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HYMNAL



OF THE

UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O
thou Most High." PSALM IX. 2.

HARRISBURG, PA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
S. L. WIEST, *Publisher*

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S. L. WIEST, *Publisher.*

1897.

PREFACE.

The first General Conference of the United Evangelical Church, in session at Naperville, Illinois, in December, 1894, authorized the publication of an English Hymn and Tune Book for the use of the Church, and appointed Rev. H. B. Hartzler, D.D., of Northfield, Mass., Bishop W. M. Stanford, A.M., D.D., of Harrisburg, Pa., Rev. J. D. Woodring, A.M., of Allentown, Pa., Rev. Uriah F. Swengel, A.M., of Baltimore, Md., and Prof. Otis L. Jacobs, A.M., of York, Pa., as members of a committee to prepare such a work for the press. Bishop Stanford was chosen as Chairman, and U. F. Swengel, as Secretary of the Committee.

In the prosecution of their work the Committee proceeded first to make a careful selection of the choicest old standard hymns and tunes of the Church universal which have become familiar and dear to Christian hearts by long use and sacred associations. To these were then added a variety of the most desirable of later productions, including Chants and a number of unclassified hymns and tunes. The body of the standard Hymnal was now regarded as complete and adequate for all requirements of the regular public worship of the Church. But it still remained to provide more fully for the various special and social meetings and the protracted revival services of a Church so preeminently evangelistic as the United Evangelical. For this purpose the committee made a collection of the best and most effective of the so-called "Gospel Songs" that could be obtained, as well as a large variety of select Choruses, old and new. Special attention is called to this department of the Hymnal as a new feature in a work of this kind, adapted to meet a popular demand and provide for a growing need.

In the compilation of the Hymnal the Committee exercised great care and made all possible effort to ascertain what hymns and tunes were copyrighted and, in every case so ascertained, to secure permission to use them. Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made of special and highly esteemed favors granted

by Prof. D. B. Towner, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Prof. E. S. Lorenz, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Prof. T. C. O'Kane, Dr. J. E. Rankin, Prof. J. H. Kurzenknebe, Mr. W. L. Thompson and Mrs. A. J. Gordon.

Special mention should be made of the services of Professor Jacobs, who performed the work of Musical Editor, prepared the manuscript for the press, arranged the Indexes of Composers, Authors, Tunes, and First Lines of Hymns, and shared with Dr. Hartzler the task of reading the proofs of the hymns. The Index of Topics was prepared by Rev. J. G. Boughter, and the Index of Scriptural Texts by Rev. E. Crumbling.

Having now completed their assigned work, performed gratuitously, at cost of much time and labor, and under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, the Committee confidently commend this new Hymnal to the Church as the best song collection in existence for the use of the congregations of the United Evangelical people. It is believed that the combination in one volume of the classified standard Church hymns and tunes, some of the best of the Gospel hymns, with Chants, and the revival battle-hymn Choruses so widely used, will meet a want in the Church that no other book can so well supply. In this confidence the book is prayerfully committed to the Church and the providence of God, with the desire and hope that it may serve its high purpose in the assemblies of the saints below until they, in nobler, sweeter songs, shall sing Christ's power to save,

When these poor, lisping, stammering tongues,
Lie silent in the grave.

June 1, 1897.

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Hymnal.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GENEVAN PSALTER.

Musical score for 'Old Hundred' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be-low; Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fath-er, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. —Bishop Thomas Ken.'

2. 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.
 Rev. Isaac Watts.

The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.
 Rev. Isaac Watts.

3. L. M. 6 Lines.
 TO GOD,—the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
 All honor, glory, praise be given,
 By every tongue on earth, in heaven:
 As 't was, is now, and still shall be
 In every age, eternally.

6. S. M.
 TO GOD the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One and Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall forever be.
 Rev. John Wesley.

4. C. M.
 TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God Whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.
 Tate & Brady.

7. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
 O GOD, for ever blest,
 To Thee all praise be given;
 Thy Name Triune confessed
 By all in earth and heaven;
 As heretofore it was, is now,
 And shall be so forevermore.
 Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth.

5. C. M. D.
 THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by His redeeming word
 And new-creating breath;
 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all Divine,

8. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
 TO GOD—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given!
 Crown Him in every song;
 To Him your hearts belong;
 Let all His praise prolong—
 On earth, in heaven.
 Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield.

- 9.** 7, 7, 7, 7.
SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Rev. Charles Wesley.
- 10.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
PRAISE the name of God Most High,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.
- 11.** 7, 7, 7, 7, D.
PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.
Rev. Alexander R. Thompson.
- 12.** 8, 7, 8, 7.
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.
- 13.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One;
Hallelujah!
God, the Lord is God alone.
- 14.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.
Rev. William Goode.
- 15.** 7, 6, 7, 6, D.
GREAT God of earth and heaven!
To Thee our songs we raise;
To Thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess Thee,
Eternal Triune God!
We magnify, we bless Thee,
And spread Thy praise abroad.
- 16.** 7, 6, 7, 6, D.
TO THEE be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.
Rev. Thomas Hawcis.
- 17.** 8, 7, 8, 7, D.
PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.
Josiah Conder.
- 18.** 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From Whom all creatures draw their
breath,
By Whom redemption blessed the earth,
From Whom all comforts flow.
- 19.** 10, 10, 11, 11.
THY glory, O Lord, we joyfully sing;
Thy name be adored, Thou merciful King!
We bless Thee, Jehovah, the great One in
Three,
Who wast, and Who art, and Who ever
shalt be.

PRAYER AND PRAISE—OPENING AND CLOSING.

1. WORSHIP. P. M.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the

beau-ty of ho-li-ness. Glo-ry to the Fath-er abound-ing in mer-cy! Be

CHORUS.

joyful, all ye peo-ple, and mag-ni-fy Je-ho-vah. O glo-ry hal-le-lujah, hal-le-

lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! O come be-fore His pres-ence and glo-ri-fy His name.

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2. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness.

Glory be to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer:
We praise Him, for He loved us, and
brought a great salvation.

3. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness.

Glory to the Spirit, the holy Revealer!
We praise Him with the Father, and
with the Son, our Saviour.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

2. EVENING PRAISE. 7, 7, 7, 4.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heaven is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night

CHORUS.

Sets her even-ing lamps alight Through all the sky. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of

Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee! Heaven and earth are praising Thee. O Lord Most High!

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Lord of Life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace;
For Thou art nigh.</p> <p>3. While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.</p> <p>4. When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.</p> | <p>2. While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Tune our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness,
Our Righteousness.</p> <p>3. While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes,
He intercedes.</p> <p>4. While Thy Word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove,
Our fear remove.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3.
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. TO THY temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat,
The mercy-seat.</p> | <p>5. From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
And at evening let us say,
We have walked with God to-day,
With God to-day.</p> |
|---|---|

Mary A. Lathbury.

James Montgomery.

PRAYER AND PRAISE—OPENING AND CLOSING.

4. OBIEL. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear Lord, once more the note of praise With grateful hearts to Thee we raise;

rit. ad lib.

Webring our work to Thee and pray; O bless what we have done to-day.

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2. Thine all-sufficient grace impart
To every true disciple's heart;
O draw them closer to Thy side,
That faith and love may still abide.
3. Dear Jesus, lead and keep the youth,
And sanctify them through Thy truth;
The children draw to seek Thy face,
And fold them in Thy warm embrace.
4. Come, Holy Spirit, as we part,
With light and life to every heart;
And lead us by Thy hand of love
To our eternal home above.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

5. HEBRON. L. M. Page 35.

1. Before Thy face, my God, I fall,
And claim Thee now, my All in all;
My soul, with expectation sweet,
Lies faint and trembling at Thy feet.
2. My warrant in Thy Word I seek,—
I seek, I find, I hear Thee speak;
Thy voice my bounding spirit thrills,
And all my heart with rapture fills.
3. The blood of Jesus speaks my peace;
I know such love can never cease;
I rest on Him, and need no more
Than Christ, my Lord, forevermore.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

6. LAST BEAM. P. M. Page 285.

1. FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven! the day is declining,
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the
night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning-
bells chime
Shield me from danger, save me from crime.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.
2. Father in heaven! O hear when we call—
Hear for Christ's sake, Who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy night,
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our
light,
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night
taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.

—Anon.

7. BERA. L. M.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD.

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even - ing star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet, - The hour of prayer, The hour of prayer?

2. Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3. Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4. No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5. Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6. Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

2. Blest hour, when God Himself draws nigh
Well-pleased His people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3. Blest hour; for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Rev. Thomas Raffles.

9. FEDERAL ST. L. M. Page 84.

1. AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2. May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's Own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3. O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4. Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

8. HEBRON. L. M. Page 35.

1. BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred Word.

10. LYONS. 10, 10, 11, 11.

JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus
D. S.—His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all. [extol]

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.</p> <p>3. Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.</p> <p>4. Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might.
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.</p> | <p>Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.</p> <p>2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy
space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.</p> <p>3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to
the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.</p> <p>4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Charles Wesley.

Sir Robert Grant.

11.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. O worship the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,</p> | <p>Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend.</p> |
|--|---|

12. 10, 10, 10, 10. See HENLEY, page 9.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord, our parting hymn of
praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease;
Then lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
peace.</p> <p>2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,</p> | <p>That in this house have called upon Thy
name.</p> <p>3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.</p> <p>4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. John Ellerton.

13. FLEMMING. 11, 11, 11, 5.

DR. FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING.

1. Now God be with us, for the night is closing: The light and darkness are of His dis-

pos-ing; And 'neath His shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us.

2. Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master,
o'er us;

In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3. We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But Thee, O Father! Who Thine Own hast
made us;

But Thy dear presence will not leave them
lonely
Who seek Thee only.

4. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy king-
dom given;

Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren.

HENLEY. 10, 10, 10, 10.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac - cord, our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

14. TICHFIELD. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

BRISTOL TUNE BOOK.

1. Gra - cious Lord, to Thee we raise One more note of grate - ful praise, One sweet song from ev - ery heart, One more prayer be - fore we part. O Thou ev - er - last - ing King, Now ac - cept the praise we bring; Hear our prayer, and let us be One in heart and one in Thee.

2. Holy Spirit, while we pray,
Let Thy word take root to-day;
Plant it deep in fruitful soil,
Let no foes the harvest spoil.
Now to every waiting heart,
Thine abundant life impart;
Give to all, with rich increase,
Fruits of love and joy and peace.

3. Jesus, now once more we call,
Let Thy blessing on us fall;
Guide us in Thy righteous ways;
Keep us by Thy mighty grace.
Thine, O Lord, through endless days,
Be the glory, might and praise,
Throned among the heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

DANIEL READ.

15. LISBON. S. M.

1. Lord, at this closing hour, Establish every heart Upon Thy word of truth and power; To keep us when we part.

2. Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In glory and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3. Through changes, bright or drear,
We would Thy will pursue;

And toil to spread Thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4. To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the Church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

E. T. Fitch.

16. TREMONT. 8, 7, 8, 7.

OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gath - er round my low - ly door;
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. O the lost, the forgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!</p> <p>3. Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,—</p> | <p>They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.</p> <p>4. How such holy memories cluster
Like the stars, when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.</p> |
|---|---|

Christopher C. Cox.

17. ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
Fath - er all - glo - rious, O'er all vic - tor - ious, Come and reign ov - er us, Ancient of days.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.</p> <p>3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou Who almighty art,</p> | <p>Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.</p> <p>4. To Thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley.

18. NETTLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

REV. ASAHEL NETTLETON.

Fine.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

2. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

—Anon.

3. O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson.

20.

1. PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine.
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love Divine.

19. AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. Page 117.

1. PRAISE the Lord! ye Heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

2. For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett.

21. SICILY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

SICILIAN MELODY.

1. { Lord, dis . miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem - ing grace.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travel - ing through this wil - der - ness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Rev. John Fawcett.

22.

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

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

23.

1. O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy Divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?
2. Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.
3. While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
4. Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song—
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Rev. Thomas Olivers.

24. HENDON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN.

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do not our
suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
3. In Thine Own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
4. Send some message from Thy Word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
5. Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond.

25.

1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
2. Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
4. Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton.

26. L. M. 6 Lines. See NASHVILLE, page 15.

1. I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;

- His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
3. He loves His saints—He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

27. OAK. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Sav-our, Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me; } In love my soul would bow,
 { Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: }
 My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

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2. At the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 Upward in faith I look,
 Jesus, to Thee.
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.
3. Give me a faithful heart,
 Likeness to Thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.

4. All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

NASHVILLE. L. M. 6 Lines.

1. I'll praise my Mak-er while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
 D. S.—Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures. { My days of praise shall ne'er be past, }
 { While life, and thought and be-ing last, }

28: LISCHER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

F. J. C. SCHNEIDER.

1. { O for a shout of joy, Wor-ty the theme we sing! }
 { To this Di-vine em-ploy Our hearts and voic-es bring; } Sound, sound, through all the earth a-broad

The love, the e-ter-nal love of God, The love, the e-ter - - - nal love of God.

The love, the eternal love of God.

2. Unnumbered myriads stand,
 Of seraphs bright and fair,
 Or bow at Thy right hand,
 And pay their homage there;
 But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
 To sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord.
3. Yet sinners saved by grace,
 In songs of lower key,
 In every age and place,
 Have sung the mystery;
 Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
 Thy love, Thy sovereign love, O Lord.
4. Though earth and hell assail,
 And doubts and fears arise,
 The weakest shall prevail,
 And grasp the heavenly prize,
 And through an endless age record
 Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord.

J. Young.

- Love's sweet lesson to obey;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,
 Loving Him Who first loved me.
2. With a childlike heart of love,
 At Thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him Who first loved me.
3. Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace;
 Learning how to love from Thee,
 Loving Him Who first loved me.
4. Love in loving finds employ;
 In obedience all her joy;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him Who first loved me.

29. ALETTA. 7, 7, 7, 7. Page 19.

1. SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,

5. Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of His love Who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson

30. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

WESTERN AIR.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise; He, justly, claims a song from me—

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

2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

3. Through numerous hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness—O how strong!

5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

31. REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. O THAT I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
And view the form I love so well,
And all His tender words repeat.

2. The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3. This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4. Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Rev. Andrew Reed.

32. BETHANY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Fine. That rais - eth to me. Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;
Near - er to Thee. *D. S.*

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Though like the wanderer,—
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> <p>3. There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> | <p>4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> <p>5. Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

33. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4, 4. See LONGING, page 19.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!</p> <p>2. Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,</p> | <p>Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!</p> <p>3. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!</p> |
|--|--|

Elizabeth P. Prentiss. Ab.

34. ALETTA. 7, 7, 7, 7.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day,
Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

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2. Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

3. Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper

4. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

LONGING. 6. 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 4.

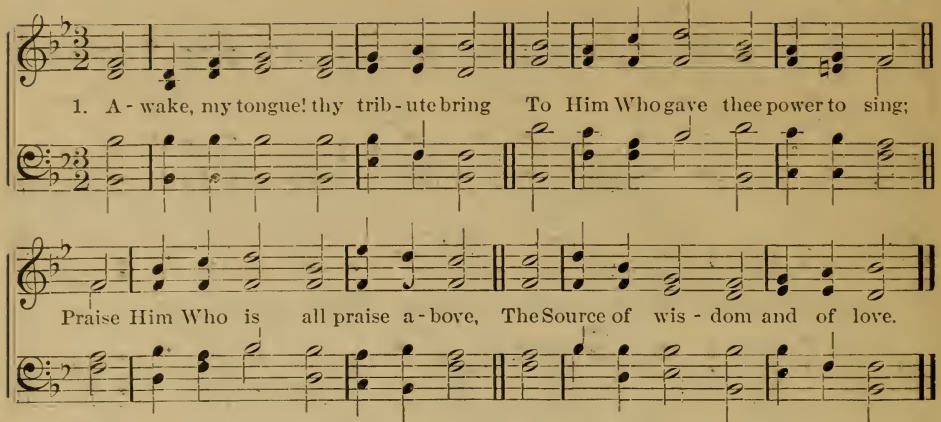
WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE,

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Used by per. of W. H. Doane.

35. HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. A - wake, my tongue! thy trib - ute bring To Him Who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him Who is all praise a - bove, The Source of wis - dom and of love.

2. How vast His knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
3. Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak His wisdom all-Divine.
4. But in redemption—O what grace!
Its wonders—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.
5. So when I pass the vale of death,
And in His arms resign my breath,
Then, then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
6. And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

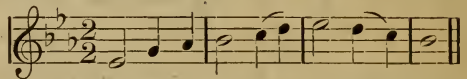
4. But in redemption—O what grace!
Its wonders—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

Rev. John Needham.

36.

1. Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.
2. All worlds His glorious power confess;
His wisdom all His works express;
But O His love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.
3. I spurned His grace—I broke His laws,
But yet He undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel:
My Jesus has done all things well.
4. At last my soul has known His love,
What mercy has He made me prove!
Mercy which doth all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

37. DUKE STREET. L. M. Page 61.



1. JOIN all who love the Saviour's name
To sing His everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him forever to rejoice.

2. With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my soul delights to talk;
On Him I cast my every care;
Like Him one day I shall appear.
3. Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.
4. Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To Him your highest praise belongs;
Bless Him Who does your heaven prepare,
And Whom you'll praise forever there.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

38. RETREAT. L. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

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.

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

William Cowper.

3. There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat;
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5. There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell.

39. ORIEL. L. M. Page 6.

1. WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:

40. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Page 1.

1. ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine Own almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
4. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
5. 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

41. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. O Thou from Whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2. If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
3. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear and remember me.
4. When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, Remember me.
5. And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

Rev. Thomas Haweis.

42.

1. COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
2. So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.
3. Thus all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,

When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

4. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

43. SILOAM. C. M. Page 97.

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
2. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him Whom I adore.
3. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phoebe H. Brown.

44. PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.

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

3. Jesus,—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

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

5. He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

3. We for His sake count all things loss,
On earthly things look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4. O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to prove,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

45. AVON. C. M. Page 47.

1. LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name.

2. To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end.
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

46. AZMON. C. M. Page 39.

1. COME, ye that love the Saviour's name
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2. Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all-Divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3. When, in His earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4. O for the day, that glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate His praise!

Ann Steele.

47. COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Ut-tered or un-ex-pressed,
The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trem-bles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.
6. O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod—
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

James Montgomery.

2. Help us to venture near Thy throne
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
3. Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
4. And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

Rev. John Newton.

48. ORTONVILLE. C. M. Page 45.

1. Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

- 49.
1. WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
 2. Among the saints that fill Thine house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.
 3. How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
 4. How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

50. MARLOW. C. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Talk with me, Lord: Thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel The kind - ling of Thy love.

2. With Thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
3. Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
4. Thou callest me to seek Thy face:
'T is all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.
5. Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

- That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.
4. But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
5. That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the
world,
To bring salvation down.

Rev. James C. Wallace.

51. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. Page 22.

1. THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2. There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.
3. That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;

52.

1. How sweet, to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, Thy will be done!
2. We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
3. O let that Will which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
4. O teach my heart the blessed way,
To imitate Thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen.

59. GERAR. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a-bove, That glorious tem-ple
in the skies, That glorious tem-ple in the skies, Where dwells e-ter-nal Love.

2. Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3. While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4. Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

4. God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5. Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.

60. BOYLSTON. S. M. Page 83.

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3. O for the living flame,
From His Own alter brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

61. LABAN. S. M. Page 77.

1. FATHER, in Whom we live,
In Whom we are and move,
All glory, power and praise receive,
For Thy creating love.

2. O Thou incarnate Word,
Let all Thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For Thy redeeming grace.

3. Spirit of holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4. The grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!

Rev. Charles Wesley

62. ST. THOMAS, S. M.

BARON WILLIAMS.

1. Je - sus, we look to Thee, Thy prom - ised pres - ence claim;

Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sem - bled in Thy name.

2. Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3. Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4. We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5. Present we know Thou art,
But, O Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

6. O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4. Soon shall we hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5. There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond.

64.

1. BLESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2. The Lord Who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

3. He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4. Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

Rev. John Keble.

63.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

65. ELLESDIE. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ARR. FROM MOZART
BY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour! For the day is pass - ing by;

See! the shades of even - ing gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
D. S.—Swift the night of death ad - van - ces; Shall it be the night of rest?

Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,

2. Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

3. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

Mrs. Caroline L. Smith.

66. 11, 12, 12, 10. See NICAËA, page 31.

1. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2. Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3. Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

67. TRUST. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. Qui-et, Lord, my fro-ward heart; Make me teach-a-ble and mild, Up-right,
 sim-ple, free from art, Make me as a lit-tle child, Make me as a
 lit-tle child: From distrust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleas-es Thee.

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2. What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What tomorrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
 'T is enough that Thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?

3. As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone;—
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
 Rev. John Newton.

NICEÆ. 11, 12, 12, 10.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
 Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

68. OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT,
ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;
There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer.

2. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
That we may serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

3. Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4. If Thou these blessings give,
And Thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in Thee.

Rev. John Newton.

5. Thou art the Sea of Love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The Circle where my passions move,
And Center of my soul.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

69.

1. My God, my Life, my Love !
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art All in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is Paradise when Thou art here;
If Thou depart 't is hell.

3. The smilings of Thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heaven to rest in Thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

70. STATE STREET. S. M. Page 65.

1. FATHER! I own Thy voice,
I seek Thy loving face;
The fountain of my sweetest joys
Is Thine abounding grace.

2. Saviour! I cling to Thee,
Thou Victor in the strife;
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,
My Peace, my Hope, my Life.

3. Father! behold Thy child;
Guide me, and guard from ill;
In dangers thick, through deserts wild,
Be my Protector still.

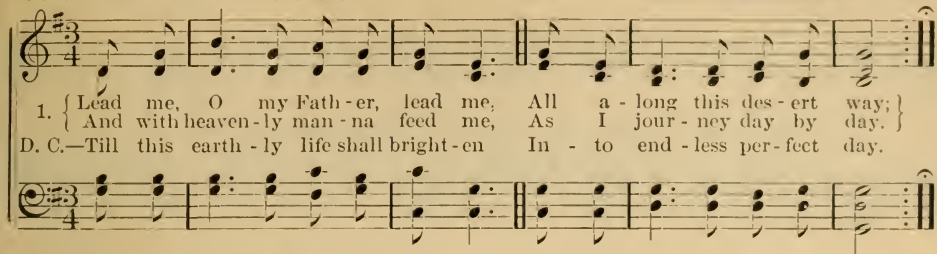
4. Saviour! gird me with power
For Thee the cross to bear;
Victorious in temptation's hour,
Safe from the secret snare.

5. Ancient of days! to Thee
By love celestial drawn,
My soul Thy majesty shall see,
And greet its glory's dawn.

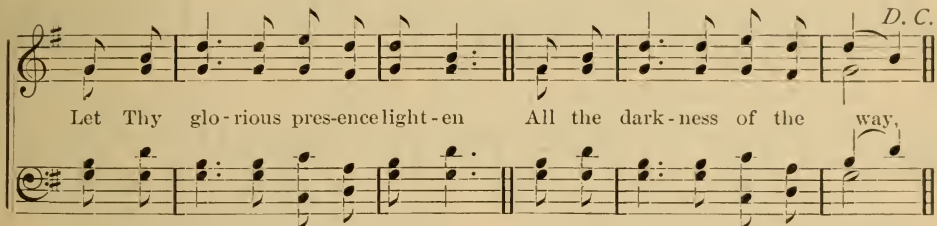
Rev. Samuel Wollcott.

71. SUPPLICATION. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

AMERICAN MELODY.



1. { Lead me, O my Fath-er, lead me, All a - long this des-ert way; }
 And with heav-en-ly man - na feed me, As I jour - ney day by day. }
 D. C.—Till this earth - ly life shall bright-en In - to end - less per - fect day.



Let Thy glo - rious pres-ence light-en All the dark-ness of the way, D. C.

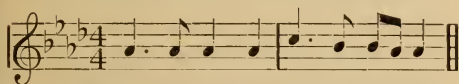
2. Thou art rich in grace and blessing;
 All the stores of heaven are Thine;
 And in Thee all good possessing,
 I rejoice that Thou art mine.
 Though my pilgrim way be dreary,
 And my journey hard and long,
 Thou canst make it bright and cheery,
 And all jubilant with song.
3. Keep my heart from sad repining,
 With the joy that is in Thee;
 And, amid the darkness shining,
 Let me still Thy presence see.
 So my life shall tell the story
 Of Thy faithful, loving care,
 Till I see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy heavenly kingdom share.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

- Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
2. Heaven is still with glory ringing;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High.
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
3. Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored:
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy! blessing
 Thee the Lord of hosts Most High.

Bishop Richard Mant.

72. ELLESDIE. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. Page 30.



1. ROUND the Lord, in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled His temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn:
 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fulness stored;

DOXOLOGY.

- GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Great Jehovah, Three in One:
 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
 Washed us from each spot and stain;
 Glory be to Him Who bought us,
 Made us kings with Him to reign.

73. DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - hovah reigns! His throne is high; His robes are light and ma - jes - ty;

His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.

2. His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

3. Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of His will.

4. And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

75. UXBRIDGE. L. M. Page 70.

1. SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.
2. Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens His power is known,
Through all the earth His goodness shown.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

74.

1. GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3. God is our Sun, He makes our day;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;

3. Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4. He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In Him the poor may safely trust.

5. O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

76. HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue.

2. Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Rev. Isaac Watts.

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.

78. See CREATION, page 286.

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

4. In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

2. The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

77. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Page 1.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

4. Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

4. Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;

6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.

Joseph Addison.

79. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Thou grace Di - vine, en - cir - cling all, A sound - less, shore-less sea,
Where - in at last our souls shall fall, O love of God, most free!

2. And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Still are we held in Thine embrace,
O love of God, most strong!

3. The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God, most kind!

4. But not alone Thy care we claim
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God, within!

5. And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O love of God, to Thee!

Eliza Scudder.

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5. O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home!

Rev. Isaac Watts.

81.

1. O HOW I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

2. Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3. No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.

4. Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

80. MANOAH. C. M. Page 167.

1. O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home!

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3. A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;

82. WILMOT. 8, 7, 8, 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. God is Love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is Wis-dom, God is Love.

2. Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring.

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber,

83. DOBURNANCE. 8, 7, 8, 7. Page 101.

1. THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2. There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3. For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

84. RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8 7. Page 285.

1. O MY soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

2. Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all Who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3. Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4. In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

Anon.

85. EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

1. There seems a voice in ev - ery gale, A tongue in ev - ery flower,

Which tells, O Lord, the won-drous tale Of Thy al - might - y power.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee an anthem raise.</p> <p>3. Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth Thy holy name? -</p> <p>4. All nature's debt is small to mine,
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love Divine—
Immortal life to me. Mrs. Amelia Opie.</p> | <p>Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.</p> <p>2. Thou knowest the pains Thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st Thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.</p> <p>3. Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.</p> <p>4. My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise,
And spread Thy name abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts.

86. ARCADIA. C. M. Page 55.

1. LET every tongue Thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!

87. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. See ARIEL, page 39.

1. THOU God of power, Thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praises angels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice holy, to their God Most High,
Thrice holy, to their King.
2. Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,

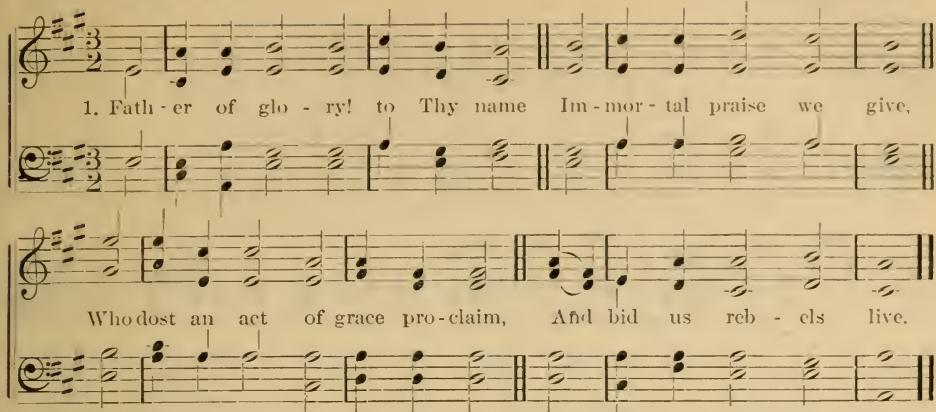
Through Whom this grace is given:
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3. The veil that hides Thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix Thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

John Walker.

88. AZMON. C. M.

CARL G. GLÆSER.



1. Fath-er of glo-ry! to Thy name Im-mor-tal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace pro-claim, And bid us reb-els live.

2. Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes Thine anger cease;
Our lives He ransomed with His Own,
And died to make our peace.
3. To Thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to Thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

- How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
2. How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored!
3. How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

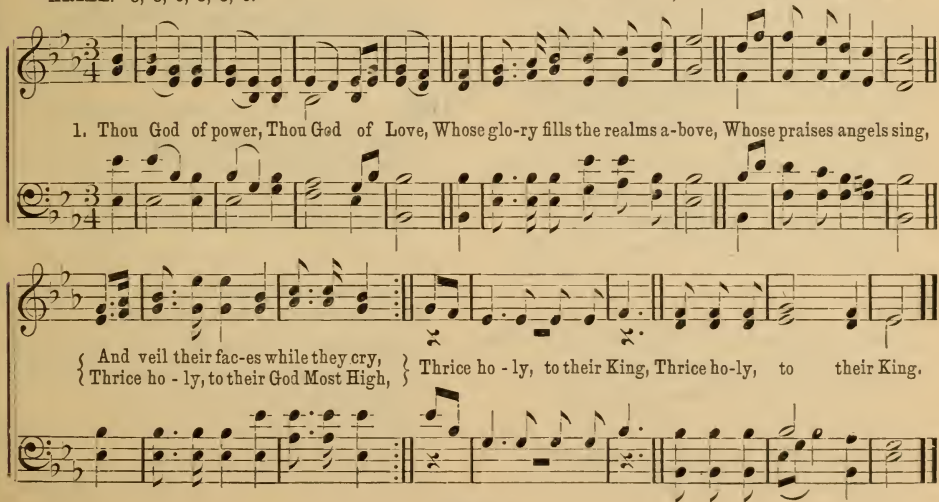
Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

89.

1. My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!

ARIEL 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

ARR. FROM MOZART, BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Thou God of power, Thou God of Love, Whose glo-ry fills the realms a-bove, Whose praises angels sing,
And veil their fac-es while they cry, Thrice ho-ly, to their God Most High, Thrice ho-ly, to their King, Thrice ho-ly, to their King.

90. ANTIOCH, C. M.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

- The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
3. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

92.

1. To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
3. His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

Rev. John Morison.

91.

1. HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
2. He comes the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held;

93. PALMER. 11, 10, 11, 10.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
 dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -
 dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are
 shining;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the
 stall;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining;
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings Divine?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
 mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
 more;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
 gladness;
 Rise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that
 subdued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier
 far;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge
 that pursued them;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots
 of war!

3. Daughter of Zion! the Power that hath
 saved thee,
 Praised with the harp and the timbrel
 should be:
 Shout! for the foe is destroyed that en-
 slaved thee;
 Darkness is vanquished, and Zion is free!

94.

1. DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sad-
 ness:

Αποκ.

95. ATHENS. C. M. D.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come,

With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wings,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

96. VARINA. C. M. D. Page 269.

1. CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches forth
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2. The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3. Glory to God! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
Glory to God! the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Rev. Edmund H. Sears.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears.

97. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The
 an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.

2. "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind),
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

3. "To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:

4. "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

6. "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

2. Thou comest in the darksome night
 To make us children of the light,
 To make us, in the realms Divine,
 Like Thine Own angels round Thee shine.

3. All this for us Thy love hath done;
 By this to Thee our love is won;
 For this we tune our cheerful lays,
 And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther.

99. L. M. See HAMBURG, page 85.

1. WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

3. Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

4. It was my Guide, my Light, my All;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Henry Kirke White.

98. L. M. See UXBRIDGE, page 70.

1. ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord!
 Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
 Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
 While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

100. MIDDLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ENGLISH AIR.

Fine.

1. { Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies? }
 Lo! the an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heaven - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. }
 D. C.—Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God Most High!

List - en to the won - drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

D. C.

2. Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth His glory sing!
 Glad receive Whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest and King.

3. Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His name, and taste His joy;
 Till in heaven you sing before Him,
 Glory be to God Most High!
 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth,
 Spread the brightness of His glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood.

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

101. ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
 His heart is made of ten - der - ness, It melts with pity - ing love.

2. Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For He hath felt the same.

3. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out His cries and tears;
 And, in His measure, feels afresh
 What every member bears.

4. He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

5. Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and His power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In every trying hour. Rev. Isaac Watts.

102. ORTONVILLE, C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. The Sav-iour! O what end-less charms Dwell in the bliss-ful sound! Its in-fluence ev-ery

fear dis-arms, And spreads sweet com-fort round, And spreads sweet com-fort round.

2. Here pardon, life, and joys Divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3. O the rich depth of love Divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4. On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All.

Anne Steele.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop George W. Doane.

103.

1. Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
2. Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

104. NAOMI, C. M. Page 67.

1. THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
2. O let me ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And Thy salvation seek.
3. My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.
4. When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all Thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

Rev. John Cennick.

105. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
5. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

106.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary Rest.
3. Dear name! the Rock on which I build;
My Shield and Hiding-place;

My never-failing Treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Rev. John Newton.

107.

1. JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
3. Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.
4. O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace:
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
5. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name!
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

108. AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - ereign die!
 Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

- See where He bows His sacred head;
 He bows His head and dies.
4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine.
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like Thine?

Rev. Samuel Wesley.

110.

109. ORTONVILLE. C. M. Page 45.

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree;
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee!
2. Hark, how He groans, while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
3. 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid!
 Receive my soul, He cries;

1. JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
 That we might never die;
 And now He reigns supreme, to guide
 His people to the sky.
2. Weak though we are, He still is near
 To lead, console, defend;
 In all our sorrow, all our fear,
 Our all-sufficient Friend.
3. From His high throne in bliss He deigns
 Our every prayer to heed;
 Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
 Supplies our every need.
4. And from His love's exhaustless spring,
 Joys like a river come,
 To make the desert bloom and sing,
 O'er which we travel home.
5. O Jesus, there is none like Thee,
 Our Saviour and our Lord;
 Through earth and heaven exalted be,
 Beloved, obeyed, adored.

Baptist W. Noel.

111. MOUNT OLIVET. L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

112.

1. LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
2. When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
3. O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,
4. Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;

And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How.

113. BALERMA. C. M. Page 195.

1. I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
2. Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair:
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
4. A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayest live.
5. Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

Rev. John Newton.

114. OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. 'T is midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:

T is midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Sav-iour prays a - lone.

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See also SOLITUDE, page 283.

2. 'T is midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
3. 'T is midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, Who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.
4. 'T is midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Rev. William B. Tappan.

Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5. Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.
Rev. John W. Cunningham.

115.

1. FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour, every mournful word
Bespeaks Thy soul's deep agony.
2. A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
3. The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These Thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled His face,
Unutterable pangs were Thine.
4. Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;

116. WARD. L. M. Page 261.

1. 'T is finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
'T is finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.
2. 'T is finished! all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
3. 'T is finished! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.
4. 'T is finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'T is finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

117. DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

REV. GEORGE COLES.

1. He dies, the Friend of sinners dies; Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies;
D. S.—He shed a thousand drops for you,

A sudden trembling shakes the ground: Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him Who groaned beneath your load:
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids Him rise:
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him, Welcome to the skies!

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns:
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains!
 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
 And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Rev. Isaac Watts.

SPANISH HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
D. C.—Turn not from His grief a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Fine.

D. C.

118. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds aloud from Calva - ry ; See, it rends the rocks a-sunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; "It is finished!" Hear the dying Saviour cry. "It is finished!" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,

- Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Rev. Jonathan Evans.

119. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. See SPANISH HYMN, page 50.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
2. Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's Own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery,

120. CRUCIFIX. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

GREEK MELODY.

1. { O sa - cred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; }
 Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; } O sa - cred head, what glo - ry,

What bliss till now was Thine! Yet though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain;
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'T is I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
3. What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?

O make me Thine forever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.

4. Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me;
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free:
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing
 Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

121. 8, 7, 8, 7. See BARTIMEUS, page 53;
 or RATHBUN, page 284.

1. IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred 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. When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
5. In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring.

122. DORT. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Rise, glo - rious Conqueror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies; As - sume Thy right;

{ And where in many a fold, } Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light.
{ The clouds are backward rolled, }

2. Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train.
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.
3. Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow!

- Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown!
4. Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine Own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges.

BARTIMEUS. 8, 7, 8, 7.

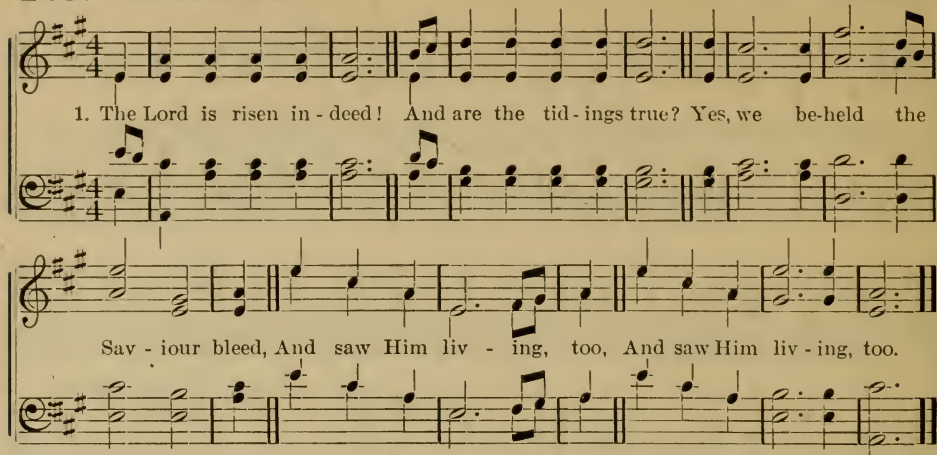
DANIEL READ.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

123. BENJAMIN. S. M.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN.



1. The Lord is risen in - deed! And are the tid - ings true? Yes, we be - held the
Sav - iour bleed, And saw Him liv - ing, too, And saw Him liv - ing, too.

2. The Lord is risen indeed!
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

3. The Lord is risen indeed!
Then is His work performed;

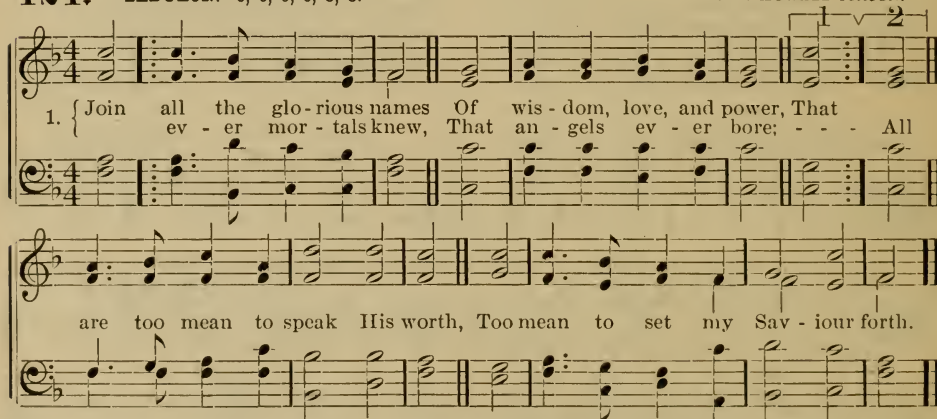
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4. The Lord is risen indeed!
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Rev. Thomas W. Kelly.

124. ZEBULON. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. { Join all the glo - rious names Of wis - dom, love, and power, That
ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore; - - - All
are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Sav - iour forth.

2. Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue shall bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of my salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3. Jesus, my great High Priest,
Has shed His blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

125. ARCADIA. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand
thous-and are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

126.

1. THE head that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2. The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords;
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:

3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4. To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5. They suffer with their Lord below
The reign with Him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of His love.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

127. DOWNS. C. M. Page 158.

1. O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

2. When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

3. O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

4. May every tongue confess Thy name;
May all Thy love adore;
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5. Thee may our hearts forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND EXALTATION.

128. ROTHWELL, L. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



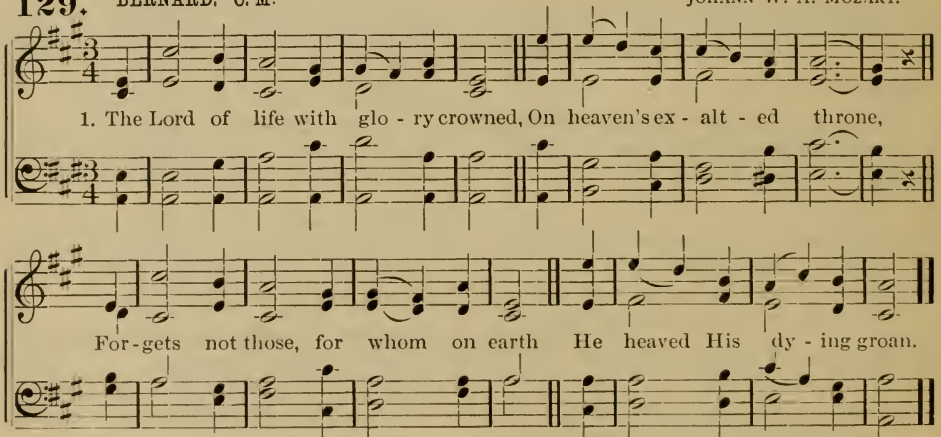
1. He lives! the great Re - deem - er lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives! And now, be -
 fore His Fath - er, God, Pleads the full mer - its of His blood, Pleads the full mer - its of His blood.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice armed with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.</p> <p>3. Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts!
 Above our fear, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.</p> | <p>4. In every dark, distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on His heart.</p> <p>5. Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
 On Him our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads and must prevail.</p> |
|---|---|

Anne Steele.

129. BERNARD, C. M.

JOHANN W. A. MOZART.



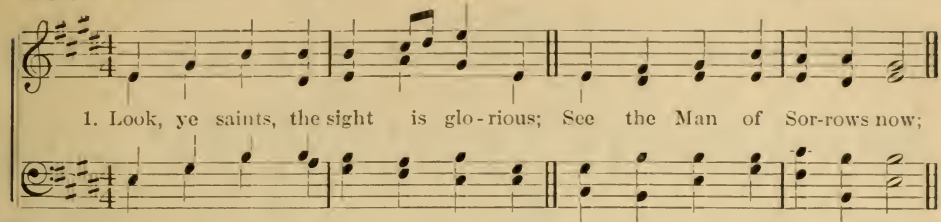
1. The Lord of life with glo - ry crowned, On heaven's ex - alt - ed throne,
 For - gets not those, for whom on earth He heaved His dy - ing groan.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. His greatness now no tongue of man
 Or seraph bright can tell;
 Yet still the chief of all His joys,
 That souls are saved from hell.</p> | <p>3. Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
 Your grateful praise to give;
 Sing loud hosannas to His name,
 With Whom you too shall live.</p> |
|---|---|

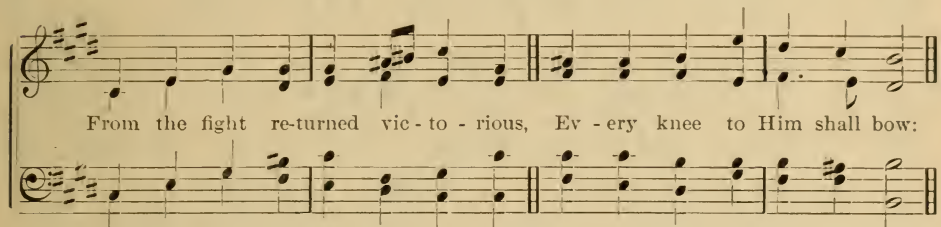
Rev. Ralph Wardlaw.

130. MULLEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

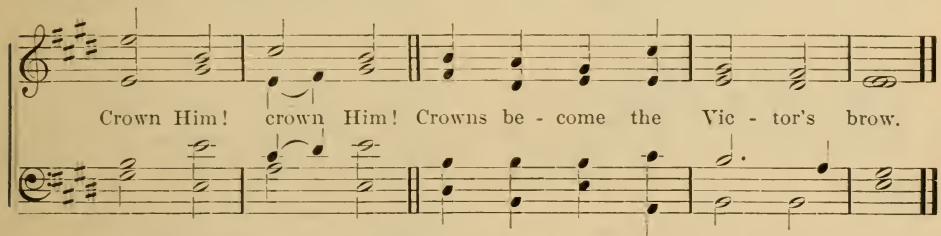
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious; See the Man of Sor-rows now;



From the fight re-turned vic-to-ri-ous, Ev-ery knee to Him shall bow:



Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.

2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him;
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

131. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Page 51.

1. COME, ye saints, behold and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2. Jesus triumphs; sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3. Jesus triumphs; countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

132. SEYMOUR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

ARR. FROM CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death yield up thy might - y prey;

See, the Sav - iour leaves the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

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

2. Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3. Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine Own.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

Rev. Thomas Scott.

133.

1. CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

4. Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

DIX. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

DR. WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. { Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true and on - ly Light, }
{ Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; }

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.

134. AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN.

1. { Je - sus, hail, enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; }
 { All the heav - en - ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fath - er's side. }

There for sin - ners Thou art pleading; There Thou dost our place pre - pare;

Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

2. Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell.

135. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. See DIX, page 58.

1. CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,

Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till Thou inward life impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. Visit then this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief:
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

136. GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and tra - vail cease;
D. C.—Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace.

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease;

2. Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory
 When Thou comest back to reign;
 Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain.
3. Long Thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
 But, in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see;
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee.
4. With that blessed hope before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty advent chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Rev. John R. Macduff.

- Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
3. Every island, sea and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!
4. Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
5. Answer Thine Own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, and quickly come;
 The new heaven and earth to inherit
 Take Thy pining exiles home;
 All creation
 Travails, groans and bids Thee come.
6. Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine Own:
 O come quickly;
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

Rev. Charles Wesley. Rev. Martin Madan.

137. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Page 115.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for guilty sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
2. Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;

138. DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. The day of wrath, that dread - ful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a - way!

What power shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2. When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead!
3. O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!
- Sir Walter Scott

139. SOLNEY. 8, 7, 8, 7.

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.

1. Lo, the day of Christ's ap - pear - ing, Day of life and day of light,

Day when death it - self shall per - ish, Day which ne'er shall set in night.

2. See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long,
Long implored, at length He hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.
3. O how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
Jesus face to face shall see!
4. Blessed then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide!
5. What will be the bliss and rapture,
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

Mrs. E. Charles, tr.

140. GOTTSCHALK. 7, 7, 7, 7.

ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth Di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
 Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.

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2. Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
 Glow within this heart of mine;
 Kindle every high desire;
 Perish self in Thy pure fire.
3. Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
 King within my conscience reign;
 Be my Law, and I shall be
 Firmly bound, forever free.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

141.

1. GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine,
 Let Thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove;
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God;
 Wash me in His precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me impart;
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Breathe Thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
4. Let me never from Thee stray;
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy Divine;
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker.

142.

1. HOLY Ghost! with light Divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn my darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost! with power Divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long hath sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost! with joy Divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Rev. Andrew Reed.

143.

1. HOLY Spirit! gently come,
 Raise us from our fallen state;
 Fix Thy everlasting home
 In the hearts Thou didst create.
2. Now Thy quickening influence bring,
 On our spirits sweetly move;
 Open every mouth to sing
 Jesus' everlasting love.
3. Take the things of Christ, and show
 What our Lord for us hath done;
 May we God the Father know
 Through His well-beloved Son.

Rev. William Hammond.

144. HEBRON, L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, calm my mind, And fit me to ap-proach my God;
Re-move each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to Thy blest a-bode.

2. Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.
3. A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

John Stewart.

145.

1. LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
2. Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
3. If every one that asks may find,—
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.
4. Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

146.

1. ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;

- Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God, the Father, and the Son.
2. Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge, too.
3. Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

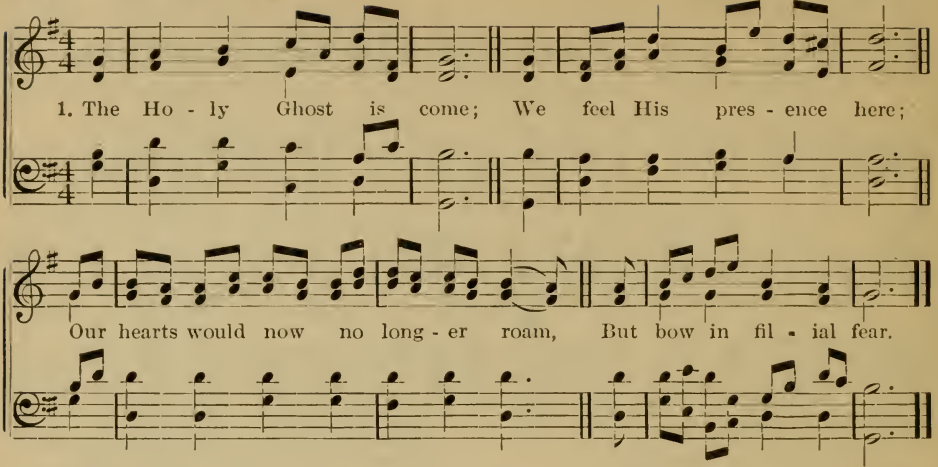
147.

1. COME, O Creator Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
2. Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God Most High!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!
3. Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
4. Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Rev. Edward Caswall, Tr.

148. SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

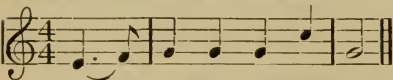


1. The Ho - ly Ghost is come; We feel His pres - ence here;
Our hearts would now no long - er roam, But bow in fil - ial fear.

2. This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,
'T is heaven descending from above
To fill this favored hour.
3. Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light securely shines,
And every heart, Divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.
4. No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray;
O let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

Anon.

149. LABAN. S. M. Page 77.



1. WE meet now in Thy name,
We plead Thy promise, Lord,
Thy presence with us, Lord, we claim
According to Thy word.
2. Breathe on each waiting soul,
And may we all receive
The Holy Ghost, in us to dwell,
Our hearts ne'er more to leave.
3. Fill us with peace and joy,
Thou, Who for us wast slain;
We'll others tell and others bring
To meet Thee here again.

Anon.

150. ST. THOMAS. S. M. Page 145.



1. THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift, He's near
Each pleading company.
2. Not far away is He,
To be by prayer brought nigh;
But here in present majesty,
As in His courts on high.
3. He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest,
He reigns with absolute control,
As monarch in the breast.
4. Our bodies are His shrine,
And He, the indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter Divine,
Be evermore adored.
5. Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon

151. STATE STREET, S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love Di - vine;

And, with un - fal - tering lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine.

2. I praise the God of peace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

3. 'T is He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me;
I live because He lives.

4. My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away;
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

5. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart.

152.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4. 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

153. BOYLSTON, S. M. Page 83.

1. LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

3. The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4. Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre-shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

5. Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our Guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery.

154. ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 6 Lines.

DIMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And ligh-ten with ce-les-tial fire; Thou the anointing Spir-it art,

Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart; Thy blessed unction from a-bove Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2. Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

3. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This theme may be our endless song:
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Bishop John Cosin, tr. Rabanus Maurus.

155. 7, 7, 7, 7, D. See FAITHFUL GUIDE, page 67.

1. HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, Wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2. Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;

When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, Wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3. When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus blood;
Whisper softly, Wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

M. M. Wells.

156. NAOMI. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O Ho-ly Ghost, I wel - come Thee, With all my heart of love,

For Thou art come with gifts for me From my dear Lord a - bove.

2. Come in, blest Spirit, and reveal
My absent Lord in me;
Come, testify of Him, and seal
His word of truth to me.
3. Bring some love tokens, fresh and sweet,
From His Own hand to me,
While onward still, with eager feet,
I haste His face to see.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

157.

1. O HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
How is Thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.
2. Great are Thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is Thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

Anon.

FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand,
D. S.—Whispering soft-ly, Wanderer come!

Fine. Pilgrims in a des - ert land; Wea-ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice
Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home. *D. S.*

158. AVON, C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;

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

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!</p> <p>3. In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.</p> <p>4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?</p> <p>5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.</p> | <p>3. Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame.
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.</p> <p>4. Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.</p> <p>5. Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Andrew Reed.

159.

1. SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come.
2. Come as the light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

160.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
2. Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the Sacred Book.
3. Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

161. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

FROM CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

1. Spirit of faith, come down, Reveal the things of God, And make to us the Godhead known,

And wit-ness with the blood. 'Tis Thine the blood to apply, And give us eyes to see,

Organ.

That He Who did for sin - ners die, Hath sure - ly died for me.

2. No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in His blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3. O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of His name.
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

162. See AVON, page 68.

1. I WORSHIP Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for Thy company.

2. I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
I grieved Thee long, alas! Thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3. I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost,
At last it conquered me!

4. I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
With Thee each day is pentecost,
Each night nativity.

Rev. W. F. Warren.

163. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. God, in the Gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known;

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.

2. Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
3. The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.
4. Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
5. O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy Word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by His holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

4. But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir Robert Grant.

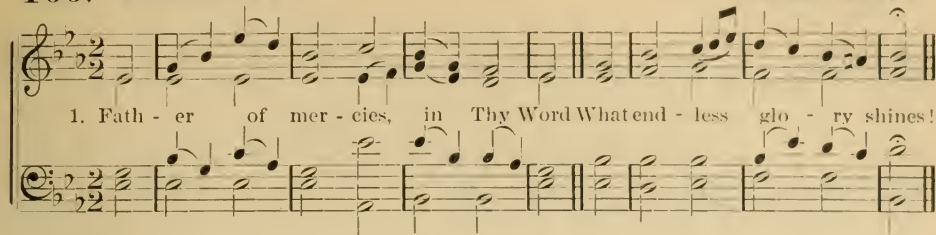
165. ORTONVILLE. C. M. Page 45.

1. THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written Word.
2. The hopes that holy Word supplies,
Its truths Divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.
3. Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
1. THE Gospel! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.
2. Here pardon, life, and joy Divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
3. The Almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.
4. How rich the depths of love Divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call Thee mine,—
Thy fullness I implore.
5. On Thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

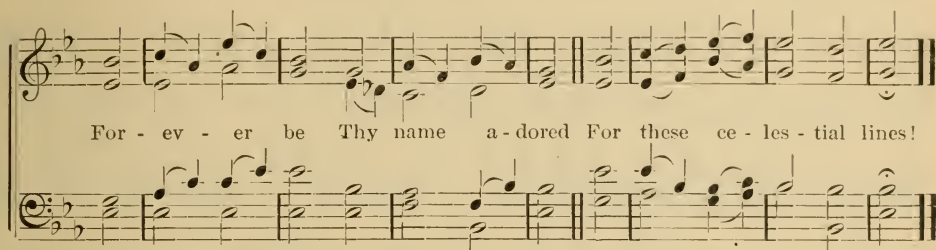
Anne Steele.

166. WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Fath - er of mer - cies, in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!



For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines!

2. Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3. Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy Sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

3. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

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

Rev. John Fawcett.

168.

1. THY Law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.

2. Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

3. By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4. So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my Strength and Righteousness,
With Thee acceptance find.

James Montgomery.

167. AZMON. C. M. Page 39.

1. How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

1. The Spirit breathes upon the Word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and
 prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light, A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.

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2. A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
3. The Hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but never set.
4. Let everlasting thanks be Thine
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper.

170.

1. THE counsels of redeeming grace
 The sacred leaves unfold,
 And here the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptured eyes behold.
2. Here light, descending from above,
 Directs our doubtful feet;
 Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.
3. Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
 And all our wants supplied;
 Naught we can ask to make us blest,
 Is in this Book denied.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

171.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
3. Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love Thy Law, my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

172.

1. LORD, I have made Thy Word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
2. I'll read the histories of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight,
 While through Thy promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.
3. 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

173. ELTHAM, 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book Di - vine, Pre - cious, treas - ure, thou art mine; }
 Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am. }

Mine, to chide..... me when I rove; Mine, to show..... a Saviour's love;
 Mine, to chide Mine, to show

Mine, to chide Mine, to show

Mine art thou, to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, con - demn, ac - quit.

2. Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 Light and life beyond the tomb;
 Holy Bible, Book Divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, Sr.

GRIGG, C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

174. MENDEBRAS. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

GERMAN MELODY. ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright! } On thee, the high and low-ly,

Through a - ges joined in tune, Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

2. To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3. New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

3. Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, His Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heaven in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

175. CHRISTMAS. C. M. Page 43.

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His Own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2. To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

176. AVON. C. M. Page 68.

1. BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The toiler's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of joy and praise.

2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and Divine,
Beyond all other days.

3. The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

Rev. John Mason.

THE LORD'S DAY.

177. AMES. L. M.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth by night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word;

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how Divine!

4. When shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy?

Rev. Isaac Watts.

178. LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise : Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

2. The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day, within the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

179. BALERMA. C. M.

ARR. BY ROBERT SIMPSON.

1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear, Re - pent, thy 'end is nigh!
 Death, at the farth - est, can't be far; O think be - fore thou die.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Reflect—thou hast a soul to save;
 Thy sins—how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dread account?</p> <p>3. Death enters—and there's no defense;
 His time, there's none can tell;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven or down to hell!</p> | <p>4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
 Shall into dust consume;
 But ah! destruction stops not there—
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.</p> <p>5. To-day the Gospel calls, to-day;
 Sinner, it speaks to you;
 Let every one forsake his way,
 And mercy will ensue.</p> |
|---|--|

Joseph Hart.

180. ALETTA. 7, 7, 7, 7.

WILLIAM BRADBURY.

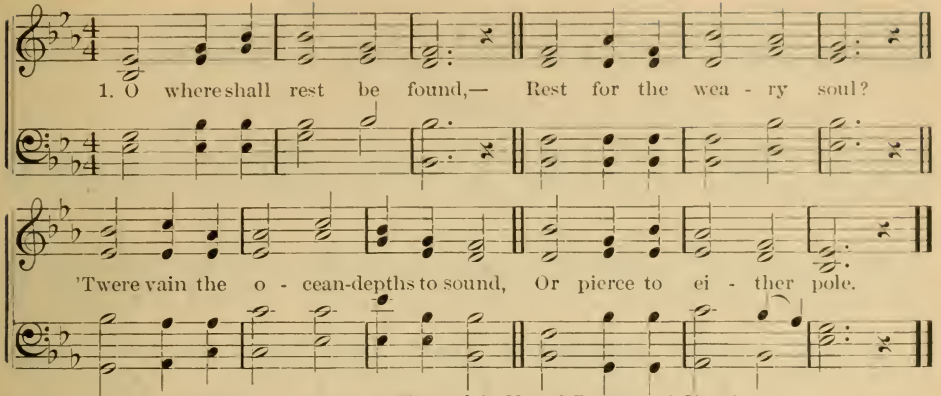
1. Je - sus! full of truth and love, I Thy kind - est call o - bey;
 Faith - ful let Thy mer - cies prove; Take my load of guilt a - way.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of myself and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life;</p> | <p>3. Lo, I come to Thee for ease,
 True and gracious as Thou art;
 Now my groaning soul release,
 Write forgiveness on my heart.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley.

181. STANFORD. S. M.



1. O whereshall rest be found,— Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.</p> <p>3. Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.</p> | <p>4. There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!</p> <p>5. Thou God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,
 For evermore undone.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">James Montgomery.</p> |
|--|---|

182. LABAN. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Thou Lord of all a - bove, And all be - low the sky, Pres -
 trate be - fore Thy feet I fall, And for Thy mer - cy cry.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Forgive my follies past,
 The crimes which I have done;
 Bid a repenting sinner live,
 Through Thine incarnate Son.</p> <p>3. Guilt, like a heavy load,
 Upon my conscience lies;</p> | <p>To Thee I make my sorrows known,
 And lift my weeping eyes.</p> <p>4. The burden which I feel,
 Thou canst alone remove;
 Do Thou display Thy pardoning grace,
 And Thine unbounded love.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

183. PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.

1. Sinners, o - bey the gos - pel Word, Haste to the sup - per of your Lord; Be wise to know the gracious day; All things are read-y, come a - way, All things are read-y, come a - way.

2. Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss His late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
3. Ready the Spirit of His love,
The stony heart to melt and move,
To apply, and witness with His blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.
4. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready, with Their shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead's alive! the lost is found!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

184.

1. LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates;
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
2. Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
3. So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Eternal praise, my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

Rev. Georg Weissel, tr. Catherine Winkworth.

185.

1. LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you the Saviour suffered pain;
For you He shed His precious' blood;
And shall He bleed for you in vain?
2. Sinners, His life for you He paid;
Your basest crimes in anguish bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might go and sin no more.
3. To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come at last to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sins shall be forgiven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

186.

1. NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the son of God, appear;
No weapons in His hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
2. Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent His Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in His mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys His lips afford;
His hands a thousand blessings give.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

187. MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark des-pair, We wretch-ed sin-ners lay;
 With-out one cheer-ing beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and, O amazing love!
 He ran to our relief.

5. The depth of all-redeeming love,
 What angel tongue can tell?
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

3. Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste He sped;
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4. O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Saviour's praises speak.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

189.

1. THERE is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the wings Divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
 O be that refuge mine!

2. The least and feeblest there abide,
 Uninjured and unawed;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 They rest secure in God.

3. The angels watch them on their way,
 And aid with friendly arm;
 And Satan, roaring for his prey,
 May hate, but cannot harm.

4. They feed in pastures large and fair
 Of love and truth Divine.
 O child of God, O glory's heir,
 How rich a lot is thine!

5. A hand almighty to defend,
 An ear for every call,
 An honored life, a peaceful end,
 And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

188.

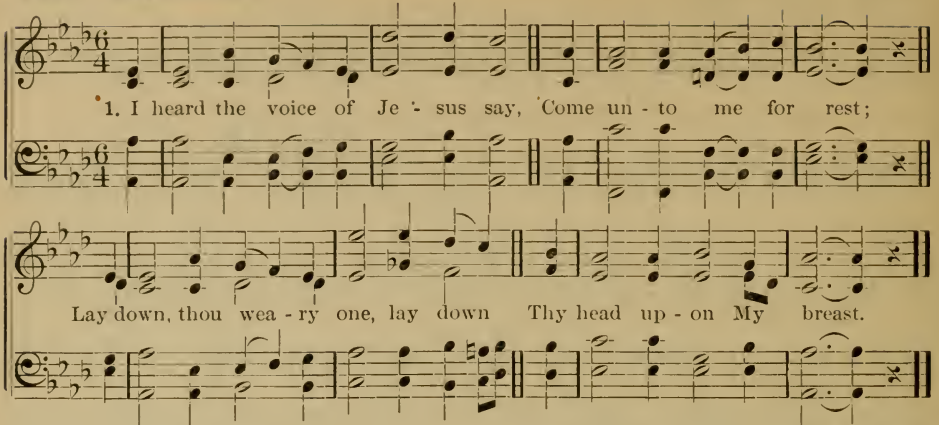
1. WHAT shall I do my God to love?
 My loving God to praise?
 The length and breadth and height to prove
 And depth of sovereign grace?

2. Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined;
 From age to age it never ends;
 It reaches all mankind.

3. Throughout the world its breadth is known,
 Wide as infinity:
 So wide it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.

4. My trespass was grown up to heaven;
 But, far above the skies,
 Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see Thy mercies rise.

190. HAROLD. C. M.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me for rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.

2. I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!
4. I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
5. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.
6. I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.
3. Come, then, with all your wants and
Your every burden bring; [wounds,
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
4. Whoever will (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
5. Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

192.

1. SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by His sacred Word
From sin's destructive way.
2. Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
3. All those who turn to God shall live,
Through His abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those, who seek His face.
4. Bow to the sceptre of His Word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn His will Divine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

191.

1. O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
2. Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Rev. John Fawcett.

193. FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WESTERN AIR.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-manuel's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-
neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Fine. *D. S.*

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

4. Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

194.

1. SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace Divine,
To see the heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

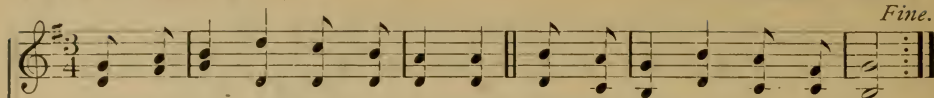
195. WOODLAND. C. M. Page 138.

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'T was grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

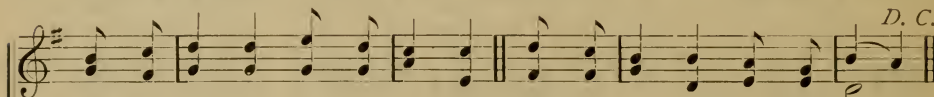
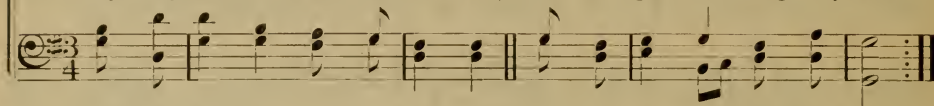
Rev. John Newton.

196. BAVARIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

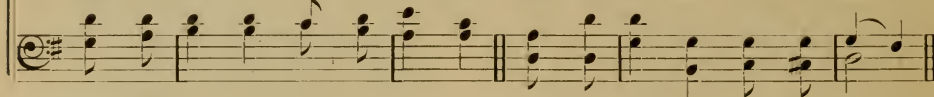
GERMAN MELODY.

Fine.

1. { Hail, Thou once - de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou ev - er - last - ing, King! }
 Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. }
D. C.—By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through Thy name.



Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!



2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

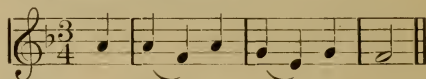
3. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding
 Till in glory we appear.

Rev. John Bakewell.

3. Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

198. DENNIS, S. M. Page 181.



1. GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
 Harmonious to mine ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

197. LABAN, S. M. Page 127.

1. NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

199. BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul; Not

what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load. | Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within. |
| 3. Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin; | 4. Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free. |

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

200. LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. Na - ture with o - pen vol - ume stands To spread her Ma - ker's praise a - broad,

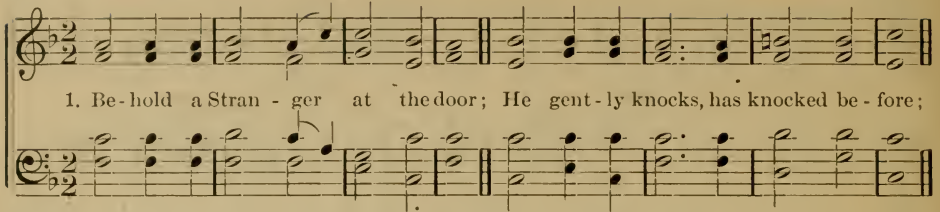
And ev - ery la - bor of His hands Shows something worth - y of a God.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines. | Its noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side. |
| 3. O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died! | 4. I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne. |

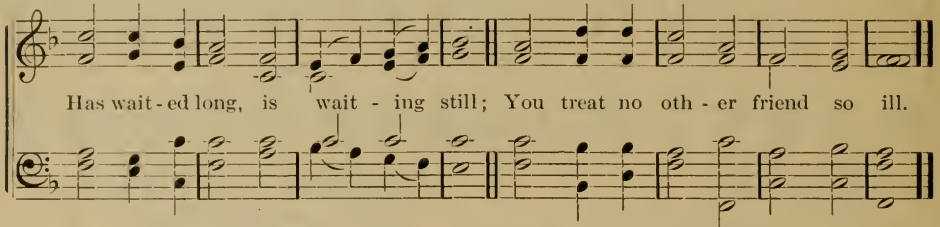
Rev. Isaac Watts.

201. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door; He gent-ly knocks, has knocked be-fore;



Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

2. O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
3. Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
4. Admi Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg.

202.

1. Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'T is God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.
2. Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all.
3. See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

Rev. John Wesley.

203.

1. WHY seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashe, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.
2. Harken to Me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of My mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.
3. I bid you all My goodness prove,
My promises for all are free;
Come, taste the manna of My love,
And let your souls delight in Me.
4. Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quickened your souls, by faith Divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

Rev. John Wesley.

204.

1. COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
2. Oppressed with guilt—a painful load—
O come and bow before your God;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Anne Steele.

205. HAMBURG. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come hith-er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav - y - la - den sin - ners, come;

I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to My heav - en - ly home.

2. They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4. Jesus, we come at Thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

206.

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
3. In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer;
No Saviour call you to the skies.
4. Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear;

Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

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

Rev. Timothy Dwight.

207. PARK STREET. L. M. Page 78.

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
2. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayest not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.
5. Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde.

208. GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1. Re-turn, O wan-derer, now re-turn, And seek thy Fath-er's face;

Those new de-sires, which in Thee burn, Were kin-dled by His grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, now return:
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3. Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely He'll give.

4. Return, O wanderer, now return;
And wipe the fallen tear:
Thy Father calls; no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

5. Return, O wanderer, now return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to His breast.

Rev. William B. Collyer.

3. Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4. Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5. The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

209.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2. Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

210. AZMON. C. M. Page 103.

1. AMAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in His hands
To satisfy the poor.

2. Behold, He saith, I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3. Will you despise My bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

Henry Alline.

211. ORWIG. C. M.

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; Come, with your guilt and

Fine. *D. S.*
 fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve: And make this last re-solve: And make this last resolve:

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2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know His courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
3. Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without His sovereign grace.
4. I'll to my gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;

- Perhaps He may command a touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
5. Perhaps He may admit my plea,
 Perhaps He'll hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
6. I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

Edmund Jones.

TENNESSEE. C. M. D.

ROBERT BOYD.

1. { Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; } I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 { Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve: }

Hath like a moun-tain rose; I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.

212. LANESBORO. C. M. 5 Lines.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Wouldst thou e-ter - nal life obtain? Now to the cross re-pair; There stand and gaze and weep and pray Where Je - sus breathes His life a - way; E - ter - nal life is there.

2. Go; there from every streaming wound,
Flows rich atoning blood;
That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.
3. Go; at that cross thy heart, subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life, from Christ, to thee
A vital stream shall flow.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

213. HORTON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Z. S. VON WARTENSEE.

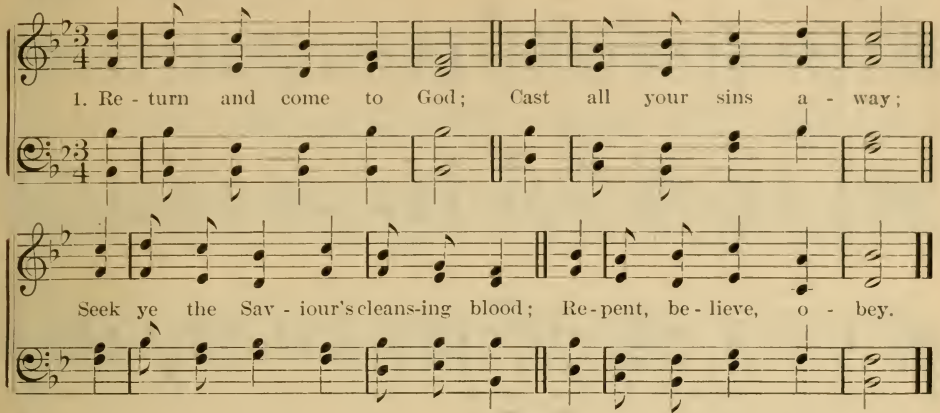
1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wis - dom warns thee, from the skies, All the paths of death to shun.

2. Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.
3. Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
- Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvations work is done.
4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Rev. Thomas Scott.

214. STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.



1. Re - turn and come to God; Cast all your sins a - way;
 Seek ye the Sav - iour's cleans - ing blood; Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.

2. Say not ye cannot come;
 For Jesus bled and died,
 That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.
3. Say not ye will not come;
 'T is God vouchsafes to call;
 And fearful will their end be found,
 On whom His wrath shall fall.
4. Come then, whoever will,
 Come while 't is called to-day;
 Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;
 Repent, believe, obey.

Bishop George W. Doane.

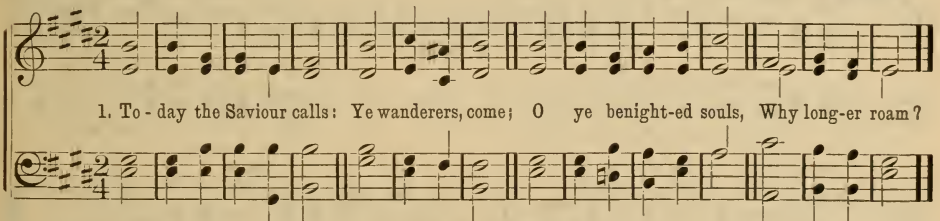
215.

1. ALL things are ready, come;
 Come to the supper spread;
 Come, rich and poor, come old and young,
 Come, and be richly fed.
2. All things are ready, come;
 The door is open wide;
 O feast upon the love of God,
 For Christ, His Son, has died.
3. All things are ready, come;
 To-morrow may not be;
 O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
 This hour to welcome thee.

Rev. Albert Midlane.

216. AMOY 6, 4, 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. To - day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come; O ye benight-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls:
 O listen now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls:
 For refuge fly;
4. The Spirit calls to-day:
 Yield to His power;
 O grieve Him not away,
 'T is mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

217. BELMONT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

ANON.

Fine.

1. Sin-ners, will you scorn the mes-sage Sent in mer-cy from a - bove?
D. C.—Lis-ten to it; Lis - ten to it; Ev - ery line is full of love.

Ev - ery sen - tence, O how ten-der! Ev - ery line is full of love;
D. C.

2. Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in His name:
How important!
Free forgiveness in His name.
3. Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4. O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen.

SEGUR. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

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218. NETTLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power: }

D. C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

2. Now, ye needy, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Sweetly echo with His name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

Rev. Joseph Hart.

3. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4. Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry before He dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

5. Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of His blood:
 Venture on Him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

6. Saints and angels joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven

219. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7, Page 115.

1. COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
 By the perfect law convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown:
 Look to Jesus;
 Mercy flows through Him alone.

2. Take His easy yoke and wear it;
 Love will make obedience sweet;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While His wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where His ransomed captives meet.

3. Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly-opened eyes,
 Or full springs in desert dreary,
 Is the rest the cross supplies;
 All who taste it,
 Shall to rest immortal rise.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

220. MARTYN. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Sin - ners, turn ; why will you die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why ; }
 { God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live ; }

D. C.—Why, you thank-less creat-ures, why Will you cross His love and die?

D. C.

He the fa - tal cause de - mands ; Asks the work of His Own hands ;

2. Sinners, turn; why will you die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 Christ, Who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that you might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, you ransomed sinners, why
 Will you slight His grace, and die?

3. Sinners, turn; why will you die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He Who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love:
 Will you not His grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

Rev. Charles Wesley.

221. EXPOSTULATION. 11, 11, 11, 11.

JOSHIAH HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh ?

Now Je-sus invites you, the Spir-it says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'T is you He bids welcome; He bids you come
 home.

3. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
 Come, wretched and starving—come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

Joshiah Hopkins.

222. HALLOWED SPOT, P. M.

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

Fine.

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or moun-tain; }
 { A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its foun-tain; }
D. C.—But where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.

'Tis not where kin-dred souls abound, Though that is al-most heav-en;

D. C.

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2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
 Long tossed upon the ocean,
 Above me was the thunder's roar,
 Beneath, the wave's commotion.
 Darkly the pall of night was thrown
 Around me, faint with terror;
 In that dark hour how did my groan
 Ascend for years of error.
3. Sinking and panting as for breath,
 I knew not help was near me,
 And cried, O save me, Lord, from death;
 Immortal Jesus, hear me.
 Then, quick as thought, I felt Him
 mine—
 My Saviour stood before me;
 I saw His brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, Glory! Glory!
4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love Divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee:
 And as from earth I rise, to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.

Rev. William Hunter.

223. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. DIX. Page 58.

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear!
 Love's redeeming work is done—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On My pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid—
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
3. Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest bounty stored;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Thou shalt be a child confessed,
 Never from His house to roam;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
4. Soon the days of life shall end—
 Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to My eternal home—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Rev. Thomas Haweis.

224. COMFORT. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9.

AMERICAN MELODY.

1. O how hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey,

And have laid up their treas - ure a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press

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

See also CONVERT, page 284.

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

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

4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see!

He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

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

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

Rev. Charles Wesley.

225. MY LIFE FLOWS ON. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamentation, I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn That hails a new creation; Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear the music ringing; It finds an echo in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

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2. What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth;
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am His;
How can I keep from singing?
- And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His Own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

226.

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;

To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

Rev. James G. Small.

227. WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL REED.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give! Let a re - pent - ant sin - ner live;

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?

2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

228.

1. WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

2. I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppress,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3. Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4. No alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven.

229. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Page 84.

1. A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3. Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4. O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness

Rev. Isaac Watts.

230. FOREST. L. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. God calling yet! shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still; can I delay?</p> <p>3. God calling yet! and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?</p> | <p>4. God calling yet! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but He does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!</p> <p>5. God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Gerhard Tersteegen, tr.</p> |
|---|--|

231. SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. How sad our state by na-ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!
 And Sa-tan binds our cap-tive souls, Fast in his sla-vish chains.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
 Sounds from the Sacred Word:
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a pardoning Lord.</p> <p>3. My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief;</p> | <p>I would believe Thy promise, Lord:
 O help my unbelief.</p> <p>4. Weak, helpless, guilty, as I am,
 Into Thine arms I fall;
 Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my All.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts.

232. HENRY. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend; As such I look to Thee;

Now in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2. Remember Thy pure Word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3. Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4. And when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly help shall flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham.

4. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy Divine.

Anne Steele.

233.

1. O THOU Whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye:

2. See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, Return?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

234. CHOPIN. C. M. Page 175.

1. APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

4. O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

Rev. John Newton.

235. SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. And wilt Thou yet be found, And may I still draw near?

Then lis - ten to the plaint - ive sound Of a poorsin - ner's prayer.

2. Jesus, Thine aid afford,
If still the same Thou art;
To Thee I look, to Thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.
3. Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4. O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know Thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.
5. I long to see Thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of Thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

236. PLEYEL. 7, 7, 7, 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

See also WALTER, page 231.

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

3. Yet for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
4. Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

237. ALETTA. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. By Thy birth, and by Thy tears; By Thy hu - man griefs and fears;

By Thy con - flict in the hour Of the subt - le temp-ter's power,—

Sav - iour, look with pity - ing eye; Sav - iour, help me, or I die.

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2. By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.
3. By Thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By Thy cross and dying cries;
By Thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.
4. By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power the lost to save;
By Thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all Thine Own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Sir Robert Grant.

238.

1. JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to Thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, O save my sinking soul!
2. All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By Thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord, Thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.
3. While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast:
Thine—forever Thine—I am!
Glory to Thee, bleeding Lamb!

Rev. Ray Palmer.

239. CAMWORTH. 8, 7, 8, 7.

C. LOCKHART.

1. Pity - ing Sav - iour, look with bless - ing On a poor and plead - ing soul ;

Hear me now my guilt con - fess - ing ; Let Thy heal - ing make me whole.

2. Far from wisdom's ways I've wandered,
And my soul of peace bereaved,
Precious gifts have basely squandered,
And Thy goodness deeply grieved.
3. All my evil course lamenting,
Sinful thought and word and deed,

- Humbled, contrite, and repenting,
For Thy mercy now I plead.
4. Hear the voice of my contrition;
Let Thy love my sorrows heal;
Grant my sins complete remission;
Full Thy blessed peace reveal.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott.

240. DORENANCE. 8, 7, 8, 7.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. TAKE me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make
Let Thy will in me be done. [me,
2. Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.
3. Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

4. Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.
5. Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.
6. Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

241. WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out 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, I come.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

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

Miss Charlotte Elliott.

3. Wide it unavails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.
4. It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

Rev. Daniel Turner.

242. AVON. C. M. Page 68.

1. FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.
2. The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

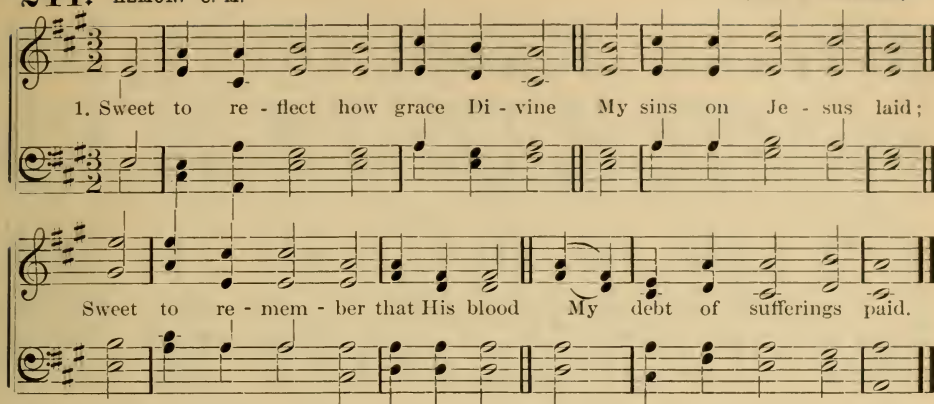
243. AZMON. C. M. Page 103.

1. FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee;
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
2. What did Thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
3. Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.
4. Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

244. AZMON. C. M.

CARL G. GLAESER.



1. Sweet to re - lect how grace Di - vine My sins on Je - sus laid ;
Sweet to re - mem - ber that His blood My debt of sufferings paid.

2. Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

3. Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

4. Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.

5. Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

245.

1. O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.
2. My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.
3. 'T was for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4. I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O grace Divine,
Who look by faith on Thee.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

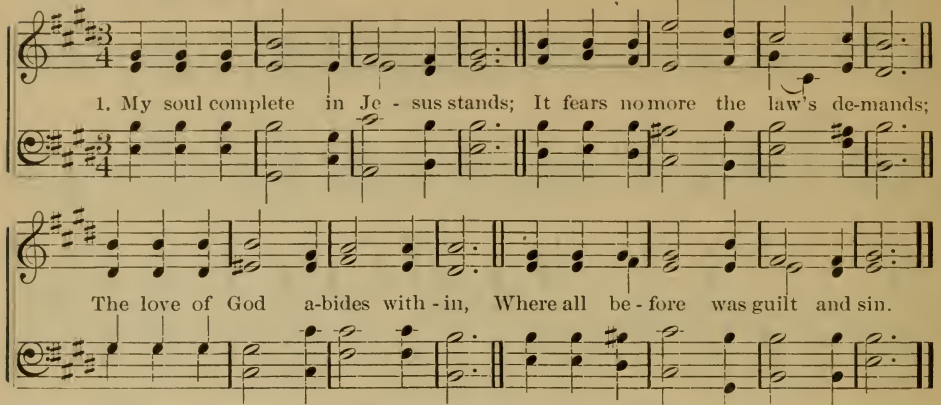
246.

1. O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
2. That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
4. That bears unmoved the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;
5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. William H. Bathurst.

247. ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.



1. My soul complete in Je - sus stands; It fears no more the law's de-mands;
The love of God a-bides with - in, Where all be - fore was guilt and sin.

2. My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured;
And pleads the anguish He endured.
3. My soul its every foe defies,
And cries, 'T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, Who died their peace to win?
4. A song of praise my soul shall sing
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In Whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.

248.

1. JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these, I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
3. The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
4. Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

249. DUANE STREET. L. M. D. Page 121.



1. JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He Whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
4. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
5. Lo, glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
6. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way of God.

Rev. John Cennick.

250. GILEAD. S. M. *With Refrain.*

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. O Lord, Thou art my Lord, My Por - tion and De - light;

CHORUS.

All oth - er lords I now re - ject, And cast them from my sight. There's balm in Gilead,

To make the wounded whole; There's power enough in Je - sus To heal a sin - sick soul.

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2. Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore Thy grace.
3. Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since Thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To Thee my vows I'll pay.

4. My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith and hope and love,
Now seeks to dwell among Thy saints,
And rest with them above.
5. Accept, O Lord, my heart,
To Thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause Thy saints to grieve.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

HAYDN. S. M.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN.

251. HAPPY DAY, L. M. *With Refrain.*

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O, hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God !
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures, all a - broad. }

♩: CHORUS.

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

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

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'T is done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possessed.

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3. 'T is He forgives thy sins,
'T is He relieves thy pain,
'T is He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5. He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

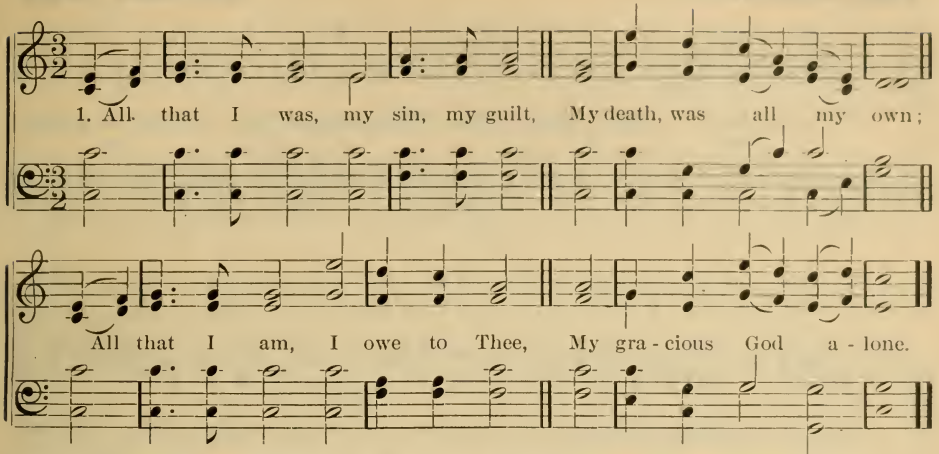
252. S. M. LABAN. Page 127.

1 OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are Divine.

6. His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son. *Rev. Isaac Watts.*

253. HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

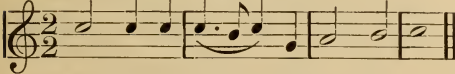


1. All that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee, My gra-cious God a-lone.

- 2. The evil of my former state
Was mine and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3. The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.
- 4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live!
- 5. All that I am, e'en here on earth;
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.
- 3. O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
- 4. We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 5. O would He more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To see the God we seek.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

254. HENRY. C. M. Page 98.



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

- 2. A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2. Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 3. Cheered by a signal so Divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit, "Abba, Father," cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

256. LENOX. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding Sacri - fice In my be-half ap-pears ;

Before the throne my Sure-ty stands, Before the throne my Surety stands ; My name is written on His hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
4. The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5. To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

257. RETREAT. L. M. Page 171.

1. O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
2. Wash out its stains; refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
4. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.
5. If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

258. PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.

1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood Di-vine; With full con-

sent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me, And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2. Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3. Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Rev. Samuel Davies.

2. Thou art the Anchor of my hope;
The faithful promise I receive;
Surely Thy death shall raise me up,
For Thou hast died that I might live.

3. Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

259.

1. O LOVE, Thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift Thyself hast given.
My Portion Thou, my Treasure art,
My Life, and Happiness, and Heaven.

2. Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in Thee.

3. Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for Thee resign;
Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

260.

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

261.

1. GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
pass,
Remains and stands forever sure;

2. That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth my see,
Hallow Thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3. Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

4. O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

262. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;

To dwell with-in Thy wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3. How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4. What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5. Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love, the Crucified.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

263. BROWN. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Let Him to Whom we now be-long, His sov-ereign right as-sert;

And take up ev-ery thank-ful song, And ev-ery lov-ing heart.

2. He justly claims us for His Own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3. Jesus, Thine Own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

264. ARGADIA. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. My God, I know, I feel Thee mine, And will not quit my claim, Till all I

have is lost in Thine, And all renewed I am, And all re - newed I am.

2. I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

3. O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

4. O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

5. Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

3. Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where Thou art, is heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

266. BALERMA. C. M. Page 76.

1. COME, let us use the grace Divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2. Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3. The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.

4. We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

265.

1. JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone,
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2. Give me Thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me!

267. DESERT. C. M.

ANON.

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

2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him Who dwells within.
4. A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love Divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

268. EVAN. C. M. Page 172.

1. FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
2. My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me all Thine Own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.
4. The cleansing of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve:
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

269. OLMUTZ. S. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
To tear my soul from earth a-way, For Je-sus to re-ceive?

2. Nay, but I yield, I yield!

I can hold out no more;

I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

3. Though late, I all forsake,

My friends, my all resign;

Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine!

4. Come, and possess me whole,

Nor hence again remove;

Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

5. My Life, my Portion Thou,

Thou all-sufficient art;

My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4. I want a godly fear,

A quick discerning eye,

That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

5. A spirit still prepared,

And armed with jealous care;

Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

271. GREENWOOD. S. M. Page 173.

1. JESUS, I live to Thee,

The Loveliest and Best;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2. Jesus, I die to Thee,

Whenever death shall come;

To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3. Whether to live or die,

I know not which is best;

To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4. Living or dying, Lord,

I ask but to be Thine;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh.

270.

1. JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,

On Thee I cast my care;

With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest my prayer.

2. I want a sober mind,

A self-renouncing will,

That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:

3. A soul inured to pain,

To hardship, grief, and loss;

272. HENDON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

REV. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.

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, At the im - pulse of Thy love.

2. Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
3. Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
4. Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in endless praise.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine Own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Miss Frances R. Havergal.

Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.

2. More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to Thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires.
3. Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to Thee, my Lord;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to Thee combined.
4. Ever since I saw Thy face,
Proved Thy plenitude of grace,
Chose Thee as the better part,
Love has filled and fired my heart.
5. Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine;
Jesus, all I have is Thine:
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.

273. See RÉFUGE, page 125.

1. JESUS, full of love Divine,
I am Thine and Thou art mine;

6. Love my darkness shall illumine,
Love shall all my sins consume;
Sweetly then I die to prove
An eternity of love.

Benjamin Gough.

274. LYONS. 10, 11, 10, 11.

JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. All praise to the Lamb! ac-cepted I am, Through faith in the Saviour's a-dor-a-ble name;

In Him I con-fide; His blood is ap-plied; For me He hath suf-fered, for me He hath died.

2. Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes;

In Him I am blest, I lean on His breast,
And lo! in His wounds I continue to rest.
Rev. Charles Wesley.

275. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Wel-come, wel-come, dear Re-deem-er, Wel-come to this heart of mine: }
Lord, I make a full sur-rend-er, Ev-ery power and thought be Thine; }

Thine entirely, through e-ter-nal a-ges Thine, Thine entirely, through e-ter-nal a-ges Thine.

2. Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,

When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion,
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here.

Rev. William Mason.

1. Full sal - va - tion! full sal - va - tion! Lo, the foun - tain o - pened wide!

Streams through ev - ery land and na - tion, From the Sav - iour's wound-ed side:

Full sal - va - tion! full sal - va - tion! Streams an end - less crim - son tide.

See also ZION, page 115.

2. O'er the page of condemnation
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of deep carnation
Whiter than the driven snow:
Full salvation!
O the rapturous bliss to know!
3. Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
Now, and every instant, clean:
Full salvation!
Full salvation from all sin!
4. Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo, the Spirit seeks His shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—

- O what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life Divine.
5. Care and doubting, sin and sorrow,
Fear and shame, are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before:
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore!

F. Bottome.

DOXOLOGY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

SALVATION REALIZED—SANCTIFICATION.

277. AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

SPANISH MELODY. From Marechio.

1. Love Di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble-dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown :
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-b-ling heart.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;

See also GUIDANCE, page 291.

2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest.
 Take away our love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
3. Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Speedily return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave:

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4. Finish, then, thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

278. GRATITUDE. L. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. I know I love my Sav - iour now, As once I knew I loved Him not:

His hand of love has sealed my vow, And fixed my new and bliss - ful lot.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. My faith has found a resting-place,
Whereon my weary soul can lie;
And peace, and joy, and boundless grace
Enfold me like a summer sky.</p> <p>3. The storms may come, the sunshine go,
My Friend will still be true and strong;</p> | <p>His hand will wipe the tears that flow,
And bear my trembling soul along.</p> <p>4. I know I love Him, feel Him mine;
He rules my soul with gentle sway;
He guides me still in light Divine,
And bids me wait His crowning day.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

279. AZMON. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.</p> | <p>And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts.

2. Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,

280.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.
2. Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

Asahel Nettleton.

281. BOYLSTON, S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. How can a sin-ner know His sins on earth for-given? How

can my gra-cious Sav-our show My name in-scribed in heaven?

2. What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.
3. We who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
We all His unknown peace receive,
And feel His blood applied.
4. Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of its load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

282.

1. I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty Sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
2. The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
3. I change; He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

283. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. See ST. HILDA, page 286;
or CRUCIFIX, page 52.

1. I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
3. I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

284. HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would com-mune with Thee, my God; E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins, And seek in Thee my home.

2. I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I see the storm in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.
3. But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand
No storms nor clouds can rise.
4. O this is life, O this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know. *Unknown.*

286. 7, 7, 7, 7. See HORTON, page 147.

1. WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,
As thy days thy strength shall be.
2. If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
As thy days thy strength shall be.
3. Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Ever faithful, ever sure:
As thy days thy strength shall be.

William F. Lloyd.

285.

1. My God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
2. Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—
3. I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

287. L. M. See ROCKINGHAM, page 122.

1. LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
2. I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While He my sinking head sustains.
3. I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's Own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

288. DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

REV. GEORGE COLES.

1. Away, my un-be-liev-ing fear! Fear shall in me no more have place;

My Sav-iour doth not yet ap-pear, He hides the brightness of His face;
D. S.—No, in the strength of Je-sus, no! I nev-er will give up my shield. *Fine.*

But shall I there-fore let Him go, And base-ly to the temp-ter yield? *D. S.*

2. Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear;
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin, is here;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see;
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that He died for me.
3. In hope, believing against hope,
 Jesus my Lord and God I claim;
 Jesus, my Strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesus' name;
 To me He soon shall bring it nigh;
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

- Thy Father hath complete control,
 And He is ever near.
2. Ne'er of thy lot complain,
 Whatever may befall;
 Sickness, or care, or want, or pain,
 'T is well-appointed all.
 3. O then, my soul, be still,
 Await heaven's high decree;
 Seek but thy gracious Father's will,
 It shall be well with thee.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

290. S. M. See LISBON, page 106.

1. FIRM and unmoved are they
 That rest their souls on God;
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the Ark abode.
2. As mountains stood to guard
 The City's sacred ground,
 So God, and His almighty love,
 Embrace His saints around.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

289. S. M. See LISBON, page 106.

1. BE tranquil, O my soul,
 Be quiet, every fear,

291. ROCKINGHAM, L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;

Yet mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whis - per, Come to Me.

2. It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, Come to Me.

Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy Portion; Come to Me.

3. Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;

4. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to Me.

Charlotte Elliott.

292. MAITLAND, C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

293. NAOMI. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fath - er of love, our Guide and Friend, O lead us gent - ly on,
Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heaven - ly peace be won.

2. We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father, and our God.
3. If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
4. Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.
5. Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

Rev. William J. Irons.

294.

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pair I feel.
3. But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4. Vet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
5. Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele.

295.

1. LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
2. If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day?
3. Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by His door.
4. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!
5. Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

Rev. Richard Baxter.

296. TOPLADY. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side that flowed,

See also MOUNT VERNON, page 288.

2. Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

MARTYN, 7, 7, 7, 7, D; or 6 Lines.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

297. REFUGE. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

Choir.

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the bil-lows near me

Congregation.

roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

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See also MARTYN, page 124.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

298. ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?

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

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?</p> <p>3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?</p> <p>4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage. Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.</p> <p>5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.</p> <p>6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.</p> | <p>2. O breathe their faith into my breast
In every trying hour;
And stand, O Son of man, confessed
In all Thy saving power!</p> <p>3. While Thou, almighty Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Both sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near.</p> <p>4. Though earth and hell their warfare wage;
I mark their vain design,
And calmly smile to see them rage
Against a child of Thine.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley.

299.

1. GOD of Thine Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Who nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked, unhurt, in fire:

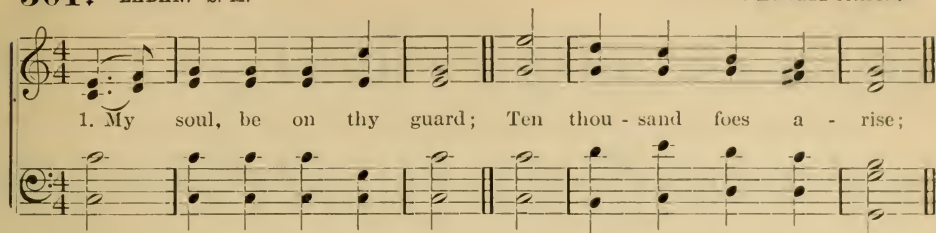
300. S. M. See LABAN, page 127.

1. WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
2. O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
3. Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

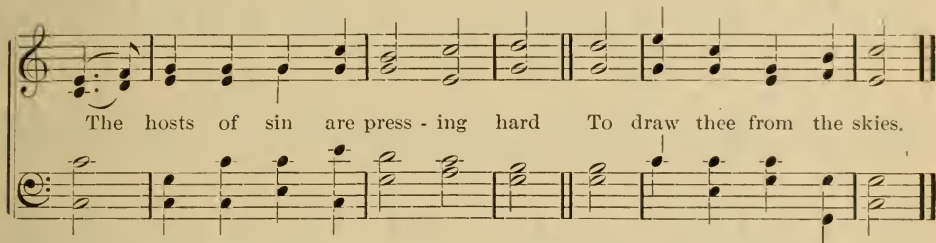
Rev. Isaac Watts.

301. LABAN. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



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



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

2. O watch, and fight, and pray;

The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,

And help Divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,

Nor lay thine armor down;

Thy arduous work will not be done,

Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death

Shall bring thee to thy God;

He'll take thee at thy parting breath

Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath.

4. Thine armor is Divine,

Thy feet with victory shod;

And on thy head shall quickly shine

The diadem of God.

Rev. Leonard Swain.

302.

1. My soul, weigh not thy life

Against thy heavenly crown;

Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife

To beat thy courage down.

2. With prayer and crying strong

Hold on the fearful fight,

And let the breaking day prolong

The wrestling of the night.

3. The battle soon will yield,

If thou thy part fulfill;

For strong as is the hostile shield,

Thy sword is stronger still.

303. LISBON. S. M. Page 106.

1. EQUIP me for the war,

And teach my hands to fight;

My simple upright heart prepare,

And guide my words aright.

2. Control my every thought;

My whole of sin remove;

Let all my works in Thee be wrought;

Let all be wrought in love.

3. O arm me with the mind,

Meek Lamb, that was in Thee;

And let my knowing zeal be joined

With perfect charity.

4. O may I love like Thee;

In all Thy footsteps tread;

Thou hatest all iniquity,

But nothing Thou hast made.

5. O may I learn the art,

With meekness to reprove;

To hate the sin with all my heart,

But still the sinner love.

Rev. Charles Wesley

304. LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Soldiers of Christ arise, And put your arm-or on, Strong in the strength which
 God sup-plies Through His e-ter-nal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And
 in His mighty power, Who in the strength of Je-sus trusts, Is more than conquer-or.

2. Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
 But take to arm you for the fight
 The panoply of God:
 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
3. From strength to strength go on;
 Wrestle and fight and pray;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.
 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all His soldiers, Come!
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

- 'T is love that bruises me.
 I would not murmur, Lord;
 Before Thee I am dumb:
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
 To Thee for help I come.
2. My God, Thy name is Love;
 A Father's hand is Thine;
 With tearful eyes I look above,
 And cry, Thy will be mine!
 I know Thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it may appear.
3. Jesus for me hath died;
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
 Thy love for me declare.
 Here my poor heart can rest;
 My God, it cleaves to Thee:
 Thy will is love; Thine end is blest;
 All work for good to me.

Rev. James G. Deck.

305. See BEALOTH. S. M. D. Page 69.

1. It is Thy hand, my God;
 My sorrow comes from Thee:
 I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,

306. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid the en - cire - ling gloom, Lead Thou me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me

on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The dis - tant scene,— one step e - nough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3. So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure
it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces
smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

4. Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike
faith,

Home to my God,

To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

Bishop J. H. Newman.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, Howev - er dark it be! Lead me by Thine Own hand;
 Choose out the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I would not,
 if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.

2. The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3. Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine but Thine the choice,
 In things both great and small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine Own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 Thus to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, tr.

308.

1. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 O may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love

309. ELLESDIE. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ARR. FROM JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us on Thy bosom rest,
 Till, by angel-bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

310. 8, 7, 8, 7. RATHBUN. Page 284.

1. NEVER can the word be broken,
 Long ago Jehovah vowed,
 When He set His friendly token
 On the dark and murky cloud.

2. In the stormy gloom of sorrows,
 In the darkest days of woe,
 In the fear of sad to-morrøws,
 We shall see His shining bow.

3. After grief shall come the gladness;
 Joy and pleasure after pain;
 Tearless rapture after sadness;
 Blessed sunshine after rain.

4. Still His rainbow is the token
 Of a grace that must prevail;
 Of a promise never broken,
 And a love that cannot fail.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

311. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. RUTHERFORD. Page 209.

1. GOD is my strong Salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My Light, my Help, is near:
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

2. Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate;
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

312. BLUMENTHAL. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

1. Breth-ren, while we so - jurn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but
 we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end. Forward, then, with cour-age go; Long we shall not
 dwell be-low; Soon the joy - ful news will come, Child, your Fath - er calls, Come home!

See also **COME HOME**, page 283.

2. In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part;
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls, Come home!

3. But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls, Come home!

Rev. Joseph Swain.

~~~~~  
 SUFFERING AND DISCIPLINE.

313. C. M. MANOAH. Page 167.

1. WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God!  
 Deep as the soundless sea,  
 Which falls like sunshine on the road  
 Of those who trust in Thee.

2. We ask not, Father, for repose  
 Which comes from outward rest,  
 If we may have through all life's woes  
 Thy peace within our breast;—

3. That peace which suffers and is strong,  
 Trusts where it cannot see,  
 Deems not the trial-way too long,  
 But leaves the end with Thee;—

4. Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,  
 Whate'er the outward be,  
 Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
 And we go home to Thee.

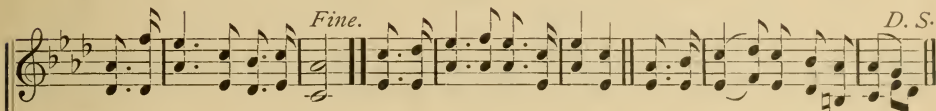
Anon.

314. AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

SPANISH MELODY. From Marechio.



1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa - ken,  
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion!



Thou, from hence my All shalt be. Per-ish every fond am-bi-tion; All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
God and heaven are still my own.



See also GUIDANCE, page 291.

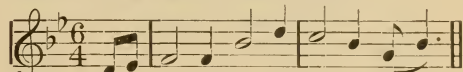
2. Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends forsake me;  
Show Thy face and all is bright.

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

4. Take, my soul, thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's Own hand shall guide thee there.  
Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

315. C. M. MAITLAND. Page 122.



1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No; there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above  
Who once went sorrowing here,  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home, my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels from the skies come down,  
And bear my soul away.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd.

316. BUTLER, S. M.

FROM PIONEER.

1. Fear not, poor wea - ry one, But strug - gle brave - ly yet;  
Toil on un - til thy task is done, Un - til thy sun is set.

2. Though many are thy cares,  
And many are thy fears,  
The loving Christ thy burden shares,  
And wipes away thy tears.
3. No distant Christ is He,  
And one that doth not know;  
But watches close and constantly  
The path which thou dost go.
4. 'T is when thy heart is tried,  
'T is in thine hour of grief,  
He standeth ever at thy side,  
And ever brings relief.

Rev. Thomas C. Upham.

317. L. M. See HAMBURG, page 166.

1. If life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it; I am well content;  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
Desiring only trustful love.
2. No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill  
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;  
No succor in my woes I want,  
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.
3. Our days are numbered: let us spare  
Our anxious hearts a needless care;  
'T is Thine to number out our days;  
'T is ours to give them to Thy praise.

Madame Jeanne Guyon.

318. L. M. 6 Lines. See COLLINS, page 135.

1. WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do:  
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3. If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe,—  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.
4. And O, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant.

319. GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1. When lan - guor and dis - ease in - vade This trem - bling house of clay,

'T is sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way;

- 2. Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of His love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above;
- 3. Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on His covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

My chief enjoyments come from Thee,  
And go at Thy command.

- 2. O Lord, shouldst Thou withhold them all,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely Thine.
- 3. Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness,  
In Thee, and Thee alone.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

320.

- 1. My times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in Thy hand;

COLLINS. L. M. D; or 6 Lines.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

*Fine.*

1. When gather - ing clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,  
*D. C.*—He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treas - ures up my tears.

On Him I lean, Who, not in vain, Ex - per - ienced ev - ery hu - man pain;  
*D. C.*



**321.** MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on ;

March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when He rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate:  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

- Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,  
And spurned of men, He goes to die.
5. For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay,  
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

**323.**

**322.** RETREAT. L. M. Page 171.

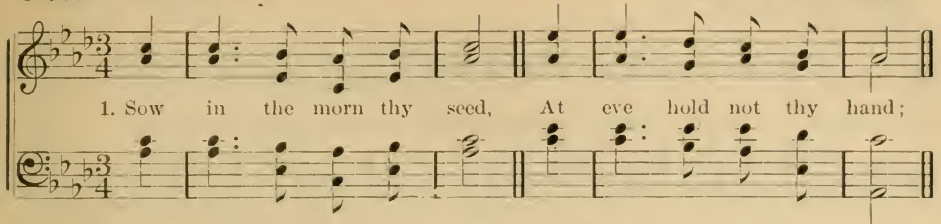
1. DEEM not that they are blessed alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Power, Who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
2. The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.
3. There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night:  
And grief may hide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.
4. Let not the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,—

1. In God let all His saints rejoice,  
With thankful heart and cheerful voice;  
Thus saith His Word, so kind and true,  
I, even I, will comfort you.
2. Sweet words! O let us bless His name,  
And joyful all His praise proclaim;  
These words shall foes and fears subdue,  
I, even I, will comfort you.
3. Do sore afflictions on you prey,  
And pungent sorrows day by day?  
Look to this word, 't will bear you through,  
I, even I, will comfort you.
4. If death in gloomy form appear,  
And overwhelm your souls with fear;  
Let this sweet word your faith renew,  
I, even I, will comfort you.
5. And when each happy soul attains  
That blissful state where glory reigns,  
This song shall all his powers employ,  
God is my comfort and my joy.

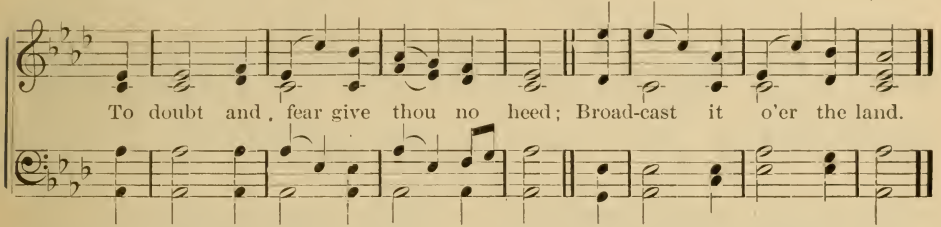
Rev. Samuel Medley.

324. LEIGHTON, S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;



To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2. Thou knowest not which shall thrive,—  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown:

3. And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

4. Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.

5. Then when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel reapers shall descend  
And shout the Harvest-home!

James Montgomery.

Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

4. Leave to His sovereign sway,  
To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way:  
How wise, how strong His hand!

Rev. Paulus Gerhardt.

325.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;  
God shall lift up thy head.

2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3. What though thou rulest not!  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,

326. DENNIS, S. M. Page 150.



1. How gentle God's commands,  
How kind His precepts are!

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His constant care.

2. Beneath His watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard His children well.

3. Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4. His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

Rev. Phillip Doddridge.

327. WOODLAND. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

1. Walk in the light: so shalt thou know That fel - lowship of love, His Spir - it on - ly  
can bestow, His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.

2. Walk in the light: and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In Whom no darkness is.
3. Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
4. Walk in the light: thy path shall be  
Peaceful, serene, and bright;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is Light.
- Thine arm of mercy holds me up  
When sinking in despair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness,  
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,  
To dwell before Thy face.
3. Were I in heaven without my God,  
'T would be no joy to me;  
And while this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but Thee.

Bernard Barton.

328.

1. GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope;  
My Help forever near:

God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
The strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

DORNBANCE. 8, 7, 8, 7.

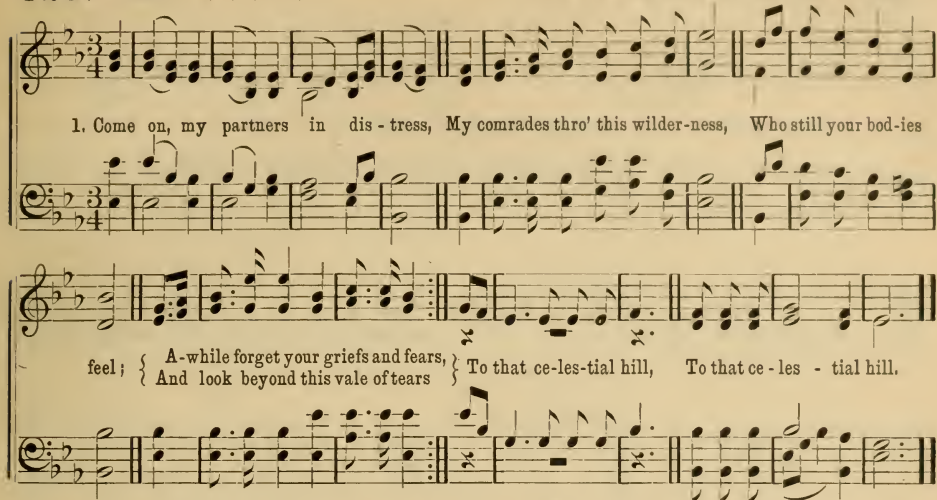
ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;  
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, Christian, fol - low me.



**329.** ARIEL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 6.

ARR. FROM MOZART BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' this wilder-ness, Who still your bod-ies  
 feel; { A-while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears } To that ce-les-tial hill, To that ce-les - tial hill.

See also MERIBAH, page 290.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saints' secure abode;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.

3. Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before His face appear  
 And by His side sit down;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure,  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

**330.** 8, 7, 8, 7. See DORRANCE, page 138;  
 or STOCKWELL, page 229.

1. JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult  
 Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, Christian, follow Me!
2. Jesus calls us—from the worship  
 Of the vain world's golden store;  
 From each idol that would keep us,—  
 Saying, Christian, love Me more!
3. In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—  
 Christian, love Me more than these!
4. Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call;  
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee best of all!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

**331.**

1. HE that goeth forth with weeping,  
 Bearing precious seed in love,  
 Never tiring, never sleeping,  
 Findeth mercy from above.
2. Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
 Bright the rays celestial shine;  
 Precious fruits will thus be given,  
 Through an influence all Divine.
3. Sow thy seed; be never weary;  
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;  
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
4. Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,  
 See the rising grain appear;  
 Look again; the fields are whitening,  
 For the harvest-time is near.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.



**332.** PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11, 11, 11, 11.

JOHN READING.

1. O eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore! Look off un-to Je - sus, now  
 sor - row no more! The light of His countenance shin-eth so bright, That here, as in  
 heav-en, there need be no night, That here, as in heav-en, there need be no night.

2. While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot  
 fear;  
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;  
 I know that His presence my safeguard  
 will be,  
 For, Why are you troubled? He saith unto  
 me.
3. Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,  
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me  
 round;

- They bear me away in His presence to be:  
 I see Him still nearer, Whom always I see.
4. Then, then shall I know the full beauty  
 and grace  
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to  
 face;  
 Shall know how His love went before me  
 each day,  
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned  
 away. Unknown.

**333.** 11, 11, 11, 11. See FOUNDATION, page 141.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith, in His excellent Word!  
 What more can He say, than to you He  
 hath said,—  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-  
 mayed;  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee  
 aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
 thee to stand,  
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—EXHORTATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee  
to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway  
shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-  
fine.
5. E'en down to old age all My people shall  
prove
- My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
love,  
And then, when gray hairs shall their tem-  
ples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be  
borne.
6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for  
repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never—forsake.
- George Keith.

FOUNDATION. 11, 11, 11, 11.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said,—You who un-to Je-sus for re-fuge have fled?

334. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10, 11, 10.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

*Choir.*

1. Come, ye dis-con-solate, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

*Congregation.*

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not heal.

2. Joy of the comfortless, Light of the stray-  
ing,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.

3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:  
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever  
knowing,  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.  
Thomas Moore and Dr. Hastings.

335. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { O my soul, what means this sad-ness? Where-fore art thou thus cast down? }  
{ Let thy griefs be turned to glad-ness; Bid thy rest-less fears be gone; }

Look to Je-sus, And rejoice in His dear name; Look to Jesus, And rejoice in His dear name.

2. What, though Satan's strong temptations  
Sorely vex thee day by day,  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay;  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3. Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin:  
He is faithful  
To perform His gracious word.

Rev. John Fawcett.



336. BEATITUDO. C. M.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

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

In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

- |                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. My soul He doth restore again;<br>And me to walk doth make<br>Within the paths of righteousness,<br>Ev'n for His Own name's sake.       | 4. My table Thou hast furnished<br>In presence of my foes;<br>My head Thou dost with oil anoint,<br>And my cup overflows.        |
| 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,<br>Yet will I fear no ill;<br>For Thou art with me, and Thy rod<br>And staff me comfort still. | 5. Goodness and mercy, all my life,<br>Shall surely follow me;<br>And in God's house for evermore<br>My dwelling-place shall be. |

Francis Rous.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATION.

337. COLLINS. L. M. D; or 6 Lines.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. { Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav-iour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place Pour down the rich-es of Thy grace;  
D. C.—Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, O make me love Thee more and more.

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more; D. C.

- |                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;<br>How can I love Thee as I ought?<br>And how extol Thy matchless fame,<br>The glorious beauty of Thy name? | 3. Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,<br>That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?<br>How great the joy that Thou hast brought,<br>So far exceeding hope or thought! |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. Henry Collins.



338. GRATITUDE. L. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy Word;

But in Thy life the law ap-pears Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
Thy love and meekness so Divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.

4. Be Thou my Pattern; let me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here,  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

339.

1. So let our lips and lives express  
The holy Gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine  
To prove the doctrine all Divine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour, God;  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3. Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord;  
And faith stands leaning on His Word.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

340. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. O come, and dwell in me, Spir - it of power with - in,  
 And bring the glor - ious lib - er - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin!

2. The seed of sin's disease,  
 Spirit of health, remove,—  
 Spirit of finished holiness,  
 Spirit of perfect love.
3. I want the witness, Lord,  
 That all I do is right,  
 According to Thy will and Word,  
 Well-pleasing in Thy sight.
4. I ask no higher state;  
 Indulge me but in this,  
 And soon or later then translate  
 To my eternal bliss. Rev. Charles Wesley.

- But rest in Thy redeeming love,  
 And hang upon Thy cross.
4. O make me all like Thee  
 Before I hence remove;  
 Settle, confirm, establish me,  
 And build me up in love.  
 Rev. Charles Wesley.

341. KENTUCKY. S. M. Page 201.

1. JESUS, my Truth, my Way,  
 My sure, unerring Light,  
 On Thee my feeble steps I stay,  
 Which Thou wilt guide aright.
2. My Wisdom and my Guide,  
 My Counsellor Thou art;  
 O never let me leave Thy side,  
 Or from Thy paths depart.
3. Never will I remove  
 Out of Thy hands my cause,

342. OLMUTZ. S. M. Page 32.

1. THAT blessed law of Thine,  
 Jesus, to me impart;  
 The Spirit's law of life Divine,  
 O write it in my heart.
2. Implant it deep within,  
 Whence it may ne'er remove,—  
 The law of liberty from sin,  
 The perfect law of love.
3. Thy nature be my law,  
 Thy spotless sanctity;  
 And sweetly every moment draw  
 My happy soul to Thee.
4. Soul of my soul remain!  
 Who didst for all fulfill,  
 In me, O Lord, fulfill again  
 Thy heavenly Father's will.  
 Rev. Charles Wesley

**343.** ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. I want a prin - ci - ple with - in Of jeal - ous, god - ly fear;

A sen - si - bil - i - ty of sin; A pain to feel it near.

2. I want the first approach to feel,  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

3. Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make;  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

4. O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

His aid for thee, and change thy sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

4. I sigh to think of happier days,  
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

5. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
Thy Saviour and thy King.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

**344.** WOODLAND. C. M. Page 269.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams  
When heated in the chase,  
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

2. For Thee, my God—the living God,—  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty Divine!

3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God; Who will employ

**345.**

1. LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And pray to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

2. Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brother's griefs to share.

3. If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
Father, Thy will be done.

4. Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven!

Rev. John H. Gurney.

**346.** HORTON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Z. S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Bless - ed foun - tain, full of grace! Grace for sin - ners, grace for me;  
To this source a - lone I trace What I am, and hope to be:

2. What I am, as one redeemed,  
Saved and rescued by the Lord;  
Hating what I once esteemed;  
Loving what I once abhorred:

3. What I hope to be ere long  
When I take my place above;  
When I join the heavenly throng;  
When I see the God of love.

4. Then I hope like Him to be,  
Who redeemed His saints from sin;  
Whom I now obscurely see  
Through a veil that stands between.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

**347.**

1. PRINCE of Peace, control my will;  
Bid this struggling heart be still;  
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;  
Hush my spirit into peace.

2. May Thy will, not mine, be done;  
May Thy will and mine be one:  
Chase these doubtings from my heart;  
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

3. Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;  
Thou my Life, my God, my All;  
Let Thy happy servant be  
One for evermore with Thee.

Mary S. B. Shindler.

**348.** NAOMI. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de-nies,  
Ac-cepted at Thy throne of grace, - - - Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.



349. PENITENCE. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.

1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good;

On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with His blood :

All thy pleas - ures I fore - go, All thy pomp, thy wealth and pride ;

On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

2. Other knowledge I disdain;  
 'T is all but vanity:  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
 He tasted death for me.  
 Me to save from endless woe  
 The atoning Victim died:  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

3. Him to know is life and peace  
 And pleasure without end;  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend;

Daily in His grace to grow,  
 Ever in His faith abide:  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

4. Him in all my works I seek,  
 Who hung upon the tree;  
 Only of His love I speak,  
 Who freely died for me;  
 While I sojourn here below,  
 Nothing will I seek beside:  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

350. ARIEL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

ARR. FROM MOZART BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O love Di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart All ta-ken up by

Thee? { I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,— } The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

2. Stronger His love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, the height.
3. God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart:  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine;  
Be mine this better part.
4. O that I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice,  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

- Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel His animating grace,  
And I desire no more.
2. Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Of careless ease and blooming health,  
For they have all their snares;  
Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
And see my name enrolled in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.
  3. Give me a Bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand  
That sure, unerring Word;  
I'd urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day,  
Communing with my Lord.

Susannah Harrison.

DOXOLOGY. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise and honor given,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now and shall be evermore,  
By all in earth and heaven.

351.

1. TELL me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
The things I loved before;

**352.** DENNIS, S. M.

HANS G. NAEGELI.

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

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

- 2. To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,—  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3. Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4. Then, of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more;  
And ever with our Leader rest  
On yonder peaceful shore.
- 5. This hope supports us here;  
It makes our burdens light;  
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
Till faith shall end in sight.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

- 4. Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

**353.** OLMUTZ, S. M. Page 243.

- 1. ARISE, ye saints, arise!  
The Lord our Leader is;  
The foe before His banner flies,  
And victory is His.
- 2. We follow Thee, our Guide,  
Our Saviour and our King;  
We follow Thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3. We soon shall see the day,  
When all our toils shall cease;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
And dwell in endless peace.

**354.** LEIGHTON, S. M. Page 169.

- 1. MAKE haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die,  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;  
How swift its moments fly!
- 2. Make haste, O man, to do  
Whatever must be done;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,  
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3. Up, then, with speed, and work;  
Fling ease and self away;  
This is no time for thee to sleep;  
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
- 4. Make haste, O man, to live,  
Thy time is almost o'er;  
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,  
The Judge is at the door.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

**355.** LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - ery ser - vice I can pay,

And call it my su - preme de - light To hear Thy dic - tates, and o - bey.

2. I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3. 'T is to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him Who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

4. His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, His saving power.  
*Rev. Philip Doddridge.*

4. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home; -  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!  
*Rev. Horatius Bonar.*

**357.** FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Page 84.

1. TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after Me.

2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3. Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,  
And calmly every danger brave;  
'T will guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave,

4. Take up thy cross and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.  
*Rev. Charles W. Everest.*

**356.** HAMBURG. L. M. Page 166.

1. Go, labor on; spend and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will:  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

2. Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises,—what are men?

3. Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.



## 358. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around  
- Holds thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'T is God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'T is His Own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye;
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
5. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

3. No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results infolded dwell  
Within it silently.
4. Work on; despair not; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free. Anon.

## 360. 8, 7, 8, 7. STOCKWELL. Page 186.

## 359. MANOAH. C. M. Page 167.

1. SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.
2. A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

1. HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,  
Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?
2. Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward He offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
Here am I; send me, send me.
3. Let none hear you idly saying,  
There is nothing I can do,  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.
4. Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly, when He calleth,  
Here am I; send me, send me.

Rev. Daniel March.

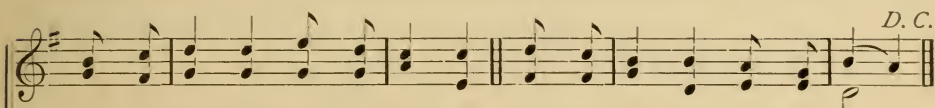
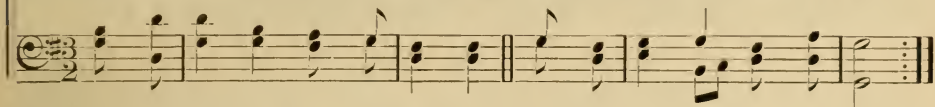
361. BAVARIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

GERMAN MELODY.

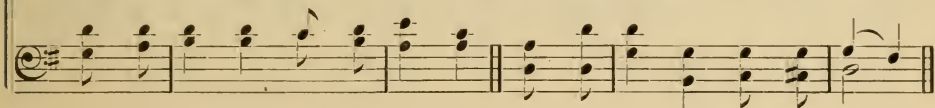
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1. { If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet; }  
 { Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet; }  
 D. C.—You can lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats a - way.



You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chored yet with - in the bay,



2. If you are too weak to journey  
 Up the mountain, steep and high;  
 You can stand within the valley  
 While the multitudes go by;  
 You can chant in happy measure  
 As they slowly pass along;  
 Though they may forget the singer,  
 They will not forget the song.

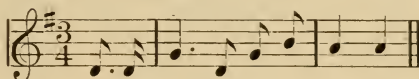
3. If you have not gold and silver  
 Ever ready at command;  
 If you cannot to the needy  
 Reach an ever open hand;  
 You can visit the afflicted,  
 O'er the erring you can weep,  
 You can be a true disciple,  
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4. Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
 For some greater work to do,  
 While the fields are white to harvest,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Go and toil in any vineyard;  
 Do not fear to do or dare;

If you want a field of labor  
 You can find it anywhere.

Ellen H. Gates.

362. HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. Page 291.



1. LAY your treasures higher, safer,  
 Than the golden stores of men,  
 Lest the coming days of trouble  
 Sweep them from your keeping then;  
 Send aloft each blessed moment  
 In some noble use to God;  
 Make the world to feel your presence  
 Ere you sleep beneath the sod.

2. Ere the busy hands are idle,  
 Ere the beating heart is still,  
 Bring some treasures to the Master,  
 And your vows of love fulfill;  
 Fill your days with loving service;  
 Seek the prize of things above;  
 So shall you be, now and ever,  
 Rich in fruits of faith and love.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas-ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war. With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

2. At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.

3. 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,—  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's Own promise,  
And that cannot fail,

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.



**366.** CONSECRATION HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. *With Refrain.*

OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. { Christ is all to Him that trust - eth, Jesus Christ the Cru-ci - fied;  
Then to Him my all be - long - eth - - - - - And my soul is sat - is -

REFRAIN.

fied. { All and always all for Je-sus In Whom my soul is sat - is - fied;  
All and always all for Je-sus; For - - - - - Je-sus Cru - ci - fied.

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- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. Friends and joys and earthly pleasure<br/>Yield to Him the highest place;<br/>Timely bliss and worldly treasure<br/>Fade when I behold His face.</p> <p>3. Gloom disperses at His presence;<br/>Darkness flees before His light;<br/>Doubt dispels at His appearing;<br/>Where He is there is no night.</p> | <p>4. Tell me not of worldly honor,<br/>Ask me not its ways to walk;<br/>Jesus shares with me His glory,<br/>With Him I delight to talk.</p> <p>5. Tempt me not from Him to wander,<br/>Christ to me is All in all;<br/>More than all is my Redeemer,—<br/>Raptured at His feet I fall.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. U. F. Swengel.

**367.** Tune—HOLD THE FORT. No. 14 in Gospel Hymns, No. 1.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. HAIL my comrades! now the ensign<br/>For our Captain raise;<br/>Hold aloft the Gospel Banner;<br/>Shout our Saviour's praise.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i>—Always all, for Christ our Saviour,—<br/>Let our motto ring;<br/>To Him honor, praise and power<br/>We will ever bring.</p> <p>2. Hearts and lives we giye to Jesus,—<br/>All to Him belongs;<br/>Let our voices fill the breezes<br/>With triumphant songs.</p> | <p>3. Hands to labor, feet to follow,<br/>Ears to hear His Word;<br/>Eyes to see the wondrous beauty<br/>Of our risen Lord.</p> <p>4. Time and talent, gold and silver,<br/>Be to Jesus given;<br/>Thus in truest consecration<br/>March we on to heaven.</p> <p>5. Keystone Leagues in Christian compact,<br/>True Endeavor band.<br/>Pressing onward, upward ever,<br/>To the better land.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. U. F. Swengel.

1. We are Loyal Leaguers, All and always for the King; For His gra-cious blessings, we His

prais-es now would sing; To His glo-rious ser-vice all our talents we will bring,  
D. S.—talents we will bring,

*rit.* *Fine.* CHORUS.

And we'll help to win the world for God. All and al - ways, always for the King,  
And we'll help to win the world for God. All and always, all and always for the King,

*D. S.*

All and al - ways, always for the King, To His glor-ious ser-vice all our  
All and al-ways, all and

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- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. We hear the cry of anguish, come and help us ere we die!<br/>To Christ's, Go and teach them, we would answer, Here am I!<br/>Our souls are stirred within us, and to help them we will try,<br/>And we'll help to win the world for God.</p> | <p>3. We're loyal to our Zion, blessings on her we will pray,<br/>Zion of our fathers—take not, Lord, her light away,<br/>Keep her in Thy service, Lord, until the crowning day,<br/>When the world at last is won for God.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. J. H. Keagle.

369. DOWNS, C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O Light in dark - ness, Joy in grief; O heaven be - gun on earth;

Je - sus, my Lord, my Treas - ure, who Can tell what Thou art worth?

- |                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. O Jesus, Jesus, blessed Lord,<br>What art Thou not to me?<br>Each hour brings joys before unknown,<br>Each day new liberty. | Till all the dross of earthly loves<br>Is burned, and burned away.                                                     |
| 3. Burn, burn, O love, within our hearts,—<br>Burn fiercely night and day,                                                     | 4. O love of Jesus, blessed love,<br>So will it ever be;<br>Time cannot hold Thy wondrous growth,<br>No, nor eternity! |

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

370. BOYLSTON, S. M.

• DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Dear Sav - iour, we are Thine By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our

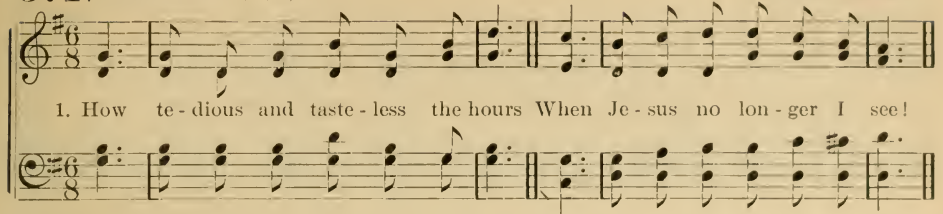
hearts, our souls, we would re - sign En - tire - ly to Thy hands.

- |                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. To Thee we still would cleave<br>With ever-growing zeal;<br>If millions tempt us Christ to leave,<br>O let them ne'er prevail. | Shall form in us Thine image bright,<br>And teach Thy paths to tread.                                                              |
| 3. Thy Spirit shall unite<br>Our souls to Thee, our Head;                                                                         | 4. Death may our souls divide<br>From these abodes of clay;<br>But love shall keep us near Thy side<br>Through all the gloomy way. |

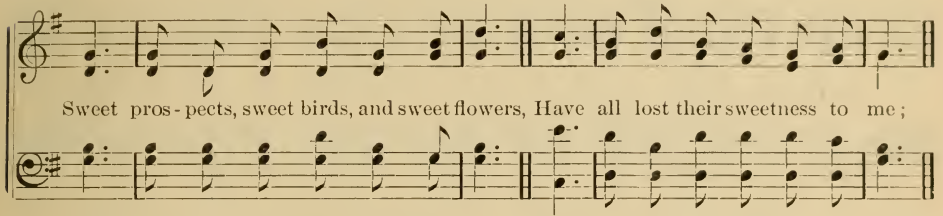
Rev. Phillip Doddridge.

371. CONTRAST. 8, 8, 8, 8. D.

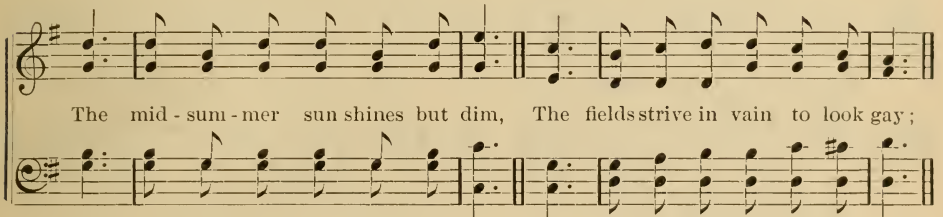
LEWIS EDSON.



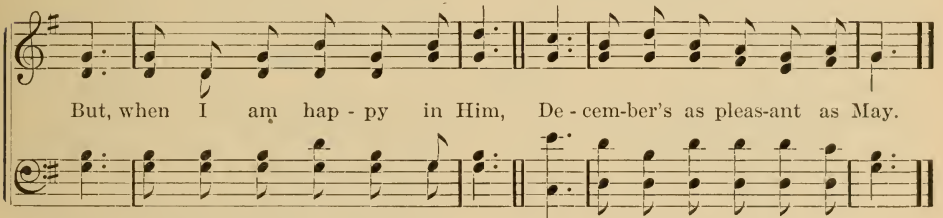
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!



Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;



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



But, when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music His voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice;  
 I should, were He always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding His face,  
 My all to His pleasure resigned,  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind;

While blessed with a sense of His love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
 If Thou art my Sun and my Song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me to Thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

Rev John Newton.



372. PERKINS. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - ery  
 ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der-ness;  
 Earth has no rest - ing place; Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.

See also PILGRIM, page 275.

2. Tempt not my soul away;  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Here would I ever stay;  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away;  
 Jesus is mine.
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night;  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Lost in this dawning light;  
 Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void;  
 Jesus has satisfied;  
 Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality;  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Welcome eternity;  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Welcome, O loved and blest;  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;  
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast;  
 Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar.

WILMOT. 8, 7, 8, 7.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O Thou, in Whose presence my soul takes delight, On Whom in af-flic-tion I call,  
My Com-fort by day, and my Song in the night, My Hope, my Sal-va-tion, my All!

2. O why should I wander, an alien from Thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3. Where dost Thou, at noontide, resort with  
Thy sheep  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
Say, why in the valley of death should I  
weep,  
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

4. The joy of Thy presence, dear Shepherd,  
restore;  
I pant for the light of Thy face;  
An alien no longer, I'll wander no more,  
But dwell in my Saviour's embrace.

5. He looks; and ten thousands of angels re-  
And myriads wait for His word; [joice,  
He speaks; and eternity, filled with His  
voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.

3. With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear:  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

4. With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream,  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

Rev. Edwin H. Nevill

375. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. See WEBB, page 154.

1. SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord, Who rises  
With healing in His wings.  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

2. In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new.  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

William Cowper.

374. 8, 7, 8, 7. See WILMOT, page 160.

1. ALWAYS with us, always with us—  
Words of cheer and words of love—  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From His dwelling-place above.

2. With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;

## 376. FOUNDATION. 11, 12, 11, 12.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.

1. My God, I am Thine; what a com - fort Di - vine, What a bless - ing to

know that my Je - sus is mine! In the heav - en - ly Lamb thrice

hap - py I am, And my heart doth re - joice at the sound of His name.

2. True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,  
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.  
My Redeemer to know, to feel His blood flow,  
This is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.

3. Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;  
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;  
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove  
'To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' Own love.  
Rev. Charles Wesley.

## BENEVOLENCE AND CHARITY.

377. C. M. See EAGLY, page 163.

1. THINK gently of the erring one;  
And let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet.

2. Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.

3. Speak gently to the erring ones;  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.

4. Forget not, thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet may'st be;  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

**378.** EAGLY. C. M.

JAMES WALCH.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace, Thy boun - ties, how com - plete!

How shall I count the match - less sum? How pay the might - y debt?

2. High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost Thou exalted shine;  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are Thine?
3. But Thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of Thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before Thy Father's face.
4. In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,  
And visited and cheered;  
And in their accents of distress,  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
5. Thy face, with reverence and with love,  
I in the poor would see;  
O rather let me beg my bread  
Than hold it back from Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

3. When poor and helpless sons of grief  
In deep distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

**380.** DOWNS. C. M. Page 158.

**379.** ARLINGTON. C. M. Page 146.

1. FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of Thy love.
2. O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.

1. LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let love's treasures still be spent,  
Like His, upon the poor.
2. Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their crowded loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
3. For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
4. Mean are all offerings we can make;  
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Crosswell.



381. ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. O what stu-pend - ous mer - cyshines A-round the Maj - es - ty of heaven !

Reb - els He deigns to call His sons—Their souls re-newed, their sins for-given.

2. Go, imitate the grace Divine,—  
The grace that blazes like the sun;  
Hold forth your fair though feeble light;  
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3. Upon your bounty's willing wings  
Swift fly your gifts and charity;  
The hungry feed; the naked clothe;  
To pain and sickness, health apply.

4. Pity the weeping widow's woe,  
And be her counsellor and stay;  
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth  
To useful, happy life his way.

5. When all is done, renounce your deeds,  
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:  
Thus will you glorify your God,  
And thus the Christian name adorn.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons.

3. Kind deeds of peace and love betray  
Where'er the stream has found its way;  
But, where these spring not rich and fair,  
The stream has never wandered there.

Rev. William H. Drummond.

382. HEBRON. L. M. Page 189.

1. ONE cup of healing oil and wine,  
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,  
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,  
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2. In true and inward faith we trace  
The source of every outward grace;  
Within the pious heart it plays,  
A living fount of joy and praise.

383. RETREAT. L. M. Page 171.

1. WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were His works from day to day,  
But miracles of power and grace,  
That spread salvation through our race?

2. Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3. That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can  
thank,—  
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4. But he, who marks from day to day  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons.

384. ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Hap - py is he that fears the Lord, And fol - lows His com - mands;

Who lends the poor with - out re - ward, Or gives with lib - eral hand.

2. As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need,  
So God shall answer his request  
With blessings on his seed.
  3. No evil tidings shall surprise  
His well-established mind;  
His soul to God, his Refuge, flies,  
And leaves his fears behind.
  4. In times of general distress,  
Some beams of light shall shine,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And give him peace Divine.
- Rev. Isaac Watts.

385. ARLINGTON. C. M. Page 146.

1. MAKE channels for the streams of love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And love has overflowing streams,  
To fill them every one.
2. But if at any time we cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of love for us  
Will soon be parched and dried.
3. For we must share, if we would keep  
That blessing from above;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:  
Such is the law of love.

Bishop Richard C. Trench.

386. MAITLAND. C. M. Page 122.

1. BLEST is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain;
2. Whose breast expands with generous  
warmth  
A stranger's woes to feel,  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
3. He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.
4. To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
5. Peace from the bosom of his God,  
The Saviour's grace shall give;  
And, when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

387. MISSIONARY CHANT, L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

1. God is the Ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade ;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints. Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,
4. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

388. HAMBURG. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. How pleasant, how Di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell - ings are ;

With long de - sire my spir - it faints To meet as - sem - blies of Thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in Thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee?
3. Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace;
4. Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

**389.** MANOAH. C. M.

ARR. FROM GIOACHINO ROSSINI.

1. Be-hold the sure Foun-da - tion stone Which God in Zi - on lays,

To build our heaven-ly hopes up - on, And His e - ter - nal praise.

2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
We now adore Thy name;  
We trust our whole salvation here,  
Nor can we suffer shame.
3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain;  
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
4. What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise;  
'T is Thine Own work, Almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

3. For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy Church, O God;  
Though earthquake shocks are threaten-  
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,
4. Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

**390.** DOWNS. C. M. Page 158.

1. O WHERE are kings and empires now,  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.
2. We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

**391.** CHRISTMAS. C. M. Page 152.

1. WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,  
Unrivaled and alone,  
Loved theme of many a sacred song,  
God's holy city shone.
2. Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,  
The glory of all lands;  
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,  
The Christian temple stands.
3. The faithful of each clime and age,  
This glorious Church compose;  
Built on a Rock, with idle rage  
The threatening tempest blows.
4. In vain may hostile hands alarm,  
For God is her defense;  
How weak, how powerless each arm,  
Against Omnipotence!

Rev. Isaac Watts.



**392.** ELLESDIE. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ARR. FROM JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He Whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His Own a - bode.  
*D. S.*—With sal - va-tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

2. Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night, and shade by day;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.  
 Rev. John Newton.

**393.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. See ZION, page 169.

1. ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
 Zion, kept by power Divine:  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine.  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favored lot is thine!

2. Every human tie may perish;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee;  
 Thou art precious in His sight.  
 God is with thee,  
 God, thine everlasting Light.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

394. LEIGHTON, S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His Own pre-cious blood.

2. I love Thy Church, O God;  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

6. Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight.

ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills surround - ed, Zi - on, kept by power Di - vine: }  
All her foes shall be confound - ed, Though the world in arms com - bine. }

Hap - py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine. Hap - py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine.

395. MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN. ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old,

Which bade their souls to heaven as - pire; Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold.

2. Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him  
Thine?

Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,  
And glow with energy Divine?

3. That Spirit, which from age to age  
Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy  
ways?

Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4. Is not Thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power;  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5. Remember, Lord, the ancient days;  
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;  
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,  
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

Rev. William H. Bathurst.

3. May young and old Thy Word receive;  
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live;  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4. May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness;  
And, when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise.

Rev. William Kingsbury.

396. HEBRON. L. M. Page 189.

1. GREAT Lord of all Thy churches, hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;  
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise  
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2. Revive Thy churches with Thy grace;  
Rouse our souls, and grant us peace;  
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

397. PARK STREET. L. M. Page 78.

1. AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!  
No longer in thy sins lie down;  
The garment of salvation take,  
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes;  
Arise, and struggle into light,  
The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3. Shake off the bands of sad despair;  
Zion, assert thy liberty;  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.

4. Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purged from every sinful stain;  
Be like your Lord, His Word embrace,  
Nor bear His hallowed name in vain.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

398. RETREAT. L. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O Thou, Who all things canst con-trol, Chase this dread slum-ber from my soul ;

With joy and fear, with love and awe, Give me to keep Thy per-fect law.

2. O may one beam of Thy blest light  
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night;  
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;  
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3. For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;  
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:  
With steps unwavering, undismayed,  
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.

400. C. M. BROWN. Page 110.

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw His glory shine;  
And when I read His holy Word,  
I called each promise mine.

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

5. Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;  
O make my soul Thy care;  
I know Thy mercy cannot fail;  
Let me that mercy share.

399. ST. CRISPIN. L. M. Page 164.

1. O WHERE is now that glowing love  
That marked our union with the Lord?  
Our hearts were fixed on things above,  
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2. Where is the zeal that led us then  
To make our Saviour's glory known?  
That freed us from the fear of men,  
And kept our eye on Him alone?

3. Where are the happy seasons, spent  
In fellowship with Him we loved?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we proved?

4. Behold, again we turn to Thee;  
O cast us not away, though vile:  
No peace we have, no joy we see,  
O Lord our God, but in Thy smile.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

Rev. John Newton.



401. EVAN, C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. Where is the blessedness I knew<br/>When first I saw the Lord?<br/>Where is the soul-refreshing view<br/>Of Jesus and His Word?</p> <p>3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,<br/>How sweet their memory still!<br/>But they have left an aching void,<br/>The world can never fill.</p> <p>4. Return, O holy Dove; return,<br/>Sweet messenger of rest;</p> | <p>I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,<br/>And drove Thee from my breast.</p> <p>5. The dearest idol I have known,<br/>Whate'er that idol be,<br/>Help me to tear it from Thy throne,<br/>And worship only Thee.</p> <p>6. So shall my walk be close with God,<br/>Calm and serene my frame;<br/>So purer light shall mark the road<br/>That leads me to the Lamb.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

William Cowper.

402. BELMONT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. See page 90.

ANON.

*Fine.*

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. Once, O Lord, Thy garden flourished,<br/>Every part looked gay and green;<br/>Then Thy Word our spirits nourished,<br/>Happy seasons we have seen.</p> <p>3. Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,<br/>Thou canst make us bloom again;<br/>O permit us not to wither,<br/>Let not all our hopes be vain.</p> | <p>4. Let our mutual love be fervent,<br/>Make us prevalent in prayers;<br/>Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,<br/>Shun the world's alluring snares.</p> <p>5. Break the tempter's fatal power,<br/>Turn the stony heart to flesh;<br/>And begin from this good hour<br/>To revive Thy work afresh.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. John Newton.

403. GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. O Je - sus, full of grace, To Thee I make my moan ;

Let me a - gain be - hold Thy face, Call home Thy ban - ished one.

2. Again my pardon seal,  
 Again my soul restore,  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And bid me sin no more.
3. Wilt Thou not bid me rise?  
 Speak, and my soul shall live;  
 Forgive, my stricken spirit cries,  
 Abundantly forgive.
4. Thine utmost mercy show;  
 Say to my drooping soul,  
 In peace and full assurance go;  
 Thy faith hath made Thee whole.  
 Rev. Charles Wesley.

3. Thy Spirit then will speak  
 Through lips of humble clay;  
 And hearts of adamant shall break,  
 And rebels shall obey.
4. Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;  
 O listen to our cry;  
 O come, and bring salvation near;  
 Our hopes on Thee rely.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

405. DENNIS. S. M. Page 150.

404. LISBON. S. M. Page 10.

1. O LORD, Thy work revive,  
 In Zion's gloomy hour,  
 And let our dying graces live  
 By Thy restoring power.
2. O let Thy chosen few  
 Awake to earnest prayer;  
 Their covenant again renew,  
 And walk in filial fear.

1. REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,  
 Thy mighty arm make bare;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And made Thy people hear.
2. Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Disturb this sleep of death;  
 Quicken the smouldering embers now  
 By Thine almighty breath.
3. Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Exalt Thy precious name;  
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For Thee and Thine inflame.
4. Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 And give refreshing showers;  
 The glory shall be all Thine Own,  
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Rev. Albert Midlane.

406. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON

1. Come in, thou bless - ed of the Lord, O come in Je - sus' pre - cious name;

We wel - come thee, with one ac - cord, And trust the Sav - iour does the same.

- 2. Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,  
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3. And, while we pass this vale of tears,  
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;  
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4. Truly our fellowship below  
With Thee and with the Father is;  
In Thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 5. Though but in part we know Thee here;  
We wait Thy coming from above;  
And we shall then behold Thee near,  
And be forever lost in love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

- 4. Once more our welcome we repeat;  
Receive assurance of our love;  
O may we all together meet  
Around the throne of God above.

James Montgomery.

407. COMMUNION. L. M. Page 197.

- 1. BRETHERN in Christ, and well beloved,  
To Jesus and His servants dear,  
Enter, and show yourselves approved;  
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2. Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand  
Of fellowship to you we give;  
With open hearts and hands we stand,  
And you in Jesus' name receive.
- 3. Jesus, attend; Thyself reveal;  
Are we not met in Thy great name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel;  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 4. KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only He can give.
- 2. May He, by Whose kind care we meet,  
Send His good Spirit from above;  
Make our communication sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3. Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians meet together thus;  
We only wish to speak of Him  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4. Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day  
When we shall meet to part no more.

Rev. John Newton.

409. CHOPIN, C. M.

ISAAC. B. WOODBURY.

1. Let saints be-low in con-cert sing With those to glo - ry gone; For all the ser-vants of our King In earth and heaven are one, In earth and heaven are one.

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2. One family, we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
3. One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
4. E'en now, by faith, we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands  
Upon the eternal shore.
5. Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;  
And, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

410.

1. HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone;  
Walking in all Thy ways, we find  
Our heaven on earth begun.
2. The church triumphant in Thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

3. Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne;  
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace:  
The kingdoms are but one.
4. The holy to the holiest leads;  
From hence our spirits rise;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads  
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

411. MARLOW, C. M. Page 179.

1. PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to Thee, O Lord.
2. Joined in one body may we be:  
One inward life partake;  
One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
3. In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One wisdom be our guide;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In Thee may we abide.
4. Then, when among the saints in light  
Our joyful spirits shine,  
Shall anthems of immortal praise,  
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.



412. DUNDEE. C. M.

ARR. FROM CHRISTOPHER TYE.

1. See, Je - sus, Thy dis - ci - ples see, The prom - ised bless - ing give;

Met in Thy name, we look to Thee, Ex - pect - ing to re - ceive.

2. Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in Thy name are joined;  
We wait, according to Thy Word,  
Thee in the midst to find.

3. With us Thou art assembled here,  
But O Thyself reveal;

Son of the living God, appear!  
Let us Thy presence feel.

4. Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live;  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
The Holy Ghost here.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

413. VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;

Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Through all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distills,  
And all the air is love.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

414. UNITY. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5.

DR LOWELL MASON.

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

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

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

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

2. When shall love freely flow  
Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless forever?

Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill  
Never,—no, never.

3. Up to that world of light  
Take us, dear Saviour,  
May we all there unite,  
Happy forever;

Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel  
Never,—no, never.

4. Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever;  
Soon will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever;  
Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never,—no, never. Alaric A. Watts.

415. SALZBURGH. C. M.

ARR. FROM MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. How sweet, how heaven-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill His word!

2. O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
3. Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes fix above;  
May each his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
4. Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.
5. Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

416. BERNARD. C. M. Page 220.

1. OUR God is Love; and all His saints  
His image bear below.  
The heart with love to God inspired,  
With love to man will glow.
2. Teach us to love each other, Lord,  
As we are loved by Thee;  
None who are truly born of God  
Can live in enmity.
3. Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,

With bonds of love our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame.

4. So may the unbelieving world  
See how true Christians love;  
And glorify our Saviour's grace,  
And seek that grace to prove.

Rev. Thomas Cotterill.

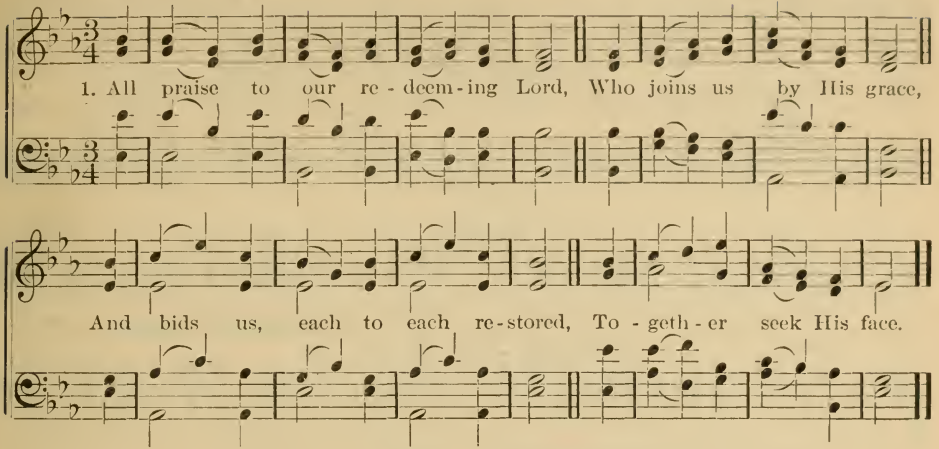
417. BALERMA. C. M. Page 195.

1. JESUS, united by Thy grace,  
And each to each endeared,  
With confidence we seek Thy face,  
And know our prayer is heard.
2. Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear Thine easy yoke;  
A band of love, a threefold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
3. Make us into one spirit drink;  
Baptize into Thy name;  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak, the same.
4. Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree,  
And ever toward each other move,  
And ever move toward Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

418. ARNOLD, C. M.

DR. ARNOLD.



1. All praise to our re-deem-ing Lord, Who joins us by His grace,  
And bids us, each to each re-stored, To-gether seek His face.

2. He bids us build each other up;  
And, gathered into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope,  
We hand in hand go on.
3. The gift which He on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove;  
The grace through every vessel flows  
In purest streams of love.
4. E'en now we think and speak the same,  
And cordially agree,  
United all, through Jesus' name,  
In perfect harmony.
5. And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know,  
When round His throne we meet!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

2. If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
3. Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
4. Help us to build each other up;  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
5. And, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive Thy ready Bride;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

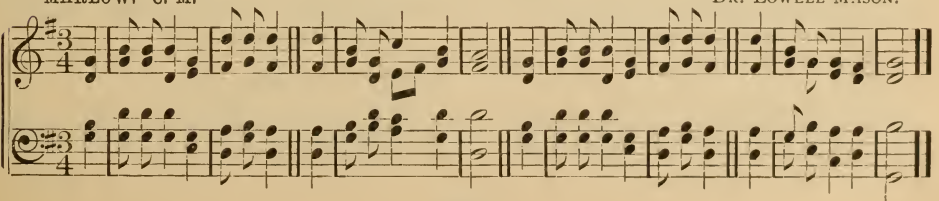
Rev. Charles Wesley.

419.

1. TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart;

MARLOW, C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart;



420. WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds, In un-ion sweet, ac-cord-ant minds!  
 How swift the heavenly course they run Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2. To each, the soul of each how dear!  
 What watchful love, what holy fear!  
 How doth the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
3. Their streaming tears together flow  
 For human guilt and mortal woe;  
 Their ardent prayers together rise,  
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
4. Together oft they seek the place  
 Where God reveals His smiling face;  
 How high, how strong their raptures swell,  
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.
5. Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
 'Midst nature's drooping, sickening fire;  
 Soon shall they meet in realms above,  
 A heaven of joy, because of love.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

421.

1. JESUS, from Whom all blessings flow,  
 Great Builder of Thy Church below,  
 If now Thy Spirit move my breast,  
 Hear, and fulfill Thine Own request.
2. The few that truly call Thee Lord,  
 And wait Thy sanctifying word,  
 And Thee their utmost Saviour own,  
 Unite and perfect them in one.
3. O let them all Thy mind express,  
 Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses,  
 Thy power unto salvation show,  
 And perfect holiness below.
4. In them let all mankind behold  
 How Christians lived in days of old;  
 Mighty their envious foes to move,  
 A proverb of reproach and love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

422. S. M. See DENNIS, page 181.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear,  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

Rev. John Fawcett.

423. SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - - pare. } Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

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2. We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray.  
Blessed Jesus,  
Hear Thy children when they pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
Blessed Jesus,  
Let us early turn to Thee.

4. Early let us seek Thy favor;  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,  
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS G. NAEGELI.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

424. SICILY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

SICILIAN MELODY.

1. { Chil-dren, loud ho-san-nas sing-ing, Hymned Thy praise in old-en time, }  
 Ju-dah's an-cient tem-ple fill-ing With the mel-o-dy sub-line; }

In-fant voi-ces, in-fant voi-ces, Joined to swell the ho-ly chime.

2. Though no more the incarnate Saviour  
 We behold in latter days;  
 Though a temple far less glorious  
 Echoes now the songs we raise;  
 Still in glory  
 Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

3. Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,  
 Keep us by Thy watchful care;  
 Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,  
 In Thy arms of mercy bear;  
 Guide to glory,  
 We shall dwell in safety there.

Anon.

3. Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,  
 All Thy wondrous acts proclaim,  
 Till all heaven and earth resounding,  
 Echo with Thy glorious name;  
 Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Mrs. H. B. Steele.

426. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Page 240.

1. GOD has said, Forever blessed  
 Those who seek Me in their youth;  
 They shall find the path of wisdom,  
 And the narrow way of truth:  
 Guide us, Saviour,  
 In the narrow way of truth.

2. Be our Strength, for we are weakness;  
 Be our Wisdom and our Guide;  
 May we walk in love and meekness,  
 Nearer to our Saviour's side:  
 Naught can harm us,  
 While we thus in Thee abide.

3. Thus, when evening shades shall gather,  
 We may turn our tearless eye  
 To the dwelling of our Father,  
 To our home beyond the sky;  
 Gently passing  
 To the happy land on high.

Anon.

425.

1. SAVIOUR, at Thy footstool bending,  
 We, a youthful band, appear;  
 May our grateful songs ascending,  
 Reach and please Thy gracious ear;  
 Thus to praise Thee,  
 Make and keep our hearts sincere.

2. No harsh words of indignation  
 Drive this little flock from Thee;  
 Gentle is Thy invitation,  
 Suffer them to come to me.  
 Dearest Saviour,  
 Let us each Thy kingdom see.

427. BURLINGTON. C. M.

JOHN F. BURROWS.

1. De-light-ful work! young souls to win, And turn the ris-ing race  
From the de-ccit-ful paths of sin, To seek re-deem-ing grace.

2. Children our kind protection claim;  
And God will well approve  
When infants learn to lisp His name,  
And their Redeemer love.
3. Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And show the mind which went astray  
The Way, the Life, the Truth.
4. Almighty God, Thine influence shed  
To aid this blest design;  
The honors of Thy name be spread,  
And all the glory Thine.

Joseph Straphan.

428. AVON. C. M. Page 68.

1. HOSANNA! be the children's song,  
To Christ, the children's King;  
His praise, to Whom our souls belong,  
Let all the children sing.

2. Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,  
And spread from plain to plain,  
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,  
Woods echo to the strain.
3. Hosanna! on the wings of light,  
O'er earth and ocean fly,

Till morn to eve, and noon to night,  
And heaven to earth, reply.

4. Hosanna! then, our song shall be;  
Hosanna to our King!  
This is the children's jubilee;  
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery.

429. CHRISTMAS. C. M. Page 152.

1. YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2. The Lord of all the worlds on high  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays His radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
3. The soul that longs to see His face  
Is sure His love to gain;  
And those who early seek His grace  
Shall never seek in vain.
4. What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with Thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like that in Christ I see?

Rev. Philip Doddridge.



430. SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the lil-y grows!  
How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!

*Organ 8va.*

2. Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away:

4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
And stormy passion's rage.

5. O Thou, Whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
Were all alike Divine; [crowned,

6. Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,

We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still Thine Own.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

431.

1. REMEMBER thy Creator now  
In these thy youthful days;  
He will accept thine earliest vow;  
He loves thine earliest praise.

2. Remember thy Creator now,  
Seek Him while He is near;  
For evil days will come, when thou  
Shalt find no comfort here.

3. Remember thy Creator now;  
His willing servant be;  
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,  
He will remember thee. Unknown.

432. C. M. AROUND THE THRONE, page 185.

1. AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one arrayed,  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.

3. What brought them to that world above,

That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;  
How came those children there?

4. Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

Mrs. Anne H. Shephard.

433. SWEET STORY. 11, 8, 11, 9.

ENGLISH.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,

How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, [me, That His arms had been thrown around That I might have seen His kind look when He said, Let the little ones come unto me.
- And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.
4. O a beautiful place He has gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven; And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mrs. Jemima Luke.
3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love;

AROUND THE THRONE. G. M. *With Refrain.*

ARR. BY H. E. MATTHEWS.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are all for-given,

A ho - ly, hap - py band. Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high."

434. STOCKWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7.

DARIUS ELIOT JONES.

1. Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing With the shep - herd's kind - est care,

All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;

2. Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, Thy Word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.

3. Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Rev. Wm. A. Muehlenberg.

435. WEBB. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. When His sal - vation bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood singing.

*D. S.*—He let them still attend Him,

*Fine.* Ho - san - na to His name: Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long, And smiled to hear their song.

*D. S.*

2. And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around His banner,  
We'll bow before His throne,  
And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son.

3. For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

Rev. John King.



436. DORT. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Shep-herd of ten-der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth Through dev-i-ous ways; Christ our tri-  
um-phant King, We come Thy name to sing; Hith-er our child-ren bring To shout Thy praise.

2. Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife:  
Thou didst Thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.
3. Thou art the great High Priest;  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heavenly love;  
While in our mortal pain  
None calls on Thee in vain;  
Help Thou dost not disdain,  
Help from above.
4. Ever be Thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our Pride,  
Our Staff and Song;  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
By Thy enduring Word  
Lead us where Thou hast trod;  
Make our faith strong.
5. So now, and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyful sing:  
Infants, and the glad throng  
Who to Thy Church belong,  
Unite to swell the song  
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria.

437. WOODWORTH. L. M. Page 180.

1. JUST as I am, Thine Own to be,  
Friend of the young, Who lovest me:  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.
2. In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay,  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.
3. I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might,—  
Therefore to Thee I come.
4. Just as I am, young, strong and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.
5. With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold;  
But dearer still my faith to hold,  
For my whole life, I come.
6. And for Thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at Thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.

Marianne Farningham.



## 438. COWPER. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Let Zi-on's watchmen now a - wake And take the a-larm they give, Now

let them from the mouth of God, Their solemn charge receive, Their solemn charge receive.

2. 'T is not a cause of small import,  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls, which must forever live  
In raptures, or in woe.
4. Lord, let Thy servants, as they preach,  
Thy great salvation see;  
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for Thee.  
*Rev. Philip Doddridge.*
4. He, Who has called you to the war,  
Will recompense your pains;  
Before Messiah's conquering car  
Mountains shall sink to plains.
5. Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your Master's cause;  
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes  
Shall bow before His cross.  
*Rev. Thomas B. Morrell.*

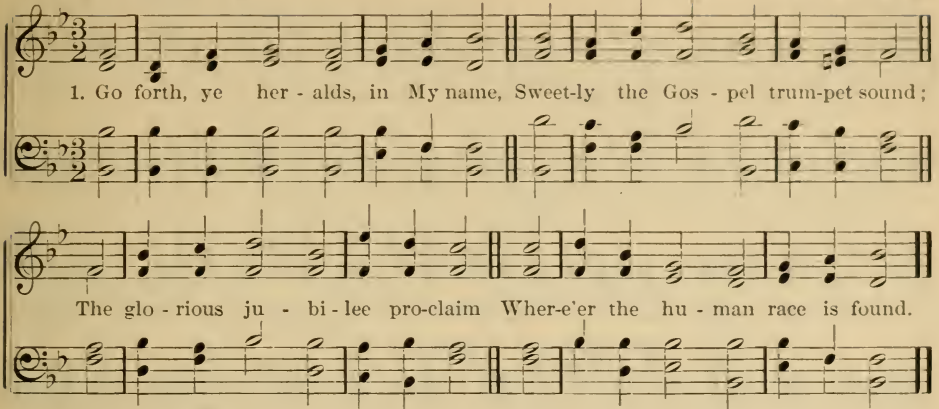
## 439. ZERAH. C. M. Page 235.

1. Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,  
Ye messengers of God;  
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,  
Salvation bought with blood.
2. What though your arduous task may lie  
Through regions dark as death!  
What though your faith and zeal to try,  
Perils beset your path!
3. Yet with determined courage go,  
And armed with power Divine,  
Your God will needful aid bestow,  
And on your labors shine.
2. Let all Thy chosen servants shine,  
Illustrious as the sun,  
And bright with borrowed rays Divine,  
Their glorious circuit run.
3. As giants may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might;  
As burning luminaries chase  
The gloom of hellish night.
4. As the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Their healing wings display;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day.

*Rev. Charles Wesley.*

441. HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Go forth, ye her-alds, in My name, Sweet-ly the Gos-pel trum-pet sound;  
The glo-rious ju-bi-lee pro-claim Wher-e'er the hu-man race is found.

2. The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies;  
With care bind up the broken heart,  
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
3. Be wise as serpents, where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
Ye are commissioned from above.

Fulfill Thy sovereign counsel, Lord;  
Thy will be done; Thy name adored.

5. Give me Thy strength, O God of power:  
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,  
Thy faithful witness will I be:  
'T is fixed; I can do all through Thee.

Johann J. Winkler.

4. Freely from Me ye have received,  
Freely, in love, to others give;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And, by your labors, sinners live.

Rev. John Logan.

443. ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Page 174.

442. WOODWORTH. L. M. Page 180.

1. SAVIOUR of men, Thy searching eye  
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;  
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,  
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?
2. The love of Christ doth me constrain  
To seek the wandering souls of men;  
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—  
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
3. For this let men revile my name;  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;  
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;  
Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
4. My life, my blood, I here present,  
If for Thy truth they may be spent;

1. POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe them with Thy righteousness.
2. Within Thy temple, where we stand  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
The angels of the churches be.
3. Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
4. To watch, and pray, and never faint;  
By day and night strict guard to keep;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs and feed Thy sheep.
5. Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign;  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be Thine.

James Montgomery.

444. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. 'T was Je - sus' last and great command, Go, preach my Word in ev - ery land,

To all be My sal - va - tion shown; To ev - ery crea - ture make it known.

- |                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. While thus employed, expect My grace,<br>Attending you from place to place;<br>Where'er you meet expect Me there,<br>In church, or house, or open air. | The love of God in Christ to tell,<br>The love that saves from sin and hell.                                                                                      |
| 3. Commissioned thus, we come abroad,<br>To preach the Gospel of our God;                                                                                 | 4. Jesus, our Lord, Thy word fulfill,<br>Thy Spirit's power be with us still;<br>May all our souls Thy blessings share,<br>Accept our praise and hear our prayer. |

Anon.

445. STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,

That bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

- |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. How charming is their voice!<br>How sweet the tidings are!<br>Zion, behold thy Saviour King;<br>He reigns and triumphs here! | Which kings and prophets waited for,<br>And sought, but never found!                                                                |
| 3. How happy are our ears,<br>That hear the joyful sound,                                                                       | 4. How blessed are our eyes,<br>That see this heavenly light;<br>Prophets and kings desired it long,<br>But died without the sight. |

Rev. Isaac Watts.



446. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain ;

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to has - ten Thy King - dom from a - bove.

2. As laborers in Thy vineyard,  
Send us, O Christ, to be  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
We ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call us home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3. Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,  
And fill our souls with light;  
Clothe us in spotless raiment,  
In linen clean and white;  
Beside Thy sacred altar  
Be with us, where we stand,

To sanctify Thy people  
Through all this happy land.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

447. S. M. BOYLESTON, Page 158.

1. THE harvest dawn is near,  
The year delays not long;  
And he who sows with many a tear  
Shall reap with many a song.

2. Sad to his toil he goes,  
His seed with weeping leaves;  
But he shall come at twilight's close,  
And bring his golden sheaves.

Rev. George Burgess.



448. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. See Is-rael's gentle Shepherd stand With all-en-gag-ing charms; Hark, how He calls the

ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms, And folds them in His arms.

2. Permit them to approach, He cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 't was to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of glory came.

3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to Thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.

4. If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

Rev. Phillip Doddridge.

4. Baptized into the Holy Ghost,  
We'd keep His temple pure,  
And make Thy grace our only boast,  
And by Thy strength endure.

Mrs. M. B. Peters.

449. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. Page 36.

1. O LORD, while we confess the worth  
Of this the outward seal,  
Do Thou the truths herein set forth  
To every heart reveal.

2. Death to the world we here avow,  
Death to each fleshly lust;  
Newness of life our calling now,  
A risen Lord our trust.

3. Baptized into the Father's name,  
We'd walk as sons of God;  
Baptized in Thine, we own Thy claim  
As ransomed by Thy blood.

450. BEATITUDO. C. M. Page 143.

1. PROCLAIM, saith Christ, My wondrous  
grace

To all the sons of men;  
He that believes and is baptized,  
Salvation shall obtain.

2. Let plenteous grace descend on those  
Who, hoping in Thy Word,  
This day have solemnly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.

3. With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race;  
And, in the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.

4. And, when the awful message comes  
To call their souls away,  
May they be found prepared to live  
In realms of endless day.

Rev. James Newton.

451. VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1. Our chil - dren Thou dost claim, O Lord, our God, as Thine;  
 Ten thou - sand bless - ings to Thy name For good - ness so Di - vine.

2. Thee let the fathers own,  
 Thee let the sons adore;  
 Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,  
 To be forgot no more.
3. How great Thy mercies, Lord!  
 How plenteous is Thy grace,

- Which, in the promise of Thy love,  
 Includes our rising race.
4. Our offspring, still Thy care,  
 Shall own their fathers' God;  
 To latest times Thy blessings share,  
 And sound Thy praise abroad. Anon.

452. KNOX. C. M.

TEMPLE MELODIES.

1. OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,  
 We now devote to Thee;  
 Let them Thy covenant mercies share,  
 And Thy salvation see.
2. In early days their hearts secure  
 From worldly snares, we pray;  
 And let them to the end endure  
 In every righteous way.
3. Help us before them, Lord, to live  
 In holy faith and fear;  
 And then to heaven our souls receive,  
 And bring our children there.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth.

453.

1. WHILE in this sacred rite of Thine  
 We yield our spirits now,  
 Shine o'er the waters, Dove Divine,  
 And seal the cheerful vow.
2. All glory be to Him Whose life  
 For ours was freely given;  
 Who aids us in the spirit's strife,  
 And makes us meet for heaven.
3. To Thee we gladly now resign  
 Our life and all our powers;  
 Accept us in the rite Divine,  
 And bless these hallowed hours.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.





456. BALERMA. C. M.

ARR. BY ROBERT SIMPSON.

1. Lord, at Thy ta - ble I be - hold The won - ders of Thy grace;

But most of all a - mazed that I Should find a wel - come place.

2. I, who am all defiled with sin,  
A rebel to my God!  
I, who have crucified Thy Son,  
And trampled on His blood!
3. What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room!  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
4. Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
In praise join all your powers;  
No theme is like redeeming love;  
No Saviour is like ours.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

4. Jesus, we bow our souls to Thee,  
Our Life, our Hope, our All,  
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,  
Thy dying love recall.
5. O may Thy pure and perfect love  
Be written on our minds;  
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure  
The ever-radiant lines.

Rev. Edward Turney.

457. COWPER. C. M. Page 188.

1. O LOVE Divine! O matchless grace!  
Which in this sacred rite  
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays  
Of purest living light.
2. O wondrous death! O precious blood!  
For us so freely spilt,  
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls  
From every stain of guilt.
3. O covenant of life and peace,  
By blood and suffering sealed!  
All the rich gifts of Gospel grace  
Are here to faith revealed.

458. BERNARD. C. M. Page 220.

1. O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel;  
And thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.
2. Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love;  
The streams that through the desert flow;  
The manna from above.
3. We come, obedient to Thy Word,  
To feast on heavenly food;  
Our meat, the body of the Lord;  
Our drink, His precious blood.

Edward Osler.



459. SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC. B. WOODBURY.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,  
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.

*Organ 8va.*

2. Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
  3. Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?
  4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee;
  5. Remember Thee and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.
  6. And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.
- James Montgomery.
- Through the rich blood that Jesus shed  
To raise our souls to heaven.
  3. Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
  4. All things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.
- Rev. Philip Doddridge.

461. S. M. ST. THOMAS. Page 145.

1. GLORY to God on high,  
Our peace is made with heaven;  
The Son of God came down to die,  
That we might be forgiven.
2. His precious blood was shed,  
His body bruised for sin;  
Remember this in eating bread,  
And that in drinking wine.
3. Approach His royal board,  
In His rich garments clad;  
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,  
And every heart be glad.
4. The Father gives the Son;  
The Son, His flesh and blood;  
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on  
The righteousness of God.

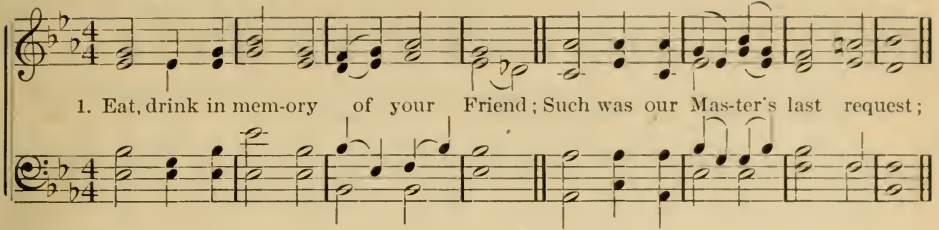
Rev. Joseph Hart.

460. PETERBOROUGH. C. M. Page 226.

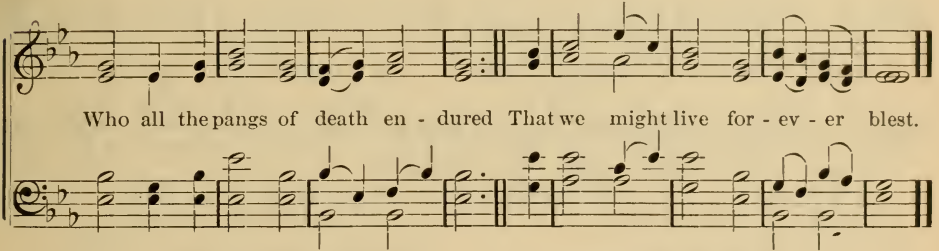
1. THE King of heaven His table spreads,  
And blessings crown the board;  
Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.
2. Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given,

462. COMMUNION. L. M.

ANON.



1. Eat, drink in mem-ory of your Friend; Such was our Mas-ter's last request;



Who all the pangs of death en - dured That we might live for - ev - er blest.

2. Yes, we'll record Thy matchless grace,  
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends;  
Thy dying love the noblest praise  
Of long eternity transcends.

3. 'T is pleasure more than earth can give  
Thy goodness, through these veils, to see.  
Thy table food celestial yields,  
And happy they who sit with Thee.

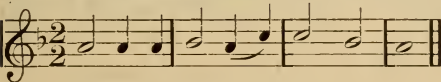
4. But, O what vast, transporting joy  
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,  
When, joined with yon celestial train,  
Our grateful souls Thy love admire.

Anon.

3. Let humble, penitential woe  
In tears of godly sorrow flow;  
And Thy forgiving smiles impart  
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

Anne Steele.

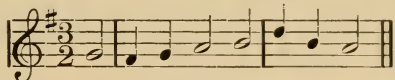
463. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Page 190.



1. O JESUS, our exalted Lord,  
Dear name by heaven and earth adored,  
To Thee with heart and voice we raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2. And while around this board we meet  
And humbly worship at Thy feet,  
O let our warm affections move  
In glad returns of grateful love!

464. ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Page 174.



1. THE broken bread, the blessed cup,  
On which we now are called to sup,  
Without Thy help and grace Divine,  
Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2. But come, great Master of the feast,  
Impart Thy grace to every guest;  
Direct our views to Calvary,  
And help us to remember Thee.

3. Let us with light and truth be blest,  
Upon Thy bosom let us rest;  
And at Thy supper may we learn,  
Thy broken body to discern.

4. O that our souls may now be fed  
With Christ Himself, the living Bread;  
That we the covenant may renew  
And to our vows be rendered true!

Unknown.

465. ALETTA. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. When the weary ones we love<br/>Enter on their rest above,<br/>When their words of love and cheer<br/>Fall no longer on our ear,<br/>Hush, be every murmur dumb;<br/>It is only till He come.</p> <p>3. Clouds and darkness round us press;<br/>Would we have one sorrow less?<br/>All the sharpness of the cross,</p> | <p>All that tells the world is loss,<br/>Death and darkness and the tomb,<br/>Pain us only till He come.</p> <p>4. See, the feast of love is spread;<br/>Drink the wine, and break the bread;<br/>Sweet memorials,—till the Lord<br/>Call us round His heavenly board;<br/>Some from earth, from glory some,<br/>Severed only till He come.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth.

466. DIX. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. SAVIOUR of our ruined race,<br/>Fountain of redeeming grace,<br/>Let us now Thy fullness see<br/>While we here converse with Thee;<br/>Harken to our ardent prayer,<br/>Let us all Thy blessing share.</p> <p>2. While we thus, with glad accord<br/>Meet around Thy table, Lord,<br/>Bid us feast with joy Divine,</p> | <p>On the appointed bread and wine,—<br/>Emblems may they truly prove,<br/>Of our Saviour's bleeding love.</p> <p>3. Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,<br/>Yet we seek Thy heavenly smile;<br/>Canst Thou all our sins forgive?<br/>Dost Thou bid us look and live?<br/>Lord, we wonder and adore,<br/>O for grace to love Thee more!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Dr. Thomas Hastings.



1. How pre-cious is the name, Breth-ren sing, breth-ren sing! How pre-cious is the

name, Breth-ren sing! How precious is the name Of Christ our Paschal Lamb, Who

bore our guilt and shame On the tree, on the tree, Who bore our guilt and shame On the tree.

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- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. I've given all for Christ;<br/>He's my All:<br/>I've given all for Christ,<br/>And my spirit cannot rest<br/>Unless He's in my breast,<br/>Reigning there.</p> <p>3. His easy yoke I'll bear<br/>With delight:<br/>His easy yoke I'll bear,<br/>And His cross I will not fear;<br/>His name I will declare<br/>Evermore.</p> <p>4. And when we all get home<br/>We will sing:<br/>And when we all get home</p> | <p>Around our Father's throne,<br/>And millions join the theme,<br/>We'll sing on. -</p> <p>5. There friends shall meet again<br/>Who have loved:<br/>Our embraces shall be sweet<br/>At the dear Redeemer's feet,<br/>When we meet to part no more<br/>Who have loved.</p> <p>6. Then with all the happy throng<br/>We'll rejoice:<br/>Shouting glory to our King,<br/>Till the vaults of heaven ring,<br/>And through all eternity<br/>We'll rejoice.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Anon.



## 468. HAMBURG. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys run;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

See also RHINELAND, page 289.

2. From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at His feet;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend His Word.

3. To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

4. People and realms of every tongue,  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

4. On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,  
Where scattered wide the watchmen  
stand;  
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow  
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5. O fill Thy Church with faith and power;  
Bid her long night of weeping cease;  
To groaning nations haste the hour  
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

## 469. UXBRIDGE. L. M. Page 70.

1. ETERNAL Father, Thou hast said  
That Christ all glory shall obtain;  
That He Who once a sufferer bled  
Shall o'er the world a Conqueror reign.

2. We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King;  
Long ages have prepared Thy way;  
Now all abroad Thy banner fling;  
Set time's great battle in array.

3. Thy hosts are mustered to the field;  
The cross! the cross! the battle-call;  
The old grim towers of darkness yield,  
And soon shall totter to their fall.

## 470. PARK STREET. L. M. Page 210.

1. ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;  
Put on Thy strength; the nations shake;  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

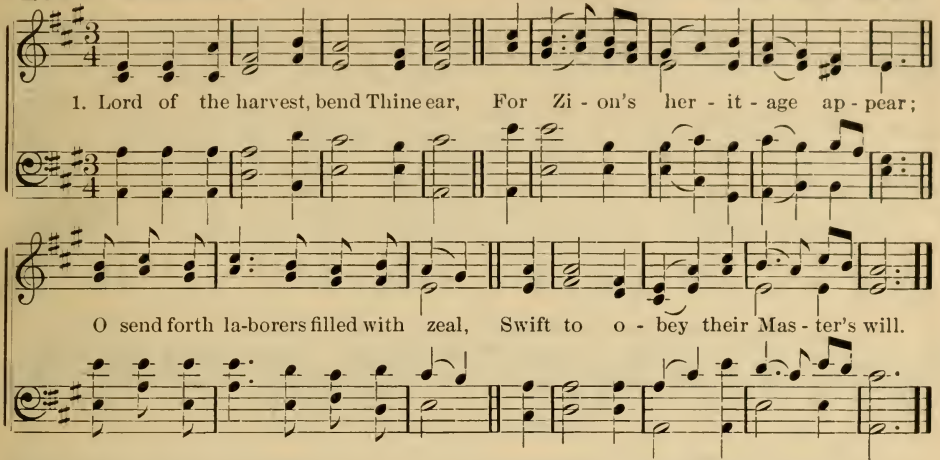
2. Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone;  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3. Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
Through every clime, to every name;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

William Shrubsole.

## 471. MIGDOL. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Lord of the harvest, bend Thine ear, For Zi-on's her-it-age ap-pear;  
O send forth la-borers filled with zeal, Swift to o-bey their Mas-ter's will.

2. Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold  
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;  
Wide fields are opening to our view;  
The work is great, the laborers few.

3. Under the guidance of Thy hand  
May Zion's sons to every land

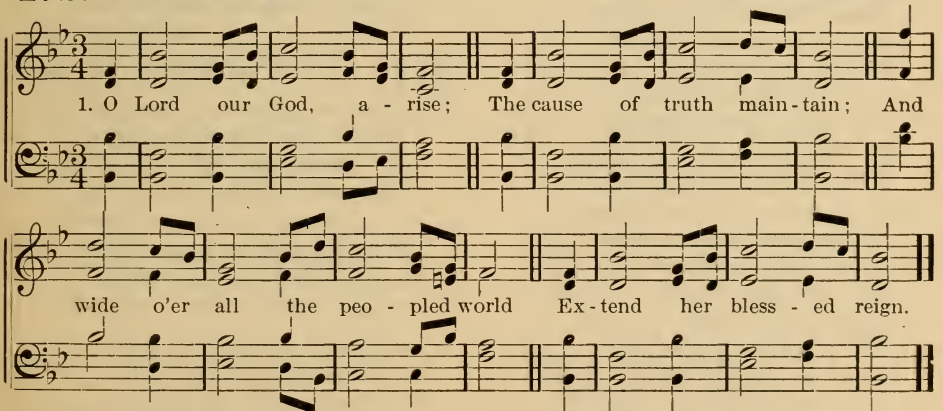
Go forth, to bless the dying race,  
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4. Bid all their hearts with ardor glow  
The Saviour's dying love to show,  
And spread the Gospel's joyful sound  
Far as the race of man is found.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

## 472. KENTUCKY. S. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.



1. O Lord our God, a-rise; The cause of truth main-tain; And  
wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex-tend her bless-ed reign.

2. Thou Prince of Life, arise,  
Nor let Thy glory cease;  
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.

3. Thou Holy Ghost, arise;  
Extend Thy healing wing;

And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.

4. O all ye nations, rise;  
To God, the Saviour, sing;  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring. Anon.

## 473. MISSIONARY HYMN, 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where  
Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From man - y an an - cient riv - er,  
From man - y a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes,  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

## 474. 8, 7, 8, 7. STOCKWELL. Page 229.

1. CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 't is thrown away;  
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
3. As the seed, by billows floated,  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted,  
What thou flingest may be borne.
4. Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sowest with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.



## 475. MENDEBRAS. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

GERMAN MELODY. ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail, to the Lord's A-nointed, Great Dav-id's great-er Son!  
Hail, in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion,

To set the cap-tive free, To take a-way transgression, And rule in eq-ui-ty.

2. He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.
3. He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
4. To Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
That name to us is love.

James Montgomery.

## 476. See WEBB. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. Page 186.

1. THE morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion  
Prepared for Zion's war.
2. See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The Gospel call obey,  
And seek a Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
3. Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home,  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, The Lord is come.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.



477. ELLEDIE. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ARR. FROM JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Yes, we trust the day is break-ing; Joy - ful times are near at hand;

God, the might-y God, is speak-ing By His Word in ev - ery land.  
D. S.—Mark His progress, Mark His pro-gress! Dark - ness flies at His command.

Mark His pro-gress, mark His pro-gress! Dark - ness flies at His command.

2. O 't is pleasant, 't is reviving  
To our hearts, to hear, each day,  
Joyful news from far arriving,  
How the Gospel wins its way,  
Those enlightening  
Who in depth and darkness lay.

3. God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let Thy people see Thy hand;  
Let the Gospel be victorious  
Through the world, in every land;  
Then shall idols  
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He Himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.

478. HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. Page 291.

1. ON the mountain top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands.  
Mourning captive,  
God Himself will loose thy bands.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
All thy warfare now is past;  
God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

## 479. TAMWORTH. 8, 7, 8, 7.

C. LOCKHART.

1. { Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well; }  
 { Friends, con-nec-tions, hap-py coun - try, Can I bid you all fare-well? }

Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in dis-tantlands to dwell?

2. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days and Sabbath bell;  
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
 Can I say a last farewell?  
 Can I leave you,  
 Far, in heathen lands to dwell?

3. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
 From the scenes I love so well,  
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
 Lovely native land, farewell!  
 Pleased I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4. In the desert let me labor,  
 On the mountain let me tell  
 How He died, the blessed Saviour,  
 To redeem a world from hell.  
 Let me hasten  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvas swell;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell.  
 Glad I leave thee,  
 Native land, farewell! farewell!

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

## 480. ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Page 142.

1. Go and seek the lost and dying;  
 Preach the world's glad jubilee;  
 Like the herald angels, flying,  
 Bear God's message o'er the sea;  
 Toil for Jesus,  
 Till the blind His glory see.

2. Go and tell the blessed story  
 Of the holy Lamb of God;  
 Show the poor His grace and glory;  
 Lead the dying to His blood,  
 Ever crying,  
 O behold the Lamb of God!

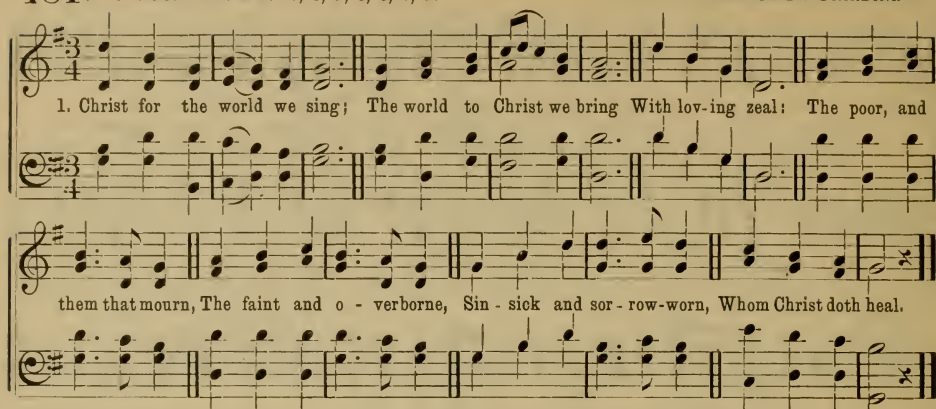
3. May the peace of God attend you,  
 As you gather precious spoil;  
 May His arms of love defend you,  
 In the conflict and turmoil;  
 May His presence  
 Cheer you on the field of toil.

4. Fare you well! whate'er betide you,  
 Look to Jesus for His grace;  
 He will comfort, cheer, and guide you,  
 Till at last, in His embrace,  
 Safe forever,  
 You shall see Him face to face.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

## 481. ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With lov-ing zeal: The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o-verborne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

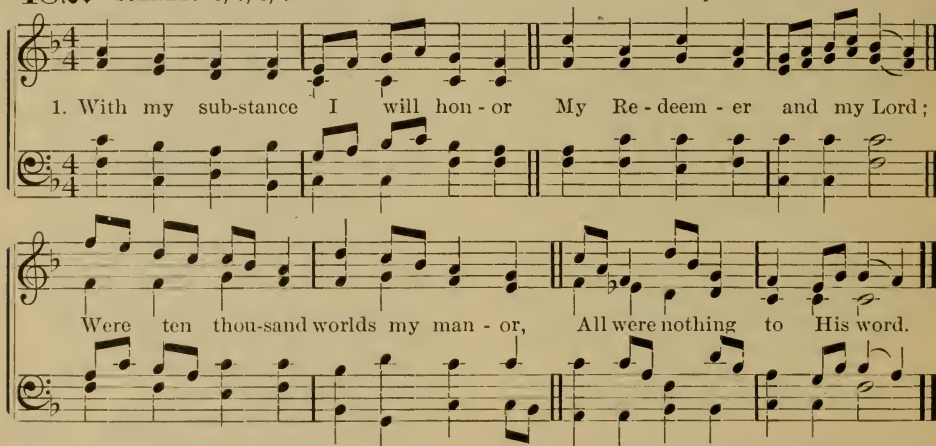
2. Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passion tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3. Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott.

## 482. SOLNEY. 8, 7, 8, 7.

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.



1. With my sub-stance I will hon-or My Re-deem-er and my Lord;  
Were ten thou-sand worlds my man-or, All were nothing to His word.

2. While the heralds of salvation  
His unbounded grace proclaim,  
Let His friends in every station  
Gladly join to spread His fame.

3. Be His kingdom now promoted,  
Let the earth her Monarch know;

Be my all to Him devoted;  
To my Lord my all I owe.

4. Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!  
Praise Him, all ye hosts above!  
Shout with joyful acclamations,  
His Divine, victorious love!

Rev. Benjamin Francis.



## 483. WATCHMAN. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are: Travel-ler, o'er you

mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beau-teous ray

Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Travel-ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends:  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller, ages are its own,  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn;  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn:  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,  
Hie thee to thy quiet home;  
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come.

Sir John Bowring.

Hard the battle ye must fight.  
O'er a faithless, fallen world  
Raise your banner to the sky;  
Let it float there wide unfurled;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.

2. 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.  
To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

3. Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.  
Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How.

## 484. MARTYN. 7, 7, 7, 7, D. Page 92.

1. SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,  
Gird you with your armor bright;  
Mighty are your enemies,



485. EMERSON. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Souls in heath - en darkness ly - ing, Where no light has bro - ken through,

Souls that Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His soul in trav - ail knew :

Thou - sand voi - ces, thou - sand voi - ces Call us o'er the wa - ters blue.

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2. Christians, hearken: none have taught them  
Of His love so deep and dear;  
Of the precious price that bought them;  
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;  
Ye who know Him,  
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3. Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings  
Wide to earth's remotest strand;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings

Rise against us, when we stand  
In the judgment,  
From some far, forgotten land.

4. Lo, the hills for harvest whiten,  
All along each distant shore;  
Seaward far the islands brighten;  
Light of nations lead us o'er;  
When we seek them,  
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

486. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. RUTHERFORD. Page 209.

1. OUR country's voice is pleading:  
Ye men of God, arise!  
His providence is leading,  
The land before you lies;  
Day-glams are o'er it brightening,  
And promise clothes the soil;  
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
Invite the reaper's toil.

2. The love of Christ unfolding,  
Speed on from east to west,  
Till all, His cross beholding,  
In Him are fully blest.  
Great Author of salvation,  
Haste, haste the glorious day,  
When we, a ransomed nation,  
Thy sceptre shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.

487. 11, 10, 11, 10. See PALMER, page 41.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,

Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;  
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;

Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise, in verdure, and mingle in song.

4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,

Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.  
Dr. Thomas Hastings.

RUTHERFORD. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

1. Our country's voice is plead-ing; Ye men of God, a-rise! His prov-idence is

lead-ing, The land be-fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright-ening,

And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for harvest whitening, In-vite the reaper's toil.

## 488. PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.

1. The Lord, our God, a-lone is strong; His hands build not for one brief day; His wondrous works, through a-ges long, His wisdom and His power display, His wisdom and His power display.

2. His mountains lift their solemn forms,  
To watch in silence o'er the land;  
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,  
Sleeps in the hollow of His hand.
3. Beyond the heavens He sits alone,  
The universe obeys His nod;  
The lightning-rifts disclose His throne,  
And thunders voice the name of God.
4. Thou sovereign God, receive this gift  
Thy willing servants offer Thee;  
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,  
And let these halls Thy temple be.
5. And let those learn, who here shall meet,  
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,  
And science walks with humble feet  
To seek the God Whom faith hath found.  
*Caleb T. Winchester.*
- Still by the power of His great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
4. But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest?  
Here will our great Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
5. Thy glory never hence depart,  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone,  
Thy kingdom come to every heart;  
In every bosom fix Thy throne.  
*James Montgomery.*

## 489. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Page 217.

1. HERE in Thy name, eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for Thee;  
O choose it for Thy fixed abode,  
And guard it long from error free.
2. Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place;  
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
3. Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
2. These walls we to Thy honor raise,  
Long may they echo with Thy praise;  
And Thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
3. Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the glories of His train;  
While power Divine His Word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
4. And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That crowds were born to glory here.

## 490. TRURO. L. M. Page 229.

1. AND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish His abode?  
And will He, from His radiant home,  
Accept our temple for His Own?
2. These walls we to Thy honor raise,  
Long may they echo with Thy praise;  
And Thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
3. Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the glories of His train;  
While power Divine His Word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
4. And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That crowds were born to glory here.

*Rev. Philip Doddridge.*



491. GEER. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.

1. O God, though count-less worlds of light Thy power and glo-ry show,  
 Though round Thy throne, a-bove all height, Im-mor-tal ser-aphs glow,—

2. Yet, Lord, where'er Thy saints apart  
 Are met for praise and prayer;  
 Wherever sighs a contrite heart,  
 Thou, gracious God, art there.
3. With grateful joy Thy children rear  
 This temple, Lord, to Thee;  
 Long may they sing Thy praises here,  
 And here Thy beauty see.
4. Here, Saviour, deign Thy saints to meet;  
 With peace their hearts to fill;  
 And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,  
 May grace Divine distil.
5. Here may Thy truth fresh triumphs win;  
 Eternal Spirit, here,  
 In many a heart, now dead in sin,  
 A living temple rear. J. D. Knowles.

- And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
 Be strengthened as they pray.
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
 And pure devotion rise,  
 While round these hallowed walls the storm  
 Of earth-born passion dies.  
 William Cullen Bryant.

493. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Page 190.

1. ACCEPT this house, O gracious God,  
 Which with our love this day we give,  
 And let Thy glorious presence prove  
 That with Thy people Thou dost live.
2. O may Thy children here receive  
 The precious gifts Thy grace imparts;  
 And here may every meeting be  
 The gate of heaven to our hearts.
3. May here the feet of hopeful youth  
 In wisdom's pleasant ways be led;  
 And aged saints while traveling home  
 Be, by Thy heavenly manna, fed.
4. O may the weary here find rest;  
 The lonely friendless find a friend;  
 The mourner's sadness flee away,  
 And Sundered hearts in union blend.
5. We see Thy presence everywhere  
 As we to-day the past review;  
 Thou sure wast with us in the old,  
 O be Thou with us in the new.

492.

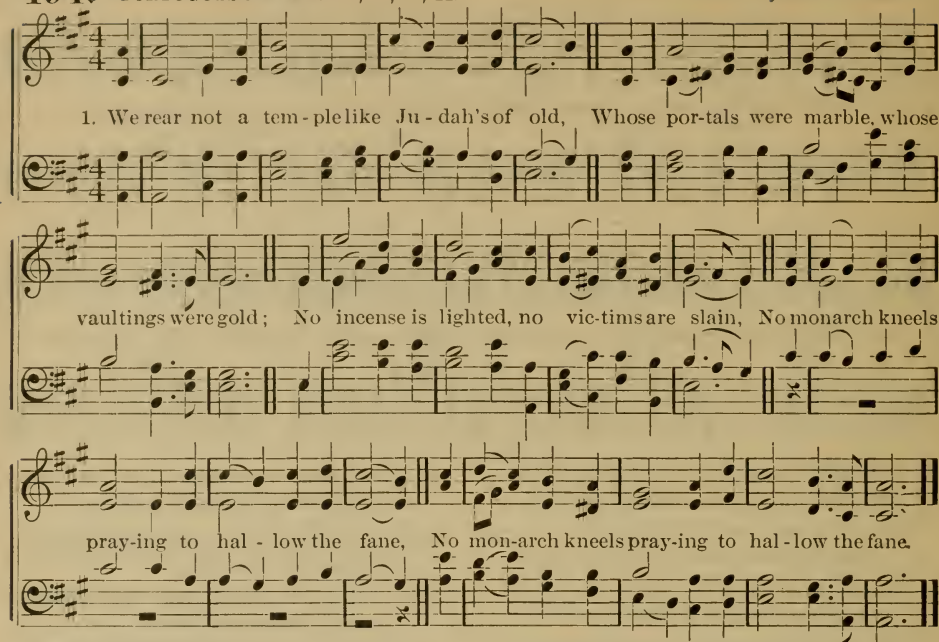
1. O THOU, Whose Own vast temple stands,  
 Built over earth and sea!  
 Accept the walls that human hands  
 Have raised to worship Thee.
2. Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
 Within these walls to abide,  
 The peace that dwelleth without end  
 Serenely by Thy side.
3. May erring minds, that worship here,  
 Be taught the better way;

Rev. W. H. Fouke.



## 494. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11, 11, 11, 11.

JOHN READING.



1. We rear not a tem-plelike Ju-dah's of old, Whose por-tals were marble, whose vaultings were gold; No incense is lighted, no vic-tims are slain, No monarch kneels pray-ing to hal-low the fane, No mon-arch kneels pray-ing to hal-low the fane.

2. More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,  
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,  
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,  
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

3. O Father, come in, but not in the cloud  
Which filled the bright courts where Thy chosen ones bowed;  
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace,  
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

4. O come in the power of Thy life-giving Word,  
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;  
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,  
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

5. The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,

And soon shall our frailer erection decay;  
But the souls that are builded in worship and love

Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.

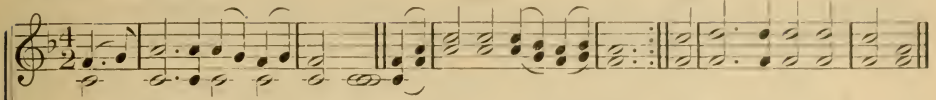
## 495. S. M. See OLMUTZ, page 243.

1. GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great;  
He makes His Churches His abode;  
His most delightful seat.
2. These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.
3. In Zion God is known,  
A Refuge in distress;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!
4. In ever new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

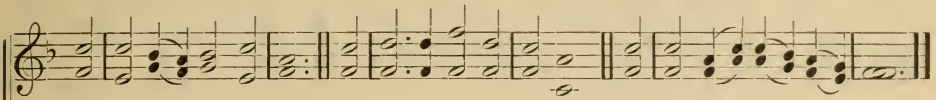
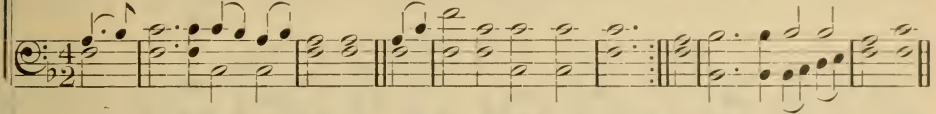
Rev. Isaac Watts

496. MENDEBRAS. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

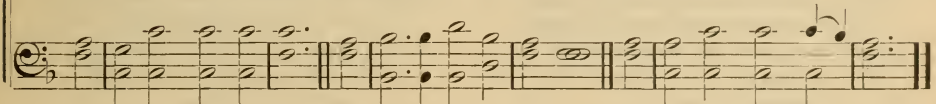
GERMAN MELODY. ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. { We praise Thee, gra-cious Fath-er, For Thine a - bound-ing grace, } We praise Thee for Thy guidance—  
 { Thy nev - er-fail - ing pres-ence, The sunshine of Thy face. }



In all our la - bors here, Thy gra-cious in - spi - ra - tion And all Thy heaven - ly cheer.



2. Now seal with Thine approval  
 What we have done for Thee,  
 And light the steps of duty  
 In ways we could not see.  
 O send us forth anointed,  
 As witnesses for Thee,  
 To preach Thy great salvation,  
 To set the captives free.

3. We go to pray, and labor,  
 And wait, another year,  
 Content, whate'er befall us,  
 If only Thou art near!  
 We can not go without Thee;  
 The way we cannot know;  
 O let Thy mighty presence  
 Before Thy servants go!

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

To worship at Thy feet.  
 We come with joy and gladness,  
 With gratitude and praise,  
 Rejoicing in Thy goodness,  
 That crowns our fleeting days.

2. Thy mighty hand has brought us  
 In safety through the year,  
 Preserved our "feet from falling,"  
 And kept us in Thy fear.  
 Thy grace has been sufficient,  
 Thy promise never failed;  
 And in the days of conflict  
 Through Thee we have prevailed!

3. Now, gracious Father, meet us,  
 And in our midst abide;  
 In word and work direct us,  
 And over all preside.  
 Baptize us with Thy Spirit;  
 Our hearts with love inflame;  
 And all that is within us  
 Shall bless Thy holy name.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

497. WEBB. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. Page 186.

1. ONCE more, O Lord, assembling  
 In Thy dear name, we meet  
 As toilers in Thy vineyard,

## 498. SICILY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

SICILIAN MELODY.

1. { Men of God, go, take your sta-tions : Dark-ness reigns throughout the earth ; }  
 { Go, pro - claim a-mong the na-tions, Joy - ful news of heavenly birth ; }

Bear the tid-ings, bear the tid-ings, Of the Sav-iour's matchless worth.

2. What, though earth and hell united,  
 Should oppose our Saviour's plan?  
 Plead His cause, nor be affrighted:  
 Fear ye not the face of man:  
 Vain their tumult;  
 Hurt His work they never can.

3. When exposed to fearful dangers,  
 Jesus will His Own defend;  
 Borne afar mid foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your Friend;  
 And His presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

## 499. FOREST. L. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. GREAT Husbandman, at Thy command,  
 We sow Thy seed with liberal hand;  
 And, mindful of Thy heavenly call,  
 Onward we go, forsaking all.

2. On, through the sad and weary years,  
 We sow the precious seed with tears;  
 And stay our hearts in faith sublime,  
 With prospects of the harvest time.

3. Not long shall we in sorrow go,  
 Not long endure earth's toil and woe;

For He Who bids us sow and weep,  
 Shall call us then in joy to reap.

4. Then shall each tearful sower come,  
 And bear his sheaves in triumph home;  
 The voice long choked with grief shall sing,  
 Till heaven with shouts of triumph ring.

5. Thick on the hills of light shall stand  
 The gathered sheaves from every land,  
 While they that sow, and they that reap,  
 The Harvest-Home in glory keep.

H. L. Hastings.

## 500. COWPER. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Go forth a-gain, ye men of God, Each to his field of toil; In

Je - sus' name, for His dear sake, To gath-er prec-ious spoil, To gath-er prec-ious spoil.

2. Go forth with fresh anointing, go  
With newly-kindled zeal,  
With joy and gladness, bearing still  
The Spirit's holy seal.

3. Go forth to scatter precious seed,  
To gather in the grain;

In faith, and hope, and courage, go;  
Ye shall not toil in vain.

4. Ye may not longer tarry here;  
For, O, the work is great,  
The fields are white, the reapers few,  
And ripened harvests wait.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

## 501. BALERMA. C. M.

## TEMPERANCE.

ARR. BY ROBERT SIMPSON.

1. 'Tis Thine a - lone, al - might - y Name, To raise the dead to life,

The lost in - e - briate to re - claim From pas - sion's fear - ful strife.

2. What ruin hath intemperance wrought!  
How widely roll its waves!  
How many myriads hath it brought  
To fill dishonored graves!

3. The cause of temperance is Thine Own;  
Our plans and efforts bless;  
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone  
To crown them with success.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield.



502. WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Great God, Whose hand out-pours the rills, And springs that burst from all the hills,

At Whose com-mand the rock was riven, Who send'st on all Thy rain from heaven,—

2. Help us to heed Thy Word Divine,  
And look not on the crimson wine;  
To flee and fear the accursed thing  
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

3. Stay Thou, O Lord, the tide of death;  
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath;  
And speed, O speed on every shore  
The day when strong drink slays no more.  
Anon.

503. CORINTH. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Life from the dead, Al-might-y God, 'Tis Thine a-lone to give,

To lift the poor in-e-briate up, And bid the help-less live.

2. Life from the dead! for those we plead  
Fast bound in passion's chain,  
That, from their iron fetters freed,  
They wake to life again.

3. Life from the dead! quickened by Thee,  
Be all their powers inclined

To temperance, truth, and piety,  
And pleasures pure, refined.

4. And may they by Thy help abide,  
The tempter's power withstand;  
By grace restored and purified,  
In Christ accepted stand.

Anon.

504. HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. Bondage and death the cup contains; Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!

Soft - er than silk are i - ron chains, Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2. Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,  
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;  
What countless thousands tribute bring,  
For happier homes and brighter days!

The wife regains a husband freed!  
The orphan clasps a father found!

3. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;

4. Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind  
Till man no more shall deem it just  
To live by forging chains to bind  
His weaker brother in the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent

505. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. When, doomed to death, the a - pos - tle lay At night in Her - od's dun - geon cell,

A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

2. A messenger from God was there,  
To break his chain and bid him rise;  
And lo! the saint, as free as air,  
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

Which drowns the soul, and from the mind  
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

3. Chains yet more strong and cruel bind  
The victims of that deadly thirst

4. O God of love and mercy, deign  
To look on those with pitying eye  
Who struggle with that fatal chain,  
And send them succor from on high!

William Cullen Bryant.

## 506. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Look not up-on the ru-by wine, That spark-les with al-lur-ing light;

Though bright its gleam-ing bub-bles shine, It leads to sor-row, gloom and night.

2. The mirth shall end, the joy be past,  
And hushed the notes of those who sing;  
And then shall come to thee at last  
The serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

3. Then look not on the poisoned bowl,  
But from the path of danger flee;  
Lest thou shalt sink, a ruined soul,  
And angels shall lament for thee.

H. L. Hastings.

## 507. KENTUCKY. S. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. Mourn for the thou-sands slain, The youth-ful and the strong; Mourn

for the wine-cup's fear-ful reign, And the de-lud-ed throng.

2. Mourn for the tarnished gem—  
For reason's light Divine  
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,  
Where God had bid it shine.

4. Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.

3. Mourn for the ruined soul—  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.

5. Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show His saving love.

Seth Collins Brace.



## 508. AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fath-ers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-ery mountain side Let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and hills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On Him we wait.  
Thou Who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State!

Rev. John S. Dwight.

## 509.

1. GOD bless our native land;  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,

## 510. 7, 7, 7, 7. See SEYMOUR, pag. 58.

1. SWELL the anthem, raise the song  
Praises to our God belong;  
Saints and angels join to sing  
Praises to our heavenly King.

2. Blessings from His liberal hand  
Flow around this happy land;  
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;  
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3. Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey;  
Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.

4. Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

Rev. Nathan Strong.



## 511. BERNARD, C. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Great King of na-tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,

And hum-bly, with u-nit-ed cry, To Thee for mer-cy call.

2. The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,  
O turn us not away;  
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,  
And help us when we pray.

3. Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
And ours no less we own,  
Yet wondrously from age to age,  
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4. When dangers, like a mighty sea,  
Beset our country round,  
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

5. With pitying eye behold our need,  
As thus we lift our prayer;  
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,  
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney.

3. But Thy right hand, Thy powerful arm,  
Whose succor they implored;  
Thy providence protected them,  
Who Thy great name adored.

4. As Thee their God our fathers owned,  
So Thou art still our King;  
O therefore, as Thou didst to them,  
To us deliverance bring.

Tate &amp; Brady.

## 512.

1. O LORD, our fathers oft have told,  
In our attentive ears,  
Thy wonders in their days performed,  
And in more ancient years.

2. 'T was not their courage, not their sword,  
To them salvation gave;  
'T was not their number, nor their strength,  
That did their country save.

## 513.

1. SEE, gracious Lord, before Thy throne,  
Thy mourning people bend;  
'T is on Thy sovereign grace alone,  
Our humble hopes depend.

2. Tremendous judgments, from Thy hand,  
Thy dreadful powers display;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

3. O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By Thy redeeming grace;  
Then shall our hearts obey Thy Word,  
And humbly seek Thy face.

4. Then, should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear,  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
When God, our God, is near.

Anne Steele.

514. OFFERING. 9, 8, 9, 8. *With Refrain.*

ARTHUR T. BUCK.

1. We come with the cup of sal - va - tion, To call on the name of the Lord,  
 And grate - ful - ly bring our ob - la - tion, With cheer - ful and lov - ing ac - cord.

REFRAIN.

We thank Thee, dear Fath - er, we thank Thee, For bless - ings in bas - ket and store,  
 For peace and for safe - ty we thank Thee; Thy mer - cy and love we a - dore;  
 For peace and for safe - ty we thank Thee; Thy mer - cy and love we a - dore.

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2. We come with rejoicing and gladness,  
 And break from the bondage of care,  
 Forgetting the grief and the sadness,  
 We often too willingly bear.
3. We join with the voice of the nation,  
 That bends at Thine altars to pray;

- Our eyes have beheld Thy salvation  
 In many a perilous day.
4. With mountain, and valley, and river,  
 And fruitful domain we will raise  
 Our hearts to the bountiful Giver,  
 In ceaseless ascriptions of praise.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

## 515. WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;  
The wrath of sin-ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give-peace a-gain.

2. Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?  
None ever called on Thee in vain;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4. Where saints and angels dwell above  
All hearts are knit in holy love;  
O bind us in that heavenly chain;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

## 516.

1. GREAT God, beneath Whose piercing eye  
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;  
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,  
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;
2. We bow before Thy heavenly throne;  
Thy power we see; Thy greatness own;  
Yet, cherished by Thy milder voice,  
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
3. Thy kindness to our fathers shown  
Their children's children long shall own;  
To Thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise  
The tribute of exulting praise.
4. Led on by Thine unerring aid,  
Secure the paths of life we tread;

And, freely as the vital air,  
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5. Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and  
Friend!  
O still Thy sheltering arm extend;  
Preserved by Thee for ages past,  
For ages let Thy kindness last.

William Roscoe.

## 517. TRURO. L. M. Page 229.

1. GREAT God of nations, now to Thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;  
With humble heart and bending knee,  
We offer Thee our song of praise.
2. Thy name we bless, Almighty God,  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—  
This land we fondly call our own.
3. Here freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;  
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dangerous way.
4. We praise Thee, that the Gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds;  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
5. Great God, preserve us in Thy fear;  
In dangers still our Guardian be;  
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts here;  
Let all the people worship Thee.

A. A. Woodhull.



## 518. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. To Thee, O God, Whose guiding hand Our fathers led a-cross the sea,

And brought them to this favored land, Where they might free-ly wor-ship Thee.

2. To Thee, O God, Whose arm sustained  
Their footsteps in their chosen land,  
Where sickness lurked, and death assailed,  
And foes beset on every hand,—

4. Our fathers' God, incline Thine ear,  
And listen to our heartfelt prayer;  
Surround us with Thy heavenly grace,  
And guard us with Thy constant care.

3. To Thee, O God, we lift our eyes,  
To Thee our grateful voices raise,  
And kneeling at Thy gracious throne,  
Devoutly join in hymns of praise.

5. Our fathers' God, in Thee we'll trust,  
Sheltered by Thee from every harm;  
We'll follow where Thy hand shall guide,  
And lean on Thy sustaining arm.

William T. Davis.

## 519. ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. O God, beneath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fath-ers crossed the sea:

And when they trod the win-try strand, With prayer and psalm they wor-shipped Thee.

2. Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the  
prayer;  
Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.

3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

4. And here Thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And Spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon.



## 520. HOME PATRIOTISM. P. M.

PHILIP PHILIPS.

1. { Our coun-try, un - ri - valled in beau - ty And splendor that can - not be told, }  
How love - ly thy hills and thy woodlands,

Ar-rayed in a sun-light of gold. The ea-gle, proud king of the mountain,

Is soar - ing ma - jes - tic and free; Thy riv - ers and lakes in their grandeur,

Roll on to the arms of the sea, . . . . Roll on to the arms of the sea.

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2. Our country! the birth-place of freedom,  
The land where our forefathers trod,  
And sang in the aisles of the forest  
Their hymns of thanksgiving to God.  
Their bark they had moored in the harbor,  
No more on the ocean to roam;  
And there in the wilds of New England,  
They founded a country and home.
3. Our country! with ardent devotion  
In God may Thy children abide;  
In Him be the strength of the nation,  
His laws and His counsel our guide.  
Our banner! that time-honored banner  
That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam—  
God keep it unsullied forever—  
Our standard, our union, our home.

Fanny Crosby.

521. JEHOVAH IS MARCHING ALONG. P. M.

PHILIP PHILIPS.

1. { Let the na-tions a-wake to the signs of the times; A voice that is mighty and strong. }  
 { Like the thunder of wa-ters, proclaims to the world, }

*Fine. CHORUS. ff*

Je-ho-vah is marching a-long. Then wake let us stand with our face to the right,  
*D. S.*—Je-ho-vah is marching a-long.

And tread 'neath our feet ev-ery wrong; The kingdoms of darkness are trembling with fear,

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2. Men of business, awake to the signs of the times;

Be true, and to others be just;  
 Give your wealth to the Lord, for to Him  
 He lent it to you as a trust. [it belongs,

3. Let the women awake to the signs of the times;

God calls you; the cross nobly bear;  
 You can light up the heart with the pages  
 of life,  
 And triumph with God through your  
 prayer.

4. Let the young men awake to the signs of the times;

God calls you because you are strong;  
 You can work in the vineyard with ardor  
 and zeal  
 For Him Who is marching along.

Philip Philips.

522. CORONATION. C. M. Page 46.

1. FOR God, and home, and every land,  
 We wage a peaceful war,  
 The cross, the banner of reforms,  
 Forever at the fore.

2. With Christ invincible we march,  
 Man's direst foes to slay;  
 His Word the sword of victory;  
 Our allies all who pray.

3. To save the holy land of home  
 We press our high crusade;  
 Our leader, Judah's Lion-heart,  
 On Whom our trust is stayed.

4. In step with Him we conquer lust  
 And appetite and fraud;  
 Defeat, retreat, bring no despair,—  
 Our courage is in God.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.

523. PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - ery breast ;

When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav - en - ly rest.

2. Happy the home where Jesus' name  
Is sweet to every ear;  
Where children early lisp His fame,  
And parents hold Him dear.
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard,  
And praise is wont to rise;  
Where parents love the sacred Word,  
And live but for the skies.
4. Lord, let us in our homes agree  
This blessed peace to gain;  
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,  
And love to all will reign.

Anon.

4. Teach us, in life, with faith and love  
To do our Lord's commands;  
And give us, in Thy time, above,  
A house not made with hands.

Rev. John Mason Neale.

524. MEAR. C. M. Page 227.

1. STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,  
To Thee our prayers we send;  
O God, from danger and from woe  
This dwelling-place defend.
2. Here let Thy peace, O Saviour, rest;  
Here let Thy love abide;  
Make us a blessing, make us blest,  
In all that may betide.
3. Let our petitions when we meet,  
And every secret prayer,  
Come up before Thy mercy-seat,  
And find acceptance there.

525. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. Page 235.

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes my waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.
2. Night unto night His name repeats,  
The day renews the sound  
Wide as the heavens on which He sits  
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'T is He supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak His praise;  
My sins might rouse His wrath to flame.  
But yet His wrath delays.
4. O God, let all my hours be Thine  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline  
And bring a peaceful night.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

526. MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR.

1. Lord, in the morn - ing I will send My prayer to reach Thine ear;

Thou art my Fath - er and my Friend, My Help for - ev - er near.

2. O lead me, keep me all this day,  
Near Thee in perfect peace;  
Help me to watch,—to watch and pray,—  
To pray, and never cease. Anon.

Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.

2. While many spent the night in sighs  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,  
And undisturbed repose.

3. O let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.

Anne Steele.

527.

1. LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer;  
To Thee lift up mine eye:
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting at His Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God before Whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
4. O may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

529. SILOAM. C. M. Page 196.

1. SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine;  
O let Thy favor crown our days,  
And all their round be Thine.
2. Did we not raise our hands to Thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If Thou Thy love restrain.
3. With Thee let every week begin;  
With Thee each day be spent;  
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by Thee is lent.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

528. BERNARD. C. M. Page 220.

1. LORD of my life, O may Thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,



530. HURSLEY, L. M.

ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-our dear, It is not night, if Thou be near;

O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
3. Abide with me from morn to eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

531. OLD HUNDRED, L. M. Page 1.

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine Own almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.
4. O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
5. When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
6. 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

532. TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.
3. All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept.

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake  
I may of endless life partake.

4. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

533. STOCKWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7.

DARIUS ELIOT JONES.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an even-ing bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

Thou art He Who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

James Edmeston.

534. STATE STREET, S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. Come at the morn - ing hour, Come, let us kneel and pray ;

Prayer is the Chris - tian pil - grim's staff To walk with God all day.

2. At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
During the heat of day.
3. At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar, pray;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.
4. When midnight veils our eyes,  
O it is sweet to say  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery.

535.

1. THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
O may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near.
2. We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,  
Till morning light appears. J. Leland.

ST. THOMAS, S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known ;

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround His throne.



536. WILLOWBY. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

CRANE.

1. How hap - py is the pilgrim's lot; How free from every anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear!

Confined to neith-er court nor cell, His soul dis-dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly so - jurns here.

2. This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved in low design  
From every creature-love;  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
3. Though I no foot of land possess,  
Nor cottage in this wilderness,  
A poor wayfaring man;  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.

4. There is my house and portion fair;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.
5. I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet Thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest!  
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;  
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to Thy breast.

Rev. John Wesley.

537. S. M. See ST. THOMAS, page 230.

1. COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround His throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
3. There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in:

4. Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
5. The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
6. Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Alt. by Rev. John Wesley.



538. GARY, S. M. *With Refrain.*

PHILIP PHILIPS.

1. One sweet-ly sol-enn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm

REFRAIN.

near-er to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore. Near-er my home,

Near-er my home, Near-er my heaven-ly home to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

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- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. Nearer my Father's house,<br/>Where the many mansions be;<br/>Nearer the great white throne to-day;<br/>Nearer the crystal sea.</p> <p>3. Nearer the bound of life<br/>Where burdens are laid down;<br/>Nearer to leave my heavy cross;<br/>Nearer to gain my crown.</p> <p>4. But, lying dark between,<br/>And winding through the night,</p> | <p>There rolls the silent, unknown stream<br/>That leads at last to light.</p> <p>5. Perhaps e'en now my feet<br/>Have almost gained the brink,<br/>And I am nearer home to-day,<br/>Nearer than now I think.</p> <p>6. Father, perfect my trust;<br/>Strengthen my arm of faith;<br/>Stay near me when my way-worn feet<br/>Press through the stream of death.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Miss Phæbe Cary.

ELLINWOOD, S. M.

F. B. RICE.

539. GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,  
When all Thy mercies, O my God,

When all Thy mercies, O my God,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

Transported with the view, I'm lost

2. O how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.
3. To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
4. When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
5. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.
6. Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
7. Through all eternity to Thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

540. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. Page 36.

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

William Cowper.

## 541. MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. My God, my Fath - er, bliss - ful name, O may I call Thee mine.

May I, with sweet as - sur - ance, claim A por - tion so Di - vine.

2. This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly;  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye?
3. Whate'er Thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For Thou art just, and good, and wise:  
O bend my will to Thine.
4. Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust His tender care.
5. My God, my Father, be Thy name  
My solace and my stay;  
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,  
And drive my fears away.
4. Our lives those holy angels keep  
From every hostile power;  
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,  
As Adam in his bower.
5. And when our spirits we resign,  
On outstretched wings they bear  
And lodge us in the arms Divine,  
And leave us ever there.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

## 542.

1. WHICH of the monarchs of the earth  
Can boast a guard like ours,  
Encircled from our second birth  
With all the heavenly powers?
2. Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,  
Sent by the King of kings,  
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,  
And shade us with their wings.
3. Angels, where'er we go, attend  
Our steps, whate'er betide;  
With watchful care their charge defend,  
And evil turn aside.
1. THY way, O God, is in the sea;  
Thy path I cannot trace;  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of Thine unbounded grace.
2. Here the dark vails of flesh and sense  
My captive soul surround;  
Mysterious deeps of Providence  
My wondering thoughts confound.
3. As through a glass, I dimly see  
The wonders of Thy love,  
How little do I know of Thee,  
Or of the joys above!
4. 'T is but in part I know Thy will;  
I bless Thee for the sight;  
When will Thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light?
5. With raptures shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace;  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Anne Steele.

## 543. MEAR. C. M. Page 253.

Rev. John Fawcett.



544. ZERAH. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-er-er sing: Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound,

Be joy-ful in your King. Ye pil-grims now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

2. His hand Divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your gracious God.

3. Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;

While sorrow, sighing, and distress  
Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on in your Redeemer's strength,  
Pursue His footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye  
While laboring up the hill.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

545. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. WE journey through a vale of tears,  
By many a cloud o'er-cast;  
And worldly cares and worldly fears  
Go with us to the last.

2. Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,  
Could we but read aright,  
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;  
At eve it shall be light!

3. Tho' earthborn shadows now may shroud  
Thy thorny path awhile,  
God's blessed Word can part each cloud,  
And bid the sunshine smile.

4. Only believe, in living faith,  
His love and power Divine;  
And, ere thy sun shall set in death,  
His light shall round thee shine.

5. When tempest clouds are dark on high,  
His bow of love and peace  
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,  
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6. Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,  
By faith and not by sight,  
And thou shalt own His Word fulfilled,  
At eve it shall be light.

Bernard Barton,



546. WELTON, L. M.

REV. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.

1. Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear; Thy great Provid - er still is near;  
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still: Be calm, and sink in - to His will.

2. The Lord, Who built the earth and sky,  
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;  
His promise all may freely claim:  
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3. Without reserve give Christ your heart;  
Let Him His righteousness impart;  
Then all things else He'll freely give;  
With Him you all things shall receive.

4. Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That seeks in God His only rest;  
May I that happy person be,  
In time and in eternity.

Samuel Ecking.

Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5. My favored soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at Thy throne;  
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust Thee for my Guide alone.

Ambrose Serle.

547.

1. THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,  
Are framed upon Thy throne above,  
And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of Thy love.

2. With feeble light, and half obscure,  
Poor mortals Thine arrangements view,  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.

3. Thy flock, Thine Own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,  
Are led or driven only where  
They best and safest may abide.

4. They neither know nor trace the way,  
But, whilst they trust the guardian eye,

548. MIGDOL, L. M. Page 201.

1. My Father, I have loved Thy truth;  
Thou wast my Guide in early youth:  
Thy hand in safety led me on  
In wondrous ways I had not known.

2. I knew no want, and felt no fear,  
With Thee my kind Provider near;  
Strong was my hand, and brave my heart,  
To do my work, and act my part.

3. But now the fire of youth is dead;  
The snows of age are on my head;  
Mine eyes are dim; and faint and slow  
My feeble, faltering footsteps go.

4. The friends and days of youth are gone,  
And I, alas! am left alone;  
Mine is an aged pilgrim's lot;  
O God, my God, forget me not!

5. I bow submissive to Thy will;  
Thou art my God and Father still;  
And now, when I am old and gray,  
I rest on Thee, my Staff and Stay.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

549. YOAKLEY, L. M. 6 Lines.

WILLIAM YOAKLEY.

1. { The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; }  
 { His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye; }

My noonday walks He shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours de - fend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary wandering steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

550. HENDON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

REV. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, let us sing; Sing our Sav - iour's  
 wor - thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways, Glo - ri - ous in His works and ways.

2. We are traveling home to God  
 In the way the fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
 Bids us undismayed go on.

3. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land;

4. Lord, obediently we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only Thou our Leader be,  
 - And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick.

551. NEARER HOME. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. *With Chorus.*

W. J. BOSTWICK.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly drops the gen-tle  
twi - light, For an-oth-er day is gone; Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the darker shades will  
come; Still 't is sweet to know at ev - en, We are one day near - er home.

CHORUS.

Near-er home, nearer home, Near-er our e - ter - nal home. Near - er  
Near-er home, near-er home, Near-er our e - ter - nal home, sweet home, Near - er  
home, . . . . . near - er home, We are one day near - er home.  
home, dear home,

2. One day nearer, sings the mariner,  
As he glides the waters o'er,  
While the light is softly dying  
On his distant, native shore;

Thus the Christian on life's ocean,  
As his light boat cuts the foam,  
In the evening cries with rapture,  
I am one day nearer home.



551.

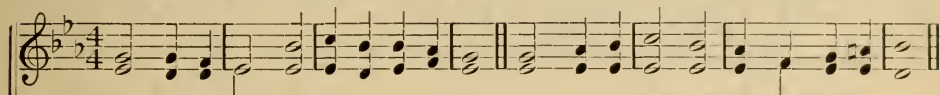
3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim  
Hails the setting of the sun,  
For his goal is one day nearer,  
And his journey nearly done;  
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert  
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;  
As the twilight gathers o'er us,  
We are one day nearer home.

4. Nearer home, yes, one day nearer  
To our Father's house on high;  
To the green fields and the fountains  
Of the land beyond the sky:  
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,  
And the lamps hang in the dome;  
And our tents are pitched still closer,  
For we're one day nearer home.

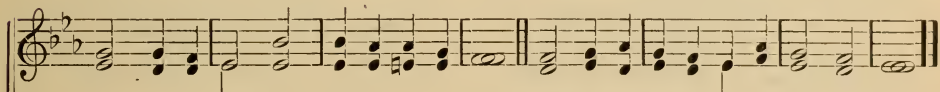
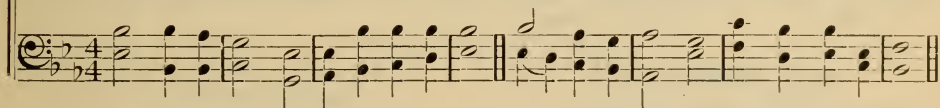
W. J. Bostwick.

552. EVENTIDE. 10, 10, 10, 10.

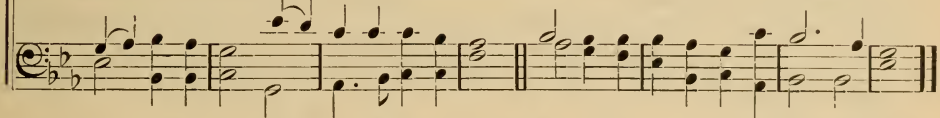
WILLIAM H. MONK.



1. A-bide with me: Fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide :



When oth-er help-ers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.



2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour :  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee :  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.



THE CHURCH—PILGRIM SONGS.

553. SEGUR. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty;

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

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See also GUIDANCE, page 291.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through.  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
3. Feed me with Thy heavenly manna,  
 In this barren wilderness;  
 Be my Sword, and Shield, and Banner,

Be my Robe of Righteousness:  
 Fight and conquer  
 All my foes by sovereign grace.

4. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me through the swelling current;  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams.

ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

## 554. OLIVET. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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 guilt a-way; O let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.

2. May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire.

As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide.  
Bid darkness turn to day;

Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

## 555. PILOT. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

JOHN E. GOULD. *D. C.*

*Fine.*

1. JESUS, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2. As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will

When Thou say'st to them, Be still!  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3. When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
Fear not, I will pilot thee!

Rev. Edward Hopper.

556. ALBRIGHT. 10, 11, 10, 11.

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such  
tri - fles with me now is o'er; A coun - try I've found where  
true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground.

2. The souls that believe in Paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive;  
My soul, don't delay; He calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless that  
glad day.

3. No mortal doth know what He can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go  
after Him, go;  
Lo, onward I move to a city above,  
None guesses how wondrous my journey  
will prove.

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,  
and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ  
within:  
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5. But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me be-  
hind:  
So this is the race I'm running through  
grace,

Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's  
face.

J. Gambold.

557. S. M. See OLMUTZ, page 243.

1. YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take:  
Loud to the praise of love Divine  
Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

3. His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark Divine.

4. Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

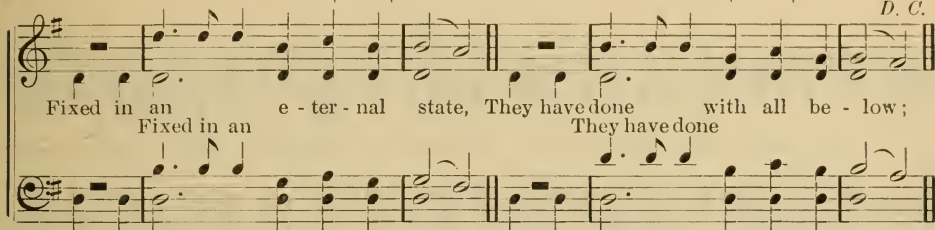
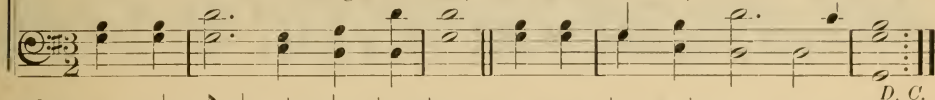


## 558. ELTHAM. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. { While with cease - less course, the sun Hast-ed through the form - er year, }  
 { Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er - more to meet us here: }  
*D. C.*—We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.



Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low ;  
 Fixed in an They have done

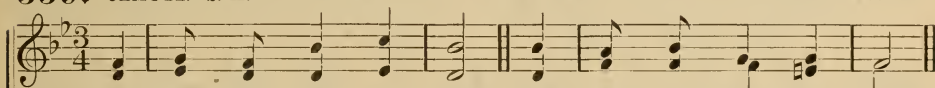
2. As the winged arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
 All below is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive;  
 Pardon for our sins renew;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live—  
 With eternity in view:  
 Bless Thy Word to young and old;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
 And, when life's short tale is told,  
 May we reign with Thee above.

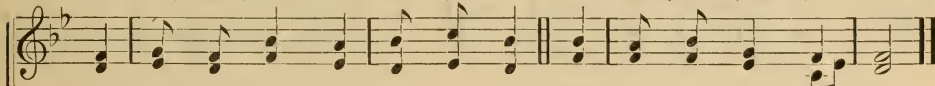
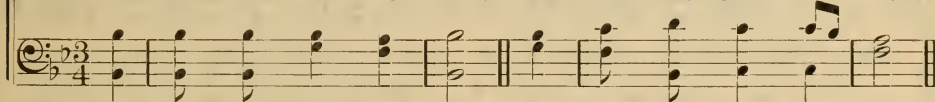
Rev. John Newton.

## 559. OLMUTZ. S. M.

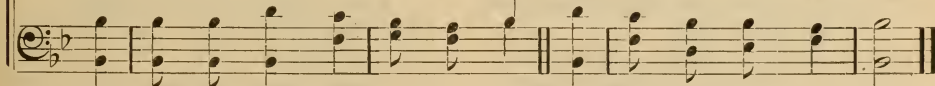
ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Our few re - volv - ing years, How swift they glide a - way!



How short the term of life ap - pears When past—but as a day!



2. A dark and cloudy day,—  
 Clouded by grief and sin;  
 A host of enemies without,  
 Distressing fears within.

3. Lord, through another year,  
 If Thou permit our stay,  
 With diligence may we pursue  
 The true and living way.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.



## 560. COME, LET US ANEW, P. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come, let us a-new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year,

And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear. His a-dor-a-ble

will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our tal-ents im-prove, By the pa-tience of

hope and the la-bor of love; By the pa-tience of hope and the la-bor of love.

2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

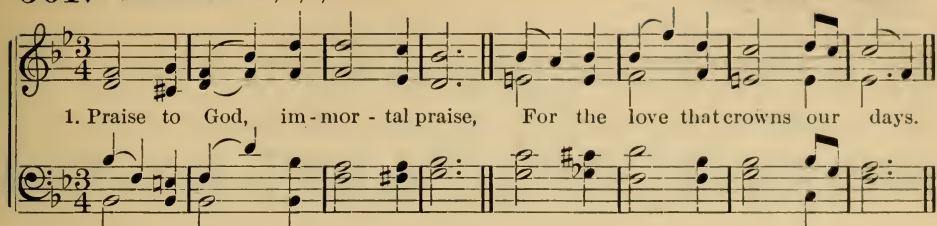
3. O that each in the day of His coming may  
say,

I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give  
me to do.  
O that each from His Lord may receive  
the glad word,  
Well and faithfully done;  
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My  
throne!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

## 561. GOTTSCHALK. 7, 7, 7, 7.

ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.



1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days.



Boun-teous Source of ev-ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

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2. For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield;  
For the fruits in full supply,  
Ripened 'neath the summer sky:
3. Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
4. All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
5. These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
6. Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's withered shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;
7. Yet to Thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

## 562. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. See WEBB, page 186.

1. WE plow the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered,  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in Winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft, refreshing rain.
2. He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him;  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.
3. We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food;  
Accept the gifts we offer,  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius.

563. CHELMSFORD. C. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. Foun-tain of mer-cy, God of love, How rich Thy boun-ties are!

The roll-ing sea-sons, as they move, Pro-claim Thy con-stant care.

2. When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
3. The spring's sweet influence was Thine;  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And the refreshing dew.
4. These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
5. We own and bless Thy gracious sway;  
Thy hand all nature hails:  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter, fails.

Mrs. Alice Flowerdew.

- Then shall my meditation trace  
Spring, blooming in my heart.
4. Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
Glad nature's cheerful song;  
And love and gratitude Divine  
Attune my joyful song.

Anne Steele.

564. SILOAM. C. M. Page 196.

1. WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms deck the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day!
2. Hark, how the feathered warblers sing!  
'T is nature's cheerful voice;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
3. O God of nature and of grace,  
Thy heavenly gifts impart;

565.

1. THEE we adore, eternal Name,  
And humbly own to Thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we.
2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
3. The year rolls round and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
4. Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death.
5. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

566. WELLS. L. M.

AARON WILLIAMS COLL.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to en-sure the great re-ward;

And while the lamp holds out to burn The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.

2. Life is the hour that God hath given  
To escape from hell and fly to heaven,  
The day of grace; and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.
4. There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste,  
But darkness, death and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

There is a brighter world on high,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

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

David E. Ford.

568.

1. THROUGH every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;  
High was Thy throne, ere heaven was  
made,  
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

2. Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,  
Or dust was fashioned to a man;  
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.

3. Death, like an everflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; life's but a dream;  
An empty tale; a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

567. HURSLEY. L. M. Page 228.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies!  
How transient every earthly bliss!  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this!
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—  
The glory of a passing hour.
3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,



569. ELLINWOOD. S. M.

F. B. RICE.

1. How swift the tor- rent rolls That bears us to the sea;

The tide that hur- ries thoughtless souls To vast e- ter- ni- ty.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. Our fathers, where are they,<br/>With all they called their own?<br/>Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,<br/>And wealth and honor gone.</p> <p>3. God of our fathers, hear,<br/>Thou everlasting Friend,<br/>While we, as on life's utmost verge,<br/>Our souls to Thee commend.</p> | <p>4. A few more Sabbaths here<br/>Shall cheer us on our way,<br/>And we shall reach the endless rest,<br/>The eternal Sabbath-day.</p> <p>5. 'T is but a little while,<br/>And He shall come again<br/>Who died that we might live, who lives<br/>That we with Him may reign.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

4. Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them in the land of light  
We dwell before Thy face.
- Rev. Philip Doddridge.

570. DUNBAR. S. M. Page 273.

1. A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb.
2. A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.
3. A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

571. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6. PENITENCE. Page 148.

1. TIME is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb;  
Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
All that's mortal soon shall be  
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away,  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb;  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon above,  
Where no worldly griefs annoy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.
- John Burton.

## 572. REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;  
A calm and un-dis-turbed re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.
5. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But there is still a blessed sleep  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

- And naught disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternated dwell!  
How bright the unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
5. Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies!

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

## 573. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Page 190.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,  
When sinks a weary soul to rest:  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast:
2. So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,—  
A calm which life nor death destroys;

## 574. HEBRON. L. M. Page 189.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. O would my Lord His servant meet,  
My soul would stretch its wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as it passed.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 575. ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet the hour of clo - sing day When all is peace - ful and se - rene,

And when the sun, with cloud-less ray, Sheds mel-low lus - tre o'er the scene.

2. Such is the Christian's parting hour;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest  
When faith, endued from heaven with  
power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3. Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek;  
They tell us of his glory nigh,  
In language that no tongue can speak.

4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.

5. Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's Own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?

Rev. William Bathurst.

## 576. BERA. L. M. Page 7.

1. THE grave is now a favored spot,  
To saints who sleep in Jesus blest;  
For there the wicked trouble not,  
And there the weary are at rest.

2. At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;  
At rest as in a peaceful bed;  
Secure from all the dreadful storms,  
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3. Thrice happy they who've gone before  
To that inheritance Divine;  
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,  
But bright in endless glory shine.

4. Then let our mournful tears be dry,  
Or in a gentle measure flow;  
We hail them happy in the sky,  
And joyful wait our call to go.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

## 577. REST. L. M. Page 249.

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

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

3. So Jesus slept; God's Own dear Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed  
the bed;

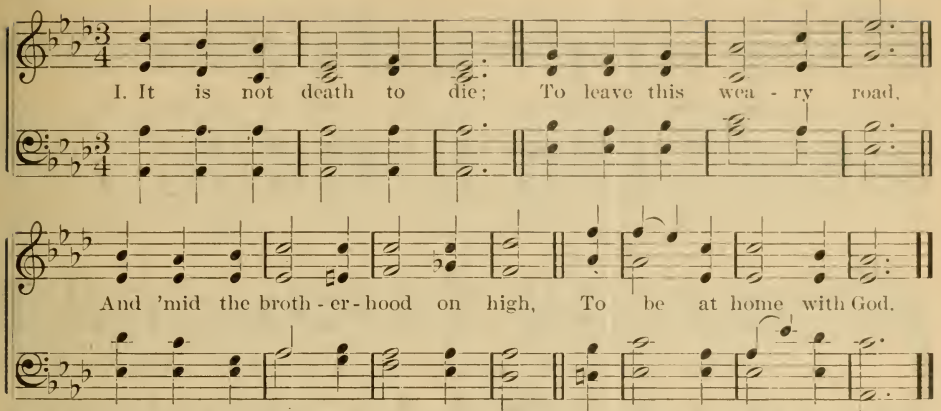
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4. Break from His throne, illustrious morn;  
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;  
Restore thy trust: a glorious form  
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 578. GREENWOOD, S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea-ry road,  
And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.

2. It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.
3. It is not death to bear  
The wretch that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.
4. It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
5. Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. George W. Bethune.

- His tent, at sunrise, on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay.
4. The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease,  
And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.
5. Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

## 579. STATE STREET, S. M. Page 190.

1. SERVANT of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.
2. The voice at midnight came;  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;  
He fell, but felt no fear.
3. His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumbering clay;

## 580. LISBON, S. M. Page 10.

1. IN expectation sweet,  
We wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
2. He comes! the Conqueror comes!  
Death falls beneath His sword;  
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
3. The trumpet sounds, Awake!  
Ye dead, to judgment come!  
The pillars of creation shake,  
While man receives his doom.
4. Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

Rev. Joseph Swain.



## 581. SERENITY. C. M.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die;

My soul shall quit the mourn - ful vale, And soar to worlds on high;

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2. Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,—  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.

And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:

3. In hope of that immortal crown  
I now the cross sustain,

4. I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away His servant's tears,  
And take His exile home.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

## 582. BEATITUDO. C. M.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. WHY do we mourn for dying friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to His arms.

The graves of all His saints He blest,  
And softened every bed.

2. Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.

4. Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay;  
There hopes unfading bloom.

3. Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?

5. Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising-day.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 583. MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR.

1. Calm on the bo - som of thy God, Fair spir - it rest thee now;  
E'en while with us thy foot - steps trod, His seal was on thy brow.

2. Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.
3. Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone;  
But O a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

## 584. BEATITUDO. C. M. Page 252.

1. EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
Recedes and fades away;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;  
Ye gates of death, give way.
2. My soul is full of whispered song;  
My blindness is my sight;  
The shadows that I feared so long  
Are full of life and light.
3. The while my pulses fainter beat,  
My faith doth so abound  
I feel firm ground beneath my feet,—  
The green, immortal ground.
4. That faith to me a courage gives  
Low as the grave to go;  
I know that my Redeemer lives,  
That I shall live I know.
5. The palace walls I almost see  
Where dwells my Lord, my King.  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?

Miss Alice Cary.

## 585.

1. ANOTHER hand is beckoning us;  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with angel steps  
The path that leads to heaven.
2. Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He Whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.
3. Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms;  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.
4. Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

## 586.

1. WE lay thee in the silent tomb,  
Sweet blossom of a day;  
We just began to view thy bloom;  
Now thou art called away.
2. Friendship and love have done their last,  
And now can do no more;  
The bitterness of death is past,  
And all thy sufferings o'er.
3. Thou minglest now in that bright throng  
Around the eternal throne;  
And join'st the everlasting song  
With those before thee gone.

Unknown.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

587. VARINA, C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. { When the last trum-pet's aw - ful voice This rend-ing earth shall shake; } Those bod-ies that cor-

rupted fell, Shall in - cor-rupt a - rise; And mortal forms shall spring to life, Immor-tal in the skies.

2. Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,  
Is now at last fulfilled;  
That death should yield its ancient reign,  
And, vanquished, quit the field;  
Let faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And now in triumph sing,  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
And where, O death, thy sting?

3. Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;  
'T was this that armed thy dart:  
The law gave sin its strength, and force,  
To pierce the sinner's heart.  
But God, Whose name be ever blest -  
Disarms that foe we dread;  
And makes us conquerors, when we die,  
Through Christ our living Head.

Rev. William Cameron.

DETMORE, S. M.

REV. P. D. STEELSMITH.

When on the brink of death My tremb - ling soul shall stand,

Wait - ing to pass that aw - ful flood, Great God, at Thy com-mand.



588. DREISBACH. 11, 11, 11, 11.

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

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

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2. I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Rev. William A. Muehlenberg.

589. S. M. See DETMORE, page 254.

1. WHEN on the brink of death  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
Waiting to pass that awful flood,  
Great God, at Thy command,—
2. When every scene of life  
Stands ready to depart,  
And the last sigh that shakes the frame  
Shall rend this bursting heart,—
3. Thou Source of joy supreme,  
Whose arm alone can save,

Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave.

4. Lay Thy supporting hand  
Beneath my sinking head;  
And with a ray of love Divine  
Illume my dying bed.
5. Leaning on Jesus' breast,  
May I resign my breath;  
And in His kind embraces lose  
The bitterness of death.

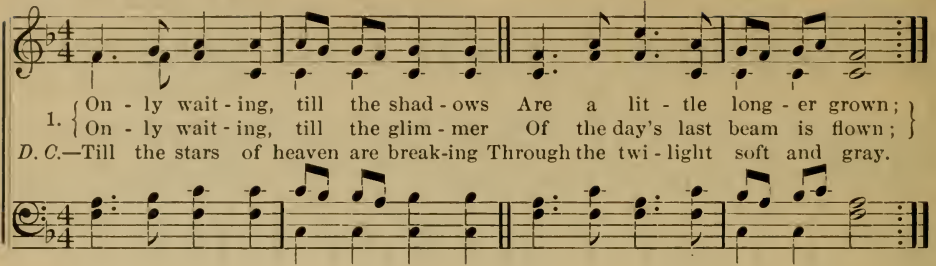
Rev. William B. Collyer.



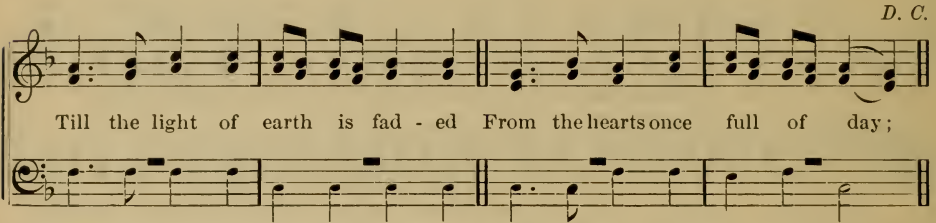
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

590. MIDDLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ENGLISH AIR.



1. { On - ly wait - ing, till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown; }  
D. C.—Till the stars of heaven are break - ing Through the twi - light soft and gray.



Till the light of earth is fad - ed From the hearts once full of day;  
D. C.

2. Only waiting, till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home;  
For the summer-time is faded,  
And the Autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly  
These last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

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

Frances L. Mace.

591.

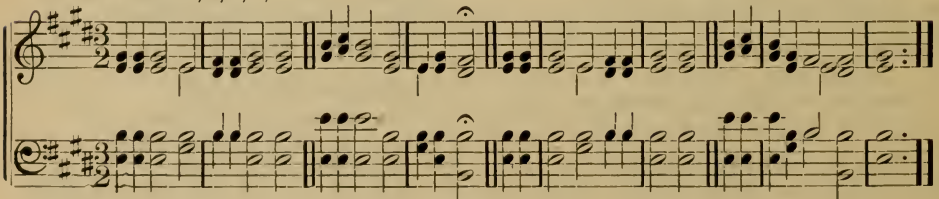
1. HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below;  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go!  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above;  
Shows the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.

2. Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy great Redeemer's breast;  
To His uttermost salvation,  
To His everlasting rest.  
For the joy He sets before thee  
Bear a momentary pain;  
Die, to live a life of glory:  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

DORRANCE. 8, 7, 8, 7,

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below;  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go!

592. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

FROM CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! So, Je - sus, let it be; Life from the dead is

in that word, 'T is im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here, in the bod - y pent, Ab-

*Organ.*

sent from Thee I roam: Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.

See also FOREVER, page 287.

2. My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's aspiring eye  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Forever with the Lord!  
Father, if 't is Thy will,  
The promise of Thy gracious Word  
E'en here to me fulfill.

3. So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
Forever with the Lord!

James Montgomery.

593. 8, 7, 8, 7. See DORENANCE, page 256.

1. JESUS while our hearts are bleeding  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."  
2. Though cast down, we're not forsaken;  
Though afflicted, not alone;  
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;  
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

3. Though to-day we're filled with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne;  
With Thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, "Thy will be done."  
4. By Thy hands the boon was given;  
Thou hast taken but Thine Own;  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

## 594. SHED NOT A TEAR. P. M.

ARR. BY OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's ear-ly bier, When I am gone, when I am gone;

Smile when the slow toll-ing bell you shall hear When I am gone,—I am gone,

Weep not for me when you stand round my grave; Think Who has died His be-lov-ed to save;

Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have; When I am gone,—I am gone.

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

3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed  
 When I am gone, when I am gone;  
 Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead  
 When I am gone,—I am gone.  
 Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all  
 care;  
 Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may  
 share;  
 Look ye on high and believe I am there;  
 When I am gone,—I am gone. Anon.



## 595. MEMORIAM, 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts,— Who has not lost a friend?

There is no un - ion here of hearts That finds not here an end;

Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing none were blest.

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2. Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affection transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3. There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown;  
 A whole eternity of love,

Formed for the good alone:  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happy sphere.

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

James Montgomery.

## 596. 6, 6, 6, 6, D. See JEWETT, page 130.

1. Go to thy rest, dear child!  
 Go to thy dreamless bed,  
 Gentle, and meek, and mild,  
 With blessings on thy head.  
 Fresh roses in thy hand,  
 Buds on thy pillow laid,  
 Hasten from this blighting land,  
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

2. Before thy heart could learn  
 In waywardness to stray;  
 Before thy feet could turn  
 The dark and downward way;  
 Ere sin could wound thy breast,  
 Or sorrow wake the tear;  
 Rise to thy home of rest,  
 In yon celestial sphere.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney



597. ST. BOTOLPH. S. M.

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO.



1. Soon will the Judge descend, Soon shall the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape His all-discerning eyes.

2. How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day  
When earth and heaven before His face,  
Astonished, shrink away?
3. But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread!
4. Ye sinners, seek His grace,  
His wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of His cross,  
And find salvation there.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

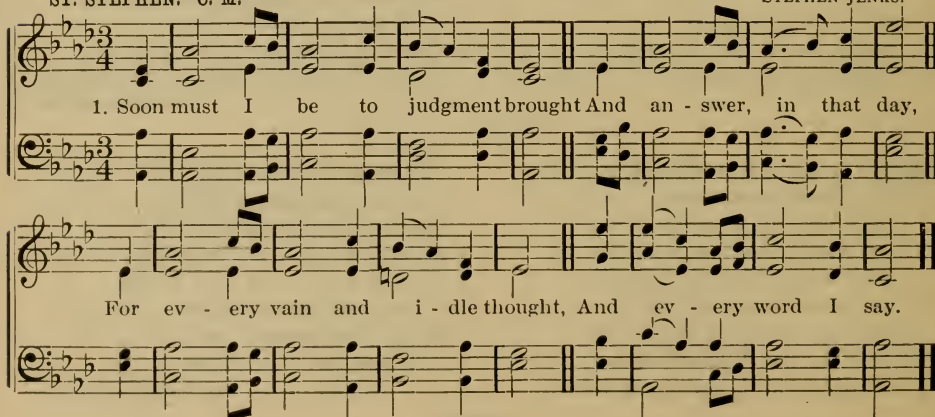
598. ST. THOMAS. S. M. Page 230.

1. THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear;
2. Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.
3. O, may we thus be found  
Obedient to Thy Word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

STEPHEN JENKS.



1. Soon must I be to judgment brought And answer, in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought, And every word I say.

599. WARD. L. M.

SCOTCH MELODY. ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The Lord will come, the earth shall quake, The mountains to their centre shake;

And, withering from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2. The Lord will come, but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came,  
A silent Lamb before His foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.
3. The Lord will come, a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind.
4. While sinners in despair shall call,  
Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

600.

1. WHEN a few swiftly fleeting years  
Of mortal life are passed away,  
I at the judgment must appear,  
And face the terrors of that day.
2. How shall I stand before that throne?  
How meet the Judge Who died for me?  
If here I shrink His name to own,  
Then He will be ashamed of me.
3. Saviour Divine, Thy grace impart;  
In me Thy mercy rich display;  
So shall my pardoned, strengthened heart  
Have boldness in the judgment day.

H. L. Hastings.

601. C. M. See ST. STEPHEN, page 260

1. SOON must I be to judgment brought  
And answer, in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say.
2. Then every secret of my heart  
Shall surely be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
3. How careful then I ought to live;  
With what religious fear;

Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here!

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.
5. If now Thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel Thee near;  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at Thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley. Alt.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no

storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

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2. O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,  
Its bright jasper walls I can see,  
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes  
Between the fair city and me.
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
- The King of all kingdoms forever is He,  
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
4. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain,  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
To meet one another again.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

603. HAPPY LAND. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4.

HINDOSTAN AIR. ARR. BY O. L. J.

1. There is a hap - py land Far, far a - way, Where saints in

glo - ry stand Bright, bright as day. O how they sweet - ly sing,

Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King; Loud let His prais - es ring For - ev - er more.

2. Come to this happy land;  
Come, come away.  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest evermore.

3. Bright in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
O then, to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And, bright above the sun,  
Reign evermore.

Anon.

604. C. M. See MAITLAND, page 234.

1. As distant lands beyond the sea,

When friends go hence, draw nigh,  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone  
Draws nearer from the sky.

2. And as those lands the dearer grow  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones there,  
Grows dearer day by day.

3. Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very heart  
Of those who see aright.

Carlos D. Stuart.



605. SHALL WE SING. P. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall we sing in heaven for-ev - er--- Shall we sing? shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for-ev - er,

In that happy land? Yes, O, yes, in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for-ev-er,

Far be-yond the roll-ing riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.

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2. Shall we know each other ever  
 In that land, in that land?  
 Shall we know each other ever  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,  
 They that meet shall know each other,  
 Far beyond the rolling river;  
 Meet to sing and love forever  
 In that happy land.

3. Shall we sing with holy angels  
 In that land, in that land?  
 Shall we sing with holy angels  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,  
 Saints and angels sing forever,  
 Far beyond the rolling river;  
 Meet to sing and love forever  
 In that happy land.

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow  
 In that land, in that land?  
 Shall we rest from care and sorrow  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,  
 They that meet shall rest forever,  
 Far beyond the rolling river;  
 Meet to sing and love forever  
 In that happy land.

5. Shall we know our blessed Saviour  
 In that land, in that land?  
 Shall we know our blessed Saviour  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,  
 We shall know our blessed Saviour,  
 Far beyond the rolling river,  
 Love and serve Him there for ever  
 In that happy land.

Kate Cameron.

606. REST FOR THE WEARY. 8, 7, 8, 7. *With Refrain.*

REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re-mains a land of rest;

There my Sav-iour's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.

## REFRAIN.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the  
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of

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

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

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

Rev. Samuel G. Harmer.

607. EWING. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

ALEXANDER 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 - pressed.

I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there ;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2. They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3. There is the throne of David;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The song of them that triumph,  
 The shout of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 Forever and forever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

## 608. ANGEL VOICES. 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pil-grims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night.

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-  
ing,

Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come;

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly  
ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-  
ing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and  
sea;

And laden souls, by thousands meekly  
stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps  
to Thee.

4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watches  
keeping,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs  
above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of  
weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloud-  
less love. Rev. Frederick W. Faber.



609. GOING HOME. L. M. *With Refrain.*

WILLIAM MILLER.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; No pain, no death can en-ter there; }  
 { Its glit-tering towers the sun out-shine; That heav-en-ly man-sion shall be mine. }

## REFRAIN.

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

2. My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky.  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. While here, a stranger far from home,  
 Affliction's waves may round me foam.  
 Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

4. Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
 Be mine the happier lot to own  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5. Then fail the earth; let stars decline;  
 And sun and moon refuse to shine;  
 All nature sink and cease to be;  
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Rev. William Hunter.

## 610.

1. THERE is a land mine eye hath seen  
 In visions of enraptured thought,  
 So bright, that all which spreads between  
 Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2. A land upon whose blissful shore  
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
 There those who meet shall part no more,  
 And those long parted meet again.

3. Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
 With varying hues of shade and light;  
 It hath no need of suns to rise  
 To dissipate the gloom of night.

4. There sweeps no desolating wind  
 Across that calm, serene abode;  
 The wanderer there a home may find  
 Within the paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins.

## 611. WOODLAND. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for

souls distressed; A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
When storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
3. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays Divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. William B. Tappan.

- But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
4. 'T is pleasant to believe Thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 613. PETERBOROUGH. C. M. Page 226.

1. THERE is a fold whence none can stray,  
And pastures ever green,  
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
Or night is never seen.
2. Far up the everlasting hills,  
In God's own light, it lies;  
His smile its vast dimension fills  
With joy that never dies.
3. One narrow vale, one darksome wave,  
Divides that land from this.  
I have a Shepherd pledged to save  
And bear me home to bliss.
4. Soon at His feet my soul will lie  
In life's last struggling breath;  
But I shall only seem to die,  
I shall not taste of death.
5. Far from this guilty world to be  
Exempt from toil and strife,  
To spend eternity with Thee,  
My Saviour, this is life.

Bishop John East.

## 612. CHELMSFORD. C. M. Page 246.

1. THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall:  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
3. We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon His Word;

## 614. AZMON. C. M.

CARL G. GLÆSER.

1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye  
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie.

See also VARINA, page 271.

2. O the transporting rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
3. There generous fruits that never fail  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rock and hill and brook and vale  
With milk and honey flow.
4. All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
5. No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

6. When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?
7. Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.
8. There on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But, in perpetual joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

## 615. C. M. See GABRIEL, page 271.

1. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
2. Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.
3. I ask them, whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

4. They marked the footsteps that He trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For His Own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

616. VARINA. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign; } There ev - er - last - ing  
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }

Spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

See also CANAAN, page 290.

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3. O could we make our doubts remove,  
The gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes;  
Could we but climb where Moses stood  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

GABRIEL. C. M.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see The saints a-bove, how

great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be, How bright their glo - ries be.



## 617. GEER. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy and peace and thee?

2. When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
3. O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I Thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbath has no end?
4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom  
No sin or sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
5. Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Soon shall my labors have an end,  
And I Thy joy shall see. Anon.
3. No cloud those blissful regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
4. O may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above. Anne Steele.

## 618. BEATITUDO. C. M. Page 252.

1. FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. Fair distant land, could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise  
And dwell on earth no more,
3. When, by affliction sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb,  
Although I dread death's chilling tide,  
Yet still I sigh for home.
4. Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home. Anon

## 619. BROWN. C. M. Page 110.

1. O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh.  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell in peace at home?

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome;  
This world's a wilderness of woe;  
This world is not my home.

## 620. DUNBAR. S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.

1. I have a home a - bove From sin and sor - row free; A  
Chor.—There'll be no sor - row there; There'll be no sor - row there; In

*D. C. Chorus.*

man - sion, which e - ter - nal love De - signed and formed for me.  
heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

2. My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode;  
From everlasting it was planned,—  
My dwelling-place with God.
3. My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure;  
He passed through death's dark raging  
flood,  
To make my rest secure.
4. The Comforter has come,  
The earnest has been given;  
He leads me onward to the home,  
Reserved for me in heaven.

Henry Bennett.

## 621. STATE STREET. S. M. Page 230.

1. COME sing to me of heaven  
When I'm about to die;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high.
2. When the last moments come,  
Oh, watch my dying face,  
To catch the bright seraphic glow  
Which in each feature plays.
3. Then to my raptured ear  
Let one sweet song be given;

Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.

4. When round my senseless clay  
Assemble those I love,  
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above. Anon.

## 622. KENTUCKY. S. M. Page 248.

1. THERE is no night in heaven;  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.
2. There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.
3. There is no sin in heaven;  
Behold that blessed throng,  
All holy in their spotless robes,  
All holy in their song.
4. There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.

Francis M. Knollis.

623. ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6, D.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light.

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;

Fling o - pen wide the gol - den gates And let the vic - tors in.

2. What rush of hallelujahs  
 Fill all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand harps  
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
 O day for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made;  
 O joy, for all its former woes  
 A thousand fold repaid!

3. O then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 What knitting severed friendships up,  
 Where partings are no more!  
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
 That brimmed with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.

Rev. Henry Alford.

HEAVEN.

624. OAK. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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

Round me on ev-ery hand, Heaven is my Fath-er-land, Heaven is my home.

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2. What though the tempests rage,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 And time's wild, wintry blast  
 Soon will be overpast;  
 I shall reach home at last;  
 Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Saviour's side,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 I shall be glorified;  
 Heaven is my home.  
 There are the good and blest,  
 Those I love most and best;  
 And there I, too, shall rest;  
 Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor.

PILGRIM. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home.

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand, Heaven is my fath-er-land, Heaven is my home.



## 625. SWEET BY AND BY. P. M.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;

For the Fath-er waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.

## CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore;

In the sweet by and by, by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

In the sweet by and by, by and by,

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- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore<br/>The melodious songs of the blest,<br/>And our spirits shall sorrow no more,<br/>Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.</p> <p>3. To our bountiful Father above,<br/>We will offer the tribute of praise,<br/>For the glorious gift of His love,<br/>And the blessings that hallow our days.</p> <p>4. We shall rest on that beautiful shore,</p> | <p>In the joys of the saved we shall share;<br/>All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,<br/>And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.</p> <p>5. We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,<br/>In the land where the saved never die;<br/>We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,<br/>Safe at home in the sweet by and by.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

S. F. Bennett.

## 626. PISGAH. P. M.

LESSUR. ARR.

1. Come, all ye saints, to Pis-gah's mountain ; Come, view your home beyond the tide ;

Hear now the voices of your loved ones, What they sing on the other side :

Some are singing of bright crowns of glory ; Some of dear ones who stand near the shore ;  
 Chor.—O the prospect ! it is so inviting, And no danger I fear from the tide ;  
 (For last stanza.)

*D. S. last stanza.*  
 For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love evermore.  
 Let me go to the home of the Christian ; Let me stand robed in white by His side.

2. There endless springs of life are flowing ;  
 There are the fields of living green ;  
 Mansions of beauty are provided,  
 And the King of the saints is seen.  
 Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended ;  
 I shall join those who've passed on before ;  
 For my loved ones, O how I do miss them !  
 I must press on and meet them once more.

3. Faith now beholds the flowing river,  
 Coming from underneath the throne ;  
 There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,  
 And He'll welcome the faithful home.  
 Would you sit by the banks of the river,  
 With the friends you have loved by your side ?  
 Would you join in the song of the angels ?  
 Then be ready to follow your Guide.

J. W. Dadmun.

627. WATCHMAN. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Who are these ar-rayed in white, Bright-er than the noon-day sun, Fore-most of the

sons of light, Near-est the e-ter-nal throne? These are they that bore the cross,

No-bly for their Mas-ter stood; Suf-ferers in His righteous cause; Fol-lowers of the Lamb of God.

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

3. He Who on the throne doth reign  
 Them shall always richly feed;  
 With the tree of life sustain;  
 To the living fountains lead;  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove;  
 Wipe the tears from every face;  
 Fill up every soul with love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

*Fine.* *D.C.*



## 628. BLESSED HOME. 6, 6, 6, 6, D.

OTIS L. JACOBS.

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,  
 Where sor - rows nev - er come Nor tears of sad - ness flow;  
 Where faith is lost to sight And pa - tient hope is crowned,  
 And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.

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See also JASPER, page 292.

2. There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One  
 And Spirit, evermore.
3. O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands and feet and side;

- To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done.
4. Look up, ye saints of God,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe;  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
 His Own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.



629. SWEET HOME. 11, 11, 11, 11.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com - plaints,  
How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with . . . saints; }

{ To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room,  
And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at . . . home. }

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, Whose love cannot cease!  
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.
3. I long from this body of clay to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all may be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.
4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day;
- In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
5. Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace;  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;  
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
6. I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;  
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions, to praise Thee at home.

Rev. David Denham.

630. BEYOND.—Chant.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

1. Beyond, etc., I shall be soon; Beyond the waking, etc., I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home! . . . sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,  <br/>I shall be soon;   <br/>Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  <br/>Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  <br/>I shall be soon.   </p> <p>REF.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home!<br/>Lord, tarry not, but come.</p> <p>2. Beyond the blooming and the fading,  <br/>I shall be soon;   <br/>Beyond the shining and the shading,  <br/>Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  <br/>I shall be soon.   </p> <p>3. Beyond the rising and the setting,  <br/>I shall be soon;   </p> | <p>Beyond the calming and the fretting,  <br/>Beyond remembering and forgetting,  <br/>I shall be soon.   </p> <p>4. Beyond the parting and the meeting,  <br/>I shall be soon;   <br/>Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  <br/>Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  <br/>I shall be soon.   </p> <p>5. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  <br/>I shall be soon;   <br/>Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  <br/>Beyond the ever and the never,  <br/>I shall be soon.   </p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

WALTER. 7, 7, 7. See Hymn No. 236.

ARR. BY C. S. WISE.

Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

631. SANCTUS. Irr.

OLD ENGLISH.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full, full of Thy

glo - ry; Heaven and earth are full, are full of Thy glo-ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord Most High.  
Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee,

RIGHINI. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. See Hymn 122.

V. RIGHINI.

Rise, glorious Conquer - or, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies; As - sume Thy right; And where in

many a fold The clouds are backward rolled, Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light!



COME HOME. 7, 7, 7, 7, D. See Hymn 312.

ARR. BY O. L. J.

*With Refrain.*

{ Brethren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must but should not fear;  
 { Foes we have, but we've a Friend, . . . . . One that loves us to the end.

{ Forward then with cour-age go; } Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your Fath-er calls, come home.  
 { Long shall we not dwell be-low; }

REFRAIN.

Come home, come home, Your Fath-er calls, Come home; Your Fath-er calls, Come home.  
 Come home, come home, come home, Come home.

SOLITUDE. L. M. See Hymn 114.

V. C. TAYLOR.

'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:  
*tr.*

'Tis mid- night; in the gar- den now The suf-fering Sav-iour prays a-lone.



MISCELLANEOUS.

CONVERT. 6, 6, 9, D. See Hymn 224.

ARRANGED. FROM SPIRITUAL.

O how hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey, And have

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'CONVERT'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'O how hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey, And have'.

laid up their treas - ure a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press

The second system of musical notation for 'CONVERT'. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'laid up their treas - ure a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press'.

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

The third system of musical notation for 'CONVERT'. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.'

RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7. See Hymn 121.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'RATHBUN'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and 3/4 time, and a piano accompaniment in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: 'In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;'.

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

The second system of musical notation for 'RATHBUN'. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAST BEAM. P. M. See Hymn 6.

SCOTCH MELODY.

Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shin-ing; Fath-er in heav-en, the

day is de-clin-ing; Safe-ty and in-no-cence flee with the light,

Temp-ta-tion and danger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the

morning bells chime, Shield us from dan-ger, keep us from crime. Fath-er, have

mer-cy, Fath-er, have mer-cy, Fath-er, have mercy, through Je-sus Christ our Lord.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CREATION. L. M. D. See Hymn 78.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN.

1. { The spacious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal . . . . . pro - claim:

The un - wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play;

And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - might - y hand.

ST. HILDA. 7, 6, 7, 6, D. See Hymn 283.

REV. EDWARD HUSBAND.

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; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To

ST. HILDA.

wash my crim - son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

The musical score for 'ST. HILDA.' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

FOREVER, S. M. D. See Hymn 592.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

For - ev - er with the Lord! So, Je - sus, let it be; Life from the dead is

The musical score for 'FOREVER, S. M. D.' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here, in the bod - y pent,

The musical score for 'FOREVER, S. M. D.' (continued) consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Ab - sent from Thee I roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A

The musical score for 'FOREVER, S. M. D.' (continued) consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

*Ending for Hymn 592 only.*

day's march near - er home. Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

The musical score for 'FOREVER, S. M. D.' (ending) consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MOUNT VERNON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. See Hymn 296.

FRANZ ABT. ARR.

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

SOLO.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side that flowed

QUARTET.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure. Rock of A - ges, cleft for  
Organ.

me! Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let me hide my-self in Thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RHINELAND. L. M. D. See Hymn 468.

CARL WILHELM.

Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive

jour - neys run; His King - dom spread from shore to shore, Till

moons shall wax and wane no more. From North to South the prin - ces meet

To pay their hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - pires

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His Word.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN. C. M. D. See Hymn 616.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; E-ter-nal day ex-

cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. There ev - er-last-ing Spring a - bides, And

nev-er-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

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MERIBAH. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. See Hymn 329.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come on, my part-ners in dis-tress, My com-rades thro' this wil-der-ness, Who

still your bod-ies feel; { A - while forget your griefs and fears, } To that ce - les - tial hill.  
 { And look be-yond this vale of tears }

HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. See Hymn 362.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Lay your treasures higher, saf- er Than the gold- en stores of men, } Send a-loft each blessed moment  
 { Lest the com- ing day of trouble Sweep them from your keeping then. }

Send a - loft

In some no - ble use to God; Make the world to feel your presence, Ere you sleep beneath the sod.  
 In some no - - ble

GUIDANCE. 8, 7, 8, 7, D. See Hymn 314.

FLOTOW. ARR.

1. { Jesus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and follow Thee; } Thou, from hence, my All shalt be!  
 { Naked, poor, de- spised, for- sa - ken, }

Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is

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



MISCELLANEOUS.

JASPER. 6, 6, 6, 6, D. Hymn 628.

FREDERICK C. MAKER.

There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri - als

nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow; Where faith is lost in sight,

And pa-tient hope is crowned, And ev - er-last-ing light Its glo - ry throws a-round.

NEARER TO THEE. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. See Hymn 32.

REV. J. H. WELCH.

Nearer my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee. E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me.

Still all my song shall be, Nearer my God to Thee Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

# Chants.

## Suggestions for Chanting.

1. The words of each verse up to the accented syllable (in italics) should be recited smoothly, and not too fast.
2. Beginning with the accented syllable the music must be sung in strict time. The accented syllable itself is held for one whole measure, except when a syllable in the same part follows before the next bar; this syllable must also be sung in this measure.
3. The upright strokes correspond to the bars in the music.
4. An asterisk (\*) is a direction to take breath. Punctuation must be observed as in reading.
5. Final *ed* is always to be pronounced as a separate syllable.

## 632. Responses to the Commandments.

### I. *1st part, after nine commandments.*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep Thy law.

### *2d part, after tenth commandment.*

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

II. 1st part.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep Thy law.

2d part.

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

III. 1st part.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.

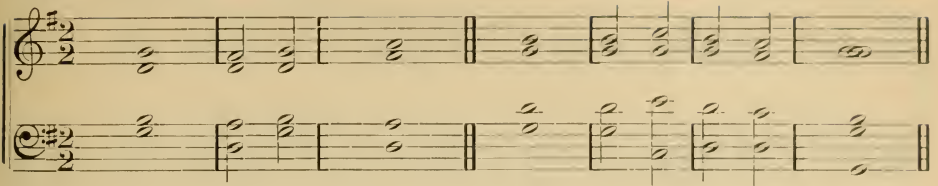
Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

2d part.

keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all

these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

633. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



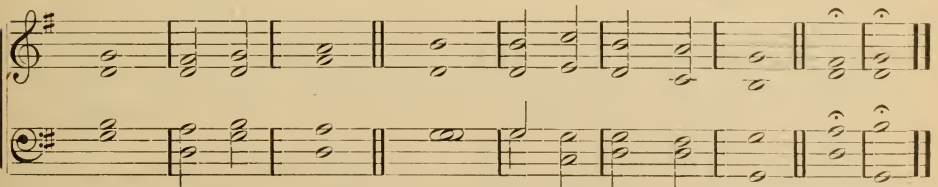
GLORY *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.  
 We praise Thee \* we bless *Thee* \* we | worship | Thee || we glorify Thee \* we give *thanks*  
 to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King || *God* the | Father | Al · = | mighty!  
 O Lord \* the only-begotten *Son* | Jesus | Christ || O Lord God \* Lamb of *God* \* | Son · = ||  
 of the | Father,



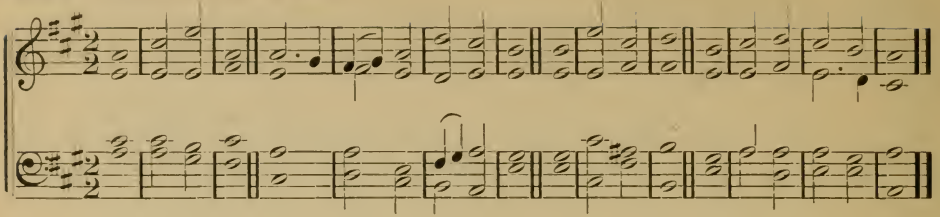
That takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have mercy | upon | us.  
 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have mercy | upon | us.  
 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || *re* | ceive our | prayer.  
 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have mercy | upon | us.



For Thou *only* | art · = | holy || *Thou* | only | art the | Lord.  
 Thou only, O *Christ* \* with the | Holy | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the |  
 Father. || A | men.

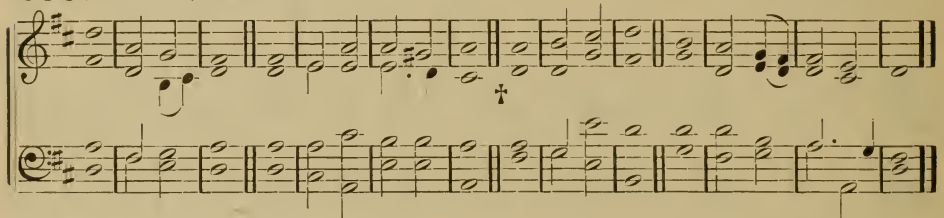


634. BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.



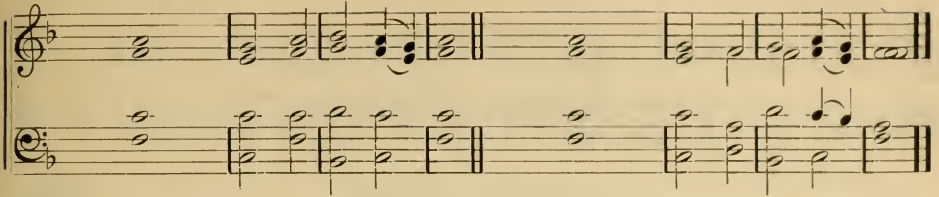
PRAISE the *Lord*, | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | holy | Name.  
 Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul || and for | get not | all His | benefits;  
 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth *all* | thine in | firmi | ties;  
 Who saveth thy *life* | from de | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.  
 O praise the *Lord*, ye angels of His \* *ye* that ex | cel in | strength || ye that fulfill His  
 commandment \* and *hearken* un | to the | voice · of His | Word.  
 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.  
 Glory be to the *Father*, | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost:  
 As it was in the beginning \* is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* | without | end. Amen.

635. VENITE, EXULTEMUS.



O COME, let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord || Let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength of | our  
 sal | vation.  
 Let us come before His *presence* with | thanks · = | giving || And show *ourselves* | glad  
 in | Him with | psalms.  
 For the *Lord* is a | great · = | God || And a *great* | King a | bove all | gods.  
 In His hands are all the *corners* | of the | earth || And the *strength* of the | hills is | His · = |  
 also.  
 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || And His *hands* pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.  
 O come, let us *worship* | and fall | down || And *kneel* be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.  
 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || And we are the people of His pasture \* and the |  
 sheep · = | of His | hand.  
 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || Let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe  
 of | Him.  
 † For He cometh \* for He *cometh* to | judge the | earth || And with righteousness to judge  
 the *world* \* and the | people | with His | truth.

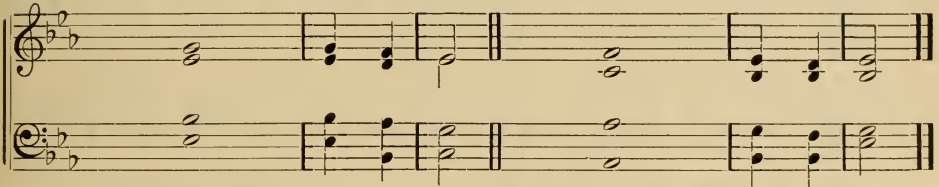
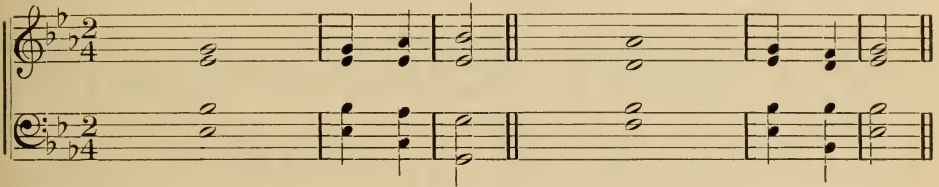
636. THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. OUR Father, Who art in *heaven*, | hallowed | be Thy | name · || Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be *done* on | earth·as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us *this* | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we *forgive* |  
them that | trespass·a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the king-  
dom, and the power, *and* the | glory · for- | ever · A- | men.

637. MY GOD, MY FATHER.

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE.



1. MY God, my *Father*, | while I | stray  
Far from my *home*, on | life's rough | way,  
O teach me from *my* | heart to | say,  
*Thy* | will be | done!
2. Though dark my *path*, and | sad my | lot,  
Let me be *still*, and | murmur | not,  
And breathe the *prayer* Di- | vinely |  
taught,  
*Thy* | will be | done!
3. What though in *lonely* | grief I | sigh  
For friends *beloved*, no | longer | nigh!  
Submissive still *would* | I re- | ply,  
*Thy* | will be | done!
4. Though Thou hast called *me* | to re- | sign  
What most I prized, *it* | ne'er was | mine:  
I have but yielded | what was | Thine;  
*Thy* | will be | done!
5. Let but my *fainting* | heart be | blest  
With Thy sweet *Spirit* | for its | guest,  
My God, to *Thee* I | leave the | rest:  
*Thy* | will be | done!
6. Renew my *will* from | day to | day:  
Blend it with *Thine*, and | take a- | way  
All that now makes *it* | hard to | say,  
*Thy* | will be | done!

Charlotte Elliott.

638. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Verses 1-15 & 24-29.

REV. R. N. PARKE.

Verses 16-23.

ROBERT COOKE.

When Thou tookest upon Thee, etc.

1. WE *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknowledge* | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2. All the *earth* doth | worship | Thee || *the* | Father | ever | lasting.
3. To Thee all *angels* | cry a | loud || the *heavens*, and | all the | powers there | in.
4. To Thee *cherubim* and | sera | phim || *con* | tinal | ly do | cry,
5. *Holy* | Holy | Holy || *Lord* | God of | Saba | oth;
6. Heaven and earth are *full* of the | majes | ty || *of* | Thy · = | glo · = | ry.
7. The glorious *company* | of · the a | postles || *praise* | = · = | = · = | Thee.
8. The goodly *fellowship* | of the | prophets || *praise* | = · = | = · = | Thee.
9. The *noble* | army · of | martyrs || *praise* | = · = | = · = | Thee.
10. The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* ac | knowl · = | edge · = | Thee;
11. *The* | Fa · = | ther || *of* an | infi · nite | majes | ty;
12. *Thine* a | dora · ble | true || *and* | on · = | ly · = | Son;
13. *Also* the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com · = | fort · = | er.
14. *Thou* | art the | King || *of* | Glory | O · = | Christ.
15. Thou art the *ever* | lasting | Son || *of* | = · the | Fa · = | ther.  
(2d part.)
16. When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de | liver | man || Thou didst humble *Thyself* to  
be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
17. When Thou hadst *overcome* the | sharpness · of | death || Thou didst open the *king-*  
dom of | heaven · to | all be | lievers.
18. Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | glory | of the | Father.
19. We *believe* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* | be · = | our · = | Judge.
20. We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast *redeemed* | with  
Thy | precious | blood.
21. Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy | saints || *in* | glory | ever | lasting.
22. O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless Thine | herit | age.
23. *Gov* | = · ern | them || *and* | lift them | up for | ever.  
(1st part.)
24. *Day* | by · = | day || we | magni | fy · = | Thee;  
*And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *ever* | world with | out · = | end.
26. *Vouch* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this | day with | out · = | sin.
27. O *Lord* have | mercy · up | on us || *have* | mercy · up | on · = | us.
28. O Lord let Thy *mercy* | be up | on us || *as* our | trust · = | is in | Thee.
29. O Lord in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let* me | never | be con | founded.

# GOSPEL SONGS AND CHORUSES.

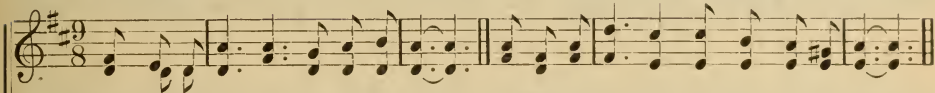
## GOSPEL SONGS.

639.

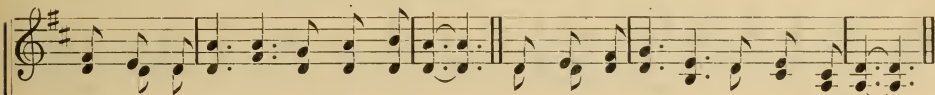
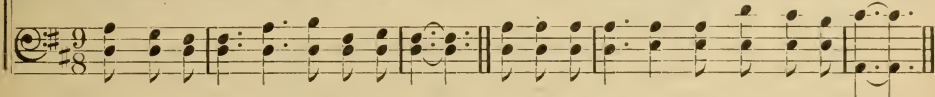
### Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

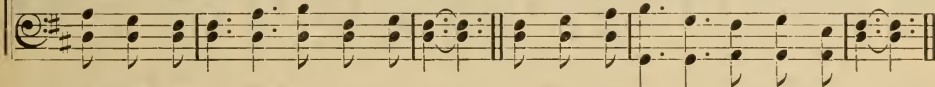
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



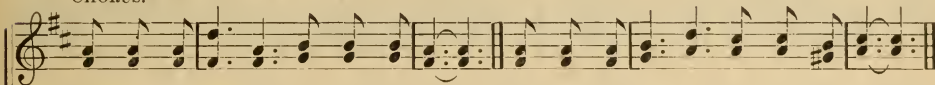
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry Di-vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de-light, Visions of rap-ture now burst on my sight,
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest,



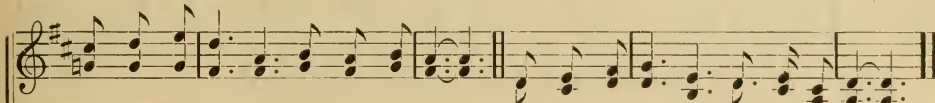
Heirs of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
An-gels descending bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



#### CHORUS.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp. Used by per.



REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. { There's a ver - y sweet song in the depths of my soul, And I'll sing it, dear  
While my lips chant the praise which I can - not con - trol

2. { I will sing of the peace in the depths of my soul, Such a peace as the  
Through Thy grace I am sweet - ly and con - sci - ous - ly whole,

Je - sus, to Thee, . . . For the love where-with Thou hast loved me.  
world can-not know. . . . And my heart is washed white as the snow.

*Fine.*

## CHORUS.

O Thy wonderful love is so pre-cious to me, And Thy grace is so rich and so free.

That my lips fill with praise which I cannot control, For the love wherewith Thou hast loved me.

Copyright, 1897, by The Hoffman Music Co., Cleveland.

3. I will sing of the joy in the depths of my soul,  
Of Thy wondrous forgiveness of sin,  
Of the gladness that springs from Thy love's sweet control,  
And Thy presence and power within.
4. O Thy love is more sweet than the breath of the flowers!  
'Tis a foretaste and earnest of heaven,  
And it fills with contentment and rapture the hours  
That to me Thou hast graciously given.

W. H. CLARK

ARR. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him Who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme,  
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,  
 3. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,  
 4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.  
 At God the Fath - er's Own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.  
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.  
 Of all earth's king - doms Con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.

## CHORUS.

Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord,

Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord.

Copyright, 1888, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

5. The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring  
 Their praise and homage meet;  
 With rapturous awe adore their King,  
 And worship at His feet.
6. Then shall we know as we are known,  
 And in that world above  
 Forever sing around the throne  
 His everlasting love.

The Mizpah Farewell Greeting.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—GEN. XXXI, 49.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

O. H. EVANS, D. M.

*p* From these Pis-gah heights re-turn-ing, *mf* Ev-ery i-dle pur-posed spurn-ing,  
 2. Life is on us, time is fleet-ing, We shall soon our Lord be meet-ing,  
 3. Go we east or west a-sun-der, What the sky we may be un-der,

*f* With new zeal for ser-vice burn-ing, Friend of friends, Thou, Je-sus, art!  
 Take and give the Miz-pah greet-ing, An-gels meet us on our way!  
 Still we seek that world of won-der, Where God's ran-somed peo-ple are,

*rit. p* True in word and deed and heart, *f* Watch be-tween us, as 'we part.  
 As we sep-a-rate to-day, Watch be-tween us, Lord, we pray.  
 Where our home Thou dost pre-pare; By Thy grace, O guide us there.

CHORUS. *f* Watch be-tween us, Guide and screen us, *mf* Watch be-tween us as we part; *p* Watch be-tween us,

*f* Guide and screen us, *rit. f* Watch be-tween us as we part, *p* Watch be-tween us as we part.  
 as we part.



REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glo - ry He  
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick - ly  
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us  
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

## CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's  
 tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.  
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. By per.

4. But we never can prove  
 The delights of His love  
 Until all on the altar we lay;  
 For the favor He shows,  
 And the joy He bestows,  
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

5. Then in fellowship sweet  
 We will sit at His feet,  
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;  
 What He says we will do,  
 Where He sends we will go,  
 Never fear, only trust and obey.



REV. W. D. CORNELL. ALT.

REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a  
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied  
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing

mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fin - ite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.

## CHORUS.

Peace! peace! won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Fath - er a - bove; Sweep

o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love.

By per. D. B. Townner, owner of copyright.

## Wonderful Peace. Concluded.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4. And methinks when I rise to that city of peace,<br/>Where the Author of peace I shall see,<br/>That one strain of the song which the ransomed will sing,<br/>In that heavenly kingdom will be</p> | <p>5. Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or rest,<br/>Marching down the rough pathway of time!<br/>Make Jesus your Friend ere the shadows grow dark;<br/>O accept of this peace so sublime.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

645.

### Little Mission Workers.

For Mission Bands.

EMMET G. COLEMAN.

EMMET G. COLEMAN.

1. We are lit - tle sol - diers, march - ing as to war, With a glo - rious  
2. Lit - tle deeds of ser - vice done by wil - ling hands, Lit - tle mites and  
3. Lit - tle babbling brook - lets make the night - y deep; Lit - tle gifts for

ban - ner lead - ing on be - fore, And we fol - low Je - sus, bat - tling for the  
pen - nies sent by mis - sion bands, These shall shine in splen - dor, and for - ev - er  
mis - sions make a wond - rous heap; Let us send the light wher - ev - er man is

right Till the crown He gives us, and the robe of white.  
stand As a light for Je - sus in the heath - en land.  
found, Scat - ter - ing the sun - shine all the world a - round.

*By per. E. A. Hoffman. Copyright, 1897.*

- |                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4. O ye willing workers! Jesus' little band,<br/>Pressing on together to the glory-land!<br/>Send abroad the tidings, bear the news along,<br/>Heralding salvation in triumphant song.</p> | <p>Bring them in the garner, golden fruit, not leaves,<br/>And with countless nations, flocking home to God,<br/>Follow in the footsteps which our Master trod.</p> |
| <p>5. By and by we'll gather ripe and golden sheaves,</p>                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                     |

## 646.

## 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word; Just to rest up -  
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood; Just in sim - ple  
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Je - sus  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend; And I know that

## REFRAIN.

on His prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord." Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him!  
 faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.  
 sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
 Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

How I've proved Him o'er and o'er! Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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## 647.

## Softly and Tenderly.

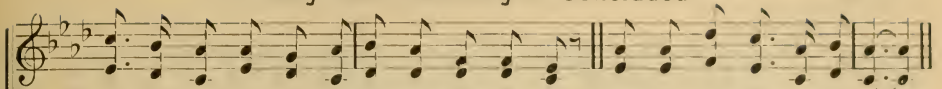
WILL L. THOMPSON.  
Very slow. *pp**m*

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me.  
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;  
 4. O for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Prom - ised for you and for me;



Softly and Tenderly. Concluded.



See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me,  
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?  
 Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me,  
 Though we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



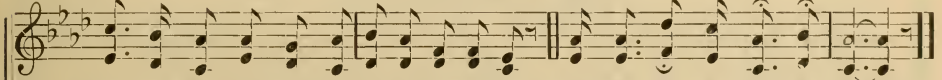
CHORUS.



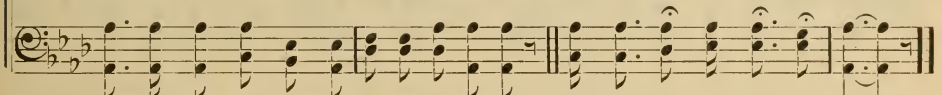
Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home; . . .  
 Come home, come home,



*pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*



Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

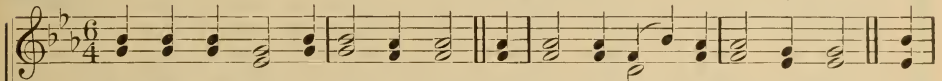


By per. of Messrs. Will L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and East Liverpool, O.

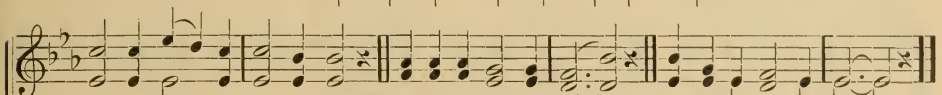
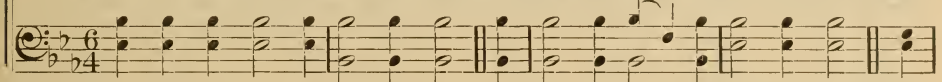
648.

To Thee I Come.

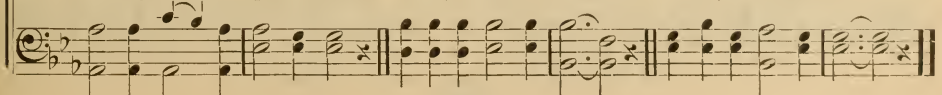
J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, I come to Thee for light, Re - store to me my blind - ed sight, And  
 2. Je - sus, I come, I can - not stay From Thee an - oth - er pre - cious day; I  
 3. Je - sus, I come just as I am, To Thee the ho - ly, spot - less Lamb; Thou



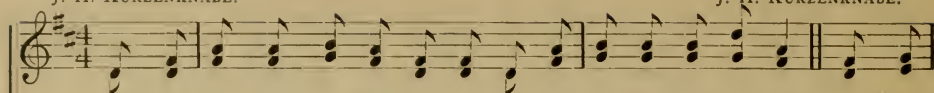
from my soul dis - pel the night, Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!  
 would Thy word at once o - bey, Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!  
 wilt my troubled spir - it calm! Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!



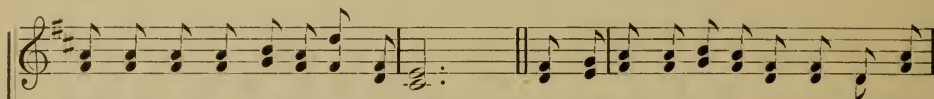
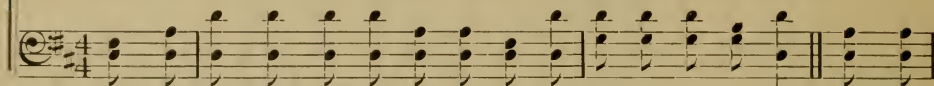


J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

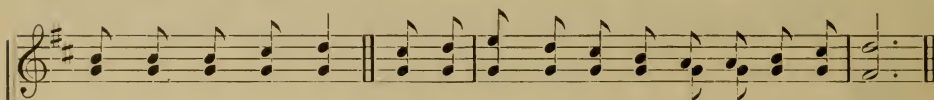
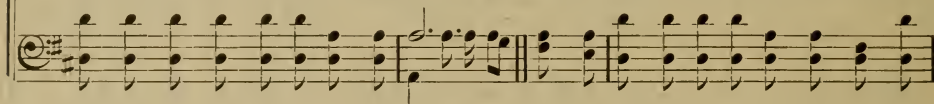


1. At the sound - ing of the trum - pet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light, When the
4. When the gold - en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim, In tri -

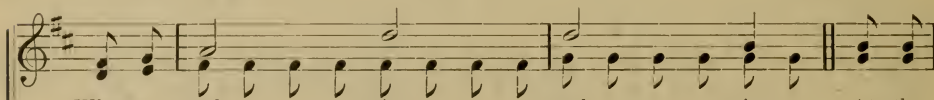
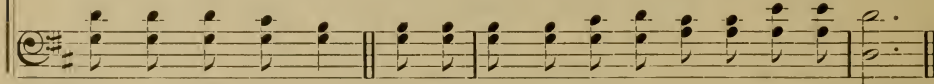


greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, With the friends and all the loved ones there -  
*crystal sea,*  
 gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the  
*gladly see,*

Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, *we shall see,* At the bidding of our Saviour, Come, ye  
 umphant strains the glorious ju - bi - lee, *jubi - lee,* Then to meet and join to sing the song of



wait - ing us to come, What a gath - ering of the faith - ful that will be!  
 bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath - ering of the faith - ful that will be!  
 bless - ed, to My right, What a gath - ering of the faith - ful that will be!  
 Mos - es and the Lamb, What a gath - ering of the faith - ful that will be!



What a gath - - - ering, gath - - - ering, At the  
 What a gathering of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,



By per. J. H. Kurzenknabe, owner of copyright.

## What a Gathering That Will Be. Concluded.

sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - - ering,  
ju-bi-lee! What a gathering when the friends and all the

gath - - - ering, What a gath-ering of the faith-ful that will be.  
dear ones meet each oth - er,

650.

## Follow all the Way.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

ARR. BY IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, In the ten-derest ac-cents call-ing;  
2. Though the way be dark and drea-ry, Though my feet be worn and wea-ry,  
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shin-ing heav-en's sun-light o'er me,  
CHOR.—I will take my cross and fol - low, My dear Sav-iour I will fol - low,

On my ear these words are fall-ing, Take thy cross, and dai - ly fol - low me.  
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheer-y, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.  
And when weak, by grace re-store me As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.  
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

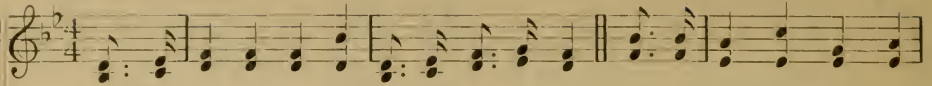
*Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co.*

4. Through the valley safely lead me,  
Heavenly manna daily feed me;  
Every hour, dear Lord, I need Thee  
As I follow, follow all the way.

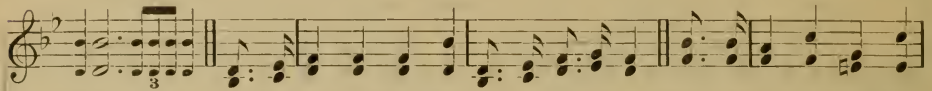
5. In Thy heart's affection hold me,  
In Thy arms of love enfold me,  
And with Thine Own grace uphold me  
As I follow, follow all the way.

EL. NATHAN.

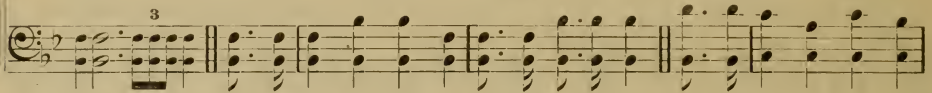
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



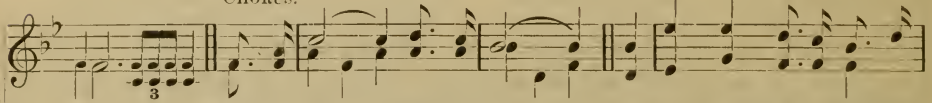
1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers of the
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stan - dard be dis -
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious tid - ings
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawning ver - y near, It is hasten - ing day by



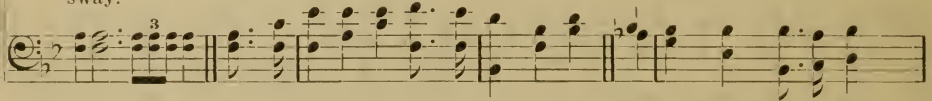
King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day, While as ransomed ones we  
played; And beneath its folds as sol - diers of the Lord, For the truth be not dis -  
known; Of the crimson ban - uer now the story tell, While the Lord shall claim His  
day, — Then be - fore our King the foe shall disappear, And the cross the world shall



## CHORUS.



sing. Marching on! . . . marching on! . . . For Christ count everything but  
mayed! on! on! on! on! For Christ count everything,  
Own!  
sway.



loss; . . . . And to crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the banner of the cross.  
everything but loss; we'll Beneath the banner of the cross.



By per. James McGranahan. Copyright 1884 and 1887.

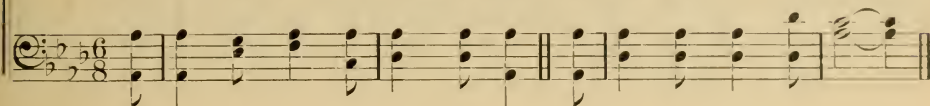


EL. NATHAN.

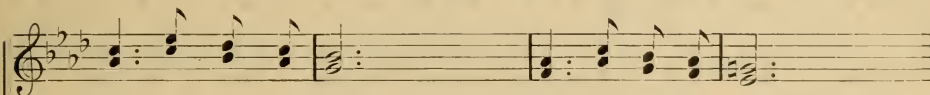
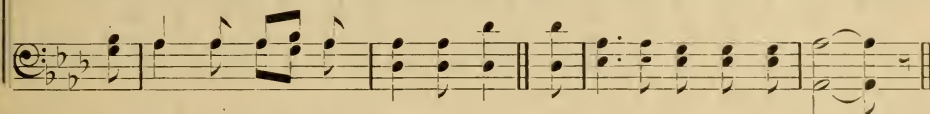
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



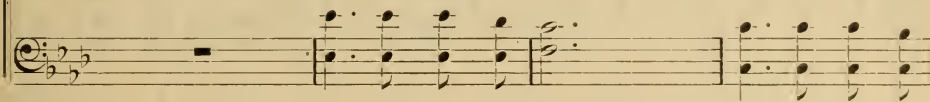
1. As lives the flower with - in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
3. As rays of light from yon - der sun The flowers of earth set free,
4. With long - ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,



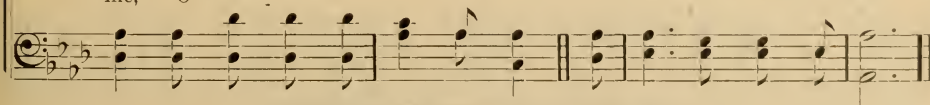
So praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir - it dwelleth in me.  
 But in God's Word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.  
 So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.  
 As on the won - drous thought I dwell, That Christ liv - eth in me.



Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me,  
 Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in



O what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me!  
 me, O



By per. James McGranahan. Copyright, 1891.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Near - er the cross! my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,  
 2. Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er,  
 3. Near - er in prayer my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where  
 Feast - ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more  
 Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

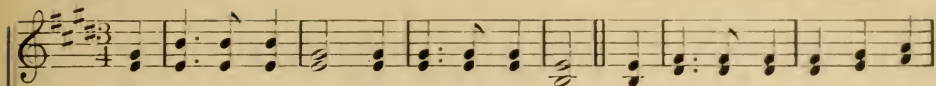
Je - sus died, Near - er the foun-tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's  
 clear I see Je - sus Who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I  
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.  
 still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.  
 soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

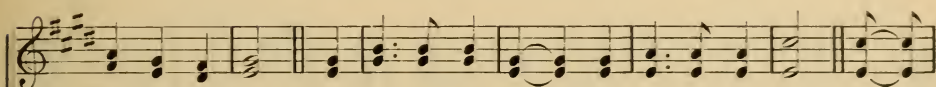
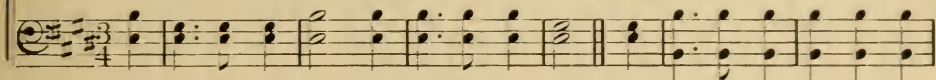
By per. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, owner of copyright.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

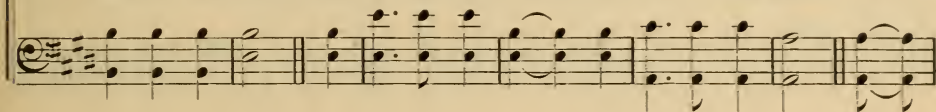
ARR. BY REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.



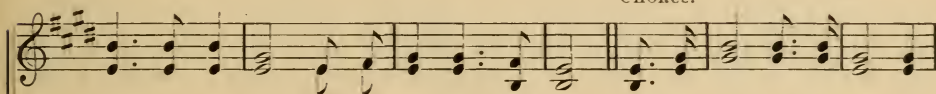
1. My Fath-er is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the  
 2. My Fath-er's Own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the  
 3. I once was an out - cast stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an  
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for



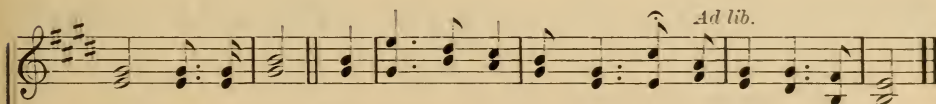
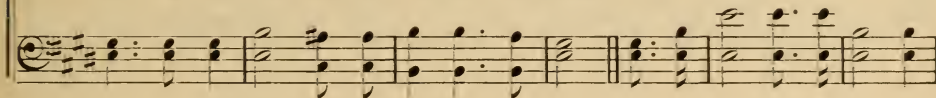
world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His  
 poor - est of them; But now He is reign-ing for - ev - er on high, And will  
 al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, — An  
 me o - ver there! Though ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



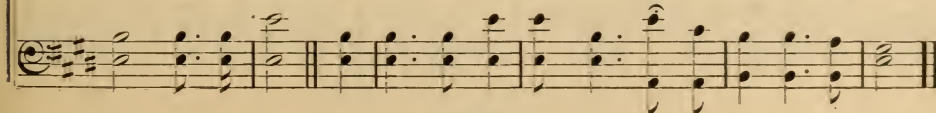
## CHORUS.



cof - fers are full, — He has rich - es un - told. I'm the child of a King, The  
 give me a home in heav - en by and by.  
 heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.  
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



child of a King! With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King!

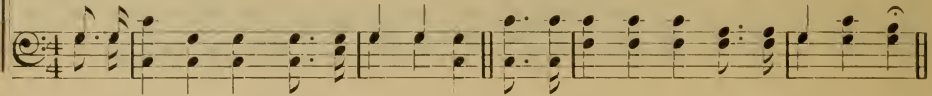


REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

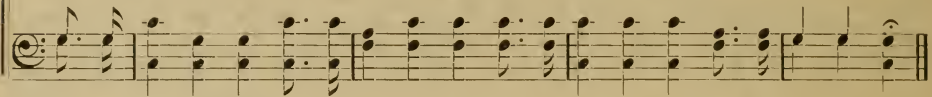
J. H. TENNEY.



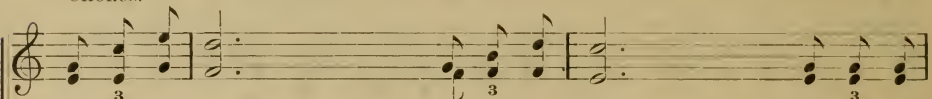
1. There is joy in heaven where the an-gels dwell, And the gladsome notes of re-joic-ing swell,
2. There is joy in heaven when the lost is found And the golden streets with the news re-sound,
3. There is joy in heaven, that be-gins be-low, Where the tears of grief and re-pen-tance flow;



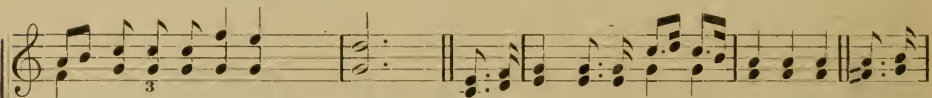
When the tidings come from the world be-low, That a soul is saved from e-ter-nal woe.  
Till the tide of song like an o-ocean rolls Un-to Him Who died for the love of souls,  
And the saints of God with the an-gels share In the praise that rings like an an-them there.



## CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful song, beau-ti-ful song, beau-ti-ful song,  
Beau-ti-ful song, beau-ti-ful song, beau-ti-ful song,



song, beau-ti-ful song of joy! Every harp is at-tuned un-to the sound, And the  
beau-ti-ful song, beautiful song of joy!



By per. The Hoffman Music Co.

## There is Joy in Heaven. Concluded.

an-gels re-joyce that the lost is found; Beautiful song, beau-ti-ful song of joy.  
 song of joy, beautiful song, happy song of joy.

**656.**

## Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleans-ing from  
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-  
 3. O pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

:8:

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His  
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His  
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His  
 Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete, Glo-ry to His  
*D. S.*—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His

CHORUS. *D. S.*

name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.

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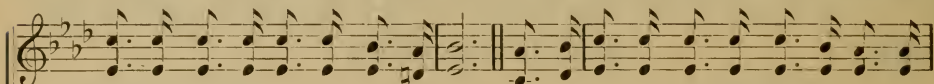
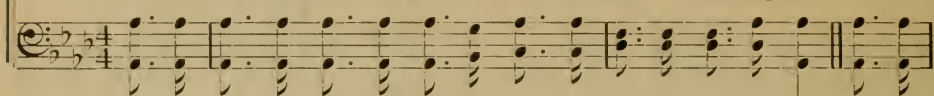


J. M. B.

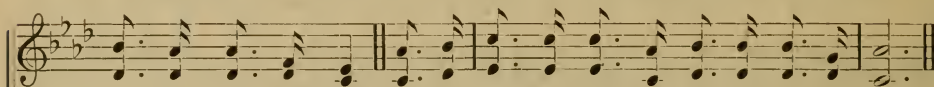
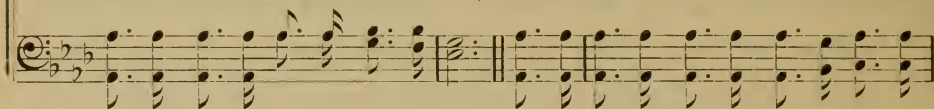
J. M. BLACK.



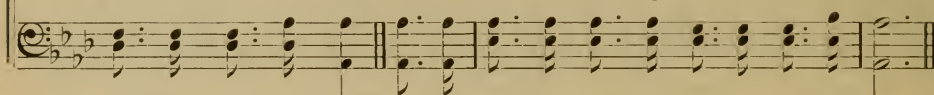
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us—



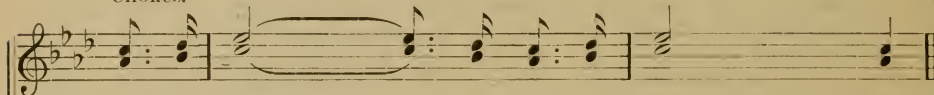
morning breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver  
 glo - ry of His res - ur - rection share; When His chosen ones shall gath - er to their  
 talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is o - ver and our



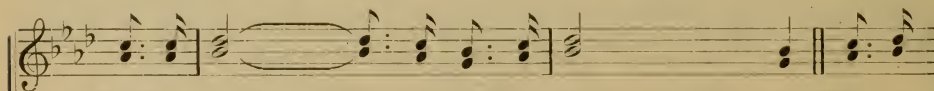
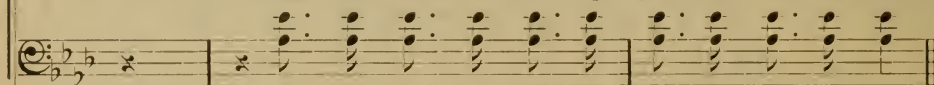
on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



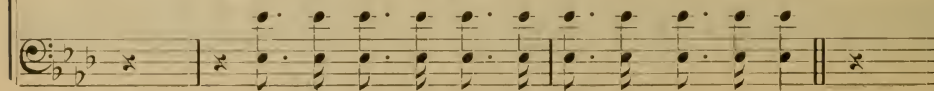
## CHORUS.



When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - - der,  
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - - der, When the  
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



## When the Roll is Called Up Yonder. Concluded.

roll . . . . is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.  
When the roll

*By per. J. M. Black, owner of copyright.*

658.

## Consecration.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A con - se - cra - ted  
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name; I look for Thy sal-  
3. O let the fire, descen-ding Just now up-on my soul, Consume my humble  
4. I'm Thine, O bless-ed Je - sus, Washed by Thy pre-cious blood, Now seal me by Thy

### REFRAIN.

of - fering, Thine ev - er - more to be. My all is on the al - tar, I'm  
va - tion; Thy prom - ise now I claim.  
of - fering, And cleanse and make me whole.  
Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

wait - ing for the fire; Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

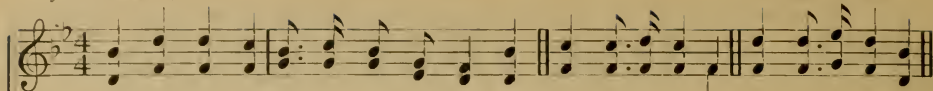
*By per. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.*

## 659.

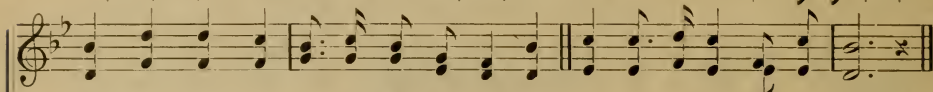
## Tell It to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

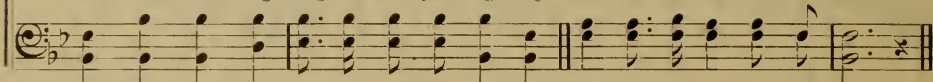
E. S. LORENZ.



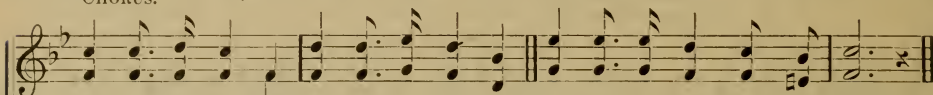
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;



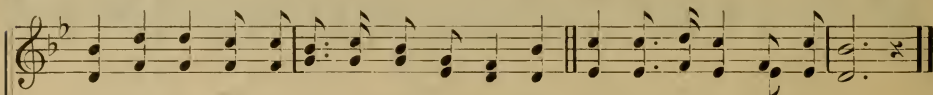
Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.  
 Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.  
 Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.  
 For Christ's com - ing Kingdom are you sigh - ing? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



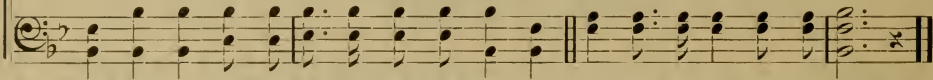
## CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a Friend that's well - known;



You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



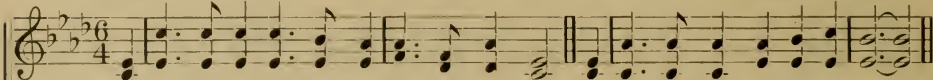
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## 660.

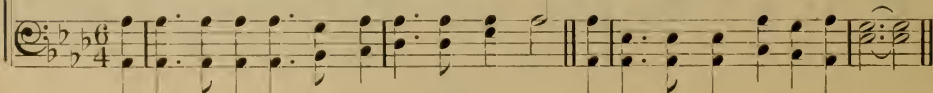
## The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEORGE D. MOORE.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and dis - tress,
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And faith tak - ing hold of the word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so - blest,





## The Haven of Rest. Concluded.

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Ha - ven of  
 My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The Haven of Rest is my  
 Of Je - sus, Who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the Ha - ven of

*D. S.*—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er -

*Fine.* CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Rest! I've anchored my soul in the Ha - ven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;  
 Lord.  
 Rest!

more.

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4. How precious the thought that we all may  
 Like John the beloved and blest, [recline,  
 On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest  
 can harm,—  
 Secure in the Haven of Rest!

5. O come to the Saviour, He patiently waits  
 To save by His power Divine;  
 Come, anchor your soul in the Haven of  
 Rest,  
 And say, My Beloved is mine.

## 661.

## Enough for Me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,  
 2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free! I have the sweet assur - ance,  
 3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! I feel its cleansing pow - er,  
*D. S.*—I know that Jesus saves me,

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! Of joy and peace for me!

And that's enough for me!

*By per. Rev. E. A. Hoffman, owner of copyright.*

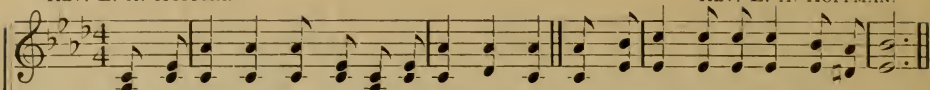


662.

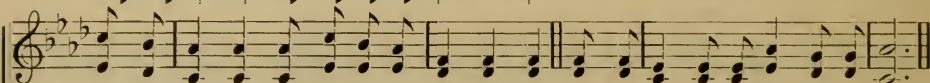
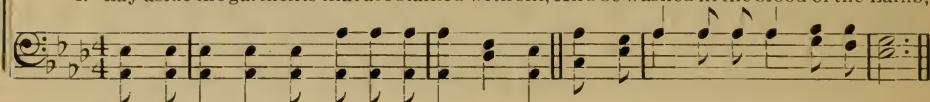
## Are You Washed in the Blood?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

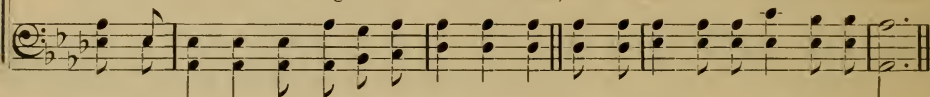
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



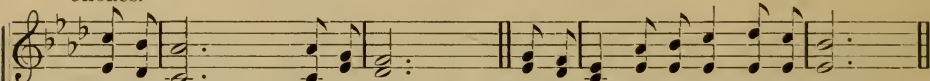
1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
3. When the Bridegroom com - eth will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;



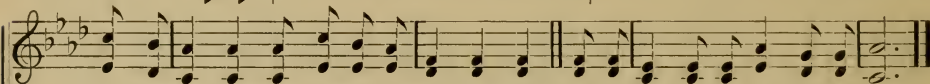
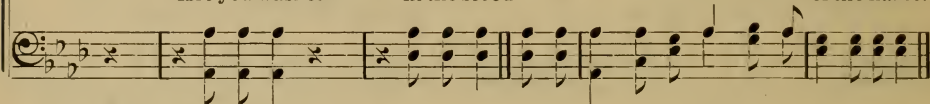
Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 There's a foun - tain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!



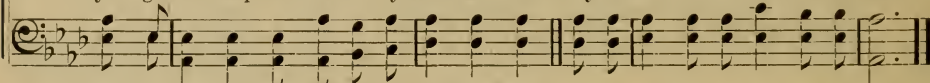
## CHORUS.



Are you washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?  
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



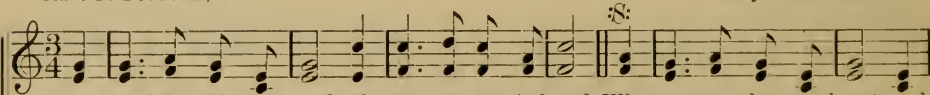
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663.

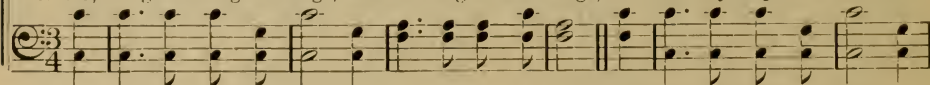
## The Comforter Has Come.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O spread the tid - ings round, wher - er man is found, Wher - ev - er hu - man hearts and
2. The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last; And hushed the dreadful wail and
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To ev - ery cap - tive soul a



*D. S.—The Holy Ghost from heaven, The*

## The Comforter Has Come. Concluded.

hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - ery Chris - tian tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound;  
 fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills the day ad - vance - es fast!  
 full de - liverance brings; And through the va - cant cells the song of tri - umph rings:

Fath - er's prom - ise given; O spread the tidings round, Wher - ev - er man is found,—  
*Fine.* CHORUS. *D. S.*

The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come!

The Com - fort - er has come!

*Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.*

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4. O boundless love Divine! how shall this<br/>             tongue of mine<br/>             To wondering mortals tell the matchless<br/>             grace Divine—<br/>             That I, a child of hell, should in His image<br/>             The Comforter has come! [shine?]</p> | <p>5. Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted<br/>             sky,<br/>             And all the saints above to all below reply,<br/>             In strains of endless love, the song that<br/>             ne'er will die;<br/>             The Comforter has come!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

### 664.

## I'll Live For Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, Who died for me;  
 2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. O Thou Who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHOR.—I'll live for Him Who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for Him Who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

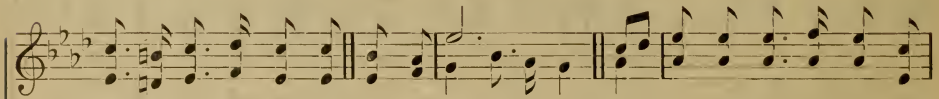
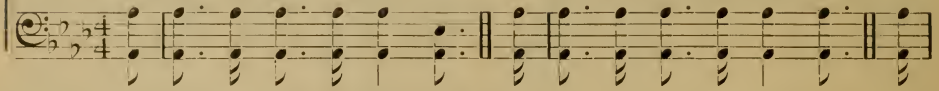
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DR. C. R. BACKALL.

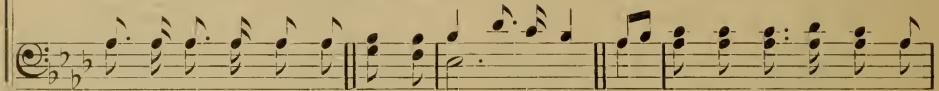
DR. H. R. PALMER.



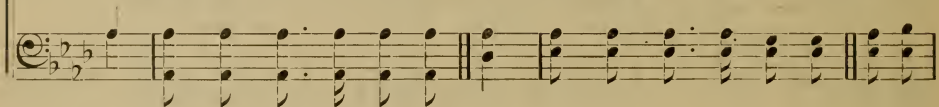
1. The prize is set be-fore us— To win, our Lord im-plores us! The  
 2. We fol-low where He lead-eth— We pas-ture where He feed-eth— We  
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us; No tri-als there to move us, But



eye of God is o'er us, From on high, His lov-ing tones are fall-ing,  
 yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high,  
 Christ our Lord to love us, Dwells on high: For naught from Him can sev-er;  
 We give our best en-deav-or; We praise His name for-ev-er;



While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gent-ly call-ing— He is  
 Our hope shall bright-en ev-er; And faith shall fail us nev-er— He is  
 We praise His name for-ev-er; His pre-cious words can nev-er— Nev-er



## CHORUS.



nigh, By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with  
 nigh, He is nigh,  
 die.



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## The Prize is Set Before Us. Concluded.

Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him,  
 By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

### 666. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours;  
 Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers;

D. S.—Work, for the night is coming, . . . . . When man's work is done.

D. S.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

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2. Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon,  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.



P. P. BLISS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Night had fal - len on the cit - y, And the streets at last were still,  
 2. Man - y stripes to them were giv - en; Man - y curs - es on them cast;  
 3. Hark the sigh - ing of the prison - ers, Hear their moan - ings loud and long;  
 4. O there's not a cell so lone - ly, But a song may ech - o there;

Where the nois - y throng the day - long, Did the air with shout - ings fill;  
 Man - y bolts and bars sur - round them, In the stocks their feet were fast.  
 No, a - gain, and loud - er, clear - er, 'Tis the voice of prayer and song.  
 O there's not a night so cheer - less, But there's po - ten - cy in prayer.

And the wea - ry way - worn travel - ers Preach - ing Je - sus through the land,  
 While the trust - y Ro - man jail - er, All se - cure - ly slum - bering on,  
 See, the pris - on walls are shak - ing, And the door wide o - pen stands;  
 Sing, O sing, thou wear - y pil - grim, Song will bring thee heav - en - ly peace;

Were in deep - est dun - geon dark - ness, At the mag - is - trates' com - mand.  
 Lit - tle dreamt the might - y won - der Of the mor - row's ear - ly dawn.  
 Lo, the earth, the earth is quak - ing, Loosed are ev - ery prisoner's bands.  
 Pray, O pray, thou bur - dened prison - er, God will give thee sweet re - lease.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev - er, nev - er wear - y of the grand old song; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -  
 3. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -  
 3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -  
 4. There we'll shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -

lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ev - er, with our faith more strong;  
 lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its pin - ions to the hills a - bove;  
 lu - jah! Where the King in all His splen - dor we shall soon be - hold;  
 lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of Je - sus with the blood - washed throng;

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! O the chil - dren of the Lord have a

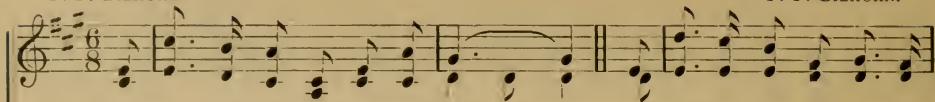
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow - ing bright, and our

souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and by to the pal - ace of a King!

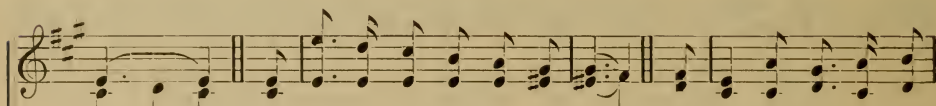
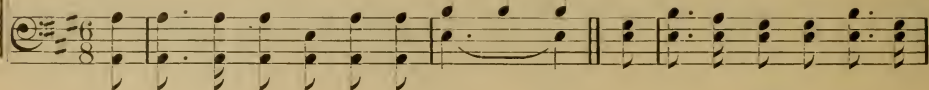
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P. P. BILHORN.

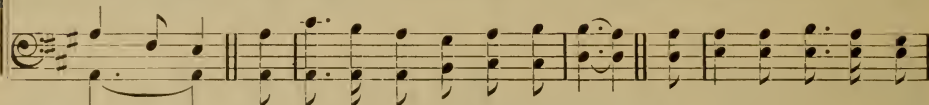
P. P. BILHORN.



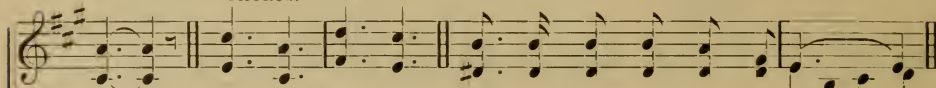
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, *sweet strain*, A glad and a joy-ous re-
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, *was made*, My debt by His death was all
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, *had crowned*, My heart with this peace did a -
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, *a - bide*, And as I keep close to His



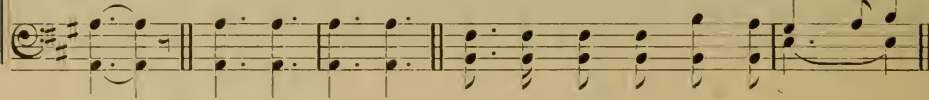
frain, *re-frain*, I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's  
 paid, *all paid*, No oth - er foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's  
 bound, *a-bound*, In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's  
 side, *His side*, There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's



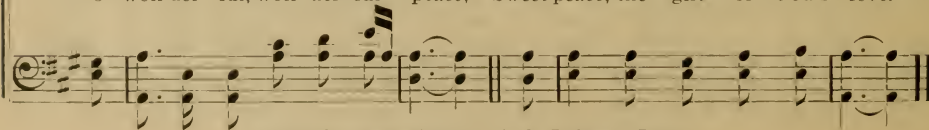
## CHORUS.



love. Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, *a - bove*,

*rit.*

O won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



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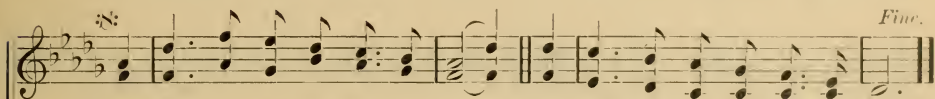
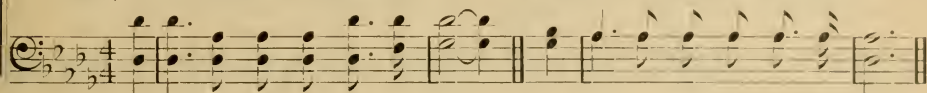


REV. EDWIN L. WATTS.

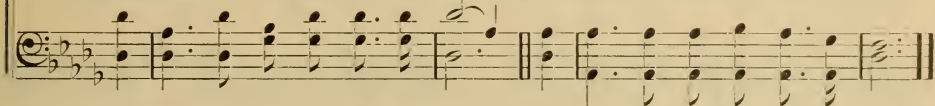
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. O bless-ed moments, rich-ly sweet, That we have spent at Je-sus feet!  
 2. To min-gle love, and prayer, and praise To Him Who crowns with joy our days!  
 3. If here we feel the heavenly thrill, And heavenly joys our bosoms fill,

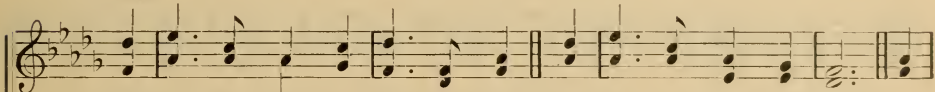


- O heav-enly seasons, sweet-ly fair, The moments spent with Him in prayer.  
 While grouped a-round the mer-cy seat, O this is joy and bliss com-plete.  
 What great-er joy can we have more, When we have reached the heavenly shore.

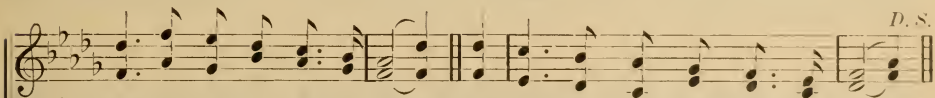


*D. S.*—He meets us at the place of prayer; How sweet is our commun-ion there!

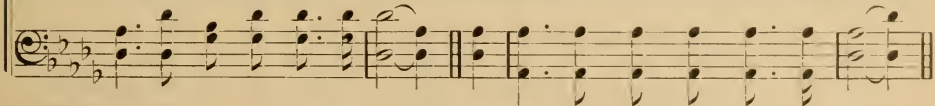
## CHORUS.



Our Je-sus loves to hear us pray And hon-or Him each day; He



meets us at the place of prayer; How sweet is our com-mun-ion there!



Copyright, 1895, by the Hoffman Music Co., Cleveland.

4. That joy is sure to come at last,  
 When meetings here below are past,  
 A joy reserved by heavenly grace,  
 'Tis this—"And they shall see His face."  
 5. If we His face with joy would see,  
 His faithful servants we must be;  
 Our zeal for Him must swiftly flow,  
 If we this bliss supreme would know.

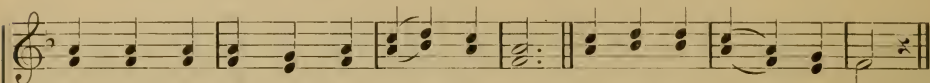
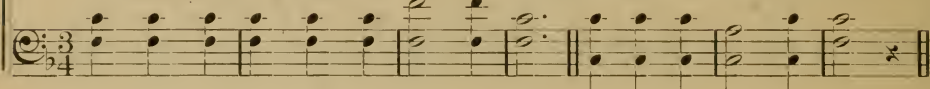


FANNY J. CROSBY.

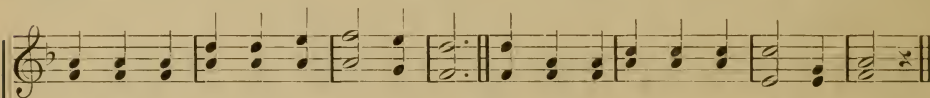
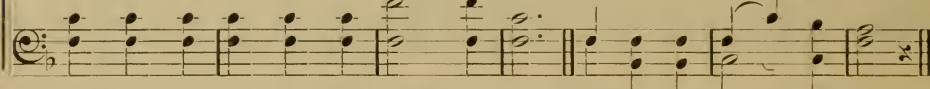
MRS. M. E. WILLSON.



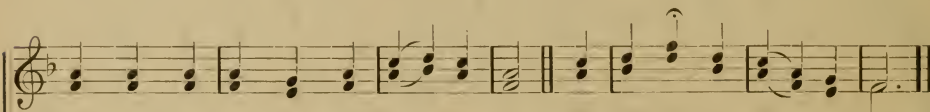
1. Je - sus is plead - ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knock - ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?



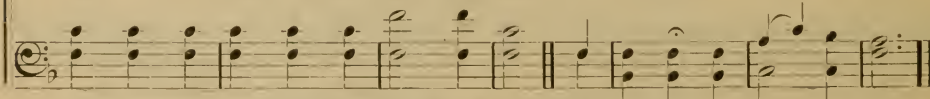
If I be - lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?  
 How can my heart so un - grate - ful be, Shall I be saved to - night?  
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part? O shall I be saved to - night?  
 Quick - ly I'll o - pen the bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night!



Ten - der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?  
 Now He will save me by grace Di - vine, Now if I will, I may call Him mine,  
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet - ly it falls on my list - ening ear,  
 Bless - ed Re - deem - er, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor - row, for - give my sin,



Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?  
 Can I the pleas - ures of earth re - sign, O shall I be saved to - night?  
 Shall I re - ject Him a Friend so dear, O shall I be saved to - night?  
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night!

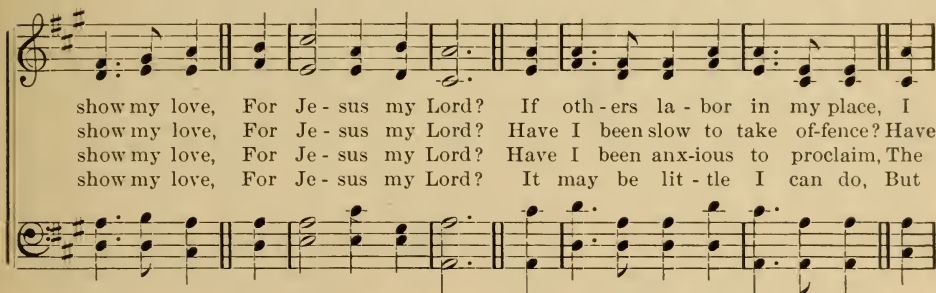


JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

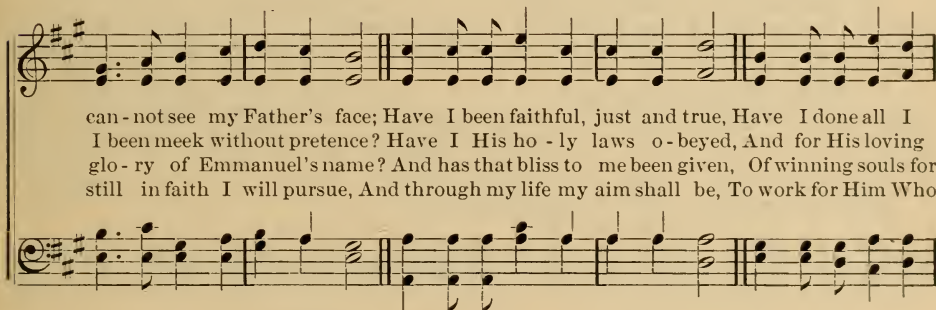
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus? What have I done to  
 2. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus? What have I done to  
 3. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus? What have I done to  
 4. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus? What have I done to

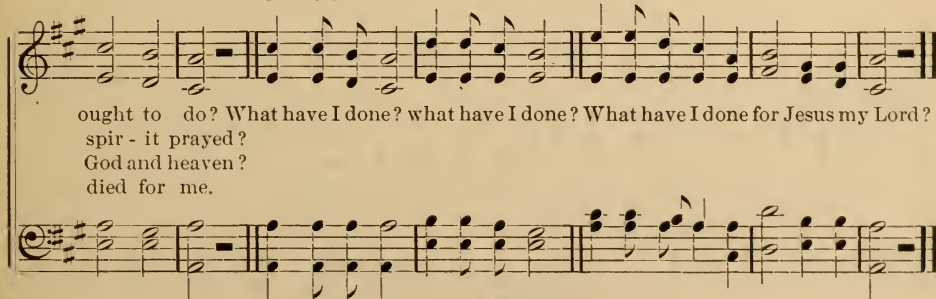


show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? If oth - ers la - bor in my place, I  
 show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? Have I been slow to take of - fence? Have  
 show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? Have I been anx - ious to proclaim, The  
 show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? It may be lit - tle I can do, But



can - not see my Father's face; Have I been faithful, just and true, Have I done all I  
 I been meek without pretence? Have I His ho - ly laws o - beyed, And for His loving  
 glo - ry of Emmanuel's name? And has that bliss to me been given, Of winning souls for  
 still in faith I will pursue, And through my life my aim shall be, To work for Him Who

## CHORUS.



ought to do? What have I done? what have I done? What have I done for Jesus my Lord?  
 spir - it prayed?  
 God and heaven?  
 died for me.

*By per. from Notes of Joy.*

# 673. One by One We'll All Be Gathered Home.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We are travelling to a bet-ter land—One by one we'll all be gath-ered home,—  
 2. We are draw-ing near-er ev-ery day—One by one we'll all be gath-ered home,—  
 3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone be-fore—One by one we'll all be gath-ered home,—  
 4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap-py throng—One by one we'll all be gath-ered home,—

And we'll trust the Saviour's guiding hand: One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.  
 To that joy that fad-eth not a-way: One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.  
 And we'll dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more: One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.  
 Sing-ing now re-demption's ho-ly song: One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.

CHORUS.

Gath-ering, gath-ering, One by one we'll all be gath-ered home;  
 Gathering to-geth-er, gathering to-geth-er,

Gath-ering, gath-ering, One by one we'll all be gathered home.  
 Gathering to-geth-er, gathering to-geth-er,

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# 674. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous  
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years, Often hindered in my  
 3. I am drinking at that fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide; For I've tast-ed life's pure



## Is Not This the Land of Beulah? Concluded.

bean - ty Far exceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den  
 jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears, Bro - ken vows and dis - ap - pointments Thick - ly  
 riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied; There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a -

CHORUS.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed,  
*D. S. Chorus.*

with the breath of flowers, They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.  
 sprinkled all the way, But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.  
 dorn - ing, rich and gay, For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

bless - ed land of light, Where the flowers bloom forev - er, And the sun is always bright.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
 For I've found this great salvation  
 Makes each burden light appear;  
 And I love to follow Jesus,  
 Gladly counting all but dross,  
 Worldly honors all forsaking  
 For the glory of the cross.

5. O the cross has wondrous glory!  
 Oft I've proved this to be true;  
 When I'm in the way so narrow,  
 I can see a pathway through;  
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
 Take the cross, thou needest not fear,  
 For I've tried the way before thee,  
 And the glory lingers near.

**675.**

## He is Calling.

See Hymn No. 83.

ARR. BY S. J. VAIL.

{ There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:  
 { There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice Which is more than . . . . . lib - er - ty.

He is call - ing, Come to me! Lord, I glad - ly haste to Thee.



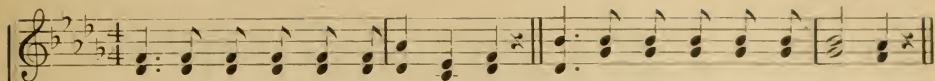
1. Be - hold, what love, what bound-less love,      The Fath - er hath be - stowed  
 2. No lon - ger far from Him, but now      By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;  
 3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be,      It doth not yet ap - pear;  
 4. With such a bless - ed hope in view,      We would more ho - ly be,

On sin - ners lost, that we should be      Now called the sons of God!  
 Ac - cept - ed in the "Well - be - loved,"      Near to God's heart we lie.  
 But when our pre - cious Lord we see,      We shall His im - age bear.  
 More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord,      Whose face we soon shall see.

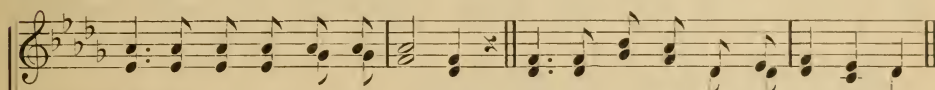
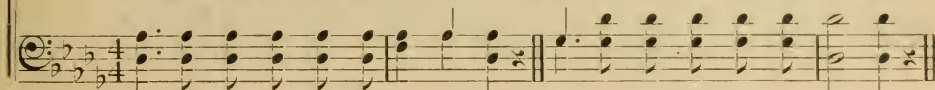
## CHORUS.

Be - hold, what manner of love! . . . What manner of love the Father hath bestowed up -  
 What manner of love,

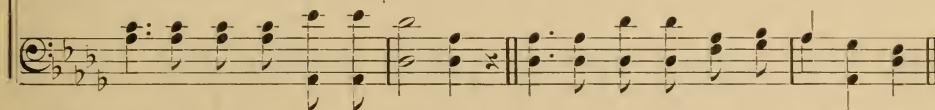
on us, That we, that we should be called,      Should be called the sons of God.  
 the sons of God, .



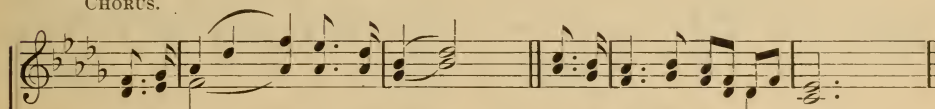
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro-TECT-ING hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ills thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-NER float - ing o'er you,



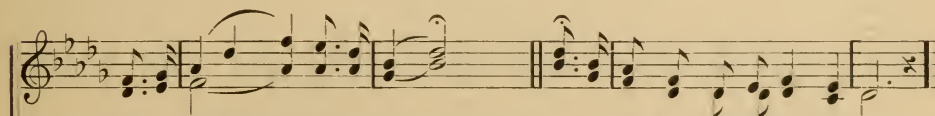
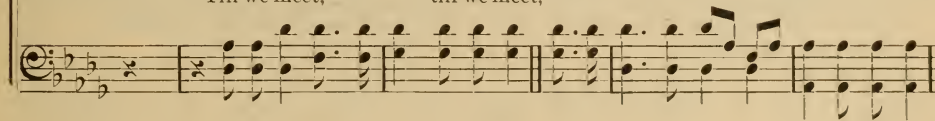
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threaten - ing wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



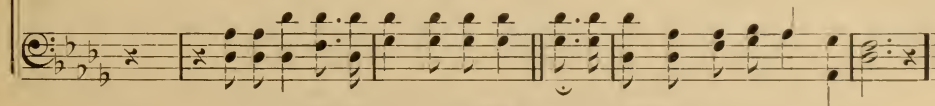
## CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,  
 Till we meet, till we meet,



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 till we meet, till we meet,



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## 678.

## The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sin-ners to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus As when He raised the  
 2. Come, feast up - on the Liv-ing Bread, He's just the same Je - sus As when the mul - ti-  
 3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus As when He shed those  
 4. Come un - to Him for clear-er light, He's just the same Je - sus As when He gave the

## CHORUS.

wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus. The ver - y same Je - sus, The  
 tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

won-der work-ing Je-sus; O praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

5. Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,  
 He's just the same Jesus  
 As when He hushed the raging sea,  
 The very same Jesus.

6. Some day our raptured eyes shall see  
 He's just the same Jesus;  
 O blessed day for you and me!  
 The very same Jesus.

## 679.

## There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and

By per. W. L. Thompson &amp; Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.



## There's a Great Day Coming. Concluded.

by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part-ed right and left; Are you  
 by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to those who love the Lord; Are you  
 by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-part, I know ye not;" Are you

CHORUS. *pp*

read - y for that day to come? Are you read - y, Are you read - y,  
 read - y for that day to come?  
 read - y for that day to come?

Are you ready for the Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready, For the Judgment day?

680.

## Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus Who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

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

2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb That was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.



## 681.

## Move Forward!

G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Move for-ward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and la - bored long,  
 2. Move for-ward! each and ev - ery one, The gold - en har - vest is be - gun,  
 3. Move for-ward! reap - ing as you move! An - gels are watch - ing from a - bove!  
 4. Move for-ward! day will die full soon, How quick - ly even - ing fol - lows noon,

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.  
 Ye reap - ers, come from glen and glade, And wield the sick - le's glit - tering blade.  
 A - round are wit - ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.  
 Now is the time to work and pray - Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

## CHORUS.

Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line;  
 Move for-ward, move for-ward, move forward;

Move for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.  
 move for-ward, move for-ward,

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## 682.

## Sinner, Jesus Loves You.

J. SILLS.

WARREN COLLINS.

1. Sin - ner, Je - sus loves you, Sto - ry old and new; Follow Him nor count the cost,  
 2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, In the gar - den knew Ag - o - ny and blood - y sweat,  
 3. On the cross of Cal - vary Your Redeem - er view; Pierced hand and bleeding side

## Sinner, Jesus Loves You. Concluded.

For dear-ly He loves you. Sin-ner, Je-sus loves you well, More than hu-man  
 And all for love of you.  
 Were all for love of you.

tongue can tell; All His ho-ly coun-sels do, For dear-ly He loves you.

Copyright, 1897, by the Hoffmann Music Co, Cleveland.

4. Life He freely offered;  
 More He could not do;  
 Full atonement Jesus made,  
 And all for love of you.

5. At your heart He standeth,  
 Knocketh, pleadeth, too;  
 Patiently He waiteth there,  
 And all for love of you.

### 683.

## He Came to Save Me.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Je-sus laid His crown a-side, He came to save me;  
 When on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came, And grace is free,  
 He came to save me.

2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell,  
 He came to save me;  
 O, praise His name, I know it well,  
 He came to save me.

3. With gentle hand He leads me still,  
 He came to save me;

And trusting Him I fear no ill,  
 He came to save me.

4. To Him my faith with rapture clings,  
 He came to save me;  
 To Him my heart looks up and sings,  
 He came to save me.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en - tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were  
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed Where lay a child with ach - ing  
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake; The flames could not his cour - age

there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er  
 head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile; 'twas sweet as  
 shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was

whence Her help - less wid - ow - hood's de - fence; She told me, Christ was All.  
 May; And as his spir - it passed a - way He whispered, Christ is All.  
 given, He looked tri - um - phant - ly to heaven And answered, Christ is All.

CHORUS.

Christ is All, All in all, Yes, Christ is All in all; Yes, Christ is All in all.

*From Song Jewels. By per. of Publisher, W. A. Williams, Warwick, O.*

4. I saw the gospel herald go  
 To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,  
 To save from Satan's thrall;  
 Not home nor life he counted dear,  
 'Midst want and perils owned no fear,  
 He felt that Christ is All.

5. Then come to Christ, O come to-day!  
 The Father, Son and Spirit say,  
 The Bride repeats the call;  
 For He will cleanse your guilty stains,  
 His love will soothe your weary pains,  
 For Christ is All in all.

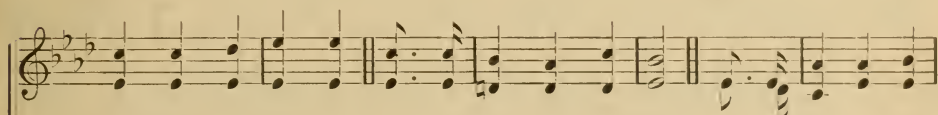
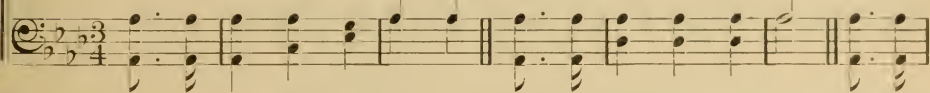


MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

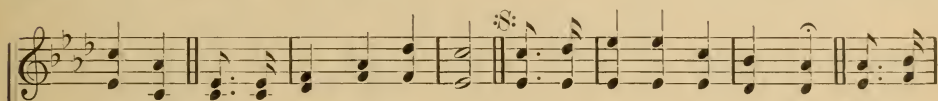
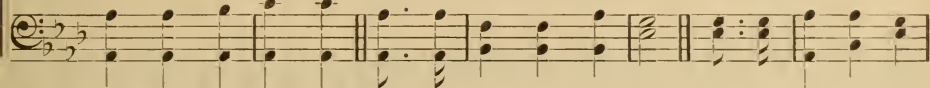
FRANK M. DAVIS.



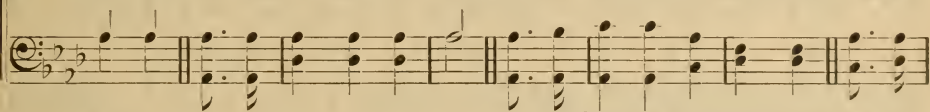
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold; I would  
 2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy  
 3. O that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light, With its



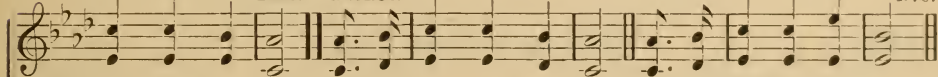
make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy  
 blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom - ise is  
 glo - ri - fied be - ings In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing



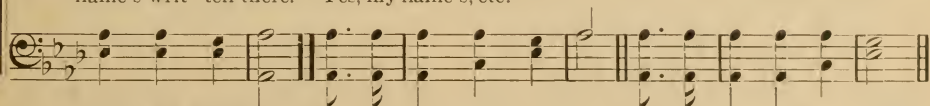
kingdom, With its page white and fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my  
 writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scar - let, I will  
 com - eth To de - spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my



In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my

*Fine.* CHORUS.*D.S.*

name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?  
 make them like snow." Yes, my name's, etc.  
 name's writ - ten there. Yes, my name's, etc.



name writ - ten there?

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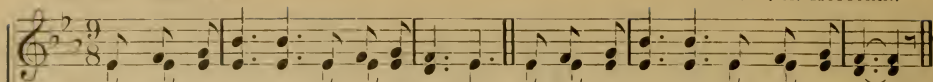


## 686.

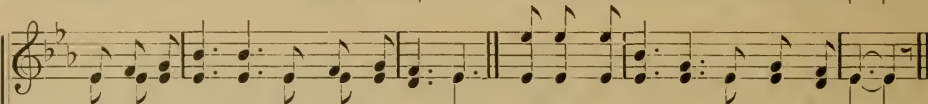
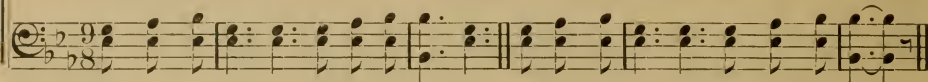
## I Must Tell Jesus.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

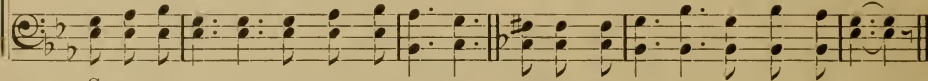
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



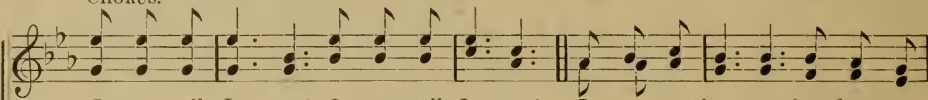
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur - dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com - pas - sion - ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One Who can help my bur - dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil allures me! O how my heart is tempt - ed to sin!



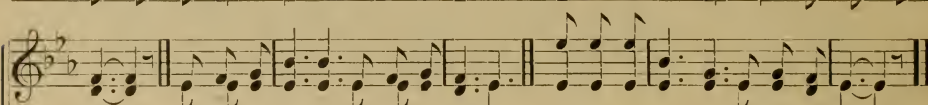
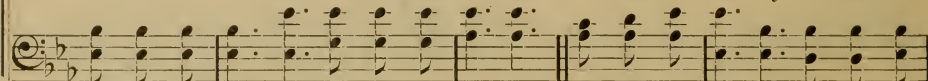
In my distress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for His Own.  
 If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my troubles quick - ly an end.  
 I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the world the vic - tory to win.



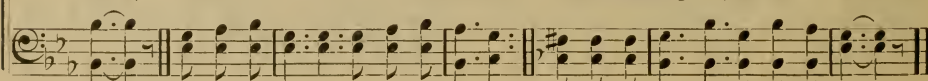
## CHORUS.



I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a -



lone; I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



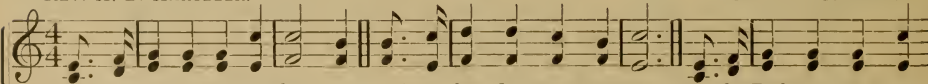
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## 687.

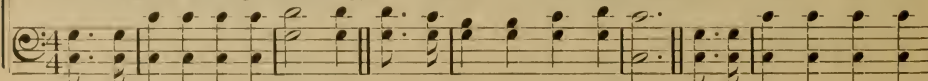
## Hiding in the Rock.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re - treat; In the Ref - uge now a -
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet repose, Where the grace of God for -
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace; In the hope of glo - ry



# Hiding in the Rock. Concluded.

CHORUS.

bid - ing, I have found a joy complete. While the storm around me ra - ges, And the  
 ev - er, Like a night-y riv - er flows.  
 wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

an - gry bil-lows roar, I am hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er more.

By per. the Hoffman Music Co., owner of copyright.

688.

## The Fair Watchword.

REV. U. F. SWENDEL.

1. { See how the hosts of Christ en - deav - or His name to spread;  
 { Through Him we con - quer now and ev - er;  
 { O'er man - y a rug - ged moor and moun - tain On - ward we move.  
 { Quench - ing our thirst in Christ the foun - tain

D. C.—Waft, waft our bat - tle cry, ye breez - es;

*Fine.* CHORUS.

By Him we're regent - ly led. All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! Is our watchword fair:  
 Of ev - er - last - ing love.

His name we will de - clare.

2. For God and every land we labor  
 In His dear name,  
 Seeing in every man a neighbor  
 Whom for our Lord we claim.  
 Work while 'tis day, the Master calleth,  
 Night soon will come;  
 If at his post the servant falleth,  
 His Lord will take him home.

3. Soon will the weary march be ended,  
 Soon shall we rest;  
 With loved ones shall our songs be blended,  
 With loved immortals blest.  
 Transporting is the Christian's prospect,  
 As night comes on;  
 We trust for strength in Christ's upholding,  
 And thus our race we run.

# Shall We Find Them at the Portals?

To the Memory of Walter N. Rankin.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

*The first part may be used as a solo.*

PROF. O. H. EVANS, D. M.

1. Will they meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we loved, who've gone be-  
 2. Hearts are broken for some to - ken That they live and love us  
 3. And we of-ten, as days soft - ten, And comes out the even-ing  
 4. Past yon portals, our immor - tals, Those who walk with Him in

fore? Shall we find them at the por-tals, Find our beau - ti - fied im-  
 yet; And we ask, Can those who've left us, Of love's look and tone be-  
 star, Look - ing westward, sit and won-der Whether, when so far a-  
 white, Do they, mid their bliss, re - call us, Know they what e-vents be-

Copyright, 1893, by J. E. Rankin, Washington, D. C.

# Shall We Find Them at the Portals? Concluded.

*rit.*

CHORUS. *a tempo*

mor - tals, When we reach that ra - diant shore? They will meet us, cheer and  
 rest us, Though in heaven, can they for - get? They will meet us,  
 sun - der, They still think how dear they are?  
 fall us, Will our com - ing wake de - light?

greet us, Those we've loved who've gone be - - fore? We shall  
 cheer and greet us,

find them at the por - - - tals, Find our beau - ti - fied im -  
 We shall find them at the por - tals,

mor - tals, When we reach, when we reach that ra - diant shore.



R. KELSO CARTER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Through e-ter-nal a-ges let His  
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and  
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleans-ing in the

prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 fear as-sail; By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,  
 blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,

## CHORUS.

Stand-ing on the promis-es of God. Stand - - - ing, Stand - - - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand - - - ing,  
 Standing on the prom-is-es,

Stand - - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

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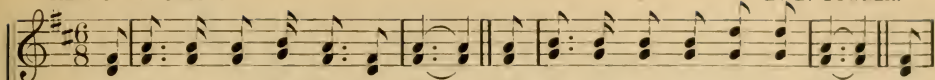
4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,  
 Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,  
 Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,  
 Standing on the promises of God.
5. Standing on the promises I cannot fall,  
 Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,  
 Resting in my Saviour, as my All in all,  
 Standing on the promises of God.

## 691.

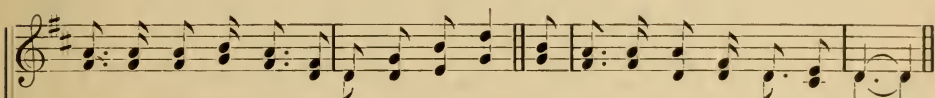
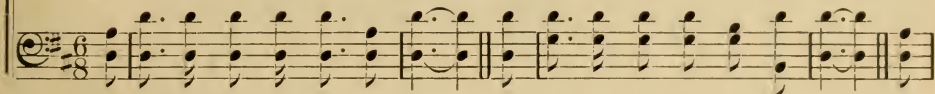
## The Saviour is Coming.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.

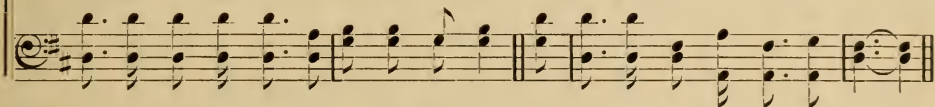
D. B. TOWNER.



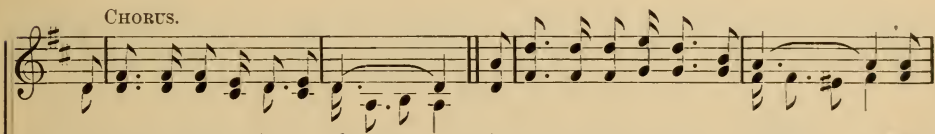
1. The morning is dawn-ing, be - hold! A - way roll the shad-ows of night. The
2. O long have I wait-ed to greet My Lord in the clouds of the sky! And
3. He com-eth to take me a - way From sick-ness and suf-fer-ing here, To
4. Re-joic-ing I ev - er shall reign With Christ in His Kingdom a - bove, And



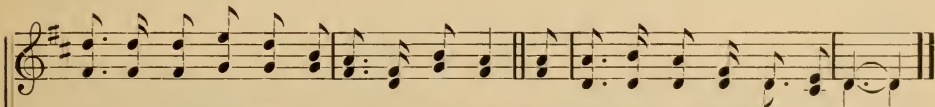
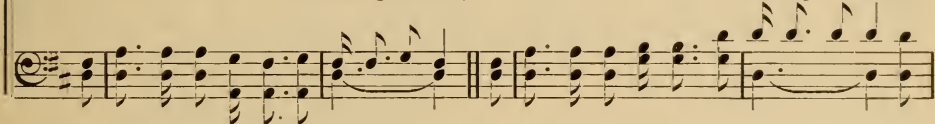
King is ap-proach-ing in pur-ple and gold, His coun-ten-ance beam-ing with light.  
 now He is com-ing; the vis-ion how sweet! My Je-sus, my Sav-iour is nigh.  
 man-sions e-ter-nal more love-ly than day That now in His glo-ry ap-pear.  
 sing the glad tri-umphs of Him Who was slain Re-deem-ing my soul in His love.



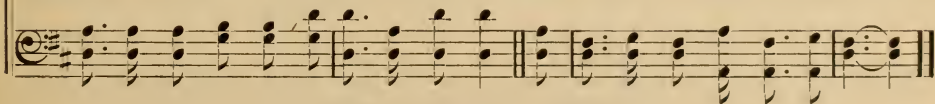
## CHORUS.



The Sav-iour is com-ing I know, The Sav-iour is com-ing I know. My  
 is coming I know, is coming I know.



lamp is a - flame with the oil of His grace, And glad - ly, to meet Him I go.



Copyright, 1886, by D. B. Towner.

## 692.

## Lift Me Higher.

S. V. R. FORD.

ARR. BY A. T. BUCK.

1. Lift me high - er! lift me high - er! From these scenes of pain and night,  
 2. Let not earth's de - lu - sive pleas - ures Serve my high - est joys to blight,  
 3. Lift me high - er! lift me high - er! In af - flic - tion's dark - est hour

Bear me up on an - gel's pin - ions To the world of spir - its bright.  
 I would range the fields of glo - ry In ce - les - tial worlds of light.  
 Let my faith sur - mount the tri - al In the strength of Je - sus' power.

## CHORUS.

Lift me high - er, high - er, high - er, Till my spir - it takes its flight

Far be - yond this world of dark - ness To the realms of end - less light.

4. Lift me higher! lift me higher!  
 Till by faith the land I see  
 Where the ransomed from affliction,  
 Grief and pain are ever free.

5. When death's shadows gather round me,  
 Plume my spirit for its flight  
 To the land that knows no sorrow,  
 Neither pain nor death nor night.

## 693.

## His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. XXIII.

See Hymn No. 336.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie In pastures green; He



# His Yoke is Easy. Concluded.

CHORUS.

lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by. His yoke is eas - y, His bur - den is light; I've

found it so, I've found it so; He leadeth me, by day and by night, Where living waters flow.

*Used by per. R. E. Hudson, owner of copyright.*

694.

## A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. BUTLER.

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as vile as a sin - ner could be,  
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see;  
3. And then, in that dark lonely hour, A voice sweetly whispered to me,

I wondered if Christ the Redeem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.  
And the thought filled my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.  
Say - ing, Christ the Re - deem - er has power To save a poor sin - ner like me.

*Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood. By per.*

4. I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour  
That was speaking so kindly to me,  
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,  
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5. I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And O what a joy came to me;  
My heart was filled with His praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.

6. No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling  
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7. And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise Him forever and ever  
For saving a sinner like me.

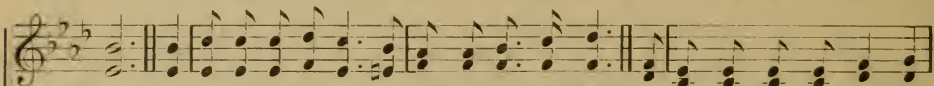
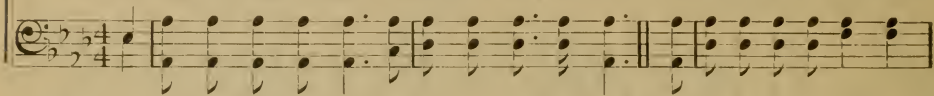


REV. U. F. SWENGEL.

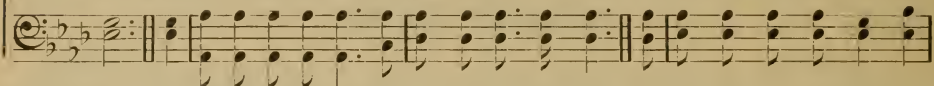
MRS. LOTTIE A. SWENGEL.



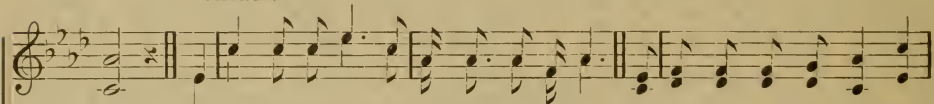
1. My heart was burdened long with sin's op-pres-sive load; I knew not where to find re-
2. I turned to see the Lamb which takes our guilt a-way; I heard Him bid me, Look and
3. The cross of Je-sus Christ has borne the aw-ful load, Too heavy for my wea-ry



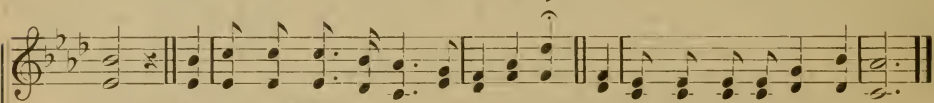
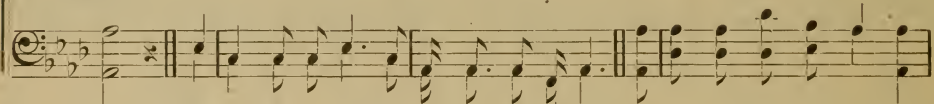
lief Until I heard a voice which spake in accents clear The Christ has borne thy sin and  
live: I looked, and lo, my soul was cleansed from every stain; I could no longer droop and  
soul; My sins are washed away, I am for-ev-er free; The blood has made me clean and



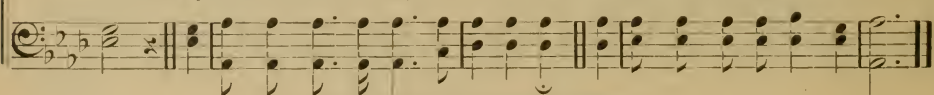
## CHORUS.



grief. The voice of the blood is speaking now to me, It tells me of a Saviour's  
grieve.  
whole.

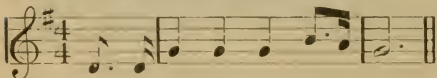


love: My sins are washed away, my soul is free; I have the witness from a-bove.



Copyright 1896, by Rev. U. F. Swengel.

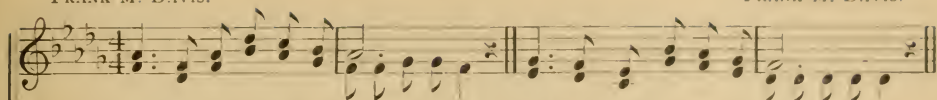
## 696. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



1. There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels, angels hovering round.
2. They will carry the tidings home, etc.
3. To the New Jerusalem, etc.
4. Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5. And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6. There's glory all around, etc.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

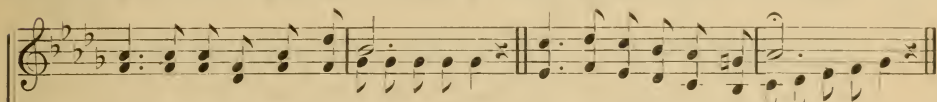


1. Saviour, lead me lest I stray;  
 2. Thou the Refuge of my soul  
 3. Saviour, lead me then at last.

Gent-ly lead me all the way;  
 When life's storm-y billows roll;  
 When the storm of life is past,

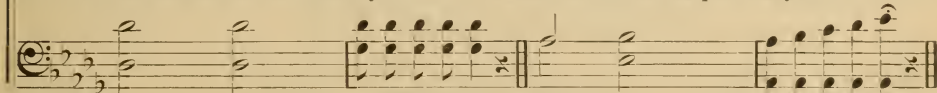


1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;



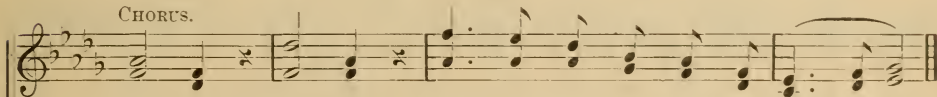
I am safe when by Thy side;  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh;  
 To the land of end-less day

I would in Thy love a-bide.  
 All my hopes on Thee re-ly.  
 Where all tears are wiped a-way.

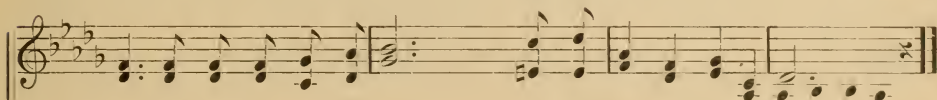
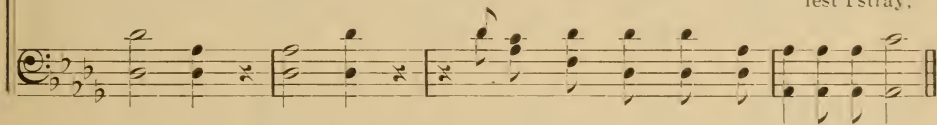


I am safe when by Thy side; I would in Thy love abide.

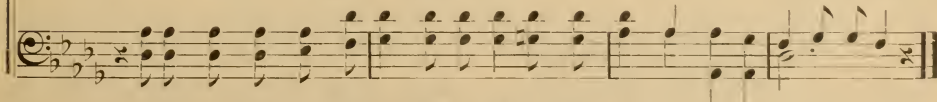
## CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . . lest I stray;



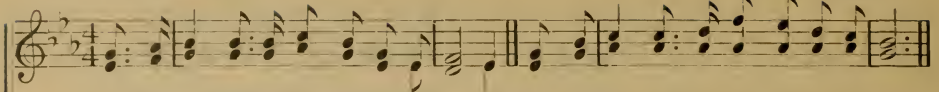
Gent-ly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way.  
 stream of time, all the way.



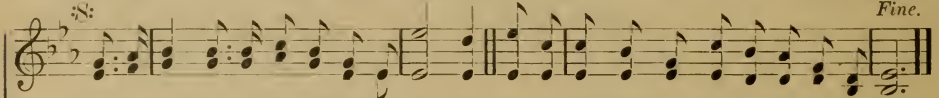
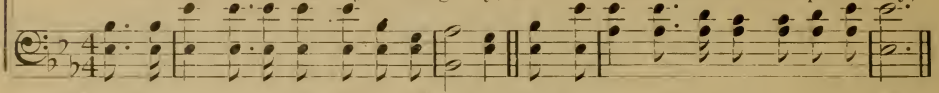
*From Carols of Joy, By per.*

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. S. LORENZ.



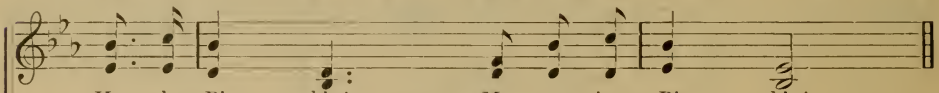
1. Like a star of the morning in its beau-ty, Like a sun is the Bi-ble to my soul;
2. 'Tis a light in the wil-derness of sor-row, And a lamp on the wear-y pilgrim way,
3. 'Tis the voice of a friend for-ev-er near me, In the toil and the bat-tle here be-low,
4. It shall stand in its beau-ty and its glo-ry, When the earth and the heavens pass a-way.



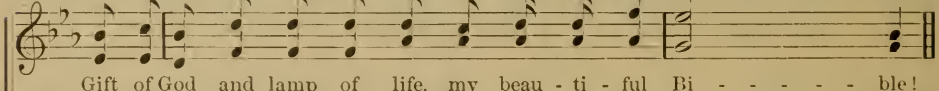
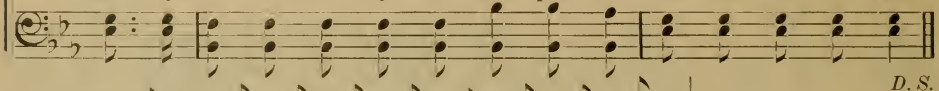
Shining clear on the way of love and du-ty, As I has-ten on my journey to the goal.  
 And it guides to the bright, eternal morn-ing, Shining more and more un-to the perfect day.  
 In the gloom of the val-ley it will cheer me, Till the glo-ry of His kingdom I shall know.  
 Ev-er tell-ing the blessed, wondrous story, Of the Loving Lamb, the on-ly Liv-ing Way.



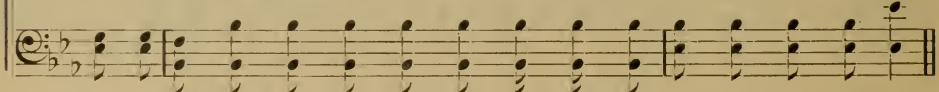
*D. S.*—I will cling to the dear, old, Holy Bi-ble, As I has-ten to the cit-y of the King.



Ho-ly Bi-ble! My pre-cious Bi-ble!  
 Ho-ly Bi-ble! Ho-ly Bi-ble! pre-cious Bi-ble! Book Di-vine!



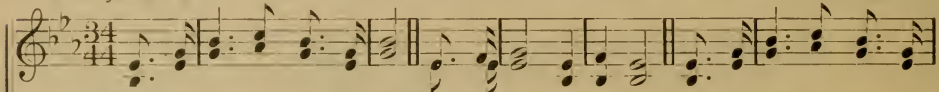
Gift of God and lamp of life, my beau-ti-ful Bi-ble!  
 Bi-ble! thou art mine!



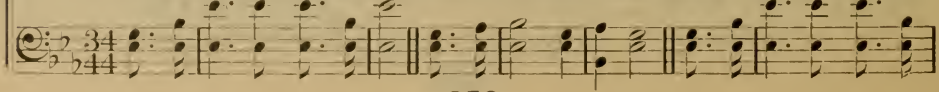
*By per. E. S. Lorenz.*

H. E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When the sinner turns from sin, How they sing up yonder! Comes to Christ sweet peace to
2. When the wanderer seeks his home, How they sing up yonder! Just a ser-vant to be-
3. Brother, would you join the song, In the home up yonder? Sing while a-ges roll a-





## How They Sing Up Yonder! Concluded.

win, How they sing up yon-der! Asks for cleans-ing in the blood, Sinks be-  
come, How they sing up yon-der! Leaves the by-ways cold and bare, Seeks a-  
long, In the home up yon-der? Then for-sake the path so cold, Fly to

neath the heal-ing flood, Ris-es, cleansed and owned of God, How they sing up yon-der!  
gain a Father's care, All His wealth of love to share, How they sing up yon-der!  
Je-sus and His fold, That your name may be enrolled, In the home up yon-der!

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700.

## Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. { O how I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, . . . . . Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!  
O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; . . . . . It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world of sin,  
With heart made pure and garments white,  
And Christ enthroned within.

3. Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
To feel the blood applied;  
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
My Jesus crucified.



REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found re-*pose* for my *wea-ry* soul, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*;  
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*;  
 3. O the peace and joy of the life I live, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*;

:S:

And a har-*bor* safe when the bil-*lows* roll, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*.  
 And re-*joice* in hope, while I live or die, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*.  
 O the strength and grace on-*ly* God can give, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*.

Fine.

D. S.—I will rest by grace in His strong embrace, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*.

I will fear no foe in the dead-*ly* strife, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*;  
 I can smile at grief and a-bide in pain, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*;  
 Who-*so-ev-er* will may be saved to-*day*, *Trust-ing* in the promise of the *Sav-iour*;

I will bear my lot in the toil of life, *Trust-ing* in the prom-*ise* of the *Sav-iour*.  
 And the loss of all shall be high-*est* gain, *Trust-ing* in the prom-*ise* of the *Sav-iour*.  
 And be-*gin* to walk in the ho-*ly* way, *Trust-ing* in the prom-*ise* of the *Sav-iour*.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Rest-*ing* on His might-*y* arm for-*ev-er*, Nev-*er* from His lov-*ing* heart to sev-*er*;

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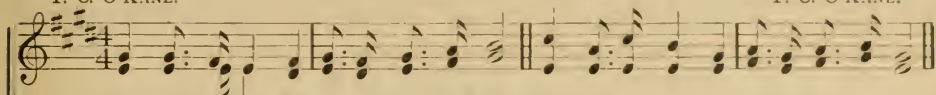
## Sweeping Through the Gates.

*"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."*

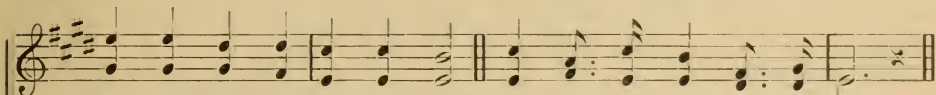
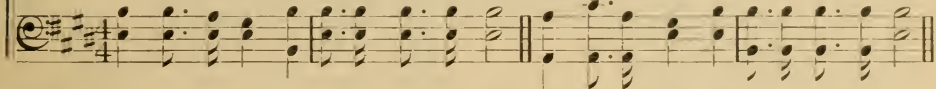
T. C. O'KANE.

Dying words of REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.



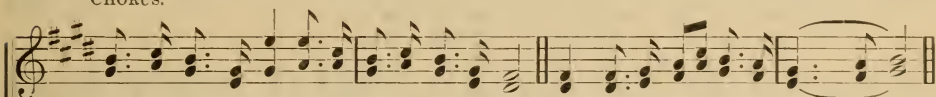
1. Who, who are these be-side the chill - y wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si-lent grave,
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear-ly, and in wisdom's ways,
3. These, these are they who in af-flict-ion's woes, Ev - er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose,



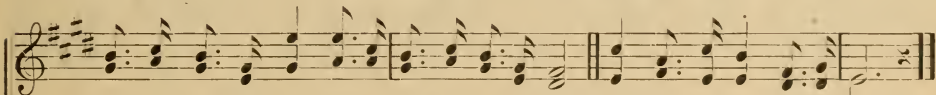
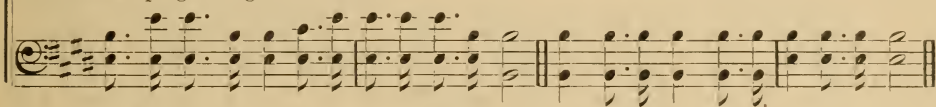
Shout - ing Je - sus' power to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Proved the full - ness of His grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.



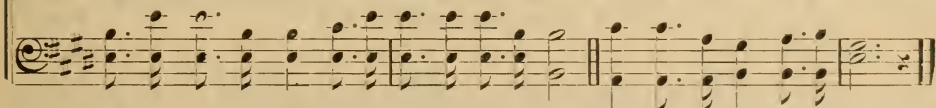
## CHORUS.



"Sweeping through the gates" to the New Jerusalem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."  
 5th-6th. Sweeping through the streets of in the blood of the Lamb:

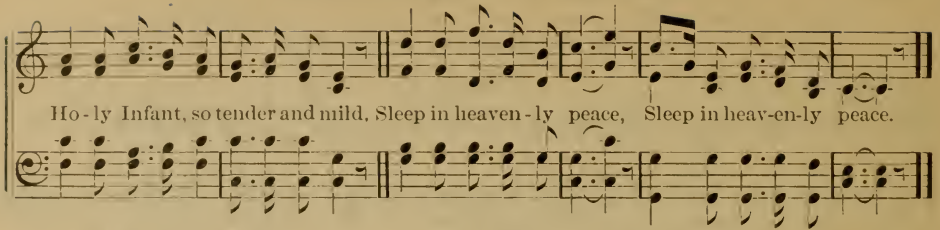


"Sweeping through the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

*Used by per. T. C. O'Kane, owner of copyright.*

4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Happy now and evermore,  
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Jesus now says, Come up higher;  
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
5. Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,  
 Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
6. May we, O Lord, be now entirely Thine,  
 Daily from sin be kept by power Divine,  
 Then in heaven the saints we'll join,  
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

## Silent Night. Concluded.



Ho-ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.

2. Silent Night ! Holy Night !  
 Shepherds quake at the sight !  
 Glories stream from heaven afar  
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,  
 Christ the Saviour is born.

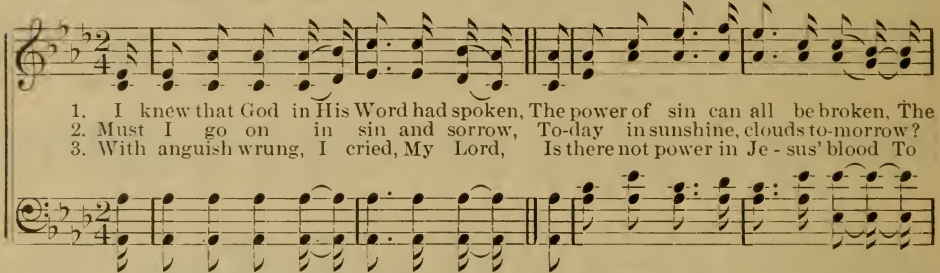
3. Silent Night ! Holy Night !  
 Son of God, love's pure light  
 Radiant because from Thy holy face,  
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

### 705.

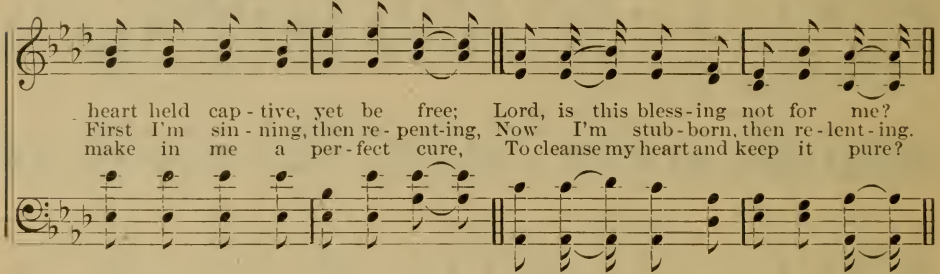
## The Blood is All My Plea.

REV. F. C. BAKER.

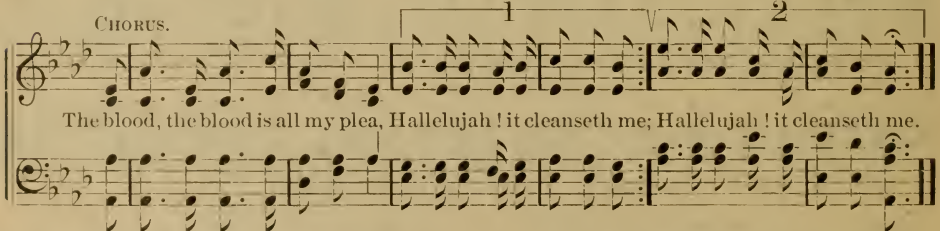
E. F. MILLER.



1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The power of sin can all be broken, The  
 2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sunshine, clouds to-morrow?  
 3. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not power in Je-sus' blood To



heart held cap-tive, yet be free; Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?  
 First I'm sin-ning, then re-pent-ing, Now I'm stub-born, then re-lent-ing.  
 make in me a per-fect cure, To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?



CHORUS.  
 The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hallelujah ! it cleanseth me; Hallelujah ! it cleanseth me.

*Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell. Used by per.*

4. O yes, His love will take me in,  
 The blood will cleanse me from all sin,  
 Will wash away my guilty stains,  
 And cleanse till not one spot remains.

5. And there I stand this very hour,  
 Kept by Almighty keeping power;  
 Temptations come, the blood's my plea,  
 The precious blood now cleanses me.



## 703.

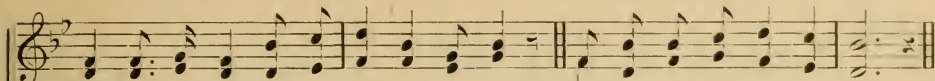
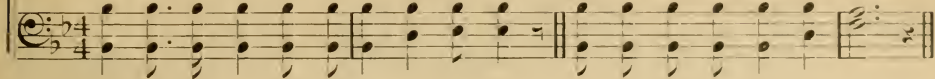
## Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

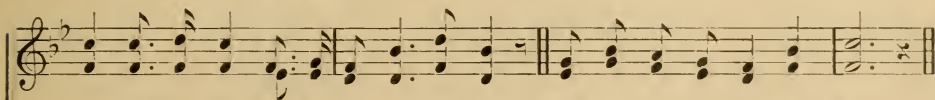
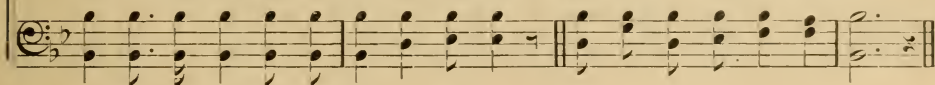
W. H. DOANE.



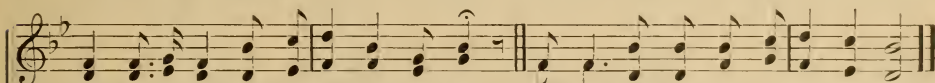
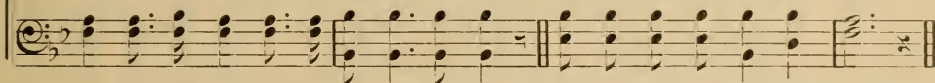
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching. In His glo - ry they shall share;



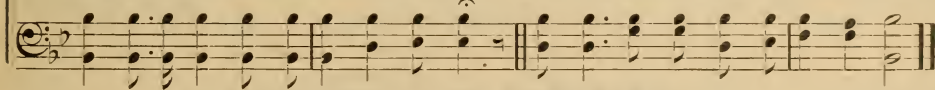
Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents, Will He an - swer thee, Well done?  
 If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watch - ing there?



O, can we say we are read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home?



Say will He find you and me still watching, Wait - ing, waiting when the Lord shall come?

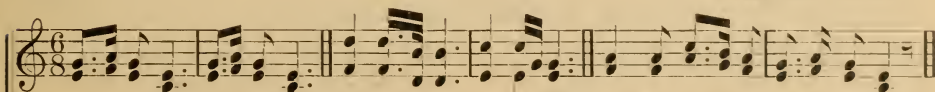


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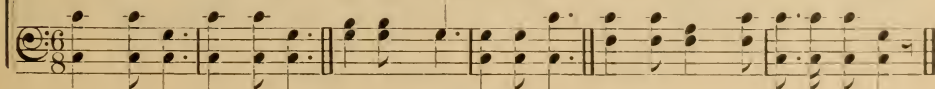
## 704.

## Silent Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.



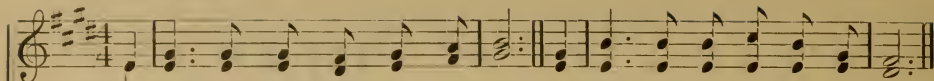
1. Silent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round you virgin mother and Child!



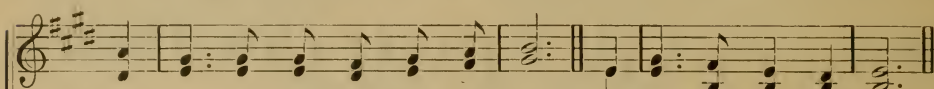
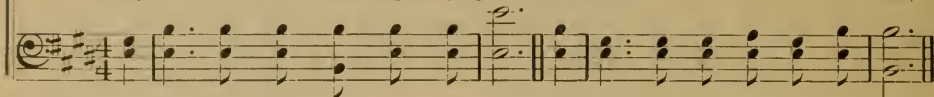


REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

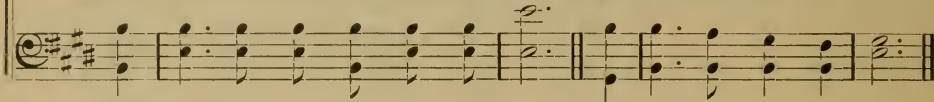
D. B. TOWNER.



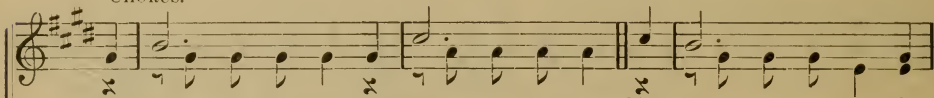
1. To thee, who from the nar - row road, In sin - ful ways so long hast trod,  
 2. Ah, well that gen - tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a - go,  
 3. "My son!" O word of might - y grace, That chil - dren of our mor - tal race,



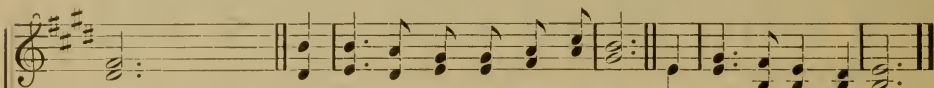
How kind - ly speaks thy Fath - er, God, "My son, give me thy heart."  
 And now to thee it whis - pers low, "My son, give me thy heart."  
 With sons of God may take their place,—"My son, give me thy heart."



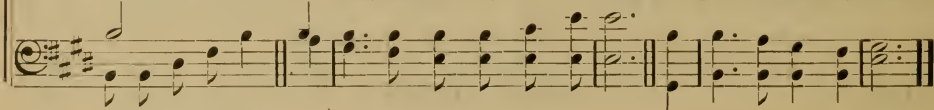
## CHORUS.



My son, my son, Give me thy  
 Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son, give me thy



heart, O hear, and heed thy Fath - er's call, And give to Him thy heart,  
*Last Verse.*—I hear, and heed my Fath - er's call, And give to Him my heart.



heart, give me thy heart,

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4. How great that Father's love must be,  
 How fond His yearnings after thee,  
 That He should say so tenderly,  
 "My son, give me thy heart."

5. How patient hath His Spirit been,  
 To follow thee through all thy sin,

And plead thy wayward soul to win,  
 "My son, give me thy heart."

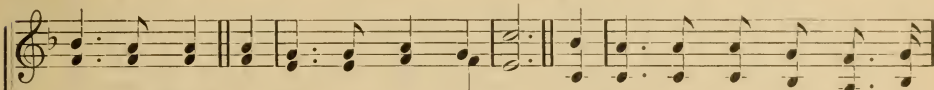
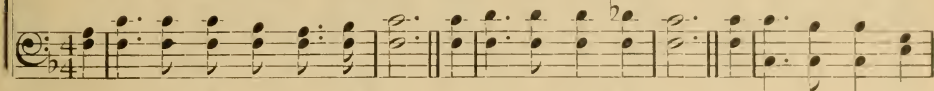
6. O God, my Father, I obey,  
 I come, I come, to Thee to-day,  
 "Here Lord, I give myself away,  
 I give to Thee my heart."

C. E. BRECK

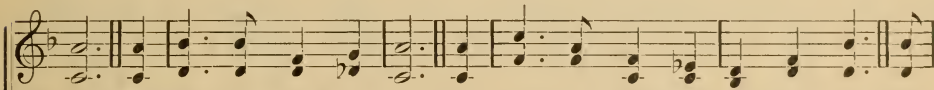
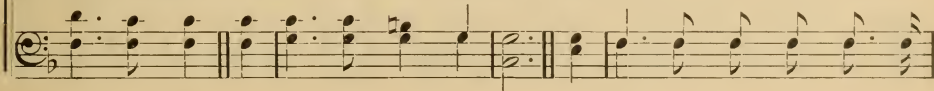
D. B. TOWNER.



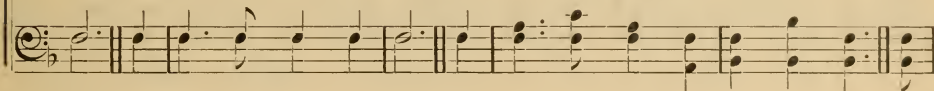
1. A wondrous boon to man is given, A gift of priceless worth, God's on-ly Son, the
2. He came to break the liv-ing bread To starving hu-man kind; To cleanse the lep-er,
3. He came to show the heart of God, To give the wea-ry rest; And paths of deep-est
4. O will you take His love Di-vine? Choose now the bet-ter part, Let all His sav-ing



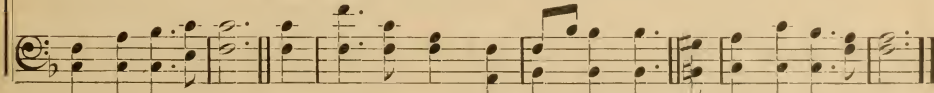
Prince of heaven, To save the lost of earth. In low-li-ness He lived and raise the dead, And heal the lame and blind; He came to reign where sin-cessor-row trod, That sin-ners might be blest. He loved you since the world be-grace be thine, And give to Him thy heart. His great com-pas-sion longs to



wrought Deeds won-der-ful to see; And mul-ti-tudes with long-ing sought The trols, To set the cap-tive free; Spake "Peace!" to waves and "Peace!" to souls, The gan, He died to make you free; To be your Sav-iour, rose a-gain, The bless,—O heark-en to His plea, Make Him thy Strength and Righteous-ness, The



Man of Gal-i-lee. And mul-ti-tudes with long-ing sought The Man of Gal-i-lee. Man of Gal-i-lee. Spake "Peace!" to waves and "Peace!" to souls, The Man of Gal-i-lee. Christ of Gal-i-lee. To be your Sav-iour, rose a-gain, The Christ of Gal-i-lee. Christ of Gal-i-lee. Make Him thy Strength and Righteousness, The Christ of Gal-i-lee.



MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! My Re - deem - er has come, He has  
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev - ery  
 3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has  
 4. He has come to a - bide, and ho - ly must be The

ta - ken my heart as His Own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the  
 thought of my be - ing isswayed by His word; He has come! and He rules in the  
 giv - en His word that He will not de - part; No trou - ble can en - ter, no  
 place where my Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray - er, Lord,

wel - come He sought, He has come and His com - ing all glad - ness has brought.  
 realm of my soul, And His scap - ter is love, O bless - ed con - trol!  
 e - vil can come To the heart where the God of peace has His home,  
 since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy pres - ence my heart as Thy home.

CHORUS.

Joy! joy is mine, My Sav - iour Di - vine, Comes to a - bide with me, with me,  
 with me,

Comes to a - bide, ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Sav - iour a - bid - eth with me.

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1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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**710.** See ROCKINGHAM, page 174.

1. "I know that my Redeemer lives:"

What comfort this sweet sentence gives,  
 He lives, He lives, Who once was dead,  
 He lives, my everlasting Head.

2. He lives to bless me with His love,

He lives to plead for me above,  
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
 He lives to help in time of need.

3. He lives to silence all my fears,

He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,

He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives all blessings to impart.

4. He lives my kind, my faithful Friend,

He lives and loves me to the end,  
 He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing,  
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

5. He lives, all glory to His Name;

He lives, my Jesus, still the same;  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

Rev. Samuel Medley.



A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am sat - isfied with Je - sus ev - ery day; His redeeming blood has washed my sins - a -  
 2. Sad and hopeless once I wandered all alone, Now He dwells with me and claims me as His  
 3. Though the fier - y darts of Sa - tan may as - sail, O'er the shield of faith they never shall pre -

way, O, in dark Geth - sem - a - ne and on cru - el Cal - va - ry, What a -  
 Own, O, He makes my path - way bright, for He is him - self the Light, And His  
 vail; I have giv - en Christ my all; I shall rise when - e'er I fall; He will

CHORUS.

maz - ing love He showed for such as me. I am sat - is - fied, I am  
 pres - ence turns to day life's dark - est night.  
 an - swer and de - liv - er at my call.

sat - is - fied, Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - ery day, I am

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4. To His mercy seat I hasten when oppressed,  
 For with Jesus there is perfect peace and rest;  
 So I take to Him in prayer every anxious  
 weight of care,  
 And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him there.
5. I am looking unto Jesus every hour,  
 I am trusting in His faithfulness and power,  
 Underneath His watchful eye are the flames  
 that purify,  
 I shall understand their meaning by and by.

## I am Satisfied With Jesus. Concluded.

sat - is - fied, I am sat-is-fied, Ful-ly sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - ery day.

*ad lib.*

712.

## Fill Me Now.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;  
 2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;  
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;  
 4. Cleanse and com - fort, bless and save me; Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O, come and fill me now.  
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O, come and fill me now.  
 Blest Di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

*D. S.*—Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence;—Come, O come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

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## 713.

## Safe in Jesus.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. At the feet of Je - sus ly - ing Once I prayed in angu - ish sore; Now His Own right hand sus -  
 2. On His lov - ing breast re - clin - ing, I shall fail and fall no more; Lo, He whispers, I am  
 3. With the - nal con - flict nearing, I am free from all a - larm; Lo, the Conquerer stands be -

## CHORUS.

tains me, With His strength I faint no more. Safe in Je - sus now a - bid - ing, I can  
 with thee, Till thy days of toil are o'er.  
 side me; He will keep my soul from harm.

smile at all my foes; Safe in Je - sus, safe in Je - sus, O how sweet is my re - pose.

By per. The Hoffman Music Co.

## 714.

## At the Cross.

See Hymn No. 108.

R. E. HUDSON.

A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that

## CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I? At the cross, at the cross, where I



## At the Cross. Concluded.

first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, rolled a-way, It was  
there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

*Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.*

**715.**

## My Jesus Knows.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. How blest the thought that Je - sus knows Each wind that round me rude - ly blows, Each
2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my wear - y brain, The
3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and care, The
4. The long - ings that per - vade my breast, To reach my home and be at rest With

CHORUS.

tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Jesus knows. He knows, O yes, my Je - sus knows,  
efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Jesus knows.  
crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Jesus knows.  
Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Jesus knows.

*rit.*

He knows, O yes, my Jesus knows, My hopes, my fears, my bitter woes, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

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## 716.

## Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy Di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!

What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 O how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!

## REFRAIN.

Lean - - - ing, lean - - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

Lean - - - ing, lean - - - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-last-ing Arms.  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter &amp; Co.

## 717.

Key of C.

1. My latest sun is sinking fast,  
 My race is nearly run;  
 My strongest trials now are past,  
 My triumph is begun.

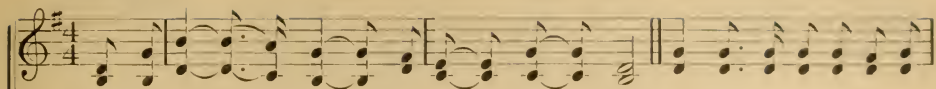
CHOR.—O come, angel band,  
 Come, and around me stand;  
 O bear me away on your snowy wings  
 To my immortal home.

2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,  
 Of friends and kindred dear,  
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,  
 The crossing must be near.
3. I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
 My spirit loudly sings;  
 The holy ones, behold they come!  
 I hear the noise of wings!

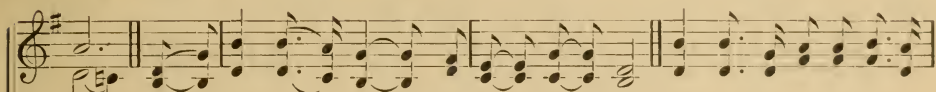
Jefferson Hascall.

JOHN LANE.

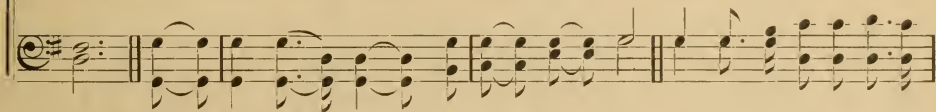
JOHN LANE.



1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to Je-sus all the
2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to Je-sus all the
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to Je-sus all the
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to Je-sus all the



way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best, Keep close to Je-sus all the  
 way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa-vor to know, Keep close to Je-sus all the  
 way; Take the shield of faith till the victory is won, Keep close to Je-sus all the  
 way; Where to those we love we never say good-bye, Keep close to Je-sus all the



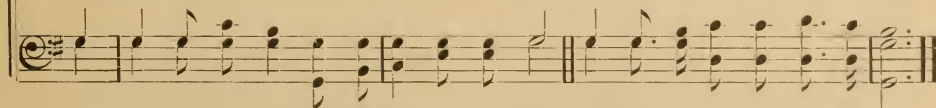
## CHORUS.



way. Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way;



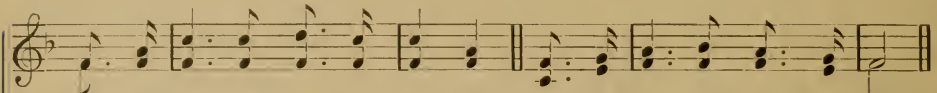
By day or by night nev - er turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.



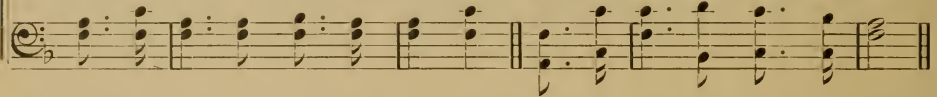
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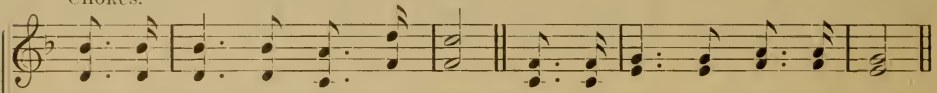
1. Land a-head! its fruits are way - ing O'er the hills of fade - less green;  
 2. On - ward bark! the cape I'm round-ing; See, the bless - ed wave their hands;  
 3. There, let go the an - chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil - very bay;  
 4. Now we're safe from all temp - ta - tion, All the storms of life are past;



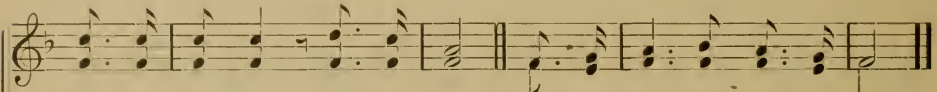
- And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.  
 Hear the harps of God re - sound - ing From the bright im - mor - tal bands.  
 Sea - ward fast the tide is glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.  
 Praise the Rock of our Sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last!



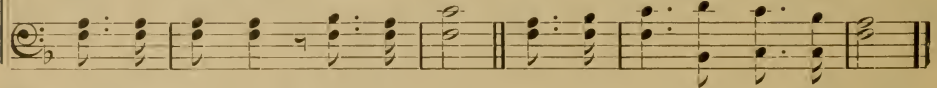
## CHORUS.



- Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that e - ter - nal shore;



- Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail.



## 720.

L. M.

1. I'm glad that I was born to die;  
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly;  
 Bright angels shall convey me home,  
 Away to the new Jerusalem.

2. I have some friends before me gone,  
 And I'm resolved to follow on;  
 They're happy round my Father's throne;  
 They're looking out for me to come.

3. I hope to meet my brethren there  
 Who used to join with me in prayer;  
 If you get there before I do,  
 Look out for me, I'm coming too.

4. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
 I hope to praise Him after death;  
 I hope to praise Him when I die,  
 And shout salvation as I fly.

Anson. Ab.

N. B. SARGENT.

N. B. SARGENT. ARR.

1. We are build-ing in sorrow or joy,      A tem-ple the world may not see,  
 2. Every thought that we've ev - er had,      Its own lit - tle place has filled,  
 3. Ev - ery word that so light - ly falls,      Giv - ing some heart joy or pain,  
 4. Are you build-ing for God a-lone,      Are you building in faith and love,

Which time can - not mar nor destroy,      We build for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Ev - ery deed we have done good or bad,      Is a stone in the tem - ple we build.  
 Will shine in our tem - ple walls,      Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.  
 A tem - ple the Fath - er will own,      In the cit - y of light a - bove?

## CHORUS.

We are build - ing ev - ery day, . . .      A tem - ple the world may not see,  
 We are build - ing, build - ing ev - ery day,

Build - ing, build - ing ev - ery day, Build - ing for e - ter - ni - ty.

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JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whitening, Hark! 'tis the voice of the  
 2. Look on the fields how the harvest is wast-ing, Wait-ing for reap-ers to  
 3. Souls that are read-y to en-ter the kingdom Wait for the glad in-vi-  
 4. Reap for His glo-ry in fields that are near-est, Look all a-broad, for the

Mas-ter and Lord; See! on each side there is work for the reap-er, Sheaves that are  
 gar-ner it in; He that is faith-ful, re-ceive his wa-ges; Joy ev-er  
 ta-tion to-day; "Go ye and tell," is the word of the Mas-ter, Ser-vant of  
 har-vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the sheaves to be garnered, Has-ten, O

## CHORUS.

gold-en shall be the re-ward. Are you a reap-er? Are you a  
 last-ing the reap-er shall win.  
 Je-sus, O hear and o-bey.  
 reap-er, fast com-eth the night.

reap-er. Gath-er-ing fruit un-to life ev-er-more?  
 Gath-er-ing, gath-er-ing fruit, gold-en fruit un-to life ev-er-more?

## Are you a Reaper? Concluded.

Lift up your eyes for the harvest is read - y; Hasten, O hast-en to gather your store.

**723.**

## Go, Work To-day.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Go, work to-day! the Lord commands! Go, work to-day! there's much to do! Be - fore you
2. Go, work to-day! break up the ground And scat-ter far the gos - pel grain, Go, make a
3. Go, work to-day! some souls to save From ev - er-lasting death and woe, Out through the
4. Go, work to-day! to-mor-row's sun May shine up - on your life-less day. To - day the

CHORUS.

now the Master stands, And speaks these thrilling words to you. Go, work to-day, go, work to-day,  
 harvest wave around, And flowers adorn the des - ert plain.  
 dark devouring wave, Where Christ doth guide the life-boat, go!  
 crown of life is won, Go, work to-day, go, work to-day.

The Master's voice now calls to you, Redeem the time it glides away, Work with e-ter-ni-ty in view.

Copyright, 1890, by D. B. Towner.

R. C. RITER, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BUFFALO, N. Y.

# Choruses.

**NOTE.**—The following collection of old and new choruses is inserted for especial use in Revival Meetings and the hymns to which reference is made in many cases have been selected to be sung therewith.

M.

Sing on, pray on, we're gaining ground,  
Oh, glory hallelujah !  
The power of God is coming down,  
Oh, glory hallelujah !  
(See Hymn 5.)



I've given my heart to Jesus,  
Happy am I! Happy am I!  
I've given my heart to Jesus,  
Happy am I to-day.  
(See 75 and 76.)



We are passing away,  
||: We are passing away: ||  
To the great judgment day.  
(See 179 and 206.)



We will cross the river of Jordan,  
Happy, Happy,  
We will cross the river of Jordan,  
Happy in the Lord.



Wrestle on, wrestle on,  
You shall gain the victory;  
Wrestle on, wrestle on,  
You shall gain the day.  
(See 227.)



There's only One, there's only One,  
Can make us truly, truly blest;  
There's only One, there's only One,  
Can give us perfect, perfect rest.  
(See 185 and 128.)



I'm happy, I'm happy,  
I'm on my way to Zion;  
I'm happy, I'm happy,  
I'm on my journey home.

L. M.

Glory to God !  
We're at the fountain drinking ;  
Glory to God !  
We're on our journey home.  
(See 31 and 247.)



Oh the way is so delightful,  
In the service of the Lord ;  
Oh the way is so delightful,  
Hallelujah !  
(See 355.)



I love the Lord, I know I do,  
||: I love the Lord, I know I do: ||  
But best of all He loves me too.  
(See 37.)



O Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I'm bound for the land of Canaan ;  
O Canaan is my happy home,  
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.  
(See 610.)



O come and will you go,  
Will you go, will you go ?  
O come and will you go  
Where pleasures never die ?  
(See 205.)



Only believe and you shall be saved ;  
||: Only believe and you shall be saved : ||  
And heaven is yours forever.  
(See 183.)



“I'm so glad, I'm so glad,  
I'm so glad that Jesus came,” etc.  
(See 201 and 248.)

L. M.

“O Jesus is a rock in a weary land,” etc.

(See 323.)



“He leadeth me,” etc.

(See 291.)



Will you go? Will you go?  
Go to that beautiful land with me?  
Will you go? Will you go?  
Go to that beautiful land.

(See 609 and 610.)



“They’re all taken away,  
My sins are,” etc.

(See 251.)



We’ll work till Jesus comes,  
||: We’ll work till Jesus comes, :||  
And we’ll be gathered home.

(See 356 and 619.)



I’m a soldier for Jesus,  
I’ve listed in the war,  
And I’ll fight until I die.

(See 249 and 291.)



Save, O save;  
Save, blessed Saviour,  
And send converting power down;  
Save, mighty Lord.

(See 227.)



O what a happy day when the Christians all shall  
meet,

Shall meet to part no more.

Glory hallelujah,  
Praise Him, hallelujah;  
Glory hallelujah,  
Praise ye the Lord.

(See 36.)



We’re going to Zion,  
Glory hallelujah;  
We’re going home to the New Jerusalem,  
Glory hallelujah.

(See 609.)

L. M.

I want a blessing, Lord,  
O send it down to me;  
O glory, O glory hallelujah.

(See 37.)



O you must be a lover of the Lord,  
If you want to go to heaven which you die.

(See 224 and 267.)



Take me as I am,  
O bring Thy free salvation, etc.

(See 241.)



This fountain cleanses from all sin, etc.

(See 262.)



||: There is rest for me  
Among the people of God. :||



C. M.

Remember me, remember me,  
Dear Lord, remember me.  
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

(See 108.)



Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,  
And ever faithful be;  
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
O Lord, remember me.

(See 108 and 232.)



I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
And through his blood, his precious blood,  
I am from sin set free.

(See 108, 190 and 246.)



He loves me, he loves me,  
He loves me, this I know;  
He gave himself to die for me  
Because he loved me so.

(See 108 and 187.)



C. M.

I can, I will, and I do believe,  
 ||: I can, I will, and I do believe, :||  
 That Jesus died for me.

(See 243.)



||: I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed :||  
 I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,  
 Been washed in the blood of the Lamb,  
 ||: Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb :||  
 Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
 That flowed on Calvary.

(See 193.)



||: Look away ! Look away !  
 Look away to Calvary ! ||

(See 208.)



Gather the harvest in,  
 Poor sinners are dying all around, etc.

(See 359.)



I want to go, I want to go,  
 I want to go there too ;  
 I want to go where Jesus is,  
 I want to go there too.

(See 616.)



Jesus died for you.  
 Jesus died for me ;  
 Yes, Jesus died for all mankind ;  
 Praise God, salvation's free.



We're kneeling at a mercy seat,  
 Where Jesus waits our souls to greet ;  
 We're kneeling at a mercy seat  
 Where God will answer prayer.

(See 48.)



Pure robes, white robes,  
 In Jesus' blood made white ;  
 We all must wear to enter there,  
 In the palaces of light.



Where the pearly gates shall never, never close,  
 Where the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,  
 Where the ransomed ones in love repose,  
 Our glorious home shall be.

C. M.

We will rest in the fair and happy land  
 Just across on the evergreen shore,  
 Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by  
 And dwell with Jesus evermore.

(See 614 and 617.)



Oh, there is glory, glory Hallelujah !  
 Oh, there is glory, in my soul.  
 ||: Religion is the best of all :||  
 Religion is the best of all,  
 I feel it in my soul.



I want to go, I want to go,  
 I want to go there too :  
 I want to go where Jesus is,  
 I want to go there too.

(See 612 and 615.)



I am sinking out of self, out of self into Christ,  
 Sinking out of self into Christ,  
 I am sinking, sinking, sinking out of self,  
 Sinking out of self into Christ.

(See 401.)



Oh, the blood, the precious blood,  
 That Jesus shed for me !  
 Upon the cross, in crimson flood,  
 Just now by faith I see.

(See 193.)



Oh how I love Jesus,  
 ||: Oh how I love Jesus, :||  
 Because he first loved me,  
 I'll never forget Thee  
 I'll never forget Thee, Lord ;  
 I'll never forget Thee  
 Dear Lord remember me.

(See 106 and 107.)



||: We will stand the storm,  
 We will anchor by and by. :||  
 (See 292 and 298.)



The blood of Jesus cleanseth me,  
 Cleanseth me, cleanseth me ;  
 The blood of Jesus cleanseth me  
 As soon as I believe.

(See 108.)

C. M.

I'd rather be the least of them,  
Who are the Lord's alone,  
Than wear a royal diadem  
And sit upon a throne ?  
(See 189.)



And when the war is over  
We shall wear a crown,  
In the New Jerusalem.  
(See 298.)



We shall walk through the streets of the city,  
With the loved ones gone on before ;  
We shall stand on the banks of the river,  
We shall meet to part no more.  
(See 551.)



O heaven, sweet heaven,  
O heaven of the blest ;  
How I long to be there,  
In its glories to share,  
And to lean on Jesus' breast.  
(See 619.)



"Saviour, wash me in the blood," etc.  
(See 193.)



"O glorious fountain, here will I stay," etc.  
(See 193.)



My soul will overcome by the blood of the  
Lamb," etc.  
(See 211.)



"Only trust Him," etc.  
(See 193.)



"O depth of mercy, can it be," etc.



O that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful ;  
O that will be joyful,  
To meet to part no more.

C. M.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus now ;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.  
(See 193.)



Look to Jesus, etc.



Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now ;  
He will save you, He will, etc.



I will arise and go to Jesus,  
He will embrace me in His arms ;  
In the arms of my dear Saviour,  
O there are ten thousand charms.



O the Lamb, the loving Lamb.  
The Lamb on Calvary.  
The Lamb that was slain and liveth again  
To intercede for me.  
(See 104 and 113.)



O the blood, the precious blood,  
That Jesus shed for me ;  
Upon the cross a crimson flood  
Just now by faith I see.  
(See 193.)



We love to sing around our King,  
And hail Him blessed Jesus ;  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.



S. M.

||: I'm glad salvation's free !: ||  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free !



There'll be no parting sorrow there,  
There'll be no parting there,  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no parting there.

S. M.

Dear Jesus receive me,  
No more will I grieve thee,  
Oh, blessed Redeemer,  
Oh, save me at the cross!

(See 297.)



We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

(See 537.)



||: I know He will answer my prayer :||  
His promise is sure, and I am secure,  
I know He will answer my prayer.

(See 59 and 62.)



“I am coming, Lord, coming now,” etc.



O my heart make room for Jesus  
Open now and let Him in;  
Let Him in, let Him in,  
Open now and let Him in.



O 'tis glory, O 'tis, etc.



I am coming, Lord!  
Coming now to Thee!  
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.



7, 6, 7, 6.

||: Good news goes to Canaan :||  
Good news goes to Canaan,  
I'm on my way!

(See 364.)



||: There is sweet rest in heaven :||  
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,  
There is sweet rest in heaven.

7, 6, 7, 6.

O, how lovely, how lovely,  
How lovely is Jesus,  
He is my Redeemer,  
My Lord and my King.



“||: Jesus will help you :||  
Help you with grace,” etc.



There's balm in Gilead,  
To make the wounded whole;  
There's power enough in Jesus  
To heal a sin-sick soul.



7, 7, 7, 7.

God is love! I know, I feel:  
Jesus lives and loves me still;  
Jesus lives,  
He lives and loves me still!



||: Yes, Jesus loves me :||  
Yes, Jesus loves me,  
The Bible tells me so.

(See 297.)



“I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;  
Blest Lamb of Calvary,” etc.



Let us walk in the light,  
In the light, in the light;  
Let us walk in the light,  
In the light of God.

(See 550.)



8, 7, 8, 7.

Lord, revive us, Lord revive us,  
All our help must come from Thee!  
(See 402.)



I will arise and go to Jesus,  
He will embrace me in His arms;  
In the arms of my dear Saviour  
Oh! there are ten thousand charms.

(See 18.)

8, 7, 8, 7.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of His dear name  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
Christ the Lord is come again.

(See 218.)



I love Jesus, hallelujah !  
I love Jesus, yes I do,  
||: I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,  
Jesus smiles and loves me too. :||



Glory, glory ! Jesus saves me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
Oh His cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb !



||: Precious name, Oh how sweet !  
Hope of earth and joy, etc. :||



My soul is heaven-bound,  
Glory hallelujah ;  
My soul is heaven-bound,  
O praise ye the Lord.

(See 18.)



When the last trial's over  
How happy we will be ;  
On the other side of Jordan  
We'll shout the jubilee.

(See 309 and 314.)



Ye that labor and are heavy laden  
Lean upon your Saviour's breast.  
Ye that labor, etc.,  
Come and He will give you rest.

(See 361.)



### UNCLASSIFIED METERS.

Hallelujah ! thine the glory,  
Hallelujah, amen.  
Hallelujah, thine the glory,  
Revive us again.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
||: Jesus loves me, :||  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves even me.



Jesus paid it all,  
All the debt I owe ;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.



We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,  
For a few days, for a few days ;  
We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,  
And then we're going home.



||: Oh, then to the rock let me fly,  
To the rock that is higher than I. :||

(See 371.)



Yes Jesus is mighty to save  
And all his salvation may know, etc.



Over there, over there,  
Oh what must it be, etc.



||: I believe Jesus saves,  
And his blood washes whiter than snow. :||



I'm living in Canaan now,  
I'm living in Canaan,  
The blood applied, I am justified ;  
I'm living in Canaan now.



O Lord, bless my soul  
And I'll shout glory ;  
And when I die convey me home,  
And I'll shout glory.

(See 609.)



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