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**Sacred Songs**

Revised Edition by **Reuben H. Whitcomb & Howard M. Waggoner**  
EDITORS

**SACRED SONGS**

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR  
**Revivals, Camp Meetings, and Prayer Meetings**

NEW YORK & CHICAGO  
**BIGLOW & MAIN**  
SUCCESSORS TO  
**Wm. B. Bradbury**

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# WINNOWNED HYMNS:

A COLLECTION OF

## SACRED SONGS,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR REVIVALS, PRAYER

AND CAMP MEETINGS.

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Rev. C. C. McCABE and Rev. D. T. MACFARLAN,  
*EDITORS.*

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# PREFACE.

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IT is not presumed that *all* the wheat from the great harvest of song has been gathered into this little garner.

We simply claim that no chaff is here.

In compiling "**Winnowed Hymns**" we have yielded to a long cherished desire to collect our favorites from many books into one.

Our object has been to select such hymns as will be found intensely devotional, therefore we do not hesitate to say that "**Winnowed Hymns**" will prove one of the most valuable works ever issued for Camp Meetings, Praise and Social Meetings.

We confess to a great desire that our little book should be extensively used at the *Family Altar*. Holy song should always constitute part of our worship there. No pressure of business, no household cares should ever cause the omission of a song of praise to Him "who maketh for us the out-going of the morning and evening to rejoice."

We have endeavored to make "**Winnowed Hymns**" in every respect what its title would convey—a compilation of the best selections from the extensive copyrights of the Publishers and others, embracing the never-to-be-forgotten songs of WM. B. BRADBURY, I. B. WOODBURY, Rev. R. LOWRY, W. H. DOANE, S. J. VAIL, HUBERT P. MAIN, WM. G. FISCHER, ASA HULL, Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, &c., &c.

We desire to make special acknowledgement of kind services and valuable suggestions rendered to us by Rev. W. McDONALD, Mr. JOHN C. MIDDLETON and others, and for the deep interest taken by them in the success of this work.

C. C. McCABE,  
D. T. MACFARLAN.



# WINNOWERED HYMNS.



## I need Thee every hour.

Mrs. ANNIE. S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.  
From "Royal Diadem." by per.

1. I need thee every hour, Most gra- cious Lord ; No tender voice like  
 2. I need thee every hour ; Stay thou near by ; Temptations lose their  
 3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain ; Come quickly and a -  
 4. I need thee every hour ; Teach me thy will ; And thy rich promis-  
 5. I need thee every hour, Most Ho - ly One ; Oh, make me thine in -

### REFRAIN.

thine Can peace af - ford. I need thee, oh ! I need thee ; Every hour I  
 pow'r When thou art nigh.  
 bide, Or lite is vain.  
 es In me ful - fill.  
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need thee ; O bless me now, my Sav - iour ! I come to thee.

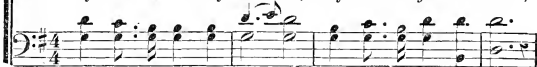
# 4 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1863.

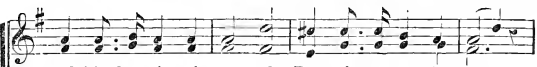
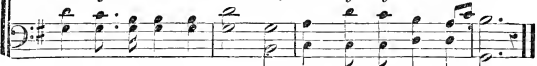
W. H. DOANE.  
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.



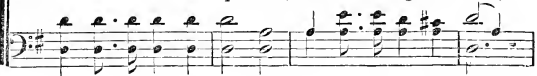
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,  
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod'ing care,  
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re - fuge, Je - sus has died for me ;  
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,



There by his love o'er-shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.  
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.  
*There by his love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.*



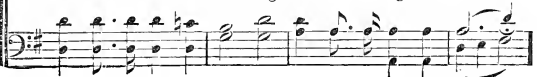
Hark, 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,  
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears ;  
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er ;



D. C. CHORUS.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears !  
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.





# Pass me Not. W. H. DOANE. 5

FANNY CROSBY. 1868.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on  
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing

CHORUS.

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by. Saviour, Saviour,  
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.

hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

3.

Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, &c.

4.

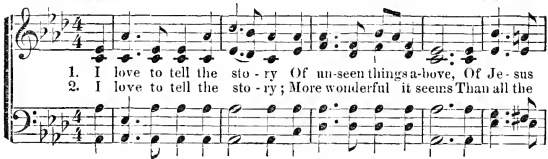
Thou, the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me;  
Whom have I on earth beside thee?  
Whom in heaven but thee?


CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, &c.

## I Love to tell the Story.


KATE HANKEY.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

- 
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the

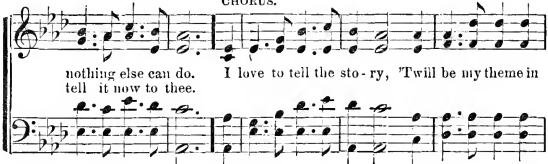


and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love, I love to tell the  
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the

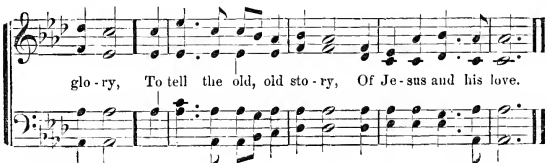


sto - ry Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As  
sto - ry It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I

## CHORUS.



nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in  
tell it now to thee.



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

# More Love to Thee, O Christ.

7

Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.  
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make  
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek,  
3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers,

On bended knee; This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, &c.  
Sweet their refrain. When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ, &c.

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise;  
This still its prayer shall be:  
More love, O Christ, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Tune, "I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY," page 6.

3 I love to tell the story;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story;  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy word. *Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be—the old, old story  
That I have loved so long. *Cho.*

## The Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.  
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe—  
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.  
If temptations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.

## CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of  
Precious name, O how sweet!

heaven, Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.  
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

# Safe within the Vail.

9

Rev. E. ADAMS.

Arr. from J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless  
 2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their

green; And the liv - ing waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.  
 hands; Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands.

## CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the

an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3.

There, "let go the anchor," riding  
 On this calm and silv'ry bay;  
 Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,  
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

*Cho.*

4.

Now we're safe from all temptation,  
 All the storms of life are past:  
 Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
 We are safe at home at last! — *Cho.*

## At the Cross there's Room.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

Rev. R. LOWRY.  
From "Royal Diadem." by per.

1. Mourner, whereso-e'er thou art, *At the cross there's room* : Tell the burden

of thy heart ; *At the cross there's room* ; Tell it in thy Saviour's ear, Cast a -

way thine every fear, Only speak, and He will hear ; *At the cross there's room.*

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not ;

*At the cross there's room ;*

Seek that consecrated spot ;

*At the cross there's room ;*

Heavy laden, sore oppressed,

Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;

In the Saviour find thy rest ;

*At the cross there's room !*

3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;

*At the cross there's room ;*

Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,

*At the cross there's room ;*

Now a living fountain see,

Opened there for you and me,

Rich and poor, for bond and free ;

*At the cross there's room !*

4 Blessed thought ! for every one

*At the cross there's room ;*

Love's atoning work is done ;

*At the cross there's room ;*

Streams of boundless mercy flow,

Free to all who thither go ;

O that all the world might know,

*At the cross there's room !*

# The Gate Ajar for Me.

11

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL. "From Singing Annual,"  
By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And, thro' its por - tals gleaming,

A radiance from the Cross a - far The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.

REFRAIN.

Oh, depths of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

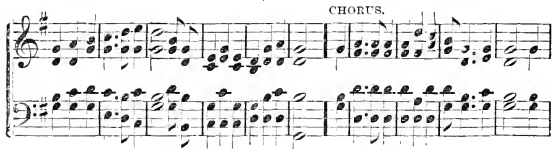
For me.... for me?... Was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation ;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation. *Refr.*
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,  
While mercy's gate is open,  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token. *Refr.*
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The Cross that here is given,  
And bear the Crown of life away,  
And love Him more in heaven. *Refr.*

Words by ANNIE WITTENMYER.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



- 1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 And Jesus abides with me there;  
 And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,  
 And his perfect love casteth out fear.

## CHORUS.

O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,  
 Where Jesus will fullness bestow—  
 Oh believe, and receive, and confess him,  
 That all his salvation may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 And plenty the land doth impart;  
 And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,  
 And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Chorus.*
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;  
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,  
 And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Chorus.*
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 That angels would fain join the strain—  
 As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,  
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain" *Chorus.*



# Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? 13

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

S. J. VAIL.

FINE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system ends with the word 'FINE.' in the upper right corner. The lyrics are: '1 A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind; Bless God, sal - vation's free. Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?' The second system is marked 'CHORUS.' and 'D. C. in Chorus.' The lyrics are: 'Je - sus died for you,.... and Je - sus died for me.....' The third system continues the chorus with the lyrics: 'for you, for me'.

1 A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind; Bless God, sal - vation's free.  
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS. D. C. in Chorus.  
Je - sus died for you,.... and Je - sus died for me.....  
for you, for me

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree! *Chorus.*
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin. *Chorus.*
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Chorus.*
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do. *Chorus.*

L. T. H.

Rev. R. LOWRY.  
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a-larm;

Storms and bil-lows have u-nit-ed, All in vain, to do me harm;

In the Rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Surf is dash-ing at my feet,  
CHO. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a-larm;

D. S. for Chorus.

Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.  
Storms and billows have u-nit-ed, All in vain, to do me harm.

<p>2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed, Many a tempest-shock have known: Have been driven, without anchor, On the barren shores, and lone.</p>	<p>Yet I now have found a haven, Never moved by tempest-shock, Where my soul is safe forever, In the blessed Rifted Rock. Cho.</p>
---	--

Words by Mrs. P. PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. } O, when I shall sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mortal - i - ty o'er, }  
 } What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the glorified shore? }

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glo - ry for

Welcome home! welcome home!

me: Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!

Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

2 When from Calvary's mount I rise,  
 And pass through the portals above,  
 Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!  
 Resound through the regions of love?  
 Welcome home! etc.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,  
 Who learned the new song with me here,  
 In chorus will hail me, I know,  
 And welcome me home with good cheer!  
 Welcome home! etc.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,  
 The home of the blood-washed I'll see;  
 The city of saints I'll behold!  
 For, O! there's a welcome for me!  
 Welcome home! etc.

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,  
 I'll join in the mighty acclaim,  
 And shout through the gates as I go,  
 Salvation to God and the Lamb!  
 Welcome home! etc.

Words by S. F. BENNET.

J. P. WEBSTER. \*

1st time.

1 { There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see  
 { For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, (OMIT.....

2d time.

it a - far; To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.

## CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that  
 In the sweet by and by,

beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and  
 by and by, by and by, In the

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 sweet by and by,

\* By permission of OLIVER DITSON &amp; Co.

# Glory to the Lamb.

17

Rev. B. W. GORHAM, Arr.

1. The world is o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.  
 2. My sins are washed a - way, In the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 I've washed my garments white,<br/>             In the blood of the Lamb.<br/>             Glory to the Lamb, etc.</p> <p>4 I've lost the fear of death<br/>             Through the blood of the Lamb.<br/>             Glory to the Lamb, etc.</p> | <p>5 The martyrs overcame<br/>             By the blood of the Lamb.<br/>             Glory to the Lamb, etc.</p> <p>6 I soon shall gain the skies,<br/>             Through the blood of the Lamb.<br/>             Glory to the Lamb, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

Tune, "IN THE SWEET BY AND BY," page 16.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2.<br/>             We shall sing on that beautiful shore<br/>             The melodious songs of the blest.<br/>             And our spirits shall sorrow no<br/>             more.<br/>             Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.<br/>             In the sweet, etc.</p> <p>3.<br/>             To our bountiful Father above,<br/>             We will offer the tribute of praise,<br/>             For the glorious gift of his love,<br/>             And the blessings that hallow our<br/>             days!<br/>             In the sweet, etc.</p> <p>2</p> | <p>4.<br/>             We shall rest on that beautiful shore<br/>             In the joys of the sav'd we shall share;<br/>             All our pilgrimage-toil will be o'er.<br/>             And the conquerors crown we shall<br/>             wear. In the sweet, etc.</p> <p>5.<br/>             We shall meet, we shall sing,<br/>             shall reign<br/>             In the land where the saved never<br/>             die!<br/>             We shall rest free from sorrow and<br/>             pain.<br/>             Safe at home in the sweet by-and-<br/>             by. In the sweet, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

# 18 I'm Kneeling at the Cross.

Words by Rev. J. PARKER.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sinner wonder, For

guil - ty stain and stinging pain Hath torn my heart a - sun - der!

CHORUS.

But now I'm kneeling at the cross, Washing in the crimson tide, And

cleansed, I tar - ry at the fountain, Opened at my Saviour's side.

2 I rest, I rest supremely blest,  
Without a care to canker;  
No gloomy night, my path is light,  
My hope holds like an anchor.  
And still I'm kneeling, etc.

3 My cup, my cup it runneth o'er,  
With joy celestial brimming;  
On wings of love I soar above,  
His hallelujahs hymning.  
And still I'm kneeling, etc

4 The blood, the blood is all my song,  
I have no bliss without it;  
From every stain it makes me clean,  
My life and lip shall shout it.  
And still I'm kneeling, etc.

# The Cleansing Wave.

19

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide ;  
 2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speaking blood ;

Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.  
 It speaks ! pollu - ted na - ture dies ! Sinks ! 'neath the cleansing flood.

## CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see ! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me !

Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me ! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me !

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light.<br/>         Above the world and sin,<br/>         With heart made pure, and garments<br/>         white,<br/>         And Christ enthron'd within. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven be-<br/>         low<br/>         To feel the blood applied ;<br/>         And Jesus, only Jesus know,<br/>         My Jesus crucified, <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

COWPER, 1779.

Old Melody.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

## CHORUS.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

*Cho.* Wash all, etc.

3 Thon dying lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Are saved to sin no more.

*Cho.* Are saved, etc.

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.

*Cho* And shall, etc.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,

*Cho,* Lies silent, etc.



# Secret Prayer.

21

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. There is an hour of calm relief From every throbbing care, 'Tis when, before a

REFRAIN.

throne of grace, I kneel in secret prayer. O that voice..... to me so

O that voice I love to

dear, Breathing soft on my ear! Weary

hear, love to hear, Breathing soft on my ear, on my ear,

child,..... look up and see; 'Tis thy Saviour speaks to thee.

Weary child, look up and see, look and see.

2 When one by one, like threads of gold,  
The hues of twilight fall,  
O sweet communion with my God,  
My Saviour and my all!

3 I hear seraphic tones that float  
Amid celestial air,

And bathe my soul in streams of joy,  
Alone in secret prayer.

4 O when the hour of death shall come,  
How sweet from thence to rise,  
With prayer on earth my latest  
breath,  
My watchword to the skies.

# 22 How Can I keep from Singing?

F. J. HARTLEY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.  
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lam-en-ta-tion,

I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion;

Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;

It finds an ech-o in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 What though my joys and comfort die?<br/>The Lord my Saviour liveth;<br/>What though the darkness gather round?<br/>Songs in the night he giveth,<br/>No storm can shake my inmost calm,<br/>While to that refuge clinging;<br/>Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,<br/>How can I keep from singing!</p> | <p>3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;<br/>I see the blue above it;<br/>And day by day this pathway smooths,<br/>Since first I learned to love it;<br/>The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,<br/>A fountain ever springing;<br/>All things are mine since I am his—<br/>How can I keep from singing?</p> |
|---|--|

# We shall meet.

23

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1867.  
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

*ff* *pp*

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By - and - by, by - and - by ;  
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By - and - by, by - and - by ;

*ff* *pp*

And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, By - and - by, by - and - by ;  
We shall sing redemp - tion's sto - ry, By - and - by, by - and - by ;

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,  
And the strains for - ev - er - more Shall re - sound in sweet - ness o'er

*ff* *pp*

We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and - by, by - and - by.  
Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By - and - by, by - and - by.

3.

We shall see and be like Jesus,  
By - and - by, by - and - by ;  
Who a crown of life will give us,  
By - and - by, by - and - by ;  
And the angels who fulfil  
All the mandates of His will,  
Shall attend, and love us still,  
By - and - by, by - and - by.

4.

There our tears shall all cease flow -  
By - and - by, by - and - by ; [ing,  
And with sweetest rapture knowing,  
By - and - by, by - and - by ;  
All the blest ones who have gone  
To the land of life and song,  
We with shoutings shall rejoice,  
By - and - by, by - and - by.

## Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1 { Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the  
O'er sin and un-cleanness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the

## CHORUS.

crimson tide o-pen for me! }  
print of the nails in his hand. } Oh, sing of His mighty love,

Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love—Mighty to save!

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;  
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,  
Who lifted upon me the smiles of his face!—*Cho.*
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. *Cho.*
- 4 O Jesus the Crucified! thee will I sing!  
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!  
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,  
And triumph at death, in the MIGHTY TO SAVE. *Cho.*

## Whiter than Snow.

25

JAMES NICHOLSON.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. { Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole ; } Break down every  
 { I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul ; }

i - dol, cast out every foe ; Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

SOLL.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow ; Now wash me and I shall be whiter, &c.

- 2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,  
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;  
 I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
 CHO.—Whiter than snow, &c.

- 3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
 CHO.—Whiter than snow, &c.

- 4 The blessing by faith, I receive from above ;  
 O glory ! my soul is made perfect in love ;  
 My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,  
 The blood is applied. I am whiter than snow.  
 CHO.—Whiter than snow, &c.

# 26 Our Loved Ones gone before.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

S. C. FOSTER. by per.

1 { Oh, how sweet when we mingle with kindred spir-its here, And  
 { When by faith we can see him, and feel his presence near, It  
 D. C. We shall dwell with the angels and join their choral song, Our

## FINE. CHORUS.

tell of Je-sus and his love; }  
 lifts our longing souls a - bove. } We shall meet on the banks of the  
 lov'd ones, lov'd ones gone be-fore.

D. C.  
 riv - er, Hap - py, hap - py there for ev - er - more.

2 Hark the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,

Press on where joys eternal flow;

Let us journey together along the shining way,

And sing rejoicing as we go. *Cho.*

3 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear.

We'll count them blessings in disguise;

Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear,

In heaven, where pleasure never dies. *Cho.*

## SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE.

1 What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears?

What are all the sorrows I deplore?

There's a song ever swelling, still lingers on my ears,

"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

*CHO.*—"T is a song from the home of the weary:

"Sorrow, sorrow is for ever o'er:

Happy now, ever happy, on Cauaan's peaceful shore.

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

# I am the Door.

27

Words and Melody by  
Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

Harmonized by  
S. J. VAIL.

1. "I am the door," come in, come in, And leave without thy

load of sin; The night is dark, the storm is wild, O

venture in thou stranger child, O venture in thou stranger child.

2 "I am the door,"  
Come, gently knock,  
And I will loose the heavy lock,  
That guards my Father's precious  
fold;  
Come in from darkness and from cold.

3 "I am the door,"  
No longer roam,  
Here are thy treasures, here thy home;  
I purchased them for thee and thine,  
And paid the price in blood divine.

4 "I am the door,"  
My Father waits  
To make thee heir of rich estates:  
Come, dwell with him, and dwell with  
me,  
And thou my Father's child shall be.

5 "I am the door,"  
Come in, come in,  
And everlasting treasures win;  
My Father's house was built for thee,  
And thou shalt share his home with  
me.

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;  
I desire not this world's gilded store:  
There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day,  
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more." *Cho.*

3 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore;  
'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:  
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—*Cho.*

(Tune page 26.)

## Resting at the Cross.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Saviour, I had brought my weary soul, Burden'd faint, and  
2. At the cross, while meekly bowing, Jesus, smiling, bade me live; "I have died for

## CHORUS.

broken hearted, Praying, "Jesus make me whole." Glory, glo-ry be to Je-sus,  
your transgressions, And I freely all forgive."

I am counting all but dross; I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting

I'm resting, I'm resting, I'm resting, &c.  
at the cross; I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross,  
I'm resting at the cross.

- 3 At the cross, while prostrate lying,  
Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul,  
All my guilt and sin were covered,  
And He whispered, "Child be whole."  
*Cho.*
- 4 At the cross, I'm calmly trusting,  
Every moment now is sweet;  
I am tasting of His glory,  
I am resting at His feet. *Cho.*



# O Thou God of my Salvation.

29

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Redcemer from all sin;

Moved by thy di-vine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin.

2 Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour;  
He hath brought salvation near;  
Manifests his pard'ning favor;  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
||: Soul and body :||  
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—  
Glory to the great I Am.  
I with them will still be vying—

Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
||: O how precious :||  
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
Unperceived amid the throng;  
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd  
Glad to join the holy song: [us,  
||: Hallelujah, :||  
Love and praise to Christ belong!

## For Thou hast died for Me.

Words by FANNY CROSBY, July, 1866.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.  
From "Trio," by per.

1. When clouds hang darkly o'er my way And earthly comfort dies, On thee my

Saviour and my God, My every hope relies. I hear thy spirits gentle

voice, Thy cross by faith I see, Thy precious blood O, dying Lamb! Redeems and

makes me what I am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,  
Can rest securely there,  
And feel at peace in every storm,  
Beneath thy watchful care ;  
A sinner lost, but saved by grace  
Be this my only plea :  
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb  
Redeems and makes me what I am  
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,  
And rise to worlds of light ;  
Then shall I see thee as thou art,  
Arrayed in glory bright :  
There by the living stream divine,  
My raptured song shall be ;  
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb!  
Redeems and makes me what I am,  
For thou hast died for me.

# My Ain Countrie.

31

Miss M. A. LEE.

Scotch Song. Arr.

1 { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry af-tenwhiles, For the  
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething bo to me, When I  
I'll.... ne'er be fu' eortent, un-til my een do see The

1st time. | 2d time. FINE. |  
lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles, }  
gowden gates of heav'n, an' my (OMIT.....) } ain coun-trie.  
hear the angels singing in my (OMIT.....) } ain coun-trie.

D.C.  
{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon-y-tint-ed fresh and gay; }  
{ The bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fa-ther made them sae; }

- 2 I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King,  
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring  
Wi'een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see  
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie,  
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair:  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.  
For his bluid bath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,  
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
- 3 Like a bairn to its nither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be ganging noo nuto my Saviour's breast,  
For he gathers in his bosom witless worthless lambs like me,  
An' "he carries them himsel'," to his ain countrie.  
He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
- 4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,  
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,  
God gie his grace to ilk aye wha listens noo to me,  
That we may a'gaur in gladness to our ain countrie.

[Last four lines of 1st verse can be sung to complete 4th verse.]

# 32 Jesus is mighty to save.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1 All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv'n. That life and sal - va - tion are free ;  
2. From the darkness of sin and des - pair, Out in - to the light of his love,



And all may be wash'd and forgiven, And Jesus can save e - ven me.  
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.



CHORUS mighty to save..... may



Yes, Je - sus is mighty, is mighty to save, And all his sal - va - tion sal -



know.....



vation may know, On his bo - som I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his



blood can wash whiter than snow.



3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,  
The measureless depths of his grace,  
My soul all his fulness would prove,  
And live in his loving embrace.

Cho. — Yes, Jesus is mighty, &c.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,  
His love makes my heaven below,  
And freely his blood is applied,  
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

Cho. — Yes, Jesus is mighty, &c.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1872.  
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. In the fadeless spring-time, on the heav'nly shore, Kindred spirits wait us,

who have gone be-fore ; There no flow-ers with-er, and no pleasures cloy,

CHORUS  
In that land of beau-ty, In that home of joy. By the gate they'll meet us,

*ritard.*  
'neath that golden sky, Meet us at the por-tal—Meet us by-and-by.

2 In the misty gloaming, death awaits us all ;  
Silent is his coming, sure the Master's call ;  
And the angel-footsteps mark the upward way,  
Till the twilight merges into heavenly day.—*Cho.*

3 Trusting in the Saviour, may we humbly wait,  
Till the holy angels ope the pearly gate ;  
And the loving Father, from His gracious throne,  
Smiling bids us welcome to our heavenly home.—*Cho.*

JAMES NICHOLSON.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a -

bide ; No refuge, nor rest so com - plete, And here I in - tend to re -

## CHORUS.

side. Oh, what comfort it brings, As my soul sweetly sings :

I am safe from all dan - ger While un - der his wings.

2 I dread not the terror by night,  
No arrow can harm me by day ;  
His shadow has covered me quite,  
My fears He has driven away. *Cho.*

3 The pestilence walking about,  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence and power of God. *Cho.*

4 The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful foreboding can bring ;  
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,  
His perfect salvation I sing. *Cho.*

5 A thousand may fall at my side,  
And ten thousand at my right hand ;  
Above me His wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand. *Cho.*

# Only one Way to the Cross.

35

Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, And on - ly one cross for thy  
 2. There is on - ly one name un der heav'n, By which you may ev - er at -

trust; All oth - ers bring sorrow and loss, This brings the proud heart to the  
 tain A hope to be heard and for-given, And brought to sal - va - tion a -

## REFRAIN.

dust. This brings the proud heart to the dust. Then come kneel at the cross. Counting  
 gain, And brought to salvation a - gain.

all else but dross; For Je - sus, the Saviour, Seeks them that are lost.

- 3 There is only one cross to be borne,  
 That cross is not heavy to bear,  
 It may call thee in conflict and scorn,  
 ||: To confess Him—His burdens to share. :|| *Refr.*
- 4 There is only one kingdom to win,  
 One home with the blood-washed above;  
 He'll help thee who died for thy sin;  
 ||: Oh, fear not, but trust in His love. :|| *Refr.*

## The River of Song.

Wm. H. DOANE.

FANNY CROSBY. 1873.

From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. O the sleep of just a moment, When the spir-it sinks a-way!  
2. We shall hear ce-les-tial mu-sic O'er its bosom sweep a-long.

Then the waking, blissful wak-ing, In a world of endless day!  
Like the voice of many wa-ters; Hark! the ev-er-last-ing song.

## CHORUS.

O the rap-ture, ho-ly rap-ture, There to stand with the bright happy  
O the rapture there, ho-ly rapture there,

thro-ugh! There the sacred springs of pleasure with the streams of love unite. In a

pure flowing riv-er of song.

3.  
Worthy is the Lamb forever,  
Worthy is the Lamb, they cry;  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory be to God on high!  
O the rapture, &c.



# Oh, how He Loves!

37

Miss MARIANNE NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



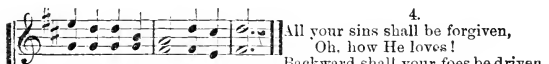
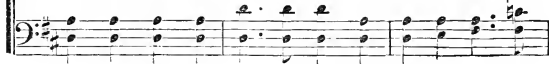
1. One there is a - bove all others, Oh, how He loves! His is love be -
- 2 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how
3. Blessed Jesus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves! Give yourselves en -



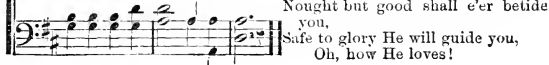
yond a brother's, Oh, how He loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
 much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His precious blood He bought us,  
 tire - ly to Him, Oh, how He loves! Think no more then, of to - morrow,



One day soothe, the next day grieve us; But this Friend will  
 In the wil - der - ness He sought us, To His fold He  
 Take His ea - sy yoke and fol - low, Je - sus car - ries



ne'er deceive us, Oh, how He loves!  
 safely brought us, Oh, how He loves!  
 all your sorrow, Oh, how He loves!



4.  
 All your sins shall be forgiven,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Backward shall your foes be driven,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Best of blessings He'll provide you,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide  
 you,  
 Safe to glory He will guide you,  
 Oh, how He loves!

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1867.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Light and com- fort of my soul, When the bil- lows o'er me roll :  
 2. Lord, my soul in tears would mourn, All the anguish Thou hast borne ;  
 3. Mocked and scourged—condemned to die, On the cross extend - ed high ;

Thou dost bid me in Thy word, Cast my bur- den on the Lord,  
 In the gar- den I would be. Lone-ly watch-er still with Thee,  
 Ten-ant of the lone-ly tomb, Might-y conqu'ror o'er its gloom,

Je- sus, Sav- iour once betray'd, Sac- ri- fice for sin-ners made ;  
 Thou hast suffered Thou hast bled, Thorns have pierc'd Thy sacred head ;  
 Crowned victo- rious God of love, To thy Father's home a-bove,

Wretched, lost, to Thee I fly, Save. O save me, or I die.  
 Je- sus, while I cling to thee, Let Thy sor- row plead for me.  
 Grant my soul a place, at last, Where the storms of life are past.

# We've a Home over there.

39

T. C. O'KANE, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the r'v-er of

light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal are fair, Are  
o - ver there,

## CHORUS.

robed in their garments of white over there. Over there, over there, over

there, over there. O think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there; O ver

there, over there, over there, over there. O think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.  
Over there, over there,  
O think of the friends over there.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.  
Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.

PROCTOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1 Naught of merit or of price,  
Remains to justice due ;  
Jesus died, and paid it all,—  
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,  
All the debt I owe,  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When he from his lofty throne,  
S'oop'd down to do and die,  
Every thing was fully done ;  
" 'Tis finished !" was his cry,—*Cho.*

3 Weary not, O toiling one,  
Whate'er thy conflict be,  
Work for him with cheerful heart,  
Who suffered all for thee.—*Cho.*

4 Clinging to the Saviour's cross,  
Look up by simple faith,  
Praise him for the pard'ning love  
That saves from endless death.—*Cho.*

5 Bring a willing sacrifice—  
Thy soul to Jesus' feet ;  
Stand in him, in him alone,  
All glorious and complete.—*Cho.*

# Shall we meet in Heaven.

41

Words and Music by Wm. STEVENSON. From "Royal Diadem." by per.

REFRAIN.  
We may

all meet there, We may all meet there,  
We may all meet there, meet there, We may all meet there, meet there,

If we love the Lord, and obey his word, We may all meet there,  
all meet there,

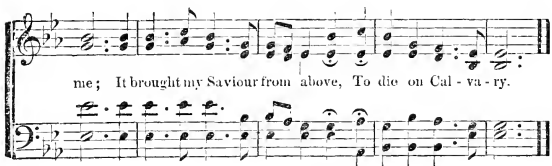
- 1 Shall we meet in heaven, shall we meet in heaven,  
With the blest who have gone before?  
Will a crown be given, will a crown be given,  
When we stand on the other shore? *Refr.*
- 2 Will the angels bright, will the angels bright,  
Bear us on to that happy home?  
With the saints in light, with the saints in light,  
Shall we stand round the great white throne? *Refr.*
- 3 Yes, we all may meet, yes, we all may meet,  
Where this life and its toils are o'er,  
And each other greet, and each other greet,  
In a land where we'll part no more. *Refr.*

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



## CHORUS.



1.  
God lov'd the world of sinners lost,  
And ruin'd by the fall;  
Salvation full at highest cost,  
He offers free to all. *Cho.*

2.  
E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
The risen Son of God;  
Redemption by his death I find,  
And cleansing through His blood. *Cho.*

3.  
Love brings the glorious fullness in,  
And to his saints makes known;

The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone.

*Cho.*

4.  
Believing souls rejoicing go,  
There shall to you be given,  
A glorious foretaste here below  
Of endless life in heaven. *Cho.*

5.  
Of victory now o'er Satan's power,  
Let all the ransom'd sing  
And triumph in the dying hour.  
Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

*Cho.*

# Rest in Thee.

43

E. TURNEY, D. D.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.  
From "Royal Diadem."

1. Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st thyself for me,  
2. Hope of all the meek and low - ly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be :

Leave me not in sin to wan - der; Bid me come and rest in Thee.  
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

## REFRAIN.

Rest in Thee, Rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee;

Rest in Thee, Rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

<p>3 Draw me from each sinful striving ; From myself, O set me free : Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.</p>	<p>4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure, Shall thy service bring to me : Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus. Bid me come and rest in Thee.</p>
---	--

*Refr.*

*Refr.*

Words and Music by W. BENNETT.

From "Royal Liadem." by per.

CHO. Beau-ti-ful home of the blest. Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home!

Home where the wea-ry ones rest. Beau-ti-ful home on high!

Home where the pure and the good shall stand. Clad in white raiment at God's right hand,

Circling his throne in a radiant band, Singing for-ev-er there.

2 Home by the river of life,  
Beautiful home, beautiful home!  
Free from earth's passion and strife,  
Beautiful home on high!  
Home where the pris'ner finds sweet re-  
lease;  
Home where all sorrows fore-  
ver cease;  
Home where the ransom'd ones dwell in  
peace.  
Happy forever there. *Cho.*

3 Home of the glorified throng,  
Beautiful home, beautiful home!  
Home of the shout and the song,  
Beautiful home on high!  
Home where the beautiful angels dwell;

Home of the blessed, where all is well;  
Home of sweet raptures no tongue can  
tell,

Ever increasing there. *Cho.*

4 Home in the city of gold,  
Beautiful home, beautiful home!  
Home where are pleasures untold,  
Beautiful home on high!  
Home where the many bright mansions  
be;  
Home where the children their Saviour  
see;  
Home where they worship eternally,  
Praising him ever there. *Cho.*



Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, by per.  
From "Bright Jewels."

1. Can my soul find rest from sor-row, Can my sins for-giv-en be,

Must I wait un-til to-mor-row Ere my Sav-iour speaks to me?

Will He speak in words of kindness? Will He wash a-way my sin?

Will He lift this vale of blindness, And re-move this deadly pain?

2 O, the darkness, how it thickens,  
Like the brooding of despair!  
And my soul within me sickens—  
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!  
Give me but a hope to cherish.  
Give me just one ray of light—  
Help me, save me, or I perish,  
Take away this awful night!

3 Now He hears me, He will save me,  
I behold His shining face,  
Hear Him whisper He will have me—  
O, the miracle of grace!  
I will joy to tell the story  
How He cometh from above—  
Fills my soul, O glory, glory!  
With the blessings of His love.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1874.

Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN,

1 { Lov - ing Sav - iour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry,  
I have sinned but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died,

Trembling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross: }  
In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross. }

## CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee,

Now, bless - ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Though I perish,    I will pray,   <br/>Thou of life the living way,<br/>O save me at the cross.<br/>Thou hast said Thy    grace is free,   <br/>Have compassion, Lord, on me,<br/>O save me at the cross.<br/>Dear Jesus, etc.</p> | <p>3 Wash me in Thy    cleansing blood,   <br/>Plunge me now beneath the flood,<br/>O save me at the cross.<br/>Only faith will    pardon bring,   <br/>In that faith to Thee I cling,<br/>O save me at the cross.<br/>Dear Jesus, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

# I come to Thee!

47

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

SYLVESTER MAIN, 1868.

1. I come to thee, I come to thee! Thou precious Lamb who died for me,

I rest con-fid-ing in thy word, And "cast my bur-den on the Lord."

I come to thee with all my grief, Dear Saviour, help my un-belief;

Thy blessed name, my on-ly plea, With this, O Lord, I come to thee!

2 I come to thee, whose sovereign power  
Can cheer me in the darkest hour,  
I come to thee, thro' storm and shade—  
For thou hast said, "be not afraid."  
I come to thee with all my tears,  
My pain and sorrow, doubt and fears;  
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,  
I come to thee, I come to thee!

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies.  
When faith grows weak, and comfort dies,  
I bow adoring at thy feet,  
And hold with thee communion sweet—  
O wondrous love! O joy divine!  
To feel thee near and call thee mine!  
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,  
I come to thee, I come to thee!

Mrs. E. M. HALL,

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray,

## CHORUS.

Find in me thine all in all. Je sus paid it all, All 'to him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

2.  
Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy faith, and thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

3.  
For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.  
*Cho.*

4.  
When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

5.  
And when before the throne  
I stand in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

# The Song of Hope.

49

JAS. NICKOLSON.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. A soft sweet voice from E - den steal - ing.— Such as

but to an - gels known, Hopes cheer - ing song is ev - er

thrilling, "It is better far - ther on, It is better farther on."

- 2 I hear hope singing sweetly singing,  
Softly in an under tone ;  
And singing as if God had taught it,  
||: "It is better farther on." :||
- 3 By night and day it sings the same song,—  
Sings it while I sit alone :  
And sings it so the heart may hear it,  
||: "It is better farther on." :||
- 4 It sits upon the grave and sings it—  
Sings it when the heart would groan ;  
And sings it when the shadows darken,  
||: "It is better farther on." :||
- 5 Still farther on ! O how much farther ?  
Count the mile stones one by one ;  
No ! no ! no counting—only trusting,  
||: "It is better farther on." :||

## The Bright Forever.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. 1871.

HUBERT P. MAIN,  
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies,

Distant beams, like floods of gio-ry, Fill the soul with glad sur-prise;

And we al-most hear the e-cho Of the pure and ho-ly throng,

In the bright, the bright forev-er, In the summer-land of song.

## CHORUS.

On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet no more to sev-er;

*ritard*

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the summer-land of song.

2.  
 Yet a little while we linger,  
 Ere we reach our journey's end ;  
 Yet a little while to labor,  
 Ere the evening shades descend,  
 Then we'll lay us down to slumber,  
 But the night will soon be o'er ;  
 In the bright, the bright forever,  
 We shall wake to sleep no more.

*Cho.*

3.  
 O the bliss of life eternal !  
 O the long unbroken rest !  
 In the golden fields of pleasure,  
 In the region of the blest.  
 But, to see our dear Redeemer,  
 And before His throne to fall,  
 There to hear His gracious welcome—  
 Will be sweeter far than all.

*Cho.*

## Come, Come to Jesus !

Rev. Geo. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to welcome thee,  
 O Wand'rer, eagerly ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

2 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to ransom thee,  
 O Slave ! eternally ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

3 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to lighten thee,  
 O Burdened ! trustingly ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

4 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to give to thee.  
 O Blind ! a vision free ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

5 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to shelter thee,  
 O Weary ! blessedly ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

6 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to carry thee.  
 O Lamb ! so lovingly ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

Rev. J. HASKELL.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

REFRAIN. *f*

O come, angel band, come, and a-

round me stand, O bear me a-way on your snowy wings, To my im-mor-tal

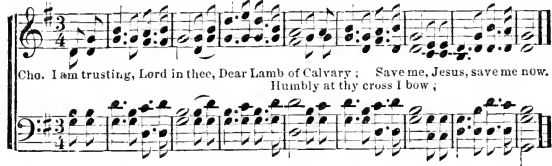
home. O bear me away on your snowy wings, To my immortal home.

- 1 My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run ;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun. *Refr.*
- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,  
Of friends and kindred dear,  
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,  
The crossing must be near. — *Refr.*
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
My spirit loudly sings ;  
The holy ones, behold they come !  
I hear the noise of wings, — *Refr.*
- 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him  
Who bled and died for me ;  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
And gives me victory. — *Refr.*



Words by Rev. Wm. Mc DONALD.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



Cho. I am trusting, Lord in thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary ; Save me, Jesus, save me now.  
Humbly at thy cross I bow ;

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I am coming to the cross ;<br/>I am poor and weak and blind ;<br/>I am counting all but dross ;<br/>I shall full salvation find. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>2 Long my heart has sigh'd for thee ;<br/>Long has evil reigned within ;<br/>Jesus sweetly speaks to me,<br/>I will cleanse you from all sin. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Here I give my all to thee,—<br/>Friends, and time, and earthly store ;</p> | <p>Soul and body thine to be—<br/>Wholly thine—forever more. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 In the promises I trust ;<br/>Now I feel the blood applied ;<br/>I am prostrate in the dust ;<br/>I with Christ am crucified. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Jesus comes ! he fills my soul !<br/>Perfected in love I am ;<br/>I am every whit made whole ;<br/>Glory, glory to the Lamb. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|

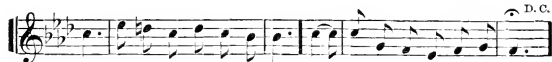
## The Resurrection. 8s.

Rev. WM. B. COLLIER.

FINE.



1. { The angels that watch'd round the tomb Where low the Redeemer was laid, }  
 { When deep in mor-tal - i - ty's gloom. He hid, for a sea-son his head. }  
 D. C. Have witness'd his rising, and swept Their chords with the triumphs of joy.



That veil'd their fair forms while he slept, And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,<br/>But long since have entered your rest.<br/>I pant to be glorified too,<br/>And lean on Immanuel's breast ;<br/>The grave in which Jesus was laid<br/>Hath buried my guilt and my fears ;<br/>And while I contemplate its shade,<br/>The light of his presence appears.</p> <p>3 O ! sweet is the season of rest<br/>When life's weary journey is done ;<br/>The blush that spreads over its west,<br/>'The last ling'ring rays of its sun.<br/>Though dreary the empire of night,</p> | <p>I soon shall emerge from its gloom,<br/>And see immortality's light<br/>Arise on the shades of the tomb.</p> <p>4 Then, welcome the last rending sighs,<br/>When these aching heart-strings shall<br/>break,<br/>And death shall extinguish these eyes,<br/>And moisten with dew the pale cheek ;<br/>No terror the prospect begets ;<br/>I am not mortality's slave ;<br/>The sunbeam of life as it sets<br/>Leaves a halo of peace round the grave.</p> |
|--|--|

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



## CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is heav'n,.....

sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

1.

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

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 foes' most mighty host. *Cho.*

*Cho.*

§ 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,  
 If we hourly watch and pray. *Cho.*

Miss ANNA WARNER

 Rev. R. LOWRY.  
 From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is  
 2. One more day's work for Je sus: How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not

near-er. And Christ is dearer Than yes-ter-day, to me; His love and  
 du-ty, To speak his beauty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere

## CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Jesus. One  
 tho't How Christ my life has bought.

more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

3 One more day's work for Jesus:  
 How sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story,  
 To show the glory,  
 Where Christ's flock enter in!  
 How it did shine  
 In this poor heart of mine! *Cho.*

4 One more day's work for Jesus—  
 O, yes, a weary day;  
 But heaven shines clearer  
 And rest comes nearer,

At each step of the way,  
 And Christ in all—  
 Before his face I fall, *Cho.*

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!  
 O, rest at Jesus' feet!  
 There toil seems pleasure,  
 My wants are treasure,  
 And pain for Him is sweet,  
 Lord, if I may,  
 I'll serve another day' *Cho.*

# 56 "The Sinner invited." 6s & 7s.

Words by Rev. C. B. DAVIDSON.

Arr. by Rev. W. Mc DONALD.



1.  
Sinner, come will you go!  
To the highlands of heaven?  
Where the storms never blow,  
And the long summer's given:  
Where the bright blooming flow'rs,  
Are their odors emitting;  
And the leaves of the bow'rs.  
In the breezes are flitting.

2.  
Where the saints robed in white—  
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;  
Shining beauteous and bright,  
They inhabit the mountain,

Where no sin, nor dismay,  
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,  
Will be felt for a day,  
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3.  
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.

## I am Thine Own.

Mrs HELEN BRADLEY.

Rev. A. A. WRIGHT.



1 I am thine own, O Christ;  
Henceforth entirely thine;  
And life from this glad hour,  
New life is mine.

2 No earthly joy can lure  
My quiet soul from thee:  
This deep delight so pure,  
Is heaven to me.

3 My joyful song of praise  
In sweet content I sing:  
To Thee the note I raise,  
My King! My King!

4 I cannot tell the art  
By which such bliss is given:  
I know thou hast my heart,  
And I—have heaven.

5 O peace,—O holy rest,  
O balmy breath of love:  
O heart, divinest, best,—  
Thy depth I prove.

6 I ask this gift of Thee—  
A life all lily fair,  
And fragrant as the place  
Where seraphs are!

# Revive us again.

57

Rev. W. P. MACKEY.

From "New Praises of Jesus," by per.

*Lively.*

CHORUS.

{ Halle-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Halle-lujah! Amen. }  
 { Halle-lu-jah! Thine the glory, [OMIT.....] } Revive us a-gain.

- 1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above. *Cho.*
- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. *Cho.*

## Who'll stand up for Jesus? 7s & 6s.

Words by Rev. L. H.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS. | 1st. | 2d. FINE.

1. { O who'll stand up for Je-sus, The lowly Naz-a-rene? }  
 { And raise the blood stain'd banner Amid the [OMIT.....] } hosts of sin?  
 D.C. All hail reproach or sorrow If Je-sus [OMIT.....] leads me there.

CHORUS.

D. C.

The Cross for Christ I'll cher-ish, Its cru-ci-fix-ion bear;

- |   |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 O who will follow Jesus,<br/>Amid reproach and shame?<br/>Where others shrink or falter,<br/>Who'll glory in his name?</li> <li>3 My all to Christ I've given,<br/>My talents, time, and voice.</li> </ol> | <table border="0"> <tr> <td style="border-right: 1px solid black; padding-right: 10px;">                     Myself, my reputation,<br/>The lone way is my choice.                 </td> <td>4 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,<br/>My all-sufficient Friend!<br/>Come, fold me to thy bosom,<br/>E'en to the journey's end.</td> </tr> </table> | Myself, my reputation,<br>The lone way is my choice. | 4 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,<br>My all-sufficient Friend!<br>Come, fold me to thy bosom,<br>E'en to the journey's end. |
| Myself, my reputation,<br>The lone way is my choice.  | 4 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,<br>My all-sufficient Friend!<br>Come, fold me to thy bosom,<br>E'en to the journey's end.   |  |  |

## Home of the Soul.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

# The Lord will Provide.

59

C. S. HARRINGTON. by per. E. TOURJÉE.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide ; It  
 2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide ; It  
 3. Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide ; And

may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His  
 may not be *my* time. It may not be *thy* time. And yet, in His  
 this be the token—No word he hath spoken Was ev - er yet

*own* way "The Lord will provide."  
*own* time, "The Lord will provide."  
 broken,— "The Lord will provide."

4.  
 March on, then, right boldly ;  
 the sea shall divide ;  
 The pathway made glorious,  
 With shoutings victorious,  
 We'll join in the chorus,  
 "The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,  
 Its bright jasper walls I can see ;  
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
 ||: Between the fair city and me. :||

Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,  
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;  
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,  
 ||: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. :||

The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
 So free from all sorrow and pain ;  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands  
 ||: To meet one another again. :||

With songs on, etc.

(1858.)

Words and Music by M. M. WELLS.

1.  
Holy Spirit, faithful guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side ;  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land ;  
Wearry souls for e'er rejoice,  
While they hear that sweetest voice,  
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home,

2.  
Everpresent, truest Friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear,  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3.  
When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wond'ring if our names were there ;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,

Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;  
Whispering softly, wanderer, come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home !

### WHY WILL YE DIE ?

1.  
Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why ?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live ;  
He the fatal cause demands ;  
Asks the work of his own hands, —  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die ?

2.  
Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that you 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 ?  
C. WESLEY. 1756.



# Precious Jesus.

61

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D., by per.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873, by per.

1. Precious Je - sus! O, to love Thee, O, to know that Thou art mine!  
 2. Vain the world, its pleasure boasting, Vain the charms of life to me.  
 3. Bold I touch thy sacred garment, Fearless stretch my ea ger hand;  
 4. O, how precious, dear Re - deemer, Is the love that fills my soul!

*S.* Je - sus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.  
 Gold is dross and rich-es worthless, If they turn my heart from Thee.  
 Vir - tue, like a healing fountam, Free-ly flows at love's command.  
 It is done! The word is spo-ken! "Be thou every whit made whole!"

*D. S.* All of earth and all of heav-en, All I want, I find in Thee.

Take my warmest, best af - fec - tions; Take my memory, mind and will;  
 Dear-er, near-er than a broth-er, Source and aim of all my bliss;  
 Lo! He turns and looks up-on me, With those wonder-speaking eyes!  
 Lo! a new cre-a-tion dawning; Lo! I rise to life di-vine.

Then with all Thy lov - ing Spir - it All my emptied na - ture fill.  
 All of joy and all of sor - row, Find their end in knowing this.  
 Vain my soul es - says to an - swer, I am lost in sweet sur - prise!  
 In my soul an East - er morning, I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

CHORUS.

*D. S. for Chorus*

Je - sus, Je - sus! precious Je - sus! Thou art all the world to me;

## I'm going Home.

Rev, Wm. HUNTER.

Dr. Wm. MILLER. Arr. †

1 { My heavenly home is bright and fair: Nor pain, nor death can enter there. }  
 { Its glittering towers the sun outshine. That heavenly mansion shall be mine. }

## CHORUS.

{ I'm going home, I'm going home. I'm going home to die no more: }  
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more. }

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky;  
 When from this earthly prison free.  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.  
 I'm going home, etc.

3 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.  
 I'm going home, etc.

4 Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
 Be mine the happier lot to own,  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.  
 I'm going home, etc.

5 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.  
 I'm going home, etc.

## My Saviour, my almighty Friend.

A Freedmen's Melody.

Harmonized by S. J. VAIL.

1. My Saviour, my al-might-y Friend, When I be-gin thy praise,  
 2. I trust in thy e-ter-nal word; Thy goodness I a-dore:

Where will the growing numbers end,—The numbers of thy grace?  
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more.

# All for Jesus.

63

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

ASA HULL, by per.

For Male Voices.

1st & 2d TENOR.

1. All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;

1st & 2d BASS.

All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.

*Repeat pp Rit. 2d time.*

All for Jesus: All for Jesus; All my days and all my hours.

2.

4.

Let my hands perform his bidding;  
Let my feet run in his ways;  
Let my eyes see Jesus only;  
Let my lips speak forth his praise.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
I've lost sight of all beside,—  
So enchained my spirit's vision,  
Looking at the crucified.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
All for Jesus crucified!

3.

5.

Worldlings prize their gems of beauty  
Cling to gilded toys of dust,  
Boast of wealth, & fame, & pleasure;  
Only Jesus will I trust.  
Only Jesus! only Jesus!  
Only Jesus will I trust.

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
Jesus, glorious King of kings,  
Deigns to call me his beloved,  
Let me rest beneath his wings.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Resting now beneath his wings.

3.

4.

My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road; [strength,  
And march with courage in thy  
To see the Lord my God.

Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,  
With this delightful song;  
And entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

## Wrestling Jacob.

C. WESLEY, 1742.

Arr. by Rev. W. Mc DONALD.

1 { Come, O thou Trav - el - er unknown, Whom still I hold but  
My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a -

can - not see, lone with thee: } With thee all night I mean to stay, And

wres - tle till the break of day. break of day.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,  
My sin and misery declare;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name:  
Look on my hands, and read it there!  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;  
I never will unloose my hold:  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold.  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 5 What, though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain:  
When I am weak, then I am strong:  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

I. WATTS. 1709.

Rev. G. C. WELLS, Arr.

- 1 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.
- CHORUS. The cross, the cross, the precious cross,  
 The wondrous cross of Jesus,  
 From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r,  
 And ev'ry stain, it frees us,  
 Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,  
 O, I'm clinging to the cross,  
 Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,  
 Clinging to the cross.
- 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. *Cho.*
- 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? *Cho.*
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Cho.*
- \* Use hold in repeat only.

## The Rock that is Higher.

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

## CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,

To the Rock that is high - er than I: O, then, to the  
is high - er than I,

is high - er than I,

Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.

1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,  
And rough seems the path to the goal,  
And sorrows, how often they sweep  
Like tempests down over the soul *Cho.*

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,  
And sometimes how heavy my feet;

But toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!  
*Cho.*

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;  
Or climbing the mountain way steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vale.  
*Cho.*—Then quick, &c.

# Sing to me of Heaven.

67

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA, 1842.

Dr. Wm. MILLER, 1854.

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs,

sing songs, sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on

high; To waft my soul on high, Sing songs of

ho - ly ec - sta - cy To waft my soul on high.

- 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 moment comes,  
Oh, watch my dying face;  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,  
Which o'er my features plays.
- 4 Then to my raptured soul,  
Let one sweet song be given.

- || Let music cheer me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
And lay me down to rest.  
|| And fold my pale and icy hands  
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then, round my senseless clay,  
Assemble those I love,  
|| And sing of heaven, || delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.

\* Small notes for 3d, 4th, and 6th verses.

## Beautiful River.

Written 1864.

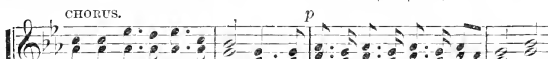
Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

*Cheerful.*

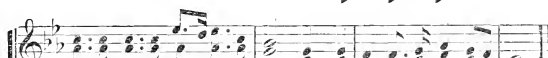
1. Shall we gather at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;  
 2. On the margin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray,



With its crystal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hay - py, gold - en day.



CHORUS. *p*  
 Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beauti - ful, the beauti - ful riv - er—



Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



3 On the bosom of the river,  
 Where the Saviour-king we own,  
 We shall meet, and sorrow never  
 'Neath the glory of the throne.

*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.

*Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,  
 Rippling with the Saviour's face,  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace.

*Cho.*



# The Prince of My Peace.

69

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

Music by W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I stand all bewildered with won - der, And gaze on the o - cean of  
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me



love; And o - ver its waves to my spir - it Comes peace, like a heav - en - ly  
free; But when I had ceased from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto



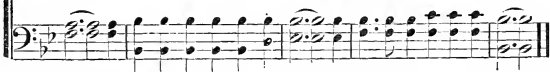
## REFRAIN.



dove. The cross now covers my sins; The past is under the  
me.



blood; I'm trusting in Je - sus for all; My will is the will of my God.



- 3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,  
And bade me be every whit whole;  
I touched but the hem of His garment,  
And glory came thrilling my soul.
- 4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,  
The light of His face is on me;  
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:  
"My peace I will give unto thee."

*Refr.**Refr*

Words and Music by W. BENNETT, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. There is no friend like Je sus, So mer - ci - ful and true:

His blood from sin doth free us, His love is ev - er new;

No earth - ly friend can give such aid, Nor from our foes deliv - er;

The trusting heart He ne'er betrayed, He bids us hope for - ev - er.

2.

O sinner, come to Jesus,  
Give now thy wand'rings o'er;  
And never, never, never  
Resist His spirit more:  
Put far away vile unbelief,  
From guilty passions sever;  
And, though thou art of sinners chief,  
He'll give thee joy forever.

3.

Come weary, heavy laden,  
He will thy burden bear;  
Cheer all thy lonely pathway,  
And all thy sorrows share:  
He'll take thee at life's parting breath,  
When earthly friendships sever;  
He'll make thee conqu'ror over death,  
And crown thee His forever.

# Only Thee.

71

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1872.

W. H. DOANE.  
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. On - ly Thee, my soul's Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven beside?

Who on earth, with love so ten - der, All my wand'ring steps will guide?

## CHORUS.

On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Loving Saviour, on - ly Thee.

- 2 Only Thee! no joy I covet  
But the joy to call thee mine—  
Joy that gives the blest assurance,  
Thou hast owned and sealed me thine. *Cho.*
- 3 Only Thee! I ask no other;  
Thou art more than all to me;  
Life, or health, or creature comfort.—  
I would give them all for thee. *Cho.*
- 4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,  
Would my raptured vision see,  
While my faith is reaching upward,  
Ever upward, Lord to Thee. *Cho.*

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.  
From "Notes of Joy"

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus I give to Thee, A  
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name, I

con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er more to be,  
look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.

CHORUS.

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire,

*ritard.*

Waiting, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

3 O let the fire descending  
Just now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole.  
*Cho.*

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by Thy precious blood,  
Now seal me by Thy Spirit  
A sacrifice to God. *Cho.*

# The Blood! the precious Blood.

73

Mrs. M. A. HOLT, 1868.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*

Oh, the blood! the precious blood! That Jesus shed for

me Up - on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

1.  
The cross! the cross! the blood-stained  
cross!  
The hallow'd cross I see!  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me. *Cho.*

2.  
The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,  
The Saviour bore for me,  
Which bowed him to the earth with grief,  
On sad Mount Calvary. *Cho.*

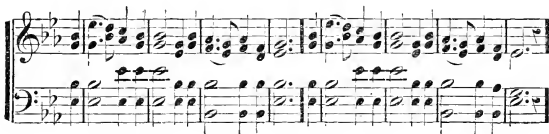
3.  
How light! how light! this precious cross,  
Presented to my view;  
And while, with care, I take it up,  
Behold the crown my due. *Cho.*

4.  
The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!  
The crown of victory!  
The crown of life! it shall be mine  
When Jesus I shall see. *Cho.*

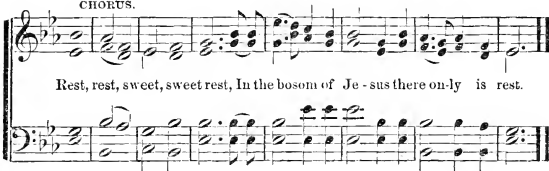
5.  
My tears, unbidden, seem to flow  
For love, unbounded love,  
Which guides me through this world of woe,  
And points to joys above. *Cho.*

Rev. F. BOTTOME. D. D.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.



## CHORUS.



Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest, In the bosom of Je - sus there on-ly is rest.

- 1 O, ye that are weary and laden of soul,  
Come, come to the fountain that maketh you whole.  
There's peace in believing, there's rest in His name,  
There's healing for all in the blood of the Lamb. *Cho.*
- 2 O cease from your anguish ye toilers for life,  
For vain is your labor and fruitless your strife,  
No hope can they bring you, no joy to your heart,  
None, none but the Saviour can resting impart. *Cho.*
- 3 Then come to the Saviour ye weary and worn,  
Your burdens and sorrows for you he hath borne.  
No anguish that pierceth but pierced him before,  
No thorn is so sharp as the crown which he wore. *Cho.*
- 4 Rest, rest blessed Jesus, O sweet rest at last,  
Like calm on the ocean when tempest is past ;  
The morning-light breaketh in joy from above,  
And illumines my soul with His rainbow of love. *Cho.*

# Sweet Hour of Prayer.

75

Words by Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1849. Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

*Slow.*

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. S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

D. S.  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,

2.  
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of pray-  
Thy wings shall my petition bear, (er!  
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 every care.  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:||

3.  
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of pray-  
May I thy consolation share; (er!  
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 thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer;:

HENRY F. LYTE, 1825.

Air, Mozart. Arr. by H. P. M.



I. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low thee ;



Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be :  
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion ! God and heaven are still my own.



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;



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

3 Men may trouble and distress me,  
'T will but drive me to thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh ! '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.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation.  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
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.

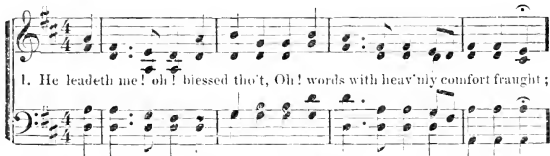


# He leadeth Me.

77

REV. JOS. H. GILMORE, 1861.

Wm B BRADBURY, by per.



1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;



What'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

REFRAIN.



He leadeth me! he leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me;



His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

2.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest  
gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers  
bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea.—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

*Refr.*

3.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in  
mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth  
me. *Refr.*

4.

And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *Refr.*

FANNY CROSBY. 1839.

W. H. DOANE  
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious Foun - tain,

Free to all a heal - ing stream. Flows from Calvary's mountain.

## CHORUS.

In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me. *Cho.*

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day  
With its shadow o'er me. *Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river, *Cho.*

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treasure, Of pomp and beauty here on

earth! There's not a thing that gives me pleasure Of all the world displays for

REFRAIN.

worth. Each heart will seek and love its own; My goal is Christ,

and Christ a - lone. My goal is Christ, and Christ a - lone.

- 2 The world and her pursuits will  
perish ;  
Her beauty's fading like a flower ;  
The brightest schemes the earth can  
cherish  
Are but the pastime of an hour.  
Each heart, etc.
- 3 Against this tower there's no pre-  
vailing ;  
His kingdom passes not away ;

- His throne abides, despite assailing,  
From henceforth unto endless day.  
Each heart, etc.
- 4 And tho' a pilgrim I must wander,  
Still absent from the One I love,  
Hesoon will have me with him yonder  
In his own glory-realms above.  
Triumphantly I therefore own,  
||: My goal is Christ, and Christ a-  
lone. :||

KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE, by per,

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly. That I may take it in, That

Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry  
wonder - ful redemption. God's remedy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry

simply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And  
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "early dew" of morning Has

## CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old  
pass'd a - way at noon. Tell me, &c.

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

# Almost Persuaded.

81

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. "Al - most persuad - ed" now to be - lieve ; "Almost persuad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, spir - it,

go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."

2.

"Almost persuaded" come, come to-day ;

"Almost persuaded." turn not away.  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are ling'ring near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;  
O wand'rer, come !

3.

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past ;  
"Almost persuaded" doom comes at last !

"Almost" cannot avail ;  
"Almost" is but to fail !  
Sad, sad that bitter wail—  
"Almost, but lost !"

3.

Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones, and grave ;  
Remember ! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

4.

Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is drawing on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story :  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Wm. O. CUSHING.

Dr. Thos. HASTINGS.

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long;

Now I think I hear the cho - ras Of the an - gels welcome song,

Oh, I see the dawn is break - ing On the hill - tops of the blest,

"Where the wick - ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry be at rest."

2.

Far away beyond the shadows  
Of this weary vale of tears,  
There the tide of bliss is sweeping  
Through the bright and changeless  
years;  
O! I long to be with Jesus,  
In the mansions of the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from trou-  
bling,  
And the weary be at rest,"

3.

They are launching on the river,  
From the calm and quiet shore,  
And they soon will bear my spirit  
Where the weary sigh no more;  
For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
And I long to greet the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from trou-  
bling,  
And the weary be at rest,"

# If to Jesus for Relief.

83

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873, by per.

*Not too fast.*

1. If to Je - sus for re - lief My soul has fled by prayer,  
2. While I know his prov - idence Dis - pos - es each e - vent,

Why should I give way to grief, Or heart-consum - ing care!  
Shall I judge by fee - ble sense, And yield to dis - con - tent?

Are not all things in his hand? And has he not his promise passed?  
Sparrows if he kind - ly feed, And ver - dure clothe in rich ar - ray,

Will he then re - gard - less stand, And let me sink at last!  
Can he see a child in need, And turn his eyes a - way?

3.

When His name was quite unknown,  
And sin my life employed ;  
Then He watched me as His own,  
Or I had been destroyed :  
Now his mercy-seat I know,  
And now, by grace, am reconcil'd ;  
Would he spare me while a foe,  
To leave me when a child?

4.

If he shed his precious blood  
To bring me to his fold,  
Can I think that meaner good  
He ever will withhold?  
Vain the tempter's dark device!  
For here my hope rests well assured,  
In that great redemption price  
I see the whole secured.

"Gospel Magazine," May, 1775.

Mrs. LUCY E. AKERMAN.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves O-ver a wast-ed life; O'er

sins in-dulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promises unkept, And

reaps from years of strife— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

- 2 Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves,  
Of life's fair ripening grain;  
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,  
Words, *idle* words for earnest deeds,  
We reap with toil and pain,—  
||: Nothing but leaves !:||
- 3 Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves;  
No vail to hide the past,  
And as we trace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day  
Sadly we find at last—  
||: Nothing but leaves !:||
- 4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
Bearing but withered leaves?  
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat  
Lay down, for golden sheaves  
||: Nothing but leaves !:||



Words by D. T. M.

Music by D. T. MACFARLAN.

1. Tell me, Je - sus, tell me now. While to thee I humbly bow,

Wilt thou take this heart of mine, And for - ev - er, seal it thine?

Wilt thou come and there a-bide, While I see thy o - pened side;

Pouring forth the streams of life, Giv-ing strength and end- ing strife!

2 If I yield myself to thee,  
Wilt thou come direct to me,  
And within thy loving arms  
Cause my heart to feel thy charms?  
Wilt thou, O my precious Lord,  
Give me comfort by thy word,  
By thy truth great joy impart  
To my poor and throbbing heart?

3 Hark! I hear my Saviour say,  
Come, my child, oh, come this way;  
'Take my hand, and walk with me  
In the path I trod for thee;

Look by faith and see the blood  
Sprinkled on the thorny road;  
See, my child, each step I trod  
Brings thee nearer to thy God.

4 Give thy heart, thyself to me,  
Give whate'er I ask of thee;  
Yield up all without restraint,  
Free from murmur or complaint;  
Then I'll take that heart of thine,  
And with perfect love divine,  
Make it new and pure within,  
Spotless from all inbred sin.

## I am coming, Lord!

Words by Rev. L. H.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.  
Of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy

CHORUS.

precious blood, That flow'd on Calva - ry. I am coming, Lord :

Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary!

2.

Though coming weak and vile.  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all, and pure.

3.

'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

4.

And he the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free.  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

5.

All hail! atoning blood!  
All hail! redeeming grace!  
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our strength and righteousness.

# I'm Happy.

87

Arr by S. J. VAIL.

1. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account! My joys are immortal; I

stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, And long to be there, With Jesus and

an-gels, My kindred so dear.

2 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.

## Look, look to Jesus!

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND 1873.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.  
From "Song Evangel."

- 1 Look, look to Jesus!  
Behold a fountain free  
Is open there for thee!  
Look, look to Jesus!
- 2 Look, look to Jesus!  
For thee he intercedes,—  
His blood for thee now pleads,—  
Look, look to Jesus!
- 3 Look, look to Jesus!  
He's calling now for thee;  
Poor sinner, look to me,—  
Look, look to Jesus!
- 4 Look, look to Jesus!  
If thou would'st live above  
Where all is peace and love,  
Look, look to Jesus!

## There's a land far away.

\* Words by JAS. G. CLARK.

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. (There's a land far a - way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they  
 (Where the pure wa - ters flow, thro' the val - leys of gold. And where  
 D. C. Where the way - wea - ry trav - el - er reach - es his goal. On the

FINE.

know not the sor - rows of time;) 'Tis the land of our God—'tis the  
 life is a trea - sure sublime: )  
 ev - er - green mountains of life.

D. C.

home of the soul, Where the a - ges of splendor e - ter - nal - ly roll;

- 2 Here our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,  
 But our visions have told of its bliss;  
 And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,  
 When we faint in the deserts of this.  
 And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose  
 When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,  
 And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows  
 From the ever-green mountains of life.
- 3 Oh the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,  
 But we think where the ransomed have trod:  
 And the day never smiles from his palace of light,  
 But we feel the bright smile of our God.  
 We are traveling home thro' earth's changes and gloom,  
 To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom,  
 And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb,  
 From the ever-green mountains of life.

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# Mary Magdalen.

89

I. B. WOODBURY, Arr.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair ; She heard in the  
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so un-

ci-ty that Je-sus was there ; Un-heed-ing the splendor that  
hallowed should tread in that hall ; And some said the poor would be

blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the  
ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on his

Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.  
feet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on his feet.

3 She heard but the Saviour ; she spoke but with sighs ;  
She dare not look up to the heaven of his eyes ;  
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,  
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,  
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow  
He looked on that lost one : "her sins were forgiven,"  
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

## Believer. C. M.

Rev. J. NEWTON, 1779.

Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1855.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows,

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
T'is-manna to the hungry soul  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I  
build,  
My shield and hiding place;  
My never-failing treasure filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

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

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
So shall the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

## Hamburg. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God! I come. I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

# Jesus Loves Even Me.

91

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven, Tells of his  
Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the

CHORUS.

love in the Book he has given; } I am so glad that  
dear - est, that Je - sus loves me. }

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,  
Kindly he follows wherever I stray ;  
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in his beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

Words by Dr F. BOTTOME

Old Melody.

1. Love of Je sus, all di-vine, Fill this long-ing heart of mine;

Ceaseless struggling aft-er life, Wea-ry with the end-less strife.

Sav-iour Je sus lend thine aid, Lift thou up my fainting head!

Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pillowed on thy lov-ing breast.

2.

Thou alone my trust shall be,  
 Thou alone canst comfort me;  
 Only, Jesus, let thy grace  
 Be my shield and hiding-place;  
 Let me know thy saving power  
 In temptation's fiercest hour;  
 Then, my Saviour, at thy side  
 Let me evermore abide.

3.

Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
 Kindled here this sacred fire,  
 Weaned my heart from all below,  
 Thee, and thee-alone to know;  
 Thou who hast inspired the cry,  
 Thou alone canst satisfy;  
 Love of Jesus, all divine,  
 Fill this longing heart of mine.



Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

JER. INGALLS, 1805. Arr.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An mt' rest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain? For me, who him to death pursued?

A - ma - zing love! how can it be that thou, my Lord shouldst die for

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

2.

'Tis myst'ry all, th' Immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine;  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3.

He left his Father's throne above;  
(So free, so infinite his grace!)  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For O, my God, it found out me!

4.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray:  
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chain fell off, my heart was free—  
I rose, went, forth and followed thee.

5.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach th' eternal throne  
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

# 94 Like the Sound of many Waters.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Like the sound of ma - ny waters Rolling ou, thro' a - ges long,

In a tide of rapture breaking, — Hark! the mighty cho ral song!

CHORUS.

Hal le - lu jah! hal le - lu - jah! Let the heavenly por - tals ring!

Christ is born, the Prince of glo - ry! Christ the Lord, Messiah, King!

2.

Lo! the Morning Star appeareth,  
O'er the world His beams are cast;  
He the Alpha and Omega,  
He, the Great, the First the Last!  
Hallelujah, etc.

3.

Clap your hands with exultation!  
Sing aloud, rejoice with mirth,

Peace her silver wing hath folded:—  
Lo! she comes to dwell on earth!  
Hallelujah, etc.

4.

Saviour, not with costly treasure,  
Do we gather at Thy throne,  
All we have, our hearts we give Thee,—  
Consecrate them Thine alone.  
Hallelujah, etc.

# Rest for the Weary.

95

Rev. SAMUEL Y. HARMER, 1856.

Rev. W. McDONALD, 1858, by per

1. In the Christian's home in glo ry, There re - mains a land of rest ;

There my Saviour's gone be fore me, To ful - fill my soul's request.

## CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,  
On the oth - er side of Jordan, 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. }

2.  
He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand ;  
For my stay shall not be transient,  
In that holy, happy land.

3.  
Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;  
But in that celestial center  
I a crown of life shall wear.

4.  
Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;  
Shout for gladness, oh ye ransomed,  
Hail with joy the rising morn,

5.  
Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory !  
Shout your triumph as you go !  
Zion's gate will open for you.  
You shall find an entrance through.

O. WESLEY, 1742.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

FINE.

1. { Vain, de-lu-sive world, adieu, With all of creature good; }  
 { On-ly Je-sus I pursue, Who bought me with his blood: }  
 D. C. On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Jesus cru-ci-fied.

D. C.  
 All thy pleasures I fore-go; I trample on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;  
 'Tis all but vanity :  
 Christ the Lamb of God, was slain, —  
 He tasted death for me.  
 Me to save from endless woe,  
 The sin-aton-ing Vic-tim died :  
 Only Je-sus will I know,  
 And Je-sus cru-ci-fied :

3 Here will I set up my rest ;  
 My fluctuating heart  
 From the haven of his breast  
 Shall never more depart :  
 Whither should a sinner go ?  
 His wounds for me stand open wide  
 Only Je-sus will I know,  
 And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

C. WESLEY, 1749.

## Penitence.

W. H. OAKLEY.

FINE. D. S.

1 Je-sus, let thy pit-ying eye  
 Call back a wand-ring sheep ;  
 False to thee, like Pe-ter, I  
 Would fain like Pe-ter weep.

Let me be by grace restored :  
 On me be all long suffering shown ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

# I Love Thee. 11s.

97

JER. INGALLS, 1805.

Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my

Saviour; I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee I never can show.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!  
My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!  
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

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 helps me to sing;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him with notes loud and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

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 my self bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. 1873.

C. W. SANDERS.

1. I am waiting for the Saviour, And my heart has waited long ;

Tell me, do I hear his footsteps, Is he coming with the throng ?

## CHORUS.

O thou son of David hear me, Take a - way this film of night ;

With thy glorious presence cheer me, Speak, and let there now be light.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Long my troubled soul has waited<br/>Low in abject sorrow bowed ;<br/>Will he never hear my crying ?<br/>Will he never lift the cloud? <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 All the world is filled with wonder<br/>At his mighty deeds of grace ;<br/>Devils at his presence tremble,<br/>Darkness flies before his face. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 Art thou coming, O my Saviour ?<br/>Do I hear thy sacred voice ?</p> | <p>Shall my sightless eyes behold thee ?<br/>Shall my weeping soul rejoice? <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Hark ! He calls me ! lo ! the healing,<br/>Balm and blessing at his word !<br/>Light thro' all my senses stealing,<br/>Lo ! I look upon my Lord !<br/><i>Cho.</i>—O thou Son of David hear me,<br/>Let me never lose the sight,<br/>Keep, O keep me ever near thee,<br/>Bathing in the hallowed light.</p> |
|---|---|

C. WESLEY, 1749.

WEISENTHAL.

1. How oft have I the Spirit griev'd, Since first with me he strove; How obstinate'y

disbeliev'd, And trampled on his love! How have I sinn'd against the light; Bro-

ken from his embrace; And would not when I freely might Be justified by grace.

2 But after all that I have done  
To drive him from my heart,  
The Spirit leaves me not alone.—  
He doth not yet depart;  
He will not give the sinner o'er;  
Ready e'en now to save,  
He bids me come as heretofore,  
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word;  
My foolishness I mourn;  
And unto my redeeming Lord,  
However late, I turn.  
Saviour, I yield, I yield at last;  
I hear thy speaking blood:  
Myself, with all my sins, I cast  
On thy atoning God.

(Tune, ZION.)

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me thro' the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

Wm. Williams, 1774.

E. MOTE.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name :

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; Ali oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand. Ali oth - er ground is sink ing sand.

2.

When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace ;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the vail :

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3.

His oath. His covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whirling flood,  
When all around my soul give o'er,  
He then is all my hope and store.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.



Words by LOUISE M. ROUSE.

Music by Miss DORA BOOLE.

1. Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me : Thine, and only thine I am :

Oh ! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glo - ry to the Lamb !

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb !

Oh ! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory. glo - ry to the Lamb.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Long my yearning heart was trying<br/>To enjoy this perfect rest ;<br/>But I gave all trying over :<br/>Simply trusting, I was blest. — <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Trusting, trusting every moment ;<br/>Feeling now the blood applied ;<br/>Lying at the cleansing fountain ;<br/>Dwelling in my Saviour's side. —<br/><i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 Consecrated to thy service,<br/>I will live and die to thee :</p> | <p>I will witness to thy glory<br/>Of salvation full and free, — <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus :<br/>He has sweetly saved my soul,<br/>Cleansed me from inbred corruption,<br/>Sanctified, and made me whole. —<br/><i>Cho.</i></p> <p>6 Glory to the blood that bought me !<br/>Glory to its cleansing power !<br/>Glory to the blood that keeps me !<br/>Glory, glory, evermore ! — <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|

H. BONAR.

THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev'ry tender tie,  
D. s. Je - sus alone can bless,

FINE. D. S.

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting place,  
Je - sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,  
Jesus is mine!  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine!  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away,  
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine!  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine!  
All that my soul has tried,  
Left but a dismal void,  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine!

## Even Me. 8s, 7s &amp; 3.

Mrs. E. OODNER, 1860.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

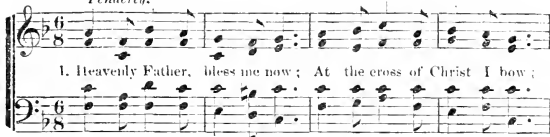
1 { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free— }  
{ Show'rs, the thirsty land re-freshing; Let some droppings fall on me— }

E - ven me, E ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

ALEXANDER CLARK.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROBERT LOWRY.  
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

*Tenderly.*



1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;



Take my guilt and grief a-way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REFRAIN.



Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,  
Send thy grace and show thy power;  
While I rest upon thy word,  
Come and bless me now, O Lord!

*Refr.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,  
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;

While I look, and as I cry,  
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

*Refr.*

4 Never did I so adore  
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;  
Now the time! and this the place!  
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

*Refr.*

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy light on me—  
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to thee;  
For I'm longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me—  
Even me.

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping—  
Long been slighting, grieving thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh! forgive and rescue me—  
Even me.

5 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak some word of power to me—  
Even me.

Words by FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea,  
2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment given.

## REFRAIN.

He is calling, "Come to me;" Lord, I'll glad-ly come to thee.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 For the love of God is broader<br/>Than the measure of man's mind;<br/>And the heart of the Eternal<br/>Is most wonderfully kind. <i>Refr.</i></p> <p>4 But we make his love too narrow*<br/>By false limits of our own;<br/>And we magnify his strictness<br/>With a zeal he will not own. <i>Refr.</i></p> | <p>5 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;<br/>Come, but come not doubting thus,<br/>Come with faith that trusts more freely<br/>His great tenderness for us. <i>Refr.</i></p> <p>6 If our love were but more simple<br/>We should take him at his word;<br/>And our lives would be all sunshine<br/>In the sweetness of our Lord. <i>Refr.</i></p> |
|---|--|

## GOD IS LOVE.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 God is love; his mercy brightens<br/>All the path in which we rove;<br/>Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;<br/>God is wisdom, God is love. <i>Refr.</i></p> <p>2 Chance and change are busy ever;<br/>Man decays, and ages move;<br/>But his mercy waneth never;<br/>God is wisdom, God is love. <i>Refr.</i></p> | <p>3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,<br/>Will his changeless goodness prove;<br/>From the gloom his brightness streameth;<br/>God is wisdom. God is love. <i>Refr.</i></p> <p>4 He with earthly cares entwineth<br/>Hope and comfort from above;<br/>Everywhere his glory shineth;<br/>God is wisdom, God is love. <i>Refr.</i></p> |
|--|---|

J. BOWLING.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



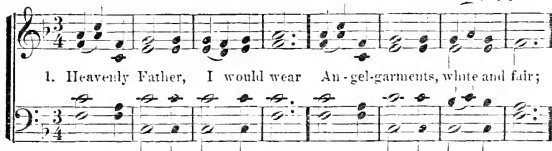
- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming | From the Cross the radiance stream-  
Light and love upon my way, | Adds new lustre to the day. [ing,

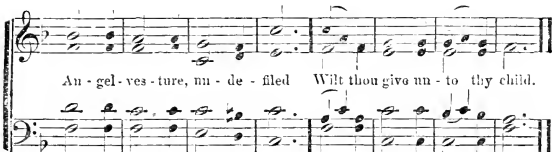
## Aletta. 7s.

LUCY LARCOM.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1. Heavenly Father, I would wear An-gel-garments, white and fair;



- An-gel-ves-ture, un-de-filed Wilt thou give un-to thy child.

- 2 Take the raiment soiled away,  
That I wear with shame to-day :  
Give my angel robes to me,  
White with heaven's own purity.

- 3 Take away my cloak of pride,  
And the worthless rags 'twould hide ;

- Clothe me in my angel dress,  
Beautiful with holiness.

- 4 Let me wear the white robes here,  
E'en on earth, my Father dear,  
Holding fast thy hand, and so,  
Through the world unspotted go.

## Only just across the River!

Words by Mrs M. A. KIDDER.

Wm. H. DOANE.  
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. { Only just across the riv-er, Ov-er on the other side, }  
 1. { Where the angels are in waiting, And the pure..... } in heart abide ;

Where there is no pain or sorrow To intrude on heavenly rest, On-ly

## CHORUS.

just across the riv-er, Stand the mansions of the blest. Only just across the

riv-er, Where the saints are passing over, On-ly just across the riv-er,

2.  
 Only just across the river,  
 Are the friends we loved below,  
 Clad in: pure and spotless garments,  
 That are whiter than the snow;  
 They have braved cold Jordan's billows,  
 And have pass'd thro' death's alarms,  
 They are free from every sorrow,  
 In the Saviour's loving arms. *Cho.*

O-ver on the oth-er side.

# Abide with Me!

107

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1865.

SYLVESTER MAIN, 1865.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be,

Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.

2 Lonely in a stranger land,  
Cast me not away from thee,  
Lead me by thy gentle hand,  
Lord, abide with me.

3 Thou hast died the lost to save,  
Died to set the captive free,  
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
Lord, abide with me.

4 Fill me with thy love divine,  
Consecrate my life to thee,

Bend my stubborn will to thine,  
Lord, abide with me.

5 When the shades of death prevail,  
Father, let me cling to thee;  
When I pass the gloomy vale,  
Still abide with me.

6 Then, O then, my raptured soul  
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;  
There, while endless ages roll,  
Live and reign with thee.

Tune, "ONLY JUST ACROSS THE RIVER." Page 106.

3 Only just across the river,  
Where the hills of glory shine,  
There the pearly gates unfolding,  
Lead the soul to joy divine.  
There the tree of life is blooming,  
And the living waters glide,  
Only just across the river,  
Over on the other side. *Cho.*

4 Only just across the river  
Are the robes of spotless white;  
Only just across the river  
Are the crowns of glory bright,  
And the saints and angels joining  
In the songs with one accord,  
Only just across the river.  
Sing the praises of the Lord. *Cho.*

Rev. F. W. FABER.

Miss CARRIE Mc DONALD.

1. Dear Lord thy loving greatness ever lies, Outside us like a boundless sea.  
2. Thus doth thy grandeur make us grand ourselves. 'Tis goodness always bids us  
fear;

We cannot lose ourselves where all is home Nor drift a - way from thee,  
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are When those they love are near.

3. Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play  
Beneath the shadow of Thy state,  
The only comfort of our littleness,  
Is that Thou art so great.

4. Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me  
down;  
Already life is heaven for me;  
No cradle child more softly lies than  
I, — Come soon eternity!

## Thine, Lord, forever!

W. BENNETT, 1858.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Thine, Lord, forev - er, Purchased by blood di - vine, Rescued and  
2. Thine, Lord, forev - er, Thro' storm and tempest w lid, Trusting con  
3. Thine, Lord, forev - er, Cheered by thy precious word, Thro' darkness,

4. Thine, Lord, forever,  
'Tho' death shall lay me low,  
E'en in that dreadful hour,  
Thine, Lord, I know.  
saved by thee, Lord. I am thine.  
fi - ding - ly, I am thy child.  
doubts, and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord.

5. Thine, Lord, forever,  
When safe before thy throne  
I stand, for evermore  
Thine, thine, alone.



JOS. SWAIN, 1792.

FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813. Arr.

1. O Thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On  
2. Where dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep, To

whom, in af - lic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my  
feed in the pas - ture of love? For why in the val - ley of

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all,  
death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove ?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from  
thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they  
see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels  
rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his  
voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

## Retreat. L. M.

1.

From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2.

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
a cloud of gladness on our heads—  
more than an hundred times, more sweet;  
it is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3.

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

4.

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

HUGH STOWELL, 1828.

Words by Rev. L. H.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.

1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest;  
2. Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe.

Let me go where my Re - deemer Has prepared his people's rest.  
Let me go and bathe my spir - it In the raptures an - gels know.

**CHORUS.**

I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for - ev - er - more,  
Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal Lures my soul a - way, a - way,

Cho.—Let me go, 'tis Je - sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day;

D. S.

I would join the friends that wait me O - ver on the oth - er shore.  
And the vic - tor's song tri - umphant, Thrills my heart. I can - not stay.

Bear me o - ver an - gel pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?  
What has earth to bind me here?  
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?  
What, but death and pain and fear!  
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd  
Blasted round me often lie,  
O! I've gathered brightest flowers  
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing  
Are forever more unknown,  
Where the joyous songs of glory  
Call me to a happier home.  
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,  
I would gain life's fairer plains,  
Let me join the myriad harpers,  
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

# I know Thou art gone!

111

Mrs MARY S. B. DANA.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest, Then why should my soul be so sad;

I know thou art gone where the weary are blest, And the mourner looks up and is glad.

## CHORUS.

I nev-er look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beauty is there;

And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply, When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 In thy far away home, wheresoe'er it may<br>be,<br>I know thou hast visions of mine;<br>And my heart hath revealings of thine<br>and of thee.<br>In many a token and sigh.<br>I never look up, etc. | 3 In the hush of the night, on the waste of<br>the sea,<br>Or alone with the breeze on the hill;<br>I have ever a presence that whispers of<br>thee,<br>And my spirit lies down and is still.<br>I never look up, etc. |
|---|--|

S. WESLEY.

STEPHEN JENKS. (— 1856) 1803.

1. Be-hold the Sav-iour of mankind Nail'd to the shame-ful tree ;

How vast the love that him in-clined To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans, while nature  
shakes,

And earth's strong pillars bend :  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—  
The solid marbles rend,

3 'T is done ' the precious ransom's paid !  
Receive my soul ! He cries ;

See where he bows his sacred head ;  
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious  
chain,

And in full glory shine :  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine ?

### Cross and Crown. C. M.

GEO. N. ALIEN, 1849.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free ?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery 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 !

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;  
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!

A calm and un-disturbed repose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.  
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power,

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high,

## Remember Me.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-riour bleed? And did my sov'reign die?  
Cru. Help me, dear Sav-iour, thee to own, And ev-er faithful be;

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
And when thou sit-test on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me.

8

## Peacefully Rest.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER, BRADBURY.  
From "Golden Chain," by per.

1. An-oth-er fleeting day is gone ; Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;

Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown, And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

CHORUS.

Peacefully rest, Peacefully rest, Rest till the morning, Peacefully rest.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone ;  
In solemn silence rest, my soul !  
Bow down before His awful throne,  
Who bids the morn and evening roll. *Cho.*
- 3 Soon shall a darker night descend,  
And veil from me yon azure skies ;  
And soon shall death's oppressive hand  
Lie heavy on these languid eyes. *Cho.*
- 4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,  
I lay my weary frame to rest,  
That night shall not make me afraid ;  
That bed the dying Saviour pressed. *Cho.*
- 5 Again emerging from the night,  
I, like my risen Lord shall rise ;  
Again drink in the morning light,  
Pure at its fount above the skies. *Cho.*

# The Dear Ones all at Home.

115

Rev. H. BONAR.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.  
From "Golden Shower."

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the

waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be there to meet The

1st. 2d.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet, sweet home!  
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet  
The dear ones all at home. :||

- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon:  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet, sweet home!  
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet  
The dear ones all at home. :||
- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon:  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet, sweet home!  
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet  
The dear ones all at home. :||

THOS. R. TAYLOR, 1834.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



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 ev-ry hand; Heav'n is my fath-er-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'n is my home;  
 I shall be glorified;—  
 Heav'n is my home:  
 There are the good and blest,  
 Those I love most and best,  
 There, too I soon shall rest.—  
 Heav'n is my home!

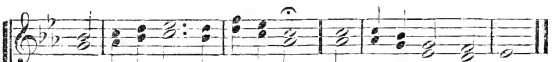
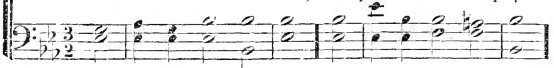
## St. Philip. S. M.

JNO. FAWCETT. 1772.

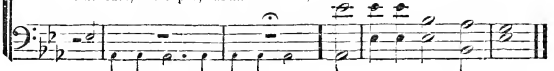
GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;  
 2. Be-fore our Fath-er's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;



The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our comforts and our cares.





JOHN OENNICK, 1743.

Rev. GEO. COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fix my hopes up-on;

His track I see, and I'll pursue The nar-row way, till him I view.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,

The King's highway of ho-li-ness. I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
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.

3 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.  
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.

## If I were a Voice.

From "Song Crown," by per.

ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY.



1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world  
 2. If I were a voice, a con - sol - ing voice, I'd fly on the wings of the

PIANO OR ORG.



through, I would fly on the beams of the morning light. And speak to men with a  
 air; The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truthful



gentle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly. I would fly o - ver  
 words I'd speak, To save them from despair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the

land and sea. Where-er a hu - man heart might be, Telling a tale or  
crowded town, And drop, like the happy sunlight, down in - to the hearts of

singing a song In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong. I would fly,  
suffering men, And teach them to look up a - gain: I would fly,

I would fly, I would fly, I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,  
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.

3 If I were a voice, a convincing voice,  
I'd travel with the wind,  
And wherever I saw the nations torn,  
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,  
Or hatred of their kind,  
I would fly. I would fly on the thunder crash,  
And into their blinded bosoms flash:  
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,  
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood,  
I would fly, I would fly,  
I would fly on the thunder crash,

4 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,  
I would fly the earth around:  
And wherever man to his idols bowed,  
I'd publish in notes both long and loud  
The Gospel's joyful sound.  
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,  
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,  
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—  
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,  
I would fly, I would fly,  
I would fly on the wings of day.

## Pilesgrove. L. M.



1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dress;  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way:  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

## Windham. L. M.



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

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—  
So let thy pard'ning 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 judgments grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

## Uxbridge. L. M.



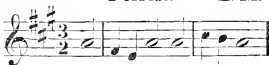
1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die;  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.

## Forrest. L. M.



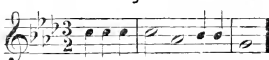
1 O that my load of sin were gone;  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within—  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove;  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.

## Missionary Chant. L. M.

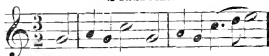


1 Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then shall we meet to part no more—  
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

## Sessions. L. M.



1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but thee:  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.

8 How blest are they who still abide  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

Northfield. C. M.



1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.

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

8 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cance'd sin,  
He sets the pris'n'er free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.

Coronation. C. M.



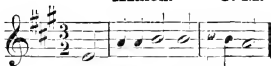
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

8 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Azmon. C. M.



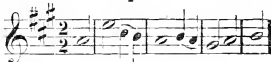
1 O for a closer walk with God—  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their merr'y still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest:  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

Stephens. C. M.



1 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 resign'd, 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.

Evan. C. M.

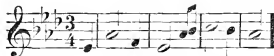


1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,  
Through all the hours of night,  
And grant to me most graciously  
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove;  
O, in the morning let me rise  
It joining in thy love.

8 Or, if this night should prove my last,  
And end my transient days:  
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,  
Where I may sing thy praise.

Avon. C. M.



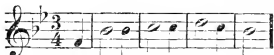
1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad:  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow;  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume:  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

Ortonville. C. M.



1 Once more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats.  
The day renews the sound:  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

Heber. C. M.



1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts resolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve;

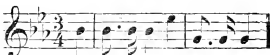
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sov'reign 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.

Varina. C. M. D.



1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Gerar. S. M.



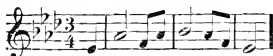
1 Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismay'd;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;  
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight—let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not;  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Proclaim: God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

## Kentucky. S. M.



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

## Shirland. S. M.



- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord  
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.

## Boylston. S. M.



- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?

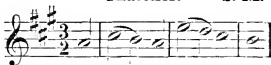
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all, resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.

## State Street. S. M.



- 1 My God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call:  
I cannot live, if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell:  
'Tis paradise when thou art here;  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smileings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

## Thatcher. S. M.



- 1 Thou very-present aid  
In suff'ring and distress;  
The mind which still on thee is stay'd  
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined  
On the Redeemer's breast,  
'Mid raging storms, exults to find  
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
Whene'er thy face appears;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross:  
It sweetly comforts me;  
Makes me forget my every loss,  
And find my all in thee.

## Supplication. L. M. 6 lines.



1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am while thou art mine:  
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above:  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love:  
To me, with thy great name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

## Carmarthen. H. M.



1 Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind:  
Th' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have:  
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!  
It charms the host above;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at, his love:  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze—  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

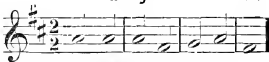
## Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.



1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?  
2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.  
3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

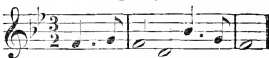
4 Kindled his relentings are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—  
Let the lifted thunder drop.

## Prayer. 7s.



1 Prince of peace, control my will;  
Bid this struggling heart be still;  
Bid my fears and doubtings cease—  
Flush my spirit into peace.  
2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,  
Open'd wide the gate to God:  
Peace I ask—but peace must be,  
Lord, in being one with thee.  
3 May thy will, not mine, be done;  
May thy will and mine be one:  
Chase these doubtings from my heart;  
Now thy perfect peace impart.  
4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;  
Thou my life, my God, my all!  
Let thy happy servant be  
One for evermore with thee!

## Toplady. 7s, 6 lines.

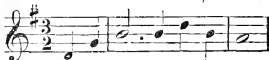


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure—  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears 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 the cross I cling.

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

## Oron. 7s, 6 lines.



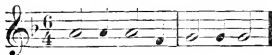
1 By thy birth, and by thy tears,  
By thy human griefs and fears;  
By thy conflict in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power—  
Saviour, look with pitying eye;  
Saviour, help me, or I die.



2 By the tenderness that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the bitter tears that flow'd  
Over Salem's lost abode—  
Saviour, look with pitying eye;  
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;  
By the fearful conflict there;  
By thy cross and dying cries;  
By thy one great sacrifice—  
Saviour, look with pitying eye;  
Saviour, help me, or I die.

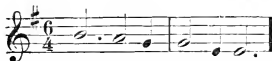
**Martyn.** 7s, double.



1 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.

**Bethany.** 6s & 4s.



1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

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

**New Haven.** 6s & 4s.



1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary:  
Saviour divine,  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.

**\* The Convert.** 12s & 9s.



1 O how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above;  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

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

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all his salvation might see;  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffer'd and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

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