

The

W

WREATH

OF

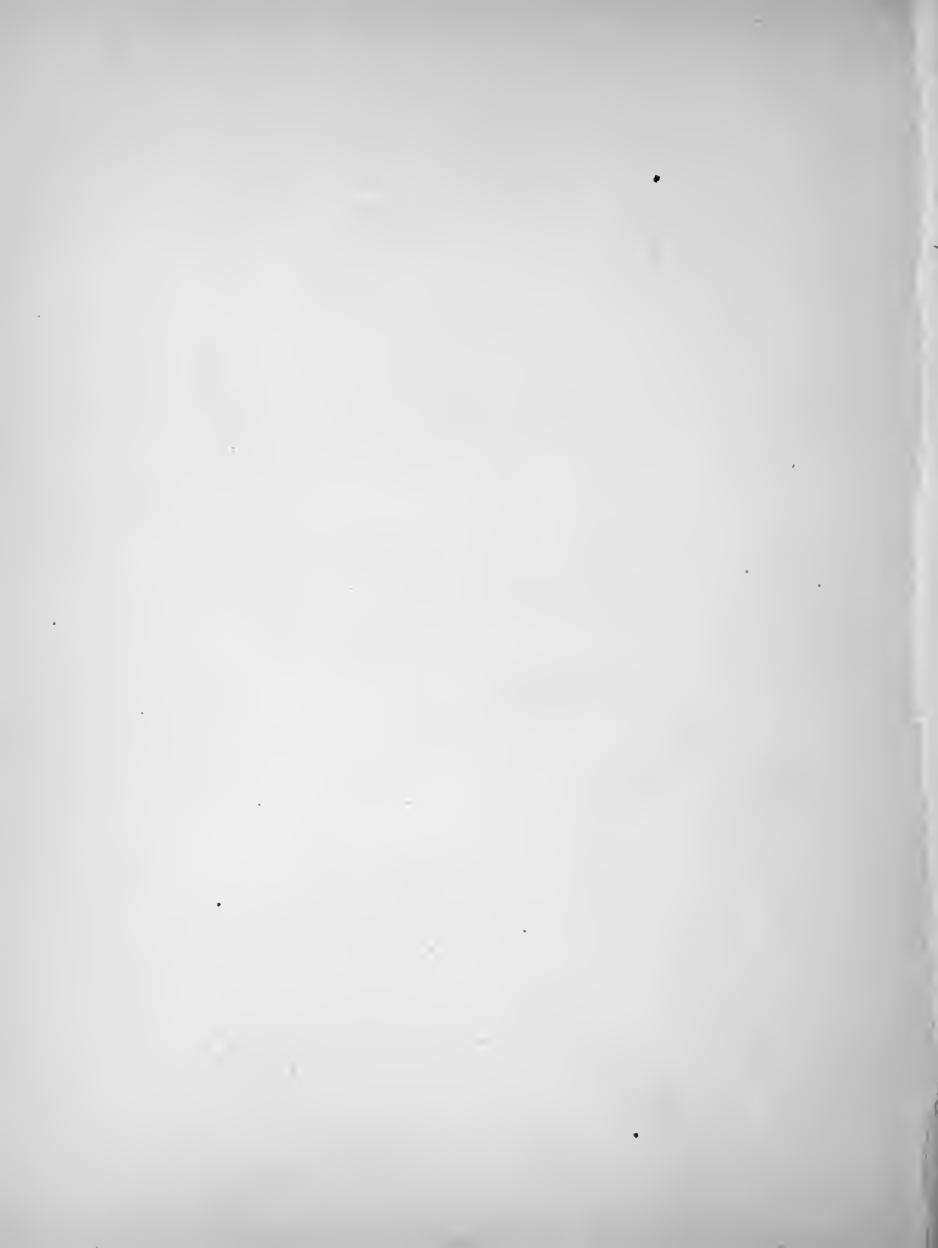
GEMS

FOR THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND

DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS

BY

V. T. BARNWELL.



32,321

THE  
WREATH OF GEMS;

OR,

STRICTLY FAVORITE SONGS AND TUNES

FOR THE

*Sunday School,*

AND FOR GENERAL USE IN

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY

V. T. BARNWELL.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS work has been planned and executed to meet a strong and growing demand for a music book calculated to bring the Church and the Sunday School closer together; *i. e.* make their respective exercises more homogeneous.

It is an undeniable fact that the Sunday Schools of the day are singing one class of music, while another and a very different kind is used in the Church. Now, in just so far as the Sunday School is the "Nursery of the Church," the tendency of the Sunday School singing of the present day is to draw the Church away from the use of those old, tried, and standard Songs of Zion, which, on account of their true merit, have become so eminently popular for Church purposes.

We would not advocate a too radical change in the style of Sunday School music—we would not rob the School of any life and vigor derived from cheerful music of a chaste and elevating character—we would not have the children sing exclusively dull, sluggish hymn-tunes. On the other hand, we would not have the service of the Sanctuary debased by the introduction of a class of music totally unsuited to, and beneath, its solemn dignity.

What we desire is, to have the Sunday School adopt and use many of the choice, stirring Church Tunes and Hymns. The membership of the Church should, also, constantly endeavor to learn the better class of Sunday School music practiced in the School. Then may "*All the people,*" old and young, come together in the Great Congregation and sing, *with one accord*, such pieces as a refined and cultivated taste may deem peculiarly adapted to the occasion.

We have, therefore, prepared this work; giving about, or nearly, the usual number of pieces found in a Sunday School music book—endeavoring to insert *absolutely nothing not practically useful*. One half of the book (the left-hand page, throughout) has been devoted to metrical tunes, (the names of which, in each metre respectively, will be found alphabetically arranged,) and the remaining pages have been filled with sparkling Sunday School music. It is hoped that not so much as *one single piece*, in the whole book, will be found uninteresting, or otherwise impracticable.

It will be readily seen that this collection is not the work of one, two, or three minds; but that its contents have been culled from the best productions of many authors of unquestionable ability, without regard to copyright expense; most of the music herein contained is, therefore, copyright property, and the public is cautioned not to use it in other collections, without first obtaining permission from the authors, or owners of the copyrights.

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That this collection of Sunday School and Church music may, in the hands of zealous Superintendents and skillful Choristers, aided by discerning Pastors, be the means of accomplishing much good, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

# The Wreath of Gems.

## 1.—ANTIOCH. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;



Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing.



And heav'n and na -



And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.



ture sing,



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hill, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;

1 Now let the children of the saints  
Be dedicate to God;  
Pour out Thy spirit on them, Lord,  
And wash them in Thy blood.

He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.  
4 He rules the world with truth and grace;  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## 2.—C. M.

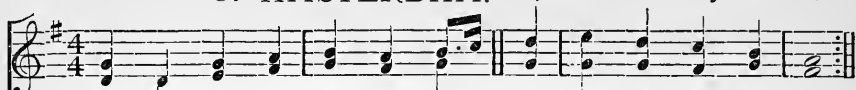
WATTS.

2 Thus to the parents and their seed,  
Shall Thy salvation come;  
And numerous households meet at last,  
In one eternal home.

## 3.-AMSTERDAM.

7s &amp; 6s.

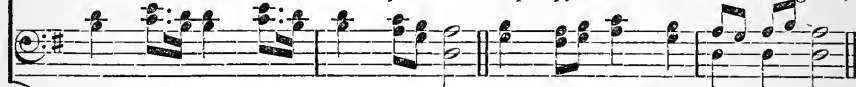
JAMES NARES.



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }  
 Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place; }  
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; }  
 Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source; }  
 3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; }  
 Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn Tri - umph - ant in the skies. }



Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move; }  
 So my soul, de - rived from God, Pants to view His glo - rious face; }  
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given, }

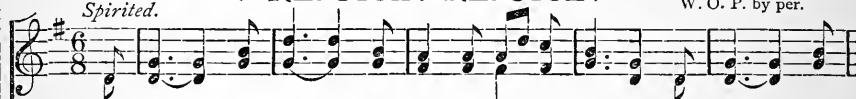


Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. }  
 For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace. }  
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven. }

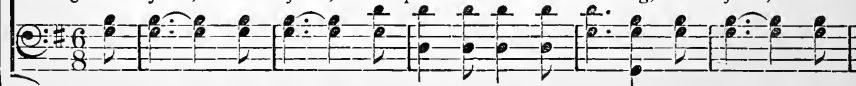


## 4.-REJOICE! REJOICE!

From "Starry Crown."  
 W. O. P. by per.

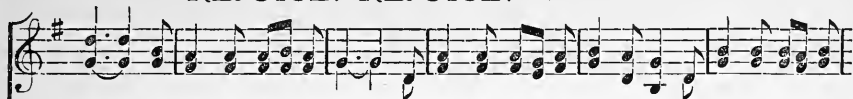
*Spirited.*

1. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - }  
 2. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - }  
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - }

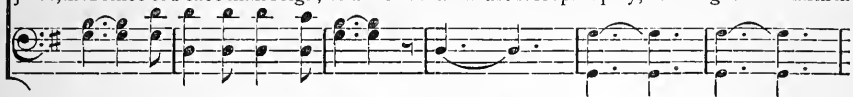




# REJOICE! REJOICE! (CONCLUDED.)



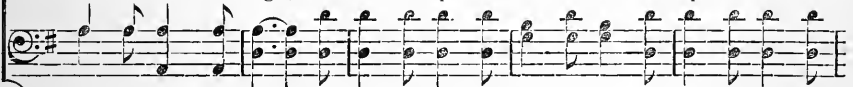
joyce, the Prince of Peace shall reign; And Zion's children then shall sing, The deserts all are  
joyce, the Prince of Peace shall reign; From Zion shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from  
joyce, the Prince of Peace shall reign, And lambs shall with the leopard play, For naught shall harm in



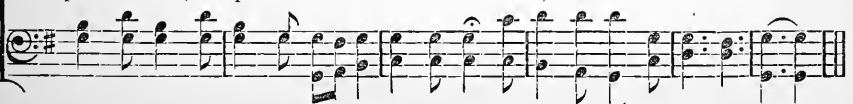
blossoming: Re - joyce, re - joyce, the promised time is coming, Re - joyce, re - joyce, the  
south to north: Re-joyce, re - joyce, the promised time is coming, Re - joyce, re - joyce, the  
Zion's way: Re-joyce, re - joyce, the promised time is coming, Re - joyce, re - joyce, the



Prince of Peace shall reign: The gos - pel ban - ner wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph  
Prince of Peace shall reign; And truth shall sit on ev - 'ry hill, And blessings flow from  
Prince of Peace shall reign; The sword and spear of needless worth, Shall prune the tree and

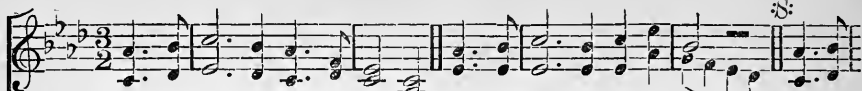


o'er the world, And ev'ry creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee.  
ev - 'ry rill, And praise shall ev'ry heart employ, And ev'ry voice shall shout with joy.  
plow the earth, And peace shall smile from shore to shore, And nations learn to war no more.

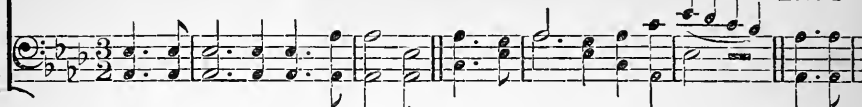


## 5.—AUTUMN. 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

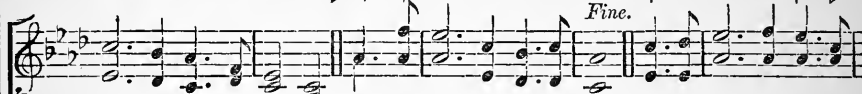
Spanish Tune.



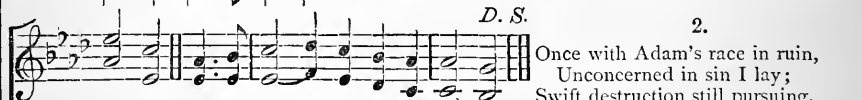
1. Hail, my ev - er - blessed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing; To my Love I



soul Thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King; Oh, what mercy flows from much? I've much forgiv-en,- I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!



heaven! Oh, what joy and happi - ness!



2. Once with Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcerned in sin I lay;  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Saviour passed that way:  
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness:  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—  
I'm a miracle of grace!

## 6.—8s &amp; 7s Double.

- 1 HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus!  
Hail, thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By Thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid:  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;  
All the heavenly host adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side;  
There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
There Thou dost our place prepare:  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
- Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

# 7.—THE BLISSFUL HOME.

Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

V. T. BARNWELL.

1. By - and - by, when I'm call'd to go, I shall bid a - dieu to the scenes be - low,

I shall mount and soar, on the wings of love, To a land of bliss, to a home a - bove.

## CHORUS.

By - and - by, when the bless - ed an - gels come, I shall fly with joy to a

bliss - ful home; By - and - by, when the bless - ed an - gels come, I shall

fly with joy to a bliss - ful home.

2.  
By-and-by, when I yield my breath  
And I fall a prey to the monster death,  
I shall fly with joy to the rest on high;  
I shall live with Christ, I shall never die.

3.  
By-and-by, when I cross the tide  
And I stand redeemed on the other side,  
I shall dwell in peace on the heavenly shore;  
I shall shout with triumph for evermore.

## 8.—ARIEL. C. P. M.

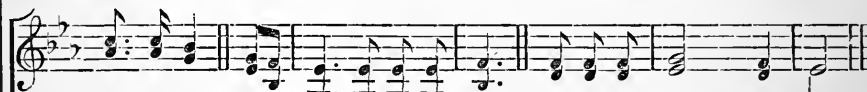
DR. L. MASON.



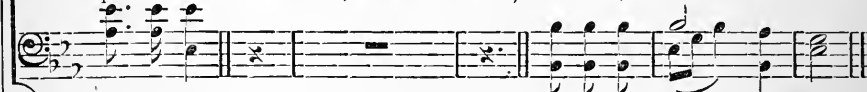
1. Had I ten thous - and gifts be - side, I'd cleave to Jesus cru - ci - fied,



And build on him a - lone; For no foundation is there giv'n On which to place my



hopes of heav'n But Christ, the corner - stone, But Christ, the cor - ner - stone.



2. Possessing Christ I all possess,  
 Wisdom and strength and righteousness,  
 And holiness complete;  
 Bold in His name, I dare draw nigh  
 Before the Ruler of the sky,  
 And all his justice meet.

3. There is no path to heav'nly bliss,  
 To solid joy or lasting peace,  
 But Christ, th' appointed road:  
 Oh, may we tread the sacred way,  
 By faith rejoice and praise and pray,  
 Till we sit down with God.

## 9.—C. P. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

1. O Glorious hope of perfect love!  
 It lifts me up to things above;  
 It bears on eagles' wings;  
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
 And makes me for some moments feast  
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain top,  
 See all the land below:

Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of paradise  
 In endless plenty grow,

3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
 With every blessing blessed:  
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And keeps His own in perfect peace,  
 And everlasting rest.

# 10.—HIS LOVE IS EVER O'ER US.

PAULINA.  
*Joyfully.*

From "Pure Diamonds." J. R. MURRAY.

1. O Soul! come to the Mer-cy-seat! O Lips! sing of the way!
2. List! He call-eth so lov-ing-ly, "My Son, give me thine heart;"
3. Toil! trust! love! for He lov-eth thee; Watch! wait! pray to the end;

*D. C.*—O Soul! come to the Mer-cy-seat! O Lips! sing of the way!

*Fine.*

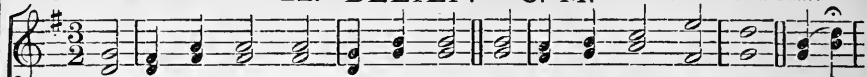
O Feet! fol-low the Bless-ed One Up to the Gates of Day.  
Then, like Ma-ry of Beth-a-ny, Choose we the bet-ter part.  
Then He, smil-ing ap-prov-ing-ly, Will be thy Sav-our-Friend.

*O Feet! fol-low the Bless-ed One Up to the Gates of Day.*

God's love is ev-er o'er us, His an-gels go be-fore us, Our

*D. C.*  
foot-steps gen-tly guid-ing A-long the heav'n-ly way. Then

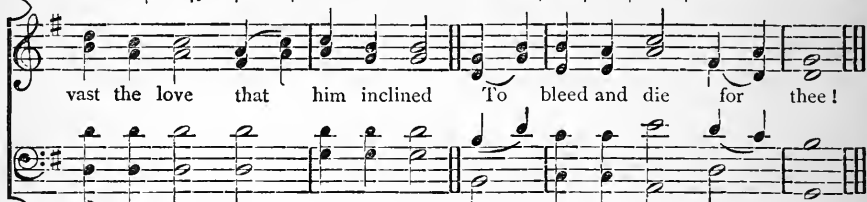
By permission S. Brainard's Sons.



1. Behold the Sav - our of mankind Nail'd to the shame - ful tree! How



vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for thee!



Cho.—I do believe, I now believe,

That Jesus died for me;  
And through His blood, His precious blood,  
I shall from sin be free.

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. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
"Receive my soul!" He cries:  
See where He bows his sacred head!  
He bows His head, and dies!

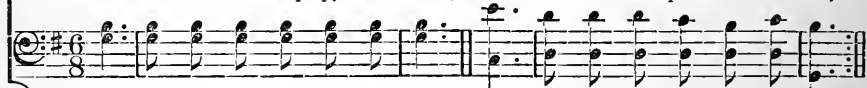
4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine?

NEWTON.

## 12.—CONTRAST. 8s.



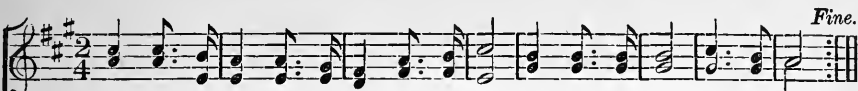
1. { How tedious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me,—  
D. C. But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.



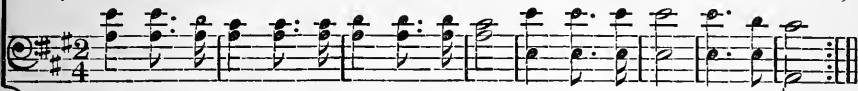
The mid - sum - mersun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;



## 13.—HOMeward BOUND.



1. { Out on an ocean all boundless we ride—We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }  
 { Tossed on the waves of a rough rest-less tide—We're homeward bound, homeward bound. }



Promise of which on us each he bestowed—We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



Far from the safe qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celes-tial a-bode,

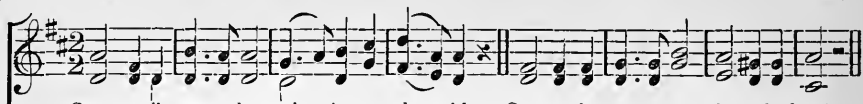


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—<br/>                 We're homeward bound ;<br/>                 Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—<br/>                 We're homeward bound.<br/>                 Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel ;<br/>                 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale :<br/>                 Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail—<br/>                 We're homeward bound.</p> | <p>3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,<br/>                 We're homeward bound ;<br/>                 Try to persuade them to enter our throng—<br/>                 We're homeward bound.<br/>                 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,<br/>                 Join in our number, O come and be blest ;<br/>                 Journey with us to the mansions of rest—<br/>                 We're homeward bound.</p> |
|--|--|

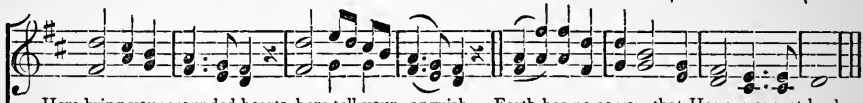
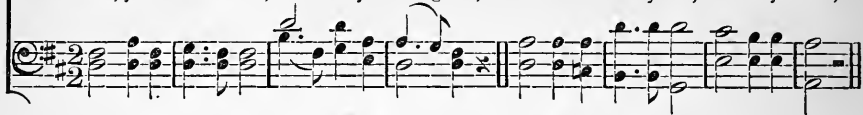
### Conclusion of words of "CONTRAST."

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 His name yields the richest perfume,<br/>                 And sweeter than music his voice ;<br/>                 His presence disperses my gloom,<br/>                 And makes all within me rejoice ;<br/>                 I should were he always thus nigh,<br/>                 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;<br/>                 No mortal so happy as I,<br/>                 My summers would last all the year.</p> <p>3 Content with beholding his face,<br/>                 My all to his pleasure resigned ;<br/>                 No changes of season or place,<br/>                 Would make any change in my mind.</p> | <p>While blessed with a sense of his love,<br/>                 A palace a toy would appear ;<br/>                 And prisons would palaces prove,<br/>                 If Jesus would dwell with me there.</p> <p>4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,<br/>                 If thou art my sun and my song,<br/>                 Say why do I languish and pine ?<br/>                 And why are my winters so long ?<br/>                 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,<br/>                 Thy soul-cheering presence before ;<br/>                 Or take me to thee up on high,<br/>                 Where winter and clouds are no more.</p> |
|--|--|

14.—COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10. THOMAS MOORE. SAM. WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fervently kneel;



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

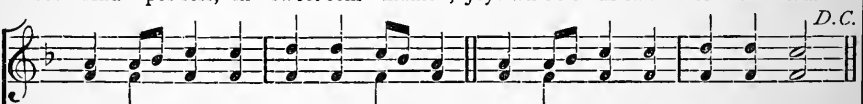
JOHN NEWTON. 15.—GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4. ROUSSEAU, *Fine.*



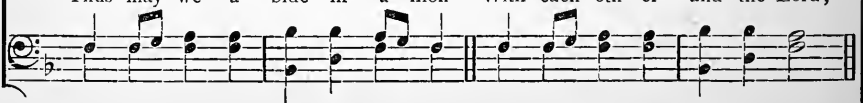
1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Fa-ther's bound-less love, }  
With the Ho-ly Spir-it's fav-or, Rest up-on us from a-bove: }



*D.C.*—And pos-sess, in sweet com-munion, Joys which earth can-not af-ford.



Thus may we a-bide in u-nion With each oth-er and the Lord;





# 16.—JESUS, BE NEAR ME.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

I. { Je - sus, be near me, Read - y to hear me, Com - fort and cheer me ;  
Oft - en I grieve Thee ; Yet do not leave me, Kind - ly re - ceive me,

CHORUS.

In Thee I live. } Pil - grim and stran - ger, Save me from dan - ger.  
Free - ly for - give. }

Guide me and guard me, Shep - herd, I pray. Pil - grim and stran - ger,

Save me from dan - ger. Guide me and guard me, Shepherd, I pray.

2. Tempters assail me :

If Thou should'st fail me,  
What could avail me ?  
Who could uphold ?  
But Thou hast sought me,  
Found me, and bought me,  
And Thou hast brought me  
Unto Thy fold.—*Cho.*

3. Purest of pleasure,

Richest of treasure,  
Peace without measure,  
Find I in Thee.  
These I inherit  
By Thy good Spirit :  
I have no merit ;  
Thou art my plea.—*Cho.*

4. Into subjection

Bring each affection,  
And Thy protection  
Never withhold :  
Do not forsake me,  
Like thyself make me ;  
Then, Saviour, take me  
Up to Thy fold.—*Cho.*

*From "Echo to H. V." By per of the Publishers.*

I. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high: The

gar - ments he as - sumes Are light and maj - es - ty: His glo - ries

shine with beams \* so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand  
Keep the wide world in awe:  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard His holy law;  
And where His love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

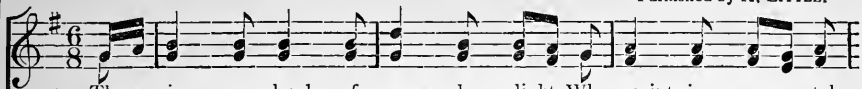
3 Through all His mighty works  
Amazing wisdom shines,  
Confounds the powers of hell,

And breaks their dark designs:  
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King  
Of glory condescend?  
And will He write His name  
My Father and my Friend?  
I love His name, I love His word:  
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

# 18.—WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

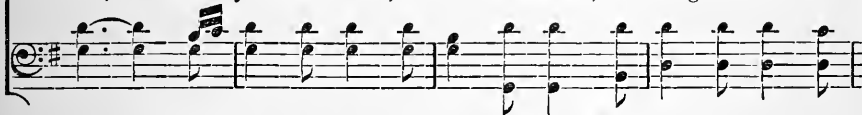
Furnished by A. LITTLE.



1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fading flow -
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing
4. Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape



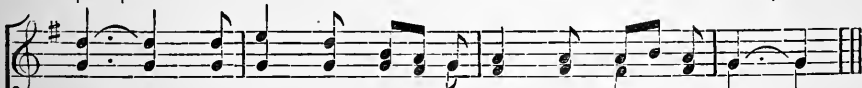
reign: E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And pleasures' ban - ish  
 ers: Death like a nar - row sea di - vides This heavenly land from  
 green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be -  
 o'er, Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the



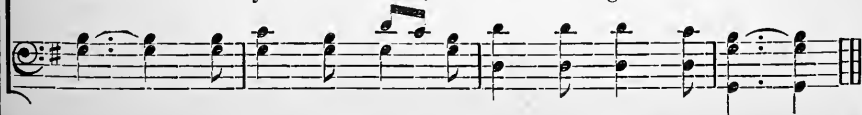
## REFRAIN.



pain. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll  
 ours. We'll wait, &c.  
 tween. We'll wait, &c.  
 shore. We'll wait, &c.



wait till Je - sus comes, And then be gather - ed home.



From "Starry Crown." by per., W. A. POND & Co.

19.—HASTINGS. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

*Rather Quick and Gliding.*

HASTINGS.

1. Thou, Lord of life, whose ten - der care Hath led us on till now,  
Here, low - ly, at the hour of prayer, Be - fore Thy throne we bow:  
We bless Thy gracious hand, and pray For - give - ness for an - o - th - er day.

2. With prayer, our humble praise we bring,  
For mercies day by day:  
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing;  
Lord, teach us how to pray:  
All that we have we owe to Thee,—  
Thy debtors through eternity.
3. Thou, blessed God, hast been our guide,  
Through life our guard and friend;  
Yet still, throughout life's weary tide,

- Preserve us to the end:  
And when this life's sad journey's past,  
Receive us to Thyself at last.
4. In our Redeemer's name, for all  
These blessings we implore;  
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,  
And gratefully adore:  
Bend from Thy throne of earth and skies,  
And bless our evening sacrifice.

20.—8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. How calm and beautiful the morn  
That gilds the sacred tomb,  
Where once the Crucified was borne  
And veiled in midnight gloom;  
O! weep no more the Saviour slain,  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.
2. How tranquil now the rising day—  
'Tis Jesus still appears  
A risen Lord, to chase away

- Your unbelieving fears;  
O! weep no more your comforts slain,  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.
3. And when the shades of evening fall,  
When life's last hour draws nigh,  
If Jesus shines upon the soul,  
How blissful then to die:  
Since He has risen who once was slain,  
Ye die in Christ to live again.

# 21.—THEN HOIST THE SAILS.

From "Pure Diamonds," S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Duet.



1st Duet.

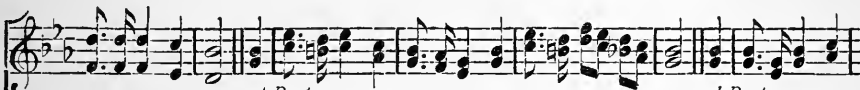
1. What vessel are you sailing in, While on the voyage of life?

2d Duet.

Our vessel is the Ark of God, "The

2. Our compass is the "Word of God," Our anchor, stead-fast hope; The love of God fills ev'ry sail, And

2d Duet.



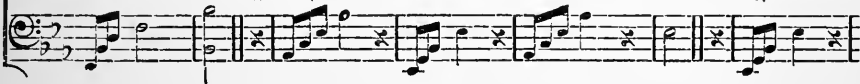
1st Duet.

way, the truth, the life." And what's the port your sailing for, What calm and peaceful bay? The port is New Je-

faith's our anchor rope. How many have you now on board That noble ship divine? Ten thousand, thousand

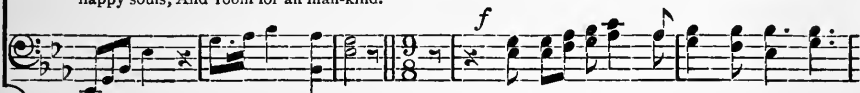
1st Duet.

2d Duet.



CHORUS. *f*

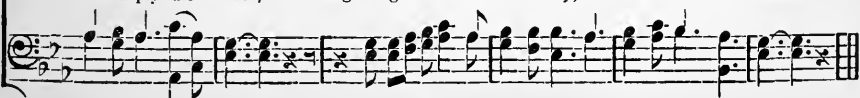
ru - salem, The realms of endless day. Then hoist the sails..... To catch the gale, Each  
happy souls, And room for all man-kind.



Then hoist the sails,



sailor ply the oar, The night begins to wear away, We soon shall reach the shore.



The night begins

By permission S. Bralnard's Sons.

I would not live away; I ask not to stay Where storm aft - er

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

dawn on us here Are followed by gloom or be - cloud - ed with fear.

2.  
I would not live away thus fettered by sin,—  
Temptation without and corruption within;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

3.  
I would not live away; no—welcome the  
tomb:  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom:  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4.  
Who, who would live away from his  
God,—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the  
plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5.  
There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet:  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul.

## 23.—HOSANNA.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

From "Echo to H. V.," by per.

1. Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid! The chil-dren sung of old; And

CHORUS.

thro' the ho - ly tem - ple The joy - ous anthem rolled. Ho - san-na! ho -

san-na! ho - san-na in the high-est to David's roy-al Son. Ho - san-na!

ho - san - na! Bless - ed is He that com-eth in the name of the Lord!

2 Hosanna to the Son of David!  
The palm of victory wave;  
Hosanna in the highest!  
He comes to bless and save!—CHO.

3 Hosanna to the Son of David!  
They sang 'mid frowns and foes;  
And louder yet, and louder,  
Their song triumphant rose.—CHO.

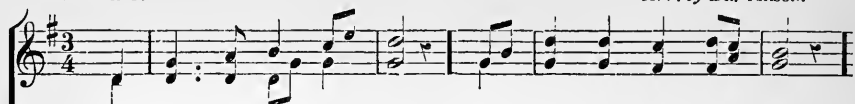
4 Hosanna to the Son of David!  
Our youthful lips reply;  
For us He left His glory,  
For us He came to die.—CHO.

5 Hosanna to the Son of David!  
Let every creature sing,  
And every heart enthrone Him  
As Prophet, Priest, and King.—CHO.

# 24.-LISCHER. H. M.

HEYWARD.

Arr. by DR. MASON.



1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn! Thou day of sa-cred rest;



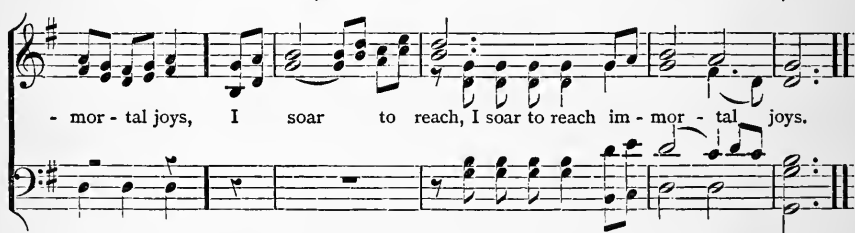
I hail thy kind re-turn! Lord, make these mo-ments blest.



From the low train of mor-tal toys I soar to reach im-



-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.



2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill His throne of grace;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address Thy face:  
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning powers;  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless the sacred hours.  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.



# 25.—SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH.

HEBER.

V. T. BARNWELL.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red

lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to cher-ish,

CHORUS—*faster*.  
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish!" Save, or we per-ish,

*rit.*  
Save, or we per-ish, We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we per-ish!"

2 O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his danger—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,  
Arise in Thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

## 26.—LENOX. H. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-lemn sound! Let all the na-tions know,

To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!

Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home; Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin - ners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest:  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## 27.—LYONS. IOS &amp; IIS.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Tho' troubles as - sail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-tide, The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

## 28.—CHRISTMAS MORN.

Written for this work, by C. F. BARNWELL.

1. Hark ! the heavenly mu-sic—An - gel voi - ces sing ; And they tell to earth Immanuel's fame ;  
 2. Peace to earth they her-ald, Christ the Lord is born, Heav'n and earth unite his praise to sing ;  
 3. O ye mortals, serve Him, hon - or and a - dore, Chant the wondrous sto-ry of His love ;

Hear the wondrous sto - ry—hear their voices ring, Shouting hal - le - lu - jahs to His name.  
 O, receive the message they to earth have borne, Hail your Prophet ! hail your Priest and King !  
 Spread the joy - ful tidings, till for - ev - er more Ye shall join the an - gel hosts a - bove.

### CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God ! With sweet an - gels shout in tones of joy :

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, glo - ry be to God, *rit.* Glo - ry be to God—to God most high.

# 29.—MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

HEBER.

DR. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand ; Where Afric's sun - ny

fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand ; From many an an - cient riv - er, From

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

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

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! O, Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

# 30.—COME UNTO ME.

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT, *by per.*

1. Hark, the gentle voice of Je - sus fall - eth Ten - der - ly up - on your ear ;  
2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low - ly, Bear His bur - den, of Him learn ;  
3. Then, His lov - ing, tender voice o - bey - ing, Bear His yoke, His bur - den take ;

Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call - eth; Turn and lis - ten, stay and hear.  
He who call - eth is the Mas - ter, ho - ly, He will teach if you will learn.  
Find the yoke, His hand is on you lay - ing, Light and ea - sy for His sake.

## CHORUS.

Ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast ;

Ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.

*By per. R. M. McIntosh.*

# 31.—NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

H. F. LYTE.

1. { Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee; }  
 { Naked, poor, despised, forsak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. } Per - ish ev - 'ry

fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion!

\* CHORUS.

God and heav'n are still my own! I love Je - sus, Halle - lu - jah! I love Je - sus,

yes, I do; I do love Je - sus, He's my Sa-viour; And I know He loves me too.

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 disown me;  
 Show Thy face and all is bright.—CHO.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain;  
 In Thy service pain is pleasure;  
 With Thy favor loss is gain.  
 I have called Thee Abba, Father,  
 I have set my heart on Thee;  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—  
 All must work for good to me.—CHO.

\* This Chorus may be used or omitted, according to circumstances.

# 32.—GATHER THE CHILDREN.

Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

V. T. BARNWELL.

1. Go gath-er the children, the lit-tle ones, in ; Gather them in, bring them home ;  
 2. Go tell them the story of Him that hath died, Shedding His blood,—precious blood ;  
 3. Go train them to walk in the highway of truth, Serving the right,—hat - ing sin ;

Go bring them away from the places of sin, Jesus hath bid them come.  
 Go tell them by faith in the One crucified They may have peace with God. } [OMIT.....  
 Go seek them, to save, in their childhood and youth, Gather them—bring them in. }

*1st time.* *2d time.*

d.s. Go gather the children, the little ones, in ; [OMIT.....] Gather the lit-tle ones

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
 .....] Go bring.... them in..... Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,  
 home ; Gath-er them, gather them in, Gather them in, gath-er them in,

Go bring.... them in..... Gather them, gather them, gather them home.  
 Gather them, gath-er them in, Gath - er them home.

*accl.* *rit.* *D. S. a tempo.*

### 33.—OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. WILLIAMS.

L. MASON. *From the German.*

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land ; I am weak, but

Thou art mighty ; Hold me with Thy powerful hand : Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliv'rer !  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside :  
Death of death, aad hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

### 34.—8s, 7s & 4s.

1 MIGHTY Lord, extend Thine empire !  
Be Thy truth with triumph crowned !  
Let the lands that sit in darkness  
Hear the glorious gospel's sound,  
From our borders,  
To the world's remotest bound.

2 By Thine arm, eternal Father,  
Scatter far the shades of night !  
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom

Open like the morning light,  
And the future  
Realize our visions bright.

3 Come, too long to earth a stranger,  
Once again thy reign restore !  
In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,  
Still advancing more and more,  
Till the heathen  
Shall the Lord supreme adore.

*Joseph Cottle.*



## 35.—EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3s.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.\*

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing, Thou art scattering full and free; }  
 { Showers, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me. }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious 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 tender Saviour;  
 Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 I am longing for Thy favor;  
 When Thou comest, call for me,  
 Even me.

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

## 36.—TO-DAY.

L. MASON.

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:  
 Ye wand'ers, come:  
 Oh, ye benighted souls,  
 Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls:  
 For refuge fly;  
 The storm of vengeance falls,  
 Ruin is nigh.

- 3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
 Oh, listen now;  
 Within these sacred walls  
 To Jesus bow.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day;  
 Yield to His power;  
 Oh, grieve Him not away,  
 'Tis mercy's hour.

\* From "Golden Shower," by permission of Biglow & Main.

THOMAS KELLY.

37.—SICILY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

*Italian.*

r. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;

{ Teach us to re - joice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy servants hear; }  
 { Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. }

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
 We would run, nor weary be,  
 Till Thy glory,  
 Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
 All Thy people shall adore,  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Than they could conceive before,—  
 Full enjoyment,—  
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

38.—TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

1. { O Thou God of my sai - va - tion, My Redeemer from all sin, } I will praise Thee, I will  
 { Mov'd by Thy divine compassion, Who has died my heart to win, }  
 2. { Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour: He hath bro't salvation near; } Soul and bod - y, Soul and  
 { Man - i - fests his pard'ning fa - vor, And when Jesus doth appear, }

praise Thee; Where will I Thy praise be - gin.  
 bod - y Shall His glorious im - age 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!

# 39.—WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

*With Deliberation.*

L. MASON.

SOPRANO SOLO.

TENOR SOLO.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's  
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, Higher yet that star ascends. Trav'ler, bless-ed-ness and

SOPRANO SOLO.

height, See the glo - ry-beam-ing star ! Watchman, does its beautiful ray Aught of hope or  
light, Peace and truth its course portends ! Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that

TENOR SOLO.

joy fore-tell ? Trav'ler, yes ; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el !  
gave them birth ? Trav'ler, a - ges are its own ; See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

CHORUS, for 1st and 2d verses.

CHORUS, for 3d verse.

Trav'ler, yes ; it brings the day—Promised day of Israel ! 3. Trav'ler, lo ! the Prince of Peace, Lo ! the

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn !  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Trav'ler, lo ! the Prince of Peace—  
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

JOHN NEWTON.

## 40.—WILMOT. 8s &amp; 7s.

WEBER.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded;  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile on all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.

THOMAS KELLY.

## 41.—ZION. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, } Mourning captive!  
{ Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands: }

God Himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God Himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning:  
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:  
He Him - self appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee:  
Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.

# 42.—GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FANNIE J. CROSBY. 1864.

WM. B. BRADBURY.\*

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the

SEMI-CHORUS, or DUET.

highest! Shall be our song to-day. { 1. Another year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care  
2. O, may we an un-broken band, Around the throne

and boundless love; So let our loudest voic-es raise Our glad and grateful song of praise. {  
of Jesus stand, And there with angels and the throng Of His redeemed ones join the song. }

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

\*From "Golden Censer," by per. of Bigelow & Main, N. Y.

## 43.-CONSECRATION. 7s.

CHAS. WESLEY.

V. T. BARNWELL.

1. Je - sus, all - a - ton - ing Lamb, Thine, and on - ly Thine, I am;  
 2. Thou my one thing need - ful be; Let me ev - er cleave to Thee;  
 3. Whom have I on earth be - low? Thee, and on - ly Thee I know;

Take my bod - y, spir - it, soul, On - ly Thou possess the whole.  
 Let me choose the bet - ter part; Let me give Thee all my heart.  
 Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Thou art all in all to me.

MONTGOMERY.

## 44.-ESHTEMOA. 7s.

T. B. MASON.

1. When on Si - nai's top I see God de - scend, in maj - es - ty,  
 2. When, in ec - sta - sy sublime, Ta - bor's glo - rious steep I climb,

To pro - claim His ho - ly law, All my spir - it sinks with awe.  
 At the too trans - port - ing light, Dark - ness rush - es o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,  
 God, in flesh made manifest,  
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,  
 Weep and gaze my soul away;  
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
 Lovely, mournful Calvary.

# 45.—THE BLESSED MERCY-SEAT.

E. A. H.

T. C. O'KANE.\*

r. How sweet to come to the place of pray'r, And bring our bur - den of

sor - row there, And meet the smiles of a Fa - ther's face, As hum - bly we

CHORUS.

bow at the throne of grace. 'Tis sweet.... to meet..... A-

'Tis sweet to meet,

round the bless - ed Mer - cy-seat.

2 How sweet to come to the place of prayer,  
And lay our humble petitions there,  
Assured the Father will hear our plea,  
And pour in our spirits His love so free.—CHO.

3 How sweet to come to the place of prayer,  
And feast our souls in communion there;  
And feel the rapture that thrills our hearts,  
As Jesus His quickening love imparts.—CHO.

\*From "Songs of Faith," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.

HART.

## 46.—HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now ; At Thy feet we hum-bly bow ; Oh, do not our

suit dis - dain ; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;  
In compassion now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace ;  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way  
Now we seek Thee ; here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

T. SCOTT.

## 47.—HORTON. 7s.

S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise ; Stay not for the mor-row's sun ;

Wis - dom, if thou still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

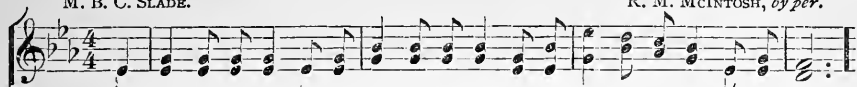
3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.



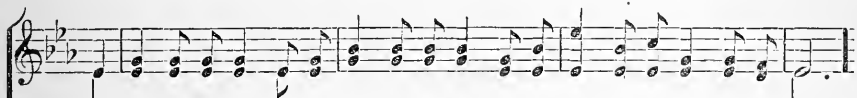
# 48.—THE KINGDOM COMING.

M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, *by per.*



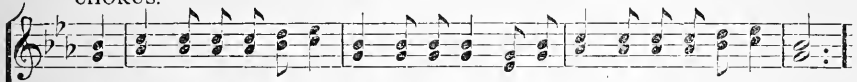
1. From all the dark places Of earth's heathen races, Oh, see how the dark shadows fly!



The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - ery na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.



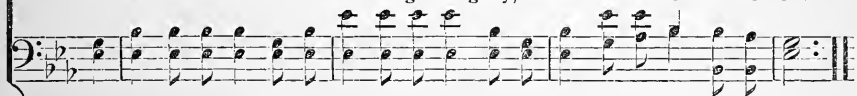
## CHORUS.



The king - dom is com - ing, Oh, tell ye the sto - ry, God's banner ex - alt - ed shall be!



The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glory, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!



2 The sunlight is glancing  
O'er armies advancing,  
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;  
Our Lord shall possess them,  
His presence shall bless them,  
His beauty shall enter them in.—CHO.

3 With shouting and singing,  
And jubilant ringing,  
Their arms of rebellion cast down;  
At last every nation,  
The Lord of salvation,  
Their King and Redeemer shall own.—CHO.

## 49.—ONIDO. 7s. Double.

CHAS. WESLEY.

IGNACE PLEVEL.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

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

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive 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 stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

# 50.—PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

FANNY CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE.

W. H. DOANE.\*

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art

D. s. While on oth-ers Thou art

*Fine.* CHORUS. *D. S.*

smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my humble cry;

call-ing, Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.—CHO.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Hear my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

# 51.—MARTYN. 7s. Double.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

*Fine.*

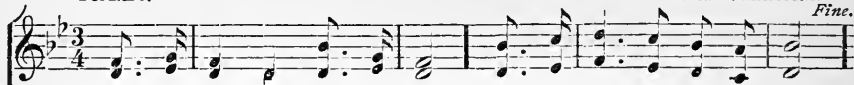
*D. C.*

\* From "Pure Gold," by per. Biglow & Main.

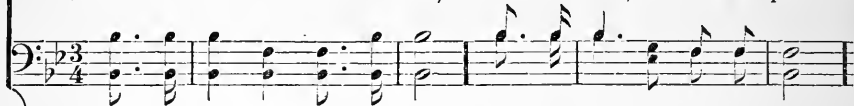
## 52.—ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

TOPLADY.

DR. T. HASTIGNS.



i. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee ;  
D. c. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,

2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

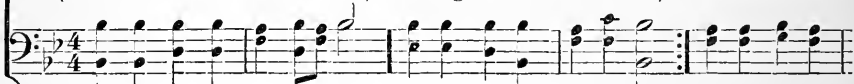
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 53.—ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. MALAN.



i. { From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, } "Love's redeeming  
{ What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the ravished ear ! }



work is done ; Come and wel - come, sinner, come.



2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?  
On my pierc'd body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid ;  
Bow the knee, embrace the Son ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

# 54.—COLQUITT.

MALE VOICES.

*Composed and Sung at International Sunday School Convention, Atlanta, Ga., April 17-19, 1878.*

THOMAS RAFFLES.

WM. G. FISCHER, of Phila. *By per.*

1ST TENOR.

Musical notation for the first system, Tenor part. The staff is in G major, 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4 and moves through various intervals, including a dotted quarter note and an eighth note.

2D TENOR.

1. High in yon-der realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints a-bove; Far beyond our

1ST BASS.

Musical notation for the first system, Bass part. The staff is in G major, 4/4 time. It begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal parts.

Musical notation for the second system, Tenor part. The melody continues with a dotted quarter note and an eighth note, moving towards the end of the phrase.

fee-ble sight, Hap-py in Im-manuel's love: Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Once they

Musical notation for the second system, Bass part. The accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, supporting the vocal melody.

Musical notation for the third system, Tenor part. The melody concludes with a dotted quarter note and an eighth note, ending on a final chord.

knew, like us be-low, Gloomy doubts, distressing fears, Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

Musical notation for the third system, Bass part. The accompaniment concludes with chords and single notes, ending on a final chord.

2.

But these days of weeping o'er,  
 Passed this scene of toil and pain,  
 They shall feel distress no more,  
 Never, never weep again:  
 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
 Hark, their songs melodious rise,  
 Songs of praise to Jesus's love.

3.

All is tranquil and serene,  
 Calm and undisturbed repose:  
 There no cloud can intervene,  
 There no angry tempest blows:  
 Every tear is wiped away,  
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
 Night is lost in endless day,  
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

## 55.-SABBATH. 7s.

NEWTON.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day ;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest ;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconciling face,—  
Take away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise ;  
Let us feel Thy presence near ;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting rest.

# 56.—SAVED EVERY MOMENT.

E. A. H.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.\*

1. O the wondrous, wondrous power Of the precious blood divine, Washing, healing,  
2. When I came to Christ for cleansing, My poor heart was all depraved; Now, O wonder-

CHORUS.

cleansing, sealing This unworthy heart, unworthy heart of mine. } Ev-ery moment, every  
- ful redemption, I am so completely, so completely saved!

mo-ment, I am saved by blood divine, Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am

His and He is mine; Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus! I am His and He is mine.

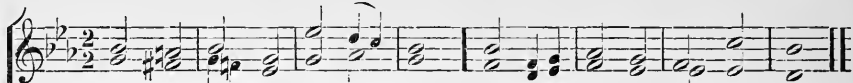
3 O the peace that comes from cleansing!  
O the sweet and perfect rest!  
O the joy beyond expressing!  
I am so completely, so completely  
blest!

4 Glory, glory be to Jesus,  
Who redeemed my helpless soul!  
Glory, glory be to Jesus,  
Who by cleansing makes me whole, yes,  
makes me whole!

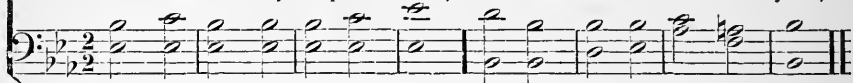
\* From "Songs of Faith," by permission of S. Brainerd's Sons.

## 57.—SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. DOWNS.



1. Je - sus, seek Thy wand'ring sheep; Bring me back and lead and keep;  
 2. Let me know my Shepherd's voice; More and more in Thee re - joice;



Take on Thee my ev - 'ry care; Bear me, on Thy bo - som bear.  
 More and more of Thee re - ceive; Ev - er in Thy Spir - it live.



CHAS. WESLEY.

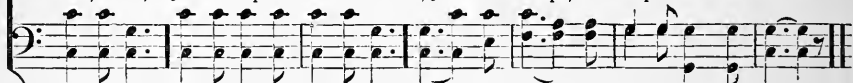
## 58.—TRINITY. 7s.

English.  
CHORUS.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?  
 Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare? } God is love, I



know, I feel; Jesus weeps and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.



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 Lo! I cumber still the ground;  
 Lo! an Advocate is found!  
 "Hasten not to cut him down;  
 Let this barren soul alone!"

4 Kindled His relentings are;  
 Me He now delights to spare;  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;  
 Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;  
 God is love! I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.



# 59.—PRAISE THE LORD!

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.\*

1. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Hap-py chil-dren now in the

tem-ple sing, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Ho-san-na to the Lord, our

King. Oh, praise Him for the flow'rs that grow; Oh, praise Him for the stars that move;

Praise the Lord, here be-low, And praise Him in His courts a-bove.

2 Love the Lord! love the Lord!  
 Happy children, give Him your youth's  
 bright days;  
 Love the Lord! love the Lord!  
 He ever loveth you, He says.  
 Oh, love Him, for He loves you so;  
 Oh, love Him for His wondrous love;  
 Love the Lord, here below,  
 And love Him in His courts above.

3 Serve the Lord! serve the Lord!  
 Happy children serve Him with songs  
 of joy;  
 Serve the Lord! serve the Lord!  
 And let His work your hands employ.  
 Oh, serve Him, whatsoe'er ye do;  
 Oh, serve Him, wheresoe'er ye move;  
 Serve the Lord, here below,  
 And serve Him in His courts above.

\*By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

## 60.—BELTON. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

V. T. BARNWELL.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;

To doubt and fear give thou no heed,— Broad-cast it o'er the land.

- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive  
When and wherever strown :
- 3 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,

- The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain :  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.

## 61.—BOYLSTON. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DR. L. MASON.

- 1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake  
This slumber from my soul !  
Say to me now, "Awake, awake !  
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to Thy mighty hand ;  
Alarm me in this hour ;  
And make me fully understand  
The thunder of Thy power !

- 3 Give me on Thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepared  
And ready may I be ;  
For ever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to Thee.

# 62.—EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.\*

i. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;

Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.

## REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing

Ev - ery day and hour, Ev - ery day and hour,

power ; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below,  
Lead me gently, gently as I go ;  
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never lose my way.  
REF.—Every day and hour, etc.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;  
Till my soul is lost in love,  
In a brighter, brighter world above.  
REF.—Every day and hour, etc.

\* From "Brightest and Best," by permission of Biglow & Main, N. Y.

## 63.—DENNIS. S. M.

BEDDOME.

*Arr. from NAGELI.*

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine,

And on this poor, be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;  
This stubborn will subdue;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,  
But Thine shall be the praise;  
And unto Thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days.

## 64.—DOVER. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

*English Tune.*

1. Mes - si - ah, full of grace, Redeem'd by Thee, we plead The promise made to  
2. Their bones, as quite dried up, Throughout the vale ap - pear: Cut off and lost their

Abrah'm's race, To souls for a - ges dead.  
last faint hope To see Thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring  
The outcasts forth, to own  
Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,  
Their true Anointed One.

4 To save the race forlorn  
Thy glorious arm display!  
And show the world a nation born,  
A nation in a day!

# 65.—AFTER THE HARVEST, GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL.

J. R. MURRAY.\*

1. Af - ter the har - vest, golden sheaves; And when the har - vest - er's work is done,

Joy, and glo - ry, and per - fect peace— In the new life be - gun.

## REFRAIN.

This shall the song of the reap - er be, Rest, at clos - ing of day, for me;

Then, on the bless - ed Redeemer's breast, I shall lie down to bliss - ful rest.

2 After the harvest, golden sheaves ;  
Gathered around at the Master's feet,  
'Mid sweet songs of triumphant praise,  
Making our joy complete.—REF.

3 After the harvest, golden sheaves ;  
Then let us work while the days are long,  
When the Lord of the harvest comes,  
Join in the reaper's song.—REF.

\* From "Heavenward," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.

## 66.—GERAR. S. M.

WATTS.

DR. MASON.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose

kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills,  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,  
And all the air is love.

## 67.—GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

A. CHAPIN.

1. Je - sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kindest word; Here, in Thine own appointed

way, We come to meet our Lord.

2 Our hearts we open wide  
To make the Saviour room;  
And, lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,  
The sinner's Friend, is come.

3 His presence makes the feast;  
And now our bosoms feel  
The glory not to be express,  
The joy unspeakable.

4 With pure celestial bliss  
He doth our spirits cheer;  
His house of banqueting is this,  
And He hath brought us here.

5 He doth His servants feed  
With manna from above;  
His banner over us is spread,  
His everlasting love.

# 68.—BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN,\*

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon - tide calm ;

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest,....

the pure and blest,

How oft - en, a - mid the wild bil - lows, I dream of thy rest—sweet rest !

2 Over the heart of the mourner  
Shineth the golden day,  
Wafting the songs of the angels  
Down from the far away.—REF.

3 There is the home of my Saviour ;  
There, with the blood-washed throng,  
Over the highlands of glory  
Rolleth the great, new song.—REF.

\* From "Welcome Tidings," by per. of Bigelow & Main, N. Y.

## 69.—JUDD. S. M.

WATTS.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call: I can - not live if

Thou re-move, For Thou art all in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss.  
They sit around Thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

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

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford:  
No, not one drop of real joy,  
Without Thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll:  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

## 70.—LISBON. S. M.

WATTS.

READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast,

And these re-joic - ing eyes; Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these rejoic - ing eyes.

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

3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.



## 71.—MARCHING HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.\*

1. We are marching homeward to that land, To the regions of the blest; We shall

CHORUS.

soon be with the an-gel band, Where our weary feet may rest. Marching home, marching  
Marching home,

home, We are marching to that hap-py, hap-py land; Marching  
marching home, happy land.

home, marching home, We are marching to that hap-py land on high.  
Marching home, marching home,

2 In that blessed land we're nearing now,  
We shall see our Saviour's face;  
He will place a crown on every brow,  
Saved by His redeeming grace.—CHO.

3 Brothers, will you join our happy band,  
Traveling up the shining way?  
Jesus is the Captain in command;  
Will you now His call obey?—CHO.

\* From the "Pearl," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.

## 72.-LABAN. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DR. L. MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev-er - dy-ing  
 2. To serve the present age, My call-ing to ful - fill; — O may it all my

soul to save, And fit it for the sky;  
 powers en-gage To do my Mas-ter'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 for ever die.

## 73.-LUTHER. S. M.

T. DWIGHT.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our

blest Re - deem - er saved With His own precious blood, With His own precious blood.

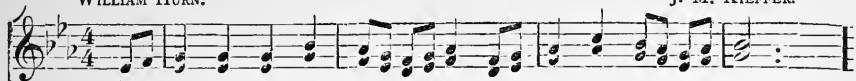
2 I love Thy Church, O God;  
 Her walls before Thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

# 74.—FLOW ON, SWEET STREAM.

WILLIAM HURN.

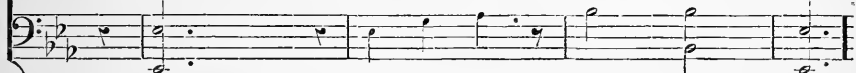
J. M. KIEFFER.\*



1. There is a riv - er, deep and broad, Its course no mor - tal know;  
 2. Where'er it flows, con - ten - tions cease, And love and meek - ness reign;



It fills with joy the Church of God, And wid - ens as it flows.  
 The Lord Him - self com - mands the peace, And foes con - spire in vain.



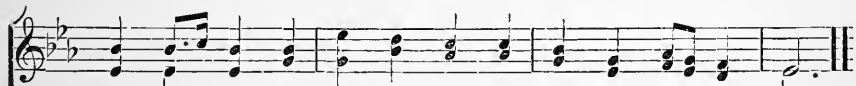
## CHORUS,



Flow on, flow on, sweet stream, flow on, The earth with glo - ry fill; Flow



Flow on, till



on, till all the Sav - iour know, And all o - bey His will.



all the Sav - iour know,

3 Along its shore, angelic bands  
 Watch every moving wave;  
 With holy joy their breast expands,  
 When men the waters crave.—CHO.

4 To it distressed souls repair,  
 The Lord invites them nigh;  
 They leave their cares and sorrows there,—  
 They drink and never die.—CHO.

\* From the "Welcome," by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

## 75.—OLNEY. S. M.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, "Sin - ner, come;" The bride, the church of  
2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "Come;" Let him that thirsts for

Christ, proclaims To all His children, "Come!"  
right - eous-ness To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so; we wait Thy hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come.

## 76.—OZREM. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

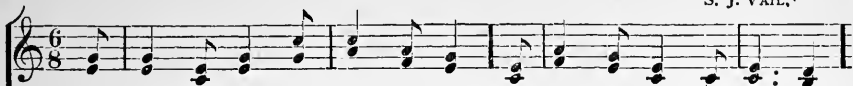
Let floods of pen-i - tential grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.

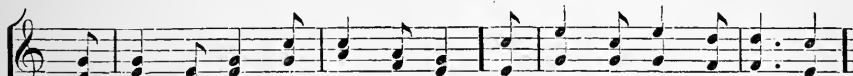
3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

## 77.—THE GATE AJAR.

S. J. VAIL,\*



1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tal gleam - ing,



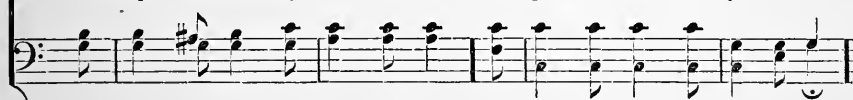
A ra - diance from the Cross a - far The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.



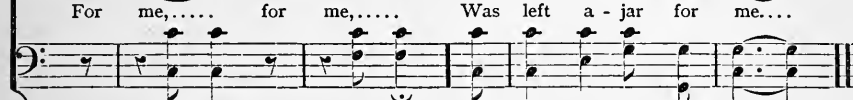
## REFRAIN.



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.—REF.
- 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.—REF.
- 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.—REF.

\* From "Song Sermons," by per. of Philip Phillips.

## 78.—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

THOS. JERVIS.

WM. TANSUR.

i. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove, That glorious temple

in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love.

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

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

## 79.—SILVER STREET. S. M.

WATTS.

ISAAC SMITH.

i. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound:  
The watery worlds are all His own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne:  
Come, bow before the Lord:

We are His work and not our own,  
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,  
Nor dare provoke His rod:  
Come, like the people of His choice,  
And own your gracious God.

# 80.—WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

J. M. KIEFFER,\*

1. We talk of the realms of the bless'd, That country so bright and so fair,  
2. We talk of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare;

And oft are its glo-ries confess'd, But what must it be to be there!  
Its won-ders and pleasures un-told, But what must it be to be there!

## CHORUS

Oh, what must it be to be there!..... Oh, what must it be to be there!  
to be there.

With Je-sus, our friend, All e-ter-ni-ty to spend, Oh, what must it be to be there.

3 We talk of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation and care,  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!—CHO.

4 We talk of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear;  
The songs of the blessed above,  
But what must it be to be there!—CHO.

\* From the "Pearl," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.

## 81.—SHIRLAND. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

SAM. STANLEY.

1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As

on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

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

## 82.—WATCHMAN. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEV.

JAS. LEACH.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give? To  
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more: I

tear my soul from earth a - way, For Je - sus to re - ceive?  
sink, by dy - ing love com - pelled, And own Thee con - quer - or!

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.



# 83.-ANGEL WATCHERS.

W. A. OGDEN.\*

i. There's a band of an - gel watch - ers, Just a - cross the foam - ing tide ;

O - ver by the dark, cold riv - er, Wait - ing on the oth - er side....

CHORUS.

They're wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing in the glo - ry - land;

They're wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing in the glo - ry - land.

2 Waiting there with smiling faces,  
In their spotless robes of white;  
While far out upon the billows  
Comes to us a gleam of light.

3 But we soon shall pass the portal,  
Then we'll grasp the kindly hand;  
Soon we'll greet the forms that bind us  
To the blessed glory-land.

\* From "Joyful Songs," by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

## 84.—DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. Je - ho-vah reigns : His throne is high ; His robes are light and maj - es - ty ;

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

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

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

## 85.—EFFINGHAM. L. M.

WATTS.

*English*

1. Great God, in - dulse my hum - ble claim, Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;

The glo - ries that com - pose Thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am Thine by sacred ties,—  
Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.

3 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise :  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And fill the remnant of my days.

## 86.—THE PRODIGAL. C. M. D.

V. T. BARNWELL.

1. Af - flic-tions though they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent,

They stopped the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent.

## CHORUS.

I'll not die here for bread, he cries, Nor starve in for - eign lands;

My fa - ther's house hath large sup - plies, And bounteous are his hands.

2 What have I gained by sin, he said,  
But hunger, shame, and fear :  
My father's house abounds in bread,  
While I am starving here.—CHO.

3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face,  
Unworthy to be called his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.—CHO.

4 His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, he ran, he smiled ;  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.—CHO.

5 O father, I have sinned, forgive—  
Enough, the father said :  
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourned as dead.—CHO.

## 87.—FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-ery ser - vice I can pay,

And call it my su - preme de - light To hear Thy dic - tates and o - bey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

## 88.—FOREST. L. M.

WATTS.

CHAPIN.

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

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 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?

3 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.

# 89.—THE RIVER OF SONG.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.\*

1. O the sleep of just a mo-ment, When the spir-it sinks a - way ! Then the  
 2. We shall hear celestial mu - sic O'er its bo-som sweep a-long, Like the

## CHORUS.

waking, blissful wak - ing, In a world of endless day ! O the rap - ture, ho - ly  
 voice of man - y wa - ters ; Hark ! the ev - er - last - ing song.

O the rapture there, holy

rap - ture, There to stand with the bright, happy throng ! There the sacred springs of  
 rap - ture there,

pleasure With the streams of love unite, In a pure, flow - ing riv - er of song.

3 In their numbers far excelling  
 All the countless orbs above,  
 They who swell the mighty chorus,  
 In the spirit world of love.—CHO.

4 Worthy is the Lamb forever,  
 Worthy is the Lamb, they cry ;  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
 Glory be to God most high !—CHO.

\* From "Royal Diadem," by per. Biglow & Main, N. Y.

# 90.—HEBRON. L. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The saints who die of Christ possessed En - ter in - to im - me - diate rest ;

For them no fur - ther test re - mains Of purg - ing fires and tor - turing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,  
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,  
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,  
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,  
They cast their crowns before the throne,  
And fill the echoing courts above  
With praises of redeeming love.

# 91.—MIGDOL. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits ; Prayer shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates ;

All flesh shall to Thy throne repair, And find through Christ sal - va - tion there.

2 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led !  
How surely kept ! how richly fed !  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who trust in Thee.

3 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour ;  
The moral waste within restore ;  
Oh, let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

# 92.—AROUND THE THRONE.

Anon.

1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of chil - dren stand ;

Chil - dren, whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,

Sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

2.

In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed ;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade,  
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

3.

What brought them to that world above—  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love ?  
How came those children there ?  
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

4.

Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin :  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean,  
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

5.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name ;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

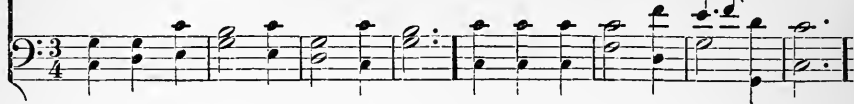
## 93.—MENDON. L. M.

COLLYER.

*German.*



1. As - sem - bled at Thy great command, Be - fore Thy face, dread King, we stand :



The voice that marshaled ev - ery star Has called Thy peo - ple from a - far.



2 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;  
Along the line, to either pole,  
The anthem of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist ; accept our praise ;  
Our hopes revive ; our courage raise ;  
Our counsels aid ; to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.

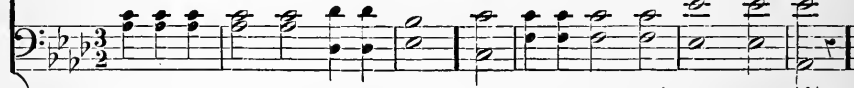
## 94.—MISSIONARY CHANT.

KELLY.

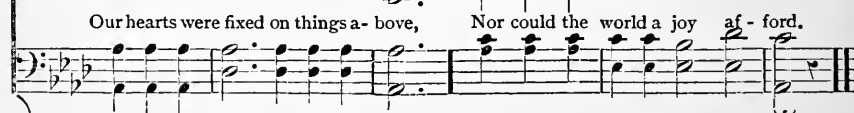
CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. O where is now that glowing love That mark'd our u - nion with the Lord ?



Our hearts were fixed on things a - bove, Nor could the world a joy af - ford.



2 Where are the happy seasons, spent  
In fellowship with Him we loved ?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we proved ?

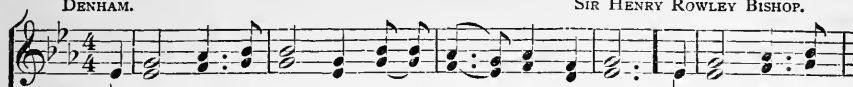
3 Behold, again we turn to Thee ;  
O cast us not away, though vile :  
No peace we have, no joy we see,  
O Lord our God, but in Thy smile.



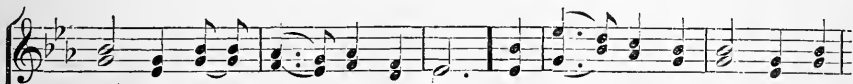
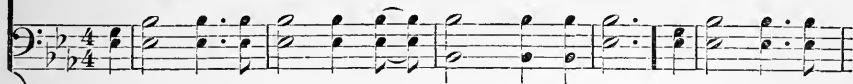
# 95.—HOME, SWEET HOME!

DENHAM.

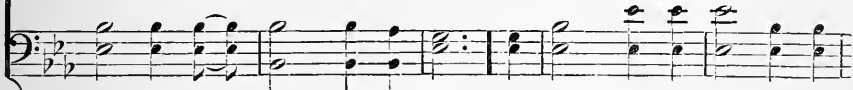
SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.



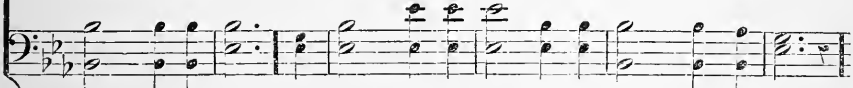
1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, Howsweet to the



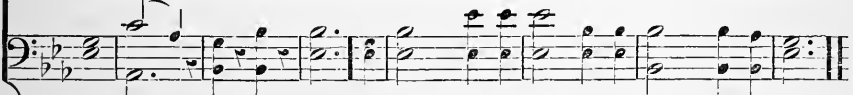
soul is com - mu - nion with saints! To find at the ban - quet of



mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home.

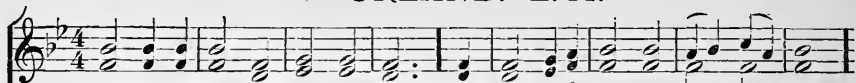


Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of  
peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot  
cease!  
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I  
roam,  
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with  
Thee:  
Though now my temptation like billows  
may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at  
home.



1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.



2 From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at His feet;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head;  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.



1. Hear ye my law, my peo-ple, hear; Lend to my words a list'-ning ear;  
2. His law to Ja-cob He revealed, His cov-e-nant with Is-rael sealed;

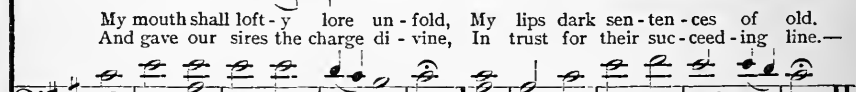


My mouth shall loft-y lore un-fold, My lips dark sen-ten-ces of old.  
And gave our sires the charge di-vine, In trust for their suc-ceed-ing line.—



3 That year to year, and age to age,  
Might safe convey the sacred page;  
And still His truth perpetual run,  
Transmitted down from sire to son;

4 That on the arm of power divine,  
Sons yet unborn might still recline;  
Nor e'er forget the works of God,  
Nor e'er forsake His guiding rod.



# 98.—LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

*Western Melody.*

i. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free !

His lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,  
Where earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from Jesus to depart ;

And though I oft have Him forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.

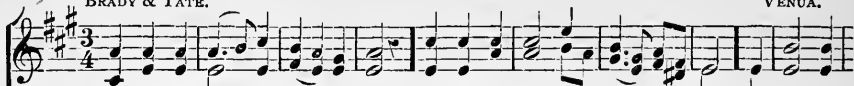
5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,  
And life and mortal powers shall fail,  
O, may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death !

6 Then shall I mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day ;  
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies !

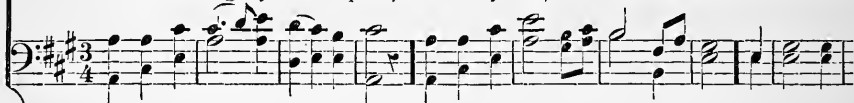
BRADY &amp; TATE.

## 99.—PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



1. O render thanks to God a-bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love, Whose mercy  
 2. Who can His might-y deeds express, Not on-ly vast, but num-ber-less? What mortal



firm thro' a-ges past Hath stood, and shall forev - er last, Hath stood, and shall forever last.  
 el - oquence can raise His tribute of im-mortal praise? His tribute of im-mortal praise?

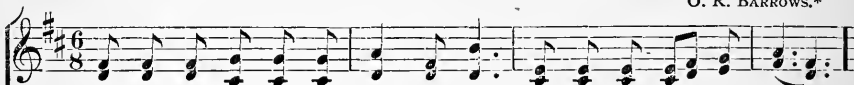


3 O may I worthy prove to see  
 Thy saints in full prosperity,—  
 That I the joyful choir may join,  
 And count Thy people's triumph mine!

4 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,  
 His name eternally confessed:  
 Let all His saints, with one accord,  
 In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

## 100.—GATHERING HOME.

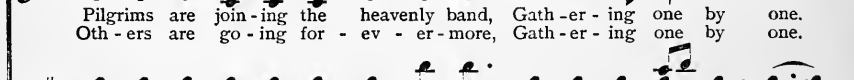
O. R. BARROWS,\*



1. Gath - er - ing homeward from ev - ery land, Gath - er - ing one by one;  
 2. Loved ones have gone to that dis - tant shore, Gath - er - ing one by one;



Pilgrims are join - ing the heavenly band, Gath - er - ing one by one.  
 Oth - ers are go - ing for - ev - er - more, Gath - er - ing one by one.



\* From "Brightest and Best," by permission of Biglow & Main, N. Y.

# GATHERING HOME.

Each brow is enclosed in a gold-en crown, Their travel-stained robes are all laid down,  
Our sis - ters so gentle, our brothers so brave, The beau-ti-ful children o'er the wave,

Gath - er - ing homeward from ev - ery land, Gath - er - ing one by one.

## REFRAIN.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home, Gathering homeward one by one;

*rit.* Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
Gathering, gathering, gathering home, sweet, sweet home. *Repeat ad lib. pp* *2d ending.*

3 We, too, shall come to the river-side,  
Gathering one by one;  
Nearer its waters each eventide,  
Gathering one by one;  
O Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,  
The waves of that river are dark and cold;  
Gathering homeward from every land,  
Gathering one by one.—REF.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, be Thou our stay!  
Gathering one by one:  
Cross the dark river with us, we pray,  
Gathering one by one;  
Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side,  
And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,  
Gathering homeward from every land,  
Gathering one by one.—REF.

# 101.—RETREAT. L. M.

COWPER.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. What va - rious hin - drances we meet In com - ing to a mer - cy - seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish - es to be oft - en there. *ritard.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;<br/>Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;<br/>Gives exercise to faith and love;<br/>Brings every blessing from above.</p> | <p>3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;<br/>Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;<br/>And Satan trembles when he sees<br/>The weakest saint upon his knees.</p> |
|--|--|

# 102.—ROTHWELL. L. M.

WATTS.

WM. TANSUR.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone! Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my

Saviour see; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,<br/>And kindles with a pure desire;<br/>Come, my dear Jesus, from above,<br/>And feed my soul with heavenly love.</p> | <p>3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!<br/>How sweet Thine entertainments are!<br/>Never did angels taste above<br/>Redeeming grace and dying love.</p> |
|--|---|

## 103.—PROTECTION. IIS.

KIRKHAM.

*Southern Melody.*

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health ;  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home and abroad ; on the land, on the sea—  
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be.

3 "Fear not ; I am with thee ; O be not dis-  
mayed !  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to  
go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall  
lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply :  
The flame shall not hurt thee ;—I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall  
prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to  
shake,  
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

## 104.—REST. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - rise, my tend'rst thoughts, a - rise ; To tor - rents melt my streaming eyes ;

And thou, my heart, with an - guish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

2 My God, I feel the mournful scene :  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

3 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

## 105.—ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Come, bless - ed Spir - it, Source of light, Whose pow'r and grace are un - con - fined,

Dis - pel the gloom - y shades of night, The thick - er dark - ness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display  
The glorious truth Thy words reveal ;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;  
Make me delight to do Thy will.

3 While through these dubious paths I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad ;  
Oh, show the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.



## 106.—ASSURANCE. C. M. D.

CHAS. WESLEY.

*Scotch Melody.*

i. How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for - given!

This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven;

A coun - try far from mor - tal sight; Yet, O! by faith I see

The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here;  
Nor can its happiness or woe,  
Provoke my hope or fear;  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But, O! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair;  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
My heart and soul, are there.  
There my exalted Saviour stands  
My merciful High Priest,  
And still extends His wounded hands,  
To take me to His breast.

# 107.—STONEFIELD. L. M.

BOWRING.

SAM. STANLEY.

i. How sweet - ly flow'd the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,

When list - 'ning thousands gath - ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place.

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,  
To heaven He led His followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

# 108.—TRURO. L. M.

WATTS.

C. BURNEY.

i. "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord, "Bid the whole world my grace re - ceive;

He shall be saved who trusts my word; He shall be damned who won't be - lieve.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted in My hands,  
I can destroy, and I defend."

# 109.—AIN. S. M. D.

CHAS. WESLEY.

CORRELL.

1. Father, in whom we live, In whom we are and move, The glory, pow'r and praise re-

Let all the an-gel throug Give thanks to God on  
ceive Of Thy cre - at-ing love. Let all the angel throug, Give

high, While earth re-peats the joy - ful song,  
thanks to God on high, While earth repeats the joyful song, And ech - oes through the sky.

- 2 Incarnate Deity,  
Let all the ransomed race  
Render, in thanks, their lives to Thee,  
For Thy redeeming grace ;  
The grace to sinners showed,  
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
And cry, " Salvation to our God,  
Salvation to the Lamb ! "
- 3 Spirit of holiness,  
Let all Thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy, and bless  
Thy heart-renewing power.

- Not angel tongues can tell  
Thy love's ecstatic height,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
The beatific sight !
- 4 Eternal, Triune Lord,  
Let all the hosts above,  
Let all the sons of men, record,  
And dwell upon Thy love.  
When heaven and earth are fled  
Before Thy glorious face,  
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made,  
Thine everlasting praise !

# 110.—UXBRIDGE. L. M.

WATTS.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Be - fore Je-ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations bow with sa - cred joy ;  
 2. His sov - reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men ;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,<br/>                 High as the heavens our voices raise ;<br/>                 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,<br/>                 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.</p> | <p>4 Wide as the world is Thy command ;<br/>                 Vast as eternity Thy love ;<br/>                 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,<br/>                 When rolling years shall cease to move.</p> |
|---|--|

# 111.—WARE. L. M.

HART.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. O for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stubborn heart a - way ;  
 2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake ; The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;

And thaw with beams of love di - vine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine,  
 Of feel - ing, all things show some sign, But this un - feel - ing heart of mine.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,<br/>                 O Lord, an adamant would melt !<br/>                 But I can read each moving line,<br/>                 And nothing moves this heart of mine.</p> | <p>4 But something yet can do the deed ;<br/>                 And that blest something much I need ;<br/>                 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,<br/>                 And melt and change this heart of mine.</p> |
|--|--|

## 112.—IDDO. C. M. D.

NAGELI.

r. Oh, praise our great and gra-cious Lord, And call up - on His name: To

strains of joy tune ev - ery chord, His mighty acts pro-claim. Tell how He led His

cho - sen race To Canaan's promised land; Tell how His cov - e -

nant of grace Unchanged shall ev - er stand, Unchanged shall ev - er stand.

2 We, too, have manna from above,—  
The bread that came from heaven;  
To us the same kind hand of love  
Hath living waters given.  
A rock we have, from whence the spring  
In rich abundance flows;  
That rock is Christ, our Priest, our King,  
Who life and health bestows.

3 Oh, let us prize this blessed food,  
And trust our heavenly Guide;  
So shall we find death's fearful flood  
Serene as Jordan's tide;  
And safely reach that happy shore,  
The land of peace and rest,  
Where angels worship and adore,  
In God's own presence bless'd.

# 113.-WELLS. L. M.

WATTS.

HOLDROYD.

1. E - ter - nal Powe, whose high a - bode Becomes the grandeur of a God :  
In - fi - nite lengths be - yond the bouuds Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings ;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,  
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name :  
But O! the glories of Thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !

# 114.-WELTON. L. M.

MRS. VOKE.

DR. MALAN.

1. Sovereign of worlds ! dis - play Thy power ; Be this Thy Zi - on's fa - vored hour ;  
O bid the morn - ing star a - rise ; O point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,  
In western wilds and eastern plains ;  
Far let the gospel's sound be known ;  
Make Thou the universe Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice ;  
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice :  
Dispel the gloom of heathen night ;  
Bid every nation hail the light.

# 115.—THE ROYAL DIADEM.

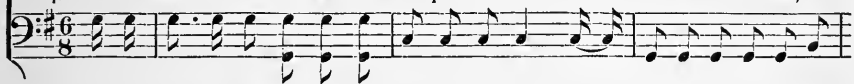
REV. E. NASON.

W. O. PERKINS.\*

1ST DIVISION.



1. Have you heard the sweet sto-ry, more precious than gold, Of the babe in the manger, by
2. Do you know how he hush'd the wild waves of the sea, And from dangers ap-palling the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber how ten-der and kind He was to the children, the
4. And was it not sweet in the tem-ple to hear The cho-rus of children, so



2D DIVISION.



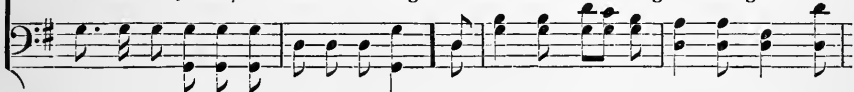
sa - ges fore - told ? We have heard the sweet sto - ry, and joy - ous we sing, Ho -  
 peo - ple set free ? Yes, we know the great sto - ry, and joy - ous we sing, Ho -  
 poor and the blind ? O yes, we re - mem - ber, and joy - ous we sing, Ho -  
 loud and so clear ? Aye, sweet was the cho - rus, and with them we sing, Ho -



ALL.



san - na to Je - sus, Re - deemer and King ! The babe that lay in Beth - le - hem, Must  
 san - na to Je - sus, Re - deemer and King ! The man who sorrow's flood could stem, Must  
 san - na to Je - sus, Re - deemer and King ! The Friend that was so dear to them, Must  
 san - na to Je - sus, Re - deemer and King ! Let heaven and earth bring rar - est gem To



wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.  
 wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.  
 wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.  
 deck His roy - al di - a - dem, To deck His roy - al di - a - dem.



\* From "Starry Crown," by per. W. A. Pond & Co.

## 116.—ARLINGTON. C. M.

WATTS.

DR. ARNE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,  
2. Should earth against my soul en-engage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,

I'll bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall;  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 117.—AVON. C. M.

WATTS.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb? And shall I  
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease, While oth - ers

fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?   
fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory thro' the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.



# 118.—FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.\*

i. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow me ! And we see where Thy

CHORUS.

foot-prints fall-ing, Lead us to Thee. Foot-prints of Je - sus, that make the

path-way glow ; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,  
Seeking His sheep ;  
Or along by Siloam's fountains,  
Helping the weak.—CHO.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,  
Preaching the word ;  
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,  
Serving the Lord.—CHO.

4 Tho', dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,  
We follow Thee ;  
Thro' the gloom of that sad place weeping,  
Gethsemane !—CHO.

5 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing,  
We go again,  
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing  
Our cross of pain.—CHO.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,  
Turning our feet,  
We shall walk with the glad immortals  
Heaven's golden streets.—CHO.

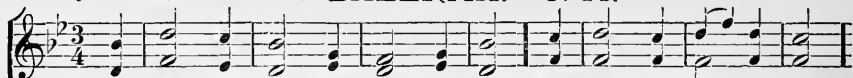
7 Then at last when on high He sees us,  
Our journey done,  
We will rest where the steps of Jesus  
End at His throne.—CHO.

\* By permission of R. M. McIntosh.

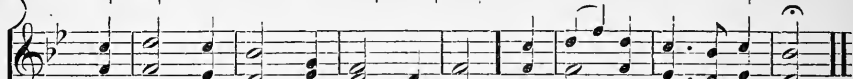
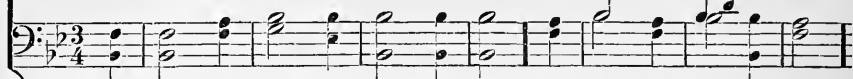
J. NEWTON,

## 119.—BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



1. A - maz - ing grace ! (how sweet the sound ! ) That saved a wretch like me !



I once was lost, but now I'm found— Was blind, but now I see.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved ;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

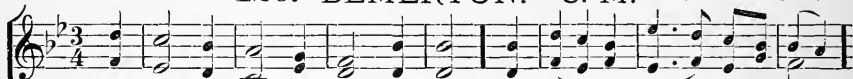
4 The Lord has promised good to me—  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

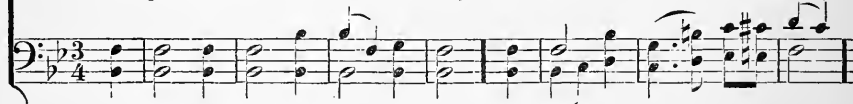
WATTS.

## 120.—BEMERTON. C. M.

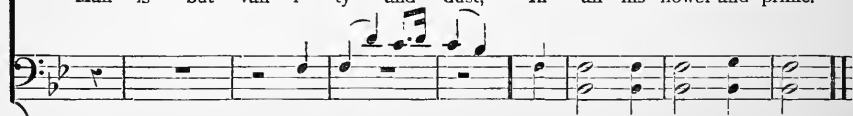
H. W. GREATOREX.



1. Teach me the meas - ure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame ;  
2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time ;



I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.  
Man is but van - i - ty and dust, In all his flower and prime.



# 121.—I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s.

MISS KATE HANKEV.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER. *By per.*

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glo-ry,  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies

Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Because I know 'tis true;  
 Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me;

## CHORUS.

It sat - isfies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry,  
 And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.

'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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.

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.

## 122.-CORONATION. C. M.

ED. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And

crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

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

3 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

## 123.-CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

*Western Melody.*

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 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.

3 Oh, precious cross! Oh, glorious crown!  
Oh, resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

# 124.—THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

REV. R. LOWRY.\*

1. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Though the way be long and wea-ry,

Morn shall bring thee light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near.

## CHORUS.

There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy by and by; In the

dawn - ing of the morn - ing, There'll be joy by and by. *rit.*

2 Though thine eyes are sad with weeping,  
Through the night thy vigils keeping;  
God shall wipe thy tears away,  
Turn thy darkness into day.—CHO

3 Though thy spirit faints with fasting  
Through the hours so slowly wasting,  
Morn shall bring a glorious feast,  
Thou shalt sit an honored guest.—CHO.

\* From "Welcome Tidings," by per. Biglow & Main, N. Y.

# 125.—DUNDEE. C. M.

NOEL.

Scotch.

1. If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie; If tender thoughts with-  
 2. O shall not warmer accents tell The grat-i-tude we owe To Him who died, our

in us burn To feel a friend is nigh.  
 fears to quell, Our more than orphan's woe.

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed  
 Those pangs He would not flee,  
 What love His latest words displayed,—  
 "Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,  
 Our sinful hearts to share!  
 O mem'ry, leave no other name  
 But His recorded there!

# 126.—EVAN. C. M.

HAVERGAL.

1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Through all the hours of night;

And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of Thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,  
 Since Thou wilt not remove;  
 O, in the morning let me rise,  
 Rejoicing in Thy love.

3 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.

# 127.—THE PRECIOUS NAME.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.\*

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

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then wher - e'er you go.  
If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.

## CHORUS.

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

Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heaven.  
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 heaven we'll crown Him  
When our journey is complete.—CHO.

\* From "Pure Gold," by permission of Biglow & Main, N. Y.

## 128.—GENEVA. C. M.

J. ADDISON.

J. COLE.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,  
When all Thy mercies, O my God,

When all Thy mercies, O my God,

Trans- port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

Transported with the view,

2 O how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That grows within my ravished heart?  
But Thou canst read it there!

3 Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redressed;  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When called on angels' bread to feast?

## 129.—GRIGG. C. M.

WATTS.

J. GRIGGS, JR.

1. So did the He - brew proph-et raise The bra - zen ser - pent high:

The wound - ed felt im - me - diate ease, The camp for - bore to die.

[Balance of verses next page.]



# 130.—THE SWEET STORY.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

*English.*

- 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with Him then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me ;  
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above :
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## GRIGG—CONCLUDED.

- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,  
And live !" the prophet cries !  
But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
When faith lifts up her eyes.

- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung !  
High in the heavens He reigns !  
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
Look, and forget their pains.

CHAS. WESLEY.

## 131.—HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. My God! I know, I feel Thee mine, And will not quit my claim,

Till all I have is lost in Thine, And all re-newed I am,

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let Thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all Thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my heart no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

## 132.—HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. Oh, for an o - ver - com - ing faith, To cheer my dy - ing hours,

To tri - umph o'er the mon - ster Death, And all his fright - ful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,—  
“Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?”

4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,  
Through Christ, our living Head.

# 133.-RESCUE THE PERISHING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.\*

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent

sin and the grave ; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re-ceive ; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,

## CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.

Care for the dy - ing, Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,  
 Crushed by the tempter,  
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;  
 Touched by a loving heart,  
 Wakened by kindness,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once  
 more.

4 Rescue the perishing,  
 Duty demands it ;  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;  
 Back to the narrow way  
 Patiently win them ;  
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has  
 died.

\* From "Pure Gold," by per. of Biglow & Main, N. Y.

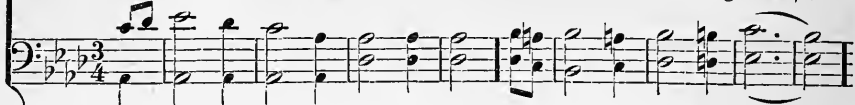
# 134.—MANOAH. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

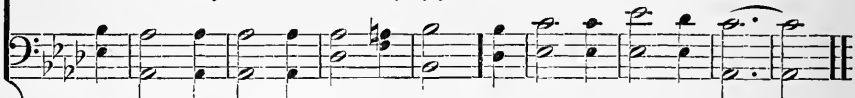
ROSSINI.



1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart, and see;...  
 2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love;..



And turn each curs-ed i-dol out That dares to ri-val Thee...  
 Dead be my heart to ev-ery joy. When Je-sus can-not move....



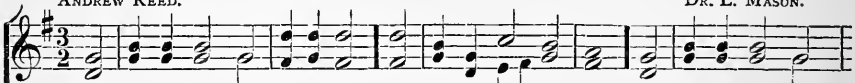
- 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock  
 I would disdain to feed?  
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
 I fear Thy cause to plead?

- 4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;  
 But O! I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love Thee more.

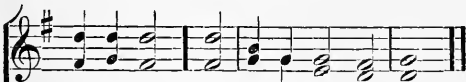
# 135.—MARLOW. C. M.

ANDREW REED.

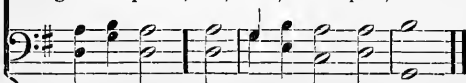
DR. L. MASON.



1. Spirit divine, attend our pray'r, And make this house Thy home; Descend with all Thy



gracious pow'r; Oh, come, Great Spirit, come!



- 2 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,  
 Before Thee we confess  
 How little we, who bear Thy name,  
 Thy mind, Thy ways express.
- 3 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;  
 We would obedient be;  
 And all our rest and pleasure find,  
 In learning, Lord, of Thee.

# 136.—THE GOLDEN STORE.

From "Song Sermons," by per.—PHILIP PHILLIPS.

SOLO OR DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. In the fur - rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed! Small may be thy spir - it - field,  
 2. Sun and show - er aid thee now, Scat - ter seed! Who can tell where grain may grow?

But a good - ly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kind - ly word, and deed—  
 Winds are blow - ing to and fro, Dai - ly good thy sim - ple creed—

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

Scatter, scatter good - ly seed! O - pen, then, thy gold - en store, Stretch the furrows

SEMI-CHORUS.

more and more; God will give thee all thy need— Scatter, scatter good - ly seed!

3 Though thy work should seem to fail,  
 Scatter seed!  
 Some may fall on stony ground:  
 Flower and blade are often found  
 In the clefts we little heed;  
 Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHO.

4 Spring-time always dawns for thee!  
 Scatter seed!  
 Open, then, thy golden store,  
 Stretch thy furrows more and more;  
 God will give thee all thy need;  
 Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHO.

# 137.—MERTON. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven, fare - well, With all your fee - ble light:

Fare - well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thy aid.

3 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there His beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.

# 138.—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

W. COWPER.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A light to  
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.  
soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word? Of Je - sus and His word?

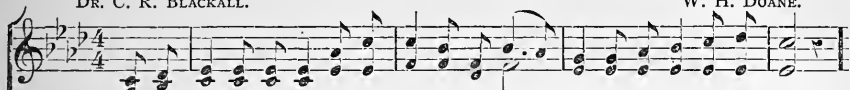
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

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

# 139.—URGE THEM TO COME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

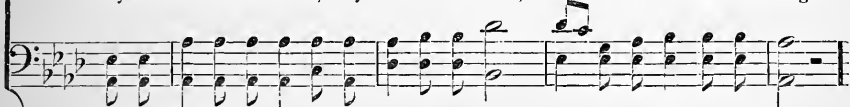
W. H. DOANE.



1. In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost, Gather them in - to the fold—  
 2. If the Shepherd we love, we must care for the sheep; Precious are they in His sight ;



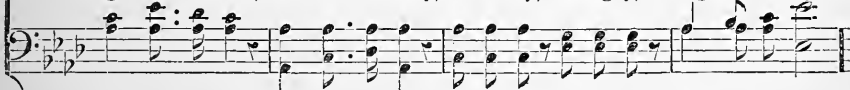
Was the earnest command that our Saviour divine Taught His dis-ci-ples of old.  
 They are out in the desert, they wander a - lone ; Lead them from darkness to light.



## CHORUS.



Urge them to come, Show them the way, Ten-der-ly, lov-ing-ly, bring them to-day ;



Urge them to come, Why should they roam ? Bring them along to our dear Sabbath home.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 To the weary and thirsty the Saviour has<br/>             said,<br/>             "Come, heavy-laden, to me,<br/>             I will give you to drink of the water of life ;"<br/>             Tell them the fountain is free.—CHO.</p> | <p>4 There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of<br/>             All who repent and believe ; [grace,<br/>             And the souls that have strayed and returned<br/>             to the fold,<br/>             Jesus will gladly receive.—CHO.</p> |
|--|---|

\* From "Pure Gold," by per. of Biglow & Main, N. Y.

# 140.—SWANWICK. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DR. J. LUCAS.

1. Talk with us, Lord, Thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove ; Speak to our

hearts, and let us feel The kindlings of Thy love, The kindlings of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care :  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,  
And echo to Thy voice.

# 141.—WARWICK. C. M.

AARIE TT AU BER.

STANLEY.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called His own ;

With joy the summons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !  
Where willing votaries throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer  
And pour the choral song.

3 Let peace within her walls be found ;  
Let all her sons unite,  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.



## 142.—PENITENCE. 7s, 6s &amp; 8s.

CHAS. WESLEY.

OAKLEY.

i. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing 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-suff'ring shown :

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

2 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die !  
Life, and happiness, and love,  
Drop from Thy gracious eye :  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let Thy mercy melt me down :  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look as when thy languid eye  
Was closed that we might live :  
" Father," (at the point to die  
My Saviour gasped,) " forgive !"  
Surely with that dying word  
He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'Tis done !"  
O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
Thou break'st my heart of stone !

## 143.—WOODLAND. C. M.

TAPPAN.

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given; There is a joy for

souls distress'd, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast,—'Tis found a-bove in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

## 144.—ZERAH. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God in persons three, Of Thee we make our joyful boast,

And homage pay to Thee; Of Thee we make our joyful boast, And homage pay to Thee.

2 Present alike in every place,  
Thy Godhead we adore:  
Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Thou dwellest evermore.

3 Wherefore let every creature give  
To Thee the praise designed;  
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
The hearts, of all mankind.

## 145.—BETHANY.

ADAMS.

DR. L. MASON.

i. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it

be a cross, That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

- 2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the 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 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

## 146.—WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears ; The sons of earth are waking  
D. S. Of na-tions in com-mo - tion,

*Fine.*  
To pen - i - ten-tial tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far,  
Prepared for Zi - on's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above ;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay :  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach thy home :  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, " The Lord is come ! "

## 147.—MERIBAH. C. P. M.

WATTS.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Let all on earth their voices raise, To sing the great Jehovah's praise, And bless His holy Name ;

His glo-ry let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe ; He built the sky ;  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns in glory there :  
His beams are majesty and light ;  
His beauties, how divinely bright !  
His dwelling-place, how fair !

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall feel His saving power,  
All nations fear His name :  
Then shall the race of men confess  
The beauty of His holiness,  
His saving grace proclaim.

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