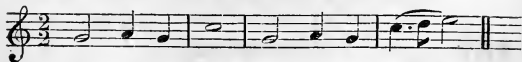
1. Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.

LOVE DIVINE. (CONCLUDED.)

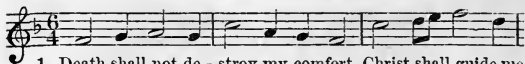
- Jesus, thou art all compassion—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
2. Breathe, oh breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
4. Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

198.

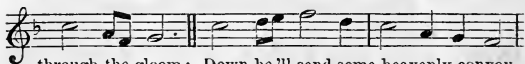
SESSIONS. L. M.



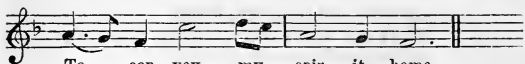
High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.



1. Death shall not de - stroy my comfort, Christ shall guide me



through the gloom ; Down he 'll send some heavenly convoy,



To con - vey my spir - it home.

2. Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me

While my Saviour's by my side:

Canaan, Canaan lies before me,

Rise and cross the swelling tide.

3. See the happy spirits waiting

On the banks beyond the stream,

Sweet responses still repeating—

Jesus, Jesus is their theme :

4. See, they whisper ! hark, they call me

Sister spirit, come away !

Lo, I come ! earth can't contain me !

Hail, ye realms of endless day !

5. Worlds of light and crowns of glory,

Far above yon azure sky,

Though by faith I now explore ye,

I'll enjoy you soon on high ;

6. Soon I'll gain a full possession,

Faith and hope for ever cease,

Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,

Love ! that sweetest, brightest grace.

7. Smiling angels now surround me,

Troops resplendent fill the skies,

Glory shining all around me,

While my towering spirit flies :

* For another good tune, see No.

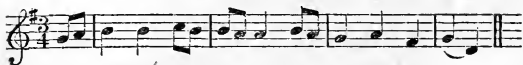
8. Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
Now, methinks, appears in view :
Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
You would serve and love him, too.

200. DARK AND THORNY IS THE DESERT.

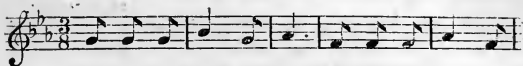
1. Dark and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way ;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day :
2. Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.
3. Oh young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you ?
And your vigor to decay ?
4. Jesus, Jesus will go with you :
He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.
5. He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll :
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole.
6. Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.
7. There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest :
Love and joy, and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.

8. Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransomed dwell on high?
There on golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky.
9. There a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises;
Glory, glory, is their strain.
10. But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels can not sing.
11. Oh their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore:
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there:
12. Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

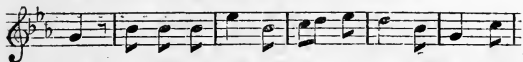
201. WHAT SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC.



1. What seraph-like music falls sweet on the ear,
In strains so delightful? Oh, list that ye hear!
Those rich, flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
Breathe rapture untold from some heavenly sphere.
2. 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone river, as its billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels, who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters, to that blessed shore.



1. Friend af-ter friend de-parts; Who hath not lost a



friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not



here an end. Were this frail world our on - ly rest,



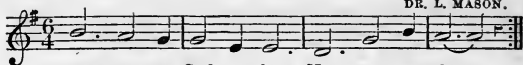
Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire;
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3. There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

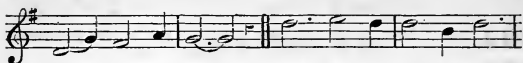
4. Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day.
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

DR. L. MASON.

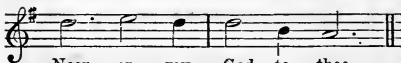


1. { Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee:
 Ev'n though it be a cross [OMIT - - - - -]

D. C. Near - er, my God, to thee, [OMIT - - - - -]



That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 Near - er to thee.



Near - er, my God, to thee, *D. C.*

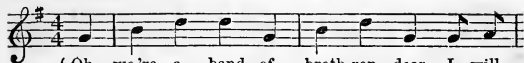
2. Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams, I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
3. There let the way appear
 Steps up to heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
4. Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

BETHANY. (CONCLUDED.)

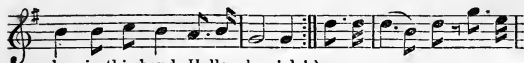
5. Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

204.

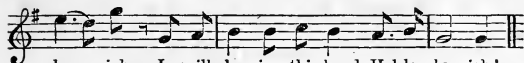
THE UNION BAND.



1. { Oh, we're a band of breth-ren dear, I will
 Who live as pil - grim stran-gers here, I will

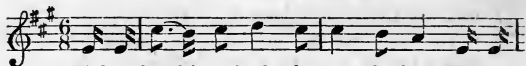


be in this band, Halle - lu - jah! }
 be in this band, Halle - lu - jah! } Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le-

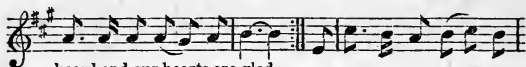


- lu - jah, I will be in this band, Hal-le - lu - jah!

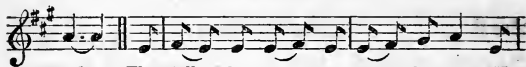
2. The prophets and apostles, too,
 All belonged to this band, &c.
 And all God's children here below,
 I will be in this band, &c.
3. We're travelling home to heaven above, I will, &c.
 To sing the Saviour's dying love. I will, &c.
4. The crown of life we there shall wear, I will, &c.
 The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear, I will, &c.
5. Oh, glorious hope—oh, blest abode, I will, &c.
 We shall be near and like our Lord, I will, &c.
6. A little longer here below, I will, &c.
 Then home to glory we shall go, I will, &c.
7. Come on, come on, my brethren dear, I will, &c.
 We soon shall meet together there. I will, &c.



1. { We have heard from that bright, that holy land, We have
For we are a lone-ly pil-grim band, [Omit -



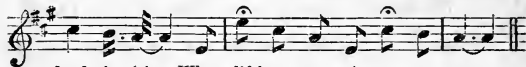
heard and our hearts are glad,
-----] We're wear-y, worn, and



sad. They tell us that pilgrims have a dwelling there, No



long-er are home-less ones, And they say that the goodly



land is fair, Where life's pure riv-ers run.

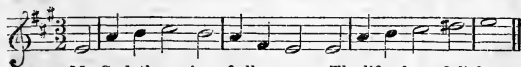
2. They say green fields are waving there,
Which never a blight shall know,
And the heavenly plains are blooming fair,
And the roses of Sharon grow.
There are lovely birds in bowers green,
Their songs are blithe and sweet,
Their warblings gushing ever new,
The angels harpings greet.
3. We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,
Of the silvery bands in white,
Of the city fair with its golden gates,
All radiant with light.
We have heard of the angels there, and saints,
With their harps of gold how they sing,
And the mount with the fruitful tree of life,
And the leaves that healing bring.

THE PILGRIM'S HOME. (CONCLUDED.)

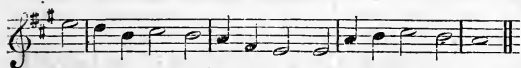
4. The King of that country, he is fair,
 He's the light and the joy of the place,
 In his beauty we shall behold him there,
 And bask in his smiling face.
 We'll be there, we'll be there, in a little while,
 And we'll join with the pure and the blest,
 We'll have the palms, the robes, the crowns,
 And we'll be for ever at rest.

206.

ALBANY. C. M.

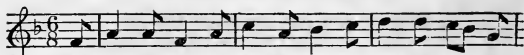


1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,

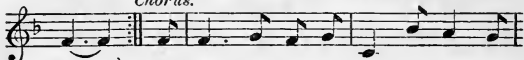


The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights

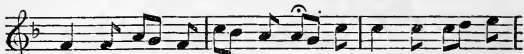
2. In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.



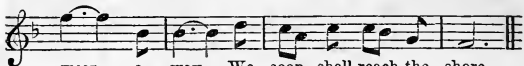
1. } What ves-sel are you sail - ing in? Pray, tell to me its
 { Our ves-sel is the Ark of God, And Christ, our Captain's
Chorus.



name; }
 name; } Then hoist ev - e - ry sail to catch the



gale, Each sai - lor plies his oar; The night be - gins to



wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore.

2. And what's the Port you're sailing to?

Pray tell us all straightway;

The New Jerusalem's the Port,

The realms of endless day;

Then hoist every sail, &c.

3. Our compass is the Sacred Word,

Our anchor, blooming Hope;

The love of God the main-topsail,

And Faith our cable rope;

Then hoist every sail, &c.

4. How many are there now on board

The Gospel Ship Divine?

One hundred forty thousand souls,

And all of royal line;

Then hoist every sail, &c.

5. Heave out your boat, I, too, will go,

If you can find me room;

There's room for you, for all the world—

Make no delay to come;

Then hoist every sail, &c.

THE GOSPEL SHIP. (CONCLUDED.)

6. And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We do not fear, for Christ is here,
And always at the helm;
Then hoist every sail, &c.
7. We've looked astern, through many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now a-head—and lo!
The land appears in view;
Then hoist every sail, &c.
8. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We'll soon be round the pier.
Then hoist every sail, &c.

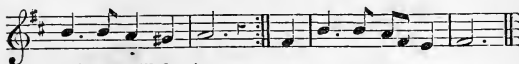
208.

NAOMI. C. M.

MASON.

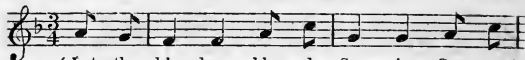


1. { Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy
Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, [OMIT

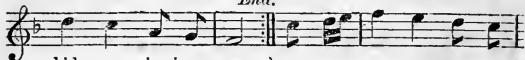


sov'reign will de-nies,] Let this pe-ti-tion rise.

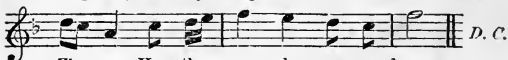
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
3. Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



1. { Let thy king-dom, bless-ed Sa - viour, Come, and
 } Come, oh, come! and reign for ev - er, God of
 n. c. Day and night thy lambs are cry - ing, Come, good
End.

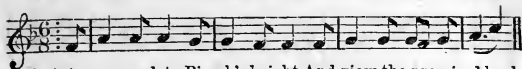


bid our jarring cease; }
 love and Prince of peace. } Vis - it now, poor bleeding
 Shepherd, feed thy sheep.



Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep;

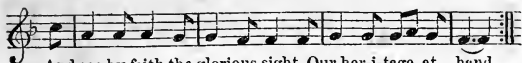
2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over every hindrance leap;
 Not upheld by force or numbers,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all the truth.
 On thy gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
 Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
4. Hear the Prince of our salvation,
 Saying "Fear not, little flock;
 I myself, am your foundation,
 You are built upon this rock;
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep.
 Look to me, and be ye holy;
 I delight to feed my sheep."



1. Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's height, And view the promised land,

Chorus.

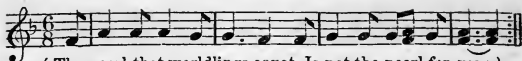
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, The heavenly port is nigh ;



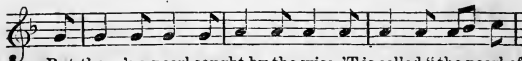
And see by faith the glorious sight, Our her-i-tage at hand.

We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by.

2. There endless springs of pleasure flow
At my Redeemer's side,
For all who live by faith below,
And in their Lord confide.
We'll stem the storm, &c.
3. Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorned in living green,
The residence of God.
We'll stem the storm, &c.
4. My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns ;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
We'll stem the storm, &c.
5. O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear ;
My bark would every tempest brave,
For Oh ! my Captain's near.
We'll stem the storm, &c.
6. My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay ;
And then my happy soul will sail
To everlasting day.
We'll stem the storm, &c.



1. { The pearl that worldlings covet, Is not the pearl for me ; }
 { Its beauty fades as quickly, As sunshine on the sea ; }



But there 's a pearl sought by the wise, 'T is called "the pearl of



greatest price ;" Tho' few its val-ue see—Oh, that 's the pearl for



me, Oh, that 's the pearl for me, Oh, that 's the pearl for me.

2. The crown that decks the monarch,
 Is not the crown for me,
 It dazzles but a moment,
 Its brightness soon will flee ;
 But there 's a crown prepared above,
 For all who walk in humble love,
 For ever bright 't will be,
 Oh, that 's the crown for me.
3. The road that many travel,
 Is not the road for me ;
 It leads to death and sorrow,
 In it I would not be,
 But there 's a road that leads to God,
 'T is marked by Christ's most precious blood,
 The way for all is free,
 Oh, that 's the road for me.
4. The hope that sinners cherish,
 Is not the hope for me ;
 Most surely will they perish,
 Unless from sin made free.

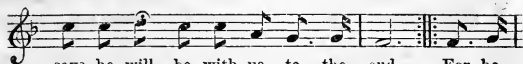
THE PEARL. (CONCLUDED.)

But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures fly,
Oh, that's the hope for me.

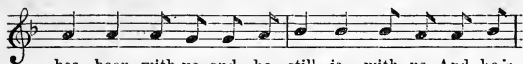
212. JESUS SAYS HE WILL BE WITH US.



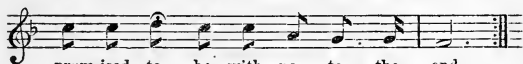
1. { Chil - dren of God, re - nounce your fears; Je - sus
Lo! Je - sus for your help ap - pears. Jesus, &c.



says he will be with us to the end, For he



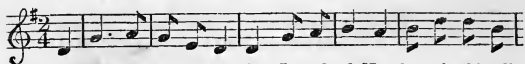
has been with us, and he still is with us, And he's



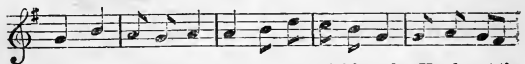
promised to be with us to the end.

2. He loudly speaks, as he draws nigh, Jesus says, &c.
"Be not afraid, for it is I," Jesus says, &c.
For he, &c.
3. When in the awful tempest tost, Jesus says, &c.
You feel your strength and courage lost, Jesus says, &c.
For he, &c.
4. When mighty waves roll o'er your head, Jesus says, &c.
Your Lord is near, be not afraid, Jesus says, &c.
For he, &c.
5. When fierce disease attacks your frame, Jesus says, &c.
Your Saviour's love is still the same, Jesus says, &c.
For he, &c.
6. In death's dark shade you need not fear, Jesus says, &c.
For Jesus will be with you there, Jesus says, &c.
For he, &c.

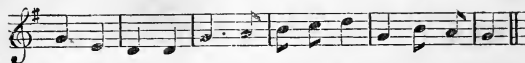
213. WEEP NOT AROUND MY BIER.



1. Weep not around my bier, When I am dead, Nor drop the friendly



tear Up - on my head. The cold and lifeless clay Heeds not th,



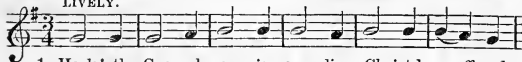
sigh—thy sigh, Nor can it wipe the tear, That dims thine eye.

2. Look not upon my form,
 When I am gone ;
 But leave me in my shroud,
 Cold and alone.
 Lift not the coffin lid,
 To say farewell—farewell,
 Nor start when thou shalt hear
 My funeral knell.
3. Pass quickly by my grave,
 When thou art near,
 Lest thou shouldst sigh for me,
 Or drop a tear.
 And weep not o'er the mound,
 Where I shall rest—shall rest,
 Nor strew wild flowers around,
 Upon my breast.
4. The soul that thou hast loved
 Will not be there,
 It will have plumed its wings,
 And soared afar.
 Then weep not o'er my change,
 When I am free—am free,
 When I've left my cell and gained
 My liberty.

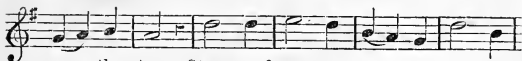
5. Afar in yonder sky,
 I'll find my home,
 And wait in realms of light
 For thee to come.
 Call me not back to earth,
 To leave my crown—my crown,
 I have fought through sin and death,
 My victory's won.

214. I LOVE JESUS. (315)

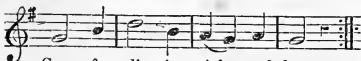
LIVELY.



1. Hark! the Gos-pel news is sounding, Christ has suffered
Chorus. I love Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus,



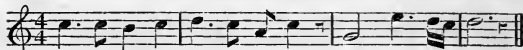
on the tree; Streams of mer-cy are a - bounding,
 yes, I do! I love Je - sus, he's my Sa - viour,



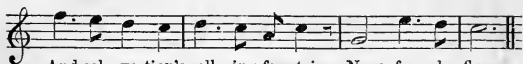
Repeat for Chorus.

Grace for all is rich and free.
 Je - sus smiles and loves me, too.

2. O, escape to yonder mountain,
 Now begin to watch and pray,
 Christ invites you to the fountain,
 Come and wash your sins away.
3. Grace is flowing like a river,
 Millions there have been supplied,
 Still it flows as fresh as ever,
 From the Saviour's wounded side.
4. Christ alone shall be our portion,
 Soon we hope to meet above,
 Bathe in the exhaustless ocean
 Of the great Redeemer's love.

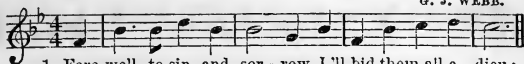


1. Je - sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go ;

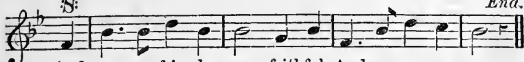


And sal - va-tion's roll - ing fountain, Now free - ly flows.

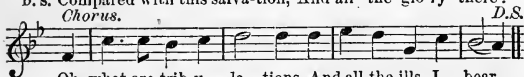
2. Once his voice in tones of pity,
Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city,
Long time ago.
3. On his head the dews of midnight
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.
4. Jesus died—yet lives for ever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, Blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high!
5. Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.
6. Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand.
7. Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even,
8. When he comes, a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."



1. Fare-well to sin and sor - row, I'll bid them all a - dieu ; *End.*

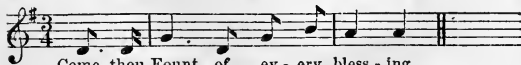


And you, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pursue.
D. S. Compared with this salva-tion, And all the glo-ry there?

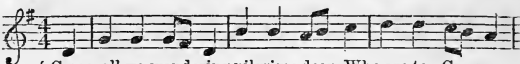


Chorus.
Oh, what are trib-u - la - tions, And all the ills I bear,

2. There every sight that pleases,
There every sound that cheers,
There sweet immortal breezes,
Inspire the palmy years.—*Chorus.*
3. Oh tears, and sin, and sighing,
Now let your prisoner go,
Discharged from pain and dying,
And from a world of woe.—*Chorus.*
4. Come on, my faithful brethren,
The land is just before ;
The harvest field is ripening,
The conflict's almost o'er.—*Chorus.*
5. There the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest,
There we shall reign with Jesus,
Eternal ages blest.—*Chorus.*
6. His love can ne'er be bounded,
Though faith and hope should cease,
His love can ne'er be ended,
But ever will increase.—*Chorus.*



Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing,

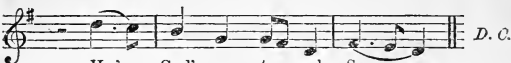


1. { Come, all ye wandering pilgrims dear, Who are to Ca - naan
 Take courage, and fight val - iant - ly, O - bey the trumpet's
 d. c. Then, pilgrims dear, pray, don't you fear, But let us fol - low
End.



bound,
 [OMIT.]
 [OMIT.]

sound; Our Cap - tain is be - fore us gone.
 on.



He's God's e - ter - nal Son;....

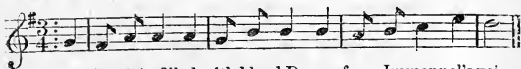
2. Through a dark howling wilderness,
 Where chilling winds do roar,
 A land of drought, of pits, and snares,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore.
 But Jesus Christ will with us go,
 And lead us by the way;
 Should enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.
3. APOLLYON.—“ Good morning, brother traveler,
 Pray tell me what's your name?
 And where it is you're traveling to,
 Also, from whence you came?”
 PILGRIM.—“ My name it is the Pilgrim bold,
 To Canaan I am bound;
 I'm from the howling wilderness,
 And the enchanted ground.”
4. APOL.—“ Pray what is that upon your head,
 Which shines so clear and bright;
 Also the covering of your breast,
 So dazzling to my sight?
 What kind of shoes are those you wear,
 On which you boldly stand;
 Likewise the shining instrument
 You bear in your right hand?”

WANDERING PILGRIM. (CONCLUDED.)

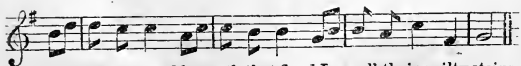
5. PILGRIM.—“’Tis glorious hope upon my head,
 And on my breast my shield;
 With this bright sword I mean to fight,
 Until I win the field.
 My feet are shod with Gospel peace,
 On which I boldly stand;
 And I’m resolved to fight till death,
 And win fair Canaan’s land.”
6. APOL.—You’d better stay with me, young man.
 And give your journey o’er;
 Your Captain now is out of sight,
 His face you’ll see no more,
 Apollyon, sir, I am by name,
 This land belongs to me;
 And for thy arms and pilgrim’s dress,
 I’ll give it all to thee.”
7. PILGRIM.—“O no,” replied the Pilgrim bold,
 “Your offer I disdain,
 A glittering crown of righteousness,
 I shortly shall obtain;
 O! if I only faithful prove,
 Unto my Lord’s commands,
 I jointly shall be heir with him,
 To Canaan’s happy lands.

219.

I DO BELIEVE. (426)

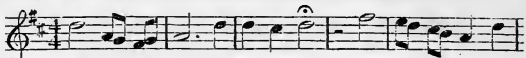


There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immannel’s veins,
 Chorus. I will believe, I do believe, I can hold out no more:

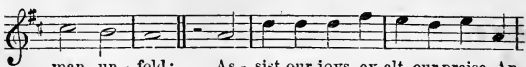


And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
 I sink by dy - ing love compelled, And own thee conqueror.

220. ANGELS, SEIZE YOUR HARPS.

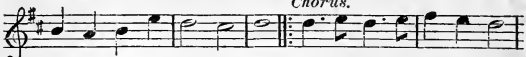


1. Come, an-gels, seize your harps of gold, The song of love to

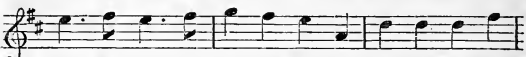


man un - fold; As - sist our joys, ex - alt our praise, An-

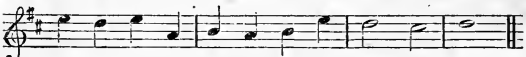
Chorus.



- oth - er sin - ner saved by grace. Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing,



Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth with



glo - ry sing: Ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God.

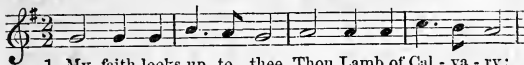
2. A leper washed from every stain,
Requires a louder, bolder strain,
The Spirit stamped and sealed within,
The blood of Christ has cleansed from sin;
Satan feels his power is gone,
He falls like lightning from his throne;
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.
3. Come let us sing, and pray, and praise,
For soon this warring strife shall cease,
When lost in love—o'erflowed with God,
With Christ we take our blest abode;
Hark! the trumpet speaks him nigh,
Hark! he comes, while myriads cry,
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.
4. We, little flock, by all contemned,
O'erlooked, unknown, despised, condemned,
With names traduced, and lives abhorred,

ANGELS, SEIZE YOUR HARPS. (CONCLUDED.)

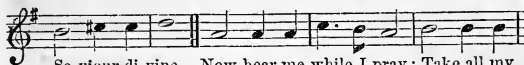
We suffer with our murdered Lord;
 Yet when the flames ascend the higher,
 We'll shout triumphant in the fire;
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

221.

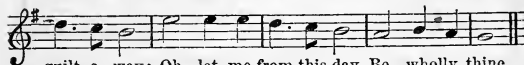
NEW HAVEN.



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 wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

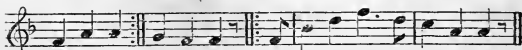
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

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;
 O, bear me safe above,—
 A ransomed soul.

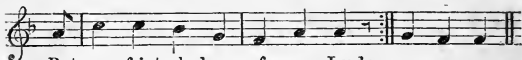
222. GO, WORSHIP AT EMANUEL'S FEET.



1. { Go, wor-ship at E-manuel's feet, See, in his Name what
Earth is too nar-row to ex-press His worth, his glory,



wonders meet; { The whole creation can af-ford
[Omit - -] or his grace. { Nature to make his beauties known

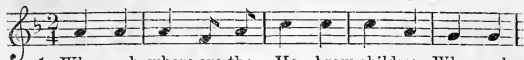


But some faint shadow of my Lord;
Must min-gle col-ors [Omit - - - -] not her own.

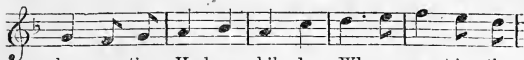
2. Is he a *Fountain*? There I'll bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments, too.
Is he a *Rose*? Not Sharon yields
Such fragraney in all her fields.
Or if the *Lily* he assumes,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.
3. Is he a *Star*? He breaks the night,
And spreads for all the dawning light—
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning Star.
Is he a *Way*? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood!
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.
4. Is he a *Door*? I'll enter in—
Behold the pastures large and green,
A Paradise divinely fair,
And all the saints have freedom there.
Is he a *Rock*? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet sweet the streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5. Is he designed a *Corner Stone*,
 For men to build their heaven upon?
 I'll make him my foundation too;
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.
 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heaven his full resemblance bears,
 His beauties we can never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face.

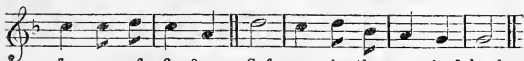
223. SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.



1. Where, oh, where are the He - brew children, Where, oh,
Chorus. By - and - by we'll go home to meet them, By - and -

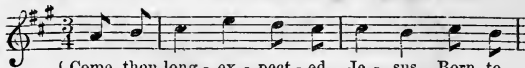


where are the He-brew chil - dren, Who were cast in the
 - by we'll go home to meet them, By-and-by we'll go



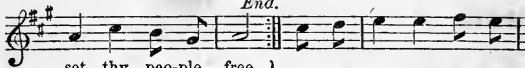
fur-nace of fire? Safe now in the promised land.
 home to meet them, Safe in the promised land.

2. Where, oh where is the good Elijah—
 Who went up in a chariot of fire?
3. Where now is good old Moses,
 Who went up from the top of Nebo?
4. Where, oh where is the prophet Daniel,
 Who was cast in the den of lions?
5. Where, oh where is the weeping Mary,
 Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?
6. Where, oh where is the martyred Stephen,
 Who was stoned for the love of Jesus?
7. Where, oh where is the blessed Jesus,
 Who was pierced on the mount of Calvary?

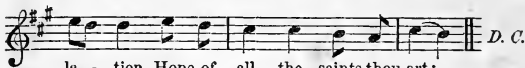


1. { Come, thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to
From our fears and sins re - lease us, . Let us
D. C. Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of

End.



set thy peo-ple free, }
find our rest in thee: } Is-rael's Strength and Conso-
ev - ery long-ing heart.



- la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art;

2. Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child—and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

225. BRETHREN, SEE POOR SINNERS.

1. Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Slumbering on the brink of woe,
Far from God, and unconverted,
Can you bear to see them go?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their children sinking down;
Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners;
Speak the word to all around.
2. Now their Saviour offers pardon,
If they will repent and turn;
Brethren, go, exhort the sinners;
Speak the word to all around:

BRETHREN, SEE POOR SINNERS. (CONCLUDED.)

Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he may be found ;
 Brethren, go, exhort the mourner,
 Speak the word to all around.

226.

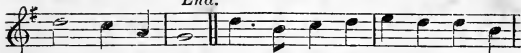
WALES. 8s & 4s.

From the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book by permission.

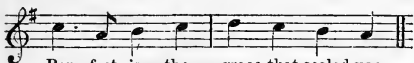


1. { Thro' the love of God our Sa - viour, All will be well:
 Free and changeless is his fa - vor ; [OMIT - - - -]
 d. c. Strong the hand stretched out to shield us ; [OMIT - - -]

End.



All, all is well: Pre-cious is the blood that healed us ;
 All must be well.



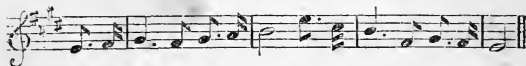
Per - fect is the grace that sealed us ;

D. C.

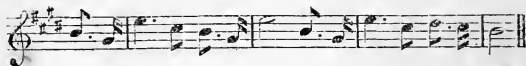
2. Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Ours is such a full salvation ;
 All, all is well :
 Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.
3. We expect a bright to-morrow ;
 All will be well :
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well :
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.



1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,



While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high ;



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;



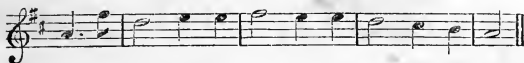
Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
3. 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,
 False, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

* For another excellent tune, see ELTHAM, No. 242.



1. The cha - riot! the cha - riot! its wheels roll in fire,



As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;

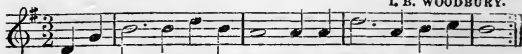


Lo! self - mov - ing it drives on its pathway of cloud.

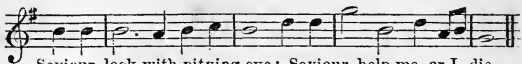


And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2. The glory! the glory! around him arrayed,
Mighty hosts of the angels now wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead all have heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.
4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones all are set!
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.



1. { By thy birth, and by thy tears ; By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy con-flict in the hour Of the subtle tem-pter's power—

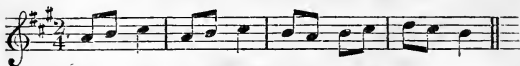


Saviour, look with pitying eye ; Saviour, help me, or I die.

2. By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—Saviour, &c.
3. By thy lonely hour of prayer ;
By the fearful conflict there ;
By thy cross and dying cries ;
By thy one great sacrifice,—Saviour, &c.
4. By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By thy power the lost to save ;
By thy high, majestic throne ;
By the empire all thine own,—Saviour, &c.

230.

COME, YE SINNERS.



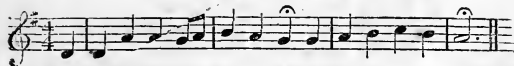
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power,
Turn to the Lord, &c.
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Turn to the Lord, &c.

COME, YE SINNERS. (CONCLUDED.)

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
Turn to the Lord, &c.
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;
Turn to the Lord, &c.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree, behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
Turn to the Lord, &c.

231.

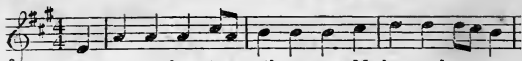
EVENING HYMN.



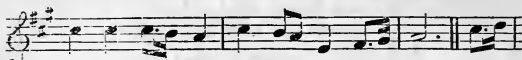
1. Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng,
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
2. Brothers and sisters hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Oh smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.
3. We come to own the power divine,
That watches o'er our days,
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.
4. May we in safety sleep to night,
From every danger free,
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

232.

WILLOUGHBY. P. M.



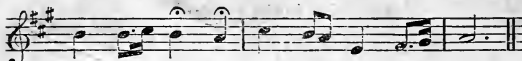
1. When two or three to - geth-er meet, My love and mer-cy



to re - peat, And tell what I have done; There



will I be, saith God, to bless, And ev - ery burdened



soul re - dress, That wor - ship at my throne.

2. Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the prisoner free,
 Impart a kind, celestial shower,
 And grant that we may spend an hour,
 In fellowship with thee.

233.

CARMARTHEN. S. M.



1. Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears :
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
2. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 Forgive him, oh forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die !

3. 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.

234.

BARTIMEUS.

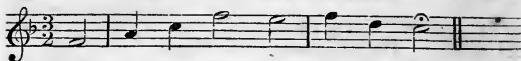


1. Brethren, here are mourners pleading
 For the mercy of the Lord ;
 Come, and for them, interceding,
 All your promised help afford.

Chorus.—Hear them, like Bartimeus, crying,
 Who is that that passes by ?
 Jesus ! Jesus ! Son of David !
 Mercy grant, or else I die.

2. Have you not a prayer to offer ?
 Can you not their sorrows feel ?
 Think on what their souls must suffer,
 Till the Lord their blindness heal.
3. They have come to Christ their Saviour,
 All their sins on him were laid :
 While they supplicate his favor,
 Cheer them with your promised aid.
4. Cannot two be found agreeing,
 Touching what you seek from heaven ?
 Hear ye not the Saviour saying,
 Ask in faith, it shall be given ?

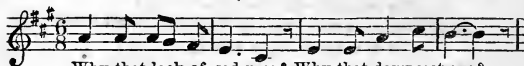
Chorus.—Hallelujah to the Saviour !
 Who has died that we may live ;
 In his name we now find favor,
 And the blind their sight receive.



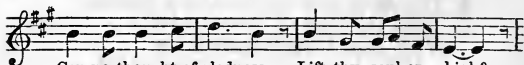
1. Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. Then what 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.
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.

236.

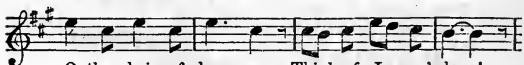
CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN. (105)



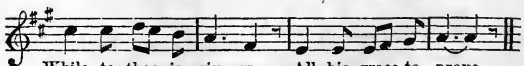
Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast eye?



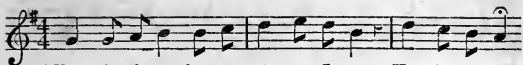
Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?



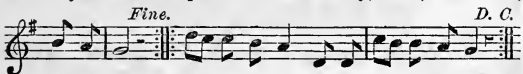
O, thou heir of hea-ven, Think of Je-sus' love!



While to thee is giv-en, All his grace to prove.

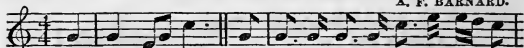


1. { Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest,
 Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest,
 D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest,

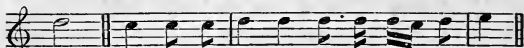


is no rest, } For I look forward to that glorious day, }
 I am blest. } When sin and sor-row will van-ish a-way, }
 there is rest.

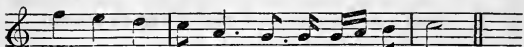
2. Here fierce temptations beset me around ;
 Here is no rest—is no rest :
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround ;
 Yet I am blest—I am blest.
 Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
 Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame ;
 I will go forward, for this is my theme ;
 There, there is rest—there is rest.
3. Here are afflictions and trials severe ;
 Here is no rest—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 they who have died in the Lord ;
 They have been called to receive their reward ;
 There, there is rest—there is rest.
4. This world of cares is a wilderness state,
 Here is no rest—is no rest ;
 Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest.
 Soon shall I be from my sorrows released,
 Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast,
 There, there is rest—there is rest.



1. No sick-ness there, No wea-ry wast-ing of thē frame a -



- way, No fear-ful shrink-ing from the mid - night air,



No dread of summer's bright and fer - vid ray.

2. No hidden grief,

No wild and cheerless visions of despair,

No vain petition for a swift relief,

No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

3. Care has no home

Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song :

Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,

Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

4. The storm's black wing

Is never spread athwart celestial skies ;

Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,

As some poor tender floweret fades and dies.

5. No night distills

Its chilling dew upon the tender frame ;

No morn is needed there ! the light which fills

That land of glory, from its Maker came.

6. No parting friends

O'er mournful recollections have to weep,

No bed of death enduring love attends

To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

7. No blasted flowers,

Or withered bud celestial gardens know,

No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower

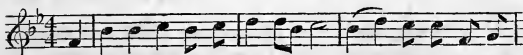
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

8. No battle word
Alarms the sacred host with fear and dread,
The song of peace creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel footsteps tread.

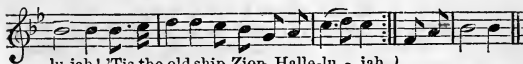
9. Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul,
Look up thou stricken one ! thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

10. With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to tread the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the haven of eternal day.

239. THE OLD SHIP ZION.

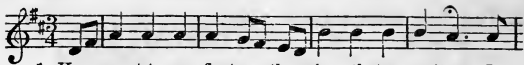


1. { What ship is this that is sail-ing by? O Glory Hal-le-
What ship is this that is sail-ing by? O Glory Hal-le-

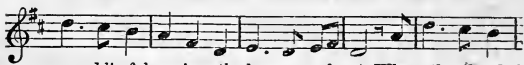


- lu-jah ! 'Tis the old ship Zion, Halle-lu - jah, }
- lu-jah ! 'Tis the old ship Zion, (OMIT . . .) } Halle - lu - jah.

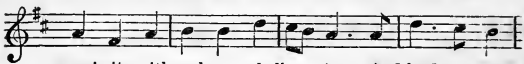
2. Pray tell me what is your captain's name?
'Tis "the meek and lowly Jesus," Hallelujah, &c.
3. Is your ship well built, are her timbers all sound?
Why, she's built of gospel timber, Hallelujah, &c.
4. Do you think she'll be able to face the storm?
Why she's landed thousands over, Hallelujah, &c.
5. Oh what shall we do when we all get home?
We will sing and shout for ever, Hallelujah, &c.
6. What must a sinner do to be taken on board?
He must give himself to Jesus, Hallelujah, &c.



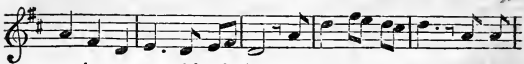
1. How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In



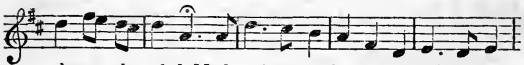
yon blissful region, the ha - ven of rest, Where the glorified



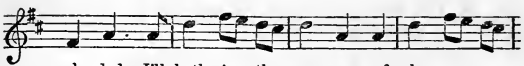
spi-rits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to



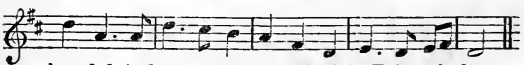
mansions prepared for the blest ; Encircled in light and with



glory enshrouded, My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-



- clouded, I'll bathe in the o - cean of plea-sure un -



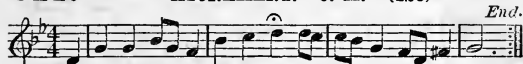
- bounded, And range with delight thro' the E-den of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise ;
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

EDEN OF LOVE. (CONCLUDED.)

3. Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love!

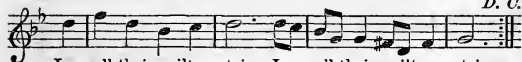
241. ATONEMENT. C. M. (426)



End.

1 } There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains;

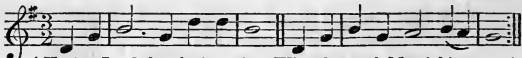
d. c. And sinners plunged, &c.



D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

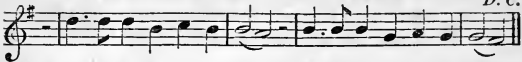


1. { Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Messiah's sway, }
 { Ev-ery na-tion, every clime, Shall the gospel call o - bey. }

D. C.

Satan and his hosts o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

D. C.



Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes his name adore;

2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.
 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

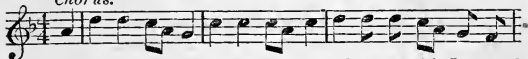
1. See how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesus' love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
 To bring fire on earth he came;
 Kindled in some hearts it is:
 Oh, that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss!
2. When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day:
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way:
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

SEE HOW GREAT A FLAME. (CONCLUDED.)

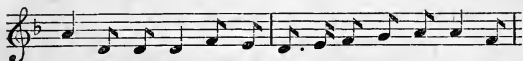
3. Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
 Lo! the promise of a shower,
 Drops already from above:
 But the Lord will shortly pour,
 All the spirit of his love!

244. COME, SINNER, COME.

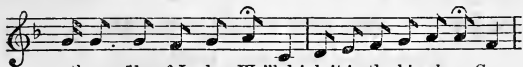
Chorus.



1. O wont that be a joyful time, When feasting with Jesus and



drinking the wine; Yes, we'll drink it in the kingdom the



oth-er side of Jordan, We'll drink it in the kingdom, Come,



sin - ner, come and go.

Repeat for Stanzas.

1. O tell me where my mother is gone,
 Who used to join with us in prayer,
 O she's gone to the kingdom the other side of Jordan,
 She's seated in the kingdom, O sinner, fare you well.
Chorus.—O wont that be, &c.

2. And tell me where my father is gone, &c.

3. And tell me where that sister is gone, &c.

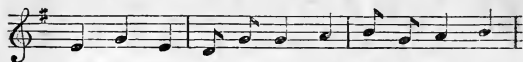
4. Oh tell me where my loved ones are gone, &c.

245. THE SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

G. F. ROOT.



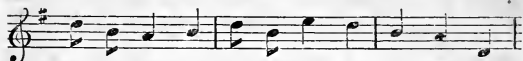
1. My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim



stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those



hours of toil and dan-ger. For oh! we stand on

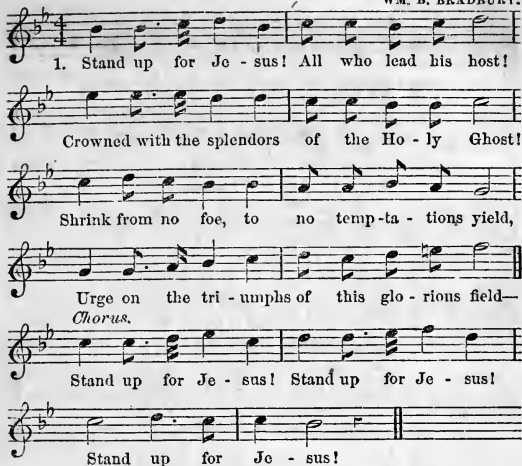


Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver, And



just before, is the shining shore Our happy home forever.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning—
For oh! we, &c.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we, &c.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! we, &c.



1. Stand up for Je - sus! All who lead his host!
Crowned with the splendors of the Ho - ly Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temp - ta - tions yield,
Urge on the tri - umphs of this glo - rious field—
Chorus.
Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus!
Stand up for Je - sus!

2. Stand up for Jesus!

Ye of every name!

All one in prayer, and all with praise a-flame!

Forget the sad estrangement of the past,

With one consent in love and peace at last—

Stand up for Jesus! &c.

3. Stand up for Jesus!

Lo! at God's right hand,

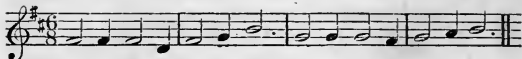
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!

Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace:

Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race—

Stand up for Jesus! &c.

* Dying charge of Rev. DUDLEY A. TYNG, to his father.



1. Soldiers of the cross, arise !
 Lo ! your Leader from the skies,
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory !
 Seize your armor, gird it on !
 Now the battle will be won !
 See ! the strife will soon be done ;
 Then struggle manfully.

2. Now the fight of faith begin ;
 Be no more the slave of sin ;
 Strive the victor's palm to win,
 Trusting in the Lord.
 Gird ye on the armor bright,
 Warriors of the King of light,
 Never yield, nor lose by flight
 Your divine reward.

3. Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell ;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear ?
 God our strength and shield, is near ;
 We can not lose our cause.

4. Fear not, though a feeble band,
 Marching through a hostile land ;
 Guided by a mighty hand,
 Ye shall win the day.
 Faithful to your banner be,
 Ever fighting manfully,
 Laurels shall be won by thee,
 Fading not away.

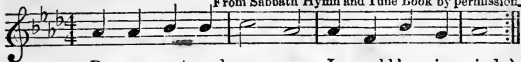
CALEDONIA. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Onward, then, ye hosts of God ;
 Jesus points the victor's rod ;
 Follow where your Leader trod ;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon your enemies, all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 And walk among that glorious train,
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

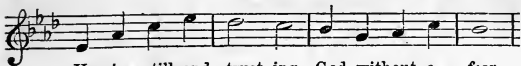
248.

SEVERN. 6s & 5s.

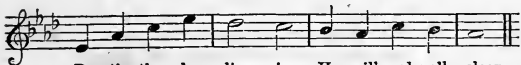
From Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book by permission.



1. { Pu-rer yet and pu - rer I would be in mind, }
 { Dearer yet and dear - er ev - ery du - ty find. }

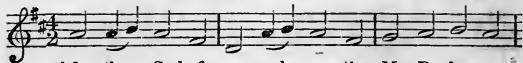


Hop-ing still and trust-ing God without a fear,

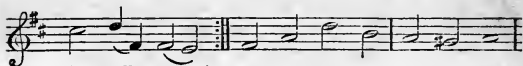


Pa - tiently be - liev - ing He will make all clear.

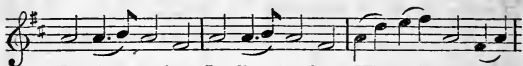
2. Calmer yet and calmer trial bear and pain,
 Surer yet and surer peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing, to his will resigned,
 And to God subduing heart and will and mind.
3. Higher yet and higher out of clouds and night.
 Nearer yet and nearer rising to the light—
 Light serene and holy, where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly, sanctified and blest ;
4. Quicker yet and quicker ever onward press,
 Firmer yet and firmer step as I progress :
 Oft these earnest longings swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning ne'er can be expressed.



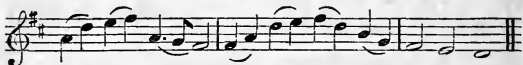
1. { O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deemer
 Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, (OMIT - - -



from all sin; } Who hast died my heart to win,



I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy

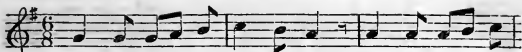


praise be - gin? Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

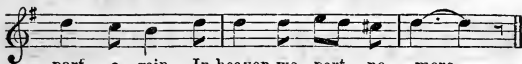
2. Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests his pardoning favor;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall his glorious image bear.
3. While the angel choirs are crying,—
 Glory to the great I AM,
 I with them will still be vicing—
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 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!

250.

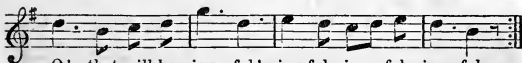
HAPPY MEETING.



1. Here we suf - fer grief and pain, Here we meet to



part a - gain, In heaven we part no more.



O! that will be joy - ful! joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,
O! that will be joy - ful! [OMIT. - - - - -]

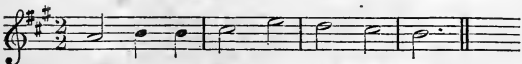


When we meet to part no more.

2. All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above,
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
3. Oh! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
4. There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

251.

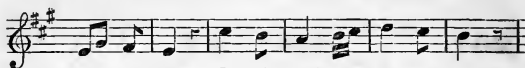
DEDHAM. C. M.



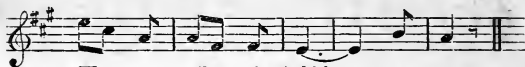
Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.



1. Come! said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my



paths your choice : I will guide you to your home,



Wea - ry pil - grims! hith - - er come.

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

DEPTH OF MERCY.

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.
3. Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my sins lament :
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
4. Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare ;
Cries, How shall I give thee up ?—
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

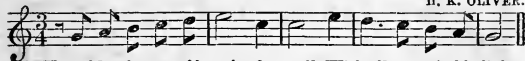
DEPTH OF MERCY. (CONCLUDED.)

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

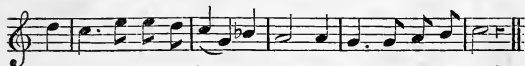
254.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

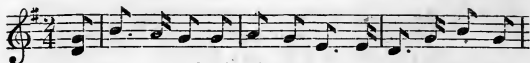


1. Ye golden lamps of heav'n, farewell, With all your feeble light,



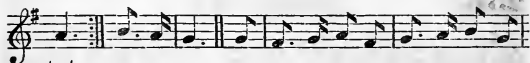
Farewell, thou ever changing moon, Pale empress of the night.

2. And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brightest flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
3. Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
4. The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
5. No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.
6. There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.



1. { This book is all that 's left me now, Tears will un-bid - den
With falt'ring heart and throbbing brow, I press it [OMIT -

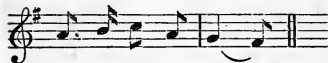
d. c. My mother's hand this Bible clasped; She, dying, [OMIT -



start,

- - -] to my heart. For ma - ny ge - ne - rations past, Here

- - -] gave it me.



D. C.

is our fami-ly tree;

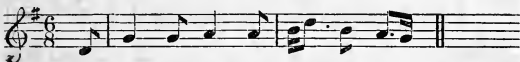
2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And tell of what those pages said,
In terms my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true
My counselor and guide.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. (CONCLUDED.)

The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

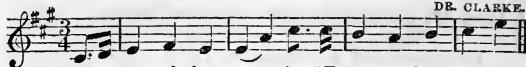
256.

BONNY DOON.*

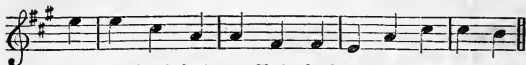


1. When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
2. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
3. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem.

* This beautiful hymn, written by HENRY KIRK WHITE, is supposed to be descriptive of his own personal experience, first as a skeptic, and subsequently as a Christian believer.



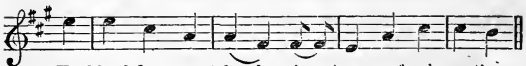
1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;"



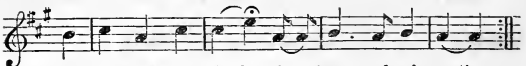
For A - dam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain,



From sin and un - cleanness, and eve - ry transgression,
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us a par - don;



His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion,
We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan,



His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - va - tion.
We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

2. Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.
3. O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
4. When on Zion we stand, having gained the blessed shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
We'll range the blessed fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption for ever and ever.

258. THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee ;

Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

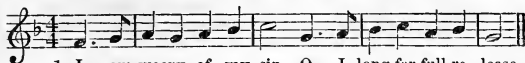
2. Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But thy wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave ; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

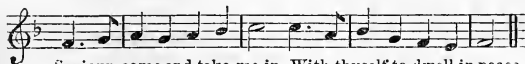
4. Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee ;

Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee :
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

259. I AM WEARY OF MY SINS.



1. I am weary of my sin, O I long for full re - lease,



Saviour, come and take me in, With thyself to dwell in peace.

2. I am weary of my pains,
Bring me, Lord, with thee to rest,
Change my groans to joyful strains,
'Mid the concerts of the blest.

3. "I am weary" of the earth,
Where the wicked spurn thy love ;
With thy sons of heavenly birth
Let me worship thee above.

260. YOUNG PEOPLE ALL, ATTENTION GIVE.

1. { Young peo - ple all, at - ten - tion give, While I ad -
 You who in sin and fol - ly live, Come hear the
 dress you in God's name ; }
 coun - sel of a friend. } I've sought for bliss in glittering
 toys, And ranged the lur - ing scenes of vice, But nev - er
 knew substan - tial joys, Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.

2. He spake at once my sins forgiven,
 And washed my load of guilt away ;
 He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
 And thus I found the heavenly way.
 And now with trembling sense I view,
 The billows roll beneath your feet ;
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.
3. Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting time or conquering death ;
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark.
 Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
 Must wither like the blasted rose ;
 The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.
4. Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
 The grave will soon become your bed,
 Where silence reigns and vapors roll
 In solemn darkness round your head

Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along ;
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

5. Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.
6. Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse ;
And soon with you 't will be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God ;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

261.

TO-DAY. (437)

1. To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice,
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ for ever reign ?
Say, will you be for ever blest,
Will you with Christ forever rest ?
2. Ye blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the Gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
Behold he's waiting at your door !
Make now your choice—Oh, halt no more,
Say, sinner, say, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

TO-DAY. (CONCLUDED.)

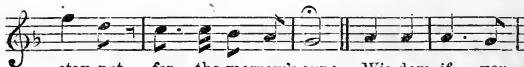
3. Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
4. Oh, must we bid you all farewell?
We bound to heaven, and you to hell!
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day.
Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

262.

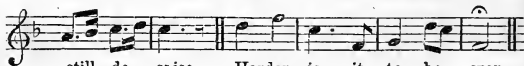
WISDOM. 7s.



1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not.—



stay not for the morrow's sun: Wis-dom if you



still de - spise, Harder is it to be won.

2. Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

WISDOM. (CONCLUDED.)

4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

263.

KEOKUK. C. M.

1. Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme,

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time. The treble staff features a melody with eighth notes and rests, while the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

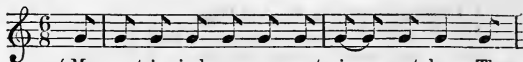
Mercy, which like a riv-er flows In one per-petual stream.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same rhythmic and melodic patterns.

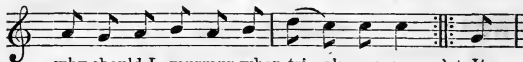
Mercy, which like a riv - er flows In one perpetual stream.

The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both the treble and bass staves.

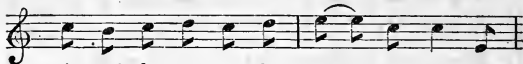
2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
Those powers will God restrain ;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
3. Fear not the want of outward good ;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside,



1. { My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then
 { Be hushed my dark spi-rit, the worst that can come, But

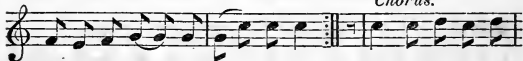


why should I murmur when tri - als are near, } } It
 shortens thy jour-ney, and hast-ens thee home; } } I



is not for me to be seeking my bliss, And
 look for a ci - ty that hands have not piled, I

Chorus.



building my hopes in a region like this, }
 pant for a country by sin unde - filed. } O that beau-ti-ful



world! O that beau-ti-ful world!

2. The thorn and the thistle around me grow,
 I would not lie down upon roses below ;
 I ask not a portion, I seek not my rest,
 Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.
 Afflictions may damp me, but cannot destroy ;
 One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy
 And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
 Like the dew in the sunshine, turn diamond or gem.
 O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!
3. Have you heard? Have you heard of the sun-bright
 clime?
 Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time?
 Where age has no power o'er the fadeless frame,
 Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame?

A river of water's flowing there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand forms are hovering o'er
The golden stream on the happy shore ;
O, that beautiful clime ! O, that beautiful clime !

3. A million of forms all clothed in white, -
In garments of beauty, clear and bright ;
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers :
But far away in that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unstained by crime,
Where, 'mid all things that are fair, is given,
The home of the just, and its name is heaven,
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

265. BEAUTIFUL WORLD. (288)

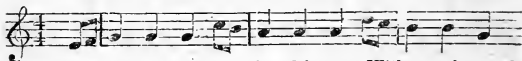
1. We're going home, we've had visions bright,
Of that holy land, that world of delight,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last ;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home :
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing around.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !
2. We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear and all are free,
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
And the seraphs' anthems blend with its strain,
Where the sun rolls down its beautiful flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good.
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine, o'er the new earth bloom.
3. Where tears and sighs which here were given,
Are changed for the gladsome song of heaven ;
Where the beautiful forms which sing and shine,
Are guarded well by a hand divine ;

BEAUTIFUL WORLD. (CONCLUDED.)

Where the banner of love and friendship's wan
Are waving above that princely band,
And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
Will cheer that immortal company.

4. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angel's cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.

266. HOSANNA TO THE LAMB OF GOD.



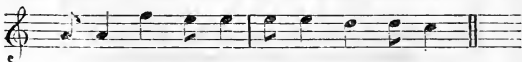
1. { Come let us join our cheerful songs, With an-gels round
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys



the throne, }
are one; } Glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing,



While on earth let glo-ry ring, Ho - san - na, Ho -



- san - na, Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.

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

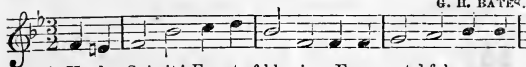
HOSANNA TO THE LAMB OF GOD. (CONCLUDED.)

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

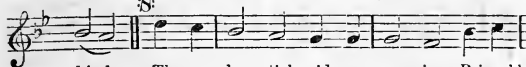
4. The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him, who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

267. FOUNT OF BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

G. H. BATES.

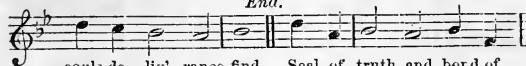


1. Ho-ly Spi-rit! Fount of blessing, Ever watchful, ev-er
S:



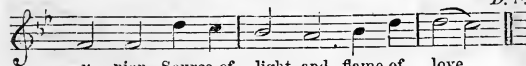
kind; Thy ce-les-tial aid pos-sess-ing, Prison'd
D. S. Sym-bol of di-vine com-mu-nion, In the

End.



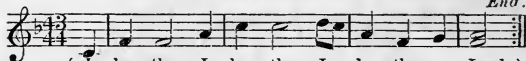
souls de-liv'-rance find. Seal of truth, and bold of
ol-ive bear-ing dove.

D. S.



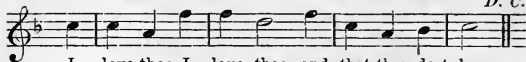
u-nion, Source of light, and flame of love,

2. Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,—
When the billows fill with terror—
Pointing to an ark of rest:
Promised Pledge! eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below,—
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.



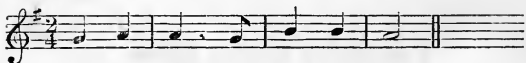
1. { I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord. }
 { I love thee, my Sa - viour, I love thee, my God, }
 d. c. But how much I love thee, I nev - er can show.

D. C.



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

2. I'm happy, I'm happy, Oh wondrous account !
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount !
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
3. O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
 My life and salvation, my joy, and my rest !
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
4. Oh, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright
 king ;
 He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and
 shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill



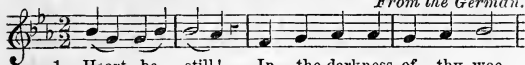
1. Children of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
2. We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Oh ye banished seed, be glad ;
Christ our Advocate is made :
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
5. Lord ! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

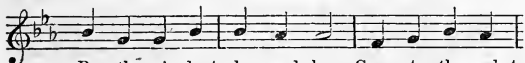
270.

HEART, BE STILL.

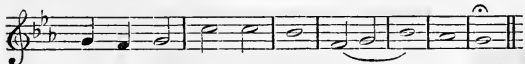
From the German.



1. Heart, be still ! In the darkness of thy woe,



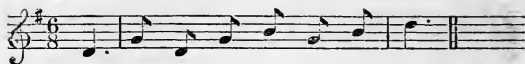
Bow thee si - lent - ly and low ; Comes to thee what-



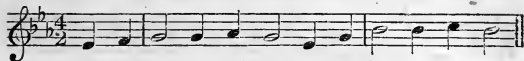
e'er God will, Be thou still, Be..... thou still.

2. Be thou still !
Vainly all thy words are spoken,
Till the word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries, good or evil,
Be thou still !

3. Keep thou still !
'Tis thy Father's word of grace,
Wait thou yet before his face,
He thy sure deliverance will ·
Keep thou still !



1. How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay,
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
2. His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
3. Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While blessed with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. 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



1. { When the last trumpet's sound, shakes the earth all a-round,
There to meet Him who died with his glo - ri - ous bride,



And the dead shall a - rise, and as - cend to the skies. }
[OMIT - - - - -] }

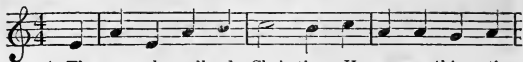
Repeat Tune for Chorus.



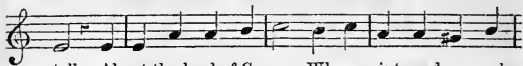
And to praise him for ev - er by Im-man - u - el's side.

Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, Amen and Amen,
We will praise him for ever, again and again;
To the Lamb that was slain, and who liveth again,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen and Amen.

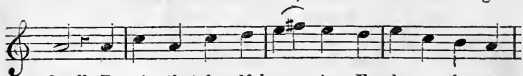
2. There a Wesley doth stand, in the midst of the band,
With his bright shining face, praising God for free grace,
While a Fletcher unites, with the old Israelites,
Giving glory to Jesus in rapturous delight.
3. There the apostolic band, with the uplifted hand,
Give to Jesus the praise of salvation by grace,
And the Martyrs who bled, with their crowns on their
heads,
From glory to glory by Jesus are led.
4. Now arrayed all in white, saints and angels unite,
And in ecstasy gaze, on the Ancient of Days,—
In melodious lays, all their voices they raise,
And all heaven is filled with Immanuel's praise.
5. Now redemption they sing, to their glorious king,
All their voices they raise, while the Angels sing base,
How 't rolls o'er the plains, in what glorious strains,
Hallelujah to Jesus, for ever he reigns.



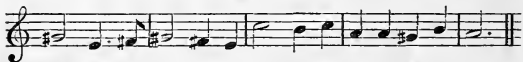
1. The peo-ple call-ed Chris-tians, How many things they



tell About the land of Canaan, Where saints and an - gels



dwell: But sin, that dreadful ru - in, En-clos-es them a -



round, While the tide still divides them, From Canaan's happy ground

2. Thousands have been impatient
 To find a passage through,
 And, with united vigor,
 Have tried what they could do ;
 But vessels built by human skill,
 Have never sailed afar,
 Till they found them aground,
 On some dreadful sandy bar.

3. The everlasting gospel
 Has launched the deep at last,
 Behold her sails extended,
 Around her towering masts ;
 Along her deck, in order,
 Her joyful sailors stand,
 Crying, "Ho ! here we go
 To Immanuel's happy land."

4. To those who are spectators,
 What anguish must ensue,
 To hear their old companions
 Bid them a long adieu !

THE GOSPEL SHIP. (CONCLUDED.)

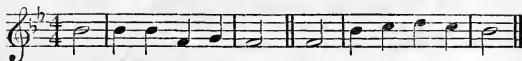
The pleasures of a paradise
No longer them invite;
They may rail while we sail,
But we'll soon be out of sight.

5. We're now on the wide ocean
We bid the world farewell;
But where we shall cast anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future happiness
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our captain and his mate.

6. The passengers united
In order, peace, and love,
The wind all in our favor,
How sweetly we do move;
Though troubles may surround us,
And raging billows roar,
We will keep on the deep,
Till we land on Canaan's shore.

374.

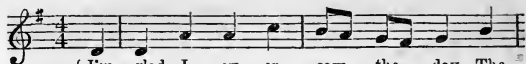
THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.



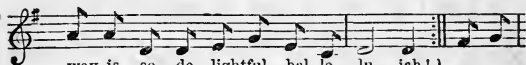
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bounds,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Jesus, our great High Priest
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee, &c.

275.

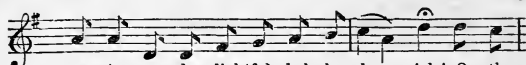
THE DELIGHTFUL WAY.



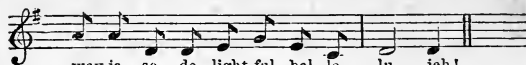
1. { I'm glad I ev - er saw the day, The
I found the pil - grim's nar - row way, The



way is so de - lightful, hal - le - lu - jah! } O, the
way is so, &c.



way is so de - lightful, hal - le - lu - jah! O, the



way is so de - light - ful, hal - le - lu - jah!

2. Redemption is our joyful song,
We'll sing it as we pass along.
3. We'll praise the Saviour while we've breath,
And through the gloomy vale of death.
4. We hope to praise him when we rise,
And shout redemption through the skies.
5. My soul is happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing.
6. Come, sinner, join this praying band,
And march with us to the heavenly land.

276.

ELTHAM.

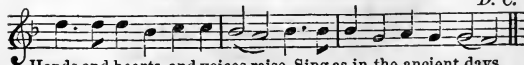
End.



1. { Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine. }
Give we all with one ac - cord, Glory to our common Lord! }

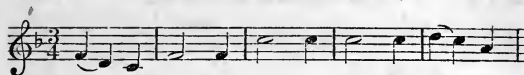
D. C. An - te - date the joys a - bove, Celebrate the feast of love.

D. C.



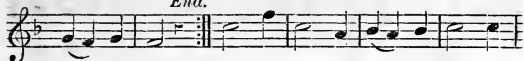
Hands and hearts, and voices raise, Sing as in the ancient days,

277. ONLY JESUS WILL I KNOW.

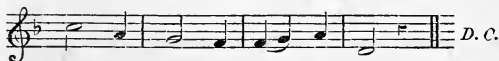


1. } Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dien, With all of
 } On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me
 D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus

End.



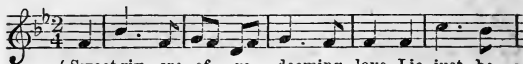
crea - ture good ; }
 with his blood! } All thy plea - sures I fore - go, I
 cru - ci - fied.



tram - ple on thy wealth and pride,

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me !
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning victim died !
 Only Jesus, &c.
3. Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend :
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide !
 Only Jesus, &c.
4. Oh that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove ;
 Show the length, the breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The precious blood by faith applied !
 Only Jesus, &c.

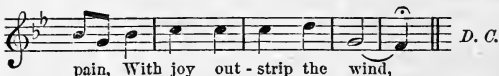
278. SWEET RIVERS OF REDEEMING LOVE. 20



1. { Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love, Lie just be -
Had I the p n - ions of a dove, I'd to these
D. C. I'd cross bold Jor - dan's stormy main, And leave the



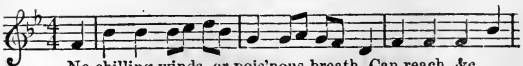
- fore mine eyes; } I'd rise su pe - rior to my
riv - ers fly, } world be - hind.



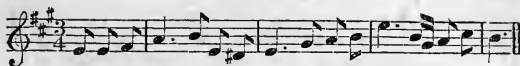
pain, With joy out - strip the wind,

2. I view the monster Death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting :
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing :
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go :
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.
3. A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea :
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

THE HAPPY LAND.



No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath, Can reach, &c.



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 O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

TUNE.—“O sing to me of Heaven,” No. 156.

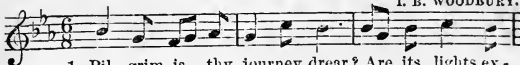
1. I'm glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost;
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.
Chorus.—I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.
2. In this cold world below,
With none to care for me;
A pilgrim lone, without a home,—
I'm glad salvation's free.

SALVATION'S FREE. (CONCLUDED.)

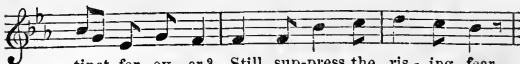
3. Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood,—
I feel it in my soul.
4. And now I'm on the way,
To brighter worlds above;
I hope to triumph evermore
Through the Redeemer's love.
5. Oh brethren, help me sing
One song of victory;
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

281. THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

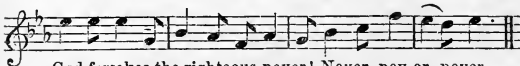
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Pil - grim, is thy journey drear? Are its lights ex -

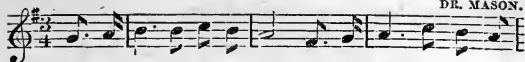


- tinct for ev - er? Still sup-press the ris - ing fear,—

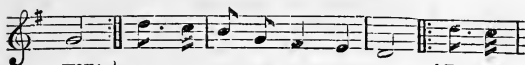


God forsakes the righteous never! Never, nev-er, never.

2. Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear of death,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never, never.
3. Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never, never.



1. { Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our
 { Let us now a blessing seek, [OMIT - - - - -]



way; } Wait-ing in his courts to - day; { Day of
 - - -] { Day of



all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest; }
 all the week the best, [OMIT - - - - -] }

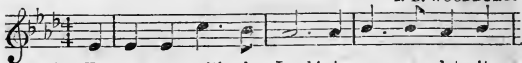


Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

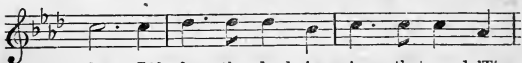
2. While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free—
 May we rest this day in thee.
3. Here we come thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glories meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.
4. May the Gospel's joyful sound
 Wake our minds to raptures new;
 Let thy victories abound—
 Unrepenting souls subdue;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we rest in thee above.

283. FOR EVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.

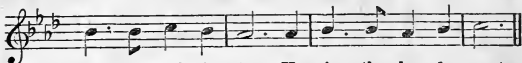
I. B. WOODBURY.



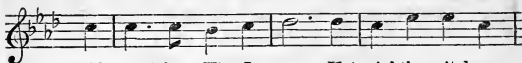
1. "For ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it



be; Life for the dead is in that word, 'Tis



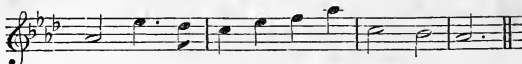
im - mor-tal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent,



Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my



moving tent A day's march near-er home, near - er



home, near-er home, A day's march near-er home.

2. My father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah, then my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
3. Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

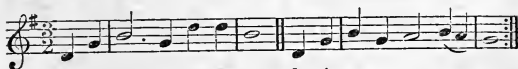
FOR EVER WITH THE LORD. (CONCLUDED.)

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

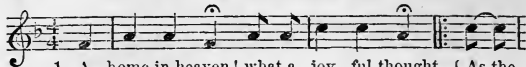
4. "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.
So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
5. Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

284.

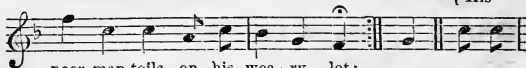
ELTHAM. 7s.



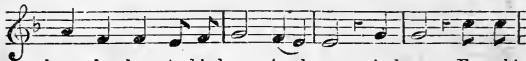
1. Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand !
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.
2. When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was its day ;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins the widening way.
Sons of God, your Saviour praise ;
He the door hath opened wide ;
He hath given the word of grace ·
Jesus' word is glorified.



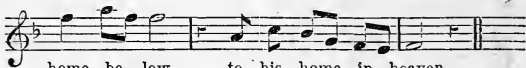
1. A home in heaven! what a joy ful thought, } As the
 His



poor man tolls on his wea-ry lot;
 heart oppressed and with anguish [OMIT] riven, From his



home be-low to his home in heaven, in heaven, From his



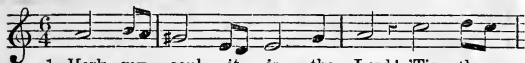
home be-low to his home in heaven.

2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
 To that bright home; what a joy is given,
 With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.
3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.
4. A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
 By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
 Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
 To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead;
 We wait in hope on the promise given;
 We will meet up there in our home in heaven.
6. A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
 And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
 When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
 We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

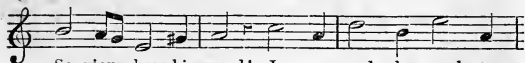
A HOME IN HEAVEN. (CONCLUDED.)

7. Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

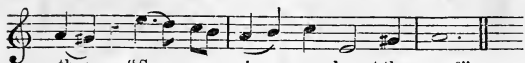
286. **LOVEST THOU ME!** 7s.



1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy

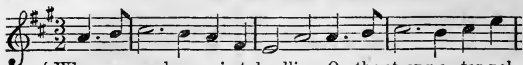


Sa-viour, hear his word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to



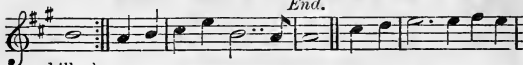
thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou me?"

2. "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound!
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.
4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
Oh for grace to love thee more!



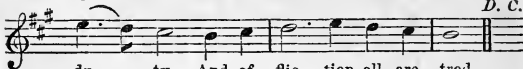
1. { When we reach a quiet dwelling, On the strong e - ter - nal
 And our praise to him is swelling, [OMIT]
 D. C. And we wake to see the beauty, [OMIT]

End.



hills. }
 . . . } Who the vast creation fills, When the paths of pray'r and
 . . . } Of our Saviour and our God.

D. C.



du - - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,

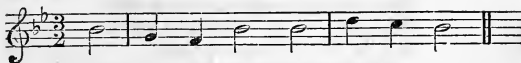
2. With the light of resurrection,
 When our changed bodies glow,
 And we gain the full perfection,
 Of the bliss begun below.
 When the life that flesh obscureth,
 In each radiant form shall shine,
 And the joy that aye endureth,
 Flashes forth in beams divine.
3. While we wave the palms of glory,
 Through the long eternal years,
 Shall we e'er forget the story
 Of our mortal griefs and fears?
 Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
 And the clouds that hung so dim,
 When our hearts are filled with gladness,
 And our tears are dried by him?
4. Shall the memory be banished
 Of his kindness and his care,
 When the wants and woes are vanished,
 Which he loved to soothe and share?
 All the way by which he led us,
 All the grievings which he bore,
 All the patient love he taught us,
 Shall we think of them no more?

THE LIFE TO COME. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Yes! we surely shall remember
How he quickened us from death,
How he fanned the dying ember
With his spirit's glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On his everlasting arms.
6. And his rest will be the dearer,
When we think of weary ways,
And his light will seem the clearer,
As we muse on cloudy days.
Oh 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day!
We shall recollect our sorrow,
As the streams that pass away.

288.

FOREST.



1. Eternity is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view my parting day,
And throw my inch of time away?
2. But, an eternity there is,
Of endless woe, or endless bliss,
And swift as time fulfills its round,
We to eternity are bound.
3. What countless millions of mankind,
Have left this fleeting world behind,
They're gone, but where? Ah! pause and see,
Gone to a dread eternity!
4. Sinner! canst thou for ever dwell,
In all the fiery depths of hell?
And is death nothing then to thee,
Death, and a long eternity?

289. WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all
 meet a - gain? Oft shall glow-ing hope ex - pire,
 Oft shall wea-ried love re - tire; Oft shall death and
 sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath a burning sky;
 Though the deep between us roll,
 Friendship shall unite our souls;
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we all meet again.
3. When these burnished locks are gray,
 Thinned by many a toil-spent day.
 When around this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
 (Long may this loved bower remain:)
 Here may we all meet again.
4. When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamp is dead,

* This poetry, it is said, was "composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a 'youthful pine.' Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again—the recollection of by-gone days drew them to the same spot and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the second hymn following.

WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN. (CONCLUDED.)

When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid ;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

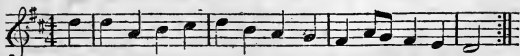
290.

THE MEETING.

1. Parted many a toil-spent year,
Pledged in youth, to mem'ry dear ;
Still, to friendship's magnet true,
We, our social joys renew ;
Bound by love's unsevered chain ;
Here, on earth, we meet again.
2. But our bower, sunk to decay,
Wasting time has swept away ;
And the youthful evergreen,
Lopped by death, no more is seen ;
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,
When, in age, we meet again.
3. Many a friend we used to greet,
Here on earth no more we meet :
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung ;
Many a heart has sorrow stung,
Since we parted on this plain,
Fearing ne'er to meet again.
4. Worn with toil, and sunk with years,
We shall quit this vale of tears ;
And these hoary locks be laid
Low in cold oblivion's shade ;
But, where saints and angels reign,
We all hope to meet again !

291.

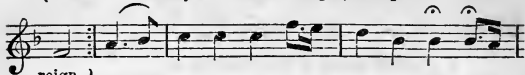
MORAVIAN. C. M. Double.



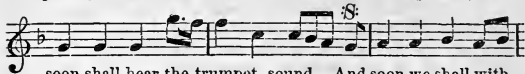
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord. Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross.



1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal
E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish



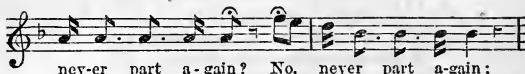
reign, }
pain. } We're marching thro' Im - manuel's ground, We



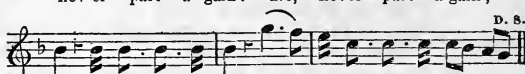
soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And soon we shall with
D. S. soon we shall with



Je - sus reign, And never, never part a - gain; What!
Je - sus reign, And never, never part a - gain.



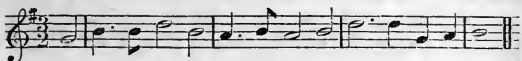
nev - er part a - gain? No, never part a - gain;



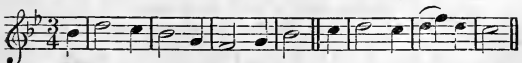
What! never part a - gain? No, never part a - gain, And

2. There, everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
We're marching, &c.

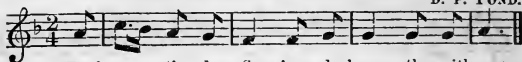
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
We're marching, &c.



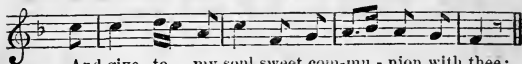
1. My soul, Oh Lord, on thee relies,
 Though all is dark and drear,
 To thee my fainting spirit flies,
 And to thy throne devoutly cries,
 Nor will I yield to fear.
2. My heart, my bleeding heart, shall be
 Submissive to thy will;
 Thy mercy long has flowed for me,
 And though thy frowning face I see,
 I'll trust that mercy still.
3. Though sorrow all my hours attend,
 And when I wake or sleep,
 I know on whom my hopes depend,
 And upward shall my prayers ascend,
 I'll praise thee while I weep.
4. In all life's griefs while here I stay,
 O'er life's brief stage to roam;
 Thou wilt defend by night and day,
 And safe conduct me, all the way,
 To my eternal home.
5. My home! no sorrow enters there,
 No hearts with grief are riven;
 Then all life's ills I'll gladly bear,
 Since thus my Father would prepare
 My chastened soul for heaven.



Together let us sweetly live,—
 Together let us die;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.



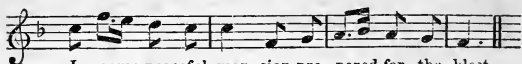
1. Deal gen - tly, dear Sa - viour, deal gen - tly with me;



And give to my soul sweet com - mu - nion with thee;

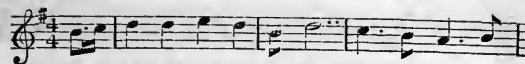


My spi - rit is wea - ry, and fain would it rest

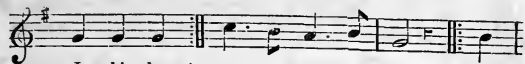


In some peaceful man - sion pre - pared for the blest.

2. In God, as the Father, I truly believe,
And Christ as my Saviour, I gladly receive;
Yet such is my nature—I frequently stray
From Jesus my Shepherd, and wander away.
3. No more may I languish, nor dare to complain
Of mental depression, or trials, or pain;
Be hushed all my sorrows, be dry all my tears,
The smiles of my Master will banish my fears.
4. What tho' this frail body must soon pass away,
And all that is earthly must suffer decay,
The spirit immortal will break from its clod,
And quickly, yea quickly! fly homeward to God!
5. Inspire me with wisdom, that I may pursue
The steps of my Master, and press my way through;
And tho' tribulations, and sorrows shall come,
I'll rest me, in hope of my heavenly home!
6. Deal gently, dear Saviour, deal gently with me,
And give to my soul sweet communion with thee;
And when I am called to receive my reward,
O bear me in triumph to dwell with the Lord!



1. { I love this pure re - li - gion, Sol - diers of the
 { I love this pure re - ll - gion, [OMIT - - - - -



Ju - bi - lee; }
 - - - - - } Sol - diers of the Cross. { Re -
 - - - - - } { Re -



- mem - ber me while toil - ing here, Sol - diers of the
 - mem - ber me while toil - ing here, [OMIT - - - - -

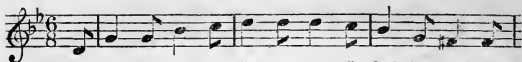


Ju - bi - lee, }
 - - - - - } Sol - diers of the Cross.

2. We'll preach a full Salvation,
 Soldiers of the Jubilee;
 We'll soon be in the kingdom,
 Soldiers of the Cross,
 Remember me while toiling here,
 Soldiers of the Jubilee,
 Remember me while toiling here,
 Soldiers of the Cross.

3. There are no tears in heaven,
 Soldiers of the Jubilee,
 We'll have a shout in glory,
 Soldiers of the Cross,
 Remember me while toiling here,
 Soldiers of the Jubilee,
 Remember me while toiling here,
 Soldiers of the Cross.

297. ON THE WAY TO CANAAN. C. M.



1. I'm on the way to Ca - na - an, I bid this world fare-
 d. c. Yet scripture doth engage the sword And strength of love di-

End.

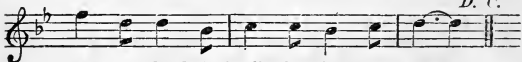


- well, Come on, my fel - low tra - vel - ers, In
 - vine.



spite of earth and hell, Tho' Sa - tan's ar - my

D. C.



ra - ges hard And all his hosts com - bine,

2. I'll blow the gospel trumpet loud,
 And on the nations call,
 For Christ hath me commissioned,
 To say he died for all.
 Come, try his grace, come, prove him now,
 You shall the gift obtain,
 - He will not empty send away,
 Nor let you come in vain.
3. And if you want more witnesses,
 We have them just at hand,
 Who lately have experienced
 The glory of that land.
 It comes in copious showers down—
 Our souls can scarce contain,
 It fills our ransomed powers now,
 And yet we drink again.
4. The glories of that heavenly land
 I've oftimes felt before,

ON THE WAY TO CANAAN. (CONCLUDED.)

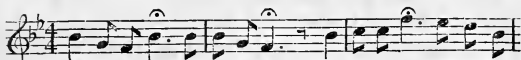
And what I feel is but a taste
Which makes me long for more.
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly and be at rest,
Then would I soar to worlds above,
And dwell among the blest.

5. O could I reach that heavenly throng,
I'd ne'er return again,
Nor would I think the season long
That I had suffered pain.
The sons of Zion marching home
Along the heavenly street,
There would I hail them as they come,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

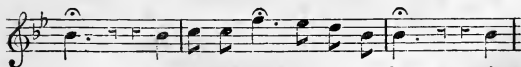
6. My soul looks up and sees him smile
While he the blessing sends,
And I am thinking all the while—
"When will this journey end?"
I contemplate it can't be long
Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng,
And in his kingdom reign.

298.

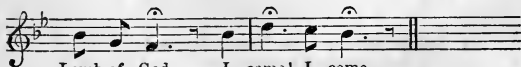
JUST AS I AM. (131)



Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for



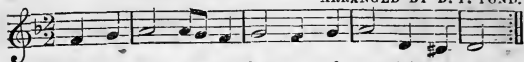
me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O



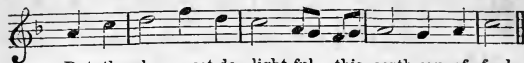
Lamb of God, I come! I come.

299. THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

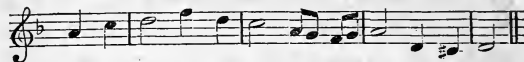
ARRANGED BY D. P. POND.



1. { You may sing of the beau-ty of mountain and dale, {
Of the sil-ver-y streamlet and flowers of the vale; }



But the place most de-light-ful this earth can af-ford,



Is the place of de-vo-tion—the house of the Lord.

2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

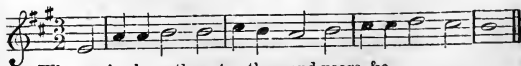
You may value the friendship of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that so flatter the favorites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar, with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

300.

DENFIELD.

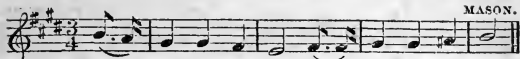


When we've been there ten thousand years, &c.

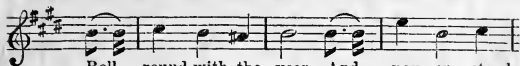
301.

GROTON. 10s, 5s & 11s.

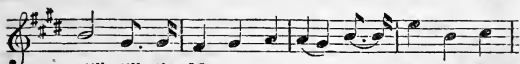
MASON.



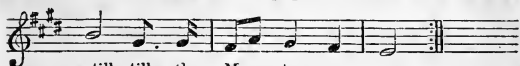
1. Come, let us a - new, Our jour-ney pur-sue,



Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand



still till the Mas-ter ap-pear— And nev - er stand



still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream

Glides swiftly away ;

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;

The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3. O that each, in the day of his coming may say,

“ I have fought my way through ;

I have finished the work thou didst give me to do !”

O that each, from his Lord, may receive the glad word,

“ Well and faithfully done !

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

302.

EXHORTATION. C. M.



He breaks the power of canceled sin,

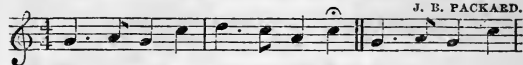
He sets the prisoner free,

His blood can make the foulest clean,

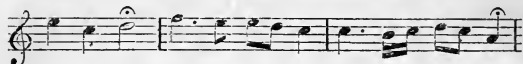
His blood availed for me.

303. NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL! 8s, 7s & 4s.

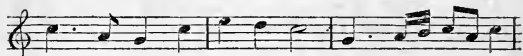
J. B. PACKARD.



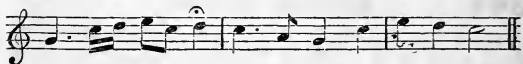
1. Yes, my native land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I



love them well; Friends, connections, hap - py coun-try,



Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you?



Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2. Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell:
Happy home, 't is sure I love thee,
Can I, can I say, FAREWELL?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
4. Yes!—I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
5. In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell

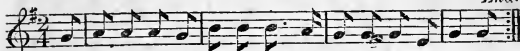
NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL. (CONCLUDED.)

How he died—the blessed Saviour,
 To redeem a world from hell ;
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
 Let the winds my canvas swell ,
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell :
 Glad, I bid thee,
 Native land, Farewell ! Farewell !

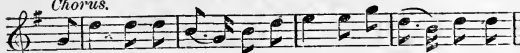
304. MARCHING TO GLORY.

End.

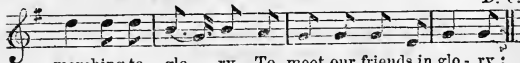


Our kindred dear to heav'n are gone, We'll meet our friends in glory,
 They landed safe, we'll follow on, To meet our friends in glory ;
 d. c. We're on our way to paradise, To meet our friends in glory.

Chorus.

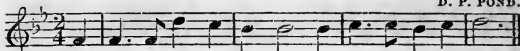


We're marching to glo - ry, We're marching to glo - ry, We're
D. C.

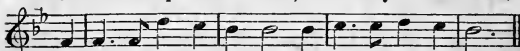


marching to glo - ry, To meet our friends in glo - ry ;

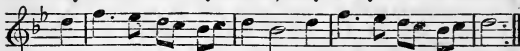
2. They had to fight their passage through,
 We'll meet, &c.
 But conquered as we soon shall do.
3. Now they are shining bright and fair, &c.
 Victorious palms with joy they bear.
4. Safe housed in their eternal home, &c.
 They wait till we with songs shall come.
5. How happy they from sorrow free, &c,
 And such our happiness shall be—
6. How bright the crown their temples bear, &c.
 Like crowns for us are waiting there—



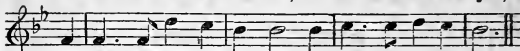
1. On life's tempestuous ocean, In early childhood cast,



My bark was fiercely driven, By every ruthless blast.

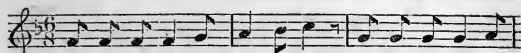


From center to circumference, The earth seemed all a-jar;



Till Christ became my portion, And my perpetual star.

2. But since we are united,
 I safely ride the deep;
 For by unerring wisdom
 That Eye doth never sleep.
 At noonday and at midnight,
 He shows his sovereign will,
 He hushes down the tempest,
 And makes the waves be still.
3. But though the night is dreary,
 With scarce a single ray,
 A gentle voice is near me,
 To cheer me on my way;
 The Master wooes me kindly,
 And to His arms I fly,
 For then the foaming billows
 Do pass me harmless by.
4. The sea of life is wasting,
 And shortens fast my stay;
 And Jordan's chilly breezes
 May reach me in a day;
 But still the star is shining,
 To light the distance o'er,
 And points me to the harbor,
 Upon the other shore!

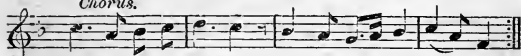


1. { Parents and chil - dren there will part, Parents and children
 Parents and chil - dren there will part, [OMIT - - - - -] }



there will part, }
 - - - - -] } Will part to meet no more.

Chorus.



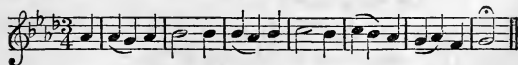
{ O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, }
 { O there will be mourning [OMIT - - - - -] }



At the judgment seat of Christ,

2. Wives and husbands there will part, &c.
3. Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.
4. Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.
5. Pastors and people there will part, &c.
6. Saints and angels there will meet, &c.

Chorus.—Oh, there will be glory,
 Glory, glory, glory,
 Oh, there will be glory
 At the judgment-seat of Christ.



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



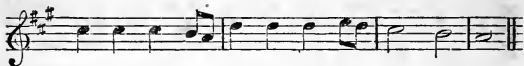
1. Hark ! how the Gos-pel trum-pet sounds ! Through all the



world the e - cho bounds, And Je-sus, by re-deeming



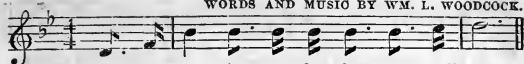
blood, Is bring-ing sin - ners back to God ; And



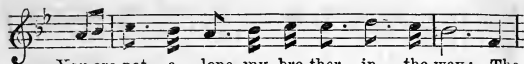
guides them safe - ly by his word In end - less day.

2. Hail ! all victorious, conquering Lord !
 Be thou by all thy works adored,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign,
 To endless day.
3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on !
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear
 In endless day.
4. There we shall in full chorus join,
 With saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move
 And this shall be our theme above
 In endless day.

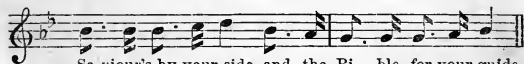
WORDS AND MUSIC BY WM. L. WOODCOCK.



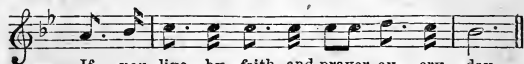
1. We will pray for our brother, we will pray:



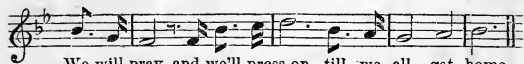
You are not a - lone, my brother, in the way; The



Sa-viour's by your side, and the Bi - ble for your guide,



If you live by faith and prayer ev - ery day,



We will pray, and we'll press on, till we all get home.

2. We will pray for our sister, we will pray:

Though you meet with many trials on your way;
If you sit at Jesus' feet, and, like Mary, often seek,
You will find his promise sure every day.

Chorus.—We will pray, and we'll press on, till we all
get Home.

3. We've come out as volunteers for the Lord,
And many are the battles we will fight;
For to obtain the Crown, we have the race to run,
If we thus obtain the Crown, it will be bright.

Chorus.—We will pray, &c.

4. Then together in faith let us pray;
For by faith and prayer we get the victory;
Although it may appear, that we have no Saviour near,
Yet to us a present help, in need he'll be.

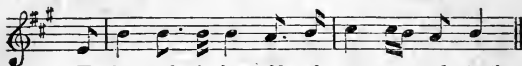
Chorus.—We will pray, &c.

310.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.



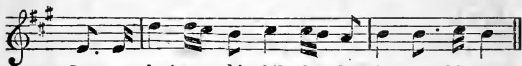
1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth,



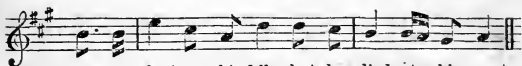
He hast - ed, the her - ald of mer - cy and truth ;



For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost :



Soon, a - las! was his fall,—but he died at his post :



Soon, a - las! was his fall,—but he died at his post.

2. The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardor he led, in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier,—he died at his post.
3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done—
The battle was fought, and the victory won ;
But he whisper'd of those his heart loved the most,—
“Tell my brethren,” said he, “that I died at my post.”
4. He ask'd not a stone, to be sculptured in verse ;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse :
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

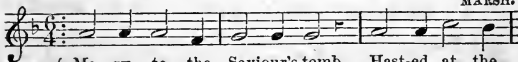
* Sung at the funeral of the late Rev. GEORGE GARY, of the Black River Conference. The hymn is founded upon the words of a dying missionary, “Tell my brethren that *I die at my post.*”

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
 He has pass'd o'er the sea—he has reached the bright
 coast—
 For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.
5. And can we the words of our brother forget?
 O no!—they are fresh in our memory yet:
 An example so sacred shall never be lost;
 We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

311. RESURRECTION. 7s. 8 lines.

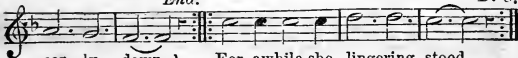
MARSH.



1. { Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb. Hast-ed at the
 { Spice she bro't and rich perfume, But the Lord she
 D. C. Trembling, while a cry-stal flood Is - sued from her

End.

D. C.



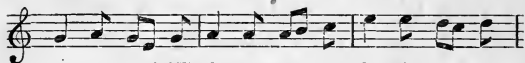
- ear - ly dawn, } For awhile she lingering stood,
 loved had gone, } Fill'd with sorrow and sur - prise;
 weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard His welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead—
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change His word can make,
 Turning darkness into day;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.
3. He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest tost.
 On His arm your burden cast;
 On His love your thoughts employ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

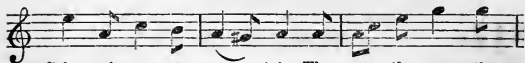
312. I LOVE THE HOLY SON OF GOD.



1. I love the ho - ly Son of God, Who once this vale of



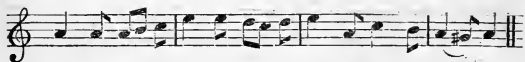
sor - row trod, Who bore my sins, a dreadful load, Up



Calva-ry's rugged moun - tain. There, on the cross the



Sa-viour hung, The sport of many an impious tongue, While



pain extreme his nature rung, And flowed life's crimson fountain.

2. Oh ! why did not his fury burn,
 And floods of vengeance on them turn,
 Amazing ! see his bowels yearn
 In soft compassion on them.
 No fury kindles in his eyes,
 They beam with love—and when he dies,
 "Father, forgive," the Sufferer cries,
 "They know not—O forgive them."

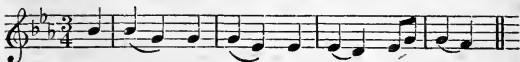
3. How ardent ought my love to be
 To him who's done so much for me ;
 My constant service, faithful, free—
 And all my powers employing.
 I should my cross with pleasure bear,
 And place my all of glorying there,
 In his reproach most gladly share,
 In tribulation joying.

I LOVE THE HOLY SON OF GOD. (CONCLUDED.)

4. And never shall it be concealed,
He hath to me his love revealed,
Of all my sins a pardon sealed—
I feel his blessed favor.
In him I do and will rejoice;
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In heaven above, for ever.

313.

ARIEL. C. P. M.



1. Oh glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blessed :
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
4. Oh that I might at once go up ;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess :
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

314.

GIVE ME JESUS.

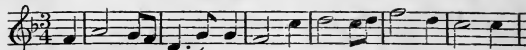
WORDS BY S. HUBBAED.

1. Brethren, we are traveling home, To the new Je - ru - sa -
 lem; Let us join the ho - ly theme, Give me Je -
 sus, Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, You may
 have all the world, Give me Je - sus.

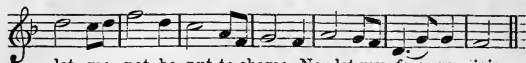
2. While we live, O let us sing
 Praises to our heavenly King;
 Thus the song shall ever ring,
 Give me Jesus, &c.
3. And when dying, joyful tell,
 How he spoiled the host of hell:
 Jesus has done all things well,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
 To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah!
4. Thus we'll pass the swelling tide,
 With the Saviour by our side,
 While his staff shall be our guide;
 Hallelujah, &c.
5. When we meet in heaven above,
 And surround the throne of love,
 Oh how sweet our joys will prove;
 Hallelujah! &c.
6. There we shall for evermore
 Sing and shout our sufferings o'er,
 On that happy, happy shore:
 Hallelujah, &c.



1. Lo, the Gospel ship is sailing,
 Bound for Canaan's happy shore,
 All who wish to sail for glory,
 Come and welcome, rich and poor.
Chorus.—Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
 All the sailors loudly cry,
 See the blissful ports of Glory,
 Opening to each blissful eye.
2. Thousands she has safely landed
 Far beyond this mortal shore,
 Thousands yet are sailing in her,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 Glory, &c.
3. Richly laden with provision,
 Want her sailors never know;
 Gospel grace and every blessing
 From her noble Pilot flow.
 Glory, &c.
4. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly waft the ship along,
 All her company rejoicing—
 Glory! bursts from every tongue.
 Glory, &c.
5. Do not fear the ship will founder,
 Though the foaming billows roar,
 Jesus Christ will safely guide her
 To her destined, happy shore.
 Glory, &c.
6. Come, poor sinners, get converted,
 Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
 And with us you will be happy,
 Happy in eternity.
 Glory, &c.



1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh!



let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

2. His mercy and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

317. SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE.

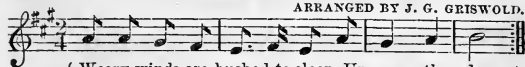
1. And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
2. Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!
3. How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret;
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE. (CONCLUDED.)

4. Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damned cast out,
 Or numbered with the blest?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else—depart to hell!

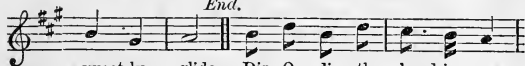
318. HEAVENLY SHORE.

ARRANGED BY J. G. GRISWOLD.



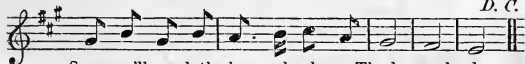
1. { Weary winds are hushed to sleep, Up - on the deep: }
 { O'er the bright and silv'-ry tide, We [OMIT - - -] }

End.



sweet-ly glide, Dip, O dip the bend-ing oar,

D. C.



Soon we'll reach the heavenly shore, The heavenly shore.

2. Brightly shine the hosts above,
 But those we love,
 Watch us on our home-bound way,
 With brighter ray,—
 Dip, then, dip the bending oar,
 Soon we'll reach the heavenly shore,
 The heavenly shore.
3. Swift the spirit man will sweep,
 Over the deep;
 Tempest none, or dashing wave,
 For him to brave,—
 Rest, then, rest the bending oar,
 Now we *touch* the heavenly shore,
 The heavenly shore.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A
land of rest, from sor-row free. The
home of the ran-som-ed, bright and fair, And
Chorus.
beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there. Will you
go to that beau-ti-ful land, Will you go to that
beau-ti-ful land, Will you go to that beau-ti-ful land?

2. That land is called the City of Light;
It ne'er has known the shades of night,
For the glory of God, as the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.
Will you go, &c.
3. In vision I see its streets of gold;
Its gates of pearl, I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree, &c.
4. The ransomed throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
In one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace, &c.

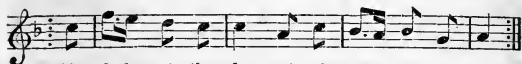
THE CITY OF LIGHT. (CONCLUDED.)

5. That beautiful land I mean to see,
 And join in its glorious harmony ;
 On the mount of God through grace I'll stand,
 And share in the bliss of that beautiful land, &c.

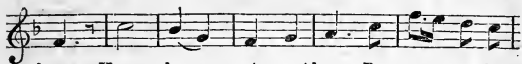
320. **SAINT'S HOME.** 10s & 11s.



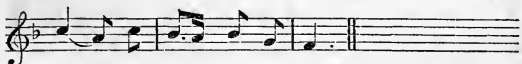
1. { Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints,
 { How sweet to my soul is communion with [omit] saints !



- { To find at the banquet of mer - cy there's room,
 { And feel in the presence of Je - sus at [omit]



home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear



Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

2. An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
 I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful, alas ! that it led me from home. Home, &c.
3. The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
4. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms ;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home

321. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

1. In sea - sons of grief, to my God I'll re - pair,
 When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor - row and care,
 From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry,
 Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I,
 High - er than I, High - er than I,
 Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

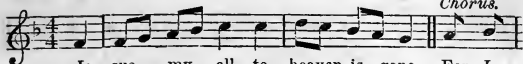
2. When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood,
 To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
 I'll pray to the Lord, who for sinners did die,—
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
 Higher than I, &c.

3. And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,
 Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall appear,
 In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy,
 And look to the Rock that is higher than I,
 Higher than I, &c.

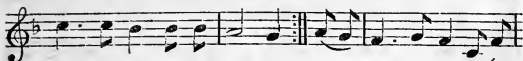
3. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
 And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
 Transported I'll join with the ransomed on high,
 To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!
 Higher than I, higher than I,
 To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

322. THE BLOOD-WASHED ARMY.

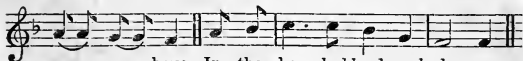
Chorus.



1. { Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone,— For I
 He whom I fix my hop - es up-on, For I &c.
 His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, For I &c.
 The nar - row way till him I view, For I &c.



long to join in the ar - my, For I long to join in the



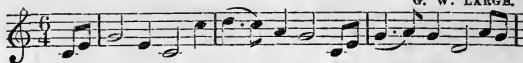
army a - bove, In the ho - ly blood-washed ar-my.

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 mourn'd 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.

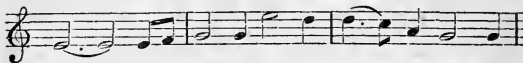
* Obtained from one of the oldest Methodists in New Bedford, Mass., through the kind offices of Rev. H. S. WHITE, of the Providence Conference.

323. MY GLORIOUS HOME. C. M. Double.

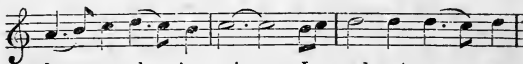
G. W. LARGE.



1. My soul doth magni - fy the Lord, My spi - rit doth re -



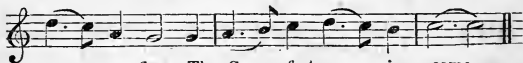
joice; In God my Saviour and my King, I



hear a charming voice, I need not go a -



bove for joys, I have a feast at home, My cup with blessings



ov - er - flows, The Com - fort - er is come.

2. Down from above the blessed Dove,
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love,—
This is my joyful feast.
This makes me Abba Father cry,
With confidence of soul;
This makes me cry, my Lord, my God;
And that without control.
3. There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne;
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
The stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Whence all my joys do spring.

MY GLORIOUS HOME, (CONCLUDED.)

4. Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory, too ;
Such hidden manna—hidden pearls
The wordling does not know.
I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy pard 'ning love ;
My soul doth leap, but oh for wings,
' The wings of Noah's dove !
5. Then would I fly, and hence away
Would leave this world of sin ;
Then would my Lord reach forth his hand
And kindly take me in.
Then would my soul with angels feast
' O'er joys that ever last ;
Blest be my God—the God of joys,
Who gives me here a taste.

324.

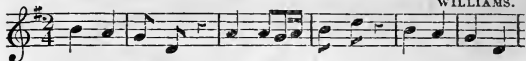
HARWELL.



1. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
2. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

325. THE SISTER'S FAREWELL. 8s & 7s.

WILLIAMS.



1. Farewell, Mother!—tears are streaming Down thy pale and



ten - der cheek,— I, in gems of glo - ry beaming,



Scarce a sad farewell can speak. Farewell, Mother:—



do not grieve thee; Heavenly bliss my spirit thrills; Trust in



him whose love hath saved me—Dearest Mother—fare thee well.

2. Farewell, Father!—thou art yearning
O'er thy cherished one laid low;
Surely thou wouldst not recall me
To inferior joys below.

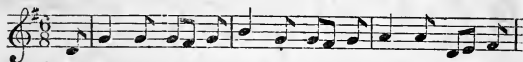
Farewell, Father:—Thou didst bless me
Ere my lips thy name could tell;
Now in heaven I yearn to bless thee—
Father, Guardian—fare thee well.

3. Farewell, Sister!—didst thou linger
Round me still, as when I slept?
Didst thou wait one kindly greeting
Ere I passed beyond thy sight?
Farewell, Sister:—cease thy grieving,
Bow to thy dread Sovereign's will,
Sadly thou alone art weeping—
Sister, dear, I love thee still!

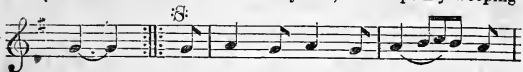
THE SISTER'S FAREWELL. (CONCLUDED.)

4. Farewell, Brother!—thou wilt miss me
 From our broken household band,
 Yet a little, I shall greet thee
 In the bright, the "Better Land!"
 Softly now on earth I'll watch thee,
 All thy steps, I'll guard them well—
 Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
 All beloved ones, Fare ye well!

326. O THAT WILL BE JOYFUL. C. M. (16)



1. { When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the
 I'll bid fare-well to ev - cry fear, And wipe my weeping



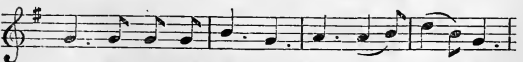
skies, } And wipe my weep-ing eyes,.... And
 eyes. } d. s. To meet to part no more,... On



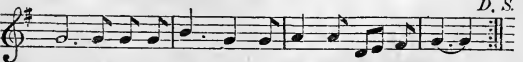
wipe my weep-ing eyes, I'll bid fare - well to
 Ca - naan's hap - py shore; 'Tis there we'll meet, at



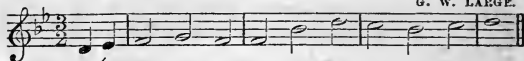
ev - cry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Je - sus' feet We'll meet to part no more.



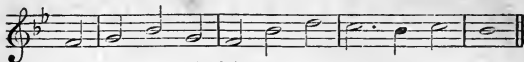
Oh, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,



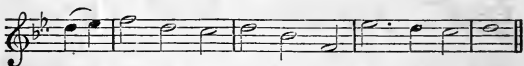
Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more



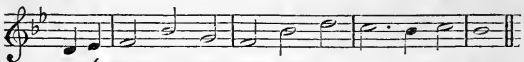
1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near:



The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee;



No price is de - manded, the Sa - viour is here,



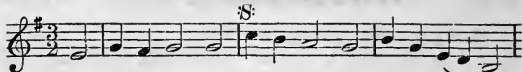
Re - demp - tion is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.

2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pard'ning blood?
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded, will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand;
What power then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

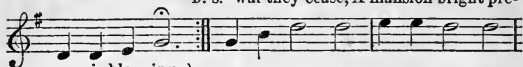
1. As on the cross the Sa - viour hung, And
 wept, and bled, and died, He poured sal - va - tion
 on a wretch That languished by his side.

2. His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confessed;
 Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer addressed :
3. " Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
 Thou spotless Lamb of God,
 I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
 And welt'ring in thy blood.
4. " Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
 In triumph thou shalt rise,
 Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
 And mount above the skies.
5. " Amid the glories of that world,
 Dear Saviour, think on me ;
 And, in the vict'ries of thy death,
 May I a sharer be !"
6. His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
 And instantly replied,
 " To-day thy parting soul shall be
 With me in Paradise."

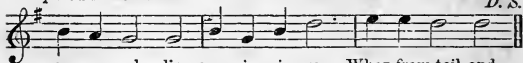
I love to steal a - while a - way,



1. { Hark ! brethren, do'n't you hear the sound, The martial trumpet
Men in or - der list'ning round, And soldiers to the
D. S. war they cease, A mansion bright pre-



now is blow-ing, }
standard flow-ing! { Bounty 's of - fered, joy and peace, To
pared in hea-ven. D. S.



ev - ery sol - dier now is giv - en, When from toil and

2. The battle is not to the strong ;
The burden 's on our Captain's shoulder ;
None so aged, nor so young,
But they may 'list, and be a soldier
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection ;
None who on his name rely
Shall be reduced to base subjection.
3. You need n't fear—the cause is good ;
Come, who will 'list and be a soldier ?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire ;
In this cause let 's follow on ;
And soon we 'll tell the wondrous story,
How by faith we gained the crown,
And fought our way by grace to glory.
4. Lo, the battle is begun !
Behold the armies now in motion :
Some the fight have almost won,
And grasp by faith their future portion
Hark ! the victors sing aloud !
Immanuel's chariot-wheels are rolling !
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

IMMANUEL'S ARMY. (CONCLUDED.)

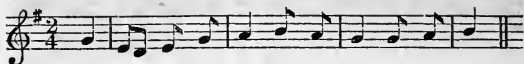
5. O, ye rebels, come, and 'list,
 The officers are still recruiting ;
 Will you still in sin persist,
 And spend your time in vain disputing ?
 All your pleasures here are vain ;
 For if you do not sue for favor,
 Down you 'll sink to endless pain,
 To bear the wrath of God for ever.

331. HUMILITY. C. M. Double.

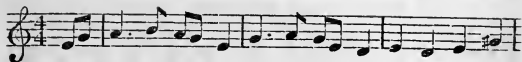
1. The man that views his guilt and sin With clear, enlightened
 eyes, He sees how vile a wretch he's been, And
 down in dust he lies. With hum-ble, low sub-
 - mis-sion 'tis, His soul is brought to say, That
 God the sovereign pot-ter is, And he but worthless clay.

2. His views are just and adequate,
 He sees it would be right,
 If God should fix his future state
 In black, eternal night.
 He gives it in both free and frank,
 His all he then resigns ;
 He's willing now to sign a blank,
 And God should write the lines.

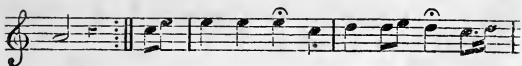
(See No. 159.)



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
2. In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
3. Fear not, I am with thee—oh! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
5. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
6. Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in thy bosom be borne.
7. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.



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



me! }
see. } 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And



grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that



grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.

2. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come,
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
3. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
This earth will soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

WORDS BY REV. C. H. AUSTIN. MUSIC BY W. B. HINE.

1. Up - on a restless, stormy sea, My fragile bark doth
sail, Toss'd to and fro by adverse winds, Toss'd
to and fro by adverse winds, Without one prosperous
gale, With - out one prosperous gale.

2. Alas ! see how the gathering storm
The horizon obscures,
In horror stands my troubled soul
Amid death's dismal fears.
3. But on the restless, surging waves
In robes of purest white ;
My pilot comes in hasty strides,
To end my dreary night.
4. He speaks ! his mandate calms the storm,
His words the winds control,
My fears subside—peace fills my heart,
And hope inspires my soul.
5. Emanuel is my pilot's name,
A never failing friend,
He 'll guide my way-worn bark to rest,
Where storms for ever end.
6. Then, O my soul, no longer fear,
But on his strength rely :
He 'll guide thee safely to a port,
Beyond life's stormy sky.

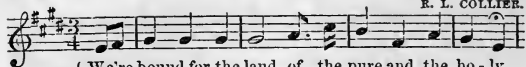
7. There will our long lost, happy friends
 With joy our coming greet;
 And join with us, through endless day,
 God's praises to repeat.

335.

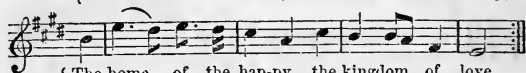
HENLEY. L. M.

1. Come un - to me, when sha-dows dark-ly gath - er,
 When the sad heart is wea-ry and dis - tressed,
 Seek-ing full com-fort from your heavenly Fa - ther,
 Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

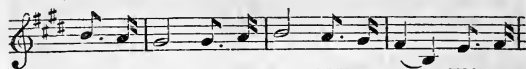
2. Ye, who have mourned when the spring flowers were
 taken,
 When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
 When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
 Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are
 crowned.
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
4. There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
 Blooms the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed—
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.



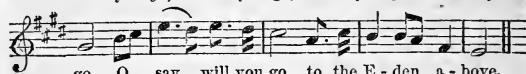
1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly,
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of fol-ly,



- { The home of the hap-py, the kingdom of love,
O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove.



Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you



go, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove.

2. In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish,
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified move,
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above*?

Will you go, etc.

3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above*?

Will you go, etc.

4. No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above*?

Will you go, etc.

5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above*?

Will you go, etc.

THE EDEN ABOVE. (CONCLUDED.)

6. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the *Eden above*.
 We will go, we will go;
 O yes, we will go to the *Eden above*.
7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
 We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
 O come to thy *Lord*, in his arms he will take thee,
 And bear thee along to the *Eden above*.
 Will you go, Will you go,
 O say, will you go to the *Eden above*?
8. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
 O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
 No other but *Jesus*; then come to him praying,
 Prepare me, O *Lord*, for the *Eden above*,
 Will you go, Will you go
 At last, will you go to the *Eden above*?

337.

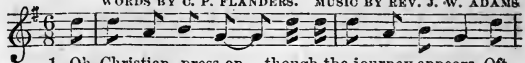
INVITATION. 8s & -7s.

The musical notation consists of five staves of music in a single system, all using a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the lyrics are placed below the notes. The music is a simple, hymn-like tune with a steady rhythm.

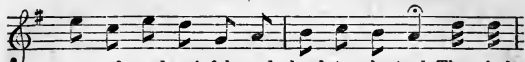
Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded,
 sick and sore; Je - sus rea-dy stands to save you,
 Full of pi - ty, love, and power: He is a - ble,
 He is will-ing, He is a - ble. He is will-ing,
 He is a - ble, He is willing; donbt no more.

* For the rest of the hymn, and another tune, see No. 230.

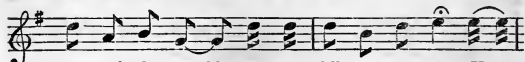
WORDS BY C. P. FLANDERS. MUSIC BY REV. J. W. ADAMS



1. Oh Christian, press on, though the journey appears, Oft

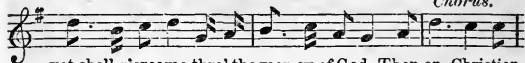


rugged and painful, and hard to be trod, Though the

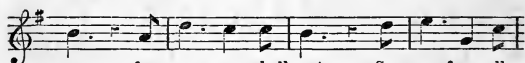


taunts of the world ev - er fall on your ears, You

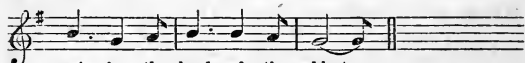
Chorus.



yet shall o'ercome thro' the mercy of God. Then on, Christian,



on, for soon you shall rest, Se-cure from all



pain in the land of the blest.

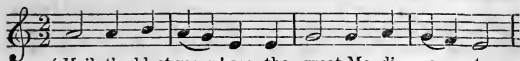
2. Though clouds gather round you as onward you go,
 And burdened your life is with sorrow and care,
 Remember that God never fails to bestow
 Needed grace on his children their trials to bear.
Chorus. Then on, Christian, on, &c.

3. Oh! 'tis a stern warfare, and often it seems
 That even the bravest the fight must give o'er;
 Yet he who shall conquer, has never had dreams
 Of the glories that wait him on heaven's bright shore.
Chorus. Then on, Christian, on, &c.

4. Shrink not from the cross, though its weight be severe,
 Tho' friends may forsake you, tho' kindred may frown,
 Though you weep while on earth, for its sake every tear,
 In heaven shall be a bright gem in your crown.
Chorus. Then on, Christian, on, &c.

339.

STAR IN THE EAST.

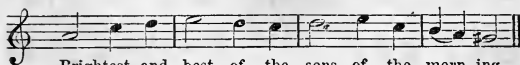


1. { Hail, the blest morn! see the great Me-di-a-tor
Shepherds, go wor-ship the Babe in the man-ger,
D. C. Star in the east! the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing,

End.

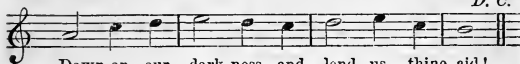


Down from the re-gions of glo-ry des-cend! }
Lo! for his guard the blest an-gels at-tend. }
Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing,

D. C.

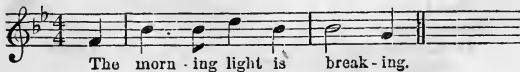


Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid!

2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall!
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

340.

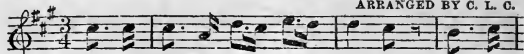
WEBB. 7s & 6s.



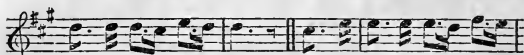
The morn-ing light is break-ing.

341. WRESTLING JACOB. 8s & 7s.

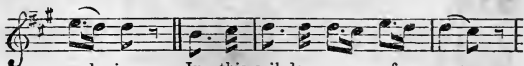
ARRANGED BY C. L. G.



1. Let me go, the day is breaking— Dear com-



panions, let me go; We have spent a night of

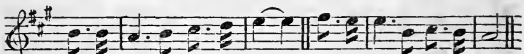


wak - ing, In this wil - der - ness of woe

Chorus.



Upward now I wend my way, Part we here at break of day,



Upward now I wend my way; Part we here at break of day.

2. Let me go: I may not tarry,
 Writting thou with doubt and fears;
 Angels wait my soul to carry
 Where my kindred Lord appears;
 Friends and kindred, weep not so,
 If you love me, let me go.

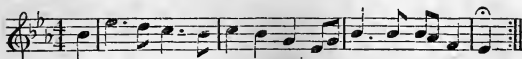
3. We have traveled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 't is hard, 't is hard to part:
 While I sigh, farewell to you,
 Answer, one and all, adieu!

4. 'T is not darkness gathering round me,
 That withdraws me from your sight;
 Walls of earth no more can bind me,
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark, on mountain wing,
 Though unseen, you hear me sing.

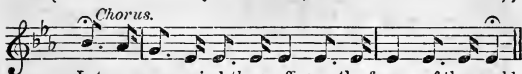
WRESTLING JACOB. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky;
 Am I dead! Nay by their token,
 Know that I have ceased to die;
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither, come and see.

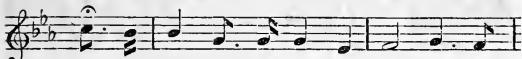
342. CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M.



1. { Ye va-lient soldiers of the cross, Ye happy, praying band, }
 { Tho' in this world ye suffer loss, Press on to Canaan's land; }



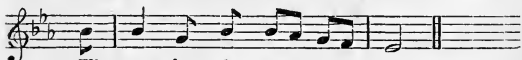
Let us nev-er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,



For we've all got the cross to bear, It will



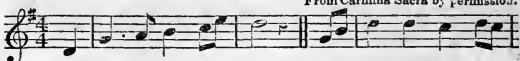
on - ly make the crown the bright-er to shiue,



When we have the crown to wear.

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

From Carmina Sacra by permission.



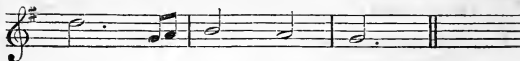
1. { Down from the wil - low bough My slumbering harp I'll
 And bid its si - lent strings To heavenly themes a -



take, }
 wake:} How peaceful should its breathings be, Dear



Saviour, when I sing of thee, Dear Sa - viour,



when I sing of thee.

2. Love, Love on earth appears !
 The wretched throng his way ;
 He beareth all their griefs,
 And wipes their tears away :
 How soft and sweet the strains should be.
 Whene'er I sing of Calvary !

3. He saw me, as he pass'd,
 In hopeless sorrow lie,
 Condemn'd and doom'd to death,
 And no salvation nigh :
 O, long and loud the strain should be,
 Whene'er I sing his love to me !

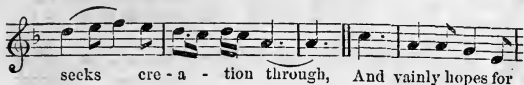
4. " I die for thee," he said ;
 Behold the cross arise !
 And lo ! He bows his head,
 He bows his head and dies !
 Soft, soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
 Here let me weep on Calvary.

344.

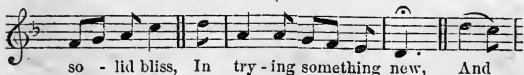
ALWAYS NEW. C. M.



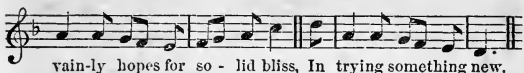
1. Since man by sin has lost his God, He



seeks cre - a - tion through, And vainly hopes for



so - lid bliss, In try - ing something new, And



vain-ly hopes for so - lid bliss, In trying something new.

2. The new possessed, like fading flowers,

Soon loses its gay hue;

The bubble now no longer takes,

The soul wants something new.

3. And could we call all Europe ours,

With India and Peru,

The mind would feel an aching void,

And still want something new.

4. But when we feel the Saviour's power,

All good in him we view,

The soul forsakes its vain pursuit,

Nor seeks for something new,

5. The joys a dear Redeemer brings,

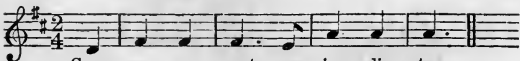
Will bear a strict review,

Nor need we ever change again,

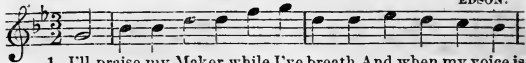
For Christ is always new.

345.

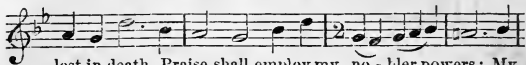
GANGES. P. M.



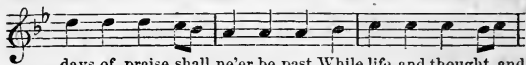
Come on, my part - ners in dis - tress.



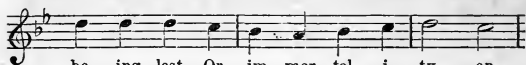
1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is



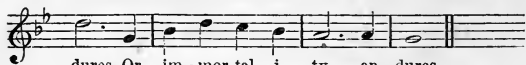
lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler powers ; My



days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and



be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en -

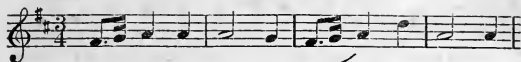


dures, Or im - mor - tal - i ty en - dures.

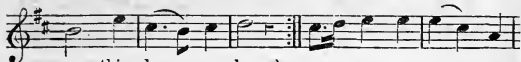
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train.
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
3. The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
4. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

347.

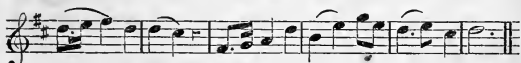
GO WATCH AND PRAY.



1. } Go watch and pray; thou canst not tell How
 } Thou canst not know how soon the bell May



near thine hour may be; }
 toll its notes for thee; } Death's countless snares be



set thy way; Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care,

Does thy firm pulse beat high?

Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,

Dilate before thine eye?

Soon these must change—must pass away:

Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3. Ambition, stop thy panting breath;

Pride, sink thy lifted eye:

Behold the caverns dark with death

Before you open lie!

The heavenly warning now obey,

Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4. Thou aged man! life's wintry storm

Hath seared thy vernal bloom:

With trembling limbs and wasting form,

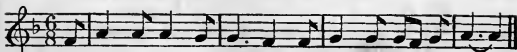
Thou 'rt bending o'er the tomb:

And can vain hope lead THEE astray?

Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

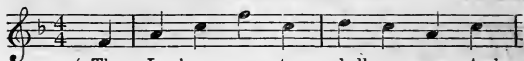
348.

THE PEARL. 7s & 6s. (211)

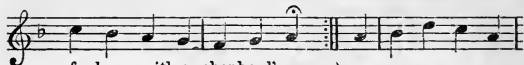


The road that ma-ny trav-el, &c.

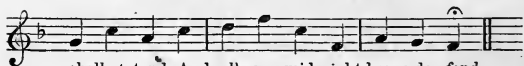
349. SHELTER. L. M. 6 lines.



1. { The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And
His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, And



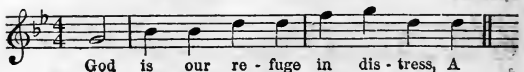
feed me with a shepherd's care; {
guard me with a watchful eye: } My noon-day walks he



shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
And streams shall murmur all around.
4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

350. GREENFIELD. L. P. M.

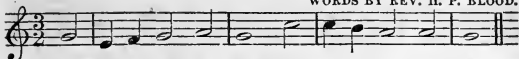


God is our re - fuge in dis - tress, A

351.

BOYLSTON.

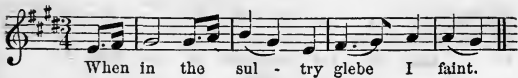
WORDS BY REV. H. P. BLOOD.



1. Jesus, thou light of life,
My wand'ring footsteps guide,
Within the path of holy life,
Close to thy bleeding side.
2. If tempted e'er to roam,
And from thy presence stray,
Bind me to heaven, bright, "sweet home;"
Thyself the only way.
3. In darkest hours attend,
And let me hear thy voice,
Then shall each murm'ring thought be still,
And all within rejoice.
4. And when life's golden beams
In beauty are displayed,
Save thou my soul from earthly dreams,
From dust lift up my head.
5. Thyself to me impart,
The earnest pledge of heaven;
The measure, stature, fullness give
That shall my spirit leaven.
6. That dwelling here below,
I may declare abroad
The fullness of redeeming grace,
The fullness of my God.
7. And when the work is wrought,
The testimony given,
The holiness thy blood hath bought,
Remove from earth to heaven.

352.

YOAKLEY. 6 lines, 8s.

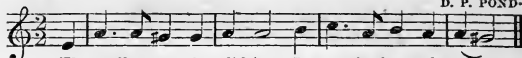


When in the sul - try glebe I faint.

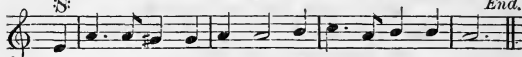
353.

EVENING STAR.

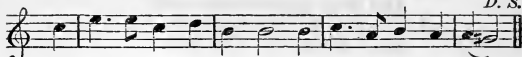
D. P. POND.



1. The mellow eve is glid-ing, Se - renely down the west ; End.



So ev - ery care sub-sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest,
D. S. May an-gels, round me singing, Thus hymn my last repose. D. S.



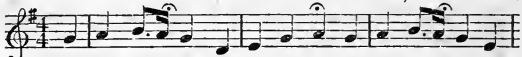
The woodland hum is ring-ing, The day-light's gentle close ;

2. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break,
Oh, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

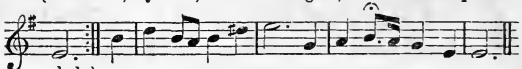
354.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

ARRANGED FOR SACRED MELODIES, BY D. P. POND.



1. { From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly
A - rise, my soul, and strive to gain, Some fellowship with



God, } Some fel-lowship with God, Some fellowship with God.

2. Say, what is there below the sky,
O'er all the paths thou 'st 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,

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD. (CONCLUDED.)

Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

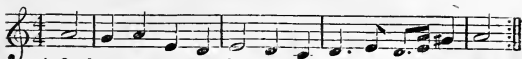
4. Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.

5. In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark destruction's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

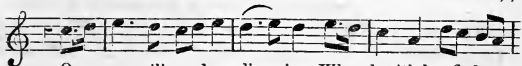
6. And when the icy arms of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

355.

SINNER'S NEED.



1. { O how you need re - li - gion, In this vain world of strife, }
{ To bear you thro' temptation, Un-to e - ter - nal life; }



O you will need re - li - gion, When health has fled a -



- way, And praise and sorrow hover, Around you day by day.

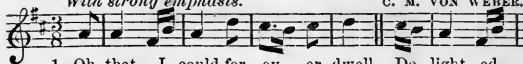
2. Oh you will need religion,
In Jordan's gloomy hour,
To save you from death's terrors,
And from his dreaded power.
And when the Judge Eternal,
Shall call you to his bar,
Oh THEN you'll need religion,
To meet him without fear.

356.

LORAY. L. M.

With strong emphasis.

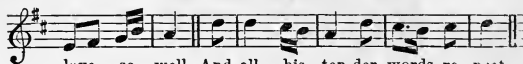
C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Oh, that I could for ev - - er dwell, De - light - ed



at my Sa-viour's feet; Be-hold the form I



love so well, And all his ten-der words re-peat.

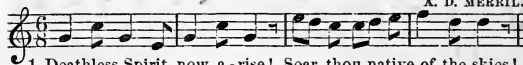
2. The world shut out from all my soul,
 And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
 Oh! is there aught from pole to pole
 One moment to compare with this?

3. This is the hidden life I prize,
 A life of penitential love;
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise my highest thoughts above.

357.

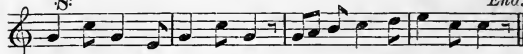
ANDREW. 7s.

A. D. MERRIL.

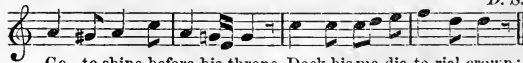


1. Deathless Spirit, now a-rise! Soar, thou native of the skies!

8:

End.

Pearl of price, by Jesus bought, To his glorious likeness wrought,
 D. S. Go, his triumphs to a-dorn, Born of God, to God return.

D. S.

Go, to shine before his throne, Deck his me-dia-to-rial crown;

2. Shudder not to pass the stream,
 Venture all thy care on him,
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

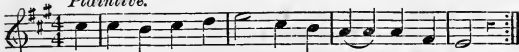
ANDREW. (CONCLUDED.)

Safe in the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve:
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

3. See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

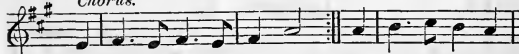
358. MOURNING PILGRIM.

Plaintive.

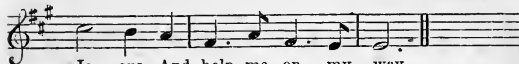


1. { O Christians, will you mourn? Will you mourn? Will you mourn?
{ O Christians, will you mourn, Till poor sinners do re-turn?

Chorus.



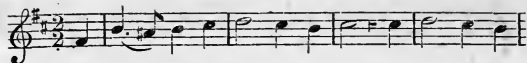
{ I am a mourning pil - grim, }
{ I'm on my way to Zi - on; } O come, my blessed



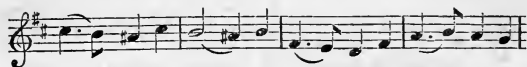
Je - sus, And help me on my way.

2. O brethren, will you mourn, &c. &c.
Till your children do return? *Chorus.*
3. O sinners, you will mourn, &c., &c.
If to Christ you ne'er return.

Chorus. Then haste and join our number,
And go with us to Zion;
O come, my blessed Jesus,
And help us on our way.



1. From whence doth this u-nion a-rise, That hatred is



conquered by love! It fast - ens our souls in such



ties, As dis - tance and time can't re-move,

2. It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost:
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3. My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love:
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be
In yonder bright mansions above.

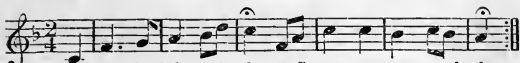
4. O, why then, so loth, now to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.

5. And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
And leaving these bodies of clay,
Unite with our Saviour in love.

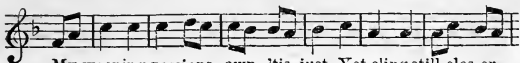
6. With Jesus we ever shall reign;
We all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah, Amen;
Amen, even so let it be!

360.

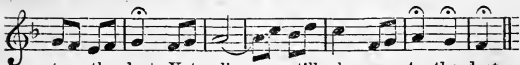
LISCHER.



1. { Come, my fond fluttering heart, Come, you must now be free ;
Thou and the world must part, Howev-er hard it be.



My weeping passions own 'tis just, Yet cling still clos-er

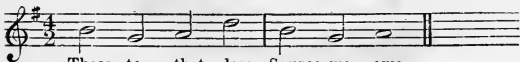


to the dust, Yet cling... still clos-er to the dust.

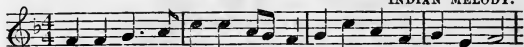
2. Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall,
My heart you can not share,
For Jesus must have all ;
'T is bitter pain—'t is cruel smart,
But Oh ! you must consent, my heart.
3. Ye gay, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell !
Earth hath prevailed too long,
Now I must break the spell ;
Go, cherished joys of earlier years,
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.
4. Welcome, thou bleeding cross,
Welcome, thou way to God ;
My former gains were loss,
My path was follies' road ;
At last my heart is undeceived,
The world is given, and God received.

361.

NUREMBURG. 7s.



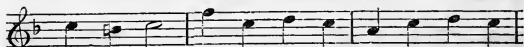
These to that dear Source we owe.



1. Let me go, my soul is weary Of the chains that bind it here,



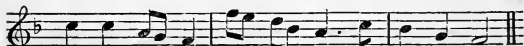
Let my spi - rit bend its pin - ions To a bright-er,



ho - lier sphere. Earth, 'tis true, has friends who bless me,



With a fond and faith-ful love; But the arms of



an - gels beck-on Me to brighter worlds a - bove.

2. Let me go, my soul has tasted
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace;
Let me go, where I shall ever
See and know him face to face;
Let me go, the trees of heaven,
Rise before me, waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters
Flash upon my feeble sight.
3. Let me go, for earth hath sorrows,
Sin and pain and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary,
All its hopes are wrought with fears.
Short-lived are its cherished flowers,
Soon its brightest flowers decay;
Let me go, I fain would leave it
For the realms of cloudless day.
4. Let me go, for songs seraphic,
Now seem calling from the skies,

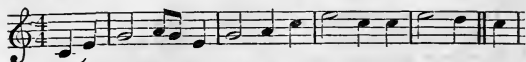
LET ME GO. (CONCLUDED.)

'Tis the welcome of the angels,
Which to me seem hovering nigh;
Let me go, they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long sought rest.

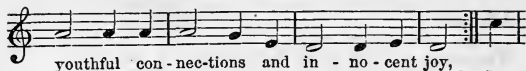
363. THE GOSPEL FEAST. L. M.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev - ery
soul be Je - sus' guest, You need not one be
left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man-kind.

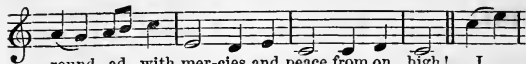
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is for all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
4. My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
5. This is the time, no more delay!
This is the Spirit's gracious day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.



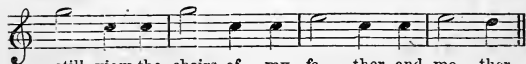
1. { How pain-ful - ly pleasing the fond re-col - lec - tion Of
 D. c. When blest with pa-rent-al ad-vice and af - fec - tion, [OMIT
 D. c. And that richest of books, which excelled every other, [OMIT



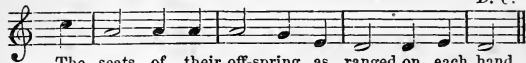
youthful con - nec - tions and in - no - cent joy,
 } Sur-
 } The



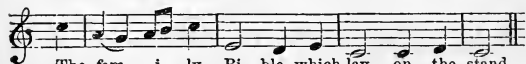
round - ed with mer - cies and peace from on high! I
 fam - i - ly, Bible which lay on the stand. *Chorus.*—The



still view the chairs of my fa - ther and mo - ther,
 old - fashioned Bi - ble, the dear, bless - ed Bi - ble,
 D. C.



The seats of their off-spring, as ranged on each hand,
 [OMIT]



The fam - i - ly Bi - ble, which lay on the stand.

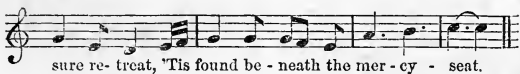
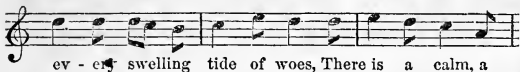
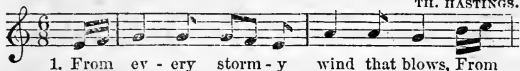
2. That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morning and evening could yield us delight,
 And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
 For mercy by day, and for safety by night:
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the hearts of the family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
 Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand:
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
 The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

3. Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more ;
 In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-hearted ;
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore ;
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ?
 Oh, let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand—
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible.
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

365.

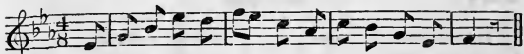
RETREAT. L. M. (461)

TIL. HASTINGS.

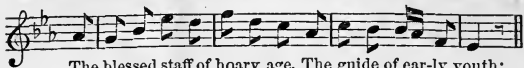


2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place of all on earth most sweet ;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
 Though sundered far, by faith we meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sense and sin becloud no more ;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

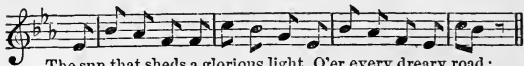
366. WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.



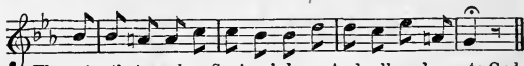
1. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's holy Book of truth ;



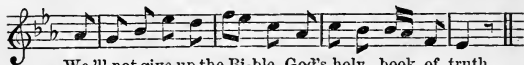
The blessed staff of hoary age. The guide of ear-ly youth :



The sun that sheds a glorious light, O'er every dreary road ;



The voice that speaks a Saviour's love, And calls us home to God.



We'll not give up the Bi-ble, God's holy book of truth.

2. We'll not give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain ;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
For all that we might gain :
Though man should try to take our prize,
By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right !
We'll not give up, &c.

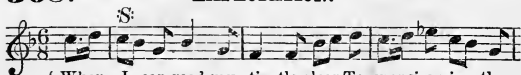
3. We'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide :
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve, that from God's sacred word
We'll never, never part !
We'll not give up, &c.



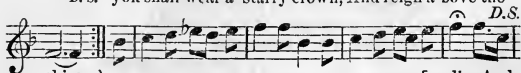
1. Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
2. Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

368.

EXPECTATION.*



1. { When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the
I'll bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping
D. S. you shall wear a starry crown, And reign a - bove the



- skies ; } O come, O come, and go with me, Where pleasures nev -
eyes. } [er die, And
sky. sky.

* For the rest of the hymn and another tune, see No. 147.



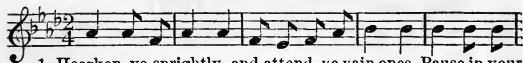
1. While an - gels strike their tune - ful strings, And
 vail their fa - ces with their wings, Each saint on earth his
 Je - sus sings, And joins to praise the King of kings, Who
 saves lost - souls from ru - in.

2. But sinners, fond of earthly toys,
 Mock and deride, when saints rejoice:
 They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,
 And make the world and sin their choice,
 And force their way to ruin.
3. The preachers warn them night and day;
 For them the Christian weeps and prays;
 But sinners laugh, and turn away,
 And join the wicked, vain, and gay,
 Who thron'g the road to ruin.
4. Ofttimes in visions of the night
 God doth their guilty souls affright;
 They tremble at the awful sight,
 But still again with morning light
 Pursue the road to ruin.
5. Sometimes by preaching, sinners see
 They're doomed to hell and misery;
 To turn to God they then agree,
 But oh! their wicked company
 Allures them on to ruin.

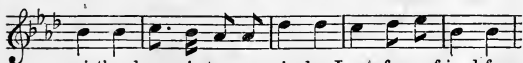
EXPOSTULATION. (CONCLUDED.)

6. Ofttimes when nothing else will do,
Affliction will their danger show,
And bring the haughty sinners low;
Then they 'll repent, and pray, and vow;
But turn again to ruin.
7. When every way is tried in vain,
No more the spirit strives with man,
But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
Death strikes the blow, the sinner 's slain,
And sinks to endless ruin.
8. Oh sinners, turn! ye long have stood
Opposed to truth and all that 's good;
You may be saved through Jesus' blood,
Lay down your arms, submit to God,
And thus be saved from ruin.
9. Turn, sinners, neighbors, friend, or foe,
The terrors of the Lord we know;
Oh tell us, friends, what will you do?
We can not bear to let you go
To everlasting ruin.

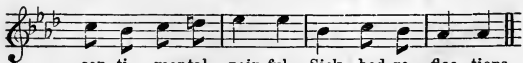
370. HEARKEN, YE SPRIGHTLY.*



1. Hearken, ye sprightly, and attend, ye vain ones, Pause in your



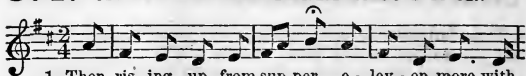
mirth, adver - si - ty con - si - der, Learn from a friend, from



sen - ti - mental, pain - ful, Sick bed re - flec - tions.

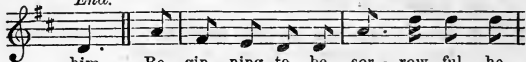
* For the rest of the hymn and another tune, see No. 76.

371. CHRIST'S BETRAYAL AND CRUCIFIXION.

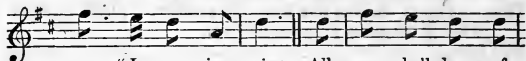


1. Then ris - ing up from sup - per, e - lev - en more with
D. C. The Prince of this world cometh, and judg - ed now shall

End.

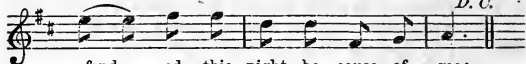


him, Be - gin - ning to be sor - row - ful, he
be."



says, "I am in pain: All you shall be of -

D. C.



fend - ed this night, be - cause of : me:

2. He led them to a garden where often they had been,
And bid them stay behind him, and watch and pray with
him;

Then going on a little space, fell prostrate on the ground,
And prayed to his Father, saying, "Thy will be done."

3. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly,
Saying, "Father, if it be thy will, remove this cup I
pray;

Nevertheless, thy will be done, and not the will of me;"
Then wiping off his bloody sweat, returned where they
lay.

4. But Judas being absent, unto the Jews went in,
And said "What will you give me, and I'll deliver
him?"

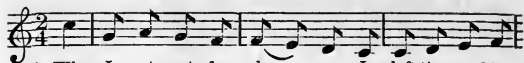
They quickly made a bargain, and offered a reward,
For thirty silver pieces poor Judas sold his Lord.

5. Then leading a great company, he came where Jesus
was,

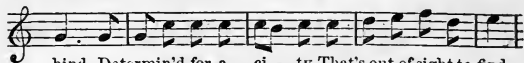
And going to his Master, betrayed him with a kiss;
"Betrayest thou me, Judas?" the Saviour made reply,
"When teaching in the temple, ye laid no hands on me."

CHRIST'S BETRAYAL AND CRUCIFIXION. (CONCLUDED.)

6. They led him to their council, then standing all around,
Did grievously accuse him, but silent he remained;
They spit on him despitefully, and blindfolded his eyes,
Saying, "Prophecy who smites thee," then smote him on
the face.
7. They clad him in a purple robe, with thorns they
crowned his head,
And for a royal scepter put in his hand a reed;
Then bowing down the accursed knee, "Hail, Jewish
King!" they said.
Oh! horrid sight, the King of kings a mocking King is made.
8. Then Pilate took and scourged him, and would have let
him go,
But now "Thou art not Cæsar's friend," they cried, "if
thou do so;"
Then to their wills he gave him up, for to be crucified,
And then away to Calvary the Lamb of God was led.
9. They lifted up the Son of man, and spread his hands
abroad,
With iron spikes through hands and feet they nailed him
to the wood,
Then passing by they railed on him, and mocked him in
their pride,
With wagging heads and gnashing teeth, "Ah, save thy-
self," they cried.
10. But see his burthened bosom with sighs and groan-
ings heave,
"Father, they know not what they do, I pray thee to
forgive,
Eloi lama sabacthani! 't is finished!" he exclaimed,
Then to his Father's bosom his spirit he resigned.
11. Oh, see the purple fountain flows from his wounded side,
And nails that pierced his hands and feet, all reeking with
his blood,
Ye dying sinners look away, behold the sacrifice;
The cross and ground all drenched in blood, for you and
me he dies.

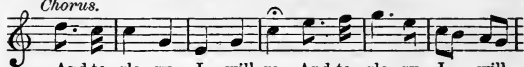


1. When I set out for glo - ry, I left the word be-

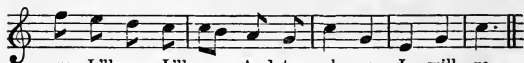


hind, Determin'd for a ci - ty That's out of sight to find.

Chorus.



And to glo - ry I will go, And to glo - ry I will



go, I'll go, I'll go, And to glo - ry I will go.

2. I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.
And to glory I will go, &c.
3. Some said, I'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young
Then to prepare for dying,
But that was all my theme.
And to glory I will go, &c.
4. Come, all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry;
All you that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.
And to begging I will go, &c.
5. The Lord, he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.
And to begging I will go, &c.

THE BEGGAR. (CONCLUDED.)

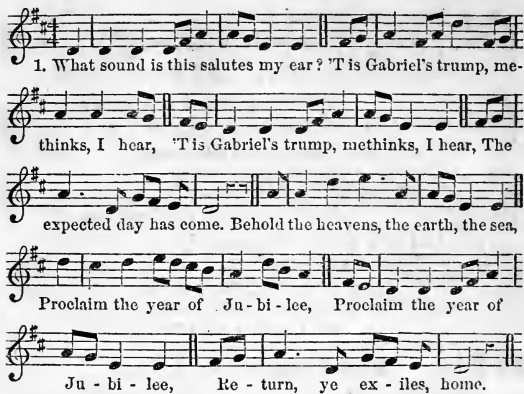
6. I am not ashamed to beg,
While here on earth I stay;
I am not ashamed to watch,
I'm not ashamed to pray.
And to begging I will go, &c.
7. The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begged the most;
His soul was filled with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.
And to begging I will go, &c.
8. And now we are encouraged,
Come, let us travel on,
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.
And to glory we will go, &c.

373. NEW DURHAM. C. M.



1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry—
“Ye living 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,
Must lie as low as ours.
3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure;
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
4. Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

374. WHAT SOUND IS THIS SALUTES MY EAR.

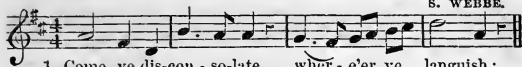


1. What sound is this salutes my ear? 'T is Gabriel's trump, me-
 thinks, I hear, 'T is Gabriel's trump, methinks, I hear, The
 expected day has come. Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,
 Proclaim the year of Ju-bi-lee, Proclaim the year of
 Ju-bi-lee, Re-turn, ye ex-iles, home.

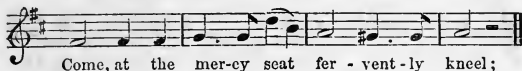
2. Behold the fair Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear;
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
 To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes,
 And hails the festive year.
3. My soul is striving to be there;
 I long to rise and wing the air,
 And trace the sacred road;
 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,
 O that I had an angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.
4. Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
 I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
 Angelic joys to prove!
 Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings, and soar away,
 And shout redeeming love.

375. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

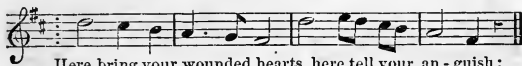
S. WEBBE.



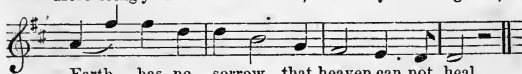
1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late, wher - e'er ye languish ;



Come, at the mer-cy seat fer - vent-ly kneel ;



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish ;



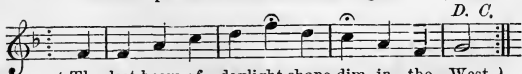
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.
3. Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above :
 Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing,
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

376. GETHSEMANE.*



1. While na - ture was sink-ing in stillness to rest,
 v. c. In deep med-i - ta - tion I thought on my God.

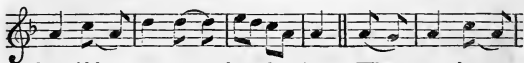


{ The last beam of daylight shone dim in the West, }
 { O'er fields by pale moonlight I wandered a - broad, }

* For hymn and another tune, see No. 92.



1. Have you heard? have you heard of the sun-bright clime, Un-



dim'd by sor-row, un-hurt by time; Where age has no

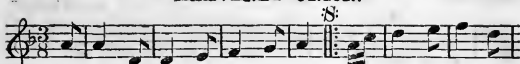


power o'er the fade-less frame; Where the eye is fire and the

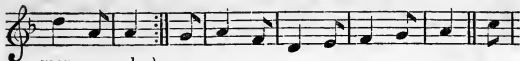


heart is flame, Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

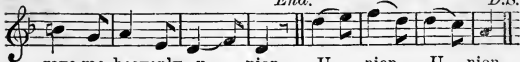
2. A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand forms are hovering o'er
The golden waves and the dashing shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
3. A million of forms all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty clear and bright;
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
4. Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen
Their heavenly forms and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled,
O'er the jasper walls and the gates of pearl
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
5. But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unharm'd by crime;
Where 'mid all things that are fair is given
The home of the just, and its name is heaven,
That's the name of that sun-bright clime.



1. Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell } The wonders of Im-
 } Who saved me from a
 D.S. Who saved, &c.

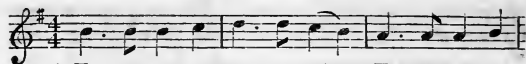


man - u - el, }
 burn - ing hell, } And bro't my soul with him to dwell, And
End. *D.S.*



gave me heavenly u - - nion. U - - nion, U - nion.

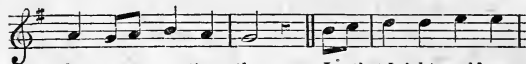
2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
 Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
 He looked on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me, as he passed by,
 "With God you have no union."
3. Then I began to weep and cry;
 And looked this way and that to fly;
 It grieved me so that I must die;
 I strove salvation for to buy,
 But still I had no union.
4. But when I hated all my sin,
 My dear Redeemer took me in,
 And with his blood he washed me clean;
 And oh! what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union.
5. I now with saints can join to sing,
 And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring
 With loud hosannas to our King,
 Who brought our souls to union.
6. We soon shall leave all things below,
 And quit these climes of pain and woe,
 And then we'll all to glory go,
 And then we'll see, and hear, and know,
 And feel a perfect union.



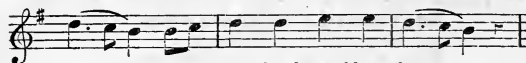
1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to



part a - gain, But when we meet on Canaan's plain, There'll

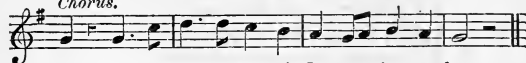


be no parting there, In that bright world a -



- bove: In that bright world a - bove:.....

Chorus.



Shout! shout the vic-to-ry, we're on our journey home.

2. Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.

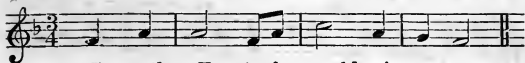
Shout! shout the victory, &c.

3. Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.

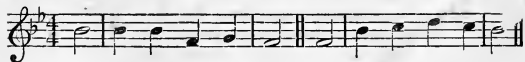
Shout! shout the victory, &c.

4. Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.

Shout! shout the victory, &c.

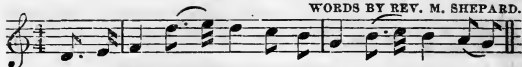


1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it:
Mount of thy redeeming love!
2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither 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. O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.



Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

WORDS BY REV. M. SHEPARD.



1. I'm a stranger here, and my way is drear,
 As I journey on toward even,
 But upon my sight now and then beams light
 From its fountain bright in heaven.

Chorus.—Oh, heaven! sweet heaven, home of the blessed!
 How I long to be there in its glories to share,
 And to lean upon Jesus's breast.

2. For my Father kind, that my home I may find,
 A guiding star has given;
 Which illumines my way thro' this life's dark day,
 Ever marching on toward heaven,
 Oh, heaven, &c.

3. My friends so near, and my joys so dear,
 To the land of shades are driven,
 But I'll not despond, for the grave beyond,
 I will find them all in heaven,
 Oh, heaven, &c.

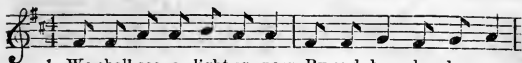
4. These ties long bound me to this low ground.
 Till by fate's rude stroke they were riven,
 But each severed chain reunites again,
 And they bind me now to heaven,
 Oh, heaven, &c.

5. I'm sin defiled, yet my Father's child,
 And though Christ he hath forgiven,
 Who by purchase dear made my title clear
 To a mansion home in heaven,
 Oh, heaven, &c.

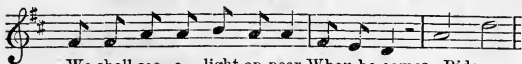
6. When I've toiled my time in this cheerless clime
 And with sin and sorrow striven,
 I then will arise—meet my Lord in the skies,
 And go shouting home to heaven,
 Oh, heaven, &c.

383.

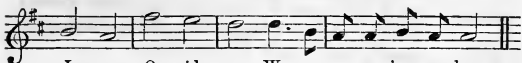
ADVENT TRIUMPH.



1. We shall see a light ap-pear, By and by, when he comes,



We shall see a light ap-pear, When he comes ; Ride on,



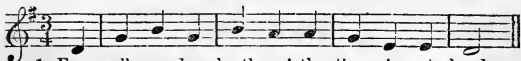
Je - sus, O ride on, We are on our journey home.

2. We shall see him as he is,
By and by, when he comes ;
We shall see him as he is,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

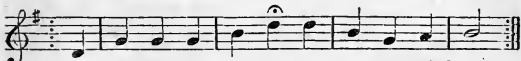
3. Then shall I be with my Lord,
By and by, when he comes ;
Then shall I be with my Lord,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

384.

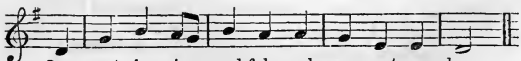
THE FAREWELL.*



1. Fare-well, my dear brethren! the time is at hand,



{ When we must be part-ed from this so - cial band, }
{ Our sev-eral en - gage-ments now call us a - way, }



Our part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.

* For the rest of the hymn, and another tune, see No. 70.

385. HAIL TO THE SAVIOUR KING!



1. Hail to the Saviour King, Jesus Divine:
Loud hallelujahs sing—The Lord is mine.
From sin my soul he saves,—Sweet is the theme,—
From above pours his love, Rich flows the stream.
Chorus.—Pilgrims and wanderers, Heav'nward we come,
Where the blest hope to rest, There is our home.
2. Waves of bright glory roll From God the Son:
With Jesus in the soul, Heaven is begun.
Faith joins this world to heaven, And bids us rise,
Hope and Love, high above, Point to the skies.
Pilgrims, &c.
3. The cross of Christ we bear, Faith is our staff;
Sandals of peace we wear, Life's waters quaff.
Nearer to Zion's gates, Stronger we grow;
Bread of heaven richly given, Feast as we go.
Pilgrims, &c.
4. Hail to yon happy throng On Zion's hill!
The meltings of their song Our spirits thrill.
Hail to their Lord and ours, Loud praises bring,
Christ above, reigns in love, Creation's King.
Pilgrims, &c.

386. BONNY DOON.

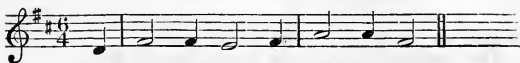


1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath our load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

BONNY DOON. (CONCLUDED.)

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains:
Say, Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save:
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

387. CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

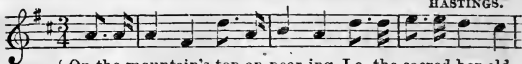


1. There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
2. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

388.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

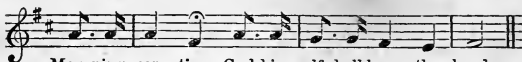
HASTINGS.



1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sacred her-ald
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on, long in hos-tile



- stands; } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.
lands. }

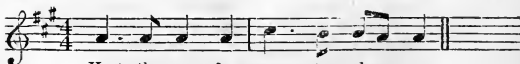


Mourning cap - tive, God him-self shall loose thy bands.

2. It is finished! oh! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly pleasure without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord.
It is finished! it is finished,
Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished all the types and shadows
Of the Ceremonial Law;
Finished all that God hath promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe;
It is finished! it is finished,
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

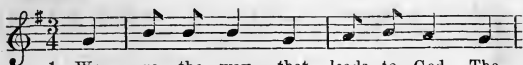
389.

DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. (25)

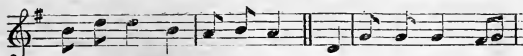


Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry.

390. WE'RE GOING HOME, TO DIE NO MORE.



1. We go the way that leads to God, Tho
CHOR. We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, We're



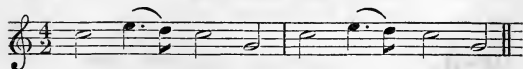
way that saints have ev - er trod ; So let us leave this
go - ing home, to die no more, To die no more, to



sin - ful shore, For realms where we shall die no more.
die no more, We're go - ing home, to die no more.

2. The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness ;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home, to die no more.
3. There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never sigh ;
Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
And sing of where we'll die no more.
4. Come, sinners, come, O come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng ;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store ;
We're going home, to die no more.

391. WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

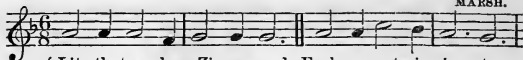


In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in his sight.

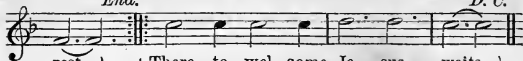
392.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.



1. { Lit - tle travelers, Zi - onward, Each one entering in - to
 In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the
 d. c. Lift your heads, ye golden gates! Let the lit - tle travelers

*End.**D. C.*

- rest, } } There, to wel - come, Je - sus waits,)
 blest, } } Gives the crowns his fol - lowers win, -)
 in.

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

393.

TURNER. C. M.



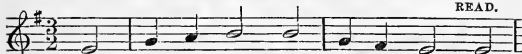
1. Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

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.

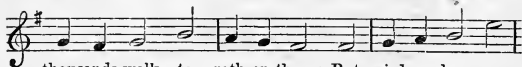
394.

WINDHAM. L. M.

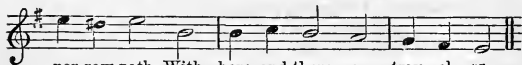
READ.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And



thousands walk to - geth - er there; But wisdom shows a

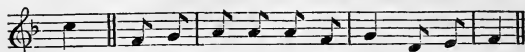


nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

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.



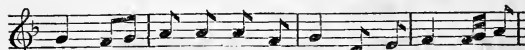
1. There's a rest in yon-der sky, For my soul, For my



soul. There's a rest in yon-der sky, For my soul.



There's a rest in yon-der sky, And when I come to



die, My ransomed soul shall fly To that rest, To that



rest, Then my ransomed soul shall fly To that rest.

2. Where sorrow's bitter stream
Never flows, &c.

But there love and joy abound,
Through Immanuel's happy ground,
And bright glory beams around,
Glorious rest, &c.

3. Though my trials are severe,
By the way, &c.

Though my trials are severe,
Yet my Saviour's always near,
And will guide me safely there,
To that rest, &c.

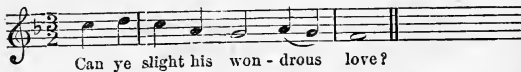
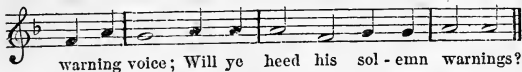
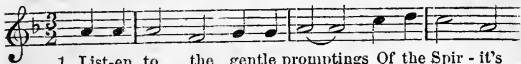
4. Sometimes the way seems hard,
To that rest,

Sometimes the way seems hard,
But when I trust his word,
There I find that Christ the Lord
Gives me rest, &c.

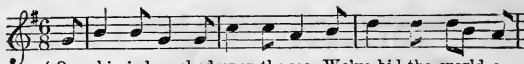
THE PILGRIM'S REST. (CONCLUDED.)

5. Then, ye doubting souls, be strong
 In the Lord, &c.
 Then, ye doubting souls, be strong,
 For your journey can't be long,
 Soon you'll join the blood-washed throng,
 In that rest, &c.
6. What a glorious time 't will be,
 When at rest, &c.
 When on heaven's peaceful plain
 Parted friends shall meet again,
 Far away from grief and pain,
 Safe at rest, &c.

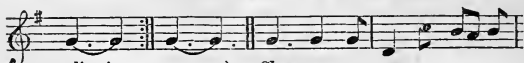
396. TALMAR. 8s & 7s. Or 7s, by ties.



2. Sweetly calling on the erring,
 Pardons offered without price;
 Come, and round the altar kneeling,
 O receive the offered grace.
3. Joy and hope the troubled conscience
 Will allay with soothing peace;
 Press ye then to realms of glory,
 Run with joy the offered race.
4. Hesitate no longer, sinner,
 Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
 Should forsake thee now and ever,
 Never more to be deceived.



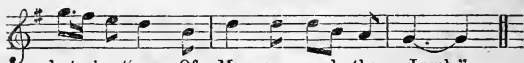
1. { Our ship is launched upon the sea, We've bid the world a -
We're sailing o'er to Canaan's shore, That "goodly land" to



- dien! } *Chorus.*
[OMIT - - -] view! } Then don't de - lay, but come a -



- way, We're on our journey home, To join the ev - er -



- last - ing "song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb."

2. Our vessel's safe in every part,
The storm may howl in vain,
Her sails are new, her sailors true,
She boldly rides the main.
Then do n't delay, &c.

3. King Jesus is our Captain's name,—
His words the winds obey;
He's always near to calm each fear
That rises by the way.
Then do n't delay, &c.

4. We know no danger here on board,
Our wants are all supplied;
Enough for all, both great and small,
"The Lord will still provide."
Then do n't delay, &c.

5. And while we sail the ocean o'er,
The sailor's song we'll sing,
Our voices raise in songs of praise
To Christ, our glorious King.
Then do n't delay, &c.

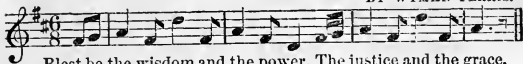
CHRISTIAN SAILOR'S SONG. (CONCLUDED.)

6. But when we near the other shore,
And heaven appears in view,
We'll furl our sail "within the vale,"
And then our song renew.
Then do n't delay, &c.
7. The stormy deep we'll gladly leave,
When Christ shall bid us rise
With those to dwell, whose anthems swell
The chorus of the skies.
Then do n't delay, &c.

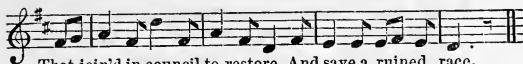
398.

UNADILLA.

BY WYMAN FERRIS.



Blest be the wisdom and the power, The justice and the grace,



That join'd in council to restore, And save a ruined race.

2. Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.
3. Behold! he rises from the grave,
Behold him raised on high:
He pleads his merits us to save,
Transgressors doomed to die.
4. From heaven he shall to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice,
Awake the dead, burst every tomb,
And bid his saints rejoice.
5. O, may I then with joy appear,
Before the Judge's face—
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace.

399.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-ery soul be
 Je - sus' guest; You need not one be left be-hind, For
 God hath bid - den all mankind, Thro' grace, free grace, Thro'
 grace, free grace, To all the Jews, and Gen - tile race.

2. Come, all ye souls, by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;
 Ye poor and maimed, ye halt and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
3. My message as from God receive;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live!
 Oh let his love your heart constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.
5. His love is mighty to compel,
 His conquering love consent to feel,
 Yield to his love's resistless power,
 And fight against your God no more.
5. See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.

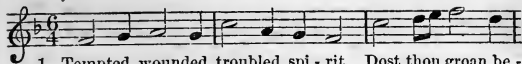
400.

BROOKLYN. L. P. M.

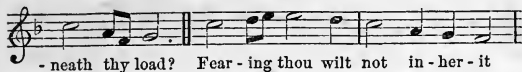
Look up, ye saints, di - rect your eyes.

401.

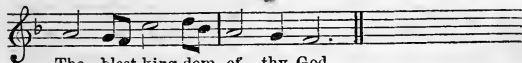
BARTEMEUS. 8s. & 7s.



1. Tempted, wounded, troubled spi - rit, Dost thou groan be -



- neath thy load? Fear - ing thou wilt not in - her - it

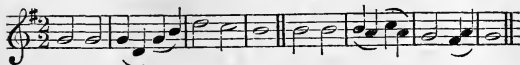


The blest king - dom of thy God.

2. Not a step in all thy journey
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory cheers.
3. Though through seas of tribulation,
Jesus calls thee hence to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation,
In far deeper seas of woe.
4. Glory be to Christ, the Saviour,
Who hath bought us with his blood,
Glory to the blessed Spirit,
Glory to the mighty God.

402.

HENDON.



Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

403.

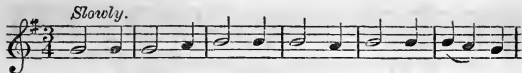
BUCKFIELD. L. M.

When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my
 Sa-viour dwell, Where he is gone they fain would know, That
 they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and
 love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That
 they may seek and love him too.

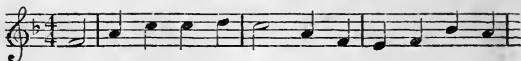
404.

GREENVILLE.

1. Saviour, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again. . .
 Lord, revive us: Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.
2. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
 Through this lonely vale of tears;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 O refresh us, O refresh us,
 O refresh us with thy grace.



1. When the world my heart is rending,
 With its heaviest storm of care,
 My glad heart to God ascending,
 Finds a refuge from despair.
 There's a hand of mercy near me,
 Though the waves of trouble roar;
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
 When the toils of life are o'er.
2. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
 Through this lonely vale of tears;
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears:
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.
3. In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near;
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear:
 And when mortal life is ended,
 May we meet among the blest,
 And by all thy saints attended,
 Ever in thy bosom rest.
4. Oh! to rest in peace for ever,
 Joined with happy souls above,
 Where no foe my heart can sever
 From the Saviour that I love:
 This the hope that shall sustain me,
 Till life's pilgrimage be past,
 Fears may vex, and troubles pain me,
 I shall reach my home at last.

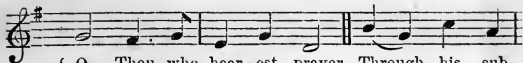


1. To thee, my God and Saviour,
 My heart exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings;
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all the hosts above;
 And tell the pleasing story
 Of thy redeeming love.
2. Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 Soon as the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast—
 My voice in supplication
 Well pleasing, thou shalt hear;
 O grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.
3. By thee, through life supported,
 I'll pass this dangerous road,
 By heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode;
 There cast my crown before him,
 When all my warfare's o'er,
 And, day and night, adoring,
 Rejoice for ever more.



O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness!

408. SCUDDER. 6s & 5s. Or 6s & 4s.



1. { O Thou who hear - est prayer, Through his sub -
 Who did our sor - rows bear, Hear our pe -
 d. c. For all our sins this day, Ho - ly con -

End.

D. C.



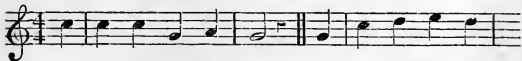
mis - sion, } Lead us in thine own way; }
 ti - tion: } Grant us, we humbly pray, }
 tri - tion.

2. Poor, 'wildered, weeping heart! What can relieve thee?
 Come, sinful as thou art, Christ will receive thee:
 Come, tho' with woe oppressed, Soft is the Saviour's breast,
 There may'st thou sweetly rest, There nought shall grieve
 thee.

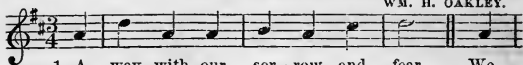
3. Come, trembling, timid soul, Why this delaying?
 Thunders that o'er thee roll, Fall on thee straying,
 Turn from destruction's ways, Turn to the throne of grace;
 There, seek thy Father's face, Weeping and praying.

4. Hence, guilty fear and doubt, Leave me for ever;
 Lord, wilt thou cast me out? Never, oh, never;
 From unbelief of mind, From thoughts of sin inclined,
 From flesh and hell combined, Thou wilt deliver.

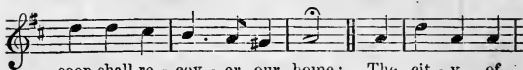
409. LENOX. S. P. M.



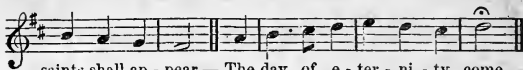
Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



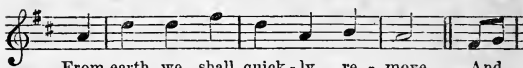
1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We



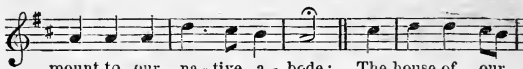
soon shall re - cov - er our home; The cit - y of



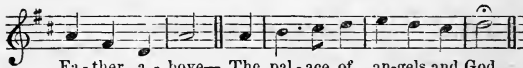
saints shall ap - pear,— The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.



From earth we shall quick - ly re - move, And



mount to our na - tive a - bode; The house of our

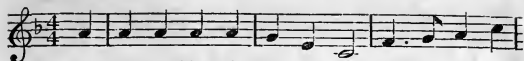


Fa - ther a - bove— The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

2. Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd 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.
3. By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here:
 Her walls are of jasper and gold;
 As crystal her buildings are clear.
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

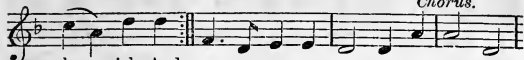
411.

WE'LL GO ON.

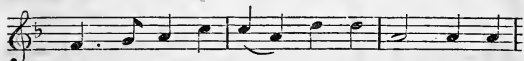


{ I have some friends be-fore me gone, Glo-ry, Hal-le-
 I'm resolved to trav-el on, [OMIT - - - -

Chorus.



lu - jah, And
 - - - - -] Glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah. We'll go on,



Glo - ry Hal-le - lu - jah, We'll go on, we'll

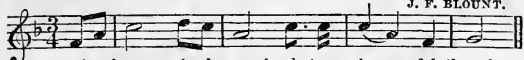


travel in - to glo - ry, Hal-le - lu - jah.

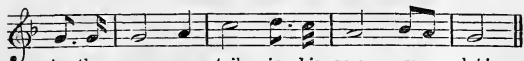
412.

HOME IN HEAVEN.*

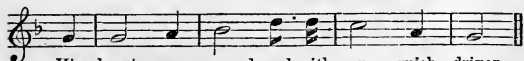
J. F. BLOUNT.



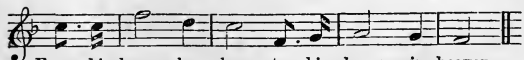
1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought,



As the poor man toils in his wear - y lot!

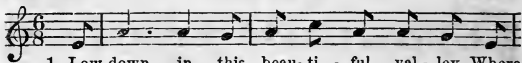


His heart op - pressed, and with an - guish driven,

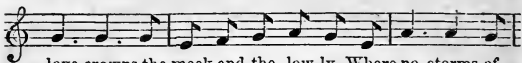


From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

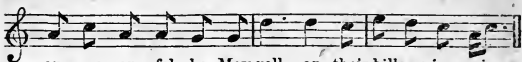
* For the rest of this hymn, and another tune, see No. 285.



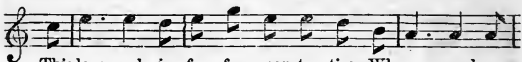
1. Low down in this beau-ti - ful val - ley, Where



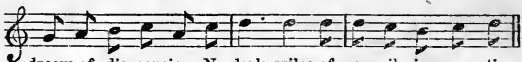
love crowns the meek and the low-ly, Where no storms of



en - vy or fol - ly, May roll on their billows in vain.



This low vale is far from con-ten-tion, Where no soul can



dream of dis-sen-sion, No dark wiles of e - vil in - ven-tion,



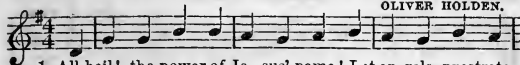
Can find out this re - gion of peace.

2. The low soul in humble subjection,
 Shall here find unshaken protection,
 And soft gales of cheering reflection,
 A mind soothed from sorrow and pain.
 O there, there, the Lord will deliver,
 And souls drink of that beautiful river,
 Where peace flows for ever and ever,
 Where love and joy will ever increase.
3. There, there, in yonder bright glory,
 We'll sing, shout, and tell the glad story,
 When we've passed cold Jordan quite over,
 We'll sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
 Yes, there, there, the Lord will deliver,
 And souls drink of that beautiful river,
 Where peace flows for ever and ever,
 Where love and joy will ever increase.

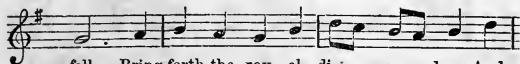
414.

CORONATION. C. M.

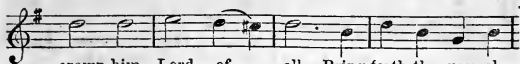
OLIVER HOLDEN.



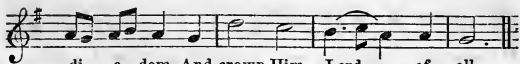
1. All hail! the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate



fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a dem, And



crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al

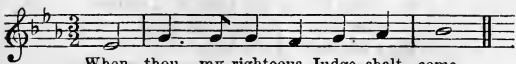


di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

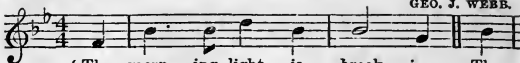
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race;
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
8. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

415.

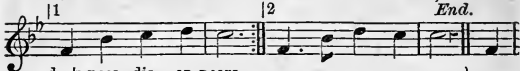
MERIBAH. C. P. M.



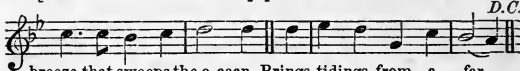
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.



1. { The morn - ing light is break - ing, The
The sons of earth are wak - ing, To
D.C. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre -



dark-ness dis - ap-pears,
[OMIT - - - -] pen - i - ten - tial tears. } Each
[OMIT - - - -] pared for Zi - on's war. }



breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a - far,

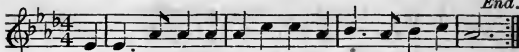
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly winds are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

417. GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

1. Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
2. Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be :
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim ;
And bless with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
3. Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.
4. O, not a joy or blessing
With this can be compared ;
The grace our Father gives us,
To pour our souls in prayer ;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.
And when thy race is ended,
Of carthly care and strife,
A crown thou shalt inherit,
Of everlasting life.

418. WILLOW-DALE. C. M. Double.

End.

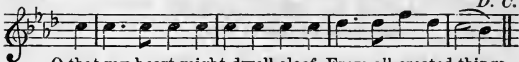


1. { My span of life will soon be o'er, The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead, Proclaim the close of day.

[springs.

d. c. And learn that wisdom from above, Whence true contentment

D. C.



O that my heart might dwell aloof, From all created things,

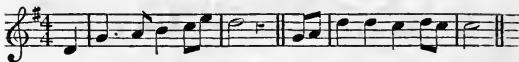
2. Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

3. The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

4. Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

5. Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

419. LISCHER. S. P. M.

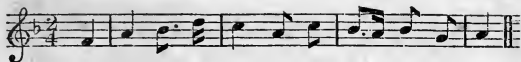


1. Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;—

Lord, make these moments blest:

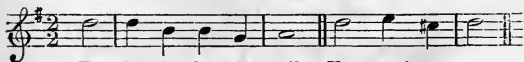
From the low train		I soar to reach
Of mortal toys,		Immortal joys.

420. SWEET HOME. (OMITTING CHORUS.)



1. Though troubles assail us, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written,—The Lord will provide.
3. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith :
He can not take from us, (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain ;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name ;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.
6. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

421. TO DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.



To - day the Sa - vour calls, Ye wanderers, come.

1. Come, all ye sons of Zi - on, Who are wait - ing
 for sal - va - tion, Have your lamps all trim'd and burning,
 To be-hold the pro-cla-ma-tion, Say - ing all things are
 ready, For the poor, and for the needy, My
 fat-lings are all kill-ed, And pre-par-ed on the table.

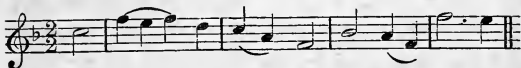
2. Arise and get ye ready,
 Hasten to the marriage supper,
 For the bridegroom is calling,
 And poor sinners are a falling;
 See the Lord of Life descending,
 And the judgment trumpet sounding,
 For to gather all the nations
 To the final judgment day.
3. O what a happy meeting,
 When salvation is completed,
 And tribulation's ended,
 And the spotless robe's prepared
 For the bride shall be adorned
 In the jasper walls be crowned,
 Crying, Worthy is the Lamb
 In the new Jerusalem.
4. O, sinners, don't be doubting
 When the sons of God are shouting

MIDNIGHT CRY. (CONCLUDED.)

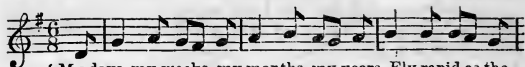
“ Come and join the holy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you,
If you follow Christ the Saviour,
And break off your bad behaviour
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises, too.

423.

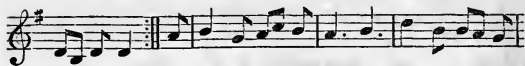
MAJESTY. C. M. (21)



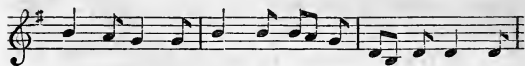
1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.
3. Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
5. He speaks ; and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
6. Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.



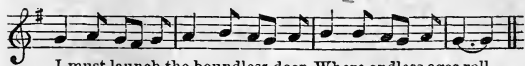
1. { My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the
Fly rap - id as the whirling spheres, [OMIT



whirling spheres, }
} Around the steady pole ; Time, like the tide, its



mo-tion keeps, And I must launch the boundless deep, And

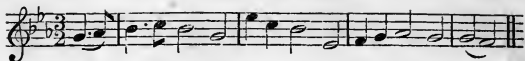


I must launch the boundless deep, Where endless ages roll.

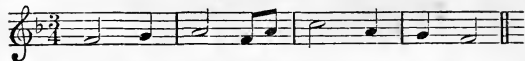
2. The grave is near the cradle seen—
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
“ Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Yet you must groan and die.”
3. My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight ;
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.
4. How great the bliss, how great the woe
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath ;
My God, my Saviour only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

1. { A few more days on earth to spend, Then all my
And I shall see my God and Friend, [Omit - -
toil and care shall end, } And praise his name on
high; There'll be no more sighs and no more tears, And
no more griefs, and no more fears, But God, and
Christ, and heaven ap-pears, Un-to my rav-ished eyes.

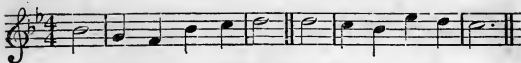
2. Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storms of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall reach that peaceful shore,
Of everlasting rest;
Oh happy day, Oh joyful hour,
When freed from earth my soul shall tower,
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
And be for ever blest.
3. My soul anticipates that day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summons my free soul away,
To seats prepared above,
There I shall see my Father's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.



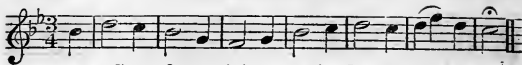
1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.



Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 He who gives us daily manna,
 He who listens when we cry,
 Let him hear the loud hosanna
 Rising to his throne on high.



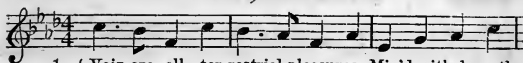
1. Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
2. The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 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.
4. The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow ;
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.



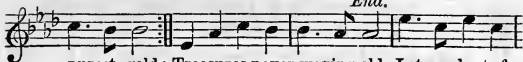
1. Come let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize ;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
2. Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
3. One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
4. One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
5. Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
6. His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.



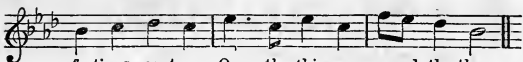
I want a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.



1. { Vain are all ter-restrial pleasures; Mix'd with dross the
 } Seek we then for heavenly treasures, [OMIT - - - -
 d. c. There no thief can ev - er en - ter, [OMIT - - - -
End.

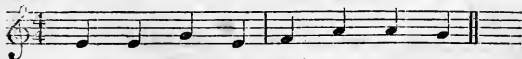


purest gold; Treasures never waxing old. Let our best af-
 - - - -] Moth and rust are there unknown.

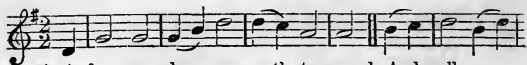


fections center On the things a - round the throne:

2. Earthly joys no longer please us ;
 Here would we renounce them all ;
 Seek our only rest in Jesus, —
 Him our Lord and Master call.
 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
 Points to brighter worlds above ;
 Bids us look for his appearing ;
 Bids us triumph in his love.
3. May our light be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning, —
 Longing for the welcome sound.
 Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
 Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn, or evening shade.



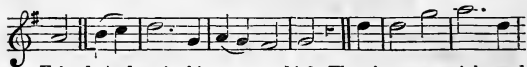
Filled with holy emulation,
 We unite with those above :
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
 Fruit of everlasting love.



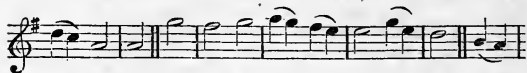
1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my



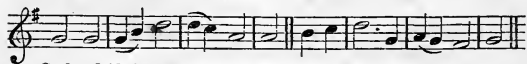
toils and cares shall end; Then I shall see my God and



Friend, And praise his name on high. There's no more sighs, and



no more tears, There's no more pains, and no more fears; But



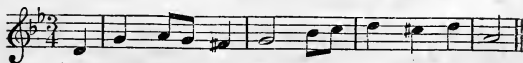
God and Christ and heav'n appears Unto the rav-ish-ed eye.

2. Then, oh my soul, despond no more,
 The storm of life will soon be o'er,
 And I shall find the peaceful shore
 Of everlasting rest.
 Oh happy day! O joyful hour,
 When freed from earth, my soul shall tower
 Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
 To be for ever blest.
3. My soul anticipates the day
 I'd joyfully the call obey,
 Which summons my free soul away
 To seats prepared above.
 There I shall see my Father's face,
 And dwell in his beloved embrace,
 And taste the fullness of his grace,
 And sing redeeming love.

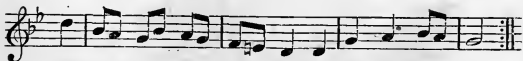
FEW MORE DAYS ON EARTH TO SPEND. (CONCLUDED.)

4. Though dire afflictions press me sore,
 And death's black billows roll before,
 Yet still, by faith, I see the shore
 Beyond the swelling flood.
 The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair,
 Before my ravished eyes appear;
 It makes me almost think I'm there,
 In yonder bright abode.
5. To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
 And triumph over death and hell,
 And go where saints and angels dwell,
 To praise the eternal Three.
 I'll join with them who're gone before,
 Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
 Where pain and parting are no more
 To all eternity.
6. Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
 And all this region here below,
 Where naught but disappointments grow,
 A better world's in view.
 My Saviour calls, I haste away,
 I would not here for ever stay;
 Hail! ye bright realms of endless day,
 Vain world, once more, adieu.

434. O TELL ME NO MORE. (150)



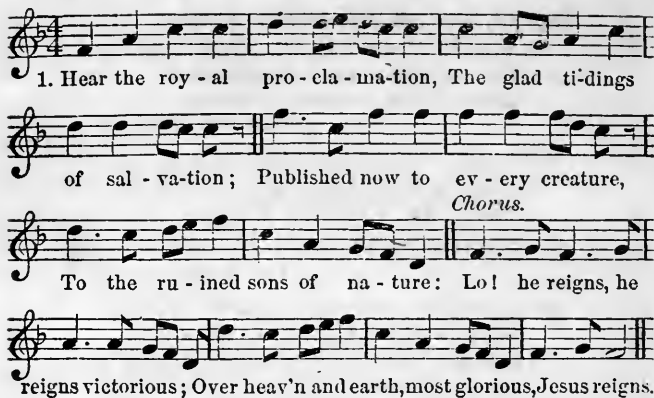
{ Oh, tell me no more Of the world's vain store;
 { A coun-try I've found, Where true joys a-bound;



The time for such tri-fles with me now is o'er; }
 To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on that hap-py ground. }

435.

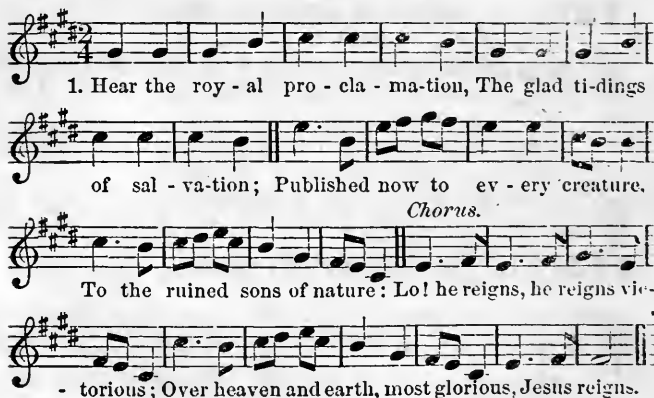
ROYAL PROCLAMATION.



1. Hear the roy - al pro - cla - ma - tion, The glad ti - dings
of sal - va - tion; Published now to ev - ery creature,
Chorus.
To the ru - ined sons of na - ture: Lo! he reigns, he
reigns victorious; Over heav'n and earth, most glorious, Jesus reigns.

436.

PROCLAMATION.



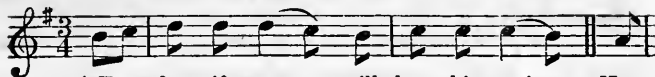
1. Hear the roy - al pro - cla - ma - tion, The glad ti - dings
of sal - va - tion; Published now to ev - ery creature,
Chorus.
To the ruined sons of nature: Lo! he reigns, he reigns vic -
torious; Over heaven and earth, most glorious, Jesus reigns.

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Lo! he reigns, &c.

PROCLAMATION. (CONCLUDED.)

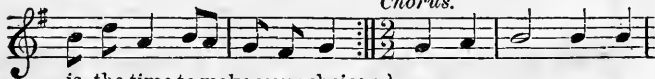
3. Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation.
Lo! he reigns, &c.
4. Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Lo! he reigns, &c.
5. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

437. WE ARE PASSING AWAY.*

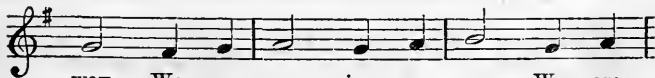


1. { To - day, if you will hear his voice, Now
Say, will you to Mount Zi - on go? Say,

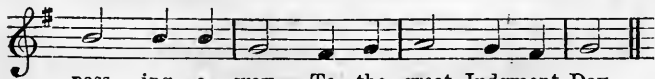
Chorus.



is the time to make your choice; }
will you have this Christ, or no? } We are pass - ing a -



way, We are pass - ing a - way, We are

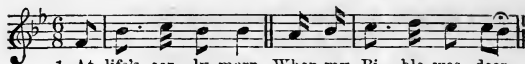


pass - ing a - way To the great Judgment Day.

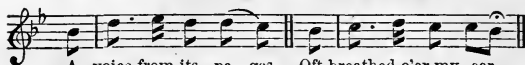
* For balance of hymn, see No. 261.

438.

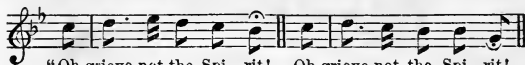
GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.



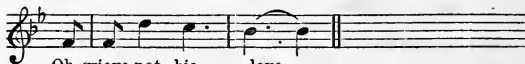
1. At life's ear - ly morn, When my Bi - ble was dear,



A voice from its pa - ges Oft breathed o'er my ear,



"Oh grieve not the Spi - rit! Oh grieve not the Spi - rit!



Oh grieve not his love.

2. Of my mother I asked,

As I knelt at her knee,

To say my sweet prayer,

What was whispering to me?

She answered, "The Spirit!—the blest, Holy Spirit!

Oh grieve not his love."

3. When I mused all alone,

And gray twilight was nigh,

While the bright streams of childhood

Went murmuring by,

A voice warned me heavenward—the voice of the Spirit,

The Spirit of love.

4. Then youth with its snares

Did my footsteps entwine,

And I hardened my heart

To that impulse divine—

"Repent!" cried the Spirit, the witnessing Spirit,

The Spirit of love.

5. But years fled apace,

And with sin I grew wild

For the world and its tempters

My conscience defiled—

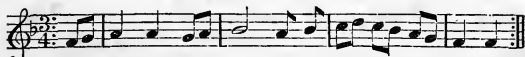
GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT. (CONCLUDED.)

So I slighted the Spirit, the pitying Spirit,
The Spirit of love.

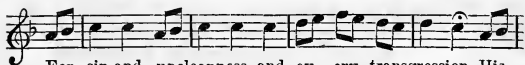
6. And now I am old,
My temples are hoar,
And I feel the warm breath
Of His impulse no more,
For I slighted the Spirit—the long waiting Spirit,
I mocked at his love.

7. Alas! I must die,
And I fear to depart,
Forsaken by Him
Who converteth the heart!
Oh! grieve not the Spirit—the life-giving Spirit,
The Spirit of love.

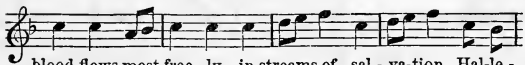
439. THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.*



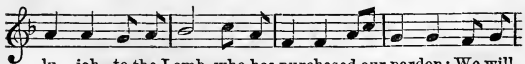
1. { The voice of free grace cries, es - cape to the mountain, }
{ For Ad - am's lost race Christ hath o - pened a fountain, }



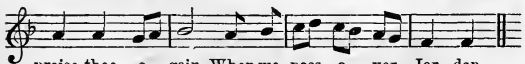
For sin and uncleanness, and ev - ery transgression, His



blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le -



lu - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon; We will



praise thee a - gain, When we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

* For the hymn, and another tune, see No. 257.

440. THE YOUNG LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Affettuoso.

1. { Come, all ye young peo-ple, of ev - ery re - la - tion,
How first I was call - ed to seek for sal - va - tion,

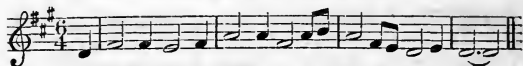
Come, lis - ten a - while, and to you I will tell
Re - demp - tion in Je - sus, who saved me from - - - hell, }

In the days of my child - hood I was first a -
- wakened To think of my soul, and the state I was
in, I saw my - self stand - ing a distance from
Je - sus, Between him and me was a moun - tain of sin.

2. When Satan perceived that I was awakened,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would grow weary before life was ended,
And wish that I had not so early begun.
He strove to persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was but setting the poor sinner free—
That I was forgotten, or left out like Esau,
And there was no mercy in store for poor me.
3. But, glory to Jesus, his love's not confining
To princes or persons of nobler degree;
His blood it flowed freely for all Adam's children,
He died for poor sinners when nailed to the tree.

112.

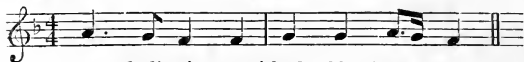
THERE IS A TIME.



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;
 'T is 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.

113.

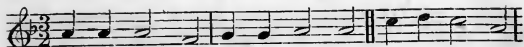
GREENVILLE.



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.

444.

TALMAR. 9th P. M.



1. { Don't you see my Sa-viour com - ing, Shining bright in
While ten thou-sand saints at - tend him, [OMIT - - -

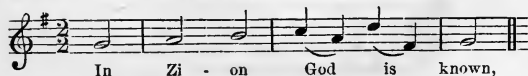


yon-der cloud, } And the an - gels join the crowd.

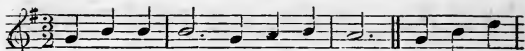
2. Look, and see his arms extended,
Hearken to his charming voice,
Rapture in our hearts is kindling,
None but Jesus is our choice.
3. See the saints above ascending,
Hear them shouting through the sky;
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Soon they'll dwell with him on high.
4. Heaven opens to receive them,
And the saints his rest will share,
Shouts of triumph never ending,
Glory dwells for ever there.
5. Now each sainted spirit, vieing
In his praises to excel,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
Who has saved their souls from hell.
6. There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side;
Shouting glory never ceasing,
While unending ages glide.

445.

SHIRLAND. L. M.



In Zi - on God is known,



1. } The road to heaven by Christ was made, With heavenly
 } From earth to heaven the line ex - tends, To life e -
 d.c. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing

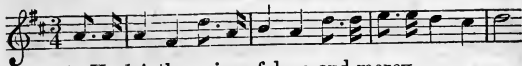
D.C.



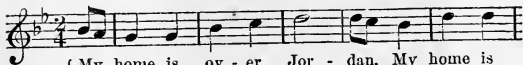
truths the rails were laid ; }
 - ter - nal where it ends. }

home, to die no more. I'm go - ing home, to die no more.

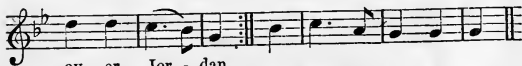
2. The Bible is the engineer,
 It points the way to Heaven so clear ;
 Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
 It does the way to glory steer.
 We're going home, &c.
3. God's love the fire, his truth, the steam,
 Which drives the engine and the train ;
 All you who would to glory ride,
 Must come to Christ, in him abide.
 We're going home, &c.
4. Repentance is the station then,
 Where passengers are taken in ;
 No fee for them is there to pay,
 For Jesus is himself the way.
 We're going home, &c.
5. Come then, poor sinners, now 's the time,
 At any station on the line ;
 If you repent and turn from sin,
 The train will stop and take you in.
 We're going home, &c.
6. And when we reach that heavenly land,
 We there shall dwell at God's right hand ;
 On that delightful, happy shore,
 Where saints will meet to part no more.
 We're going home, &c.



1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 It is finished:
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. It is finished! O, what pleasure
 Do those precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
 It is finished:
 Saints, the dying words record.
3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Jehovah's name;
 It is finished:
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

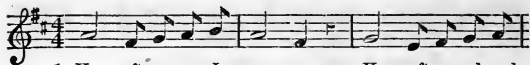


{ My home is ov - er Jor - dan, My home is
 { My home is ov - er Jor - dan, [OMIT - - - -

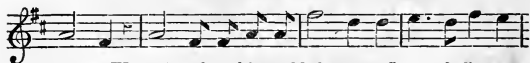


ov - er Jor - dan,
 - - - - -] Where pleasures nev - er die.

1. Where the wicked cease from troubling, &c.
 And the weary are at rest.
2. Farewell to sin and sorrow, &c.
 I bid you all adieu. My home, &c.
3. And you, my friends, prove faithful, &c.
 And on your way pursue. My home, &c.

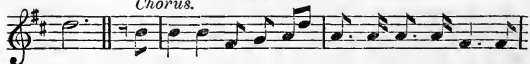


1. How oft - en am I wea - ry, How often sad and

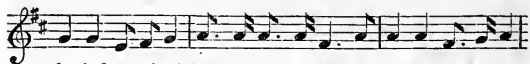


dreary; What then, but this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at

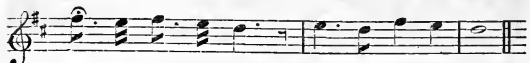
Chorus.



home. When this poor body lies moldering in the tomb, When



soft winds gently sigh o'er its quiet home, When strange, sweet
flowers in



beau-ty o'er it bloom: I shall rest at home.

2. What then of tribulation,
What then of sore temptation:
Be this my consolation,
I soon shall rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.
3. Then welcome death and mourning,
I see the night approaching,
Joy cometh in the morning,
The day of rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.
4. There shall my happy spirit
Sing of my Saviour's merit,
Who brought me to inherit
Eternal rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

REST IN HEAVEN. (CONCLUDED.)

5. O brother, shall I meet you,
O sister, shall I greet you,
O sinner, shall I see you
Among the blest in heaven ?
When this poor body, &c.

450. MARY'S LAMENTATION.

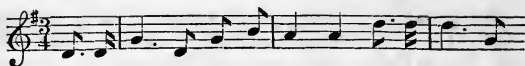


1. I greatly lament-ed the death of the Saviour, Who,
when I re - pent-ed, for - gave my be - haviour ; I re -
paired to the tomb at the earl - i - est dawning, As I
passed thro' the gloom in deep sol - i - tude mourning
Great so - lemn - i - ty, Great so - lemn - i - ty,
Great so - lemn - i - ty, There surrounded me.

2. Ye saints who adore me are welcome to enter
The portals of glory, and pass to the center ;
From sin I have freed you, your joys are celestial ;
To sweet fountains I lead you, clear as a crystal.
Come, my followers, Come, my followers,
Come, my followers, And be glorified.

451.

HARWELL.



1. Come, ye Christians, and adore him,
 Lord of all, he reigns above ;
 Come, and worship now before him ;
 He hath called you by his love.
 He will grant you every blessing
 Of his all-abounding grace ;
 Come, with humble heart expressing
 All your gratitude and praise.
2. On this holy day of gladness,
 We will join in praises meet :
 Every bosom free from sadness,
 All with happiness replete.
 Oh to feel the love of Jesus ;
 Oh to know that from above,
 Still our Heavenly Father sees us,
 With an eye of tender love.
3. Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever,
 Gladly now we all unite ;
 Praise to thee, O God, the Giver,
 Blessed Lord, of life and light ;
 Ransomed Christians, spread the story ;
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er !
 All his grace and all his glory,
 Oh proclaim for evermore.

452.

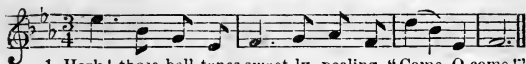
GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



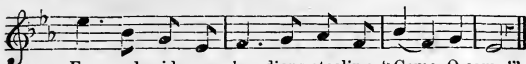
The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

453.

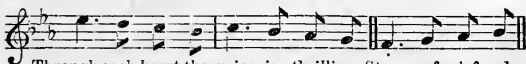
WANDERER, HASTEN HOME.



1. Hark! those bell-tones sweet-ly pealing, "Come, O come!"



Far and wide me-lo-dious stealing, "Come, O come!"



Through each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and



passion stilling, Wanderer, hasten home, Wanderer, hasten, &c.

2. Hark! the bell to prayer is calling.

Wanderer, come;

In God's house, with reverent feeling,

Seek thy home;

There's a mansion far above thee,

Where dwell spirits pure and lovely,

Wanderer, 't is thy home,

Wanderer, 't is thy home.

3. Still the echoed voice is ringing,

"Come, O come;"

Every heart, pure incense bringing,

"Hither come."

Father, round the altar bending,

May our souls, to heaven ascending,

Find in thee their home,

Find in thee their home.

454.

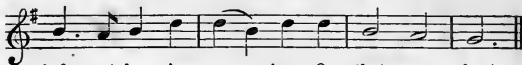
ST. THOMAS. S. M.



The pray - ing spi - rit breathe.

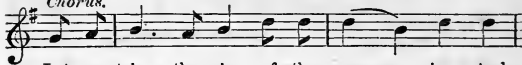


1. The judgment-day is com - ing, coming, coming, The

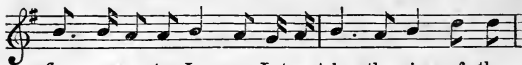


judgment-day is com - ing, O that great day!

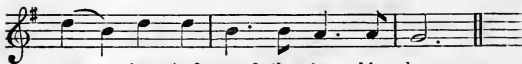
Chorus.



Let us take the wings of the morn - ing, And



fly a-way to Je - sus; Let us take the wings of the



morn - ing, And sound the ju - bi - lee.

2. I see the Judge descending,
Descending, descending,
I see the Judge descending
On that great day.
Let us take, &c.
3. I see the dead arising,
Arising, arising,
I see the dead arising
On that great day.
Let us take, &c.
4. I see the world assembled,
Assembled, assembled,
I see the world assembled
On that great day.
Let us take, &c.

THE JUDGMENT DAY. (CONCLUDED.)

5. I hear the sentence uttered,
Uttered, uttered,
I hear the sentence uttered
On that great day.
Let us take, &c.

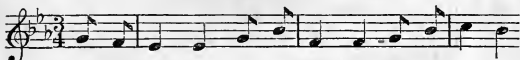
6. I hear the wicked wailing,
Wailing, wailing,
I hear the wicked wailing
On that great day.

For they take not the wings of the morning,
Nor flew away to Jesus,
For they take not the wings of the morning,
Nor sing the jubilee.

7. I hear the righteous shouting,
Shouting, shouting,
I hear the righteous shouting
On that great day.

For they took the wings of the morning,
And flew away to Jesus,
For they took the wings of the morning,
And sung the jubilee.

456. FOUNT. 8s & 7s. Double.*

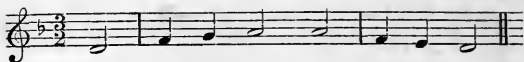


Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

* For the rest of the hymn, see No. 383.

457.

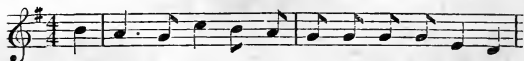
WINDHAM.



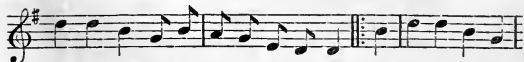
1. Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
2. Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And shaken off my guilty fears ;
 And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
 For many long, rebellious years.
3. Though 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.
4. Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous answer swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

458.

FREE SALVATION. L. M.



O glo - ry, glo - ry, the gos - pel is pro - claiming
 O glo - ry, glo - ry, &c.



Free sal - va - tion to wretched, fallen man. } Je - sus, my all, to
 Free sal - va - tion, &c. } He whom I fix my

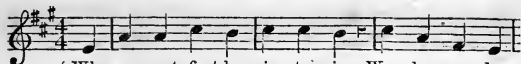
D. C.



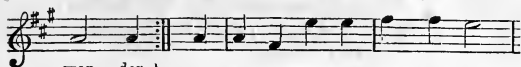
heaven is gone, Free sal - va - tion to wretched, fallen man.
 hopes up - on, Free sal - va - tion, &c.

459.

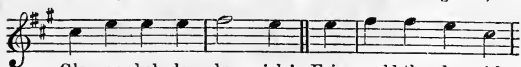
THE YOUNG CONVERT.



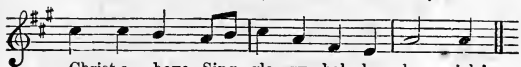
1. { When converts first be - gin to sing, Won - der, won - der,
Their hap - py souls are on the wing, Glo - ry, hal - le -



won - der, {
lu - jah! } Their theme is all - re - deem - ing love,

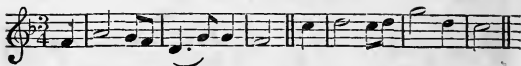


Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Fain would they be with



Christ a - bove, Sing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

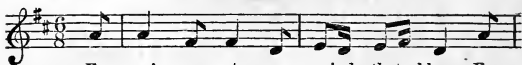
2. With admiration they behold, Wonder, &c.
The love of Christ that can't be told, Glory, &c.
They view themselves upon the shore, &c.,
And think the battle all is o'er, &c.
3. They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
4. They wonder why old saints do n't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.
5. Come, take up arms and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword and shield;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the victory you shall win.
6. When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines—
For Christ our Lord has swept the field,
And we're determined not to yield.



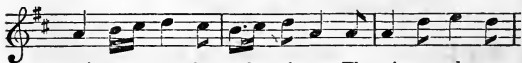
1. The world's no longer mine,
Forsaken all for thee ;
Henceforth, my Lord, I'm only thine,
To all eternity.
2. I bathe my weary breast
In love's unfathomed sea,
The storm of passion's lulled to rest,
To all eternity.
3. All wordly happiness
Has now no charms for me,
In Christ I have the sum of bliss,
To all eternity.
4. What glories I behold,
My risen Lord, in thee !
And still new glories shall unfold,
To all eternity.

461.

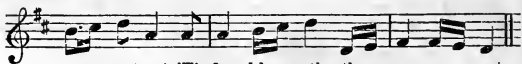
SERENITY. L. M.* (365)



From ev' - ry stormy wind that blows, From

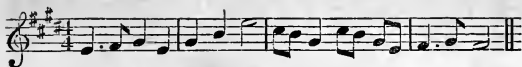


ev' - ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a

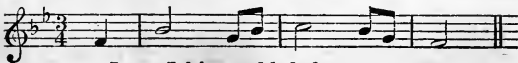


sure retreat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.

* For the rest of this hymn, and another tune, see No. 365.



1. High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
2. But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
3. All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose—
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.



Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,—
Thy burning charity.

464. OUR BURIED FRIENDS CAN WE FORGET?

1. { Our buried friends can we forget, Although they've passed death's
They live within our memory yet, And in our love must
gloomy riv - er? } And, though they've gone a -
live for - ev - er. }
- while before, To join the ransomed hosts in heaven,
Our hearts will love them more and more, Till
earth - ly chains at last be riv - en.

2. Then shall their radiant face again
Smile on us as when last we parted;
This thought shall banish death's keen pain;
This hope from love's pure fount upstarted.
Then let us die in hours of youth,
Or tarry till our locks are hoary,
We'll strive to live and die in truth,
And meet our dearest friends in glory.

465. MY BURIED FRIENDS CAN I FORGET?

1. My buried friends can I forget?
Or must the grave eternal sever:
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they'll live for ever.
They loved me once with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me;

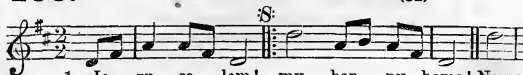
MY BURIED FRIENDS CAN I FORGET? (CONCLUDED.)

But often in my conflicts here
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

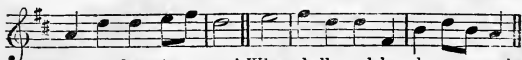
2. I heard them bid the world adieu:
I saw them on the rolling billow:
Their far-off home appeared in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's lonely river,—
Adieu to earth,—now all is well,—
Now all is well with me for ever.

3. Oh! how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers:—
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river:—
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my loved friends for ever.

466. THAT HAPPY PLACE. (51)

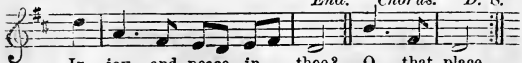


1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name
D. S. That hap - py place, The



ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors have an end,
place where Jesus reigns, The place where Christians all shall meet,

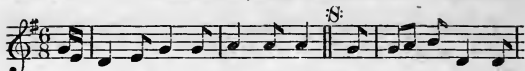
End. Chorus. D. S.



In joy, and peace in thee? O that place,
Nev - er to part a - gain.

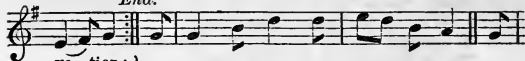
* For the rest of the hymn, and another tune, see No. 51.

467. FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

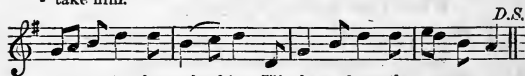


1. { Glo-ry to God, that I have found The pearl of my sal-
I'm marching thro' Immanuel's ground, Up to my heavenly
D.S. Till I do o-ver-

End.



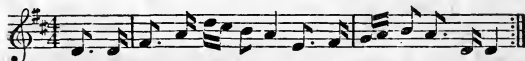
va-tion; }
sta-tion. } And I'm re-solved to trav-el on, And
- take him.



never to for-sake him, I'll always keep the narrow way,

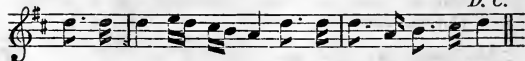
Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory;
For ye are built upon the rock,
The kingdom lies before you.
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace,
And tell the pleasing story;
I'm with my little flock always,
I'll bring them home to glory.

468. THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH. 7s.*



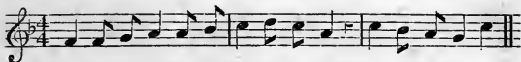
1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing, }
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. }
D. C. Oh how happy we shall be, When we've gained the victory.

D. C.

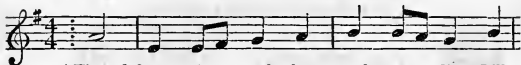


vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, When we've gained the victory.

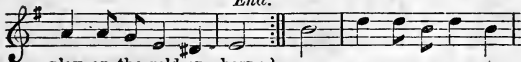
* For the rest of the hymn, and another tune, see No. 269.



1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier—
 When I am gone—when 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—when 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.



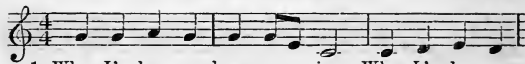
{ Though born to suf - fer and to die, I'll
 { From grief and care my soul shall fly, I'll
 D. C. I want to go where Je - sus is, And
End.



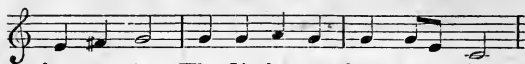
play on the gold-en harp; }
 play on the gold-en harp; } What! play on the gold-en
 play on the gold-en harp.



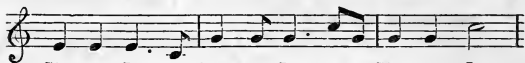
harp? Yes! play on the gold - en harp!



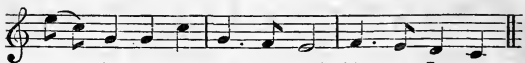
1. When I'm hap - py, hear me sing, When I'm hap-py,



hear me sing, When I'm hap-py, hear me sing,



Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -



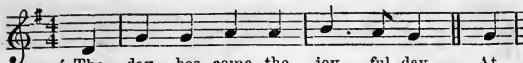
sus: You may have all the world: Give me Je - sus

2. When in sorrow, hear me pray,
 When in sorrow, hear me pray,
 When in sorrow, hear me pray,
 Give me Jesus, give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
 You may have all the world, give me Jesus.

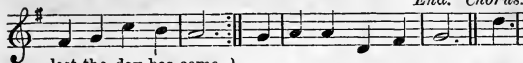
3. When I'm dying, hear me cry,
 When I'm dying, hear me cry,
 When I'm dying, hear me cry,
 Give me Jesus, give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
 You may have all the word, give me Jesus.

4. When I'm rising, hear me shout,
 When I'm rising, hear me shout,
 When I'm rising, hear me shout,
 I have Jesus, I have Jesus, I have Jesus,
 You may have all the world, give me Jesus.

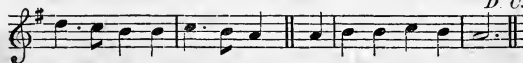
5. When in heaven, we will sing,
 When in heaven, we will sing,
 When in heaven, we will sing,
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 By thy grace we are saved blessed Jesus.



1. { The day has come, the joy - ful day, At
 That saints and an - gels joy dis - play, [OMIT
 D. C. They're com - ing home, They are come home, [OMIT
End. Chorus.



last the day has come, } On sin - ners coming home; They're
 - - - - - } Praise God, they're coming home.



coming home, they're coming home, Behold them coming home; *D. C.*

2. The saints of God fresh courage take,
 Are strong in conquering power;
 The host of hell with terror shake,
 While God displays his power.

Chorus. They're coming home, &c.

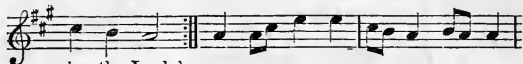
3. How beautiful on moutain's top
 The herald's feet appears,
 While tidings, blest tidings drop,
 The broken heart to cheer.
 They're coming home, &c.

4. To all the region round about,
 The news has swiftly flown,
 That sinners deep in guilt have sought,
 And found what others spurn.
 They're coming home, &c.

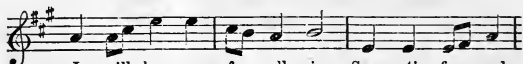
5. Backsliders, too, begin to view
 What traitors they have been,
 Confessing, ask, "what shall I do?"
 A hell I feel within.
 They're coming home, &c. ..



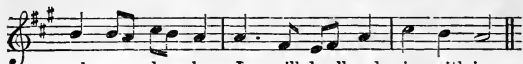
1. { Ye who knew your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py
Have you read that gra - cious promise, Which is left up -



in the Lord, }
on re - cord? } I will sprinkle you with wa - ter,

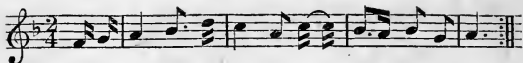


I will cleanse you from all sin, Sanc - ti - fy and



make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign with-in.

2. Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.
3. If you have obtained this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find,
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing in your mind.
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then,
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.
4. Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure
Jesus, only Jesus know.



1. I have started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
 Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind;
 The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view,
 Its fruits are abundant, they're offered to you.

Chorus.—Come, come, friends, friends, come;
 I've started for Canaan,
 O, will you not come.

2. What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?
 The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May;
 The music is charming, the harmony pure,
 The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.

Come, come, &c.

3. You have friends in that country, most dear to your
 heart,

Do you not wish to meet them, where friends never part?
 Then start in a moment, no longer delay,
 Do n't stop to consider, the night ends the day.

Come, come, &c.

4. 'Tis the last call of mercy; O turn, lest you die;
 Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day he is nigh;
 While his arms are extended, while his children all pray,
 Will you not join our number, come, join us to-day.

Come, come, &c.



Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.

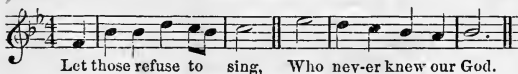
477. CHRISTIAN ENJOYMENT. C. M.



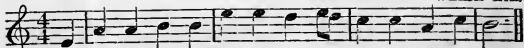
1. How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who
 knows his sins for - given! This earth, he cries, is
 not my place; I seek my place in heaven.

2. A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, O by faith, I see;
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
 The heaven prepared for me.
3. O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay;
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day:
4. We feel the resurrection near,—
 Our life in Christ concealed,—
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels filled.
5. O would he more of heaven bestow!
 And when the vessels break,
 Let our triumphant spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek;
6. In rapturous awe on Him we gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me:
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 To all eternity.

478. CONCORD. S. M.



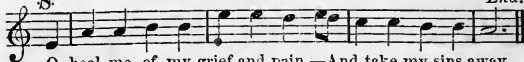
Let those refuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God.



1. Thou Lamb of God, for sinners slain, To thee I humbly pray ;

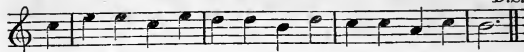
S:

End.



O heal me of my grief and pain,—And take my sins away.
d.s. Re-deem-er, Saviour, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.

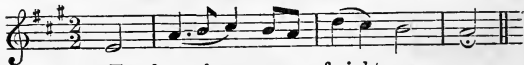
D.S.



Now from this bondage, Lord, release, And give the wand'rer rest:

2. Thou wilt not cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee ;
 My gracious Lord, I can not doubt
 Thy mercy is for me ;
 O let me now obtain the grace,
 And find my long-sought rest.
 Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

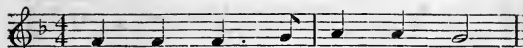
3. Mere worldly good I do not want ;
 Be that to others given :
 While only for thy love I pant,
 My all in earth or heaven :
 This is the crown I fain would seize,—
 With which I would be blest :
 Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.



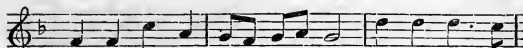
Far from these scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of joy and pure delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

481.

THE TWO THIEVES.



1. When the Lord was cru - ci - fied,



Two transgressors with him died; One with vile blas-



pheming tongue, Scoffed at Je - sus as he hung.

2. Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death:
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
3. But the other, moved by grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
4. "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."
5. This was wondrous grace, indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need:
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name;
You shall find him still the same.

482.

LABAN. S. M. (108)



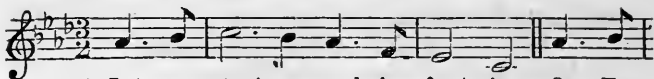
A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

1. Come, O thou Trav - el - er un - known,
Whom still I hold, but can not see! My com-pa-
ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a -
lone with thee; With thee all night, all night I mean to
stay, And wres - tle till - - the break of day.

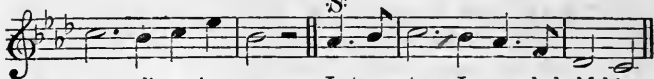
1. { Come, O thou tra - vel - er unknown, Whom still I
My com-pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am
hold, but can not see; }
left a - lone with thee: } With thee all night I mean to
stay, And wres - tle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am:
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there:

486. AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

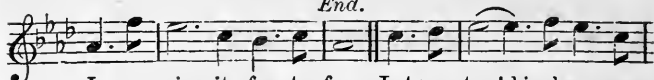


1. Let me stay! my soul is feast - ing On Em-

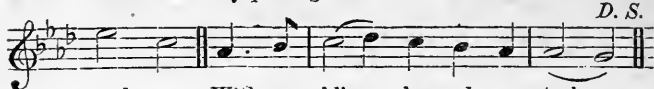


manuel's saving grace; Let me stay, I now behold him
D. S. O! his rapturous love, all vi - tal,

End.



In my spir - it, face to face. Let me stay! his charms per -
Streams into my parting soul.



sua de me With a bliss beyond con - trol.

2. Let me stay, the union's perfect,
I in Christ, and Christ in me,
Henceforth, I will draw my being,
Every moment, Lord, from thee.
Let me stay! O, *she's* in heaven!
Glorious mansion of the blessed,
Now my worn and weary spirit
Finds in Christ its *perfect rest*.

487. GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

1. Gently, Lord! oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

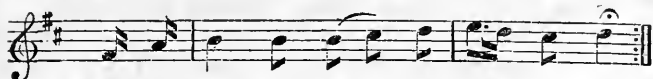
GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US. (CONCLUDED.)

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear:
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us on thy bosom rest;
 Till, by angel-bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

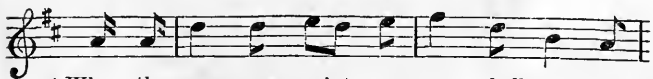
488. BEAUTIFUL WORLD.*



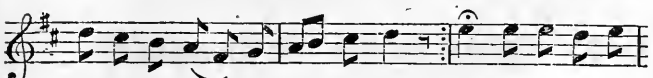
1. { We're go - ing home, we've had vis - ions bright
 Where the long, dark night of time is past,



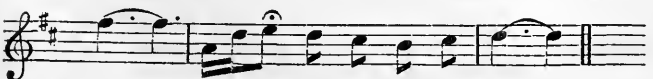
- Of that ho - ly land, that world of light,
 And the morn of e - terni-ty dawns at last;



- { Where the wea - ry saints no more shall roam, But
 { Where the brow with spark - ling gems is crown'd, And the



- dwel in a hap - py, peaceful home: }
 waves of bliss are flowing around. } O that beau-ti-ful

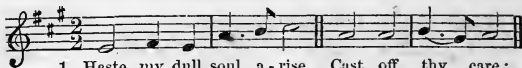


- world! O that beau-ti - ful world

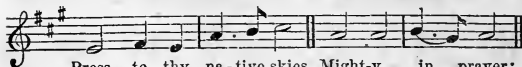
* For the rest of the hymn, and another tune, see No. 265.

489.

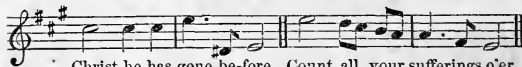
JESUS IS THERE.



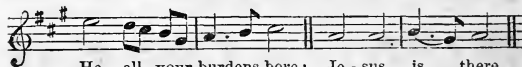
1. Haste, my dull soul, a-rise, Cast off thy care;



Press to thy na-tive skies, Might-y in prayer:



Christ he has gone be-fore, Count all your sufferings o'er,



He all your burdens bore; Je-sus is there.

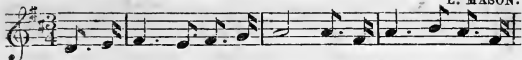
2. Souls for the marriage feast,
 Robed and prepared;
 Holy must be each guest,
 Jesus is there.
 Saints bear victorious palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms,
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
 O let me share.
3. Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,
 Jesus is there;
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure,
 Thou art its heir.
 What makes its hymns so sweet?
 What makes its joys complete?
 There we our friends shall meet,
 Jesus is there.

490.

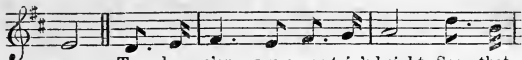
AMERICA. S. M.



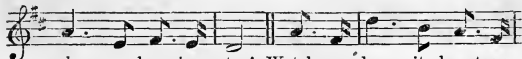
Help me to watch and pray,



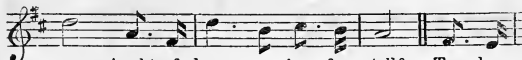
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise



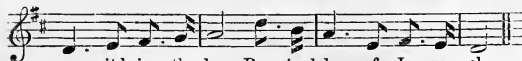
are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that



glo - ry beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous



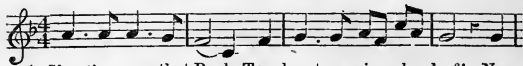
ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Traveler,



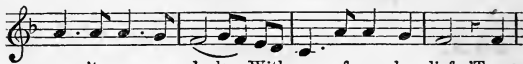
yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night:
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own:
 See it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn,
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

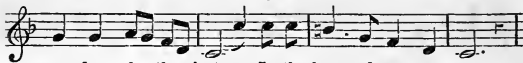
492. SKEPTIC, SPARE THAT BOOK.



1. Skeptic, spare that Book, Touch not a sin - gle leaf! Nor



on its pa - ges look With eye of un - be - lief; 'T was



my fore - fa - thers' stay In the hour of ag - o - ny;



Skeptic, go thy way, And let that old book be.

2. That good old Book of Life
 For centuries has stood
 Unharm'd, amid the strife,
 When earth was drunk with blood:
 And wouldst thou harm it now,
 And have its truths forgot?
 Skeptic, forbear thy blow,
 Thy hand shall harm it not!

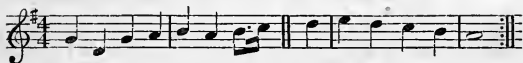
3. Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When, in my grandsire's halls,
 I heard its tales of truth:
 I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er that volume as he read;
 But that was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.

4. My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy—
 I've seen her eyes of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joy;

Their traces linger still,
 And dear are they to me,
 Skeptic, forego thy will;
 Go, let that old Book be.

493.

AMSTERDAM.

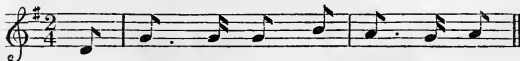


Time is winging us away,
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb.
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms—
 All that's mortal soon will be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

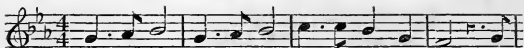
Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb.
 But the children shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above;
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

494.

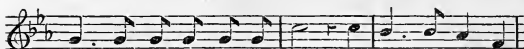
AULD LANG SYNE.



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

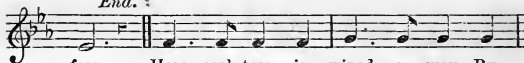


1. Home at last! home at last! From an earthly shore, For

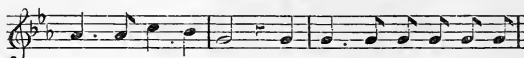


O! I've joined the ransomed ones, Who passed on long be -

End. :

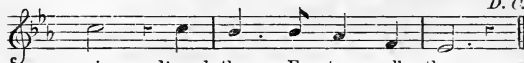


fore. Here each tear is wiped a - way By



God, the Ho - ly One; There's naught but songs of joy and

D. C.



praise, Round the E - ter - nal's throne.

2. The pure in heart! the pure in heart!

Robed in spotless white,

Are here with starry crowns of joy,

All gloriously bright.

Some I loved so long ago,

Who left me sad and lone,

I meet among the heavenly host,

Within our Father's home.

3. Safe at home! safe at home!

O let the echo go,

To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,

In that first home below.

His dear arms are round me now,

Who was for sinners slain;

Through him I've won eternal life;

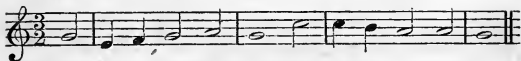
For me to die was gain.

HOME AT LAST. (CONCLUDED.)

Safe at home! safe at home!
From an earthly shore;
I'll bless and praise thee, O my God,
For ever, evermore.

496.

BOYLSTON.



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 displays,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace taught 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 our praise.

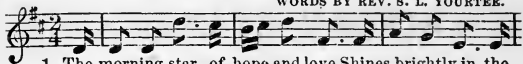
497.

I'M A TRAVELER.

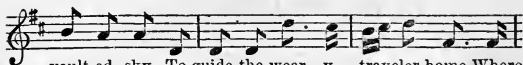


1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary, oppressed;
But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is my way, Toiling I've come,
Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

WORDS BY REV. S. L. YOURTEE.



1. The morning star of hope and love Shines brightly in the

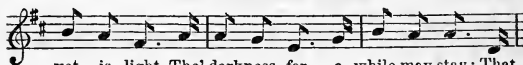


vault-ed sky, To guide the wear - y traveler home, Where

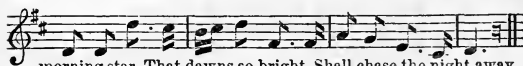


Chorus.

pleasures nev - er die. Then weep no more, there



yet is light, Tho' darkness for a while may stay; That



morning star, That dawns so bright, Shall chase the night away.

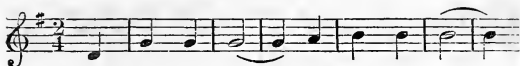
2. "Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,"
 'T is Christ, the bright and morning star;
 Upon thy path his light is shed,
 And shows thee heaven afar, &c.
3. That beaming star is shining still
 Upon life's dark and troubled sea,
 To quell the storm, to calm the deep,
 And speak in peace to thee, &c.
4. Then hope again, whate'er betide,
 "A pledge is given that storms shall cease;"
 Your fragile bark he'll surely guide
 Into the port of peace, &c.
5. And when the storm of life is past,
 That star shall settle o'er thy tomb,
 To watch thee till the trumpet's blast,
 Shall call thee to thy home, &c.

SINGLE STANZAS,

FOR SOCIAL MEETINGS.

*The figures on the right show at what number the whole hymn
may be found.*

499. ROOM ENOUGH. (49)



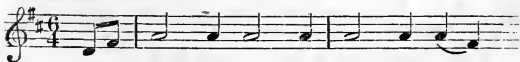
Come on, my partners in distress,
I have a home in glory;
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who have a home in glory, O glory, &c.

500. THE BELOVED OF ZION. (33)

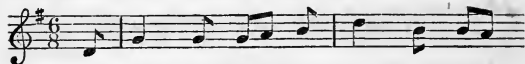


O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

501. OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM. (3)



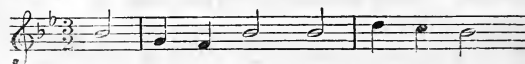
Then let us join our cheerful song,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,—
Our Father's at the helm, &c.

502. THE GARDEN HYMN. (53)

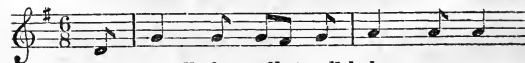
Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

503. OH FOR A CLOSER WALK. (141)

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

504. FOREST. (62)

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

505. CONVERT'S FAREWELL. (152)

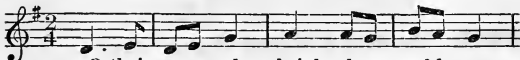
Farewell, farewell, to all below,
 The Saviour calls, and I must go;
 I've launched my boat upon the sea,
 This land is not the land for me.
 This world is not my home. &c.

506. WE'LL MARCH AROUND JERUSALEM. (5)



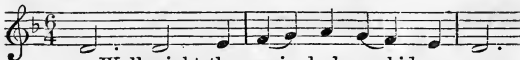
O brethren, will you meet me, On that delightful shore,
O brethren, will you meet me, Where parting is no more.
And we'll march around Jerusalem, &c.

507. JESUS CALLS YOU. (11)



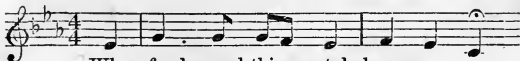
O their crowns, how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore;
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their Shepherd there:
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear;
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

508. THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN. (8)



Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, &c.

509. THE GOOD OLD WAY. (117)



When far beyond this mortal shore
We meet with those who've gone before,
We'll shout to think we've gained the day,
By marching in the good old way, &c.



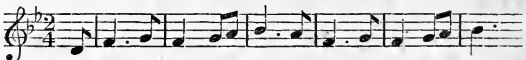
What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach heaven at last;
 Heaven is my home.

511. THE HEAVENLY MANSION. (148)

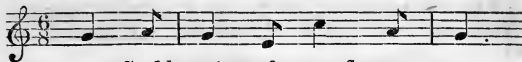


My heavenly home is bright and fair,
 We'll be gathered home;
 Nor death nor sighing visit there,
 We'll be gathered home.
 We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

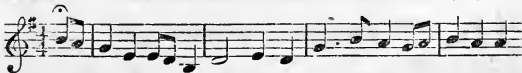
512. CHRISTIAN'S SONG. (63)



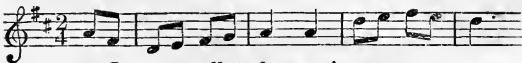
O brethren, I have found,
 A land that doth abound
 With fruit as sweet as honey;
 The more I eat, I find,
 The more I am inclined
 To shout and sing hosanna.
 My soul doth long to go
 Where I may fully know
 The glories of my Saviour;
 And as I pass along,
 I'll sing the Christian's song,
 I hope to live for ever.

513.**ROCK OF AGES. (151)**

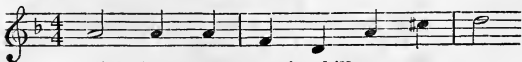
Could my tears for ever flow,—
 Could my zeal no languor know,—
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

514. THERE IS A LAND OF PLEASURE. (94)

There is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy for ever roll;
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I hope to rest my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A light has shone along my way.

515.**DIE IN THE ARMY. (10)**

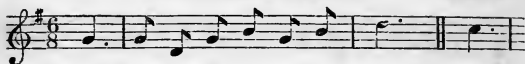
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 And I want to die in the army. &c.

516.**NORTH SALEM. (21)**

Sink down, ye separating hills,
 Let sin and death remove;
 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

517.

DE FLEURY. 8s. (271)



How tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

518.

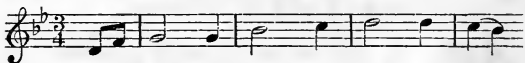
HOMEWARD BOUND. (132)



Out on the ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

519.

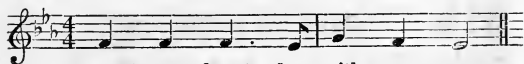
JUST AS I AM. (131)



Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,—
 O Lamb of God, I come.
 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

520.**SWEET HOME. (475)**

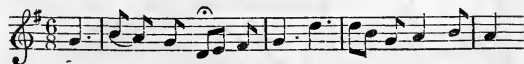
I have started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
 Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind,
 The land lies before us, 't is pleasant to view,
 Its fruits are abundant, they're offered to you,
 Come, come, friends, friends come,
 We have started for Canaan, oh! will you not come?

521.**COME AND TASTE. (89)**

Come and taste along with me,
 Consolation running free,
 From our Father's wealthy throne,
 Sweeter than the honey comb.
 I'll praise God, &c.

522.**PISGAH. (147)**

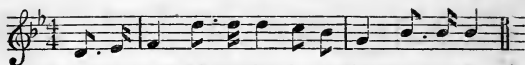
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

523.**O, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. (156)**

O sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die;
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high:
 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.

524.

LILLY DALE. (146)

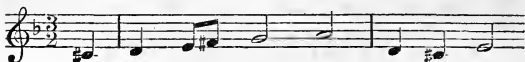


O how happy are they who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

Oh, heaven, sweet heaven,
 Home of the blest;
 How I long to be there, in its glories to share,
 And to lean upon Jesus' breast.

525.

WHAT SINNERS VALUE. (178)



What sinners value, I resign,
 Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

526.

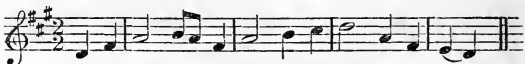
LAND OF REST. (109)



No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.
 This world is not, &c.

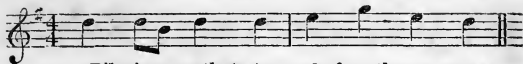
527.

ECSTASY. (192)



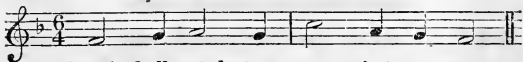
Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song,
 O, that all his salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

528. PILGRIM STRANGER. (185)



Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale,
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I am bound for the kingdom, &c.

529. BARTIMEUS. (199)



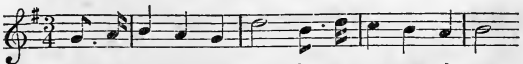
Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me through the gloom;
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy,
To convey my spirit home.

530. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND. (176)

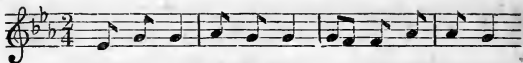


1. There are angels hovering round. (*repeat.*)
2. To carry the tidings home, (*repeat*)
To the New Jerusalem.
3. We are on our journey home, (*repeat*)
To the New Jerusalem.
4. We shall live for evermore, (*repeat*)
On Canaan's happy shore.

531. ROWLEY. (155)



We have laid up our love, And our treasures above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.



Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Saviour,
 May we all there unite, Happy for ever,
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never, no, never.

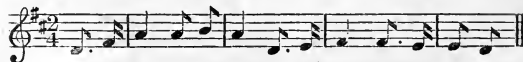
533. THIS WORLD IS POOR. (119)



From those who walk in wisdom's ways,
 Corroding fears are driven;
 They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
 Enjoy communion with their God,
 And find their way to heaven.

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

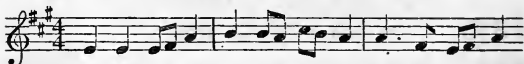
534. INVITATION. (180)



Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain, &c.

539. WE'LL STEM THE STORM. (210 and 211)

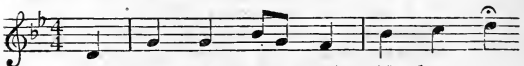
My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
 The spark will soon decay;
 And then my happy soul will sail
 To everlasting day. We'll stem the storm, &c.

540. CAMDEN. (473)

Be as holy, and as happy,
 And as useful, here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure:
 Jesus, only Jesus, know.
 Spread, O spread the holy fire,
 Tell, O tell what God has done,
 Till the nations are conformed
 To the image of his Son.

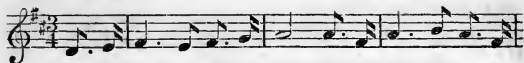
541. OH, TELL ME NO MORE. (105)

The souls that believe in paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive;
 My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away;
 Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

542. ATONEMENT. (241)

Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

543. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. (227)



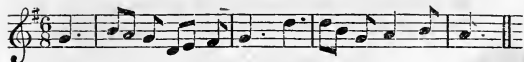
Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh:
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

544. THE DELIGHTFUL WAY. (275)



1. I'm glad I ever saw the day,
The way is so delightful, hallelujah!
I found the pilgrim's narrow way,
The way is so delightful, hallelujah!
O, the way is so delightful, &c.
2. Redemption is a joyful song, &c.
We'll sing it as we pass along, &c.

545. SALVATION FREE. (280)



I'm glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost;
For had it been for me to buy
My soul would have been lost.
I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

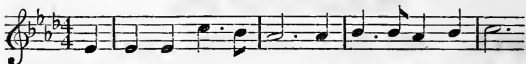
546.

SWEET RIVERS. (278)



Sweet rivers of redeeming love, Lie just before mine eyes,
 Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd to those rivers fly;
 I'd rise superior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind,
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave the world
 behind.

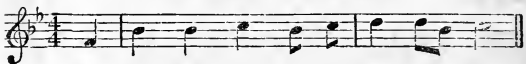
547. FOR EVER WITH THE LORD. (283)



For ever with the Lord, Amen, so let it be:
 Life from the dead is in that word, 'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent, Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, A day's march nearer
 home. Nearer home, &c.

548. THE OLD SHIP ZION. (239)

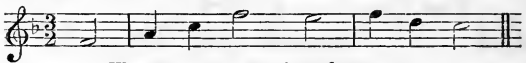


1. What ship is this that is sailing by? {
 O glory, hallelujah! } (repeat)
 'T is the old ship Zion, hallelujah! (repeat.)

2. Do you think she'll be able to face the storm, &c.
 Why, she's landed thousands over, hallelujah! &c.

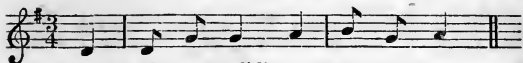
549.

WELLS. (235)



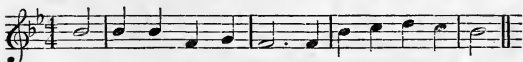
There are no acts of pardon past,
 In the cold grave to which we haste,
 But darkness, death, and long despair
 Reign in eternal silence there.

550. THE SHINING SHORE. (245)



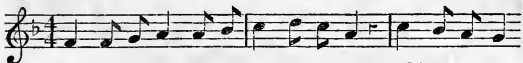
My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger;
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before is the shining shore,
Our happy home for ever.

551. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. (274)



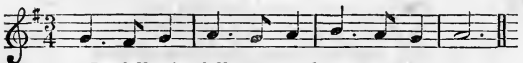
Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made,
Ye weary spirits, rest, Ye mourning souls be glad,
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

552. SHED NOT A TEAR. (469)

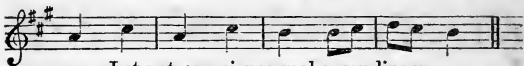


Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Smile when the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone—I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

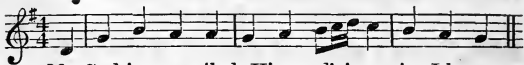
553. TRIUMPH. (182)



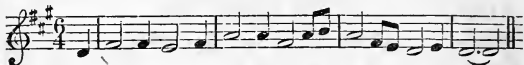
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, &c.

554. TURN TO THE LORD. (230)

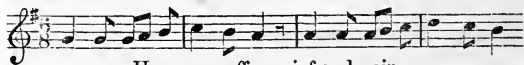
Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him.
 Turn to the Lord, &c.

555. CARMARTHEN. (233)

My God is reconciled, His pard'ning 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.

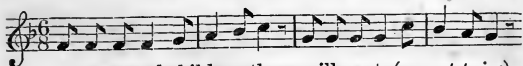
556. THERE IS A TIME.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
 I would thy boundless love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

557. HAPPY MEETING. (250)

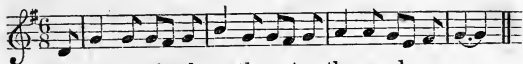
Here we suffer grief and pain,
 Here we meet to part again,
 In heaven we part no more :
 O, that will be joyful, &c.

558. THE JUDGMENT SEAT. (306)



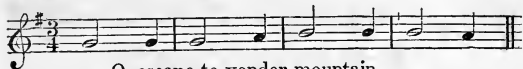
1. Parents and children there will part, (*repeat twice*)
Will part to meet no more.
O, there will be mourning, &c.
2. Wives and husbands there will part, &c.
3. Brethren and sisters there will part, &c.

559. O, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL. (326)



When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun. (*repeat twice*)
O, that will be joyful, &c.

560. I LOVE JESUS. (214)



O, escape to yonder mountain,
Now begin to watch and pray;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come, and wash your sins away.
I love Jesus, hallelujah, &c.

561. LONG TIME AGO. (215)

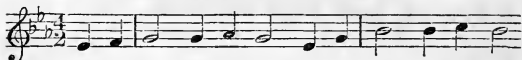


1. Jesus died—yet lives for ever, No more to die,
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour, Now reigns on high.
2. When he comes, a voice from heaven, Shall pierce the
tomb:
“Come, ye blessed of my Father,” Children, come home.



I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

563. HALLELUJAH TO JESUS. (272)



When the last trumpet's sound Shakes the earth all around,
 And the dead shall arise, And ascend to the skies,
 There to meet him who died, With his glorious Bride,
 And to praise him for ever, By Immanuel's side.

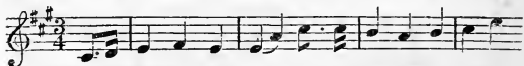
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

564. WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN. (289)



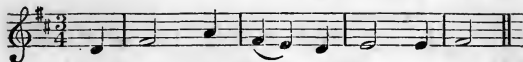
When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamp is dead,
 When, in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

565. SCOTLAND. 257)

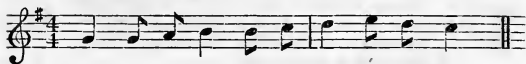


When on Zion we stand, having gained the blessed shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
 We'll range the blest fields, on the banks of the river,
 And sing of redemption for ever and ever.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.



He spake at once my sins forgiven,
 And washed my load of guilt away;
 He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
 And thus I found the heavenly way.
 And new with trembling sense I view,
 The billows roll beneath your feet;
 And death eternal wait for you
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.



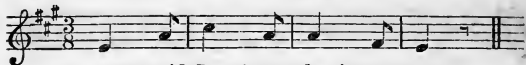
Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
 Here is no rest—is no rest;
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest.
 For I look forward to that glorious day,
 When sin and sorrow will vanish away;
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
 There, there is rest—there is rest.



Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark;
 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

569.**HORTON. (252)**

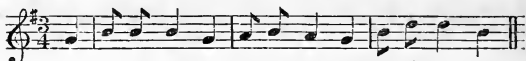
25-50



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

570.**IMMANUEL'S ARMY. (330)**

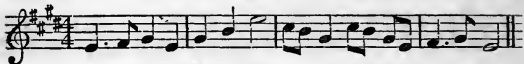
You need not fear, the cause is good;
 Come, who will 'list, and be a soldier?
 In this cause the martyrs bled,
 Or shouted victory in the fire:
 In this cause let us follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the wond'rous story,
 How by faith we gained the crown,
 And fought our way by grace to glory.

571.**WE'RE GOING HOME. (390)**

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. *Chorus.*

572.**PARADISE.**

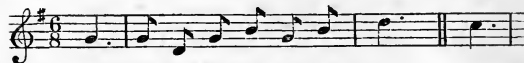
There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

577.**IVES. (71)**

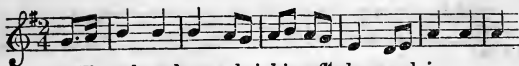
Palms of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
 Yet the conquerors bring their palms,
 To the Lamb amid the throne;
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone.

578.**HARWELL. (196)**

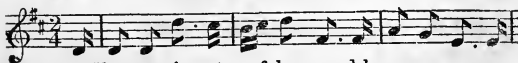
King of Glory! reign for ever!
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own.
 Happy objects of thy grace!
 Destined to behold thy face;
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

579.**DE FLEURY. 8s. (271)**

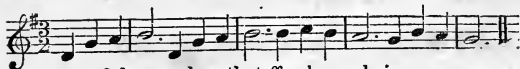
His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

580.**WRESTLING JACOB. (484)**

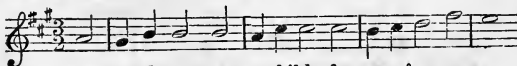
What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong.
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 Shall I with the God-man prevail.

581.**MORNING STAR. (498)**

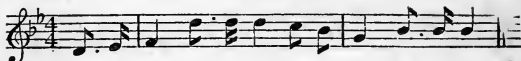
The morning star of hope and love
 Shines brightly in the vaulted sky,
 To guide the weary traveler home,
 Where pleasures never die :
 Then weep no more, there yet is light,
 Though darkness for a while may stay ;
 That morning star that gleams so bright,
 Shall chase the dream away.

582.**HAPPY DAY. (405)**

O happy day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Happy day, &c.

583.**CHRISTIAN ENJOYMENT. (477)**

How happy every child of grace, &c.



We all strangers are, as our fathers wère,
 And pilgrims traveling on,
 Till the summons comes, and we all go home,
 To the land where our kindred have gone.
 Home-kindred, heart-kindred, Hail, happy throng,
 O, we long there to rest, with the pure and the blest,
 And to join in redemption's song.



Through grace I am determined
 To conquer though I die;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And, O, my friends, be faithful,
 And on your way pursue.



1. Now the Saviour stands, and pleading,
 At the sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinner's part.
 Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?
 Will you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died for your behaviour,
 Now he calls you to his arms.
2. O, ye needy, come and welcome, &c.
3. Let not conscience make you linger, &c.

I N D E X .

The Figures invariably refer to the Numbers of the Hymns.

A.

HYMN

A beautiful land by faith I see.....	<i>City of Light</i>	319
A charge to keep I have	<i>Two tunes</i>	13, 108
A few more days on earth to spend.....		425, 433
Afflictions though they seem severe.....	<i>Two tunes</i>	85, 86
A fountain in Jesus that runs always free.....	<i>Great Supper</i>	134
Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression.....	<i>Warning</i>	75
A home in heaven, what a joyful.....		285, 412
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	<i>Three tunes</i>	7, 8, 9
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	<i>Coronation</i>	414
Almighty love inspire.....	<i>Old tune</i>	149
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.....		333
Am I a soldier of the cross.....		56
Am I born to die.....	<i>Golden Hill</i>	317
And can it be that I should gain.....	<i>Old tune</i>	41
And can I yet delay.....	<i>Shawmut</i>	143
And let this feeble body fail.....	<i>Old tune</i>	55
And must I be to judgment brought.....		43
Are we almost there.....		52
Arise, my soul, arise.....	<i>Carmarthen</i>	233
Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's height.....	<i>We'll stand the storm</i>	210
As on the cross the Saviour hung.....		323
A people called Christian.....		273
At life's early morning.....		433
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	<i>Morning</i>	17
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	<i>Loving Kindness</i>	48
Away from his home and the friends of.....	<i>Sentinel</i>	310
Away with our sorrow and fear.....	<i>Portland</i>	410

B.

Behold, the Saviour of mankind.....	<i>Oliver</i>	77
Blest be the wisdom and the power.....	<i>Unadilla</i>	398

HYMN

Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	<i>Jubilee</i>	274
Brethren and sisters dear.....		130
Brethren, here are mourners pleading.....	<i>Bartimeus</i>	234
Brethren, see poor sinners round you.....	<i>Bavaria</i>	223
Brethren, we are traveling home.....		314
Broad is the road that leads to death.....		110, 394
Brother, is life's morning clouded.....		126
Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring.....		91
By faith I see my Saviour dying.....		124
By thy birth and by thy tears.....	<i>Orion</i>	229

C.

Child of sin and sorrow.....		179
Children of God, renounce your fears.....		212
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Mullins
Feb 1902
NY

