

THE
STANDARD
HYMNAL
CONVERSE

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THE
STANDARD HYMNAL



FOR GENERAL USE

EDITED BY

C. C. CONVERSE, LL.D.

NEW YORK
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1896


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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

This new collection of Standard Hymns embraces those older popular hymns which present general public use evidences to be of special present desirableness. It also comprises newer hymns which, because of their present and rapidly widening popularity, seem to have the promise of equally extensive public favor and use. As a whole it contains hymns suitable for the Church, Sunday-School, Prayer Meeting, Christian Endeavor Meeting, etc. Its editor has seen that those congregations which use a few and the same opening and closing hymns, hymns addressed to the Saviour

and the Holy Spirit, miscellaneous ones, become familiar with, and sing them with an interest in their sentiments and a vocal volume properly responsive to the call, *Let all the people praise Thee*; and that such congregational singing effects its chief object,—praise by the people through this liturgizing of it and the consequent public familiarity with congregational song. He has, therefore, been guided in its preparation by his knowledge of this good congregational custom, as well as of the equally good congregational desire for both old and new music.



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A NEW COLLECTION
OF
STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

With Joy We hail the Sacred Day.

H. AUBER.

DYKES.



1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has call'd His own; With joy the summons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.
2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair, Where will - ing chil - dren throng, To breathe the humble, fer - vent pray'r, And pour the cho - ral song.
3. Spir - it of grace, O deign to dwell With - in Thy Church be - low; Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.
4. Let peace within her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite, To spread with grateful zeal a - round Her clear and shin - ing light.



In Thy Name Assembling.

T. KELLY.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near; Teach us to re -
 2. While our days on earth are length - ened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee; Cheer'd by hope, and
 3. There in wor - ship pur - er, sweet - er, Thee, Thy peo - ple shall a - dore; Tast - ing of en -

joyce with trembling, Speak and let Thy chil - dren hear, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.
 dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be, Till Thy glo - ry With - out clouds in heav'n we see.
 joy - ment great - er Far than tho't con - ceiv'd be - fore; Full en - joy - ment, Full, un - mix'd, and ev - er - more.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther, all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
 2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy peo-ple bless. And give Thy
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in

to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
 word suc-cess, Spir-it of ho-li-ness, Ou us de-scend.
 ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of power.

Doxology. L. M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In Thy Great Name.

J. HOSKINS.

H. WILSON.

The musical score for 'In Thy Great Name' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come, To wor-ship at Thy feet; Oh, pour Thy ho - ly spir - it down On all that now shall meet.
2. We come to hear Je - ho - vah speak, To hear the Saviour's voice: Thy face and fa - vor, Lord, we seek, Now make our hearts rejoice.
3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear, And un - der - stand Thy word; To feel Thy blissful presence near, And trust our liv - ing Lord.
4. Here let Thy pow'r and grace be felt; Thy love and mer - cy known; Our i - cy hearts, dear Je - sus, melt, And break this flint - y stone.

Safely through Another Week.

J. NEWTON.

MASON.

The musical score for 'Safely through Another Week' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show Thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
3. Here we're come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Conquer sin - ners, comfort saints, May the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints;

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Such let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove; Such let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.

C. WORDSWORTH.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal king, By the heav'n and earth a - dored;
 2. Since by Thee were all things made, And in Thee do all things live, Be to Thee all hon - or paid;
 3. Thou - sands, tens of thou - sands, stand, Spir - its blest, be - fore the throne, Speed - ing thence at Thy command,
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, to Thee, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost; God - head One, and Per - sons Three;

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 Praise to Thee let all things give, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 And, when Thy com - mands are done, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 Join us with the heav'n - ly host, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

This Is the Day.

I. WATTS.

WELSH AIR.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
 2. To - day He rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints His tri - umph spread, And all His won - ders tell.
 2. Ho - sau - na to th' a - nointed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son; Help us, O Lord, de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.

Come, Let Us Join.

I. WATTS.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtained the prize; And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.
 2. Wor - thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus; Wor - thy the Lamb, our hearts reply, For He was slain for us.
 3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine; And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

To Our Redeemer's Glorious Name.

ANNE STEELE.

R. HARRISON.

1. To our Re - deemer's glo - rious name A - wake the sa - cred song; Oh, may His love - immor - tal flame - Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue.
 2. His love, what mortal tongue can reach, What mortal tongue display; Im - ag - in - a - tion's ut - most stretch In won - der dies a - way.
 3. Dear Lord, while we, a - dor - ing, pay Our humble thanks to Thee, May ev - 'ry heart with rapture say, "The Sav - iour died for me."
 4. Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill ev - 'ry heart and tongue, Till strangers love Thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

I. WATTS.

Bless, O My Soul!

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

The musical score for 'Bless, O My Soul!' is written in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a simple harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Bless, O my soul! the living God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so divine.
2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise; Why should the wonders He hath wro't Be lost in silence and forgot?
3. 'Tis He, my soul! that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ransom'd and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.
4. Let the whole earth His pow'r confess, Let the whole earth adore His grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and worship so divine.

I. WATTS.

Our God, Our Help.

Scotch.

The musical score for 'Our God, Our Help.' is written in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a simple harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
2. Un - der the shad-ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Saf-fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure.
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-eeiv'd her frame, From ev-er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
4. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while troubles list, And our e - ter - nal home.

* New copyright, 1896.

Now to the Lord a Noble Song.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosanna to th'eternal name, And all His boundless love proclaim.
 2. See where it shiues in Jesus' face, The brightest image of His grace! God in the person of His Son, Hath all His mightiest works outdone.
 3. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme: My tho'ts rejoice at Jesus' name: Ye angels dwell upon the sound: Ye heav'ns! reflect it to the ground.
 4. Oh! may I reach that happy place, Where He unveils His lovely face, Where all His beauties you behold, And sing His name to harps of gold.

Come, My Soul.

J. NEWTON.

C. MALAN.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je- sus loves to an- swer pray'r; He, Himself, has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay, Therefore will not say thee nay.
 2. Thou art com- ing to a King, Large pe- ti- tions with thee bring; For His grace and pow'r are such, None can ever ask too much, None can ev- er ask too much.
 3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Take pos- ses- sion of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a rival reign, And without a rival reign.
 4. While I am a pil- grim here, Let Thy love my spir- it cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end, Lead me to my journey's end.

Come, Let Us Lift Our Joyful Eyes.

I. WATTS.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.
 2. Now we may bow be - fore His feet, And ven - ture near the Lord; No fie - ry cher - ub guards His seat, No doub - le flam - ing sword.
 3. The peace - ful gates of heav'ny bliss Are op - en'd by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th'almighty throne.
 4. To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring, Great Advo - cate on high; And glo - ry to th'e - ter - nal King, Who lays His an - ger by.

Gentle Saviour.

T. R. BIRKS.

SULLIVAN.

1. O gen - tle Sav - iour, from Thy throne on high Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
 2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide, In life, in death, our com - fort, strength, and guide.
 3. Oh, lead us dai - ly with Thine eye of love, And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

Saviour, Again.

JOHN ELLERTON.

(PARTING HYMN.)

Arr. from DONIZETTI. By per.*

1. Sav - iour, a - gain, to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
 2. Grant us Thy peace on all our home - ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
 3. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life; Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this place have call'd up - on Thy name.
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thy e - ter - nal peace.

H. KIRK WHITE.

Christians, Brethren, Ere We Part.

HANDEL.

1. Christians, brethren, ere we part, Ev-'ry voice and ev-'ry heart Join, and to our Fa-ther raise One last hymn of grateful praise.
 2. Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet a-gain.
 3. Now to Thee, Thou God of heav'n, Be e - ter - nal glo - ry giv'n; Grateful for Thy love di - vine, May our hearts be ev - er Thine.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

Lord, Dismiss Us.

ROUSSEAU. D.C.

END.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in redeeming grace.
 D.C.— *O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.*
 2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives abound.
 D.C.— *May Thy presence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er more be found.*
 3. So, whene'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way, Borne on angel's wings to heaven, God the summons to o - bey,
 D.C.— *May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end-less day.*

Hold Thou My Hand, O Father.

ANNA W. SIMMONS.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.*

1. Hold Thou my hand, O! Father, Hold Thou my hand, I pray; When shadows fall about me And hide the beaten way. When clouds hang low and
 2. I cannot tread un-guid-ed The upward-leading road; I cannot bear un-aid-ed The bur-den of the load. I seek to jour-ney
 3. Hold Thou my hand se-cure-ly. When sorrows dim my sight And hide from me the beauty And sweetness of the light. My heart will make no

REFRAIN.

heav-y, And storms of doubt assail, I blind-ly grope and fal-ter, My strength of none a-vail. Hold Thou my hand, Father, Hold Thou my hand.
 onward, I think to bravely stand; But un-a-ware I stumble, O! Father, hold my hand.
 murmur, What'e'r may come, I know, If Thou wilt lead me, Father, Wherever I may go.

Sometimes a Light Surprises.

WILLIAM COWPER.

JOHN HULLAH.

1. Some-times a light sur-pris - es The seek-er while he sings; It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal-ing in His wings.
 2. In ho - ly con-tem - pla - tion, We sweet-ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
 3. Tho' vine nor fig-tree nei - ther Their wonted fruit shall bear, Tho' all the fields should with-er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;

When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain A sea-son of clear shin - ing To cheer it af - ter rain.
 Set free from ev - 'ry sor - row, We cheerful - ly can say, Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice, For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re-joice.

More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN. By per.*

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bend-ed knee;
 2. Once earth - ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek—Give what is best;
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain,
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise;

This is my ear - nest plea: More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love, O Christ! more love, More love to Thee!
 This all my pray'r shall be: More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love, O Christ! more love, More love to Thee!
 When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love, O Christ! more love, More love to Thee!
 This still its pray'r shall be: More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love, O Christ! more love, More love to Thee!

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. from the GERMAN. By per.*

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I withhold.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and the same time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure - store; Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also features a treble and bass staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

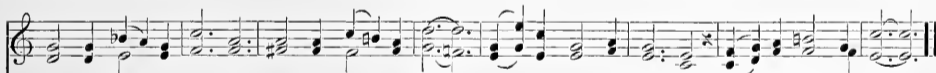
Jesus Is Our Shepherd.

H. STOWELL.

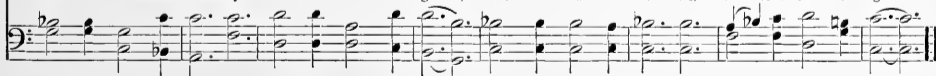
G. A. MACFARREN.



1. Je - sus is our Shep-herd,	Wip - ing ev - 'ry tear;	Fold - ed in His bo - som,	What have we to fear?
2. Je - sus is our Shep-herd,	Well we know His voice;	How its gen - tlest whis - per	Makes our heart re - joice;
3. Je - sus is our Shep-herd,	For the sheep He bled;	Ev - 'ry lamb is sprink - led	With the blood He shed.
4. Je - sus is our Shep-herd,	Guard - ed by His arm,	Tho' the wolves may rav - en,	None can do us harm;

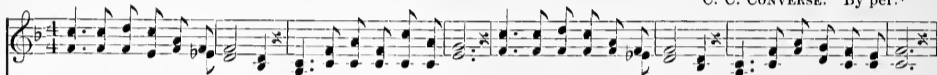


On - ly let us fol - low	Whith - er He doth lead,	To the thirst - y des - ert,	Or the dew - y mead.
E - ven when He chid - eth,	Ten - der is His tone;	None but He shall guide us,	We are His a - lone.
Then on each He set - teth	His own se - cret sign,	—“ They that have My Spir - it,	These,” saith He, “ are Mine.”
When we tread death's val - ley	Dark with fear - ful gloom,	We will fear no e - vil,	Vic - tors o'er the gloom.



What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

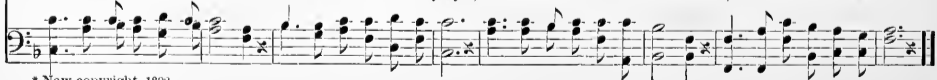
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
2. Have we tri - als and tempta-tions? Is there trouble a - nywhere? We should never be dis-couraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care? - Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in pray'r!



O what peace we of-ten for - feit, O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share? Je - sus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.



* New copyright, 1892.

Light After Darkness.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arranged from WALLACE. By per.

1. Light af-ter dark-ness, Gain af-ter loss; Strength af-ter weak-ness, Crown af-ter cross; Sweet af-ter bit-ter, Hope af-ter fears,
 2. Sheaves af-ter sowing, Sun af-ter rain, Sight af-ter mys-t'ry, Peace af-ter pain; Joy af-ter sor-row, Calm af-ter blast,
 3. Near af-ter dis-tant, Gleam af-ter gloom, Love af-ter lone-ness, Life af-ter tomb; Af-ter long suf-fering Rap-ture of bliss,

Home af-ter wan-d'ring, Praise af-ter tears.
 Rest af-ter wea-ri-ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Right was the path-way Lead-ing to this.

Doxology. C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make Him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

We Need a Friend Like Jesus.

Rev. J. H. EDWARDS, D.D.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. We need a friend like Je - sus, So lov - ing, kind, and true; Di - vine and yet most hu - man, Our Lord and Brother too. We
2. We *have* a friend in Je - sus, Tho' oth - er friends de - part, One clos - er than a brother, He dwells with in the heart. Have

need Him in life's morn - ing, In manhood's rip - er bloom, In trembling age we need Him, And at the op - ning tomb.
you a friend in Je - sus, A Sav - iour, tried and true? Trust Him, and find Him faith - ful, For He has died for you.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

REFRAIN.

The musical score for the Refrain is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with the words "We need a friend like Je - sus, So lov - ing, strong, and true; Di - vine, and yet most hu - man, Our Lord and Brother too." aligned with the notes.

We need a friend like Je - sus, So lov - ing, strong, and true; Di - vine, and yet most hu - man, Our Lord and Brother too.

From All That Dwell Below The Skies.

I. WATTS.

J. HATTON.

The musical score for 'From All That Dwell Below The Skies' is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with four verses of text aligned with the notes.

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

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;

3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly! there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty!
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

I Am Not Worthy.

Sir H. W. BAKER.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*



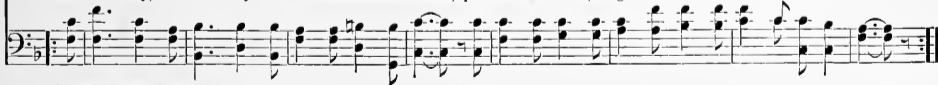
1. I am not worthy, Ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me, Speak but the word ; one gracious word Can set the sin - ner free.
 2. I am not worthy ; cold and bare The lodg-ing of my soul ; How canst Thou deign to enter there ? Lord, speak, and make me whole.
 3. I am not worthy ; yet, my God, How can I say Thee nay ; Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood My ran-som-price to pay ?
 4. O come ! in this sweet, sacred hour Feed me with food di - vine ; And fill with all Thy love and pow'r This worthless heart of mine.



REFRAIN.



Not wor - thy, not wor - thy that Thou shouldst come to me ; Speak but the word ; one gracious word, And set the sin - ner free.



STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

All hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fix'd this earth - ly ball; Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And
 3. Ye eho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - som'd from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall; Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And
 5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And
 6. O that with you - der sa - cred through We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear.
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

Thro' sor - row or thro' joy Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 Straight to my home a - bove, I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

Take My Heart.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own; Let Thy Spirit melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
 2. Fa-ther, make it pure and low-ly, Fond of peace, and far from strife; Turning from the paths unho-ly Of this vain and sin-ful life.
 3. Ev - er let Thy grace surround it; Strengthen it with pow'r divine, Till Thy cords of love have bound it: Make it to be whol-ly Thine.
 4. May the blood of Je - sus heal it, And its sins be all forgiv'n; Ho - ly Spir-it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heav'n.

They Who Seek.

O. HOLDEN.

DYKES.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev-'ry place, If we live a life of pray'r, God is present ev-'rywhere.
 2. In our sickness or our health, In our want or in our wealth, If we look to God in pray'r, God is present ev-'rywhere.
 3. When our earth-ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre-vail, 'T is the time of earnest pray'r; God is present ev-'rywhere.

Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. BRIDGES.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.



1. Crown Him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne; Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All music but its own! A -
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hand and side, Those wounds, yet visi - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose hands a sceptre sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time, Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime! All



wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends His wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so great.
 reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet, Fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend, Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
 hail! Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

GOUNOD.

1. When I sur - ve y the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but
 2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me
 3. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di -

REFRAIN.

loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride. The cross! The cross! The wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died.
 most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Oh! Eyes That Are Weary.

J. N. DARBY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*



1. O eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to Je - sus, now sor - row no more! The
 2. While look - ing to Je - sus, my heart can - not fear; I trem - ble no more when I see Je - sus near; I
 3. Still look - ing to Je - sus, O may I be found, When Jor - dan's dark wa - ters en - com - pass me round; They
 4. Then, then shall I know the full beau - ty and grace Of Je - sus, my Lord, when I stand face to face; Shall



light of His vis - age, it shin - eth so bright, That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
 know that His pres - ence my safe - guard will be, For "Why are you trou - bled?" He saith un - to me.
 bear me a - way in His pres - ence to be; I see Him still near - er whom al - ways I see.
 know how His love went be - fore me each day, And won - der that ev - er my eyes turned a - way.



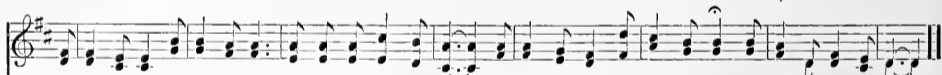
I heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR.

L. SPOHR.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him.
 I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.



Jesus, If My Cross I have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en,
D.S.—*Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,*

2. Let the world de - spise, for - sake me, They have left my Sav - iour too; Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me,
D.S.—*Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,*

3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain! In Thy ser - vice pain is pleas - ure;
D.S.—*Storms may howl and clouds may gath - er,*

END. D. S.; S:

Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known.
God and heav'n are still my own.

Thou art not, like men, un - true; And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might.
Show Thy face and all is bright.

With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain; I have call'd Thee "Ab - ba, Fa - ther," I have stay'd my heart on Thee.
All must work for good to me.

Traveling to the Better Land.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. Trav'ling to the bet-ter land, O'er the des-ert's scorching sand, Fa-ther! let me gras Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!
 2. When the wil-der-ness is drear, Show me E-lim's palm-groves near, And her wells as crystal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
 3. When I stand on Jor-dan's brink, Nev-er let me fear or shrink; Hold me, Fa-ther, lest I sink; Lead me on, lead me on!
 4. When the vic-to-ry is won, And e-ter-nal life be-gun, Up to glo-ry lead me on; Lead me on, lead me on!

Not All the Blood of Beasts.

I. WATTS.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guilt-y con-science peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
 2. But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way—A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name, And rich-er blood than they.
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine, While like a pen-i-tent I staud, And there con-fess my sin.
 4. Be-liev-ing, we re-joice To see the curse re-move; We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing His bleed-ing love.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

We have No Refuge.

C. WINKWORTH.

J. BARNBY.

1. We have no ref - uge; none on earth to aid us; Save Thee, O Fa - ther, who Thine own hast
 2. Fa - ther, Thy name be praised, Thy king - dom giv - en; Thy will be done ou earth as 'tis in

made us; But Thy dear pres - ence will not leave them lone - ly, Who seek Thee on - - ly.
 heav - en; Keep us in life, for - give our sins, de - liv - er Us, now and ev - - er.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Toiling Early.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.)

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. Toil - ing ear - ly in the morn - ing, Catch - ing mo - ments thro' the day, Noth - ing small or low - ly scorn - ing While we
 2. Not for sel - fish praise or glo - ry, Not for things of tran - sient worth; But to send the bless - ed sto - ry Of the
 3. Up and ev - er at our call - ing, Till in death our lips are dumb, Or till, sin's do - min - ion fall - ing, Christ shall
 4. Steadfast then in our en - deav - or, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, may we be; And for - ev - er and for - ev - er, We will

REFRAIN.

work, and watch, and pray; Gath - ring glad - ly, gath - ring glad - ly Free - will off - rings by the way. Toil - ing ear - ly in the
 gos - pel o'er the earth; Tell - ing mor - tals, tell - ing mor - tals, Of our Lord and Sav - iour's birth.
 in His king - dom come; And His chil - dren, ran - som'd chil - dren, Reach their ev - er - last - ing home.
 give the praise to Thee; Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Sing - ing all e - ter - ni - ty.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

morn - ing, Catch - ing mo - ments thro' the day, Noth - ing small or low - ly scorn - ing While we work, and watch, and pray.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sns bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No; there 's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there 's a cross for me.
2. Disowned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares, He led His toil - some way; But now in heav'n a crown He wears, And reigns in endless day.
3. How hap - py are the saints above, Who once went sorr' wing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
4. The con - se - cra - ted cross I 'll bear, Till from the cross set free, And then go home, my crown to wear, For there 's a crown for me.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

I have No Help But Thine.

H. BONAR.

H. SMART.

1. I have no help but Thine; nor do I need An-oth-er arm save Thine to lean up-on; It is e-nough, my Lord! enough, in-deed;
 2. I have no wis-dom, save in Him who is My Wis-dom and my Teacher, both in one: No wisdom can I lack while Thon art wise,
 3. Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness; Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood; Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,

My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone. It is e-nough, my Lord! enough, in-deed; My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
 No teach-ing do I crave, save Thine a-lone. No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise, No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God! Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace, Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

Jesus, Come and Save Us.

H. BATEMAN.

Arr. from LINLEY. By per.*

1. Je-sus! Je-sus! come and save us From the sins that so dis-tress, Make us all Thy love would have us, Happy, in our trust-fulness.
 2. Je-sus! Je-sus! life is sad-ness, When it lives a - part from Thee; Come, and fill it all with gladness, Pleasantness and pur-i - ty.
 3. Je-sus! Je-sus! watching o'er us, Lead us safe - ly ou our way, Thou, the light of hope, he-fore us, Till the night shall change to day.

Je - sus! Je-sus! cheer-ing, heal-ing, By the Ho - ly Spir - it's aid, Come, Thy pard'ning love revealing; So we will not be a - fraid.
 Je - sus! Je-sus! grant the blessing Of a calm, con-tent - ed mind, That, the joy of faith possessing, Per-fect peace our souls may find.
 Je - sus! Je-sus! gen - tly guid - ing By the path Thy-self hath trod, For our ceaseless need provid-ing, Keep us till we rest with God.

II Bring My Sins to Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That all may cleans - ed be, In
 2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No words shall need - ed be, Thou
 3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has giv'n, That each may be a wing To
 4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O Sav - iour, let me be Thine,

the once o - pen'd Fount: I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
 know - est all so well: I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour! all to Thee.
 lift me near - er heav'n: I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.
 ev - er Thine a - lone. My heart, my life, my all, I bring To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

Still Will We Trust.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

J. BARNBY.

1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint be-neath His chast'ning rod, Tho' rough and steep our
 2. Our eyes see dim - ly till by faith a - noint - ed, And our blind choosings bring us grief and pain; Thro' Him a - lone who
 3. Choose for us, God!—nor let our weak pre-fer-ring, Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast design'd: Choose for us, God!—Thy
 4. Let us press on in pa-tient self-de-ni-al; Ac-cept the hard-ship, shrinking not from loss, Our gner-don lies be-

path-way, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God!
 hath our way ap - point - ed, We find our peace a - gain.
 wis - dom is un - err - ing, And we are fools and blind.
 yond the hour of tri - al: Our crown, be - yond the cross.

Doxology. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven..

Light of the World.

H. BONAR.

G. A. MACFARREN.

1. Light of the world! forever, ever shining; There is no change in Thee; True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining, Thou can'st not fade nor flee.
 2. Thou hast aris'n; but Thou declinest never, Today shines as the past; All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shall be ever, Brightness from first to last!
 3. Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness; Day fills up all its blue: Unfailing beauty, and unfalt'ring gladness, And love for ever new!
 4. Light of the world! undimming and unsetting, O shine each mist away! Banish the fear, the falsehood and the fretting, Be our unchanging day!

Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

J. MONTGOMERY.

GERMAN.

1. Lord God the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As on the day of Pen - te - cost, Descend in all Thy pow'r!
 2. Like might - y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath, Move with one im - pulse ev - 'ry mind, One soul, one feel - ing breathe.
 3. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove, And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love.
 4. Spir - it of truth, be Thou In life and death our Guide! O Spir - it of a - dop - tion, now May we be sanc - ti - fied.

There Is a Green Hill Far Away.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was ern-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.
 3. Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.
 There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin; He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
 For there's a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was cruci-fied, Who died to save us all.

Jesus, We Are Far Away.

Rev. T. B. POLLOCK.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. Je - sus, we are far a - way From the light of heav'n - ly day, Lost in paths of sin we stray; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 2. On our darkness shed Thy light, Lead our wills to what is right, Wash our e - vil na - ture white; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 3. May the world seem on - ly dross, May we welcome shame and loss, Will - ing - ly en - dure the cross; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 4. May Thy grace within the soul Nature's wayward - ness con - trol, Guiding tow' rds the heav'nly goal; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.

Deep - er has the darkness grown; Saviour, come to seek Thine own, Leave, oh, leave us not a - lone; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 May Thy wis - dom be our guide, Com - fort, rest, and peace provide, Near to Thy pro - tect - ing side; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 When oppress'd with trouble sore, Teach our hearts to feel the more For the pangs our Sav - iour bore: Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 So at last, from sin set free, What we long for, may we see, And for - ev - er bless - ed be; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.

Come and Hear the Grand Old Story.

H. BONAR.

Arr. from DONIZETTI. By per.*

1. Come and hear the grand old sto-ry, Sto-ry of a - ges past; All earth's an-nals far sur-passing, One that shall ev-er last.
 2. Christ, the Fa-ther's Son e - ter-nal, Once was born Son of man; He, who nev - er knew be - gin-ning, Here earthly life be - gan.
 3. Here in Da - vid's low - ly cit - y, Tenant of man-ger bed, Child of ev - er - last - ing a - ges, Je - sus lays His head.

REFRAIN.

No - blest, tru - est, old - est; New - est, fair - est, rar - est; Sweet - est, sad - dest, glad - dest That the world has known.

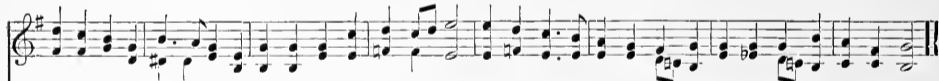
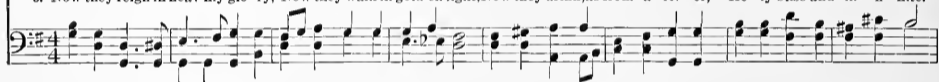
Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

C. WORDSWORTH.

DYKES.



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting o'er the crys - tal sea, " Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Lord, to Thee;"
2. Marching with Thy cross, their banner, They have triumph'd, following Thee, the Captain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Saviour and their King.
3. Now they reign in heav'nly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold - en light, Now they drink, as from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite.



Mul - ti - tudes which none can number, Like the stars in glo - ry stand, Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Conqu'ring palms in ev - 'ry hand.
Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd; Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they died; And by death, to life im - mor - tal They were born and glo - ri - fied.
Love and peace they taste forever, And all truth and know - ledge see In the be - a - tif - ic vis - ion Of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.



Sing, My Tongue, the Saviour's Glory.

E. CASWALL.

C. GOUNOD.



1. Sing, my tongue! the Sav-our's glo - ry; Tell His tri - umphs far and wide; Tell a - loud the won-drous sto - ry
 2. Such the or - der God ap-point-ed When for sin He would a - tone; To the ser-pent thus op - pos - ing
 3. Thus did Christ to per-fect man-hood In our mor-tal flesh at - tain; Then of His free choice He go - eth
 4. Lo, with gall His thirst He quench-es! See the thorns up - on His brow! Nails His hands and feet are rend-ing!



Of His bod - y cru - ci - fied; How up - on the cross a vic - tim, Van-quish - ing in death He died.
 Schemes yet deep - er than His own; Thence the rem - e - dy pro - cur - ing, Whence the fa - tal wound had come.
 To a death of bit - ter pain; He, the Lamb, up - on the al - tar Of the cross, for us was slain.
 See, His side is o - pen now! Whence, to cleanse the whole ere - a - tion, Streams of blood and wa - ter flow.



STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Oh! to be Hearer Thee, My Saviour.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. Oh! to be near - er Thee, my Sav - iour, Oh! to be filled with Thy sweet grace; Oh! to a - bide in Thine own fav - or,
 2. Oh! to de - sire to spread Thy glo - ry, Seek - ing it as my on - ly aim; Oh! to be taught Thy strange, sweet story,
 3. Oh! to go on - ward, self for - get - ting, Will - ing to take the low - est place; Oh! to look up - ward, nev - er let - ting
 4. Oh! to be - come each day more low - ly, More of Thy like - ness e'er to gain; Oh! to be made as Thou art, ho - ly,
 D.S.—Oh! to be ev - er, ev - er prais - ing,

END. CHORUS. D.S. rit

Oh! to be - hold Thy glo - rious face. Oh! to be ev - er up - ward gaz - ing, Glad with the sun - shine of Thy love.
 Worth - i - ly, ful - ly to pro - claim.
 Pride of the heart my glance a - base.
 Oh! to be freed from sin's dread chain.
Ech - o - ing here the songs a - bove.

Thy Way, Not Mine.

H. BONAR.

Adapted to Esthonian Folksong. By per.*

END.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord! How - ev - er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
2. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick - ness or my health; Choose Thou my cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth.

D.C.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God! So shall I walk a - right.
Not mine, not mine, the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.

Be Kind to Each Other.

Adapted to F. ABT. By per.*

1. Be kind to each oth - er, The night's com-ing on, When friend and when broth - er Will sure - ly be gone! Then,
 2. When day hath de - part - ed, And mem - o - ry keeps Her watch, brok - en - heart - ed, Where all she loved sleeps, Let
 3. Nor change with the mor - row, Should for - tune take wing, — The deep - er the sor - row, The clos - er still cling! Be

'midst our de - jec - tion, How sweet to have earned The blest rec - ol - lee - tion Of kind - ness re - turned.
 false - hood as - sail not, Nor en - vy dis - prove, And tri - fles pre - vail not, 'Gainst those whom you love.
 kind to each oth - er, The night's com-ing on, When friend and when broth - er Will sure - ly be gone.

Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing.

Arr. from the German. By per.*

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; } E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
 { Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me. }

2. { Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing, Bind, oh, bind my heart to Thee; } E - ven me, E - ven me, Bless-ing others, oh, bless me!
 { While the streams of life are spring-ing, Blessing oth-ers, oh, bless me! }

Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-serv'd for me? Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
 2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provok'd Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls; Griev'd Him by a thou-sand falls.
 3. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

I know that My Redeemer Lives.

C. WESLEY.

G. F. HANDEL.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like setting.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
2. I find Him lift-ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near; His pres-ence makes me free in-deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
3. Je-sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead-fast-ly be - lieve Thon wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re-ceive.

Thine for Ever.

C. WORDSWORTH.

(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.)

DYKES.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like setting.

1. Thine for ev - er, Thine for-ev - er! May Thy face up - on us shine; Help, O help our weak endeav-or, Lord, for ev - er to be Thine.
2. Thine for ev - er, Thine for-ev - er! Thine for ev - er may we be; May no sin or sor-row sev - er Us from un-ion, Lord, with Thee.
3. Thine for ev - er, Thine for-ev - er! Armed with faith and strong in Thee, Ev - er fighting, faint-ing nev - er, May we march to vic - to - ry!
4. Dai - ly in the grace in-creasing, Of Thy Spir - it more and more, Watching, praying without ceasing, May we reach the heav'nly shore!

Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS.

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee:
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off - 'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee!
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee!
 Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wan - d'r'er sought and won, Some - thing for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see, My ran - som'd soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee!

Master, Speak.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

REFRAIN.

1. Master, speak! Thy servant heareth. Waiting for Thy gracious word, Longing for Thy voice that cheereth, Master! let it now be heard. I am
 2. Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee, Tho' so tearfully I plead; Saviour! Shepherd! Oh! without Thee Life would be a blank indeed.
 3. Master, speak! I kneel be-fore Thee, List-'ning, longing, waiting still; Oh! how long shall I implore Thee, This petition to ful - fil!
 4. Master, speak! tho' least and lowest, Let me not unheard depart; Master, speak! for Oh! Thou knowest All the yearning of the heart.

waiting, waiting, Lord, for Thee; Waiting, Lord, for Thee, waiting, Lord, for Thee; I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee; Master, speak, Oh! speak to me,

Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Rev. T. J. POTTER.

SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward, To their home on high; Journ'ying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray,
 2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoic-ing, See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray,
 3. All our days di-rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious O-ver ev-'ry foe; Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds low'r,
 4. Then with saints and angels May we join a -bove, Off'ring end-less prais-es At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o-ver, Then comes rest and peace,

REFRAIN.

And with hearts u-nit-ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their homes on high.
 Keep us, might-y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
 Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 Je - sus in His beau - ty; Songs that never cease.

Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion.

J. HEERMANN.

Arr. from BLOCKLEY. By per.*

DUET.



1. Lord Je - sus, by Thy pas - sion, To Thee I make my pray'r; Thou who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mer - cy, Lord, and spare:
 2. O hold Thou up my go - ings, And lead from strength to strength, That un - to Thee in Zi - on I may ap - pear at length.
 3. O give that last, best bless - ing That e - ven saints can know, To fol - low in Thy foot - steps Wher - ev - er Thou dost go.



CHORUS.



O wash me in the foun - tain That flow - eth from Thy side; O clothe me in the rai - ment Thy blood hath pu - ri - fied.
 O make my spir - it wor - thy To join the ran - som'd throng; O teach my lips to ut - ter That ev - er - last - ing song.
 Not wis - dom, might, or glo - ry, I ask to win a - bove; I ask for Thee, Thee on - ly, O Thou e - ter - nal love!



In Thee My Trust Abideth.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

J. WALCH.

1. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies, O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies!
 2. My grief is in the dul - ness With which this sluggish heart Doth o - pen to the ful - ness Of all Thou wouldst impart;
 3. O for that choic - est bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love, And thus on earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heav'n a - bove!

O for a heart to love Thee More tru - ly as I ought, And noth - ing place a - bove Thee In deed or word or thought.
 My joy is in Thy beau - ty Of ho - li - ness di - vine, My eom - fort in the du - ty That binds my life to Thine.
 O for the bliss that by it The soul se - cure - ly knows, The ho - ly calm and qui - et Of faith's se - rene re - pose!

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

Arr. from BLOCKLEY. By per.*

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross! Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. From
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day. Ye
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own. Put

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 that are men! now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 on the ges - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing nn - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

REFRAIN.

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss P. CAREY.

MASON.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near - er my part - ing hour am I Than e'er I was be - fore.
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near - er the throne where Jesus reigns; Nearer the crys - tal sea.
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing my bur - den down, Leav - ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear - ing my star - ry crown.
4. Je - sus, to Thee I cling; Strength - en my arm of faith; Stay with me while my way - worn feet Press thro' the stream of death.

Hosanna We Sing.

Rev. G. S. HODGES.

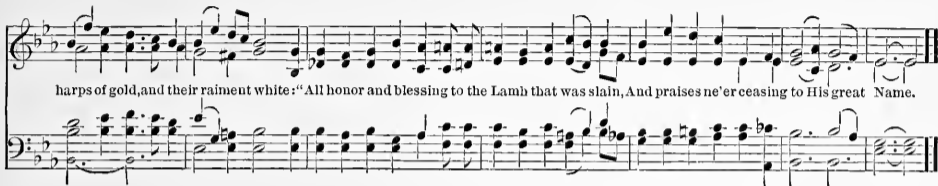
DYKES.

1. Ho - san - na we sing to our Sav - iour, Lord! With our voices u - nit - ed in sweet ac - cord, Our trib - ute of thanks to
 2. We wor - ship the King with the saints a - bove, As they grate - ful - ly tell of His pow'r and love, His mer - cy so full, so

REFRAIN.

Je - sus we bring, While we speak of His grace as we glad - ly sing. Al - le - lu - ia we sing with the angels bright, With their
 firm to the end, — He is Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, Friend!

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.



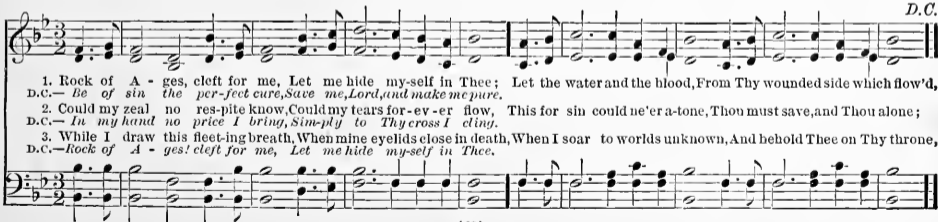
harps of gold, and their raiment white: "All honor and blessing to the Lamb that was slain, And praises ne'er ceasing to His great Name.

Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

HASTINGS.

D.C.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
D.C.— Be of sin the per-fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2. Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ey-er flow, This for sin could ne'er a-tone, Thou must save, and Thou alone;
D.C.— In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,
D.C.— Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

I Love Thy Kingdom.

Rev. T. DWIGHT.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd, With His own pre-cious blood.
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 3. If e'er my heart for-get Her wel-fare or her woe, Let ev-'ry joy this heart for-sake, And ev-'ry grief o'er-flow.
 4. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as-cend: To her my cares and toils be-giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Si-on shall be-giv'n The brightest glo-ries earth can yield And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

Christ Is My Prophet.

J. MASON.

DONIZETTI.

1. Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King; A prophet full of light; My great High Priest before the throne, My King of heav'nly might.
 2. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings. He is the Sun of righteousness, With heal-ing in His wings.

Awake, My Soul.

Rev. G. MEDLEY.

Western Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me:
 2. When trou-ble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thun-der'd loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood:
 3. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale; Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must fail: O, may my last ex - pir - ing breath
 4. Then let me moumt, and soar a - way, To the bright world of end-less day, And sing, with rap-ture and sur - prise,

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how free! Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O, how free!
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how good! Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O, how good!
 His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death! Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness sing in death!
 His lov - ing - kind - ness in the skies! Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness in the skies!

We Are But Strangers Here.

T. R. TAYLOR.

SULLIVAN.

1. We are but stran-gers here, Heav'n is our home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is our home:
 2. What though the tem-pests rage? Heav'n is our home; Short is our pil-grim-age, Heav'n is our home:
 3. There at our Sav-iour's side, Heav'n is our home; May we be glo-ri-fied; Heav'n is our home;
 4. Grant us to mur-mur not, Heav'n is our home; What-e'er our earth-ly lot, Heav'n is our home;

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round us on ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is our Fa-ther-land, Heav'n is our home.
 And Time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be o-ver-past, We shall reach home at last; Heav'n is our home.
 There are the good and blest, Those we love most and best, Grant us with them to rest; Heav'n is our home.
 Grant us at last to stand There at Thine own right hand, Je-sus, in Fa-ther-land; Heav'n is our home.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

♩ for a Heart to Praise My God.

C. WESLEY.

DYKES.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood So free-ly spilt for me!
 2. A heart resigned, sub-missive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a-lone.
 3. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.
 4. Thy nature, dear-est Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a-bove; Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

Jesus Demands This Heart.

A. STEELE.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Jesus demands this heart of mine, Demands my wish, my joy, my care; But ah! how dead to things divine, How cold my best af-fec-tions are!
 2. 'T is sin, alas! with dreadful pow'r, Divides my Saviour from my sight; Oh! for one bap-py shi-n-ing hour Of sa-cred freedom, sweet delight!
 3. Oh! let Thy love shine forth and raise My captive pow'rs from sin and death, And fill my heart and life with praise, And tune my last expiring breath.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal iu - spire: As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's

guilt a - way. O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Jerusalem the Golden.

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE.

A. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast; And
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je -

know not, O I know not What joys a - wait me there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene; The pastures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.
 they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quer'd in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er, Are clad in robes of white.
 sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - MEN.

II Lay My Sins on Jesus.

H. BONAR.

Arranged from the Greek. By per.*

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All ful-ness dwells in Him; He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains White, in His blood most precious, Till not a spot re - mains.
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - den and my cares; He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
 I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'nly throng, To sing, with saints, His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

Pilgrim, Burdened with Thy Sin.

G. CRABBE.

J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Pil-grim, bur-den'd with thy sin, Come the way to Zi-on's gate; There, till mer-cy speaks within, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
 2. Hark! it is the Saviour's voice, "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!" Now with-in the gate rejoice, Safe, and own'd, and bought, and blest:
 3. Ho-ly pil-grim, what for thee In a world like this remains? From thy guarded breast shall flee Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:

Knock, He knows the sinner's cry; Weep, He loves the mourner's tears; Watch, for sav-ing grace is nigh; Wait, till heav'nly grace appears.
 Safe, from all the lures of vice; Owned, by joys the con-trite know; Bought, by love, and life the price; Blest, the might-y debt to owe.
 Fear, the hope of heav'n shall fly, Shame, from glo-ry's view re-tire; Doubt, in full be-lief shall die; Pain, in end-less bliss ex-pire.

We Cannot Praise Thee Now, Lord.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. We can - not praise Thee now, Lord, As spir - its per - fect made, Who walk in white be -
 D.C.—*When we shall read life's sto - ry, And reach our spir - its' prime, When we shall read life's*

2. We can - not praise Thee here, Lord, As those a - round Thy throne, Who sing the song of
 D.C.—*And here we would be sing - ing A pre - lude to the strain, And here we would be*

END.

D.C.

fore Thee, With Christ the Liv - ing Head; But praise is wait - ing for Thee, In that glad fu - ture time,
sto - ry, And reach our spir - its' prime.

glo - ry, And know as they are known; But praise is wait - ing for Thee When Zi - on's hill we gain;
sing - ing A pre - lude to the strain.

Jesus, Master, Whom I Serve.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. from REINECKE. By per.*

1. Je-sus, Mas-ter, whom I serve, Though so fee-bly and so ill, Strengthen hand and heart and nerve, All Thy bid-ding to ful-fill;
 2. Lord, Thou needest not, I know, Ser-vice such as I can bring; Yet I long to prove and show Full al-le-giance to my King.
 3. Je-sus, Mas-ter! wilt Thou use One who owes Thee more than all? As Thou wilt! I would not choose, On-ly let me hear Thy call.

O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me; O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me.
 Thou an hon-or art to me Let me be a praise to Thee; Thou an hon-or art to me, Let me be a praise to Thee.
 Je - sus! let me al-ways be In Thy ser-vice glad and free; Je - sus! let me al-ways be In Thy ser-vice glad and free.

Not Your Own.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. from ABT. By per.*

1. "Not your own!" but His ye are, Who hath paid a price un - told For your life, ex-ceed-ing far All earth's stores of gems and gold. With the precious blood of
 2. "Not your own!" but His, the King, His the Lord of earth and sky; His, to whom archangels bring Homage deep and praises high. What can roy - al birth be-
 3. "Not your own!" to Him ye owe All your life and all your love. Live, that ye His praise may show, Who is yet all praise a - bove. Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry

Christ, Ransom-treasure all unpriced, Full redemption is pro-cured, Full sal - va-tion is as-sured, Full sal - va-tion is as-sured.
 stow? Or the proudest titles show? Can such dignity be known As the glorious name, "His own!" As the glorious name, "His own!"
 hour, Ev'ry gift and ev'ry pow'r, Con-se-crate to Him a - lone, Who hath claimed you for His own, Who hath claimed you for His own.

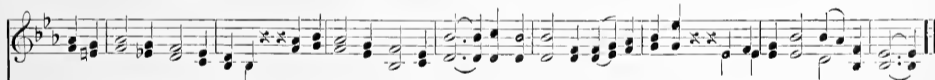
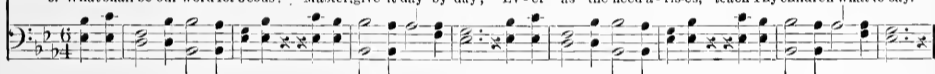
Have You Not a Word for Jesus?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. from the SPANISH. By per.*



1. Have you not a word for Je-sus? not a word to say for Him? He is list'ning thro' the chorus of the burning Ser - a - phim.
2. Have you not a word for Je-sus? Will the world His praise proclaim? Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His name.
3. Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb, Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will bid them "come";
4. Yours may be the joy and hon-or His re-deem-ed ones to bring, Jew-els for the cor-o - na-tion of your coming Lord and King.
5. What shall be our word for Jesus? "Master, give it day by day; Ev - er as the need a - ris-es, teach Thy children what to say.



He is list'ning; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth, On-ly of its passing pleasure, sel-fish sorrow, emp - ty mirth? You, whom He hath call'd and chosen His own witnesses to be, Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?" Never tell-ing hid-den sorrows, ling'ring just out-side the door, Long-ing for *your* hand to lead them in - to rest for ev - er - more. Will you cast a - way the gladness thus your Master's joy to share, All because a word for Je - sus seems too much for you to dare? Give us ho - ly love and patience, grant us deep hu - mil - i - ty, That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee."



STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Oft in Danger.

H. K. WHITE.

Arr. from I. W. ELLIOTT. By per.*

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go: Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.
 2. Let your drooping hearts be glad: March in heav'nly ar-mor clad: Fight, nor think the bat-tle long, Viet'ry soon shall tune your song.
 3. Let not sor-row dim your eye, Soon shall ev-'ry tear be dry; Let not fears your course impede, Great your strength, if great your need.
 4. On-ward then in bat-tle move, More than conqu'rors ye shall prove; Tho' oppos'd by ma-n'y a foe, Christian soldiers, on-ward go.

Our Blest Redeemer.

H. AUBER.

DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breath'd His ten-der last fare-well, A Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeath'd With us to dwell.
 2. He came in semblance of a dove With shelt'ring wings outspread, The ho-ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
 3. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious will-ing Guest, While He can find one hum-ble heart Wherein to rest.
 4. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weakness, pitying, see: O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, And meet for Thee.

Always With Us.

E. H. NEVIN.

Arr. from L. WELY. By per.*

1. Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From His dwelling place above.
2. With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear; Waking hope within our bosoms, Stilling ev'ry anxious fear.

DUET. D.C.

With us when we toil in sadness, Sowing much and reaping none; Telling us that in the fu-ture Golden harvests shall be won.
With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream; Lighting up the steps to glo-ry With salvation's radiant beam.

* Copyright, 1892.

Christ, Whose Glory fills the Skies.

C. WESLEY.

T. WALLHEAD.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light; Sun of right - eous - ness, a -
 2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, If Thy light is hid from me; Joy - less is the day's re -
 3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief; Fill me, Ra - dian - cy di -

rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear.
 turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see; Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
 vine, Scat - ter all my un - be - lief; More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

J. M. NEALE.

Art Thou Weary?

Sir H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-trest? "Come to me?" saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"

2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3. Hath He di-a-dem as mon-arch That His brow a-dorns? "Yea, a crown in ver-y sure-ty, But of thorns."

4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What my fu-ture here? "Ma-ny a sor-row, ma-ny a la-bor, Ma-ny a tear."

5. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last? "Sor-row vanquished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan past."

6. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay? "Not till earth, and not till Heav-en Pass a-way."

7. Find-ing, fol-l'wing, keep-ing, struggling, Is He sure to bless? "Saints, a-pos-tles, prophets, mar-tys, An-swer, Yes."

ISAAC WATTS.

Thus Far the Lord.

MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'ry 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.

Christian, Seek Ye Not Repose.

C. ELLIOTT.

W. H. MONK.

1. "Chris-tian! seek not yet re-pose," Hear thy lov-ing Sav-iour say; Thou art in the midst of foes; "Watch and pray."
 2. Gird thy heav'nly ar-mor on, Wear it ev-er night and day; Ambush'd lies the e-vil one; "Watch and pray."
 3. Hear the vic-tors who o'er-came; Still they mark each warrior's way; All with one sweet voice ex-claim, "Watch and pray."
 4. Watch, as if on that a-lone Hung the is-sue of the day; Pray that help may be sent down; "Watch and pray."

Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

J. GRIGG.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je-sus! and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star: He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
 4. Ashamed of Je-sus! 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.

Love Divine.

C. WESLEY.

Arr. from the English.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer-cies crown.
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit Into ev - 'ry trou-bled breast! Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find Thy promised rest.
 3. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure, un-spot-ted may we be; Let us see our whole sal-vation Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee!

Je-sus! Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art! Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive! Speed-i-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave!
 Changed from glory un-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Let Me Be With Thee.

C. ELLIOTT.

Sir W. BAKER.

1. Let me be with Thee where Thou art, My Saviour, my e - ter - nal Rest; Then on - ly will this long - ing heart Be ful - ly and for - ev - er blest.
 2. Let me be with Thee where Thou art, Thy unveil'd glo - ry to be - hold; Then on - ly will this wand'ring heart Cease to be treach'rous, faithless, cold.
 3. Let me be with Thee where Thou art, Where spotless saints Thy name adore; Then only will this sin - ful heart Be e - vil and de - filed no more.
 4. Let me be with Thee where Thou art, Where none can die, where none remove: There neither life nor death will part Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

Lord, I Approach.

J. NEWTON.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Lord, I approach the mer - cy seat, Where Thou dost answer pray'r; There humbly fall before Thy feet, For none can per - ish there.
 2. Thy promise is my on - ly plea; With this I venture nigh; Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
 3. Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilty sinners, such as I, Might plead Thy gracious name.

Yet There is Room.

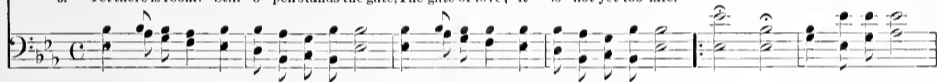
Rev. H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

REFRAIN.



1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry, beckons thee a - long. Room, room, yet there is room.
 2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
 3. "Yet there is room!" Still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too late.



En - ter, Oh! en - ter now, en - ter now. Room, room, yet there is room. En - ter, Oh! en - ter now!



Ⓞ Sacred Head.

PAUL GERHARDT.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. O sa - cred Head, once wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, How scornfully sur-round-ed With thorns, Thine only crown;
 2. How art Thou pale with an-guish, With sore a - buse and scorn; How does that vis-age lan-guish That once was bright as morn!
 3. Oh! make me Thine for ev - er; And should I faint-ing be, Lord, let me nev-er, nev - er Out-live my love to Thee.

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
 What language shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with-out end.
 Be near when I am dy - ing; Oh, show Thy cross to me! And, for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Just As I Am.

Arr. from the GERMAN. By per.*

1. 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.

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come.

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, — Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come.

5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I be-lieve O Lamb of God, I come.

6. Just as I am, for love unknown Has broken ev-'ry barrier down; Now to be Thine, and Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.

* Copyright, 1892.

How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

1. How beauteous were the marks divine, That in Thy meekness used to shine, That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod In wond'rous love, O Son of God!

2. Oh, who like Thee, so mild, so bright, Thou Son of man, Thou Light of light? Oh, who like Thee did ever go So patient, thro' a world of woe?

3. Oh, who like Thee, so hum-bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, before? So meek, so lowly, yet so high. So glorious in hu-mil-i-ty?

4. O wond'rous Lord, my soul would be Still more and more conform'd to Thee; Still more would know, O lowly One, Thy peace on earth till heav'n be won.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' Pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

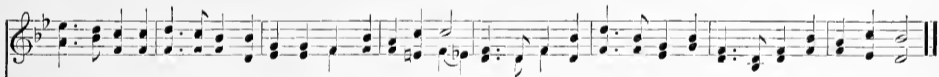
Friend of Sinners.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Friend of sin-ners! Lord of glo-ry! Low-ly, Might-y! Broth-er, King! Mus-ing o'er Thy wondrous story, Grateful we Thy praises sing;
2. Friend who never fails nor grieves us, Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—Friend who at all times receives us, Friend who came the lost to find!—
3. O to love and serve Thee better! From all e-vil set us free; Break, Lord, ev'ry sinful fetter; Be each thought conformed to Thee;



Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pi-ty blend—Praise we must the grace which gave us Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend.
 Sor-row soothing, joys enhanc-ing, Lov-ing un - til life shall end—Then confer-ring bliss en-tranc-ing, Still, in heav'n, the sinners' Friend.
 Look-ing for Thy bright appear-ing, May our spir-its upward tend; Till no long-er doubting, fear-ing, We be-hold the sinners' Friend!



If Through Unruffled Seas.

TOPLADY.

Arr. by MASON.

1. If through un - ruf - fled seas Tow'rd heav'n we calm - ly sail, With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee,
 2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm,
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol; Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume
 4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state, To make Thy will our own; And, when the joys of sense de - part,

We'll own the fos - t'ring gale; With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fos - t'ring gale.
 Which drives us near - er home; Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
 The mid - night of the soul; Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.
 To live by faith a - lone; And, when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Thou, to Whom.

J. STAINER.

Musical score for 'Thou, to Whom' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

1. Thou to whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain, Still with healing words replying To the wea-ried cry of pain;
2. Ev-ry care and ev-'ry sor-row, Be it great, or be it small, Yes;-ter-day, to-day, to-morrow, When, where'er, it may be-fall,
3. May each child of Thine be will-ing, Will-ing both in hand and heart, All the law of love ful-fill-ing, Ev-er com-fort to im-part;

Musical score for 'Doxology' in G major, 4/4 time. The score is divided into two parts: 'UNISON' and 'HARMONY'. The 'UNISON' part is written on a single treble staff, while the 'HARMONY' part is written on a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Hear us, Je-sus, as we meet, Sup-pliant at Thy mer-cy seat. Lay we hum-bly at Thy feet, Sup-pliant at Thy mer-cy seat. Ev-er bring-ing off-rings meet, Sup-pliant to Thy mer-cy seat.' The score concludes with a double bar line.

Doxology. *S. M.*

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the spirit of His grace
Be equal honors done.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

Oh, for the Robes of Whiteness.

Mrs. C. L. BANCROFT.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN. By per.*

1. Oh, for the robes of white-ness! Oh, for the tear-less eyes! Oh, for the glo-rious bright-ness Of the un-cloud-ed skies! Oh,
 2. Oh, for the bliss of dy-ing. My ris-en Lord to meet! Oh, for the rest of ly-ing For ev-er at His feet! Oh,
 3. Je-sus, Thou King of glo-ry! I soon shall dwell with Thee; I soon shall sing the sto-ry Of Thy great love to me; Mean-

for the no more weep-ing, With-in the land of love, The end-less joy of keep-ing The hri-dal feast a-bove!
 for the hour of see-ing My Sav-iour face to face! The hope of ev-er be-ing In that sweet meet-ing-place!
 while, my tho'ts shall en-ter E'en now, be-fore Thy throne, That all my love may een-tre In Thee, and Thee a-lone.

♩ Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. Oh, happy day! that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God; Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

2. 'T is done, the great transaction 's done; I am the Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine.

3. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear, Till in time's latest hour I bow, And bless at last a bond so dear.

4. And when the bright celestial train, From highest heav'n to earth shall come; Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign Forever in that happy home.

REFRAIN.

END. D.S.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day;

We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY.

Arr. from the ENGLISH.

REFRAIN.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le -
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night.
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

In - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand; Where Afric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their golden sand -
 2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole.

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Messial's name.
 Till o'er our ran - som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

Book of Grace.

THOS. MACKELLAR.

Arr. from the German. By per.*

1. Book of grace, and book of glo-ry! Gift of God to age and youth; Wondrous is thy sa - ered sto-ry, Bright, bright with truth.

2. Book of love! in ae-cents tender, Speak-ing un - to such as we; May it lead us, Lord, to render All, all to Thee.

3. Book of hope! the spir-it, sighing, Con - so - la - tion finds in thee, As it hears the Sav - iour ery-ing, "Come, come to Me."

4. Book of peace! when nights of sorrow Fall up - on us drear-i - ly, Thou wilt bring a shin - ing morrow Full, full of thee.

Jesus, Thou Art the Sinner's Friend.

R. BURNHAM.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin-ner's Friend: As such I look to Thee; Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2. Re - member Thy pure word of grace, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry; Re - member all Thy dying groans, And then re-mem-ber me.

3. Thou wondrous Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my-self to Thee; While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me.

4. Lord, I am guil - ty, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free; Then in Thine all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord, remember me.

5. And when I close my eyes in death, When creature-helps all flee, Then, O my dear Re - deem-er, God, I pray, re-mem-ber me.

Father, I know That All My Life.

Miss A. L. WARING.

DYKES.

1. Father! I know that all my life Is por-tion'd out for me; And the chan-ges that are sure to come I
 2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Thro' con-stant watch-ing wise, To meet the glad with joy-ful smiles, And to
 3. So I ask Thee for Thy dai-ly strength, To none that ask de-nied, And a mind to blend with out-ward life, While
 4. And if some-things I do not ask In my cup of bless-ing be, I would have my spir-it fill'd the more With

do not fear to see; But I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee.
 wipe the weep-ing eyes; And a heart at leas-ure from it-self To soothe and sym-pa-thize.
 keep-ing at Thy side; Con-tent to fill a lit-tle space, If Thou be glo-ri-fied.
 grate-ful love to Thee! More care-ful not to serve Thee much, But to please Thee per-fect-ly.

Paradise! Paradise!

F. W. FABER.

J. BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that lov'd are blest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old: Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I great-ly long to see The spec-ial place my dear-est Lord In love prepares for me.
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love, And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove!

REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - - hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro' in God's most ho - ly sight.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD.

SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on before! Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;

2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, All one body we;

3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - man; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;

4. Onward, then ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph - song; Glory, land, and honor Unto Christ the King;

Forward into bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in chari - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

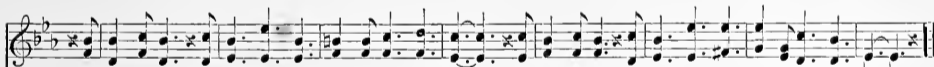
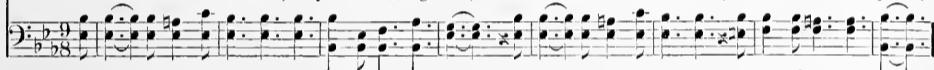
¶ I Could Not Do Without Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG. ARR.



1. I could not do without Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost, Whose precious blood redeem'd me At such tremen-dous cost;
 2. I could not do without Thee, I can-not stand a-lone; I have no strength or goodness, No wisdom of my own;
 3. I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeting fast, And soon in sol-enn si-lence, The riv-er must be pass'd;



Thy righteous-ness, Thy par-don, Thy sac-ri-fice, must be My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea.
 But Thou, be-lov-ed Sav-iour, Art all in all to me, And weak-ness will be pow-er, If lean-ing hard on Thee.
 But Thou wilt nev-er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper, "It is I."



Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

F. POTT.

SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voice-es, ev - er sing-ing, Round Thy throne of light, An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night;
 2. Thou, who art be-yond the far-thest Mor-tal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re-gard-est Songs of sin-ful man?
 3. Here, great God, to-day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee; And for Thine ac-cept-ance prof-fer, All un - wor-thi - ly,

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
 Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voice-es, In our choic-est mel - o - dy.

Doxology. S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One and Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall forever be.

Lead, kindly Light.

Rev. J. H. NEWMAN.

DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a - mid th'encir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

S. STENNETT.

HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits enthron'd Up - on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with ra - diant light is crown'd, His
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair That
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be Thine.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

W. COWPER.

O for a Closer Walk with God.

ROSSINI.



1. O for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove! return,—Sweet messen-ger of rest; I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an ach-ing void The world can never fill.
4. The dear-est i - dol I have known, What'e-r that i - dol be. Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.
5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame; So pur-er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

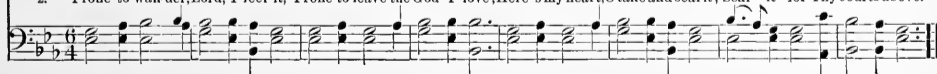


ROBERT ROBINSON.

Come, Thou Fount.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Teach me some me-lodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—Mount of Thy redeeming love.
3. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from danger, In - terpos'd His precious blood.
4. Oh, to grace how great a debtor Dai - ly I'm constrain'd to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
2. Prone to wan-der, 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.



STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

My Saviour.

I. WATTS.

T. A. ARNE.

1. My Saviour, my al-mighty Friend; When I be-gin Thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of Thy grace?
 2. Thou art my ev-er-last-ing trust, Thy goodness I a-dore; And since I knew Thy graces first, I speak Thy glo-ries more.
 3. My feet shall trav-el all the length Of the ce-les-tial road, And march with courage in Thy strength, To see my Fa-ther, God.
 4. How will my lips re-joice to tell The vic-t'ries of my king! My soul redeemed from sin and hell, Shall Thy salva-tion sing.

In the Cross.

Sir J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa-cred story Gathers round its head sublime.
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is here, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

H. STOWELL.

From Every Stormy Wind.

HASTINGS.

The musical score for 'From Every Stormy Wind' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature, and the lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/4 time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is in the key of G major and features a steady, hymn-like melody with a simple bass accompaniment.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'T is found beneath the mercy - seat.
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

XAVIER SCHNYDER.

The musical score for 'Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature, and the lower staff is in bass clef with a 3/8 time signature. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating G major or D minor. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is in the key of G major and features a steady, hymn-like melody with a simple bass accompaniment.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pilgrim, hither come.
2. Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
3. Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain: Ye, by fierce - er an - guish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn.
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound, Peace that ever shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

STANDARD HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

I. WATTS.

I'm Not Ashamed.

Dr. CROFT.

The musical score for 'I'm Not Ashamed' is written in G major and common time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, often in a simple harmonic style.

1. I'm not a-sham'd to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause, Maintain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name, His name is all my trust; Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure What I've commit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
4. Then will He own my worthless name, Be - fore His Father's face, And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS.

Hearer, My God, to Thee.

MASON.

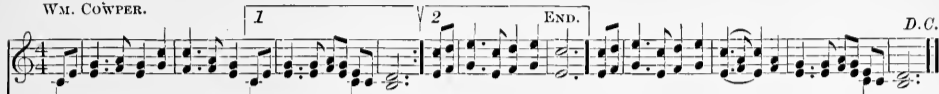
The musical score for 'Hearer, My God, to Thee' is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody features dotted rhythms and rests. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings, and a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) instruction.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross That raiseth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
3. There let the way appear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

There Is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.



1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood. [Omit.] Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
 D.C.—And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, [Omit.] 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 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.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

P. DODDRIDGE.

How Gentle God's Commands.

The musical notation for 'How Gentle God's Commands.' is in 3/4 time. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
 2. His goodness stands ap - prov'd, Unchang'd from day to day! I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

Sweetly Sing the Love of Jesus.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

Arr. from S. DE MEDEL. By per.*

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Jesus! Love for you and love for me; Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free. As a
 2. Glad-ly sing the love of Je - sus! Let us lean upon His arm. If He love us, what can grieve us? If He keep us, what can harm? Still He
 3. Ev - er sing the love of Jesus! Let the day be dark or clear, Ev'ry pain and ev'ry sorrow Bring His own to Him more near. Death's cold

child in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in his mother's breast, As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven, We would come to Him for rest.
 lays His hands in bless - ing On each tim - id lit - tle face, And in heav'n the children's angels Near the throne have always place.
 wave need not af - fright us When we know that He has died, When we see the face of Je - sus Smil - ing on the Oth - er Side!

C. WESLEY.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

MARSH.

END.

D.C.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly; } Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 D.C. *Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O receive my soul at last.*

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; } All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
 { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me; }
 D.C. *Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.*

3. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin! } Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee;
 { Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within. }
 D.C. *Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.*

P. DODDRIDGE.

Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

I. SMITH.

1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to mine ear; Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel - lious man, And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won - drous plan.
 3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'nly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
 4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' everlast - ing days; It lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves the praise.

Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. M. MACKAY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep, A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes!
 2. Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet To be for such a slumber meet, With holy con - fi - dence to sing, That death hath lost his ven - om'd sting!
 3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely bless'd; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

Raise Your Triumphant Songs.

I. WATTS.

MASON.

1. Raise your triumphant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Wide let the earth resound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.
 2. Sing how e - ter - nal love Its chief Be - lov - ed chose, And bade Him raise our wretched race From their a - byss of woes.
 3. His hand no thunder bears, No ter - ror clothes His brow, No bolts to drive our guilt - y souls To fier - er flames be - low.
 4. 'T was mer - cy fill'd the throne, And wrath stood si - lent by, When Christ was sent with pardons down To reb - els doom'd to die.

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