

VESTRY CHIMES

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THE HISTORY OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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1900

CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

✓

VESTRY CHIMES;



A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC,

ADAPTED TO ALL OCCASIONS OF

SOCIAL AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

✓ ✓

BY ASA HULL,

AUTHOR OF THE "SACRED HARP," "STAR OF THE EAST," "SABBATH
SCHOOL GEM," ETC., ETC.



BOSTON:

FOR SALE BY JAMES P. MAGEE,
NO. 5 CORNHILL.

P R E F A C E .

THE Vestry Chimes is the result of an effort to supply the almost universal demand of religious societies, of all denominations, for a neat and compact little Handbook of Hymns and Tunes, sufficiently comprehensive to meet the wants of Prayer and Conference Meetings without being obliged to purchase a cumbersome volume at double the necessary cost in order to get the variety indispensable in conducting successfully this interesting and very important part of social worship.

The hymns are generally printed in full at the bottom of the page, for the benefit of those conducting religious services ; still this feature, like every other of the book, has been called upon to yield its share to the general interest of the work.

A large number of tunes which are comparatively new are reprinted ; being quite popular wherever introduced, they are herein given in a more permanent form than ever before, hoping they will become general favorites. Many new pieces are published for the first time, which we trust will be found both pleasing and useful.

The selections have been made from that class of music which is universally acknowledged to be the very essence of sacred song and cannot fail to please. In this department as in every other the practical rather than the fanciful has been constantly kept in view. It has been our aim to make use of that arrangement of hymns which is most generally known and used, it being necessary to select some one of the many versions given in the various hymn books now in use.

That many will regret the absence of some favorite hymn or tune we have no doubt ; for in our limited space it is impossible to find room for everything which is in itself good and otherwise entitled to consideration.

This volume is prayerfully submitted to the religious public, hoping it may find favor with all who love to sing with the spirit and the understanding also.

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON July 25th, 1864.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by

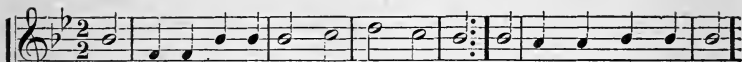
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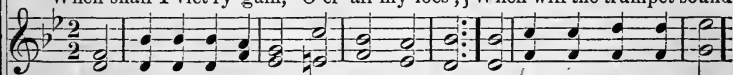
VESTRY CHIMES.

PART I.

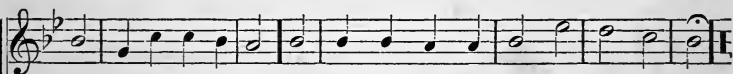
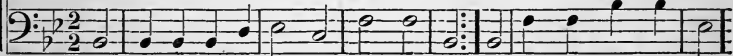
THE SABBATIC YEAR.



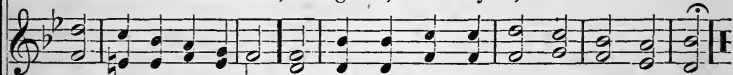
1. When shall I see the day, That ends my woes ; }
When shall I vict'ry gain, O'er all my foes ; } When will the trumpet sound



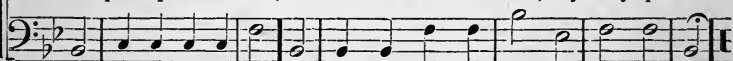
2. A crown of glory bright, By faith I see, }
In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me. } O, may I faithful prove,



That calls the exile home, The grand, sabbatic year, When will it come ?



And keep the prize in view ; And thro' the storms of life, My way pursue.



1.

When shall I see the day
That ends my woes ;
When shall I vict'ry gain
O'er all my foes ;
When will the trumpet sound
That calls the exile home,
The grand sabbatic year,
When will it come.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain
Shall flee away ;
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long sought home ;
The Jubilee of Heaven,
When will it come ?

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

MODERATO.

1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their

2. They are sowing the seed of word and deed, Which the cold know

seed in the noon-day's glare, They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
not, nor the careless heed; O! the gen - - tle word, and the kindest deed,

A LITTLE FASTER.

They are sowing their seed in the solemn night; What shall the harvest
That have blest the sad heart in its sor - est need; Sweet shall the harvest

RIT.

be, What shall the har - vest be, What shall the har - vest be?
be, Sweet shall the har - vest be, Sweet shall the har - vest be.

1. O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away,
2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, The seas can roar, the mountains shake,

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

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

2.
The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3.
To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4.
But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST, *Concluded.*

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed,
With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow,
And the fields are all whitening where'er they go,
Rich will the harvest be!

4.
And there's many yet standing with idle hands,
Yet they scatter their seed on their native land,
And there's some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil long has borne and it still must bear;
Sad will the harvest be!

5.
Whether sown in darkness or sown in light,
Whether sown in weakness or sown in might,
Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broadest highway or the shadowy path;
Sure will the harvest be!

BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;

2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark,

3. It was my guide, my life, my all ; It bade my dark forebodings cease ;

One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.

The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark,
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem ;

Deep hor - ror then my vitals froze ; Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
Now safe - ly moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem,

But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star, it is the Star,
SOLL. TUTTI. CRES.

When sud - den - ly a star a - rose, It was the Star, it was the Star,
For - ev - er and for - ev - er more, It was the Star, it was the Star,

It is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

ff *DIM.* *pp*

It was the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.

Musical score for 'Bethlehem's Star' featuring three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The lyrics are: 'It is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.' and 'It was the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.' Dynamic markings include *ff*, *DIM.*, and *pp*.

TURN TO THE LORD.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power. }

D. c. Glo - ry, ho - nor and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Musical score for 'Turn to the Lord' in 4/4 time. It features three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The lyrics are: '1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power. }' and 'D. c. Glo - ry, ho - nor and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.' A 'FINE.' marking is present at the end of the first staff.

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

Musical score for 'Chorus' in 4/4 time. It features three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The lyrics are: 'Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation, Sound the praise of his dear name ;' and 'Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation, Sound the praise of his dear name ;'. A 'D. C.' marking is present at the end of the first staff.

2.

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

3.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

4.

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

5.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

ARRANGED.

1. Wor - thy, wor - thy, is the Lamb, Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb,
2. Sons of morn - ing, sing his praise, In the noblest strains you raise ;

CHORUS.
Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, That was slain. Glory, hal - le - lu - jah !
Man's redemption claims your lays, Praise the Lamb. Glory, hal - le - lu - jah !

Praise him, hal - le - lu - jah ! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb.
Praise him, hal - le - lu - jah ! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb.

1.
Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb,
That was slain.

2.
Sons of morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your praise,
Praise the Lamb.

3.
See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.

4.
Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep 'till born anew,
Blessed Lamb.

5.
Penitents, dry up your tears,
God has heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb.

6.
Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
'Till we all on Zion's hill,
See the Lamb.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

WITH ENERGY.

Rev. E. H. NEVIN.

1. *Live* on the field of bat-tle! Be ear-nest in the fight;

2. *Watch* on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev'-ry-where;

Stand forth with man-ly cou-age, And strug-gle for the right.

His fie-ry darts fly thick-ly, Like lightning thro' the air.

CHORUS.

Live! live! live! live on the field of bat-tle.

Watch! watch! watch! watch on the field of bat-tle.

1.
Live on the field of battle!
 Be earnest in the fight;
 Stand forth with manly courage,
 And struggle for the right. [tle.
 Live! live! live! live on the field of bat-

2.
Watch on the field of battle!
 The foe is everywhere;
 His fiery darts fly thickly,
 Like lightning through the air.
 Watch! watch! watch! watch on the
 field of battle.

3.
Pray on the field of battle!
 God works with those who pray;
 His mighty arm can nerve us,
 And make us win the day. [battle.
 Pray! pray! pray! pray on the field of

4.
Die on the field of battle!
 'Tis noble thus to die;
 God smiles on valiant soldiers,
 Their record is on high.
 Die! die! die! die on the field of bat-
 tle!

THE HARVEST TIME.

MODERATO.

1. Tho' in the outward church below, The wheat and tares together grow ;
2. Will it relieve their hor - rors there, To re - col - lect their station here ;

Angels ere long will reap the crop, And burn the tares in an - ger up.
How much they heard, how much they knew, How much among the wheat they grew,

CODA.
For soon the reaping-time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.
For soon the reaping-time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.

1.

Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow ;
Angels, ere long, will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up.

2.

Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their station here ; [knew,
How much they heard, how much they knew
How much among the wheat they grew ?

3.

Oh! this will aggravate their case,
They perished under gospel grace ;
To them, the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4.

We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat ;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5.

The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends ;
Others, the Lord against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfill.

6.

Most awful thing, and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every soul a wheat or tare ?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

11

DR. MILLER.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; No
Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gathered home; That

CHORUS.

pain nor death can enter there, We'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Jesus comes,
heav'nly mansion shall be mine, We'll, &c.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

1.
My heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2.
While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

3.
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.

4.
Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

1. Nothing, either great or small, Remains for me to do;

2. When he from his lofty throne, Stooped down to do and die,

FINE.

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.
Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

Eve - ry thing was fully done; Yes, "finished!" was his cry.
Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHORUS. **RIT.** **D. S.**

Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe;
Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe;

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2.

When he from his lofty throne
Stooped down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done,
Yes, "finished" was his cry.

3.

Weary, working, plodding one
Oh, wherefore toil ye so?

Cease your "doing": all was done,
Yes, ages long ago.

4.

Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
And doing ends in death.

5.

Cast your deadly doing down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

THE SHINING SHORE.

13

G. F. ROOT,—By permission.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger,

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home dis - cern - ing ;

FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly ! Those hours of toil and danger.
And just be - fore, the shining shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.

Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev' - ry lamp be burning—
And just be - fore, the shining shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS.

D. S.

For O ! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver,

For O ! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver,

1.
My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly !
Those hours of toil and danger.
For O ! we stand, &c.

2.
We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For O ! we stand, &c.

3.
Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing,
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For O ! we stand, &c.

4.
Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, come, and there's our
Forever, O ! forever ! [hmc]
For O ! we stand, &c.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

MODERATO.

Poetry by H. Q. WILSON.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Saviour, who died on a tree, To o - pen a

CHO. For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev'-ry chain, And give us the
fountain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that fountain which

vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall
par - don bestows, And cleanses the foul - est wher - ev - er it' flows.
break ev' - ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

- 1 'T was Jesus, my Saviour, who died on a tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me:
His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
For the Lion, &c.
- 2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
For the Lion, &c.

ARRANGED.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my
But how much I

2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, O wondrous account! My joys are im-
With Je - sus and

FINE.

D. S.

Saviour, I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
love thee, I nev - er can show.

mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
angels, my kindred so dear.

- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY, *Concluded.*

- 3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
For the Lion, &c.
- 4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
For the Lion, &c.
- 5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross ever more.
For the Lion, &c.

OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

1. Tho' fierce the howling winds may blow, While o'er life's ra - ging
2. Tho' ly - ing - to with close-reefed sail, While o'er us beats the

sea we go, we go, And heave our ves - sels to and fro,
fu - rious gale, Our child - like faith will nev - er fail,

Our Fa - ther's at the helm, Our Fa - ther's at the helm.
Our Fa - ther's at the helm, Our Fa - ther's at the helm.

3.
Tho' mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.

4.
Tho' down we plunge, deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save,
Our Father's at the helm.

5.
Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say,
Our Father's at the helm.

6.
Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing without a fear,
Our Father's at the helm.

7.
O, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heav'n,
Their Father's at the helm.

8.
Then let us join our cheerful song,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransom'd throng,
For Father's at the helm.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Words as arranged by J. HUBBARD.

1. The Chris - tian pil - grim sings, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my
And joy - ful - ly exclaims, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my

2. Though pov - er - ty's my lot, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my
I can sing the song of hope, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my

FINE.

home; The Chris - tian pil - grim sings, Heav'n's my home.
home; And joy - ful - ly ex - claims, Heav'n's my home.

home; Though pov - er - ty's my lot, Heav'n's my home.
home; I can sing the song of hope, Heav'n's my home.

D. C.

Thro' the tel - es - cope of faith, He looks o'er the river death,
Though pov - er - ty's my lot, And the fig - tree blossoms not,

3.

Come ye that love the Lord, unto me,
unto me,
Come ye that love the Lord, unto me;
I've something good to say,
About this narrow way,
For Christ the other day saved my soul,
saved my soul,
For Christ the other day saved my soul.

4.

Some said I'd soon give o'er, you shall
see, you shall see, [see,
Some said I'd soon give o'er, you shall
Some time has past away,
Since I began to pray,
I love the Lord to-day, bless his name,
bless his name,
I love the Lord to-day, bless his name.

THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

Words By Mrs. HANNAFORD.

1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, Amid the flow'rs that soon must die,
2. We're going home with saints to dwell, Where angel hosts their chorus swell,

Amid our tears while here we roam, How sweet the thought we're going home!
To join the glorious ransom'd band Which stand in bliss at God's right hand.

CHORUS.

Going home, going home, How sweet the tho't we're going, going home!
Going home, going home, How sweet the tho't we're going, going home!

1.
Amid the hours that rapid fly,
Amid the flowers that soon must die,
Amid our tears while here we roam,
How sweet the tho't, we're going home,
Going home, &c.

2.
We're going home with saints to dwell,
Where angel hosts their chorus swell,
To join the glorious ransomed band
Who stand in bliss at God's right hand.
Going home, &c.

3.
We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power,
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by and by we're going home,
Going home, &c.

4.
No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O, sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home.
Going home, &c.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

19

Words by EDWIN K. BANISTER.

Music by D. C. BRICK.—Arr. for this work.

1. When Jesus' voice I first did hear, Speaking close to my ve - ry ear ;
 2. Yes, I to Je - sus humbly went, The Ho - ly Spi - rit he then sent ;

"My son, O come and be thou mine," I cried, "O Lord, I will be thine."
 And in my heart I felt its power, And e'en have felt it to this hour.

CHORUS.

For there's joy and peace in heav'n for me, Joy and peace in heav'n for me.
 For there's joy and peace in heav'n for me, Joy and peace in heav'n for me.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.
 When Jesus' voice I first did hear,
 Speaking close to my very ear ;
 "My son, O come and be thou mine,"
 I cried, "O Lord, I will be thine."
 For there's joy, &c.

2.
 Yes, I to Jesus humbly went,
 The Holy Spirit he then sent ;
 And in my heart I felt its power,
 And e'en have felt it to this hour.
 For there's joy, &c.

3.
 O, may he always be my friend !
 When I am needy he will lend ;
 And if I serve him here below,
 At last the joys of heaven I'll know.
 For there's joy, &c.

4.
 To that blest land where angels sing,
 And where doth reign eternal spring,
 Where pain and death shall never come,
 O, may that be at last my home.
 For there's joy, &c.

SHALL WE MEET.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surges ne'er shall roll,

2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er;

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?

Shall we meet and cast our an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore ?

Coda.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet ? Shall we meet beyond the riv - er,

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet ? Shall we meet beyond the riv - er,

Where the sur - ges ne'er shall roll ?

Where the sur - ges ne'er shall roll ?

SHALL WE MEET.
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges ne'er shall roll,
 Where in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?
 Shall we meet, &c.

2.
 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er ;
 Shall we meet and cast our anchor,
 By the fair celestial shore ?
 Shall we meet, &c.

YES, WE'LL MEET.

MODERATO.

(ANSWER TO "SHALL WE MEET?")

1. Yes, we'll meet, beyond the riv - er, When our conflicts all are o'er ;

2. Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions, Where our wand'rings all shall cease,

And we'll spend the blest for - ev - er, On that bright, ce - les - tial shore.

There we'll meet our dear companions, And be crowned with perfect peace.

SHALL WE MEET, *Concluded.*

3.

Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine ;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine.
Shall we meet, &c.

4.

Where the music of the ransomed,
Rolls its harmony around ;
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound.
Shall we meet, &c.

5.

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace ?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face ?
Shall we meet, &c.

6.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour.
When he comes to claim his own ?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne ?
Shall we meet, &c.

YES WE'LL MEET

Yes we'll meet, beyond the river,
When our conflicts all are o'er ;
And we'll spend the blest forever,
On that bright celestial shore.

2.

Yes we'll meet, in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease,
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crown'd with perfect peace.

3.

Yes we'll meet, where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be ;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.

4.

We shall meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring ;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heav'nly King.

5.

We shall meet, O, weary brother,
When the burden we lay down ;
We shall change our cross of anguish,
For a bright unfading crown.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

From MS. by Rev. G. ROBBINS.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strong - est; Watch for day,

2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race,

CHORUS.

Christian, When the night's longest; Onward and upward, Still be thine en -

Christian, Heav'n is be - fore thee; Onward and upward, Still be thine en -

dea - vor; The rest that re - main - eth, Shall be for - ev - er.

dea - vor; The rest that re - main - eth, Shall be for - ev - er.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

1.

Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and upward,
Still be thy endeavor,
The rest that remaineth,
Shall be forever.

2.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,

Heav'n is before thee.

Onward and upward, &c.

3.

Bear the cross, Christian,
Follow thy Master;
Bright the crown, Christian,
Haste thee on faster.
Onward and upward, &c.

4.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeseth.
Onward and upward, &c.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

23

Moderato.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee :

2. Though like a wan - der - er, day-light all gone ;

E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me : Still all my song shall be,
Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone : Yet in my dreams I'd be,

Coda.

Nearer, my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
Nearer, my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

1. Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee :

E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

2.

Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone ;
Darkness be over me, My rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

3.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;

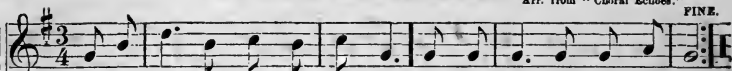
All that thou sendest me, In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God to thee.

4.

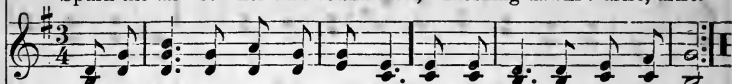
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise ;
Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

5.

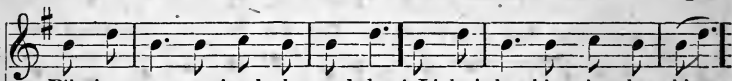
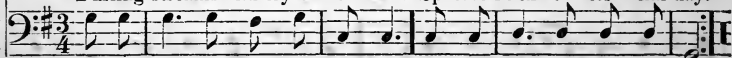
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky ;
Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee.



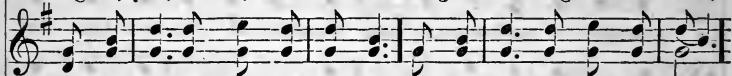
1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn - ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn ? }
 Have the signs that mark its coming, Yet up - on my pathway shone ? }
 Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee; Morning dawns ! arise, arise.



2. Pilgrim, in that gold - en ci - ty, Seat - ed on his jas - per throne, }
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty, Reigns in peace, from zone to zone; }
 Purling streams and crystal fountains Sparkle in th' e - ter - nal day.



Pilgrim, yes; a - rise, look round thee ! Light is breaking in the skies;



There, on verdant hills and mountains, Where the golden sunbeams play,



3.

Pilgrim, see ! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way ;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of thy coming day,
 When the last loud trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea,
 All the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

4.

Watchman, lo ! the land we're nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder ; O how cheering !
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers ;
 Hark, the choral strains there ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air ;
 See the millions—hear them singing ;
 Soon the pilgrims will be there.

PERFECT LOVE.

Ye who know your sins forgiven,
 And are happy in the Lord,
 Have you read that gracious promise
 Which is left you in his word ?
 " I will sprinkle you with water,
 I will cleanse you from all sin ;
 Sanctify, and make you holy,
 I will dwell and reign within."

2.

Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet shall find ;
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind,
 To procure your full salvation,
 Jesus suffered, groaned and died ;
 O behold the cleansing fountain,
 Gushing from his bleeding side.

3.

Come, my brother, come, my sister,
 Seek, O seek this holy state ;
 None but holy ones can enter
 Through the pure, celestial gate ;
 Can you bear the thought of losing
 All the joys that are above ?
 No, my brother, no, my sister,
 God will perfect you in love.

4.

May a mighty sound from heaven
 Suddenly come rushing down ;
 Cloven tongues, like as of fire,
 May they sit on all around ;
 On the soul of each believer,
 May the Holy Ghost come down ;
 It is coming, it is coming,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

G. KINGSLEY.

25

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay, Where storm after

2. I would not live al - way; no—welcome the tomb, Since Je - sus has

storm ris - es dark o'er the way. The few lu - cid morn - ings that

lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he

dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph de - scending the skies.

3.

Who, who would live always away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4.

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Dolce e Legato.

1. Be - yond life's ra - ging fe - ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream, }
Beyond death's sur - ging riv - er, Be - yond that sul - len stream; }

2. Be - yond this land of sigh - ing, Where countless tears are shed, }
Be - yond the sick and dy - ing, Be - yond the mouldering dead; }

Chorus.

The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau - ty fa - ding not ;

The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau - ty fa - ding not ;

Rit.

Oh ! Pil - grim are you pray - ing, That this may be your lot.

Oh ! Pil - grim are you pray - ing, That this may be your lot.

THE SAINT'S ABODE.

Beyond life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream ;
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

2.

Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead ;
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

3.

Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail ;

Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale ;
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

4.

Beyond the thought of grieving,
A kind and gracious God ;
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod ;
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

5.

Beyond Earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod ;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God.
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus, our heavenly friend ;

2. When thou wert here be - low, Je - sus, our heavenly friend ;

f FINE.

Prais - ing thy love so free, Je - sus, our friend.
Thy won - drous works and ways, Je - sus, our friend.

Thou didst our sor - rows know, Je - sus, our friend.
And O, thy - self re - veal, Je - sus, our friend.

D. C. *f*

O, for a heart to praise, Through all our earth - ly days,
Grant to each heart to feel, That thou hast power to heal,

3.
Tender and patient, thou,
Jesus, our heavenly friend ;
To thy dear love we bow,
Jesus our friend.
Oh, in thy spirit pure,
May we our ills endure,
Trusting thy promise sure,
Jesus our friend.

4.
By thy redeeming grace,
Jesus our heavenly friend ;
We hope to see thy face,
Jesus our friend.
Then will we joyful praise,
Throughout eternal days,
Thy wondrous works and ways,
Jesus our friend.

THE RESURRECTION.

1. They hung King Je - sus on a rude rugged tree, They hung King

2. Then Joseph begged his body and laid it in the tomb, Joseph begged his

3. And Mary came running her Saviour there to see, Ma - ry.. came..

Jesus on a rude rug - ged tree, They hung King Je - sus on a

bo - dy and laid it in the tomb, Then Joseph begged his body and

running her Saviour there to see, And Mary came run - ning her

rude rug - ged tree, And the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.

laid it in the tomb, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.

Saviour there to see, But the Lord had ris - en from the tomb.

CHORUS.

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, And the Lord convey'd his spirit home.

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, And the Lord convey'd his spirit home.

4. ||: Go tell my disciples I've gone to Galilee, :||
For the Lord had risen from the tomb.

5. ||: Go preach to every nation and tell to dying men, :||
That the Lord was dead but lives again.—He rose, &c.

LEAVENWORTH. 7.

SPANISH MELODY.
FINE.

1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your maker, asks you why?
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live;
d. c. Why, ye thankless creatures, why, Will ye cross his love and die?

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

3.

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

4.

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

1. Listen to the gentle promptings Of the Spirit's warning voice ;

2. Sweetly calling on the erring, Pardons offered without price ;

Will ye heed his solemn warnings? Can ye slight his wondrous love ?

Come, and round the altar kneeling, O receive the of - fered grace.

1.
Listen to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice ;
Will ye heed his solemn warnings ?
Can ye slight his wondrous love ?

2.
Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price ;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
O receive the offered grace.

3.
Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace ;
Press ye then to realms of glory,
Run with joy the offered race.

4.
Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S PROTECTION.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
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
And command us to the tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Moderato.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend ;

2. O how bless-ed is the sta-tion, Low be-fore the cross to lie,

ƒ

Fine.

Life, and health, and peace pos- sessing, From the sinner's dy- ing friend.
 d. c. Still in faith and hope a- bi- ding, Life de- ri- ving from his death.

While I see di- vine com- pas- sion Beaming from his gra- cious eye.
 d. c. Precious drops my soul be- dew- ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

D. C. al S. ƒ

Love and grief my heart di- vi- ding, With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;

Here I'll sit for- ev- er view- ing, Mercy streaming in his blood ;

SITTING AT THE CROSS.

1.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Still in faith and hope abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

2.

O how blessed is the station,
 Low before the cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion

Beaming from his gracious eye.
 Here I'll sit forever viewing,
 Mercy streaming in his blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3.

Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder love and praise.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go :
 Prove each day his blood more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad

2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe

heart is wea - ry and dis - tress, Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly

fruit fell richly to the ground, When the lov'd slept, in brighter homes to

Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest

wa - ken, Where their pale brows with spi - rit wreaths are crown'd.

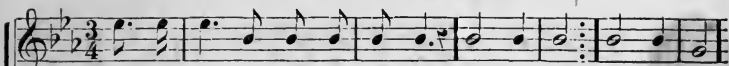
3.

Large are the mausions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are tones which raise the heavenly hymn;

4.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

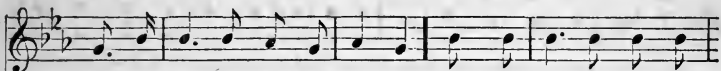
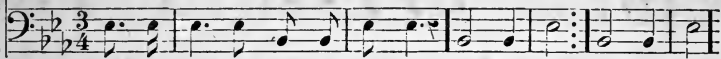
THE INVITATION.



1. Hark! the bell to prayer is call-ing, Wand'rer, come,
In God's house with rev'rent feeling, Seek thy home.



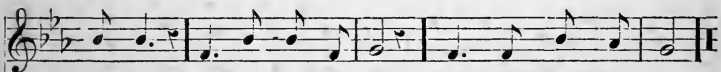
2. Hark! those bell-tones sweetly pealing, "Come, O come,"
Far and wide, me-lo-dious stealing, "Come, O come."



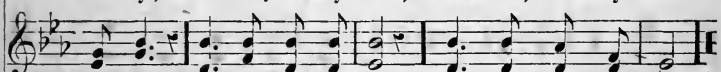
There's a mansion far a-bove thee, Where dwell spirits pure and



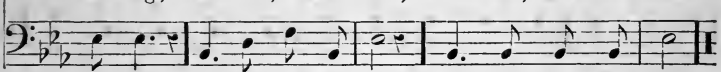
Thro' each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and pas-sion



love-ly; Wand'rer, 'tis thy home, Wand'rer, 'tis thy home.



still-ing; Wand'rer, hasten home, Wand'rer, has-ten home.



1.

Hark! the bell to prayer is calling,
Wand'rer, come,
In God's house with rev'rent feeling,
Seek thy home.

There's a mansion far above thee,
Where dwell spirits pure and lovely,
Wand'rer, 'tis thy home.
Wand'rer, 'tis thy home.

2.

Hark! those bell-tones sweetly pealing,
"Come, O come,"
Far and wide melodious stealing,
"Come O come."

Thro' each heart the voice is thrilling,
Storms of grief and passion stilling,
Wand'rer, hasten home.
Wand'rer, hasten home.

3.

Still the echoed voice is ringing,
"Come, O come,"
Every heart pure incense bringing,
"Hither come."

Father, round the altar bending,
May our souls to heaven ascending,
Find in thee their home.
Find in thee their home.

PARADISE. C. M.

SLOW.

1. O what hath Jesus bought for me! Be - fore my rav - ished eyes

2. O what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet

F. *FINE.*

Rivers of life di - vine I see, And trees of par - a - dise ;
They all are robed in spotless white, And conq'ring palms they bear.

With that en - rap - tured host t' appear, And wor - ship at thy feet!
But let me find them all a - gain, In that e - ter - nal day.

D. C. *F.*

I see a world of spi - rits bright, Who taste the pleasures there ;
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way,

3.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

4.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain ;
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

With Expression.

1. Je - sus let thy pity - ing eye, Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pent - ance to im - part,

f FINE.
 False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
 D. s. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart ;
 D. s. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D. S. f
 Let me be by grace restored ; On me be thy long - suff'ring shown ;
 Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown ;

PENITENCE.

1.

Jesus let thy pitying eye,
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
 Let me be by grace restored ;
 On me be thy long-suff'ring shown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,

The humble, contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3.

For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show ;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow :
 If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

MOUNT ZION.

From the "S. S. GEM," By Permission.

1. Beauti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beauti-ful cit-y that I love!

2. Beautiful heav'n where all is light, Beauti-ful angels, clothed in white;

Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly white, Beauti-ful temple—God its light!

Beau-ti-ful strains that never tire, Beauti-ful harps thro' all the choir.

He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me,

There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet,

Rit.

Opens those pearly gates to me.

Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.

Words By R. TORREY JR.

1. Soldiers on life's bat - tle field! Be ye va - liant, bold, and strong;
 2. Hark! the bat - tle is be - gun! Ral - ly Christians for your King;
 3. Je - sus calls us to the field! He will lead us ev - er - more;
 4. Then in yon - der world of light We will lay our ar - mor down;

In the strife with cheer - ful zeal Urge the Saviour's cause a - long.
 Forward, till the vic - 'try's won, Till the shouts of triumph ring!
 Neath his ban - ner ne'er to yield, Till the mighty con - flict's o'er.
 And mid throngs of an - gels bright, Each re - ceive a star - ry crown.

Chorus.

Onward, on - ward to glo - ry! Yield not to the wi - ley foe;
 Onward, on - ward to glo - ry! Yield not to the wi - ley foe;

Vic'try and heav'n are be - fore thee, Shout your triumph as you go.
 Vic'try and heav'n are be - fore thee, Shout your triumph as you go.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

MODERATO.

From the "Casket." Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.

FIRST.

1. { Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods a - (omit)

2. { Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall (omit)

SECOND. CHORUS.—*A little faster.* UNISON.

round thy soul! Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand! Firm as a rock, on ocean's strand.
own him Lord! Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand! Firm as a rock, on ocean's strand.

Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.
Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.

1.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul!
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

2.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord!
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

3.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

4.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on Heaven's bright
Stand up for Jesus, &c. [shore.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-sue; Roll round with the

2. His a-dor-a-ble will Let us glad-ly ful - fil, And our tal-ents im -

year, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still 'Till the

prove, And our tal-ents im-prove, By the pa-tience of hope, and the

Mas-ter ap-pear, And nev-er stand still 'Till the Mas-ter ap-pear!

la - bor of love, By the patience of hope, And the la - bor of love.

3.

Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
||: Glides swiftly away, :||
||: And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay. :||

4.

The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
||: The millennial year :||
||: Rushes on to our view, and eternity is
here. :||

5.

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! :||

6.

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. :||

'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.—By permission.

1. On eve - ry sun - ny mountain, In eve - ry gloom - y dell,
2. What words of ho - ly comfort! Their sweetness who can tell?

3. Tho' drip - ping clouds may gath - er, And grief the bo - som swell,
4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hushed the so - lemn knell,

Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well.
With-in the vale and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the righteous well.

The trust - ing heart will ev - er sing, 'Tis with the righteous well.
With - in the gates, around the throne, 'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.

'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well; In pleasure's light and
'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well; In pleasure's light and

sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous well; 'Tis with the righteous well.
sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous well; 'Tis with the righteous well.

RITARD.

* Use hold only in the repeat.

DUET OR TRIO.

MAZZINGHI.

1. Peace, trou - bled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught.... these

rocks the notes.... of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

CHORUS.
Behold the pre-cious
And let..... thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the precious

balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.
balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.

<p>1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let thy tears forget to flow: Behold, the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.</p>	<p>2. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed; Unburden here thy weighty load; Here find thy refuge and thy rest, And trust the mercy of thy God: Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word! Forever love and praise the Lord.</p>
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HAPPY IN THE LORD.

From the "GOLDEN SHOWER."
By Permission.

1. A Pil - grim and a stran - ger here, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py;

2. I leave this world of sin be - hind, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py;
Fair lands are here, and hous - es fair, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py;

I seek a home to pil - grims dear, Hap - py in the Lord.

That bet - ter home in heaven to find, Hap - py in the Lord; }
But fair - er is my home up there, Hap - py in the Lord. }

Chorus.

We'll cross the river of Jor - dan, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

We'll cross the river of Jor - dan, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

Cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py in the Lord.

Cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py in the Lord.

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee, }
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd; }

2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, }
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone: }

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me Lord and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE.

1.

Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee,
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed;
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save me Lord and make me pure.

2.

Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,

These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

HAPPY IN THE LORD, *Concluded.*

3. In that fair clime of endless day, happy, happy, happy,
 The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in the Lord;
 To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, happy, happy,
 The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in the Lord.—*Chorus.*
4. The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, happy, happy, -
 In plenteous showers around them rise, happy in the Lord;
 No death shall visit them again, happy, happy, happy,
 No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in the Lord.—*Chorus.*
5. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, happy, happy, happy,
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in the Lord;
 No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, happy, happy,
 But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in the Lord.—*Chorus.*

MEROY'S FREE.

MODERATO.

From the "Casket."

1. By faith I see my Saviour dy-ing, On the tree, on the tree ;

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur-su-ing, Pi-ty me, pi-ty me?

To ev-'ry na-tion he is cry-ing, Look to me, look to me ;

And did he snatch my soul from ru-in, Can it be, can it be?

DUET or TRIO.

He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, be-lieve, dis-miss your fear,

O, yes! he did sal-va-tion bring, He is my Prophet, Priest and King ;

Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.

And now my hap-py soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

45

MODERATO.

Poetry by DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D.

1. While on life's stormy sea My bark is driv'n ; From a far coast to me
2. That beacon light I have, And lose all fear ; The Saviour walks the wave,

3. I feel thy magnet pow'rs, Bright world to come ; Faith sees thy glorious bow'rs,
Sweet light is giv'n, Gleaming around my way, Changing dark night to day,
His voice I hear ; My precious, perfect guide, Bidding the storm subside,
Where angels roam ; Where lov'd ones gone before, Now beckon from the shore,

Blending its gold - en ray, With hues of heaven, With hues of heaven.
Showing be - yond the tide, Skies heav'nly clear, Skies heav'nly clear.
And make me long the more For them and home, For them and home.

MERCY'S FREE. *Concluded.*

3.
Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove ;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4.
Long as I live I'll still be crying
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

1. The mel-low eve is glid-ing Se-renely down the west; So, ev'-ry care sub-

2. The evening star has lighted Her crystal lamp on high; So when in death be-

sid-ing, My soul would sink to rest. The woodland hum is ring-ing, The

nighted, May hope il-lume the sky. In gold-en splendor dawning, The

daylight's gentle close; May angels round me singing, Thus hymn my last repose.

morrow's light shall break; O! on the last bright morning, May I in glo-ry wake.

THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation!—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 ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

THE ANGELS ARE CALLING.

47

From "Sabbath Harmony," Arranged.

1. The an - gels now are call - ing, They're calling me a - way ;
 2. There're pains that I can soft - en, And burdens I may share ;

f FINE.

I must be up and la - bor, Must work while it is day ;
 For an - gels now are call - ing, And I shall soon be gone.
 And hopes with which to brighten, The sha - dows of de - spair ;
 For an - gels now are call - ing, And I shall soon be gone.

D. C. *f*

No more I wait, but earnest, Be - gin at ear - ly dawn,
 No more I wait, but earnest, Be - gin at ear - ly dawn,

1. The angels now are calling
 They're calling me away ;
 I must be up and labor,
 Must work while it is day :
 No more I wait, but earnest,
 Begin at early morn,
 For angels now are calling,
 And I shall soon be gone.
2. There're pains that I can soften,
 And burdens I may share ;
 And hopes with which to brighten,
 The shadows of despair ;

- No more I wait, but earnest,
 Begin at early morn,
 For angels now are calling,
 And I shall soon be gone.
3. Then when the day is closing,
 The weary will have rest,
 The mourners cease to languish,
 Peace reign in every breast :
 And I, my labors finished
 On earth no more shall roam,
 For angels who are calling,
 Will take me to their home.

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. When the tempest ra - ges high, Sail - ing on life's boist'rous Sea;
 2. When mid drifting wrecks I'm cast, Darkness set - tling thickly round;

3. When the cong'ring waves shall close, Proudly o'er me as I die;

Stormy bil - lows I de - fy; If I then may on - ly be,
 Hope shall lift her light at last; If I then be on - ly found,

O - ver these brief vic - tor foes, I shall triumph while I cry,

Anchored to the Rock, Anchored to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er,
 Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er,

Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er,

Strength that fail - eth nev - er—When the storms of life are o'er,
 Strength that fail - eth nev - er—When the storms of life are o'er,

Look for me on Canaan's shore, Cling - ing to the Rock.

Look for me on Canaan's shore, Cling - ing to the Rock.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.*

From the "S. S. GEM," By Permission.

Words by MISS, MARY P. GRIFFIN.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore;
2. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud - ly roar;

Cho. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore;

On - ly wait - ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.

On - ly wait - ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2.

Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted on the other shore.
We are waiting, &c.

3.

And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
We are waiting, &c.

4.

He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.
We are waiting, &c.

5.

When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.
We are waiting, &c.

*The First Verse to be sung as Full Chorus.

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still re - served for me? }
Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sin - ners 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; }

CHORUS.—*Lively.*

God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still;

God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still;

Je - sus weeps, He weeps, and loves me still.

Je - sus weeps, He weeps, and loves me still.

1.
Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
God is love! &c.

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;
God is love, &c.

3.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more;
God is love! &c.

4.
There for me the Saviour stands:
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
God is love! &c.

THERE, THERE IS REST.

51

Rev. G. D. BROWNE.

Allegretto.

Partly Composed and Arr. by A. HULL.

1. Come poor pilgrim, sad and wea-ry, Why heaves thy breast ;
 2. There is rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest ;

3. There are those who've gone be-fore us, All who are blest ;
 4. There the gold-en harps are ring-ing, Harps of the blest ;

Roaming this wide world so drea-ry, Sigh-ing for rest.
 Lis-ten to the joy-ful sto-ry, There, there is rest.

Singing now the hap-py cho-rus, There, there is rest.
 And the an-gel bands are sing-ing, There, there is rest.

Coda. Ad lib.

Tempo.

Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the wea-ry are at rest.
 And the wea-ry are at rest.

5.
 And while we on earth are praying,
 Jesus the blest ;
 Unto us is sweetly saying
 There, there is rest.
 Rest, rest, &c.

6.
 We shall meet where parting never.
 Comes to the blest ;
 And we'll safely dwell forever
 In heavenly rest.
 Rest, rest, &c.

ARRANGED.

1. Love divine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven to earth come down,

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving spi - rit, In - to eye - ry troubled breast;

f FINE.

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter eve - ry trembling heart.

Let us all in thee in - her - it; Let us find that se - cond rest.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

D. S. f

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bounded love thou art;
 Take a - way our bent of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;

3.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

WRESTLING JACOB.

Arranged from "Sacred Melodies."

1. Let me go, the day is breaking, Dear companions, let me go ;
 We have spent a night of waking, In this wil- der - ness of woe ;

2. Let me go, I may not tarry, Wrestling thus with doubts and fears ;
 Angels wait, my soul to carry, Where my kindred, Lord, appears ;

Upward, now, I wend my way, Part we here, at break of day,
 Friends and kin - dred, weep not so, If you love me, let me go.

Upward, now, I wend my way, Part we here, at break of day.
 Friends and kin - dred, weep not so, If you love me, let me go.

1.
 Let me go, the day is breaking,
 Dear companions, let me go ;
 We have spent a night of waking,
 In this wilderness of woe ;
 Upward now I wend my way,
 Part we here at break of day.

2.
 Let me go, I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears ;
 Angels, wait, my soul to carry,
 Where my kindred, Lord, appears ;
 Friends and kindred, weep not so,
 If you love me, let me go.

3.
 We have travelled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part.
 While I sigh farewell to you,
 Answer, one and all, adieu.

4.
 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky ;
 Am I dead? nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceased to die ;
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither, come and see.

With Energy

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot;

And that thou bid'st me come to thee; O, Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

1.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
O, Lamb of God, I come, 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—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yea, all I need, in thee I find;
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4.

Just as I am—though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without—
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.

6.

Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

JUST AS THOU ART.

1.

Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place.
O, guilty sinner, come, O come!

2.

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O, wretched sinner, come, O come!

3.

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O, trembling sinner, come, O come!

4.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come,
Thy Saviour bids thee; come, O come!

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the

2. A home in heaven! as the suf - ferer lies On his

poor man toils in his wea - ry lot! His heart op - prest, and with

bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes, To that bright home; what a

anguish driven, From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

joy is given, With the bless - ed thought of his home in heaven.

3.

A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
 To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
 We wait in hope on the promise given,
 To meet them all in our home in heaven.

"For - ev - er with the Lord," A - men, so let it be;
 My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near,

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty;
 At times to faith's as - pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates appear!

Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from him I roam;
 Ah, then my spi - rit faints, To reach the land I love;

Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent, A day's march nearer home.
 The bright in - her - i - tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

RITARD.

Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.
 Home a - bove, home a - bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

The image shows a three-staff musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff. The word 'RITARD.' is written above the top staff on the right side.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

1.

"Forever with the Lord,"
 Amen, so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home,
 Nearer home, nearer home, &c.

2.

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times to faith's aspiring eye;
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah, then my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 - Jerusalem above,
 Home above, home above, &c.

3.

Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies;
 Like Noah's dove I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies;
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my glad 'nd heart
 Expands the bow of peace,
 Bow of peace, bow of peace, &c.

4.

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."
 With the Lord, with the Lord, &c.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

1.

Lord! I delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only friend.
 When nature's streams are dried,
 Thy fullness is the same;
 With this I will be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.
 In thy name, in thy name, &c.

2.

Who made my heaven secure,
 Will here all good provide:
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
 What can I want beside?
 I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore:
 Henceforth my great concerns shall be
 To love and please thee more,
 Please thee more, please thee more, &c.

FOR PERFECT SUBMISSION.

- 1 I want a heart to pray,—
 To pray, and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my suffering less.
 This blessing, above all,—
 Always to pray,—I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint;
 Never faint, never faint, &c.
- 2 I rest upon thy word,—
 The promise is for me;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee:
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 "Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love,
 Perfect love, perfect love, &c.

THE WAY HE LEADS US.

MODERATO.

From "The Casket." Poetry by CHILSON.

1. How much of joy and com - fort, How much of re - al cheer,
 2. Each hour he draw - eth near - er, And when we need to rest,

3. Sometimes a pass - ing sha - dow Will flit a - cross the mind,
 4. And when our lov'd ones leave us, To come to us no more,

The dear Lord, in his kind - ness, Gives to his children here.
 He folds his arms a - bout us, He lays us on his breast ;

And dim our hope of heav - en, Our pleas - ing prospects blind ;
 He draws a - side the cur - tain, And shows the gold - e n shore ;

So gen - tly doth he lead us, So hap - pi - ly we move,
 He gives us liv - ing wa - ters, With heav'nly man - na feeds,

But then his hand he giv - eth, To lead us safe a - long,
 We hear the praise ex - ult - ant— The harp strings sweetly ring,

That ev - ry day our pathway Glows with his ten - der love.
 And his ex - haust - less bounty, Supplies our ma - ny needs.

And in a mo - ment changeth The mourning sigh to song.
 As ransomed friends in glo - ry, Bow to the lov - ing King.

I WANT TO CROSS OVER.

59

ALLEGRETTO.

From "The Casket," by A. HULL.

1. O, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which our blest

Cho.—O, I want to cross over, to dwell where he reigns, And join the glad

Saviour doth each one in-vite; 'Tis prepared for the good and the

an-gels on Eden's fair plains; I.... want to be gath-er'd with

Use repeat and hold only for the Chorus.

pure and the blest. 'Tis o-ver the river where the wea-ry find rest.

all the redeemed. { Yes, over the river, where the fields are all green.
Yes, over the river, where the fields are all green.

2. 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die,
O, I long to cross over with Jesus on high.
O, I want to cross over, &c.
3. There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river, where the valleys are green.
O, I want to cross over, &c.
4. 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed, and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river—bright angels will guide.
O, I want to cross over, &c.

SPIRITED.

1. No night shall be in heav'n—no gath'ring gloom, Shall o'er that

2. No night shall be in heav'n—for - bid to sleep, These eyes no

glo - rious landscape ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sad - ness

more their mournful vi - gils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all

o'er those flow'rs That breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.

wiped a - way, They gaze, un - daz - zled, on e - ter - nal day.

3. No night shall be in heaven—no sor - row's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
4. No night shall be in heaven—but end - less noon;
No fast declining sun, or waning moon:
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.
5. No night shall be in heaven—no dar - kened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.
6. No night shall be in heaven—O had I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee, [to me.
And leave no night henceforth on earth

THE SINNER'S INVITATION.

61

ARRANGED.

1. Sin - ner, go, will you go, To the high - lands of hea - ven? }
 Where the storms ne - ver blow, And the long summer's giv - en, }

2. Where the rich gold - en fruit In bright clus - ters are pend - ing, }
 And the deep la - den boughs Of life's fair tree are bend - ing, }

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting,
 And where life's crys - tal stream Is un - ceas - ing - ly flow - ing,

And the leaves of the bow'rs, In the bree - zes are flit - ting.
 And the ver - dure is green, And e - ter - nal - ly grow - ing.

3.

Where the saints, robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 Shall inhabit the mountain:
 Where no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Shall be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow

4.

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

LIFE'S STORMY SEA.

Poetry and Music by O. SNOW.

1. I'm Sail - ing on Life's stor - my sea, Stor - my sea, stor - my sea ;
We're gliding on with prosp'rous gales, Prosp'rous gales, prosp'rous gales ;

2. We're not afraid when storms appear, Storms appear, storms appear ;
The restless wave can do no harm, Do no harm, do no harm ;

But there's a friend who sails with me, Who guides with steady helm ;
And bree - zes fill our whitening sails, As we are waft - ed home. }

For Je - sus, he is al - ways near, To calm the ra - ging wave. }
While Je - sus' all suf - fi - cient arm, Our lit - tle Bark will save. }

Chorus.

I see the Land of Glory, I hope to be there ; I hear the music wafted

I see the Land of Glory, I hope to be there ; I hear the music wafted

on the balmy air ; Glory to God, and to the Lamb, sounds along the shore.

on the balmy air ; Glory to God, and to the Lamb, sounds along the shore.

Legato.

1. The world is overcome, By the blood of the Lamb!
The world is over-come, - - (omit) - - By the blood of the Lamb!

2. My sins are washed away, In the blood of the Lamb!
My sins are washed away, - - (omit) - - In the blood of the Lamb!

Chorus.

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory, glory, glory to the Lamb!

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory, glory, glory to the Lamb!

LIFE'S STORMY SEA, *Concluded.*

2.

We're not afraid when ||: storms appear, ||
For Jesus, he is always near,
To calm the raging wave.
The restless wave can ||: do no harm, ||
While Jesus' all sufficient arm,
Our little Bark will save.
I see the land, &c.

3.

There's room for all to ||: come on board, ||
Dear sinner, will you seek the Lord,
Thro' justifying grace.
Come all the world, come ||: sinner thou, ||
All things in Christ are ready now,
Behold his smiling face.
I see the land, &c.

4.

I'm looking to the ||: distant shore, ||
To see the friends who've gone before,
Transported by his love.
Again with joy I ||: hear them sing, ||
My ravished soul would spread her wings,
And soar to realms above.
I see the land, &c.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

1.

The world is overcome,
By the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

2.

My sins are washed away,
In the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

3.

The Devil's overcome,
By the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! &c.

4.

I've lost the fear of death,
Through the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

5.

The Martyrs overcame,
By the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

6.

I hope to gain the skies,
By the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

MODERATO.

ARRANGED.

1. { Behold! behold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross. }
 { For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross. }

2. { Come, sinners, see him lift - ed up, On the cross, on the cross. }
 { He drinks for you the bit - ter cup, On the cross, on the cross. }

Now hear his all - im - por - tant cry, "E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni :"

To heaven he turns his languid eyes, "'Tis finished," now the conq'rer cries,

Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.

Then bows his sa - cred head and dies, On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done, the mighty deed is done,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 On the cross, on the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
 While Jesus doth atonement make,
 While Jesus suffers for your sake,
 On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross;
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross.

Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus suffered death for me,
 On the cross, on the cross.

5 Let every mourner come and cling
 To the cross, to the cross;
 Let every Christian come and sing
 Round the cross, round the cross.
 Here let the preacher take his stand,
 And, with the Bible in his hand,
 Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
 On the cross, on the cross.

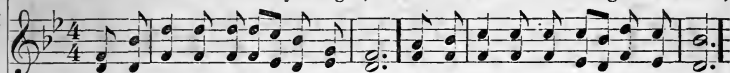
I LONG TO BE THERE.

65

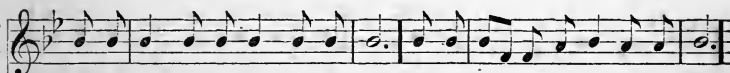
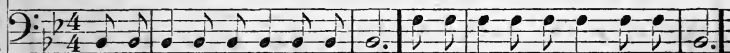
Rev. G. D. BROWNE.



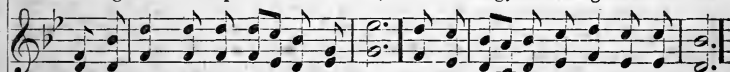
1. When I think of that city of light, And of crowns which the glorified wear,



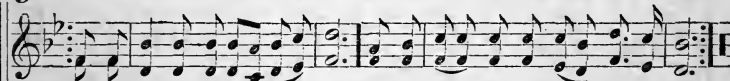
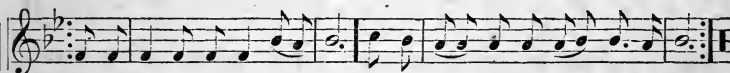
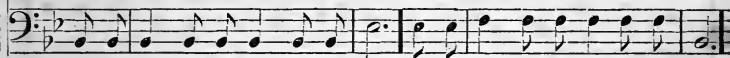
2. It is not that I'm weary of pain, Or impatient in trials and cares;



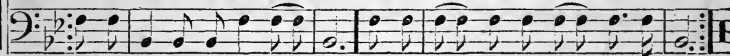
And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.



For I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.



{ O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed in the garments of white, }
 { And in songs with the angels unite, Singing glory, hallelujah to the Lamb. }



1.

When I think of that city of light,
 And of crowns which the glorified wear,
 And of garments so pure and so white,
 Then I long, O I long to be there.
 O, I long with the saints, &c.

2.

It is not that I'm weary of pain,
 Or impatient in trials and cares,
 For I know that to die would be gain,
 And I long, O I long to be there.
 O, I long with the saints, &c.

3.

To that city my Saviour has gone,
 A rich mansion and crowns to prepare,
 For the hosts that are following on,
 And I long, O I long to be there.
 O, I long with the saints, &c.

4.

When I read of the saints gather'd home,
 To that city of jewels most rare;
 I with joy hail the message to "come,"
 For I long, O I long to be there.
 O, I long with the saints, &c.

1. Gently, Lord, O gen - tly lead us Thro' this low - ly vale of tears ;

2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,

FINE.

Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us ; Lead us in thy per - fect way.

Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

D. C. F.

When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
And when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

2.
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die.
Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There, no fear of wo intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

MODERATO.

1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, Of that country so bright and so fair ;
 2. We speak of its pathway of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,

FINE.

And oft are its glories confess'd, confess'd; But what must it be to be there ?
 Its wonders and pleasures untold, untold, But what must it be to be there ?

CHORUS.

D. S.

But what must it be to be there ? But what must it be to be there ?
5th v. And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there,

3.
 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care—
 From trials without and within, within;
 But what must it be to be there ?
 But what must it be, &c.

4.
 We speak of its service of love,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,

The Church of the first born, above, above,
 But what must it be to be there ?
 But what must it be, &c.

5.
 Then let us, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare ;
 And shortly we all shall know, shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there.
 And feel what it is, &c.

1. Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace.

2. Here I'll raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hither by thy help I'm come;

FINE.

Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.

And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
He, to res-cue me from danger, In-ter-posed his precious blood.

D. C. F.

Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above,
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,

- 1 Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

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

THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME.

Legato.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ringing, In the bright ce - les - tial dome;

2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band;

Fine.

When sweet an - gel voi - ces singing, Gladly bid us welcome home.
d. c. In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?

Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glorious Spir - it land?
d. c. Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us, as be - fore?

D. C. al s. Fine.

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care;

Shall we see the same eyes shining, On us, as in days of yore?

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright:
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the lov'd of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4. Oh, ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptur'd ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"

HYMN FOR TUNE BETHLEHEM.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Andante.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Sa- viour, For the day is pass- ing by ;

2. Faithful mem'ry paints be- fore me, Ev'ry deed and thought of sin ;

Fine.

See, the shades of evening ga- ther, And the night is draw- ing nigh ;
D. C. Tar-ry with me, O my Sa- viour, Pass me not un- heed- ed by.

O- pen thou the blood-filled fountain, Cleanse my guil- ty soul with- in.
D. C. Tar-ry, thou for- giv- ing Sa- viour, Wash me whol- ly from my sin.

D. C. al S. F.

Tar-ry with me, O my Sa- viour, Pass me not un- heed- ed by ;

Tar-ry, thou for- giv- ing Sa- viour, Wash me whol- ly from my sin ;

PRAYER FOR DIVINE PRESENCE.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by ;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
||: Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Pass me not unheeded by. :||

2.

Faithful mem'ry paints before me,
Ev'ry deed and thought of sin ;
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within.
||: Tarry thou forgiving Saviour,
Wash me wholly from my sin. :||

3.

Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past ;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.
||: I am lonely, tarry with me,
Till the dreary night is pass'd. :||

4.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;
Paler now the glowing west ;
Swift the night of death advances,
Shall it be the night of rest ?
||: Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon thy breast. :||

With Energy.

Rev. G. W. BALOU.

1. Lo ! the Gos - pel Ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore ;

2. Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed, Far be - yond this mortal shore ;

All who wish to sail for glo - ry, Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Thousands still are sail - ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

Lo ! the Gospel Ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's happy shore ;
All who wish to sail for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

2.

Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal shore ;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3.

Richly laden with provisions,
Want her sailors never know ;
Gospel grace, and every blessing,
From her noble pilot flow.

4.

Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along ;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory !" bursts from every tongue.

TARRY WITH ME, *Concluded.*

5. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness,
While I sleep still watch by me—
||: 'Till the morning then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee. ||

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

1.

Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.

2.

Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well !" thy constant cheer.

3.

And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red,
Darkly tho' the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head—

4.

Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

5.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me or I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

1. The pray - ing Spir - it breathe, The watch - ing pow'r im - part;

2. My fee - ble mind sus - tain, By world - ly thoughts op - press'd;

From all en - tan - gle - ments be - neath, Call off my peaceful heart,

Ap - pear, and bid me turn a - gain To my e - ter - nal rest.

1.
The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

2.
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3.
Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

4.
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

MEETING, AFTER ABSENCE.

1.
And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2.
Preserved, by power divine,
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3.
What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4.
But, out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us, by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5.
Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6.
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

MODERATO.

1. My soul, be on thy guard ; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise ; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray ; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er ; Re-

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

RIT.

To draw thee from the skies.
And help di - vine im - plore.

3.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the 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.

MINISTERS BEARERS OF GOOD TIDINGS

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2.

How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3.

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4.

How blessed are are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5.

The watchmen tune their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.

Moderato.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home ; Earth is a des - ert drear,

2. What tho' the tempest rage Heav'n is my home ; Short is my pilgrimage,

Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand, Round me on

Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win - try blast, soon will be

Rit.

eve - ry hand ; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

o - ver past ; I shall reach home at last , Heav'n is my home.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1.

I'm but a stranger here,
 Heav'n is my home ;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heav'n is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand,
 Round me on every hand ;
 Heav'n is my father-land,
 Heav'n is my home.

2.

What tho' the tempest rage,
 Heav'n is my home ;
 Short is my pilgrimage,

Heav'n is my home.

Time's cold and wintry blast,
 Soon will be over past ;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heav'n is my home.

3.

There at my Saviour's side,
 Heav' is my home ;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I lov'd most and best,
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

W. B. BRADBURY.

From The "Golden Chain" by Permission.

Lively.

1. Pil - grims we are to Canaan bound, Our journey lies along this road ;
 2. A few more days, or weeks, or years, In this dark desert to complain ;

F. This wil - der - ness we travel round, To reach the ci - ty of our God.
 A few more sighs, a few more tears, And we shall bid a - dieu to pain.
 D. C. Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood, And we are trav'ling home to God.

Chorus. O happy Pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear ?
 O happy Pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear ?
 D. C. al S. *F.*

3.
 O blessed land ! O happy land !
 When shall we reach thy golden shore ?
 And one redeemed, unbroken band
 United be for evermore.
 O happy Pilgrims, &c.

4.
 And if our robes are pure and white,
 May we all reach that blest abode ?
 O yes, they all shall dwell in light
 Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.
 O happy Pilgrims, &c.

5.
 We all shall reach that golden shore
 If here we watch, and fight, and pray ;
 Straight is the way, and straight the door,
 And none but Pilgrims find the way.
 O happy Pilgrims, &c.

6.
 O may we meet at last above
 Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
 And sing for ever Jesus' love,
 While saints and angels join the song.
 O happy Pilgrims, &c.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known ;

CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free,

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round his throne.

Sal - vation's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

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.

NO SORROW THERE.

Come sing to me of Heaven,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high !

CHO. There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,—
Let Heaven begin below.

3.

When the last moments come,
-O watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which in each feature plays.

4.

Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given ;
Let music charm me last on Earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

5.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6.

When round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love—
Then sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

DOLCE E LEGATO.

1. Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath his guard - ian care ;

2. Thus does thine arm sup - port This weak, de - fence - less frame,

I slept, and I a - woke and found My kind preserv - er near.

But whence these favors, Lord, to me, All worthless as I am ?

1.

Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found,
My kind preserver near.

2.

Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenseless frame ;
But whence these favors Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?

3.

O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath,
The pleasing, painful load.

4.

My life I would anew,
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

DOXOLOGY.

Ye angels round the throne
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold:
 2. The Shep-herd sought his sheep, The Fa-ther sought his child;

FINE.
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled;
 I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er desert waste and wild;
 They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand'ring one.

D. C.
 I was a way-ward child, I did not love-my home,
 They found me nigh to death, Fam-ish'd, and faint, and lone;

3.
 They spoke in tender love,
 They raised my drooping head;
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed;
 They washed my filth away,
 They made me clean and fair;
 They brought me to my home in peace,
 The long sought wanderer.

4.
 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole;
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wand'ring sheep,
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

SUBMISSION. S. M.

MODERATO.

ARRANGED.

1. If through un - ruf - fled seas Toward heav'n we calm - ly sail,
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come,

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, That drives us near - er home,

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, That drives us near - er home.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1.
If through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
 : With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fost'ring gale. : </p> <p>2.
But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
 : Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home. : </p> | <p>3.
Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
 : Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul. : </p> <p>4.
Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
 : And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.</p> |
|---|--|

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Words By R. TORREY JR.

1. O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land ?

2. With murmuring sound doth it wander along, Thro' fields of eter - nal green ;

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light And ripple o'er golden sand.

Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.

Chorus.

* Oh, seek, Seek now,
Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream ;

* Oh, seek, Seek now,
Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream ;

Its waters so free, are flowing for thee—Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

Its waters so free, are flowing for thee—Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

• This Response should be sung by Four voices, if used.

Arranged.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are an-gels hov'ring round,
 2. To car-ry the tidings home, To car-ry the tidings home,

There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring round.
 To car - - ry car - - ry the ti - dings home.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1.
 Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream,
 That flows through our Father's land?
 Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
 And ripple o'er golden sand.
 Oh, seek &c.

2.
 With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
 Through fields of eternal green;
 Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
 Float soft on the air serene.
 Oh, seek &c.

3.
 Its fountains are deep and its waters are pure,
 And sweet to the weary soul;
 It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
 Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
 Oh, seek &c.

4.
 This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
 It flows for all nations, free!
 A balm for each wound in its water is found;
 Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!
 Oh, seek &c.

5.
 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
 And dwell on its peaceful shore?
 The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones home,
 And wander in sin no more.
 Oh, seek &c.

THERE ARE ANGELS.

There are angels hov'ring round.
 2.
 To carry the tidings home.
 3.
 To the new Jerusalem.
 4.
 Poor sinners are coming home
 5
 And Jesus bids them come.

1. Safe - ly through a - noth - er week, God has brought us on our way,
 2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day.
 Show thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our guilt and shame;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

1. To - day the Sa - viour calls! Ye wan - d'ers, come ;

2. To - day the Sa - viour calls! For re - fuge fly ;

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

The storm of jus - tice falls ; And death is nigh.

HYMN FOR TUNE "SABBATH."

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints.
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

To-day the Saviour calls !
Ye wanderers, comé ;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?

2.

To-day the Saviour calls !
For refuge fly :
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

3.

To-day the Saviour calls !
O, hear him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4.

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

5.

To-day the Bride says, "Come,"
O hear his voice ;
In heaven there yet is room,
Now make your choice.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss!

2. The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,

The musical score for the first system consists of three staves: a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and a bass line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!

Of earthly hopes are emblems true, The glory of a pass - ing hour.

The musical score for the second system continues with the same three-staff format as the first system, with lyrics printed below the vocal line.

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 with'ring 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,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4.
Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

THE JOY OF THE SABBATH.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth 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.
When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall have a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4.
Then I shall see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

LOVE WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2.
Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

Moderato.

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

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known :
D. c. And oft escaped the tempters snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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

2.

Sweet hour of prayer !
Sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,

Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3.

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

Words By E. H. NEVIN.

1. The Sabbath Bell! the Sabbath Bell! I love it well, I love it well;

2. The Sabbath Bell! the Sabbath Bell! I love it well, I love it well;

Fine.

I love its ding, dong, dell. With mornings dawn I love to hear;

I love its ding, dong, dell. It calls me to the house of prayer,

Its mellow tones so fresh and clear; And when the golden sun has set,

It tells of sweet communion there; Of songs of praise that gladly rise,

D. C.

THE SABBATH BELL!

1.
The Sabbath Bell! the Sabbath Bell!
I love it well, I love it well;
I love its ding, dong, dell.
With mornings dawn I love to hear,
Its mellow tones so fresh and clear;
And when the golden Sun has set,
I love to hear its music yet.

I love to hear its music yet.

Of hopes that reach beyond the skies.

Continued on the opposite page.

Words By G. G. WINSLOW.

1. The an - gry clouds are breaking, The storm of grief is o'er ;

2. Thy grief for sin is end - ing, Thy joys are now be - gun ;

The sun of peace is shi - ning, Dear sin - ner, weep no more.

Then hea - ven - ward as - cend - ing, Thy Christian jour - ney run.

THE SABBATH BELL ! *Concluded.*

2.

The Sabbath Bell ! &c.
It calls me to the house of prayer,
It tells of sweet communion there ;
Of songs of praise that gladly rise,
Of hopes that reach beyond the skies.

3.

The Sabbath Bell ! &c.
It makes the young hearts leap and sing,
With sound of soft and pleasant ring,
For when it falls upon the ear
They know the Sabbath School is near.

4.

The Sabbath Bell ! &c.
It calls the weary ones to rest,
And calms the sad and troubled breast ;
With stirring peals that float abroad,
It makes the careless think of God,

5.

The Sabbath Bell ! &c.
O, may it ring 'till everywhere
Its welcome music fills the air,
And earth now wrapt in gloomy night,
Be crowned with Sabbath's holy light.
The Sabbath Bell ! &c.

REJOICING IN DELIVERANCE.

1.

The angry clouds are breaking,
The storm of grief is o'er ;
The sun of peace is shining,
Dear sinner, weep no more.

2.

Thy grief for sin is ending,
Thy joys are now begun ;
Then heavenward ascending,
Thy Christian journey run.

3.

Thy home shall be in glory,
Thy treasure is not here ;
Thy home is with the Father,
Then never, never fear,

4.

Thy joys will be completed
Around thy Father's throne ;
And with the angels seated,
When landed safe at home.

5.

If storm-clouds round the gather,
And loud the thunders roar,
There's grace to keep thee ever
In Christ's unfailling store.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly ;

2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none ; Hangs my help - less soul on thee ;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high ;

Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me ;

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

All my trust on thee is stayed ; All my help from thee I bring ;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.

Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing.

1. Je - sus died on Calv'ry's mountain, Long time a - go :

2. Once his voice in tones of pi - ty, Melt - ed in woe ;

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

And he wept o'er Ju - dah's ci - ty, Long time a - go.

3.

On his head the dews of midnight,
Fell long ago ;
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight,
Sits on his brow.

4.

Jesus died, yet lives forever,
No more to die ;
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high.

5.

Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying man ;
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.

6.

When he comes, a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb—
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

(Hymn for tune on the opposite page.)

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

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 stay'd,
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.

Moderato.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O Sin - ner, draw near ! The wa - ters of

2. De - lay not, de - lay not, O Sin - ner, to come, For mer - cy still

life are now flow - ing for thee ; No price is de - mand - ed, the

lin - gers, and calls thee to day ; Her voice is not heard in the

Saviour is here, Re - demption is pur - chas'd, sal - va - tion is free.

vale of the tomb ; Her message, un - heed - ed, will soon pass a - way.

INVITATION TO SINNERS.

1. Delay not, delay not, O Sinner draw near !
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, Salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not, O Sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
3. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
4. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The Earth shall dissolve, and the Heavens shall fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;
What pow'r then, O sinner shall lend thee its aid.

Legato.

1. My rest is in hea-ven, my rest is not here ; Then why should I

2. Af - flic - tions may damp me, they cannot de - stroy ; One glimpse of his

murmur when tri - als are near ? Be hushed, my dark spir - it ; the

love turns them all in - to joy ; The bit - ter - est tears, if he

worst that can come, But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

smile but on them, Like dew in the sun - shine, grows diamond and gem.

HEAVEN ! MY PORTION AND RESTING PLACE.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
Be hushed, my dark spirit ; the worst that can come,
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.
2. Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;
The bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grows diamond and gem.
3. The thorn, and the thistle, around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till found with my Jesus, at home with the blest.
4. Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close ;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for them all.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

From "Cottage Melodies" by Permission.

Slow.

1. Come, brethren don't grow wea - ry, But let us jour - ney on ;
The pas - sing scenes all tell us, That death will sure - ly come ;

2. Loved ones have gone be - fore us, They beck - on us a - way,
But we are in the ar - my, And dare not leave our post ;

The moments will not tar - ry ; This life will soon be gone : }
These bod - ies soon will moulder, In the dark and dreary tomb. }

O'er æri - el plains they're soaring, Blest in e - ter - nal day ; }
We'll fight un - till we con - quer The foe's most migh - ty host. }

Chorus.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven,

Repeat softly.

There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

With much feeling.

1. Meet a-gain ! when life is o'er, Meet a-gain to part no more ;

2. Meet a-gain ! where endless joy, We shall taste with-out al-loy ;

How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part.

Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

THE HEAVENLY MEETING.

1.
Meet again ! when life is o'er,
Meet again ! to part no more ;
How it cheers the drooping heart,
When from friends were called to part.

2.
Meet again ! where endless joy,
We shall taste without alloy ;
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3.
Meet again ! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet ;
Care-worn souls by tempest driven,
O, how sweet to meet in heaven.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

1.
Come, brethren don't grow weary,
But let us journey on ;
The moments will not tarry ;
This life will soon be gone :
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come ;
These bodies soon will moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb. *Cho.*

2.
Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day ;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post ;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host. *Cho.*

3.
Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers—
And hourly watch and pray. *Cho.*

4.
And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journeys end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request,
He'll give us grace to conquer.
And take us home to rest. *Cho.*

I SHALL REST.

Words By H. L. HASTINGS.

1. I shall rest, I shall rest, When the Christians race is run ;

D. C. I shall rest, I shall rest, When my faith and hope are tried ;

Fine.

I shall rest, I shall rest, When the glorious crown is won ;

I shall rest, I shall rest, By the crys - tal riv - er side.

D. C.

I shall rest on Zion's mountain, I shall rest by life's pure fountain ; }
 I shall rest, and rest in glo - ry, With my Lord who's gone be - fore me ; }

2.

I shall rest, I shall rest,
 When life's conflicts all are o'er,
 I shall rest, I shall rest,
 Where the tempted weep no more ;
 I shall rest from all temptation,
 I shall share the great salvation ;
 I shall rest with Christ my Saviour,
 Rest in peace, and rest forever.
 I shall rest, I shall rest,
 When the saints are glorified,
 I shall rest, I shall rest,
 By my conquering Saviour's side.

3.

I shall rest, I shall rest,
 When time's tempests all are o'er,
 I shall rest, I shall rest,
 When I reach the heavenly shore ;
 I shall rest from woe and sorrow,
 In that bright eternal morrow,
 I shall rest from tears and sighing,
 I shall rest from pain and dying.
 I shall rest, I shall rest,
 When all mortal toils are past,
 I shall rest, I shall rest,
 With the ransomed host at last.

Lively.

1. Whither Pilgrims are you go - ing, Each one on his way ?

2. Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You a fee - ble band ?

We are on our heavenly jour - ney, All of us to day.

No, for friends un - seen are near us, Angels round us stand.

Chorus.

Rit. 2nd time.

Go - ing, go - ing, To our heav'n - ly home ; }
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing as we go. }

2.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a feeble band ?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels round us stand. Going, &c.

3.

Tell me Pilgrims what you hope for,
In that better land ?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From our Saviour's hand. Going, &c.

4.

Will you let me journey with you,
To that better land ?
Come along we bid you welcome,
To our happy band. Going' &c.

THE HEAVENLY JOURNEY.

We are going, going, going,
To a land of light ;
Where are flowing, flowing, flowing,
Waters pure and bright. Going, &c.

2.

We are singing, singing, singing,
As we pass along ;
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing,
Of triumphant song. Going, &c.

3.

Jesus, Saviour, leave us never.
May we faithful prove ;
Then at home with thee forever,
Gathered be above. Going, &c.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

SPIRITED.

ARRANGED.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, O say, will you

hap - py, the kingdom of love, }
go to the E - den a - bove? } Will you go, will you go, will you
fields where the glo - ri - fied rove; }
go to the E - den a - bove? } Will you go, will you go, will you

go, will you go, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
go, will you go, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, &c.

4 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move:
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, &c.

MODERATO.

1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain

2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow,

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe from each

Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each

blast that blows In this dark vale of woes; Nev - er— no, nev - er!

heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill; Nev - er— no, nev - er!

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!

Arranged.

1. Ye Sol - diers of the Cross, in the ar - my of the Lord;
 2. Gird on the gos - pel arm - or, the bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

March to the ci - ty of the new Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus is your
 March, till the pearly gates of Salem's Courts appear; Rest not by the

Captain, he's giv - en you the word, To press with vig - or on.
 way till you've gained that blissful shore, Where your great Captain's gone.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Jes - sus leads us on.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus leads us on.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

1. Ye Soldiers of the Cross, in the army of the Lord ;
 March to the city of the new Jerusalem ;
 Jesus is your Captain, he's given you the word,
 To press with vigor on.
 Glory, glory, &c.
2. Gird on the gospel armor, the battle ne'er give o'er ;
 March till the pearly gates of Salem's Courts appear ;
 Rest not by the way till you've gained that blissful shore,
 Where your great Captain's gone.
 Glory, glory, &c.
3. O, watch, and fight, and pray, ever keep thy armor bright ;
 March on in duty, and thy sure reward shall be,
 Crowns of dazzling splendor, in yonder world of light,
 And palms of victory.
 Glory, glory, &c.
4. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, nor lay thy armor down ;
 Fight on in faith till thou obtain a starry crown ;
 Faith and hope and love must be ever kept in mind,
 Till we arrive at home.
 Glory, glory, &c.

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus ;
2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you, he will save you,
3. He is rea - dy, he is rea - dy, He is rea - dy, he is rea - dy,

Come to Je - sus just now : Just now, just now, Come to Je - sus just now.
 He will save you just now : Just now, just now, He will save you just now.
 He is rea - dy just now : Just now, just now, He is rea - dy just now.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O, how I long for thee ;

2. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant walks, My stu - dy long have been ;

This system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. It features three staves: a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, and two piano accompaniment staves. The first staff has lyrics for the first stanza, and the second staff has lyrics for the second stanza. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line.

When will my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see ?

Such dazzling views, by hu - man sight, Have nev - er yet been seen.

This system contains the third and fourth stanzas. It features three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment right-hand part, and a piano accompaniment left-hand part. The vocal line has lyrics for the third stanza, and the piano accompaniment parts have lyrics for the fourth stanza.

Thy walls are all of pre - cious stones, Most glorious to be - hold ;

If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord, Why should I stray from thence,

This system contains the fifth and sixth stanzas. It features three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment right-hand part, and a piano accompaniment left-hand part. The vocal line has lyrics for the fifth stanza, and the piano accompaniment parts have lyrics for the sixth stanza.

Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearls, Thy streets are paved with gold.

What fol - ly's this, that I should dread To die, and go from hence.

This system contains the seventh and eighth stanzas. It features three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment right-hand part, and a piano accompaniment left-hand part. The vocal line has lyrics for the seventh stanza, and the piano accompaniment parts have lyrics for the eighth stanza.

EDEN IS MY HOME. C. M.

ARRANGED.

101



1. O! I have roamed thro' sin's dark maze, A stranger to de-light;



2. O! E - den is my place of rest, I long to reach its shore;

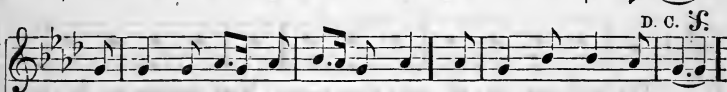
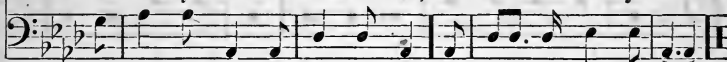


FINE.

Not friendship's hopes nor love's sweet smiles, Could make my pathway bright,
O! steer my bark by that sweet star, For E - den is my home.



To throw these troubles from my breast, To weep and sigh no more;
O! steer my bark o'er Jordan's waves, For E - den is my home.



D. C. F

Till on the sky a star a - rose, And lit night's sa - ble dome;



To that fair land my spi - rit flies, And an - gels bid me come;



O, I have roamed thro' sin's dark maze,
A stranger to delight; [smiles,
Not friendship's hopes nor love's sweet
Could make my pathway bright,
Till on the sky a star arose,
And lit night's sable dome;
O, steer my bark by that sweet star,
For Eden is my home.

2.

O, Eden is my place of rest,
I long to reach its shore;
To throw these troubles from my breast,
To weep and sigh no more;

To that fair land my spirit flies,
And angels bid me come;
O, steer my bark o'er Jordan's waves,
For Eden is my home.

3.

O take me from this world of woe,
To my blest home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love:
There happy spirits wait for me,
And Jesus bids me come;
O, steer my bark to that fair land,
For Eden is my home.

REST IN HEAVEN.

Legato.

1. Should sor - row o'er thy brow, Its dark - ened shadows fling, —
Should plea - sure at its birth, Fade like the hues of ev'n,

2. If ev - er life should seem To thee a toil - some way, —
If like the wea - ry dove, O'er shoreless o - ceans driv'n;

And hopes that cheer thee now, Die in their ear - ly spring; }
Turn thou a - way from earth, There's rest for thee in heav'n. }

And glad - ness cease to beam Up - on its cloud - ed day; }
Raise thou thine eyes a - bove, There's rest for thee in heav'n. }

Coda.

There's rest, there's rest, there's rest for thee in heav'n, O turn from earth a - way,
There's rest, there's rest, there's rest for thee in heav'n, O turn from earth a - way,

Rit.

There's rest for thee in heav'n.
There's rest for thee in heav'n.

REST IN HEAVEN.

1.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow,
Its darkened shadows fling, —
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth,
Fade like the hues even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in heaven.
There's rest, &c.

Gently.

D. E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of evening, Gather round my lonely door ;

2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got ;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.

Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly ! In our hearts they per - ish not.

REST IN HEAVEN, *Concluded.*

2. If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way, —
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day ; —
If like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless oceans driven ;
Raise thou thine eyes above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.
There's rest, &c.
3. But O ! if thornless flowers,
Throughout thy pathway bloom, —
And joy'ly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom ; —
Still, let not ev'ry thought
To this poor world be given ;
Nor always be forgot,
Thy better rest in heaven.
There's rest, &c.
4. When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of a time to die ; —
Sweet hope will whisper then,
Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond the ken,
There's rest for thee in heaven.
There's rest' &c.

THE LOST AND UNFORGOTTEN.

1. Silently the shades of evening,
Gather round my lonely door ;
Silently they bring before me,
Faces I shall see no more.
2. Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Tho' the world be oft forgot ;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely !
In our hearts they perish not.
3. Living in the silent hours,
Where our Spirits only blend ;
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.
4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past ;
Pointing up to that far haven,
We may hope to gain at last.

BENEDICTION.

1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above :
2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Arranged from BURMULLER.

1. Thou dear Re - deemer, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee ;

2. Oh, may I ev - er hear thy voice In mer - cy to me speak ;

No mu - sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be,

In thee, my priest, will I re - joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek,

4. When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall by my song.

Nor half so sweet can be.

THE PRECIOUS NAME.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

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.
Oh, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak ;
In thee, my priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3.
While Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay,
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

3.
Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasure, filled,
With boundless stores of grace.

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

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

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb ?

CHO. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, I can hold out no more ;

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

I sink, by dy - ing love compell'd, And own thee con - quer - or.

FAITH SEES THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

3.

Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4.

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

5.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

OUR EVER-PRESENT GUIDE.

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
Our every prayer to heed ; [deigns
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4.

And from his love's exhaustless
Joys like a river come, [spring,
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 heav'n exalted be
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

Legato.

1. I have a home beyond the sky, Where saints in glo-ry, nev-er die;

Chorus. I'm going home; in that fair land, To join a hap-py, sinless band—

A home all fair and bright as noon, Where sin and sorrow nev-er come.

I'll shout with joy while here I roam, Vain world adieu! I'm go-ing home.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

1.

I have a home beyond the sky,
Where saints in glory, never die;
A home all fair and bright as noon,
Where sin and sorrow never come.
I'm going home, &c.

2.

In that fair land there still is room,
Where weary Pilgrims may get home;
And join with angels in the song,
Of praises to our God the Lamb.
I'm going home, &c.

3.

When done with earth; its follies past,
I'll reach my Father-land at last;
To sit and sing around the throne,
Glory to God! I'm safe at home.
I'm going home, &c.

4.

When safe at home, in that fair land,
I'll join the happy, sinless band;
And sing with rapture near the throne,
Vain world, adieu! I'm safe at home.
I'm going home, &c.

LOVING-KINDNESS.

(omit the chorus)

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2.

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

3.

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

4.

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.

5.

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

SOLO, DUET OR TRIO.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guirh; Come, at the

First time Duet, Second time Chorus.

mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

1.
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

2.
Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven 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 of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

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

2. How hap - py are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here;

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

But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy without a tear.

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.

NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL.
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,—
The glory of his cross.

2.
Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3.
Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure

What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4.
Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

THE LAMB WORSHIPPED.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2.
Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts 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.

Lively.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye

2. O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That ri - ses to my sight!

♩

FINE.

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

Sweet fields array'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

Cho. Where joy will ban - ish ev' - ry pain, And sor - row come no more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Then let us count our loss as gain, To reach that hap - py shore ;

Then let us count our loss as gain, To reach that hap - py shore ;

THE PROMISED LAND.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Then let us count, &c.

2.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

Then let us count, &c.

3.

O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;

There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
Then let us count, &c.

4.

No chilling winds, or pois'ous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

Then let us count, &c.

5.

Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
Then let us count, &c.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guil - ty fears; }
The bleed - ing sa - cri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; }

2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; }
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; }

Be - fore the throne my surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands,
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

My name is written on his hands.
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead 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.

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

SABBATH MORNING.

Welcome, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2.

Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

1. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing;

2. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where sor-row nev-er comes;

A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And heavenly praises ring.

A world where tears shall nev-er fall, In sigh-ing for our home.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glory, we shall wear,

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry, crowns of glory, we shall wear,

In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

3.
There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;
And darkness never enters there;
That home is fair and bright.
We'll be there, &c.

4.
There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love;
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.
We'll be there, &c.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and follow thee ;

2. Let the world de - spite and leave me ; They have left my Saviour too ;

FINE.

Na - ked, poor, despis'd, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be ;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion ! God and heav'n are still my own.

Human hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue.
Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show thy face, and all is bright.

D. C. F.

Pe - rish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd or known,
And while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might ;

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

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r,
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

From the "S. S. GEM," By Permission.

1. Pilgrims on the burning sand, Look away, yes, look away; Yonder is the

2. If the way seems dark and drear, Look away, yes, look away; Jesus calls thee,

promised land, Look, look away. Jesus bids his fol'wers, come, There you'll find a

never fear, Look, look away. By the eye of faith you'll see, Mansions there pre-

hap - py home, Look away, look a - way, Look for the promised land.

pared for thee, Look a - way, look a - way, Look, for the promised land.

3.
Should your lot be hard to bear,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus will your burdens share,
Look, look away.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heav'n,
Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land.

4.
When the tempest's most severe,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus comes thy heart to cheer,
Look, look away.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold,
Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arranged from Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;

2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;

There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fil my soul's request.

For my stay shall not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.

CHORUS.

There is rest... for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,

On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest... for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.

Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

1. A - rise, my soul, to Pisgah's height, And view the promised land,
 CHO We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, The heavenly port is nigh;

And see by faith the glorious sight, Our he - ri - tage at hand.
 We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by and by.

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

REST FOR THE WEARY.—*Tune on the opposite page.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request.</p> | <p>But in that celestial center,
 I a crown of life shall wear.</p> |
| <p>2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;</p> | <p>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.</p> |

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly onward I move, Bound for the land of bright
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

2. Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before, Waiting they watch me ap -
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spi - rits above ; } Soon with my pilgrimage ended below, }
haste to thy home. } Home to the land of bright spirits I go, } Pilgrim and
proaching the shore, } Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear, }
haste to thy home. } Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear ! } Rings with the

stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully, rest - ing at home.
harmony heaven's high dome, Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

3.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee !
 2. Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend ?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

Jesus, and shall it ever be—
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days.

2.

Ashamed of Jesus !—that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

3.

Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4.

Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And, O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

CHRIST EVER PRESENT IN HIS CHURCHES.

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

2.

For thou, within no walls confined,
 Dost dwell within the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And, going, take thee to their home.

3.

Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

THE EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY SABBATH.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which dwell upon immortal tongues ;

3.

No rude alarms of angry foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

GENTLY.

1. Fa - ding, still fa - ding, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in
 2. Fa - ther in hea - ven, O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's
 INST.

hea - ven, the day is declining; Safety and in - nocence fly with the light,
 sake, who is Sa - viour of all; Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might,
 VOICE

Temptation and danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the
 In darkness and doubting thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast, while the
 INST.

CHORUS.
 morning bells chime, Shield me from danger and save me from crime. Father, have mercy,
 CHORUS.
 night taper burns, Wake in thy arms when the morning returns. Father, have mercy.
 INST.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. A - men.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. A . men.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

THE GOLDEN THRONE.

1. There is a place where angels dwell, There is a place where angels dwell,

2. It takes a ve - ry hum - ble soul, It takes a ve - ry hum - ble soul,

There is a place where angels dwell, 'Tis close by the gold - en throne.

It takes a ve - ry hum - ble soul, To stand by the gold - en throne.

The musical score for 'THE GOLDEN THRONE' is in 2/2 time and features a key signature of one flat (Bb). It includes a vocal line, piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line. The lyrics are provided for each line of music.

3.
We'll gather with the happy throng,
Around the golden throne.

4.
We'll mingle with the angels bright,
Around the golden throne.

5.
We'll wander by the river of life,
That flows from the golden throne.

6.
There's room enough for all to stand,
Around the golden throne.

7.
Dear sinner, will you meet us there,
Around the golden throne.

8.
All hallelujahs we will sing,
When we meet by the golden throne.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. { 'Mid pleasures and pa-las, though we may roam, } A
 { Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like....home. } Which

2. { An ex-ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain, } The
 { Oh! give me my low-ly thatch'd cottage-a - - gain; } Give

Be it

charm from the skies seems to hallow it there, [home,
 seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet

birds singing gayly, that came at my call, [home,
 me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than....all. Home, home, sweet, sweet

ev-er so humble, there's no place like....home.

- 3 I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
 And feel that my parents now think of their child;
 They look on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me **no more**.
 Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
 Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home.

VESTRY CHIMES.

PART II.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise him, all creatures here below ;

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.

Praise him above, ye heavenly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE CREATION INVITED TO PRAISE GOD.

1.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2.

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

3.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name

4.

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

From "The Jubilee," by permission.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Great God, to thee my evening song, With humble gra - ti - tude I raise ;

2. My days, uncloud - ed as they pass, And ev'ry gen - tly roll - ing hour,

O, let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with lively praise.

Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

1.

Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2.

My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3.

And yet this tho'tless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

CONSECRATION IN VIEW OF THE CROSS.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

THE CHRISTIAN'S PARTING HOUR.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !

2.

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
When faith, endu'd from heav'n with pow'r
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3.

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.

4.

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 ?

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He, whom I fix my hopes up - on ;

3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not ;

FINE.

His track I see, and I'll pursue, The narrow way till him I view.
The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.
Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

D. C. \mathcal{F}

2. The way the holy prophets went, The way that leads from banishment.

4. The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more.

THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue,
The narrow way, till him I view.

2.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3.

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

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

5.

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

6.

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

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev' - ry soul be

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev' - ry soul be

Je - sus' guest; Ye need not one be left behind, Ye

Je - sus' guest; Ye need not one be left be - hind, Ye need not one be

left be - hind, For God..... hath bid - - - den all man - kind.

need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.

left be - hind, For God..... hath bid - - - den all man - kind.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now

3

Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;

Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4.

My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5.

See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

SLOW.

SCOTCH.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest ;

2. So fades a summer cloud away ; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;

How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves th'expiring breast.

So gently shuts the eye of day ; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

3.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And nought disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from the load the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

SINNERS INVITED TO REPENTANCE.

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2.

While God invites, how blest the day ;
How sweet the gospel's charming sound.
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3.

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

4.

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

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

What various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

2.

[draw,
Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there ;

2. "Deny thyself, and take the cross," Is thy Redeemer's great command ;

But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a tra - vel - ler.

Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain the heavenly land.

CONDEMNED, BUT PLEADING THE PROMISES.

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

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 my eyes.

4.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

DEPRECATING THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE SPIRIT.

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2.

Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears ;
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3.

Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness

4.

Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home ;

And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 But he forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

1.
 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2.
 Much of my time has run to waste ;
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past, [come.
 And gives me strength for days to

3.
 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4.
 Thus, when the night of death shall
 come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

DESIGN OF PRAYER.

Prayer is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give ;
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 They learn to pray when first they live.

2.
 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress ;
 In every case, still watch and pray.

3.
 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
 Though thought be broken, language
 lame ;
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4.
 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not ; his merits must prevail ;
 Ask but in faith—it shall be done.

THE REALIZING LIGHT OF FAITH.
 Author of faith, eternal Word, |
 Whose spirit breathes the active flame,
 Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
 To-day, as yesterday, the same.

2.
 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
 And ask the gift unspeakable ;
 Increase in us the kindled fire,
 In us the work of faith fulfil.

3.
 By faith we know thee strong to save ;
 (Save us, a present Saviour now ;)
 Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
 Future and past subsisting now.

4.
 To him that in thy Name believes,
 Eternal life with thee is given ;
 Into himself he all receives—
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

1. Come, O ye sin - ners, to the Lord, In Christ to par - a - dise re-

1. Come, O ye sin - ners, to the Lord, In Christ to par - a - dise re-

stored. His proffered be - ne - fits em - brace, The

stored. His proffered be - ne - fits embrace The ple - ni - tude of

ple - ni - tude of gos - pel grace, The ple - ni - tude of gos - pel grace.

fits..... em - brace,..... The ple - ni - tude of gos - pel grace.

gos - - pel grace;

THE JOYS OF PENITENCE.

Come, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace
The plenitude of gospel grace.

2.

A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.

3.

The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to
[heaven.

4.

The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek, humility,
The wonder, why such love to me.

1. Spare us, O Lord, a-loud we cry; Nor let our sun.... go down.... at noon;

1. Spare us, O Lord, a-loud we cry; Nor let our sun.... go down.... at noon;

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children
Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die. so

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy chil - - - dren die so

die so soon? Thy years are onc e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon?
soon?

day,
Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon?

1.
[Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?]

2. -
I tremble, lest the wrath divine
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

3.
I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

4.
Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

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

2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall ;

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

Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

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

Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

All hail the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all !

2.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all !

3.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gail ;

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 !

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,
 2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Like mountains round me close ;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
 I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

And make this last re - solve :
 What - ev - er may op - pose.

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.
 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
 But, if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

5.
 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

A PERFECT HEART THE REDEEMER'S THRONE.
 O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free :—
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely 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 that dwells within :—

4.
 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

GENTLY.

1. When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek,
 2. How sweet to hail the ear-ly dawn, That o-pens on the sight,
 How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea-ry week.
 When first that soul-re-viv-ing morn Sheds forth new rays of light!

1.

When the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek;
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week!

2.

How sweet to hail the early dawn,
 That opens on the sight,
 When first that soul-reviving morn
 Sheds forth new rays of light!

3.

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will
 Yet while they gently roll, [cease,
 Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4.

When will my pilgrimage be done,
 The world's long week be o'er?
 That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
 That day that fades no more?

REMEMBERING CHRIST.

If human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh;—

2.

O, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died our fears to quell,
 And save from endless woe?

3

While yet his anguish'd soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed:
 "Meet and remember me."

4.

Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
 The griefs which thou didst bear!
 O memory, leave no other name
 But his recorded there.

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

Why should our tears in sorrow fall,
 When God recalls his own,
 And bids them leave a world of woe,
 For an immortal crown?

2.

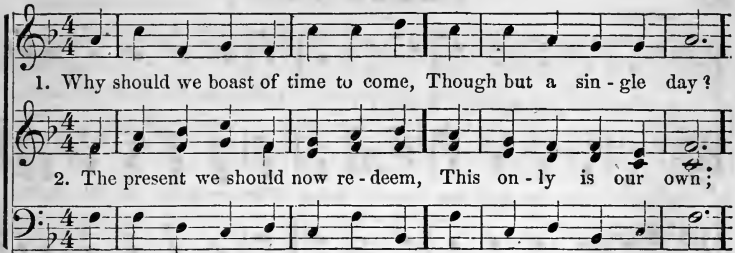
Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.

3.

Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest;
 They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
 And entered into rest.

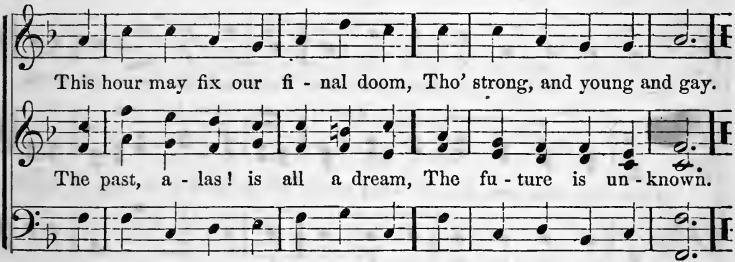
4.

Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
 God has recalled his own;
 But let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say, "Thy will be done."



1. Why should we boast of time to come, Though but a sin - gle day?

2. The present we should now re - deem, This on - ly is our own;



This hour may fix our fi - nal doom, Tho' strong, and young and gay.

The past, a - las! is all a dream, The fu - ture is un - known.

1.

Why should we boast of time to come,
Tho' but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Tho' strong, and young, and gay.

2.

The present we should now redeem,
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream,
The future is unknown.

3.

O think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space;
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4.

O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

GODLY SORROW AT THE CROSS.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

SIN KILLS BEYOND THE TOMB.

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

2.

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

3.

Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4.

Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

MODERATO.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high ;

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints,

To thee will I di-rect my prayer—To thee lift up mine eye.

Pre-sent-ing, at the Fa-ther's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

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 the 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.

FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

With stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled 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 threat'ning tempest blows.

4.

Fear not, though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence ;
And weak and powerless every arm,
Against Omnipotence.

INVOKING GOD'S PRESENCE AND BLESSING

Within thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear ;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2.

As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3.

Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
Here give the mourner rest ;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4.

Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

MODERATO.

N. D. GOULD.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way, From ev' - ry cum - b'ring care,

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,

And spend the hours of setting day, And spend the hours of setting day,

And all his pro - mis - es to plead, And all his pro - mis - es to plead,

In humble, grateful prayer.

Where none but God can hear.

3.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good explore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.

5.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

THE LAND OF REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.

2.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven, [shoals,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4.

There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1. God moves in a mys-ter-i-ous way, His wonders to perform;

2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er fail-ing skill,
He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'-reign will.

1.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head. |

4.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6.

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

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

I love the Lord—he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2.

I love the Lord—he bow'd his ear,
And chased my grief away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3.

The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

THE REQUEST.

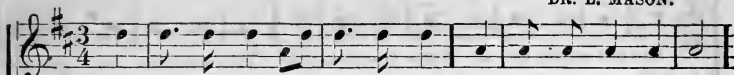
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2.

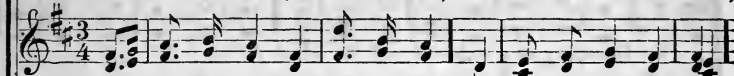
“Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every-murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3.

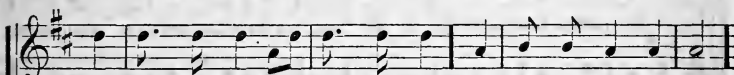
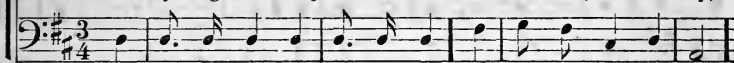
O, let the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.”



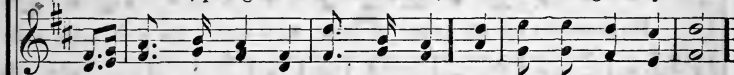
1. There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;



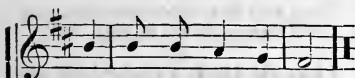
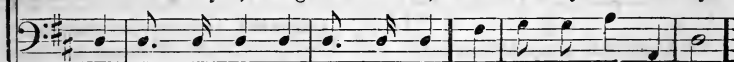
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain, in his day,



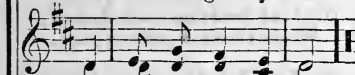
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.



And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.



Lose all their guil - ty stains.



Wash all my sins a - way.



3.
Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4.
E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5.
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,

FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD.

There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

AMAZING GRACE.

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

2.

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

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise ;

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise ; The

The glories of my God and King,

The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace,
glories of my God and King, The glories of my God and King,

The tri - - umphs of his grace.

The tri - - umphs of his grace.

'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'n'er free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

THE NAME THAT CHARMS.

O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

2.

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

3.

Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;

THE FULL ASSURANCE OF HOPE.

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 :
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.

O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay ;
We more than taste the heavenly pow'rs.
And ante-date that day.
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky ;

2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n ;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And de - vils fear and fly.

It scat - ters all their guil - ty fears, It turns their hell to heaven.

THE MINISTER'S ONLY BUSINESS.

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 fears,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3.

Jesus the pris'ner'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 makind embrace.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

O for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft our souls away
To that celestial place above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2.

Eternal Spirit, deign to be
Our pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
When stormy winds do blow.

3.

From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair—
O guide us safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

4.

Anchor us in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

THE RAPTURE OF LOVE.

O 't is delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name ;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

3.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

3.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home ;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

1. On Jor - - dan's stor - my banks... I stand, And cast... a wish - - ful eye,

1. On Jor - - dan's stor - my banks... I stand, And cast... a wish - - ful eye,

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - - - py

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,.....

my possessions lie,..... Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

lie,

land, To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

1.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2.
O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green.
And rivers of delight.

3.
O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;

There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4.
No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5.
Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me
Fearless I'd launch away. [roll,

MODERATO

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove ;

2. Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And ven - ture near the Lord ;

And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

No fie - ry che - rub guards his seat, No dou - ble fla - ming sword.

1.

Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above ;
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2.

Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
No double flaming sword.

3.

The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4.

To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

2.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3.

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee !

4.

Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

THE DREADFUL SENTENCE.

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

2.

Jesus thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart !

3.

What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die ;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly ?—

4.

O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kin-
 dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours, Kin-
 dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours, Kin-
 dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours, Kin-
 dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

1.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.

3.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4.

Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great.

5.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,
 2. O! may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
 In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word.
 May sor - row flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

1.
 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word.

2.
 O! may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 May sorrow fly from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

3.
 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow;
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.

4.
 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir to heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

FOLLOWING DEPARTED WORTHIES.
 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 bathed 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,
 Possessed the promised rest.

VANITY OF EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.
 How vain are all things here below,
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.

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

3.
 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God.

4.
 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food,
 And grace command my heart away,
 From all created good.

1. The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high;

1. The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high;

And un - der - neath his feet he cast, The dark - - ness of the sky.

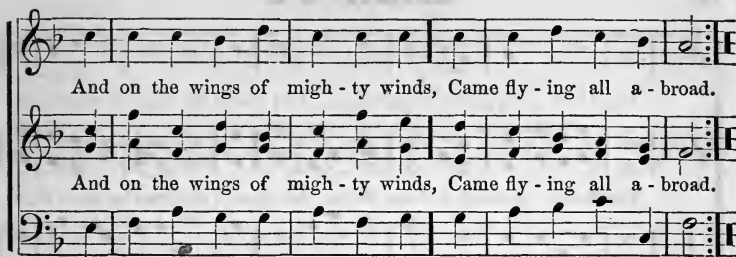
And un - der - neath his feet he cast, The dark - - ness of the sky.

On che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim, Full roy - al - ly he rode,

On che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim, Full roy - al - ly he rode,

And on the wings of migh - ty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad,

And on the wings of migh - ty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad,

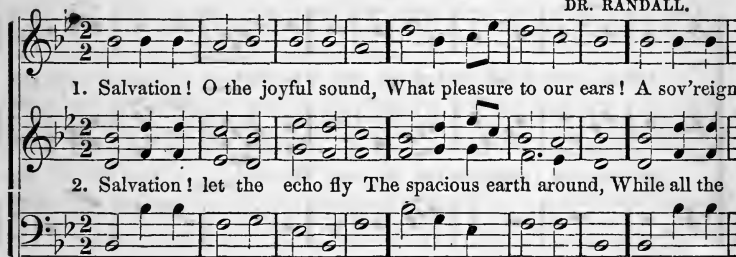


And on the wings of migh - ty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad.

And on the wings of migh - ty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.



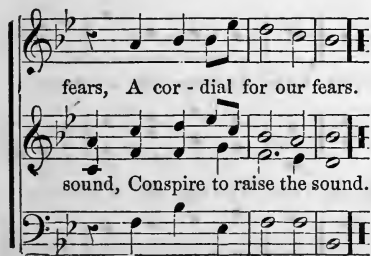
1. Salvation! O the joyful sound, What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign

2. Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the



balm for ev' - ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cor - dial for our

armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the



fears, A cor - dial for our fears.

sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour, promised long ;

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour, promised long ;

And every
Let eve-ry heart.. pre-pare a throne, And every voice a song,
And every
voice a song,..... And eve-ry voice a song.

And eve-ry voice a song, And eve-ry, eve-ry voice a song.
voice a song, And every voice a song, And eve-ry voice a song.

2.
He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3.
He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

4.
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

HYMN FOR SHERBURNE, *Concluded.*

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,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :—

4.
The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

1. Lo! what a glo-rious sight appears To our be-liev-ing eyes!

1. Lo! what a glo-rious sight appears To our be-liev-ing eyes! The

The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the.....

The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the..... old
The earth and seas are

earth and seas are pass'd away, And the..... old-rolling skies.

..... old rolling skies, The earth and seas are pass'd away,
rolling skies. The earth and seas are pass'd a - way,

pass'd away, And the..... old roll - - ing skies.

The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old rolling skies.

And the old roll - ing skies, And the.... old roll - ing skies.

And the old roll - ing skies, And the.... old roll - ing skies.

FINE.

1. Foun-tain of mer-cy, God of love, How rich thy boun-ties are!
The roll-ing sea-sons, as they move, Proclaim thy constant care.

D. C. Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine, The mild, re-fresh-ing dew.

2. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine; The plants in beauty grew;

2. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine; The plants in beauty grew,

D. C.

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

2.
The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine,
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

3.
When in the bosom of the earth:
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

4.
These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

HYMN FOR NEW JERUSALEM.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2.
From the third heaven, where God re-
That holy, happy place, [side
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3.
Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4.
"The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5.
"His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die." [fears,

6.
How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

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

2. To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fil ;

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

O, may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

1.

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

2.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
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.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

KINDNESS TO OUR FRAILTY.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

2.

He knows we are but dust,
Shattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the
It withers in an hour. [field,

4.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT PORTION.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

2.

Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3.

Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4.

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great ; Whose

2. His power subdues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far

an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

1.
My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2.
His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3.
God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

4.
High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2.
Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

INVITATION TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.
Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come ; [there ;
The God of peace shall meet thee
He makes that house his home.

2.
Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3.
Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ; [dumb,
Soon shall your trembling lips be
Your lips forget to move.

4.
Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives you power to praise.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ; Wel-

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ; Welcome to this re-

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
come to this reviving breast, And these re - joic - - - - - ing eyes.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these..... re - joic ing eyes.
viving breast, And these.....re - joic - ing eyes, And these.... re - joic ing eyes.

DELIGHT IN ORDINANCES.

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 in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HOLY SPIRIT.

Thou, Holy Spirit, art
Of truth the promised seal,
Convincing power thou dost impart,
And Jesus' grace reveal.

O, breathe thy quickening breath,
And life and light afford ;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

LOVE FOR ZION.

1.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious 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.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well supplied ;
 2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas - ture grows ;

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
 Where living wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

1.
 The Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied.
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

2.
 He leads me to the place,
 Where heavenly pasture grows ;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3.
 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

4.
 How beautiful nature now ;
 How dark and sad before ;
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.

5.
 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past ;
 And live this short revolving day
 As if 't were our last.

THE DAY-STAR FROM ON HIGH.
 We lift our hearts to thee,
 O Day-star from on high !
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2.
 O let thy rising beams
 The night of sin disperse, —
 The mists of error and of vice,
 Which shade the universe.

3.
 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
 My shepherd's with me there.

4.
 Amid surrounding foes,
 Thou dost my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

5.
 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

1. O, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul ?

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh ;

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

EARNEST ENTREATY.

1.

My son know thou the Lord ;
 Thy fathers' God obey ;
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guardian hand by day.

2.

Call while he may be found ;
 O, seek him while he's near ;
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.

3.

If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry ;
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace forever nigh.

4.

But if thou leave thy God,
 Nor choose the path to Heaven,
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

DOXOLOGY.

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

REST FOR THE WEARY SOUL.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

4.

There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !

5.

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

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ;

2. All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatter'd o'er the smiling land ;

Bounteous source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

All that lib' - ral Autumn pours From his rich, o'er - flowing stores.

3.

These, to that dear source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, thro' all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4.

Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise ;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

GRATITUDE AND SUPPLICATION.

1.

Thou that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song ;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2.

Thou hast kept me thro' the night,
'Twas thy hand restored the light :
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

3.

Still my feet are prone to stray ;
O, preserve me through the day :
Dangers everywhere abound ;
Sins and snares beset me round.

4.

Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

SABBATH EVENING.

1.

Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2.

Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3.

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

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.

1. Lord of hosts, how love-ly fair, E'en on earth, thy temples are!

2. From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that soft-ens all our woes,

Here thy wait-ing peo-ple see Much of heaven, and much of thee.

While thy Spi-rit's ho-ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de-sire.

1.

Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see,
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2.

From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3.

Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pard'ning grace is known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways—
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

A BLESSING HUMBLY REQUESTED.

Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
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.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;

Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

4.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

God of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.

2.

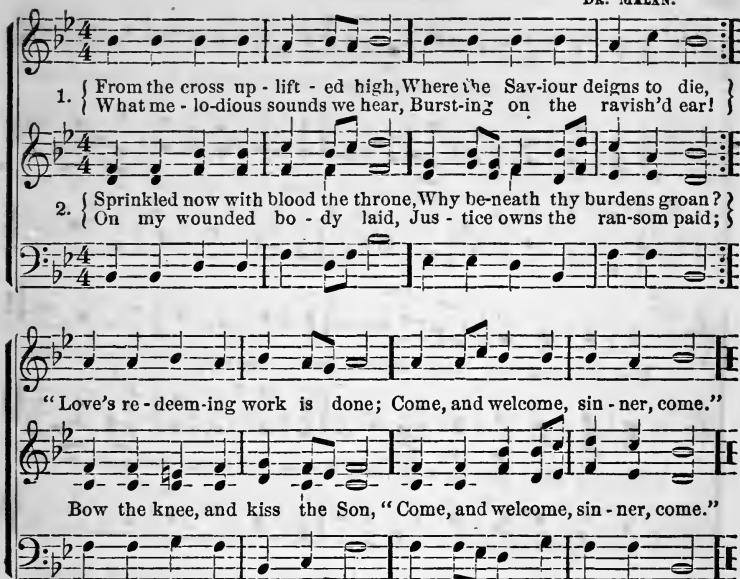
In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3.

When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4.

Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Thro' the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.



1. { From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav-iour deigns to die, }
 { What me - lo - di - ous sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the ravish'd ear! }

2. { Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy burdens groan? }
 { On my wounded bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid; }

"Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come, and welcome, sin - ner, come."

Bow the knee, and kiss the Son, "Come, and welcome, sin - ner, come."

1.

From the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravish'd 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 wounded 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 dainties stored;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Yet again 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 spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to my eternal home;
 Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

FLY TO JESUS.

Weary souls, that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus, crucified!
 Fly to those dear wounds of his:
 Sink into the purple flood;
 Rise, into the life of God.

2.

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

3.

O, believe the record true,—
 God to you his son has given;
 Ye may now be happy too,
 Find on earth the life of heaven:
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

4.

This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul design'd;
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind:
 Blest in Christ this moment be,
 Blest to all eternity.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid - den start;

2. Ah! well do I re - member those Whose names these records bear;

With fal-tering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart;

Who round the hearth-stone us'd to close, Af - ter the evening prayer,

For ma - ny gen - e - ra - tions pass'd, Here is our family tree;

And speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill!

My mother's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.

Tho' they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice; Come, and make my paths your choice;

2. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm for ev - 'ry bleed - ing wound,

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pilgrims, hith - er come.

Peace, which ev - er shall en - dure, — Rest, e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure!

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

1.
Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2.
Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

1.
This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart;
For many generations passed,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
She, dying, gave it me.

2.
Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,—
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3.
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear —
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face — I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.

4.
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy —
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

1. O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin ; }
 Mov'd by thy di - vine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win ; }

2. Tho' un - seen I love the Saviour ; He hath brought salvation near ; }
 Man - i - fests his pard'ning favor ; And when Je - sus doth appear, }

I will praise thee : Where shall I thy praise begin ? I will praise thee :
 Soul and bo - dy, Shall his glo - rious image bear, Soul and bo - dy,

Where shall I thy praise begin ?
 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 ;
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song ;
 Hallelujah !
 Love and praise to Christ belong !

FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE.

Hark ! a voice from heav'n proclaiming
 Comfort to the mourning slave ;
 God has heard him long complaining,
 And extends his arm to save ;
 Proud oppression
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.

2.

See, the light of truth is breaking
 Full and clear on every hand,
 And the voice of mercy speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land ;
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of freedom stand.

3.

Lo, the nation is arousing
 From its slumber, long and deep,
 And the friends of God are waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman
 In his chains remains to weep. -

4.

Long, too long have we been dreaming
 O'er our country's sin and shame ;
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim,
 Till, exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treating, Sor - did hopes and vain desires, }
Here, our willing footsteps meet - ing, Eve - ry heart to heaven aspires. }
Mer - cy from a - bove proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies. }

2. Who may share this great salvation? Eve - ry pure and humble mind, }
Eve - ry kindred, tongue and nation, From the stains of guilt refined. }
Grace and mer - cy ev - er flow - ing From the fountain of his throne. }

D. C.

From the fount of glo - ry beam - ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes ;

Blessings all a - round be - stowing, God withholds his care from none ;

THE FOUNT OF BLESSING.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2.

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

THE INVITATION.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power :

He is able,

He is willing : 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.

3.

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

4.

Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd !—
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound ; Let all the nations

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound ; Let all the nations

know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi -

know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come ; The

year of jubilee is come ; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home.

lee is come ; The year of jubilee is come ; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

year of jubilee is come ; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sinners, home.

THE JUBILEE TRUMPET.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

163

Dr. L. MASON. 1830.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morning, Long by the

lands that in dark-ness have lain; Hushed be the ac-cents of
 pro-phets of Is-rael fore-told; Hail to the millions from

sorrow and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.
 bondage re-turn-ing, Gentiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be-hold.

<p>2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage re- turning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.</p>	<p>Loud from the mountain-tops echôes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.</p>
<p>3. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are spring- ing, Streams ever copious are gliding along;</p>	<p>4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean, Praise to Jehovah ascending on high; Fallen are the engines of war and com- motion, Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.</p>

1. The morning light is breaking, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears ;
 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower,

FINE.

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears.
 Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - par'd for Zi - on's war.
 And bright - er scenes be - fore us, Are op'n - ing ev' - ry hour ;
 And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.

D. C. ♩

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far,
 Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swers brings,

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.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

CONQUERORS THROUGH GRACE.

Through grace I am determined
 To conquer though I die !
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly :
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu ;
 And O, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

2.

And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your cares on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray :
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when the combat's ended
 He'll carry you above.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing ;
 2. My na - tive country ! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love ;

Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev' - ry
 I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with

mountain side, Let freedom ring.
 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 !

FREEDOM'S LIGHT.
 Roll on, thou joyful day,
 When tyranny's proud sway,
 Stern as the grave,
 Shall to the ground be hurled,
 And freedom's flag unfurled,
 Shall wave throughout the world
 O'er every slave.

2.
 Trump of glad jubilee,
 Echo o'er land and sea,
 Freedom for all ;
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And every tribe reply,
 Glory to God on high,
 At slavery's fall.

3.
 Free, too, the captive mind,
 By darkness long confined
 In slavery's night.
 The Saviour's reign extend,
 Virtue with freedom blend,
 And full salvation send
 With freedom's light.

INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
America,.....	6 & 4...	Life's stormy sea,.....	62
Antioch,.....	C. M. ...	Lisbon,.....	S. M. ... 152
Arise, my soul, arise,.....	H. M. ... 110	Look for the promised land,.....	113
A home in heaven,.....	55	Love Divine,.....	8 & 7... 52
Balerna,.....	C. M. ... 136	Long time ago,.....	8 & 4... 89
Bethlehem's Star,.....	L. M. ... 6	Majesty,.....	C. M. ... 144
Bethlehem,.....	8 & 7... 68	Marlow,.....	C. M. ... 141
Beyond the river,.....	7 & 6... 26	Mear,.....	C. M. ... 139
Boylston,.....	S. M. ... 150	Meet again,.....	7... 93
Bridgewater,.....	L. M. ... 124	Morning Hymn,.....	S. M. ... 77
Cambridge,.....	C. M. ... 145	Mount Zion,.....	8... 36
Christian Experience,.....	19	My spirit home,.....	L. M. ... 106
Clinging to the rock,.....	48	Nearer, my God, to thee,.....	23
Come to Jesus,.....	99	New Jerusalem,.....	C. M. ... 148
Come, ye disconsolate,.....	107	No night in heaven,.....	60
Complaint,.....	L. M. ... 129	Northfield,.....	C. M. ... 138
Coronation,.....	C. M. ... 130	Old Hundred,.....	L. M. ... 121
Cowper,.....	C. M. ... 137	Onward and upward,.....	22
Cross and crown,.....	C. M. ... 108	On the cross,.....	64
Depth of mercy,.....	7... 50	Ortonville,.....	C. M. ... 131
Defence,.....	7... 88	Our Father's at the helm,.....	18
Delay not,.....	11... 90	O land of rest,.....	C. M. ... 29
Disciple,.....	8 & 7... 112	Palestine,.....	L. M. ... 41
Dundee,.....	C. M. ... 133	Paradise,.....	C. M. ... 34
Duane Street,.....	L. M. ... 123	Parting,.....	97
Eden is my home,.....	C. M. ... 101	Penitence,.....	8, 7, & 6... 36
Elim,.....	C. M. ... 149	Peterboro',.....	C. M. ... 143
Emmons,.....	C. M. ... 104	Phillips,.....	C. M. ... 132
Evening shades,.....	8 & 7... 103	Pleyel's Hymn,.....	7... 156
Exhortation,.....	C. M. ... 140	Praise,.....	7... 155
Fading, still fading,.....	118	Rest for the weary,.....	8 & 7... 114
Florence,.....	L. M. ... 117	Rest in heaven,.....	6... 102
Forever with the Lord,.....	L. M. ... 66	Rock of ages,.....	7... 46
Glory to the Lamb,.....	63	Rockton,.....	S. M. ... 72
Going home,.....	95	Russia,.....	L. M. ... 128
Goodwin,.....	7 & 6... 164	Rosefield,.....	7... 157
Greenville,.....	8 & 7... 161	Sabbath,.....	7... 82
Greenwood,.....	L. M. ... 5	Sabbath Bells,.....	L. M. ... 86
Guidance,.....	8 & 7... 66	Salvation's free,.....	S. M. ... 76
Happy in the Lord,.....	42	Seed-time and harvest,.....	4
Hail to the brightness,.....	11 & 10... 163	Shall we meet?.....	8 & 7... 20
Heaven is my home,.....	74	Sherburne,.....	C. M. ... 146
Hebron,.....	L. M. ... 127	Shirland,.....	S. M. ... 153
Henly,.....	11 & 10... 32	Soldiers of the cross,.....	98
Home, sweet home,.....	120	St. Thomas,.....	S. M. ... 151
Horton,.....	7... 159	Submission,.....	S. M. ... 79
I do believe,.....	C. M. ... 105	Sweet hour of prayer,.....	L. M. ... 85
I long to be there,.....	65	Sweet heaven,.....	C. M. ... 28
I love thee,.....	11... 15	Sweet rest in heaven,.....	92
I shall rest,.....	94	Sweet the moments,.....	8 & 7... 31
I would not live alway,.....	11... 25	Tarry with me,.....	8 & 7... 31
Jerusalem,.....	C. M. ... 100	Talma,.....	7 & 6... 30
Jesus our friend,.....	6 & 4... 27	The Angels are calling,.....	7 & 6... 47
Jesus paid it all,.....	12	The Beautiful River,.....	80
Joyfully,.....	10... 116	The Christian hero,.....	9
Just as I am,.....	L. M. ... 54	The Christian pilgrim,.....	17
Lebanon,.....	L. M. ... 84	The Eden above,.....	C. M. ... 96
Lenox,.....	H. M. ... 162	The Fountain of mercy,.....	14
Life's Battlefield,.....	37	The Family Bible,.....	C. M. ... 158
I want to cross over,.....	59	The Beacon Light,.....	45
Leavenworth,.....	7s... 29	The Realms of the Blest,.....	67
Mercy's Free,.....	44	The Resurrection,.....	28
Olmutz,.....	S. M. ... 154	The Way he Leads us,.....	7 & 6... 58
Stand up for Jesus,.....	38	The World of Light,.....	111

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

167

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Glorious prospect,.....	18	Turn to the Lord,.....	7
The Golden throne,.....	119	Twilight,.....	7 & 6... 46
The Harvest time,.....	8 & 7... 10	Waiting by the river,.....	8 & 7... 49
The Heavenly Canaan,.....	C. M...109	Ward,.....	L. M...125
The Invitation,.....	33	Warwick,.....	C. M...134
The Sabbath year,.....	6 & 4... 3	Watchman,.....	8 & 7... 24
The Saviour's call,.....	6 & 4... 83	Watch-night,.....	6 & 5... 39
The shining shore,.....	8 & 7... 13	We'll stem the storm,.....	115
The Sinner's invitation,.....	61	We'll wait till Jesus comes,.....	11
The Ship of Canaan,.....	8 & 7... 71	Windham,.....	L. M...126
The Spirit land,.....	8 & 7... 69	Williamsville,.....	S. M... 73
The Penitent,.....	7 & 6... 87	Woodland,.....	C. M...135
The Pilgrim,.....	11... 91	Worthy is the Lamb,.....	8
The Wanderer,.....	S. M... 78	Wrestling Jacob,.....	8 & 7... 53
There are angels,.....	81	Yes, we'll meet,.....	8 & 7... 21
There, there is rest,.....	51	Zephyr,.....	L. M...122
'Tis well with the righteous,.....	40	Zion,.....	8, 7, & 4...160
Turner,.....	C. M...142	Zion's Pilgrim,.....	75

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A charge to keep I have,	150	Far from mortal cares retreating,	67
According to thy gracious word,	55	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,	136
A home in heaven! what a joyful thought,	130	Fountain of mercy, God of Love,	149
All hail the power of Jesus' name,	133	Forever with the Lord,	57
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,	105	From all that dwell below the skies,	121
Am I a soldier of the cross?	137	From Greenland's icy mountains,	46
Amazing grace, how sweet,	18	From the cross uplifted high,	38
Amid the hours that rapid fly,	72	Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,	66
And are we yet alive?	150	Give me the wing of faith to rise,	143
And can I yet delay?	110	Glorious things of thee are spoken,	69
Arise, my soul, arise,	115	God moves in a mysterious way,	136
Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's height,	42	God of mercy, hear our prayer,	154
A pilgrim and a stranger here,	127	Great God, to thee my evening song,	122
Author of faith, eternal word,	36	Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad,	59
Beautiful Zion built above,	64	Hark! a voice from heaven,	58
Behold! behold! the Lamb of God,	77	Hark! the bell to prayer is calling,	33
Blest be the tie that binds,	111	Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour,	147
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,	22	How blest the righteous when he dies,	125
Breast the wave, Christian,	126	Howauteous are their feet,	73
Broad is the road that leads to death,	66	How happy every child of grace,	138
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish,	92	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,	143
Come, brethren, don't grow weary,	131	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,	104
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,	39	How sweet the hour of closing day,	122
Come, let us anew,	141	How vain are all things here below,	143
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes,	108	How vain is all beneath the skies,	84
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,	142	If human kindness meets return,	132
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,	128	If through unruffled seas,	79
Come, O ye sinners, to the Lord,	51	I have a home beyond the sky,	106
Come, p'oor pilgrim, sad and weary,	45	I love to steal awhile away,	135
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,	151	I love thy kingdom, Lord,	152
Come, sound his praise abroad,	124	I love the Lord, he heard my cries	136
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,	76	I love thee, I love thee,	15
Come, sing to me of heaven,	68	I'm but a stranger here,	74
Come, thou fount of every blessing,	99	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,	108
Come to Jesus,	151	I'm sailing on life's stormy sea,	62
Come to the house of prayer,	32	In the Christian's home in glory,	114
Come unto me when shadows darkly,	107	I shall rest, I shall rest,	94
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye,	7, 67	I want a heart to pray,	57
Come, ye sinners poor and needy,	76	I was a wandering sheep,	78
Come, ye that love the Lord,	90	I would not live away,	25
Delay not, delay not, O sinner,	50	Jesus, and shall it ever be,	117
Depth of mercy, can there be,	118	Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,	80
Fading, still fading, the last,		Jesus, let thy pitying eye,	35

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Jesus, lover of my soul,	89	Softly now the light of day,	45
Jesus, I my cross have taken,	112	Soldiers on life's battle-field,	37
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,	123	Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry,	129
Jesus, the Lord of glory, died,	105	Stay, thou insulted spirit, stay,	126
Jesus, the name high over all,	139	Sweet hour of prayer !	85
Jesus, where'er thy people meet,	117	Sweet is the work, my God, my King,	84
Jerusalem, my happy home,	100	Sweet 'tis to sing of thee,	27
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,	116	Sweet the moments rich in blessing,	31
Just as I am, without one plea,	54	Tarry with me, O my Saviour,	70
Just as thou art, without one trace,	54	That awful day will surely come,	141
Let me go ; the day is breaking,	53	The angels' now are calling,	47
Listen to the gentle promptings,	30	The angry clouds are breaking,	87
Live on the field of battle,	9	The Christian Pilgrim sings,	17
Lo ! the gospel ship is sailing,	71	The Lord my shepherd is,	152
Lo ! what a glorious sight appears,	149	The Lord descended from above,	144
Lord, I delight in thee,	57	The mellow eve is gilding,	46
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear,	134	The morning light is breaking,	156
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,	154	The pity of the Lord,	150
Lord, we come before thee now,	154	The praying spirit breathe,	72
Love divine, all love excelling,	52	The Sabbath bell ! the Sabbath bell !	86
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,	30	The world is overcome by the blood of the,	63
Meet again when life is o'er,	93	There are angels hov'ring round,	81
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we,	120	There is an hour of peaceful rest,	135
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature,	120	There is a fountain filled with blood,	137
Must Jesus bear the cross alone,	108	There is a place where angels dwell,	119
My country, 'tis of thee,	165	Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,	104
My days are gliding swiftly by,	13	Thou that dost my life prolong,	155
My heavenly home is bright and fair,	11	Though in the outward church below,	10
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not,	91	Though fierce the howling winds may blow,	16
My soul, repeat his praise,	151	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,	117
My soul, be on thy guard,	73	This book is all that's left me now,	44
Nearer, my God, to thee,	31	Thus far the Lord has led me on,	127
No night shall be in heaven,	60	They are sowing their seed in the daylight,	4
Nothing, either great or small,	12	To-day the Saviour calls,	83
O for a heart to praise my God,	131	Tossed upon life's raging billow,	71
O for a breeze of heavenly love,	139	'Twas Jesus my Saviour, who died on a,	14
O for a glance of heavenly day,	5	Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,	133
O for a thousand tongues to sing,	138	Watchman, tell me, does the morn'ing,	24
Of him who did salvation bring,	84	Weary souls that wander wide,	38
O happy land ! O happy land,	28	We are waiting by the river,	49
Oh ! have you not heard of a,	80	We're bound for the land of the pure and,	96
Oh ! I have roamed through sin's dark,	101	We lift our hearts to thee,	153
O land of rest, for thee I sigh,	29	Welcome, delightful morn,	110
On every sunny mountain,	40	Welcome, sweet day of rest,	152
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,	109, 140	What various hindrances we meet,	125
O 'tis delight without alloy,	139	When I survey the wondrous cross,	122
O thou God of my salvation,	58	When I think of that city of light,	65
O what has Jesus bought for me,	34	When marshaled on the nightly plain,	6
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive,	41	When shall I see the day,	3
Pilgrims on the burning sand,	113	When shall we meet again,	97
Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound,	75	When the worn spirit wants repose,	133
Praise God, from whom all blessings,	121	When the tempest rages high,	48
Praise to God, immortal praise,	155	When we hear the music ringing,	69
Prayer is appointed to convey,	127	When Jesus' voice I first did hear,	19
Remember thy Creator,	156	While life prolongs its precious light,	125
Rock of ages, cleft for me,	43	While shepherds watched their flocks,	146
Roll on, thou joyful day,	157	Whither, pilgrims, are you going,	95
Safely through another week,	82	Why should our tears in sorrow flow,	132
Salvation, O, the joyful sound,	145	Why should we boast of time to come,	133
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,	30	Within thy house, O Lord,	134
Serene I laid me down,	77	With stately towers and bulwarks strong,	134
Shall we meet beyond the river,	20	Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,	8
Should sorrow o'er thy brow,	102	Ye angels round the throne,	77
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,	126	Ye soldiers of the cross,	98
Silently the shades of evening,	103	Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,	21
Sinner, go, will you go,	61	Ye who know your sins forgiven,	24
Softly fades the twilight ray,	155		

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented and verified. The second section covers the process of reconciling accounts and ensuring that all entries are balanced. It provides detailed instructions on how to handle discrepancies and how to correct them. The final part of the document outlines the procedures for auditing the records and ensuring their integrity. It stresses the need for transparency and accountability in all financial dealings.





FRIDAY, May 7.—On the subject of Christian Liberty—the liberty of the sons of God—were these remarks which are, at least, worthy of thoughtful consideration: “Many of God’s children are heirs without knowing it. They may have been heirs forty or fifty years and not have found it out. They have been keeping the place of servants all the while, instead of coming up to the position of children. There’s a great deal of difference between a servant and a child. Suppose the morning after the prodigal son got home his father had found him out in the kitchen with his shoes off, and dressed in servants’ clothes, and eating with the servants—don’t you suppose the father would have been grieved? But that’s the way we do—we sit down in the kitchen when we might eat in the dining room. My friends, let us sit down at God’s table which he has provided for us as his children and heirs.”

“The thought which impresses me the most in this,” said another, “is the faithfulness of God. We occasionally hear of the faithfulness of men and women, but that is nothing compared with the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God. And my heart is filled with gratitude as I look back over my own life and see how his promises have been fulfilled to me.”

