

THE  
**SONGS OF CANAAN,**  
OR THE  
**MILLENNIAL HARMONIST,**  
A COLLECTION OF  
**HYMNS AND TUNES**  
DESIGNED FOR SOCIAL DEVOTION.

By J. B. PACKARD & S. HUBBARD.

~~~~~  
*Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual songs,  
singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—PAUL.*  
~~~~~

F-46.103

P123<sub>s</sub>

BOSTON:  
GARDNER, AND SAXTON & PEIRCE.

~~~~~  
1842.

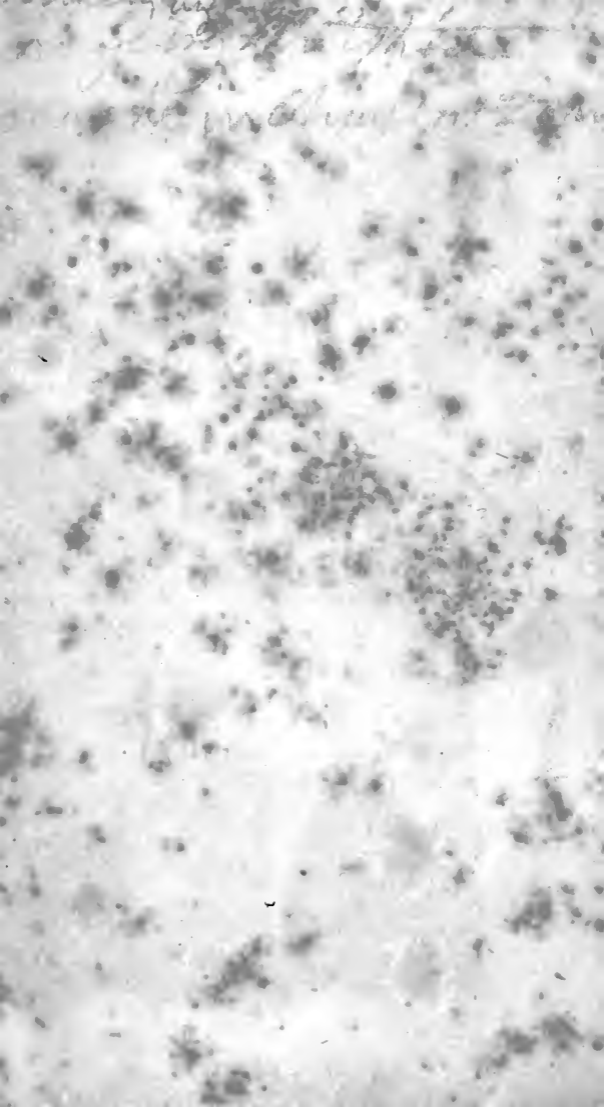
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OR

# THE MILLENNIAL HARMONIST,

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IN presenting the following short collection of the "Songs of Canaan," the authors desire to say they have endeavored to supply a demand often made for some Hymns and Tunes to be used particularly for social meetings and in times of revival. They have endeavored to furnish such as would be proper for common use and readily learned—such as have been already used have been well received, and it is believed that those which are new will not render the work less interesting. They pray that we may all make melody in our hearts to the Lord, and that this work may contribute to the spirituality of devotion.

J. B. PACKARD,  
S. HUBBARD.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,

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KIDDER AND WRIGHT, PRINTERS, CONGRESS ST.

## SONGS OF CANAAN.

## Remember me. C. M.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed?  
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head

Re - mem - ber me, Re - mem - ber me,  
Re - mem - ber Lord thy dye - ing groans,

And did my Sov - reign die?  
For such a worm as I?

Dear Lord re - - mem - ber me.  
And then re - - mem - ber me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
3. Well might the sun in darkness  
And shut his glories in; [hide,  
When Christ the mighty Maker  
For man the creature's sin! [died,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er  
The debt of love I owe: [pay  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'T is all that I can do.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,

The sons of earth are waking To pen - i - tential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from a-far,

Of nations in com - motion, Prepared for Zion's war.



2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us While sinners now confessing,  
 In many a gentle shower, The gospel call obey,  
 And brighter scenes before us And seek the Savior's blessing,  
 Are opening every hour ; 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 has come.
3. See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above ;

### Angels hovering round.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is shown on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes the vocal line with the lyrics: "round, There are an - gels, an - gels hovering round." The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

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.

## Canaan. L. M.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

How hap-py is the pil - grim's lot, } I'm  
How free from every anx - ious thought, }

bound for the land of Canaan, Oh Canaan ! bright Canaan, I'm

bound for the land of Canaan, Oh Canaan it is my

hap - py home, I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

- 2 Nothing on earth I call my own, I'm, &c.  
A stranger to the world unknown, I'm, &c.  
Oh Canaan, &c.
- 3 I trample on their whole delight, I'm, &c.  
And seek a city out of sight, I'm, &c.  
Oh Canaan, &c.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair, I'm, &c.  
My treasure and my heart are there, I'm, &c.  
Oh Canaan, &c.
- 5 For me my elder brethren stay, I'm, &c.  
And angels beckon me away, I'm, &c.  
Oh Canaan, &c.

---

*The way to Christ.*

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone;  
He whom I fix my hopes upon:  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more:  
Till late I heard my Savior say,  
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, whose 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 Savior I have found,  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

## O that will be joyful. L. M.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

When I can read my ti - tle clear To  
I'd bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, And

mansions in the skies } And wipe my weeping  
wipe my weep - ing eyes. } To meet to part no

eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to  
more On Canaan's happy shore, 'Tis there we'll meet at

ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Je - sus' feet, We'll meet to part no more. *Fine.*

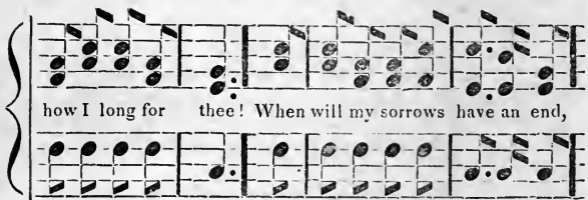
Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

Oh that will be joy - ful to meet to part no more.

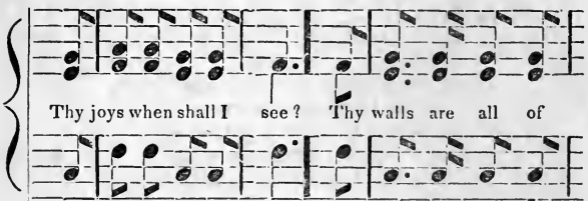
2. Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.  
Oh that will be joyful, &c.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall;  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all:  
Oh that will be joyful, &c.
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.  
Oh that will be joyful, &c.



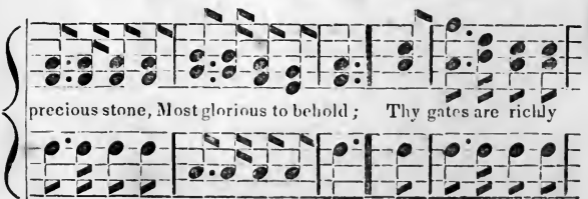
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O



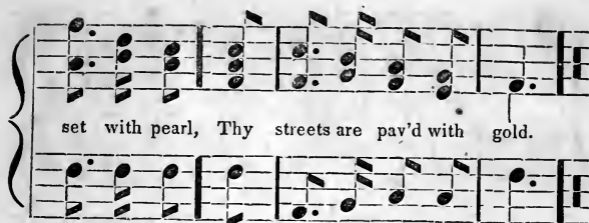
how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end,



Thy joys when shall I see? Thy walls are all of



precious stone, Most glorious to behold; Thy gates are richly



2

Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,  
 My study long have been ;  
 Such dazzling views by human sight,  
 Has never yet been seen.  
 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,  
 Why should I stay from thence ;  
 What folly's this that I should dread,  
 To die and go from hence !

3

Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,  
 And cause me to ascend ;  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And sabbaths never end.  
 Jesus my Lord to glory's gone,  
 Him will I go and see ;  
 And all my brethren here below,  
 Will soon come after me.

4

My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
 I leave you in God's care,  
 And if I never more see you,  
 Go on, I'll meet you there.  
 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.

12 Saint's Security. L. M. J. B. Packard.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who

feel the joys of pardon'd sin ! Should storms of wrath shake

earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.

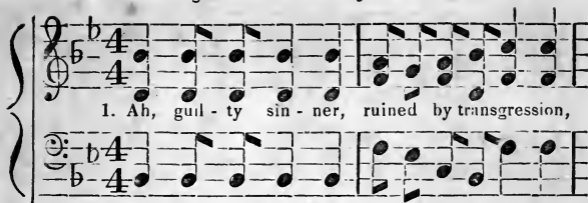
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
 Made up of innocence and love ;  
 And soft, and silent as the shades,  
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,  
 But fly not half so swift away :  
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,  
 Where groves of living pleasure grow !  
 And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,  
 Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,  
 But spend the day, and share the night,  
 In numbering o'er the richer joys  
 That heaven prepares for their delight.



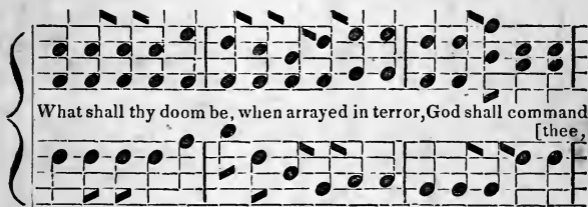
# Ah, guilty Sinner.

13

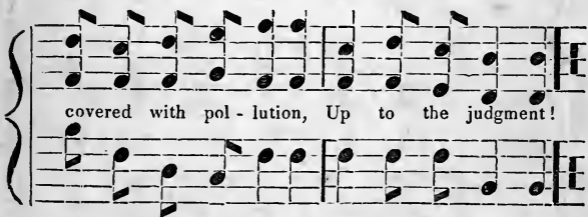
*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*



1. Ah, guil - ty sin - ner, ruined by transgression,



What shall thy doom be, when arrayed in terror, God shall command [thee,



covered with pol - lution, Up to the judgment!

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,  
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?  
Vain thy presumption; justice then shall triumph  
In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,  
E'er 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 would'st not hear him,  
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted,  
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,  
Waits to embrace thee.



Love di - vine, all love ex - -  
Vis - - it us with thy sal -



- cell - ing, Joy of heaven to earth come  
- va - tion, En - ter eve - ry tremb - ling

*Fine.*



down, heart. Fix in us thy hum - ble



dwelling, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: Je - sus,

D. C.

thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art,

2

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every loving breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find that second rest.  
 Take away our bent of 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 grace 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 !

16 When shall I see the day. 6 & 4.

S. Hubbard.

1. When shall I see the day That ends my woes? } When  
When shall I victory gain. O'er all my foes? }

will the trumpet sound That calls the ex - ile home—

The grand sabbat - ic year, When will it come?

2 A crown of glory bright  
By faith I see,  
In vonder realms of light  
Prepared for me.  
O, may I faithful prove,  
And keep the prize in view;  
And through the storms of life,  
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,  
My steps attend;  
O keep me near thy side,  
Be thou my Friend;  
Be thou my shield and sun,  
My Savior and my guard,  
And when my work is done,  
My great reward.

# Bright Canaan. C. M. J. B. Packard. 17

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,

In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, It is the land of Canaan.

2	There everlasting spring abides, And never with'ring flowers, Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. O Canaan, &c. [flood,	While Jordan rolled between, O Canaan, &c. [ses stood, 4	Could we but climb where Mo- And view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. O Canaan, &c.
3	Sweet fields beyond the swelling Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood,		

## Shouting Victory. C. M.

*Arranged for this work.*

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in

the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my

weeping eyes. Shouting victo-ry, vic-to-ry, vict'ry o-ver death,

Shouting vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, I long to see that day.



*Arranged for this work.*

1. Oh, ride on Je - sus, Oh ride on, I'm on my

*Fine.*

journey home. Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King! Sons of men, his praises sing;

**D. C.**  
Sing ye in triumphant strains, Jesus our Mes-si-ah reigns!

2. Power is all to Jesus given,  
Lord of hell, and earth, and  
heaven!  
Every knee to him shall bow ;  
Satan, hear, and tremble now !

3. Angels and archangels join,  
All triumphantly combine ;  
All in Jesus' praise agree,  
Carrying on his victory.

5. Though the sons of night blas-  
pheme,  
More there are with us than them ;  
God with us, we cannot fear,  
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here !

6. Our Messiah is come down,  
Claims the nations for his own,  
Bids them stand before his face,  
Triumph in his saving grace.



# Home, blest home. C. M. J. B. P. 21

1. Oh land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment

come, When I shall lay my armor by, And

dwell with Christ at home. Home, blest home, When shall I reach  
[my home ?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know ; I viewed the gaping tomb ;  
 No peaceful, sheltering dome ; Although I dread death's chilling  
 This world's a wilderness of woe ; Yet still I sighed for home. flood,  
 This world is not my home. Home, blest home, &c. Home, blest home, &c.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for [rest, 6 Weary of wandering round and  
 He bade me cease to roam ; round  
 And fly for succor to his breast, This vale of sin and gloom ; .  
 And he 'd conduct me home. I long to leave the unhallowed  
 Home, blest home, &c. ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.  
 [tried, Home, blest home, &c.

5 When, by afflictions sharply

## Give me Jesus.

*Arranged for this work.*

While I'm happy, hear me cry, While I'm hap-py hear me

cry, while I'm hap-py, hear me cry, Give me Je -

*Ad lib.*

sus, give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus. You may have all the

world, give me Je - sus.

While I'm happy hear me cry, &c.  
 Give me Jesus, &c.  
 While I'm singing hear me cry, &c.  
 Give me Jesus, &c.  
 While I'm dying hear me cry, &c.  
 Give me Jesus, &c.  
 While I'm rising hear me cry, &c.  
 Give me Jesus, &c.  
 When I'm reigning hear me sing, &c.  
 I have Jesus, &c.

Come, will you come. 8, 7 & 4. J. B. P. 23

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 ;

He is a - ble, He is a - ble. He is willing, doubt no more.

O come then sinner, Christ is waiting, Saints are waiting, will you  
[come]

2 Now, ye needy, come & welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.  
O come then sinner, &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 ail ;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.  
O come then sinner, &c.

3 Let not conscience make you  
linger ;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him ;  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam  
O come then sinner, &c.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
" It is finish'd !"  
Sinners, will not this suffice ?  
O come then sinner, &c.

# 24 Though nature's strength decay. 6 & 4.

J. B. Packard.

1. Though na - ture's strength de - cay And

earth and hell withstand, 'To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,

At his com - mand The watery deep I pass,

With Je - sus in my view ; And through the howling



## 2

The goodly land I see,  
 With peace and plenty blest ;  
 A land of sacred liberty,  
 And endless rest.  
 There milk and honey flow :  
 And oil and wine abound ;  
 And trees of life for ever grow,  
 With mercy crown'd.

## 3

There dwells the Lord our King,  
 The Lord our Righteousness,  
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin.  
 The Prince of Peace ;  
 On Sion's sacred height,  
 His kingdom still maintains ;  
 And glorious with his saints in light  
 Forever reigns.

## 4

He keeps his own secure,  
 He guards them by his side,  
 Arrays in garments white and pure  
 His spotless bride ;  
 With groves of living joys,  
 With streams of sacred bliss,  
 With all the fruits of paradise,  
 He still supplies.

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re -

-deemer from all sin; Mov'd by thy divine com-pas - sion,

Who hast died my heart to win, I will praise thee, I will

praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

- 2 While the angel choirs are cry- ing,  
 Glory to the great I AM!  
 I with them will still be vying,  
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
 O how precious,  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Now I see with joy and wonder  
 Whence the gracious spring  
 arose;  
 Angel minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause:  
 Yet the blessing,  
 Down to all, to me it flows!
- 3 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
 Wond'ring at the love that  
 crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong!
- 5 This hath set me all on fire;  
 Strongly glows the flames of love;  
 Higher mounts my soul, and  
 higher,  
 Struggles for its swift remove:  
 Then I'll praise him,  
 In a nobler strain above!

## Fidelity. P. M.

The musical score is written for a grand staff with a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Oh brethren be faithful, Oh brethren be faithful, O brethren be faithful, faithful, faithful, faithful till we all arrive at home." The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Oh sisters be faithful &c.  
 Till we all arrive at home.  
 There we shall see Jesus, &c.  
 When we all arrive at home.  
 There'll be no more sinners, &c.  
 When we all arrive at home,

Then we will shout glory, &c.  
 When we all arrive at home,  
 There'll be no more parting, &c.  
 When we all arrive at home.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken,

All to leave and fol - low thee; Na - ked, poor, de -

spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence my all shalt be.

Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion,



All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is

my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;  
 They have left my Savior 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.
- 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 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,  
 Heaven's eternal day before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## The Prodigal's return. C. M.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

1. Afflictions though they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent,

'They stop'd the prodigal's career And caused him to repent. I'll

die no more for bread, I'll die no more for bread he cried, nor starve  
[in foreign

lands, My father's house hath large supplies and bounteous are his  
[hand .

- 2 What have I gained by sin he  
But hunger, shame and fear, [said,  
My father's house abounds with  
While I am starving here. [bread,  
I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 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.  
I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 4 His Father saw him coming  
He saw, and ran, & smil'd. [back,  
And threw his arms around the  
Of his rebellious child. [neck  
I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 5 Father, I've sinned, but O for-  
Enough the Father said; [give!  
Rejoice my house, my Son's alive,  
For whom I mourned as dead.  
I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 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.  
I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 7 'Tis thus the Lord his love re-  
To call poor sinners home. [veals,  
More than a Father's love he feels  
And welcome's all that come.  
I'll die no more for bread, &c.

## Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to  
2. He will save you, &c. just now.

Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Je- s just now, just now, come to  
Je-sus just now. just now, just now, come to Jesus just now.

3 He is able, &amp;c. just now.

4 He is willing, &amp;c. just now.

5 I believe it, &amp;c. just now.

6 Send the glory, &amp;c. right down.

7 I am happy, &amp;c. just now.

8 Hallelujah, &amp;c. Amen.

## Hosanna to Jesus.

Ho - saunna to Je - sus, I'm filled with his praises,

Come oh my dear brethren And help me to sing,

No theme is so charming, no love is so warming, It  
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na we'll raise, Ho -

gives joy and gladness and comfort with - in.  
- san - na, hal - lelujah to th' lamb for free grace.

2

Hosanna is ringing, I'm happy while singing,  
And shouting the praises of Jesus' name;  
The angels in glory repeat the glad story  
Of Jesus' love that is made known to men.

3

Hosanna to Jesus, who died to redeem us!  
I'll serve him and love him wherever I go,  
He's now gone to Heaven, the Spirit is given  
To quicken and comfort his children below.

4

Hosanna forever, His grace like a river  
Is rising and spreading all over the land;  
His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,  
And sinners are feeling the Heavenly flame.

5

Hosanna to Jesus, my soul how it pleases,  
To see sinners falling and crying to God!  
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,  
They've found peace and pardon in Jesus' blood.

6

Hosanna is ringing, O how they are singing  
The praises of Jesus and tasting his love;  
The sound goes to heaven, the spirit is given,  
It rolls through my soul from the mansions above.

7

Hosanna to Jesus, my soul feels him precious,  
In sweet streams of glory he comes from above;  
My heart is now glowing, I feel his blood flowing,  
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.

8

Hosanna is ringing, the saints they are singing,  
And marching to glory in bright royal bands:  
Come on, my dear brethren, let's all go to heaven,  
For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.

9

Hosanna to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises;  
I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,  
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,  
And with him in glory eternally shine,

## Golden chain. C. M.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the [Lord,

In one a - nother's peace delight, And so ful- fil his word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part ;

When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

## 2

When love in one delightful stream,  
 Through every bosom flows ;  
 When union sweet and dear esteem,  
 In every action glows.  
 Love is the golden chain that binds  
 The happy souls above ;  
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
 His bosom glow with love.

---

*Awakening and Inviting.*

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

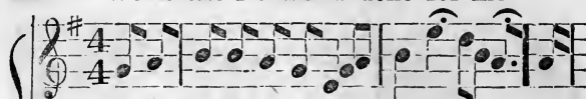
## 2

Jesus !—the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
 He sets the prisoner free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
 His blood avail'd for *me*.

## 3

He speaks—and listening to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive ;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
 The humble poor believe.  
 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Savior come,  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## What the Lord has done for me.



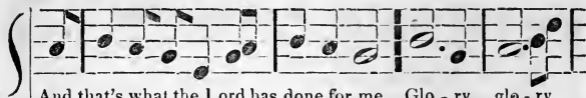
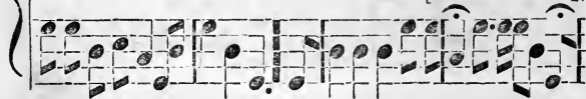
1. Is there a - ny bo - dy here like doubting Thomas, I'll  
 2. Is there a - ny bo - dy here like sinn'g Peter, &c.



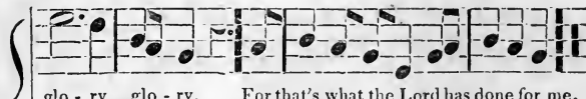
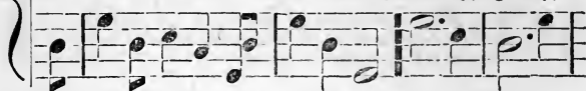
3. Is there a - ny bo - dy here like blind Bartimeus, &c.  
 4. Is there a - ny bo - dy here like weeping Mary, &c.



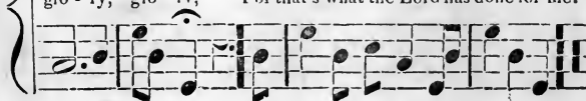
tell you what the Lord has done for me, The Lord pass'd by and he  
 [left me a blessing,



And that's what the Lord has done for me, Glo - ry, glo - ry,



glo - ry, glo - ry, For that's what the Lord has done for me.





1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide :  
2. The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear ?

What - ev - er we want he will kind - ly pro - vide,  
What danger can move us, while Je - sus is near ?

To sheep of his pas - ture his mercies a - bound,  
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale

His care and pro - tec - tion, his flock will surround.  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

1. What sound is this? a song through  
And now from earth I hear the

heav'n resounding, God is Love! God is Love! }  
song rebounding, God is Love! God is Love! }

Yes, while a - dor - ing hosts pro - claim Love

is his na - ture, Love his name, My soul in



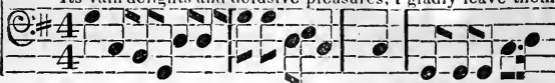
2. This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,  
 God is Love!  
 And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,  
 God is Love!  
 In this let earth and heaven agree,  
 To sound his love both full and free,  
 And let the theme forever be,  
 God is Love!
3. Creation speaks with thousand tongues 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!  
 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!

S. LOVELL.

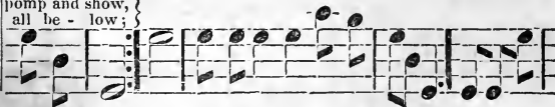
## Glorious treasure.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

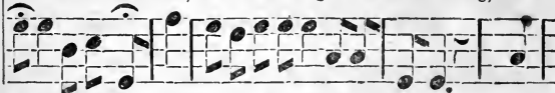
1. Religion is a glorious treasure, The purchase of a  
It fills the mind with conso - lation, It lifts the heart to
2. How vain, how fleeting, how transitory ! This world with all its  
Its vain delights and delusive pleasures, I gladly leave them



Savior's blood ; } It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows, It smooths our  
things a - bove, } But grace and glory shall be my story, While I in  
pomp and show, }  
all be - low ; }



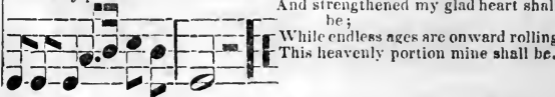
way o'er life's rough sea, 'Tis mixed with goodness, meek, humble pa-  
(tience, This  
Jesus such beauties see ; While endless ages are onward rolling, This



heavenly portion mine shall be.  
heavenly portion mine shall be.

3

This earthly house shall be dissolved,  
And mortal life will soon be o'er—  
All earthly cares and earthly sorrows  
Shall pain my heart and eyes no more;  
Yet "pure religion" remains forever,  
And strengthened my glad heart shall  
be ;



While endless ages are onward rolling  
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

# The Lord will provide. 10s & 11s. 41

1. Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Though  
5. When Satan appears to stop up our path, And

friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, what fills us with fears, we triumph by faith; He cannot take from us (tho'

ever betide, The promise assures us, The Lord will provide, The Lord will  
oft he has tried) The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide, The &c. [provide.]

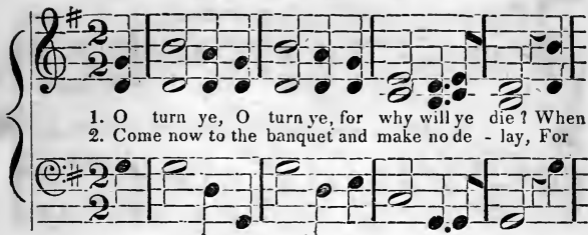
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death heaves in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams, The Savior at  
 2. How damp were the vapours that fell on his head; How hard was <sup>his</sup>

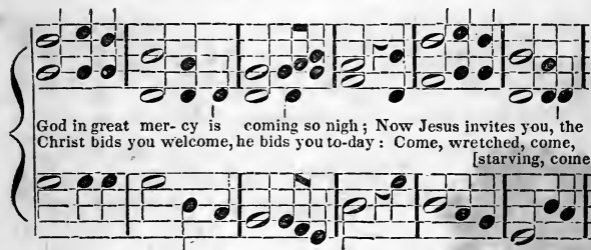
midnight, when moonlight's pale beams, Shone bright on the waters, would  
 pillow, how humble his bed; The angels, astonished, grew sad at the <sup>[frequently]</sup>

stray, And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.  
 sight, And followed their Master with solemn de - light.

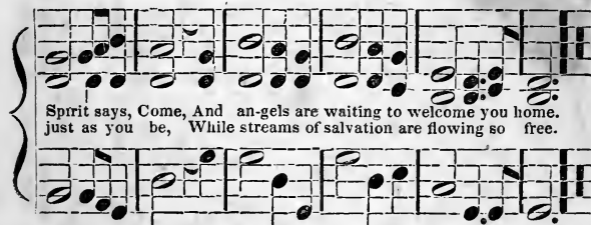
- 3 Oh garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot :  
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;  
 The triumph of sorrow,— the triumph of love !
- 4 Come saints and adore him ; come bow at his feet !  
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.



1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? When  
2. Come now to the banquet and make no de - lay, For



God in great mer - cy is coming so nigh; Now Jesus invites you, the  
Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come, wretched, come,  
[starving, come



Spirit says, Come, And an - gels are waiting to welcome you home.  
just as you be, While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

- 3 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,  
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;  
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?  
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

## Sonnet. 8s &amp; 4.

*Arranged for this work.*

1. When for e - ter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are

calm, and skies are clear, And faith in live - ly ex - er -

- cise And dis - tant hills of Canaan rise, The

soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her love-ly



sonnet sings, Vain world a - dieu, Vain world a - dieu. And

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

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 veil ;  
 Again for joy she claps her wings,  
 And her celestial sonnet sings,  
 Glory to God .

## Israel.

*Arranged for this work.*

1. Man at his first cre - a - tion, In E-den God did

place, The public head and Father, Of all the human

race; But by the subtle serpent, Beguil'd he was and

fell, And by his disobe-di - ence, Was doomed to death and hell.

- 2 While in this situation,  
A promise there was made,  
The offspring of the woman  
Should bruise the serpent's head.  
Against the power of Satan,  
That man might only feel,  
The malice of the serpent,  
Enraging at his heel.
- 3 Now at the time appointed,  
Jesus unveiled his face,  
Assumed our humble nature  
And suffered in our place ;  
He suffered on mount Calvary,  
And ransomed all for me,  
The law demands attention,  
To pay the penalty.
- 4 They laid him in a sepulchre  
It being near at hand,  
The grave now could not hold him,  
Nor death's cold iron hand.  
He burst them all asunder,  
And pull'd their kingdoms down,  
He's overcome his enemies,  
And wears a starry crown.
- 5 Now at the resurrection  
To Mary he appeared,  
Saying, tell to my disciples,  
What you have seen and heard,  
Go tell them I am risen,  
My suffering time is o'er,  
I'm going to my Father  
To reign forevermore.
- 6 He came to his disciples,  
And found them all alone,  
And gave them their commission  
To make his gospel known ;  
Go preach to all nations,  
Baptize them in my name,  
Beginning at Jerusalem,  
'T was there I suffered shame.
- 7 Go preach it to all nations,  
That they may hear and know,  
Go publish free salvation,  
That men to heaven may go ;  
In every sore temptation,  
You succor I will send,  
And lo ! I will be with you  
Until the world shall end.

## The Christian's Triumph. 7s.

*Arranged and Harmonized for this work.*

*Fine.*

Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing; } vie-  
Sing our Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works&ways. } t'ry,  
Oh how happy we shall be, When we've gained the victory,

*D. C.*

victory, victo-ry, victo-ry, victo-ry, Oh how happy we shall be.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way our fathers-trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.  
Victory! Victory! &c.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad,  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.  
Victory! Victory! &c.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismay'd go on.  
Victory! Victory! &c.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee!  
Victory! Victory!

# Saw ye my Savior!

*Very slow.*

1. Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior

God! O he died on Cal-va-ry, To atone for you and me, And to

2 He was extended, he was extended,  
So painfully nail'd to the cross;  
There he bow'd his head and died,  
There my Lord was crucified,  
To atone for a world that was lost.

3  
Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleed-  
Three dreadful hours in pain; ding,  
And the solid rocks were rent,  
Through creation's vast extent,  
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4  
Darkness prevailed, Darkness pre-  
vailed,  
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 finish'd, when it was  
finish'd,  
And the atonement was made,  
He was taken by the great,  
And embalmed in spices sweet,  
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6  
Hail, mighty Savior, hail, mighty  
Savior,  
Prince and the Author of peace,  
Soon he burst the bands of death,  
And triumphant, from the earth,  
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7  
There interceding, there interceding,  
Pleading that sinners may live.  
Crying, "See my hands and side,  
Father, I was crucified [give.  
To redeem them, I pray thee for-

8  
"I will forgive them, I will forgive  
them  
When they repent and believe;  
Let them now return to thee,  
And be reconcil'd to me,  
And salvation they all shall receive."

## Song of Moses.

1. O, the wondrous love of Jesus! From doubts and sins he frees

us, With pitying eyes he sees us, While trav'ling here below.

Till we all meet in heaven, till we all meet in heaven; There

we shall meet, There we shall meet to part no more.

2 And there we shall forever,  
 Drink of that flowing river,  
 And ever, ever, ever,  
 Surround the throne above.

CHORUS. When we all meet in heaven, &c.

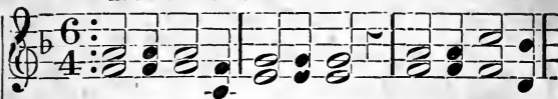
3 There in the blooming garden  
 Of Eden gained by pardon,—  
 Upon the banks of Jordan,  
 We'll worship then the Lamb.

CHORUS. When we all meet in heaven, &c.

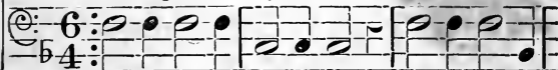
4 We'll sing the song of Moses,  
 While Jesus sweet composes,  
 A song that never closes,  
 Of praises to his name.

CHORUS. When we all meet in heaven, &c.

### Resurrection. 7s. 8 lines.



1. { Ma-ry to the Savior's tomb, Hast-ed at the  
 } Spice she bro't and rich perfume, But the Lord she  
 Trembling while a crystal flood, Issued from her

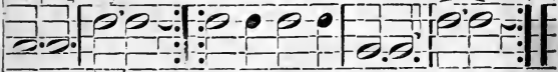


Fine.

D. C.



ear-ly dawn, } For a-while she lingering stood,  
 loved had gone, } Fill'd with sorrow and sur - prise ;  
 weeping eyes.



D. C.

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.

## Amazing love. 6 lines. 8s.

*Arranged for this work.*

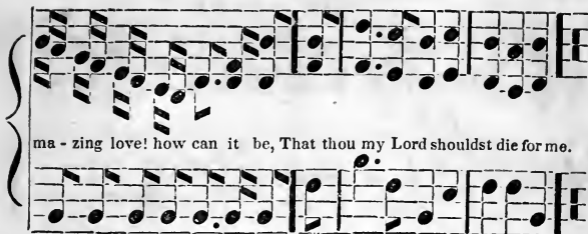
I. And can it be that I should gain An

interest in the Sa - vior's blood? Died he for me who

caus'd his pain? For me, who him to death pursu'd? A -

mazing love! how can it be, That thou my Lord shouldst die for me! A -





2

'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!  
 Who can explore his strange design!  
 In vain the first-born seraph tries  
 To sound the depths of love divine!  
 'Tis 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;  
 'Tis 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 diffus'd a quick'ning ray;  
 I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light!  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5

No condemnation now I dread,  
 Jesus, and all in him is mine!  
 Alive in him, my living Head,  
 And cloth'd in righteousness divine,  
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

## Hallelujah to Jesus.

*Arranged for this work.*

1. When the last trump shall sound, and the earth shake around,

And the dead shall a-rise, and as-cend to the skies, There to

meet him who died, with his glorious bride, There we'll praise him for-

ev-er, by Immanuel's side. Hal-le - lu - jah to Je-sus, A -

gain, and a - gain, We will praise him for-ev - er, A -

men and Amen. To the Lamb that was slain, but who liveth again.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men and A-men.

2

There a Stephen doth stand, in the midst of the band,  
 With his bright shining face, praising God for free grace ;  
 While Elijah unites, with the old Israelites,  
 Giving glory to Jesus with rapturous delights.  
 Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

3

Now redemption they sing, through their glorious King,  
 Through the blood of free grace, while they gaze on his face ;  
 How it rings through the plains, with their glorious strains,  
 Hallelujah to Jesus, forever he reigns.  
 Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

## Rapture.

1. How hap- py' are they who their Savior o - bey, And have

laid up their treasure a - bove; T'ongue can never express, The sweet

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

2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the  
Lamb; -  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

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

4 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.

5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above  
Over sin, and temptation, and  
And I could not believe [pain;  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.

1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourn - ing, mourn-ing,  
 2. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourn - ing, mourn-ing,

O there will be mourn-ing at the judg-ment seat of Christ.  
 O there will be mourn-ing at the judg-ment seat of Christ.

Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,  
 Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,

Parents and childrer there will part, Will part to meet no more.  
 Wives and husbands there will part, Will part to meet no more.

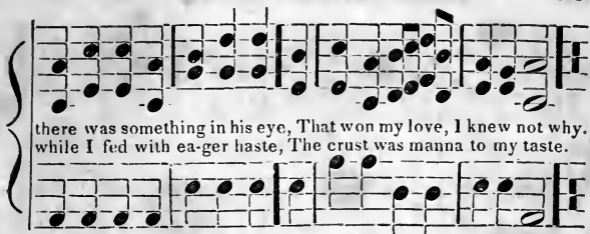
3. O there will be mourning, &c. 6. O there will be mourning, &c.  
 Brothers and sisters there, &c. Devils and sinners there will meet, &c.  
 4. O there will be mourning, &c. Will meet to part no more.  
 Friends and neighbors, &c. 7. O there will be glory, &c.  
 5. O there will be mourning, &c. Saints and angels there, &c.  
 Pastors and people there, &c. Will meet to part no more,

1. A poor, wayfaring man of grief Hath  
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He

of-ten cross'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief,  
entered—not a word he spake; Just perish-ing for want of bread,

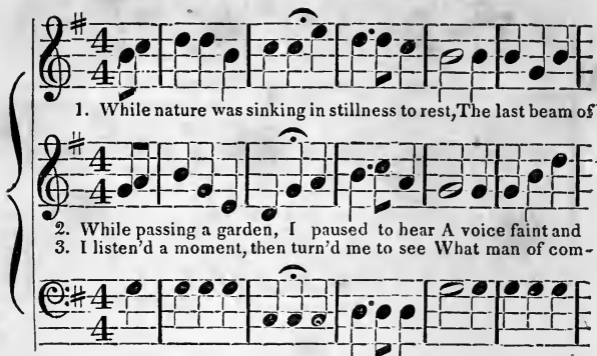
That, I could nev - er answer nay; I had not power to  
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake, And ate but gave me

ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came; Yet  
part a - gain; Mine was an an-gel's por - tion then—And

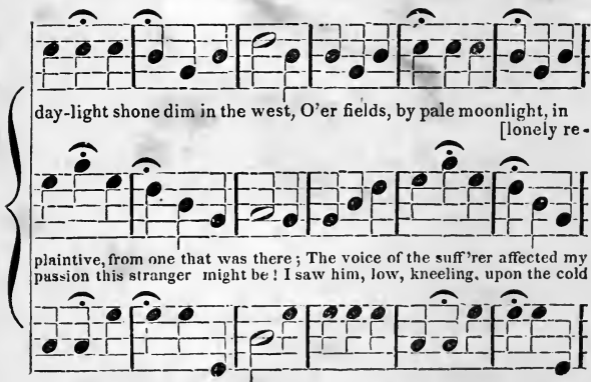


there was something in his eye, That won my love, I knew not why,  
while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was manna to my taste.

- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone,  
The heedless water mocked his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran, and raised the sufferer up ;  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,—  
I drank, and never thirsted more.
- 4 'T was night. The floods were out ; it blew  
A wintry hurricane aloof.  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof.  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
Laid him on mine own couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
- 5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found him by the highway side ;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Revived his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I saw him, next condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him mid shame and scorn.  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die.  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, " I will !"
- 7 Then, in a moment, to my view  
The stranger started from disguise ;  
The tokens in his hands I knew,—  
My Saviour stood before my eyes !  
He spake, and my poor name he named,—  
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be,  
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."



1. While nature was sinking in stillness to rest, The last beam of  
 2. While passing a garden, I paused to hear A voice faint and  
 3. I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see What man of com-



day-light shone dim in the west, O'er fields, by pale moonlight, in  
 [lonely re-  
 plaintive, from one that was there; The voice of the suff'rer affected my  
 passion this stranger might be! I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold



treat, In deep med-i - tation I wandered my feet.

heart, While pleading in anguish the poor sin - ner's part.

ground, The loveliest BEING that ev - er was found.

4

So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,  
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears!  
I wept to behold him!—I ask'd him his name,  
He answered,—“'T is JESUS! from Heaven I came!

5

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

6

How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!  
His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering his voice!  
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,  
I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!

7

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, who banished my fears!

8

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.

## Eden of Love.

By John J. Hicks.

Christian Lyre.

1. How sweet to re-lect on those joys that a - wait me, In

yon blissful region, the ha-ven of rest, Where glorified spirits with

welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the

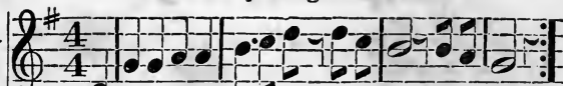
blest; En - cir-cled in light And with glo ry en-shroud-ed, My

hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky unclouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of

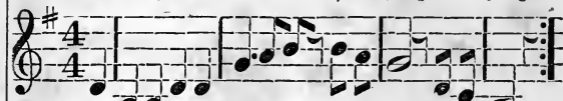
pleasure unbounded, And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,  
     In yon blissful region, the haven of rest;  
 Where glorified spirits 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 unclouded,  
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,  
     And range with delight through the Eden 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.
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,

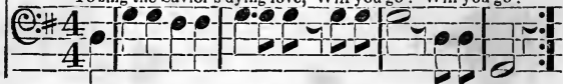
## Will you go?



1. We're trav'ling home to Heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go?



To sing the Savior's dying love, Will you go? Will you go?

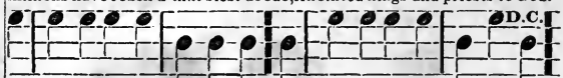


And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

D. C.



millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings and priests to God.



D. C.

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,  
In rapturous strains to praise his name,  
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.
3. We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,  
To raise our voice and tune the lyre;  
There saints and angels gladly sing,  
Hosanna to their God and King,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.
4. Ye weary, heavy laden come,  
In the blest house there still is room,  
The Lord is waiting to receive,  
If thou wilt on him now believe,  
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
5. The way to Heaven is free for all,  
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,  
Make up your mind, give God your heart,  
With every sin and idol part.  
And now for glory make a start,
6. The way to Heaven is straight and plain,  
Repent, believe, be born again,  
The Savior cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me."  
And thou shalt my salvation see.
7. O, could I hear some sinner say,  
I will go! I will go!  
I'll start this moment, clear the way,  
Let me go! Let me go!  
My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell,  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Let me go! Fare you well!

# I want to wear the crown. L. M. 65

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone; I want to wear the crown, He  
 2. The way the holy prophets went, I want to wear the crown, The

whom I fix my hopes upon; I want to wear the crown, Oh my heart says  
 road that leads from banishment; I want to wear the crown, Oh my heart  
 [praise the Lord, says praise the Lord,

my heart says praise the Lord, my heart says praise the Lord, I want, &c.

1 His track I see, and I'll pursue Nothing but sin have I to give,  
 I want to wear the crown, I want to wear the crown,  
 The narrow way, till him I view. Nothing but love shall I receive.  
 I want to wear the crown, I want to wear the crown,  
 Oh my heart says, &c. Oh my heart says, &c.

2 The King's highway of holiness 4 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 I want to wear the crown, I want to wear the crown,  
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace. What a dear Savior I have found,  
 I want to wear the crown, I want to wear the crown,  
 Oh my heart says, &c. [Lamb, Oh my heart says, &c.

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 I want to wear the crown, I want to wear the crown,  
 Shalt take me to thee whose I am; And say, 'Behold the way to God!  
 I want to wear the crown, I want to wear the crown,  
 Oh my heart says, &c. Oh my heart says, &c.

1. Come thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise,

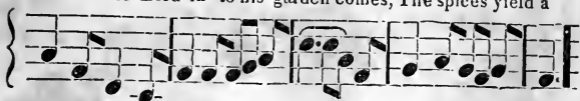
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above.  
*Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, God is love.*

praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.  
*Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah, God is love.*



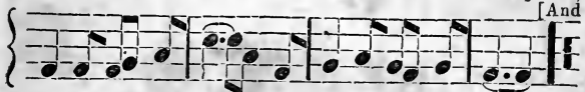
1. The Lord in- to his garden comes, The spices yield a



rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive, the lilies grow and thrive ;



Refreshing show'rs of grace divine, From Jesus flows to every vine, [And



makes the dead re - vive, and makes the dead re - vive.

2 This makes the dry and barren We drink, and drink, and drink  
ground, again ;

In springs of water to abound, And yet for more we cry.

And fruitful soil become ;

The desert blossoms like the rose, 7 But when we come to reign

When Jesus conquers all his foes, above,

And makes his people one. And all surround the throne of

love,

3 The glorious time is rolling on, We'll drink a full supply ;

The gracious work is now begun, Jesus will lead his armies thro',

My soul a witness is ; To living fountains where they

Come, taste and see the pardon That never will run dry. [flow,

free

To all mankind, as well as me ; 8 There we shall reign, and shout

Who come to Christ may live. and sing,

And make the upper regions ring,

6 We feel that heaven is now When all the saints get home ;

begun,

It issues from a shining throne, Come on, come on, my brethren

From Jesus' throne on high ; dear,

It comes like floods we can't con- Soon we shall meet together there

tain,

For Jesus bids us come.

## Turn to the Lord.

Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy,  
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you,  
 Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore, }  
 Full of pi - ty, love and power. } *Turn to the Lord and*  
*Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

*seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;*

D. C.

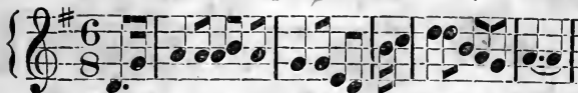
2 Now, ye needy, come and wel-  
 God's free bounty glorify; [come,  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh,  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

3 Let not conscience make you lin-  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream; [ger. Lo!  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him;  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

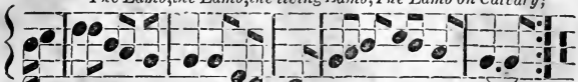
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all;  
*Turn to the Lord, &c.*

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.*





1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?  
*The Lamb, the Lamb, the living Lamb, The Lamb on Calvary;*



Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?  
*The Lamb was slain, but lives again, To in-ter-cede for me.*

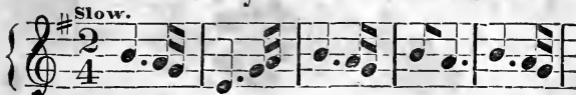
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!  
*The Lamb, &c.*

4. Thus might I hide my blushing  
 When his dear cross appears; [face,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.  
*The Lamb, &c.*

3. Well might the sun in darkness  
 And shut his glories in; [hide,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker  
 For man the creature's sin! [died;  
*The Lamb, &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.  
*The Lamb, &c.*

## Sinner can you hate the Savior?



1. Now the Sav-ior stands and pleading, At the  
 Now in heaven he's in-ter- ce-ding, Un-der-  
 Once he died for your be-hav-ior, Now he



sin-ner's bolt-ed heart. Sin-ner can you hate the Sav-ior?  
 tak-ing sin-ners part.  
*calls you to his arms.* **D. C.**



2. Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,  
 Stands and knocks at ev'ry door;  
 In his hands ten thousand bless-  
 ings,  
 Proffer'd to the wretched poor.  
 Sinners can you hate, &c.

Can you thrust him from your arms?

3. See him bleeding, dying, rising,  
 To prepare you heavenly rest;  
 Listen, while he kindly calls you,  
 Hear, and be forever blest, &c.

5. Now he has not come to judgment  
 To condemn your wretched race;  
 But to ransom ruined sinners,  
 And display unbounded grace, &c.

3. Will you spurn his richest mercy,  
 Spurn, and sink to endless pain,  
 Or to realms of bliss and glory,  
 Rise, and with him ever reign, &c.

6. Will you plunge in endless dark-  
 There to bear eternal pain; [ness,  
 Or to realms of glorious brightness  
 Rise, and with him ever reign, &c.

## Morning Star. C. M.

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

brightest days, And com-fort of my nights! In darkest shades, if

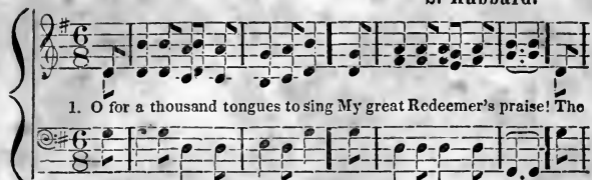
thou appear, My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's morning star, And

thou my rising sun, And thou my rising sun, And thou my rising sun.

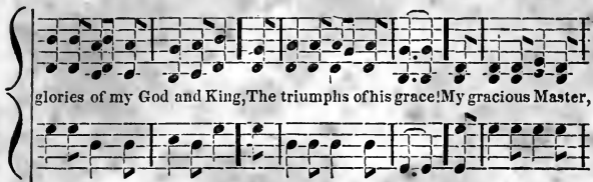
2. The opening heavens around me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss.  
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
 And whispers I am his.  
 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To see and praise my Lord.

# O for a thousand tongues. C. M. 71

S. Hubbard.



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! My gracious Master,



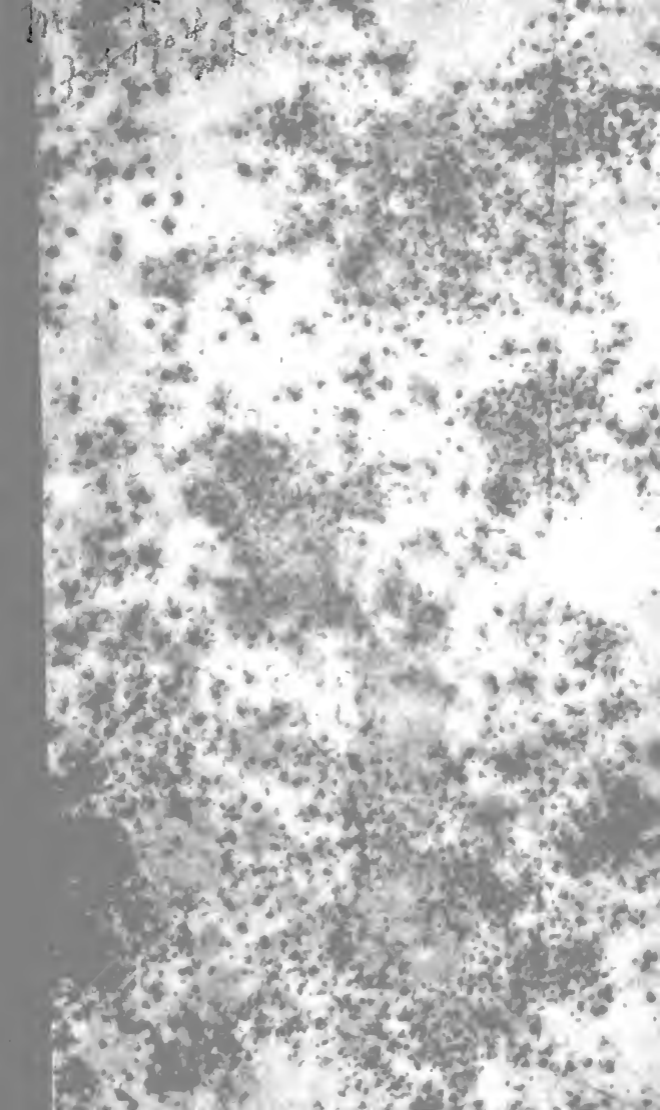
and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the earth abroad thy name.

2. Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis Music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for *me*!
3. He speaks, and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.  
Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

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