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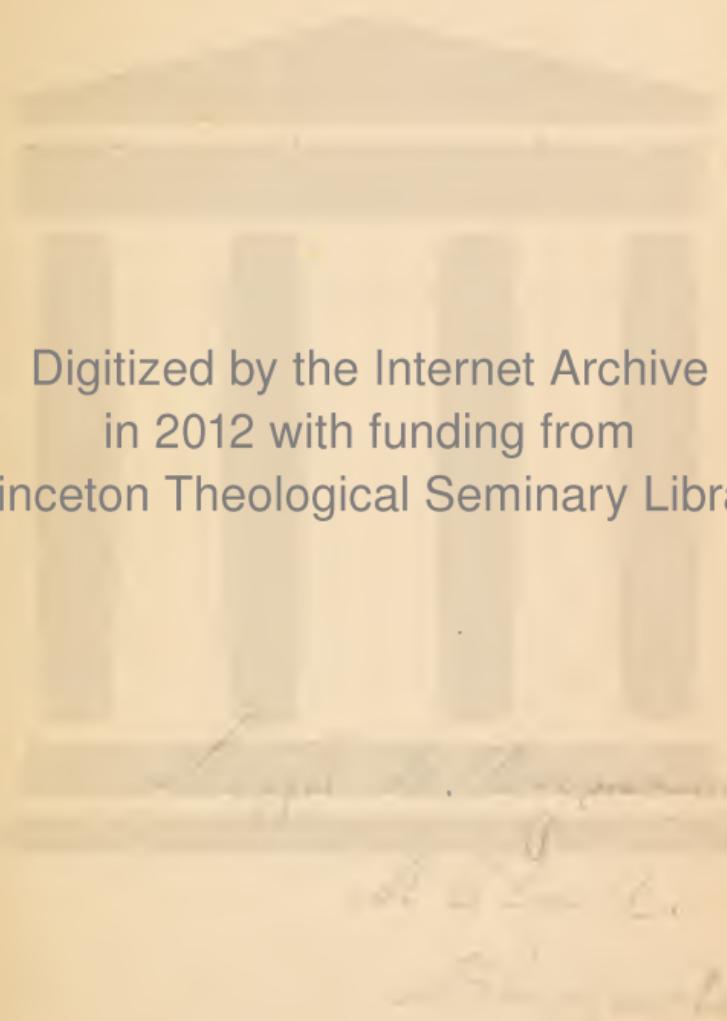
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# MELODIES OF ZION:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

## HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

### PRAYER, CONFERENCE, REVIVAL,

### UNION AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

AND

### FAMILY WORSHIP.

THIRD EDITION.

---

BY H. D. PINNEY.

---

O W E G O :

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## P R E F A C E .

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AS we sit down to write our preface, the thought involuntarily arises in our mind, how many, as they read our announcement, will exclaim, "What do they want another Hymn Book for?" So we must answer that very natural inquiry. Well, we have just one *reason*, and also one *object* in expending so much time and patience as we have in the compilation of this book. Our *reason* is, that we have never seen a hymn book for prayer and conference meetings, that answered our conceptions of what such a book should be—they seem too stiff and formal—too afraid of criticism. In our selections and arrangement, we have endeavored to meet a want of the churches which, an experience of twenty-three years in one church, as its servant in leading the Songs of Zion, has taught us they need, and during which time we have been under the necessity of making our own hymn book out of the various ones that have been published, by the use of "scissors and paste;" thus obtaining a book which has been of great benefit to the church of which we were a member, and by this means we have been enabled to practically test the value and adaptation of most of the hymns and tunes now presented to the public.

Our great difficulty has been in the mass of matter before us, to know what to leave out, so as to avoid a too cumbersome book, and yet, retain many hymns that we considered essential; and to do so, we have

omitted many of those old familiar tunes, as Old Hundred, Ortonville, Balerma, Windham, &c., knowing they need only to be started in any congregation, to be sung readily.

Now, our *object* in the publication of this work, is one that we have had in view, and steadily pursued for many years, which is, to furnish a hymn book calculated to make prayer and conference meetings what the great head of the church designed they should be, the most *important*, as well as the most *interesting* and *profitable* meetings of a church. Our prayer is, and shall be, that this may be the result of our labors. So important do we consider this *object*, that at the hazard of making this preface too long, we cannot forbear inserting an article which we cut from the *Independent*, several years since, from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, who has kindly granted us the privilege, which is so truthful and pertinent that we submit it instead of anything more we can say.

"An unknown friend in New Jersey, has written us a sincere request for a form of prayer suitable for a prayer meeting. We should be glad to oblige him, if we thought such a form would be of any use. But a *form* is not what he needs. A form may do for a congregation, where it is understood that prayer is to comprehend only the wants that are general and common to all. But it seems to us that forms would destroy the very conception of a social meeting for prayer.

What is a *prayer meeting*? It is a place for *social* religious life. It is not for preaching. It is not for exhortation. It is the place where Christian men excite each other, and instruct and strengthen each other, by the free and familiar development of their religious emotions. *Every* Christian brings a brand,

each places it upon the altar, and the fire is the joint flame of many hearts. What would be thought of an application for a form of conversation for a Christmas Night's party? A form of bargain for doing general business on 'change? For a form of impassioned utterance, for the use of loving hearts? A form of family greeting, to be used in vacations, when the children come home? But forms would be every whit as sensible in such circumstances as in a social gathering of Christians for religious utterance.

The very secret of conducting prayer meetings, is to force people out of their conventional ways; to break up their hereditary *forms* of unwritten prayer; to inspire a genial and devout familiarity; to keep off those impertinent moths, called exhorters, that fly about the flame of rising feeling; to charm men into a forgetfulness, if possible, that it is a meeting, and make them talk artlessly and sensibly.

The very first step towards a wholesome meeting is *truth*. Truth is that which prayer meetings, in numberless instances, lack. Christians go to them, assuming the sense of awful responsibility, or else, trying to appear solemn, or else, trying to manifest a devout spirit. But in truth, a man should go to a meeting feeling just as he does feel, and not pretending to anything else, because he thinks he ought to feel something 'else. This pretentious mood, this artificial and clumsily, hatched up feeling, overlays the mind as stray and dead leaves do the soil, that nothing can shoot up.

What if men should go to parties, carrying not what they are, but one striving to be brilliant, another to be witty, another to be instructive; who could endure the scene? We need to have men willing to stand simply and only on what they are and what they

have. The *speaking* in prayer meetings should be conversational, and so, natural. Usually, when a man has nothing to say, he gets up and exhorts sinners to repent. Another empty soul informs the church that they are very cold, and live far beneath their privileges. When such men pray, they usually begin at Adam and go on to Revelations, and then, sometimes unable to stop, go back and strike in about midway, and back out both ways, through all manner of religious platitudes.

How many prayer meetings begin a long half hour after the time appointed ! First comes a hymn, then a chapter in the Bible, then the deacon prays, then a hymn, and then a deacon, and so on, a hymn and a deacon, until the list of officers is exhausted. The pastor laments that there are few men besides those whose ordination obliges them to pray, that take part in meetings. But why are there no more ? What has been done to increase the praying members ? Have they been encouraged to do what they *could* do ? Or is the *spirit of the church* such, that no man prays to edification, who does not pray smoothly and ornately, and with a round, gutteral solemnity ?

Humble prayers, timid prayers, half inaudible prayers, the utterances of uncultured lips, may cut a poor figure, as lecture-room literature. But are they to be scorned or disdained ? If a child may not speak at all till it can speak fluent English, will it ever learn to speak at all ? There should be a process going on continually, of education, by which *all* the members of the church shall be able to contribute, of their experiences and gifts ; and in such a course of development, the first hesitating, stumbling, ungrammatical prayer of the confused Christian, may be worth more to the church than the best prayer of the most elo-

quent pastor. The prayer may be but little ; but it is not a little thing that a church has one man more to pray than it had before.

In order to this, pastors, or whoever conducts the prayer meeting statedly, should have a distinct conception of what a prayer meeting is to do. It is a mutual instruction class; a place for religious feeling to take the social element ; and the conductor of the meeting is to draw out the timid, check the obtrusive, encourage simple and true speaking, and apply religious truth to those wants and struggles, and experiences, which are freely mentioned there.

A few hints gathered from experience, will be, perhaps, of benefit to those who are young, and beginning to assume the duties of pastor.

There is no meeting for which one needs more preparation than a prayer meeting. But it is not a preparation of thoughts, ideas and copies, so much as of the *spirit*, and of the soul. One should save his strength; come to the meeting with vigor and fullness of feeling, and already eager when he sets down.

The way in which a meeting opens will often determine its whole character. If the brethren are scattered through a large room, bring them closer together. Slow and long services at the beginning, increase the sluggishness which is too often brought in, a short hymn, touching to the feelings, sung quickly—so quickly that every one has to arouse himself to keep up—will frequently give life to the whole scene.

A church should be trained to courage. They should be thoroughly indoctrinated not to despise the gifts of the meanest member.

When there is piety in a church, and the prayer meeting becomes the exponent of it, then it will be-

come the most powerful and important meeting of the whole series of church meetings. A fair account, from grateful lips, of what God is doing in the hearts of a *whole church*, cannot but be better than the ideas of any one man, uttered from the pulpit, speak however so wisely."

OWEGO, Jan. 1, 1859.

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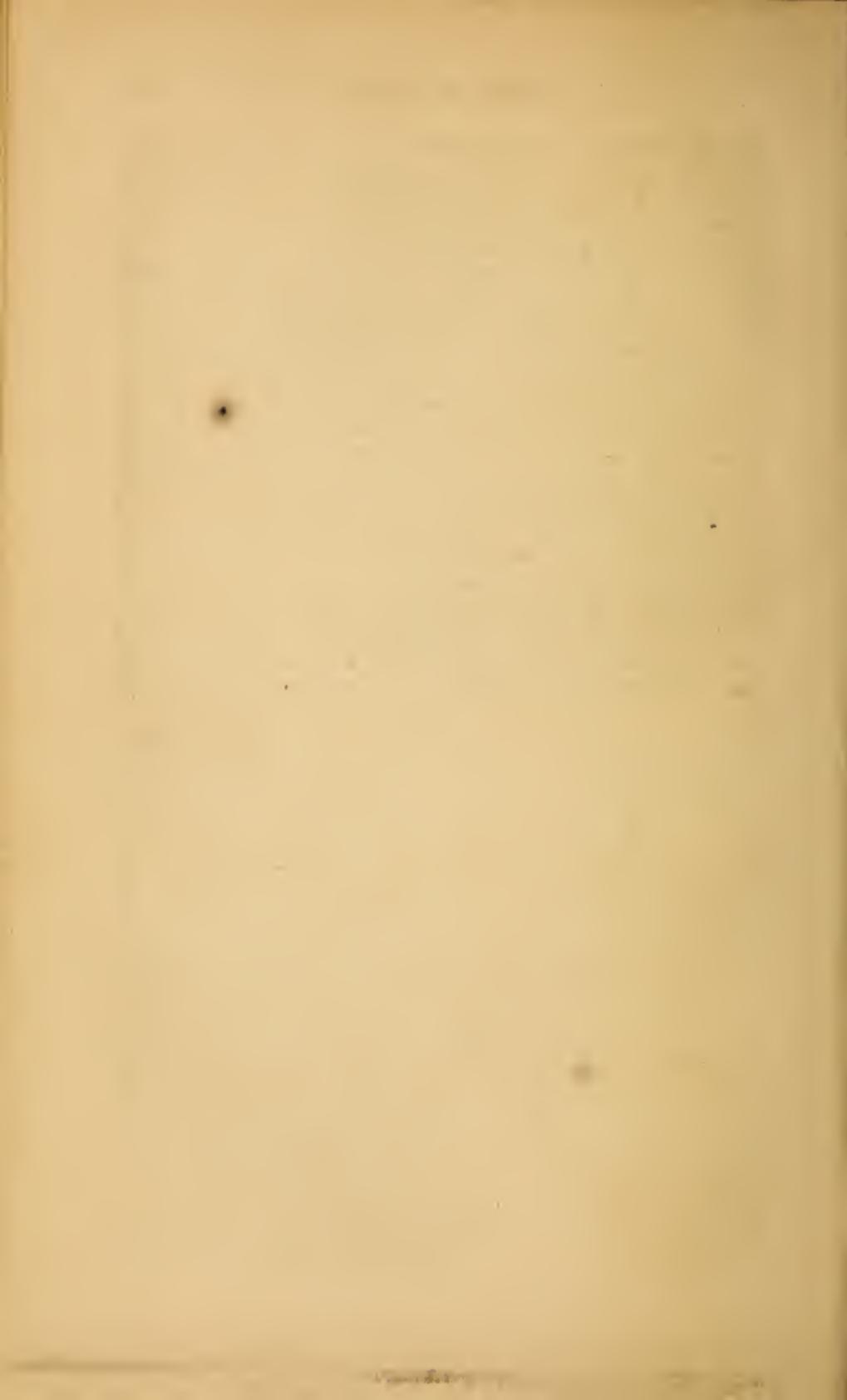
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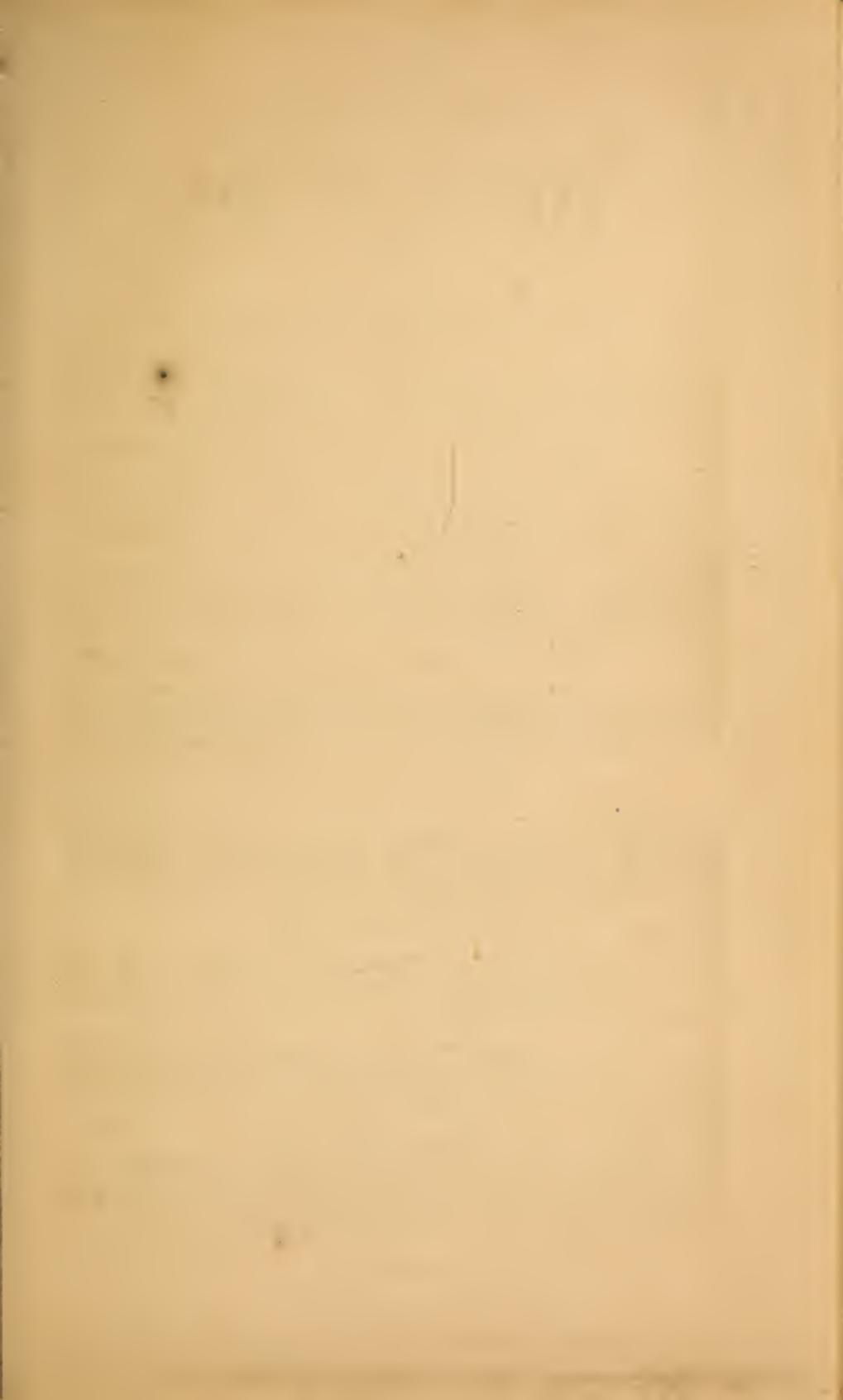
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# MELODIES OF ZION.

## EXHORTATION. O. M.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and a key signature of two flats (indicated by 'F').

- Staff 1:** Treble clef. The lyrics are: "Lord in the morn-ing\* thou shalt hear, My".
- Staff 2:** Treble clef. The lyrics are: "Lord in the morn-ing thou shalt hear, My".
- Staff 3:** Bass clef. The lyrics are: "voice . . . as - cend - - - ing high;".
- Staff 4:** Treble clef. The lyrics are: "voice . . . as - cend - - - ing high; To".
- Staff 5:** Treble clef. The lyrics are: "To thee will I di -".

\* or evening.

To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine  
thee will I di - rect my prayer; To thee lift up mine eye, To

SOPRANO

ALTO

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To  
rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye . . . . . To

eye, . . . . . To thee lift up mine eye,  
thee lift up mine eye, To thee lift up mine eye.

thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

4 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

## MELODIES OF ZION.

AMERICA. S. M,

Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be

Join  
known,                   Join in a song with sweet accord, Join  
Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with

in a song with sweet accord And thus surround the throne,  
in a song                   And thus surround the throne  
sweet ac - cord,

## S. M.

- 2 THE sorrows of the mind  
    Be banished from the place ;  
Religion never was designed  
    To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
    Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
    May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
    A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
    Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
    And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
    To fairer worlds on high.

---

S. M.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise  
    Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
    So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,  
    And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west.  
    Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised  
    Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
    Our highest thoughts exceed.

## C. M.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look ! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## L. M.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,  
And kindle there a pure desire :  
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Ne'er did the angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
In thee thy Father's glories shine;  
Thy glorious name shall be adored,  
And every tongue confess the Lord.

---

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus."  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## OLMUTZ. S. M.

DR. MASON.

A charge to keep I have, A

This system contains three staves. The top staff is in G clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The middle staff is in F clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The bottom staff is in C clef, B-flat key signature, and common time.

God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er dy - ing

This system contains three staves. The top staff is in G clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The middle staff is in F clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The bottom staff is in C clef, B-flat key signature, and common time.

soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

This system contains three staves. The top staff is in G clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The middle staff is in F clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The bottom staff is in C clef, B-flat key signature, and common time.

## S. M.

- 2 To serve the present age,  
     My calling to fulfil ;  
     O may it all my powers engage,  
     To do my master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
     As in thy sight to live ;  
     And O thy servant Lord prepare,  
     A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
     And on thyself rely,  
     Assured if I my trust betray,  
     I shall forever die.

## S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;  
     Ten thousand foes arise ;  
     The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
     To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
     The battle ne'er give o'er  
     Renew it boldly every day,  
     And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
     Nor lay thine armor down :  
     Thy arduous work will not be done  
     Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
     Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
     He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
     To his divine abode.

5's &amp; 12's

1 COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue—  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear ;  
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;  
Our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :  
The arrow is flown ;  
The moment is gone ;  
The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each, in the day  
Of his coming, may say,  
“ I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do ;  
O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
“ Well and faithfully done ;  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

---

## C. M.

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

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
     When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
     Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed.  
     How sweet their memory still !  
 But now I find 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.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
     Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
     And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
     Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
     That leads me to the Lamb.

---

S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
     And gird your armor on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
     Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
     And in his mighty power,  
 The man who in the Savior trusts,  
     Is more than conqueror.

- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
     With all his strength endued,  
     And take, to arm you for the fight,  
         The panoply of God ;—
- 4 From strength to strength go on ;  
     Wrestle, and fight and pray ;  
     Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
         And win the well-fought day.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
     And seek the presence of our Lord !  
     Dear Savior ! on thy people smile,  
         And come, according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
     That we may here converse with Thee :  
     Ah ! Lord ! behold us at thy feet ;  
         Let this the “ gate of heaven ” be,
- 3 “ Chief of ten thousand ! ” now appear,  
     That we by faith may see Thy face ;  
     Oh ! speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
         And let Thy presence fill this place.
- 

## 8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
     Welcome to this heart of mine !  
     Lord, I make a full surrender ;  
         Every power and thought be thine,  
             Thine forever !  
     Thine, O Lord, forever thine !

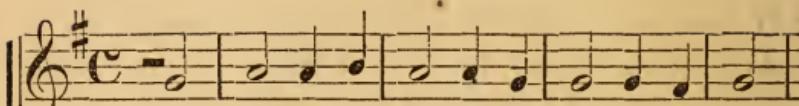
## C. M.

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

## C. M.

- 1 What shall I render to my God,  
 For all his kindness shown ?  
 My feet shall visit thine abode,  
 My songs address thy throne.
  
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
 My offering shall be paid ;  
 There shall my zeal perform the vows  
 My soul, in anguish made.
  
- 3 Now I am thine—forever thine—  
 Nor shall my purpose move ;  
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
  
- 4 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;  
 Witness, ye saints who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord.

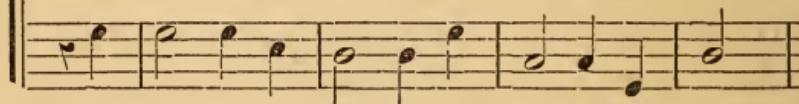
## HOPKINS. 11s.



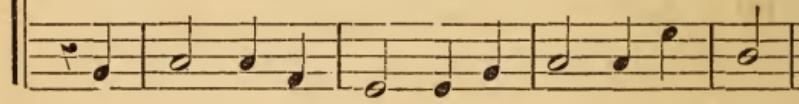
Why sleep we, my brethren? come let us a - rise;



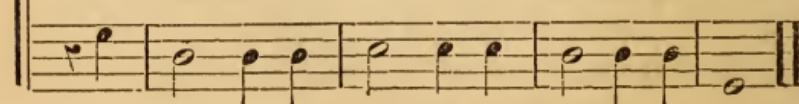
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?



Sal - va - tion is near - er, our days are far spent,



O let us be ac - tive a - wake! and re - pent



11s.

- 2 O, how can we slumber, the master is come,  
And calling on sinners to seek them a home ;  
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber ! our foes are awake ;  
To ruin poor souls every effort they make ;  
To accomplish their object, no means are untried,  
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 4 O, how can we slumber ! when so much was done  
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son !  
Now mercy is proffer'd and justice display'd,  
Now God can be honor'd and sinners be saved.
- 5 O, how can we slumber ! when death is so near,  
And sinners are sinking to endless despair :  
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize  
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 6 O, how can ye slumber ! ye sinners, look round,  
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound ;  
O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to-day ;  
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

## C. M.

- 1 EARLY my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.

## DAWN. 9s &amp; 8s,

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweet-ly o'er thee,  
 And all the midnight sha-dow's flee, Ting'd are the dis - tant  
 skies with glo - ry, A bea-con light hung out for thee; A -  
 rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy

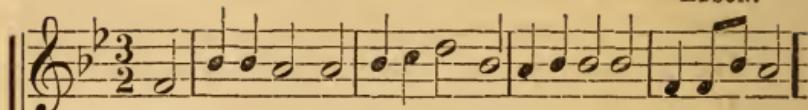
name is gra - ven on the throne, Thy home is  
in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns a - lone,

## C. M.

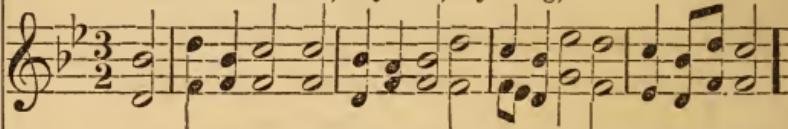
- 2 TOSED on time's rude, relentless surges,  
    Calmly, composed, and dauntless stand,  
For lo ! beyond those scenes emerges  
    The hights that bound the promised land.  
Behold ! behold ! the land is nearing,  
    Where the wild sea-storms rage is o'er ;  
Hark ! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,  
    See in what throngs they range the shore !
- 3 Cheer up ! cheer up ! the day breaks o'er thee,  
    Bright as the summer's noon tide ray.  
The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory,  
    Invite thy happy soul away !  
Away ! away ! leave all for glory,  
    Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
Thy home is in that world of glory,  
    Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

## BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

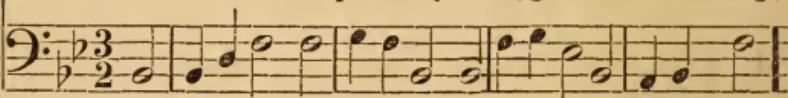
EDSON.



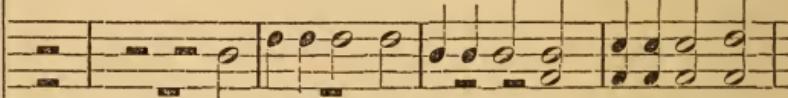
1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,



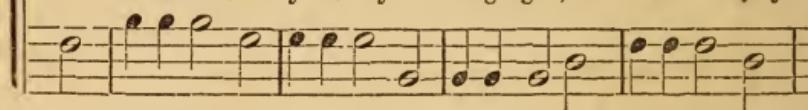
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;



To show thy love by morning light, And



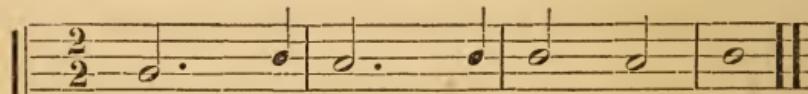
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy



To show, etc.

And talk, etc.

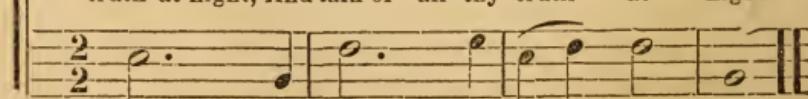
And



talk of all thy truth at night.



truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.



talk of all thy truth at night.

## L. M.

- 2 MY heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 3 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart.  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## L. M.

- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on ;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past ;  
He gives me strength for days to come
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

## C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
    Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
    To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats ;  
    The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
    To turn the seasons round.
- 3 How many wretched souls have fled  
    Since the last setting sun !  
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,  
    And yet my moments run.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
    While I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
    And bring a peaceful night.

## L. M.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !  
    Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
    Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
    Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
    And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;  
    To Thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
    Demand perpetual songs of praise.

7's

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone ;  
Now is passed the early dawn :  
Lord, we would be thine to-day :  
Drive the shades of sin away.
  - 2 Make our souls as noonday clear ;  
Banish every doubt and fear :  
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,  
We would labor, we would pray.
  - 3 When our work of life is past,  
O, receive us all at last :  
Labor then will all be o'er ;  
Sin's dark night will be no more.
- 

7's

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flow'd,  
Be of sin the perfect cure ;  
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow ;  
Should my zeal no languor know ;  
This for sin could not atone :  
Thou must save and thou alone.  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.
- 

## 6's &amp; 4's

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou lamb of Calvary :  
    Savior divine,  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O, let me, from this day,  
    Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart ;  
    My zeal inspire ;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O, may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
    A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
    Be thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
    From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
    Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Savior, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove ;  
O, bear me safe above—  
    A ransomed soul.

---

## 8's 7's &amp; 4's

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
    Pilgrim through this barren land :  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
    Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
        Bread of heaven,  
    Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
    Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
    Lead me all my journey through :  
        Strong Deliverer,  
    Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
    Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current ;  
    Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
        Songs of praises  
    I will ever give to thee.

## NORTHFIELD. C. M.

1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so? Awake, my sluggish

soul:

Noth-

Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet  
Nothing has half thy

Nothing has half thy work to do, Nothing has half thy

thing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull,

nothing's half so dull,

work to do, Yet noth - ing's half so dull,

## C. M.

- 2 We for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above.
- 3 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labor'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood !
- 4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts ?  
Come, holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill,  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 5 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upwards our souls shall rise ;  
With hands of faith and wings of love,  
We'll fly and take the prize.

—  
C. M.

- 1 AWAKE my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's allAnimating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye ;—

## C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—  
A remnant weak and small—  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall !  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## C. M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

---

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame—  
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Savior slain;  
And O, may this my glory be—  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

---

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

## A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

*Moderato.*

From Bradbury's Oriola.

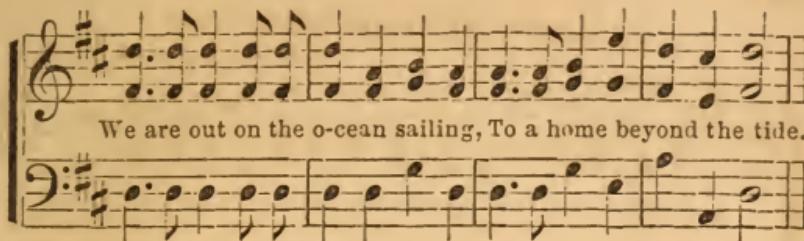
- 1 { We are out on the o-cean sail-ing, Homeward bound we  
   We are out on the o-cean sail - ing, To a home be-  
 2 { Millions now are safe-ly land - ed O-ver on the  
   Millions more are on their jour-ne-y, Yet there's room for  
 3 { Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes, Gently waft our  
   All on board are sweet-ly sing-ing, Free sal-va-tion

*CHORUS. Cres.*

- sweet - ly glide. } All the storms will soon be o - ver,  
 yond the tide. }  
 gol - den shore. } All the storms, etc.  
 mil - lions more. }  
 ves - sel on ; } All the storms, etc.  
 is the song. }

Then we'll an-chor in the har-bor ; We are out on the

o-cean sail-ing, To a home be - yond the tide.



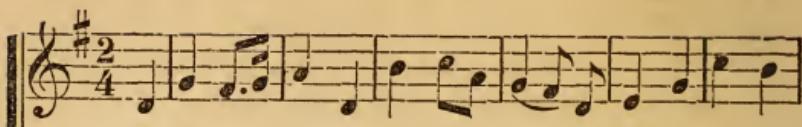
We are out on the o-cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

When we all are safely anchored,  
We will shout—our trials o'er!  
We will walk about the city,  
And we'll sing for evermore.  
All the storms, etc.

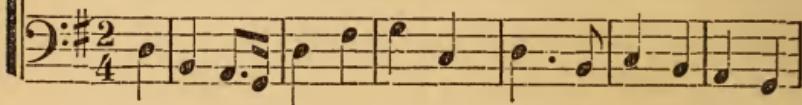
## S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O, may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all,  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

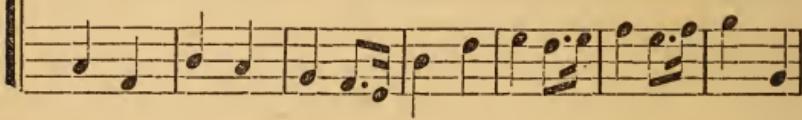
## THE HARP.



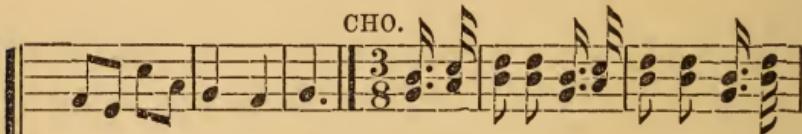
1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel



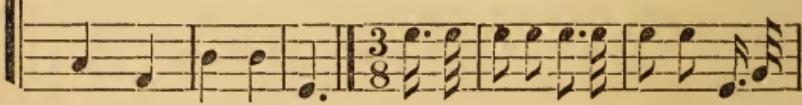
ar - mor on, March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus,



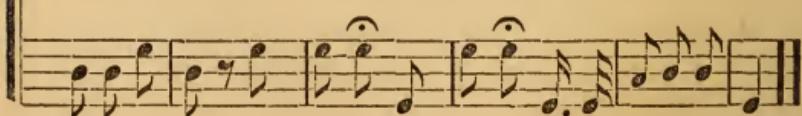
CHO.



thy great Captain's gone. Hal-le-lujah ! hallelu-jah ! Our Re-



deemer shall reign for ev-er and ev-er ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Amen.



## L. M.

- 2 HELL and thy sins resist thy course ;  
    But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
Thy Savior nailed them to the cross,  
    And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on—  
    Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
    And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
    And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
    Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

## L. M.

- 1 AWAKE our souls ; away our fears ;  
    Let every trembling thought be gone ;  
Awake and run the heavenly race,  
    And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,  
    And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
    Who feeds the strength of every saint ;
- 3 The mighty God whose matchless power  
    Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
    There everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
    Our souls shall drink a full supply ;  
While those who trust their native strength  
    Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

## L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown his head ;  
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
 The joyful prisoner bursts his chains ;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our King ;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## L. M.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,  
 Through all the myriads of the skies—  
 That song of triumph which records  
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.

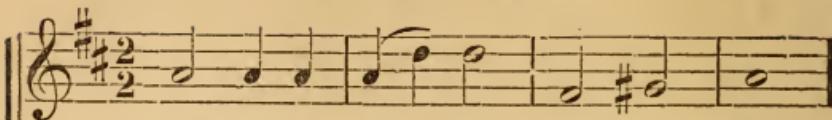
- 2 Let thrones and powers, and kingdoms, be  
Obedient, mighty God, to thee ;  
And over land, and stream, and main,  
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign,
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell,  
Let host to host the triumph tell,  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Savior reigns.

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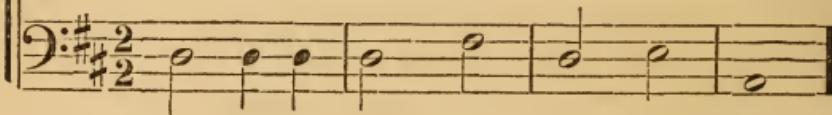
C. M.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God ;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine ;  
O, save thy servant Lord ;  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

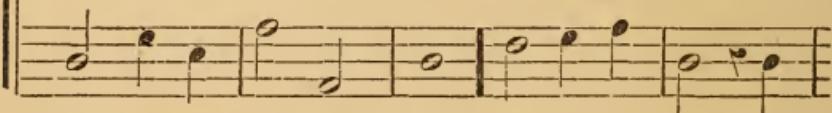
## SPRING. C. M.



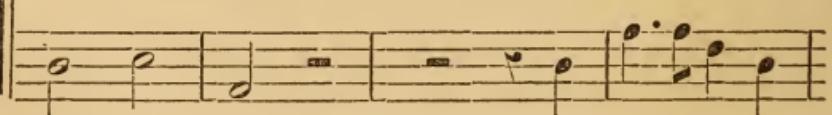
1 Je - sus, I love thy charming name.



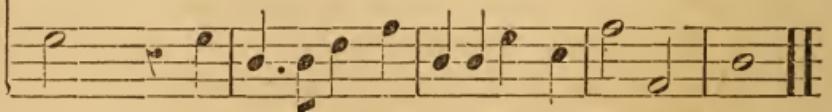
'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it



out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear, That



heav'n and earth might hear, That heav'n and earth might hear.



## C. M.

- 2 YES thou art precious to my soul,  
     My joy, my hope, my trust,  
     Jewels to thee, are gaudy toys,  
     And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
     In thee most richly meet:  
     Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
     Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
     With my last laboring breath :  
     Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,  
     The antidote of death.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
     When those that love the Lord  
     In one another's peace delight,  
     And thus fulfil his word !
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
     And with him bear a part ;  
     When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
     And joy from heart to heart !—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,  
     Our wishes all above,  
     Each can his brother's failings hide,  
     And show a brother's love !
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds  
     The happy souls above ;  
     And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
     His bosom glow with love.

## C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
    His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
    And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
    The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
    With blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
    But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
    He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,  
    Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
    But sweet will be the flower.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
    And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
    And he will make it plain.

## C. M.

- 1 HOW can I sink with such a prop  
    As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
    And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
    Who rose and left the dead ?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
    From my exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,  
Shall be forever thine ;  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great,  
That I should give him all.

---

## L. M.

1 MY dear redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## THE CROWN. C. M.

Arranged by H. D. PINNEY.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A  
fol - lower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to  
own His cause, Or blush to speak his name.

## CHORUS. ACCEL.

Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the  
frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to

bear, It will on - ly make the crown the bright-er to shine,

When we have the crown to wear.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

## C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
O may I there, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.

## L. M.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Savior God,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Ambition, envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

---

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone—  
He, whom I fixed my hopes upon ;  
His track I see and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Savior say,  
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 4 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Savior I have found  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say—Behold the way to God.

## HAPPY DAY, L. M.

O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Savior and my God,  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

END

*End with second strain.*

Hap-py day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way ;  
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
     To him who merits all my love ;  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
     While to that sacred shrine I move.  
         Happy day, &c.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
     I am my Lord's and he is mine ;  
 He drew me and I followed on,  
     Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart ;  
     Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart :  
     With him of every good possessed.

## L. M.

- 1 COME all who would to glory go,  
     And leave this world of sin and wo,  
 Renounce your sins without delay,  
     Believe, and you shall win the day.  
         Happy day, &c.
- 2 O, do not tarry longer here,  
     You're sure to die in dark despair ;  
 I'll show to you a better way,  
     In which you're sure to win the day.
- 3 And when you reach the realms above,  
     Where all is harmony and love,  
 There you shall join the heavenly lay,  
     And shout and sing I've won the day.

8's &amp; 7's

- 1 COME thou fount of every blessing,  
     Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
     Streams of mercy never ceasing  
         Call for songs of loudest praise.  
     Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
         Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
     Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
         Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
     Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
     And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
         Safely to arrive at home.  
     Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
         Wandering from the fold of God ;  
     He, to save my soul from danger,  
         Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
     Daily I'm constrained to be !  
     Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
         Bind my wandering heart to thee !  
     Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
         Prone to leave the God I love—  
     Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
         Seal it for thy courts above.

8's &amp; 7's

PRAISE the God of all creation ;  
     Praise the Father's boundless love ;  
     Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—  
         Priest and King, enthroned above ;  
     Praise the Fountain of salvation,—  
         Him by whom our spirits live ;  
     Undivided adoration  
         To the one Jehovah give.

## P. M.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes ;  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
    The lilies grow and thrive ;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
    Which make the dead revive.
- 2 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,  
And taste the sweetness of his word,  
    In Jesus' ways go on ;  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
    When we arrive at home.
- 3 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Savior, piteous and kind,  
    Who will them all receive ;  
None are too bad who do repent,  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
    The Lord did him relieve.
- 4 But when we come to reign above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
    We'll drink a full supply ;  
Jesus will lead his armies thro',  
To living fountains where they flow,  
    That never will run dry.
- 5 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
    My soul a witness is ;  
Come, taste and see the pardon free  
To all mankind as well as me ;  
    Who come to Christ may live.

- 6 There we shall reign and shout and sing,  
 And make the heavenly regions ring,  
     When all the saints get home ;  
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
 Soon shall we meet together there,  
     For Jesus bids us come.
- 7 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
     And claim my mansion there :  
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
 To meet you in that heavenly land,  
     Where we shall part no more.

## C. M.

- 1 When God revealed his gracious name,  
     And changed my mournful state,  
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
     The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
     And did thy hand confess ;  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
     And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,  
     And owned thy power divine ;  
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,  
     "And be the glory thine."

## L. M.

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

11s

## SWEET HOME.

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints !  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home !

## CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, 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 ;  
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
But in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.*

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L. M.

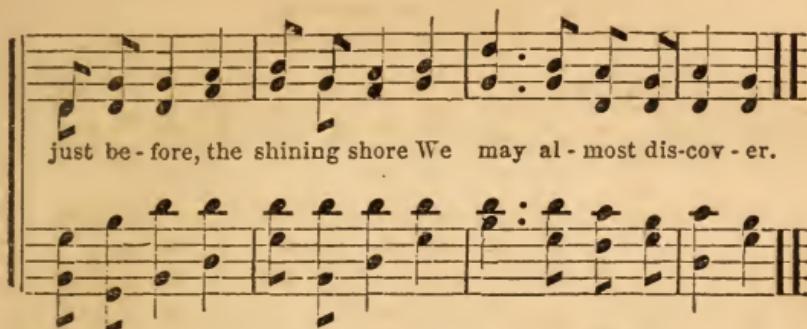
- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit come ;  
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
And loose my cable from below ;  
But I can only spread my sail—  
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

## THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root. By permission, from SABBATH BELL.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by '3/4') and G major (indicated by a sharp symbol). The top staff is for the soprano voice, the second for the alto, the third for the tenor, and the bottom for the bass. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. The first section of lyrics is:

1 My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim  
stran - ger, Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those  
hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on  
Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And



just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis-cov - er.  
 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our distant home discerning ;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning—  
 For oh ! we, &c.

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing ;  
 That perfect rest nought can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever,  
 Our King says, come, and there's our home,  
 For ever, oh ! for ever !

## C. M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
 Up to the courts above,  
 And smile to see our Father there,  
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
 Are opened by the Son ;  
 High let us raise our notes of praise,  
 And reach th' almighty throne.

## BAHURIM. C. M.

From NAGELI.

Andantino.

1 My shep - herd will sup - ply my need, Je -  
2 He brings my wandering spir - it back When

Cres.

ho-vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh he  
I for - sake his ways, And leads me, for his

makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.  
mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the evening's close,  
That ends the weary week!
  - 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,  
That opens on the sight,  
When first that soul-reviving morn  
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 

C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
  - 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
  - 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.
- 

C. M.

- 1 COME ye that love the Savior's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crown'd  
With glories all divine :  
And tell the wond'ring nations round,  
How bright those glories shine.

## C. M.

- 1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh ;  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell with Christ at home.
  - 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—  
No peaceful sheltering dome :  
This world's a wilderness of wo—  
This world is not my home.
  - 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
But fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
  - 4 Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 KEEP silence all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod ;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree ;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Before his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men ;  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

- 4 My God, I would not long to see  
     My fate with curious eyes—  
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
     Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 5 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
     O, may I find my name,  
 Recorded in some humble place,  
     Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

---

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God attend while Zion sings  
     The joy that from thy presence springs :  
 To spend one day with thee on earth,  
     Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
     Within thy house, O God of grace,  
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
     Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day ;  
     God is our shield—he guards our way  
 From all the assaults of hell and sin ;  
     From foes without and foes within.

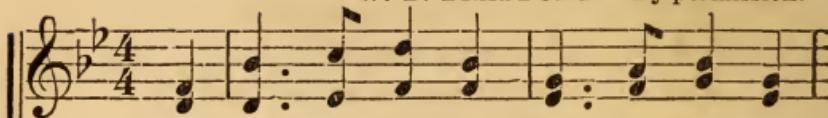
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L. M.

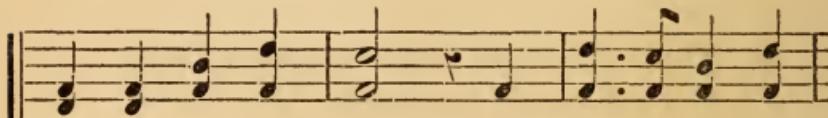
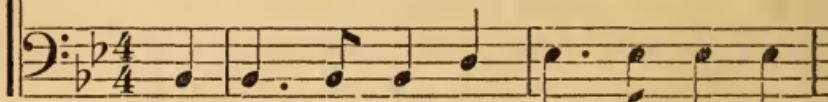
- 1 FROM all who dwell below the skies  
     Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
     Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
     Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
     Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BROWN C. M.

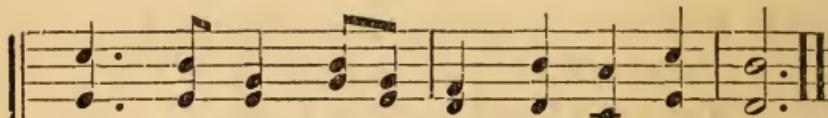
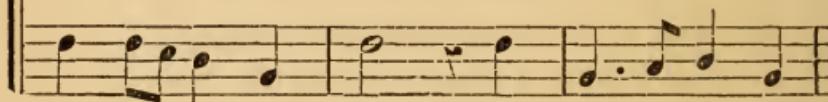
W. B. BRADEURY. By permission.



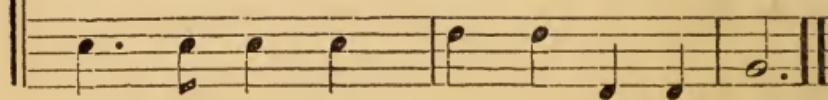
1 I love to steal a - while a - way From



eve - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of



set - ting day In hum - ble grate - ful prayer.



2 I love in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear,  
 And all his promises to plead  
 Where none but God can hear.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

---

C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Savior's pardoning blood,  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevailed  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,  
O, make my soul thy care :  
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;  
Let me that mercy share.

## LIGHT.

1 My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, My Bi - ble leads to  
glo - ry, My Bi-bble leads to glo - ry, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

**Chorus.**

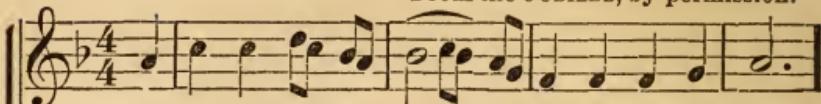
Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low-ers of Im - man-u - el

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low-ers of the Lamb.

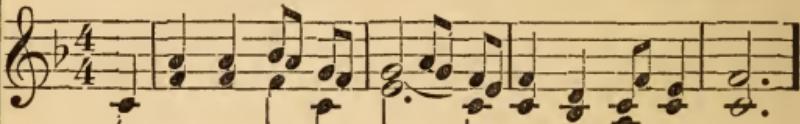
- 2 Religion makes me happy,  
Religion makes me happy,  
Religion makes me happy,  
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 3 I'm on my way to glory,  
I'm on my way to glory,  
I'm on my way to glory,  
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 4 We'll have a shout in glory,  
We'll have a shout in glory,  
We'll have a shout in glory,  
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 5 There we shall live forever,  
There we shall live forever,  
There we shall live forever,  
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

## THE WANDERER. S. M. Double.

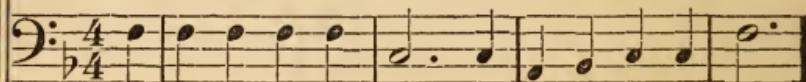
From the JUBILEE, by permission.



1 I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold:



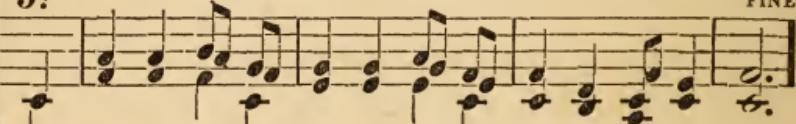
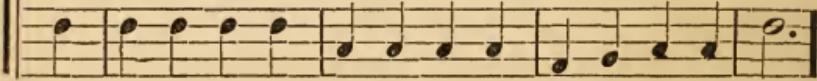
2 The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child,

**F**

FINE

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled;  
D. C. I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I loved a - far to roam.**F**

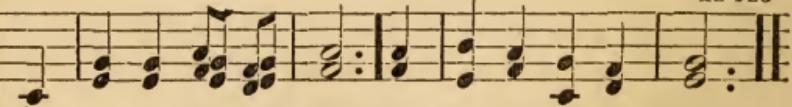
FINE

They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild;  
They bound me with the bonds of love, They saved the wandering one.

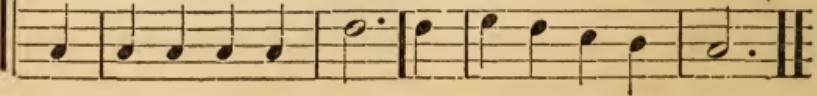
AL SEG

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,

AL SEG



They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;



S. M.

- 3** JESUS my shepherd is,  
     'T was he that loved my soul ;  
     'T was he that washed me in his blood,  
     'T was he that made me whole ;  
     'T was he that sought the lost,  
         That found the wandering sheep,  
     'T was he that brought me to the fold—  
         'Tis he that still doth keep.
- 4** No more a wandering sheep,  
     I love to be controlled,  
     I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
         I love the peaceful fold :  
     No more a wayward child,  
         I seek no more to roam,  
     I love my heavenly Father's voice—  
         I love, I love his home.
- 
- S. M.
- 1** THE Lord my Shepherd is ;  
     I shall be well supplied :  
     Since he is mine, and I am his,  
         What can I want beside ?
- 2** He leads me to the place  
     Where heavenly pasture grows,  
     Where living waters gently pass,  
         And full salvation flows.
- 3** If e'er I go astray,  
     He doth my soul reclaim,  
     And guides me in his own right way,  
         For his most holy name.
- 4** While he affords his aid,  
     I cannot yield to fear ;  
     Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade,  
         My Shepherd's with me there.

## S. M.

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil ;  
The dew of promise from the skies . . .  
Already cheers the soil.
  - 2 Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore ;  
And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
Dispense your hallowed lore.
  - 3 Urge with a tender zeal,  
The erring child along  
Where peaceful congregations kneel,  
And pious teachers throng.
- 

## S. M.

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed ;  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;  
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry " Harvest home ! "

## L. M.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
    The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
    Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
    From every host from every gem ;  
But one alone the Savior speaks—  
    It is the Star of Bethlehem !
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
    The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
The Ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
    The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
    Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
    It was the Star of Bethlehem !
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
    It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
    It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er.  
    I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever, and forevermore—  
    The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

## L. M.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

## C. P. M.

- 1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O, could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Savior shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.
  
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt—  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine ;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,  
I shall forever shine.
  
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne :  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would, to everlasting days,  
Make all his glories known.
  
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face :  
Then, with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blessed eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

---

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
And in the church below ;  
From whom all creatures draw their breath,  
By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.

## L. M.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,  
    Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;  
Love, the best blessing here below,  
    And nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While I am held in Thine embrace,  
    There's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
Each smile He wears upon His face,  
    Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,  
    And long, and weep, in all we do,  
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,  
    And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 If he withdraws a moment's space,  
    He leaves a sacred pledge behind ;  
Here in this breast his image stays,  
    The grief and comfort of my mind.

## C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
    In a believer's ear !  
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
    And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole  
    And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
    And to the weary, rest.

## L. M.

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

## AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

1 { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like  
 I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I

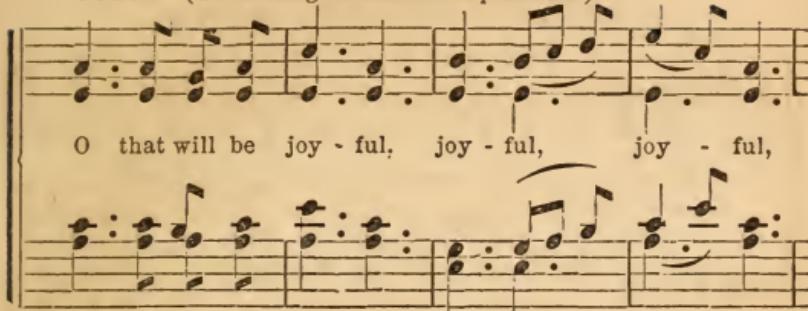
me, } Was blind, but now I see, Was  
 see, D. C. } To meet to part no more On

blind, but now I see, I once was lost, but  
 Canaan's hap - py shore, Then we shall meet at

now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
 Je - sus' feet, Shall meet to part no more.

FINE

*CODA. (To be sung or omitted at pleasure.)*



*D. C. Al Segno, \**

O' that will be joy - ful, to meet to part no more.

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 earth shall soon dissolve like snow,

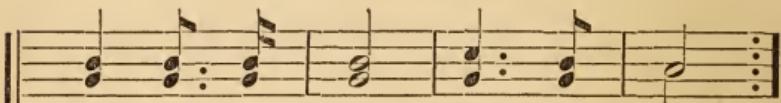
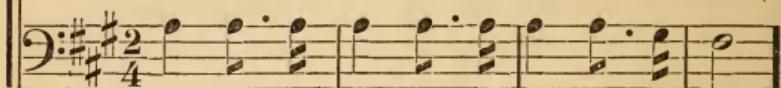
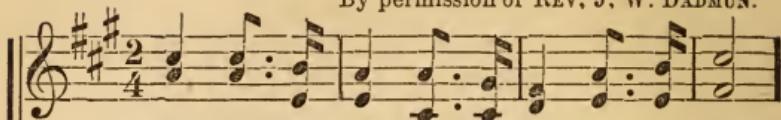
The sun forbear to shine ;

But God, who call'd me here below,

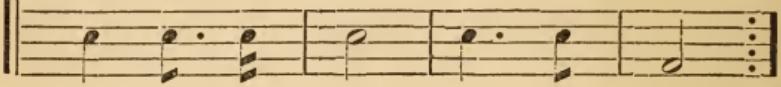
Will be for ever mine.

## HOMeward-BOund. 10s &amp; 4s.

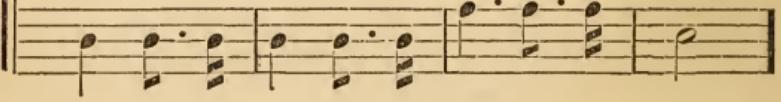
By permission of REV. J. W. DADMUN.



We're home-ward bound, home - ward bound.  
We're, &c.  
We're, &c,



Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode,



Seek - ing our Fath-ers ce - les - tial a - bode.

d c



- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars  
     We're homeward bound.  
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
     We're homward bound.  
 Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,  
 Steady ! we soon shall outweather the gale,  
 O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,  
     We're homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,  
     We're home at last.  
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
     We're home at last.  
 Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,  
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,  
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,  
     We're home at last.

- 1 WE live as pilgrims and strangers below,  
     We're homeward bound ;  
 'Though often tempted, yet onward we go,  
     We're homeward bound.  
 Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,  
 Toils and temptations expecting to share,  
 We hasten forward, content with the fare,  
     We're homeward bound.
- 2 Earth, with its trifles, we all have resigned,  
     We're homeward bound.  
 Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,  
     We're homeward bound.  
 Sinful amusements no longer are dear,  
 O, how delusive and vain they appear,  
 While to our home we are drawing so near,  
     We're homeward bound.

- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,  
     We're homeward bound.  
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng,  
     We're homeward bound.  
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,  
 Join in our number, O come and be blest,  
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest,  
     We're homeward bound.
- 4 Soon well be singing, if faithful we prove,  
     We're home at last !  
 Sounding in triumph, in mansions above,  
     We're home at last.  
 Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,  
 Up to our home with the blest we shall soar;  
 O how we'll shout as we enter the door,  
     We're home at last.
- 

## H. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,  
     Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
 The bleeding sacrifice  
     In my behalf appears :  
 Before the throne my surety stands,  
 And lifts for me his bleeding hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
     Received on Calvary ;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
     They strongly speak for me ;  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die !

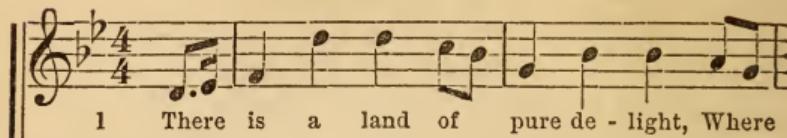
3 The Father hears him pray,  
 His dear anointed One :  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son ;  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,  
 His pardoning voice I hear :  
 He owns me for his child,  
 I can no longer fear ;  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And Father, Abba, Father cry.

*The old Ship Zion.*

- 1 WHAT is this that's a passing by ?  
 O glory, hallelujah !  
 'Tis the old ship of Zion,  
 Halellujah !
- 2 Who is your captain, and what is his name ?  
 'Tis the meek and holy Jesus.
- 3 Who are those that's a going on board ?  
 Why, they're volunteers for Jesus.
- 4 What is your chart to guide you through the storm ?  
 O, we have the blessed Bible.
- 5 What is your fare while you're on board ?  
 We feast on hidden manna.
- 6 What are your rules that you have on board ?  
 Why, it is loving one another.
- 7 If the winds blow high or the winds blow low,  
 Still she is making for the harbor.
- 8 What will the saints do when the world's on fire ?  
 They'll go sailing up to glory.
- 9 And what will you do when you all get there ?  
 Why, we'll shout and sing forever.

## DALE C. M.,



A musical score for two voices. It is divided into two sections: "1st TIME" and "2d TIME", indicated by brackets above the staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "saints immortal reign ; Oh ! Heaven, pleasure banish pain,"

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Sweet heaven, Home of the blest ! Oh ! I long to be there and thy".

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "glo - ry's to share, And to lean on the Savior's breast,"

## C. M.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.
  - 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
  - 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
  - 5 O, could we make our doubts remove—  
Those gloomy doubts that rise—  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes.
  - 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er—  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,  
I'd fearless launch away.

---

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my glorious home !  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, in peace, and thee ?
- 2 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo ?  
     Or feel at death dismay ?  
     I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
         And realms of endless day,
- 5 Jerusalem ! my glorious home !  
     My soul still pants for thee ;  
     Then shall my labors have an end,  
         When I thy joys shall see.
- 

8s. &amp; 7s. 6 l's.\*

- 1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,  
     When we reach the farther shore,  
     There's an end of war forever ;  
     We shall see our foes no more :  
     All our conflicts then shall cease,  
     Followed by eternal peace.
- 2 When we gain the heavenly regions,  
     When we touch the heavenly shore,—  
     Blessed thought!—no hostile legions  
     Can alarm or trouble more :  
     Far beyond the reach of foes,  
     We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 3 O, that hope ! how bright, how glorious !  
     'Tis his people's blest reward ;  
     In the Savior's strength victorious,  
     They at length behold their Lord.  
     In his kingdom they shall rest,  
     In his love be fully blest.

\* May be sung to Daybreak, p. 84, by omitting repeat.

## TYNG,

WM. B. BRADEURY. By permission.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in treble clef and 2/4 time, starting with a dotted half note. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note. The lyrics for the first three stanzas are written below the notes.

1 Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host! Crowned with the splendor  
 2 Stand up for Jesus! Ye of every name! All one in prayer, and  
 3 Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand Jesus himself for

The musical score continues with two more staves. The lyrics for the fourth stanza are written below the notes.

of the Ho - ly Ghost! Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield,  
 all with praise afame! Forget the sad estrangement of the past,  
 us delights to stand! Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace;

## CHORUS.

The musical score concludes with a single staff for the chorus, ending with a double bar line.

Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—Stand up for Jesus!  
 With one consent in love and peace at last—  
 Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race—

The musical score concludes with a single staff for the final stanza, ending with a double bar line.

The musical score concludes with a single staff for the final stanza, ending with a double bar line.

Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus!

The musical score concludes with a single staff for the final stanza, ending with a double bar line.

## L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in thee.

## L. M.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heaven and hell--  
Or could my faith the world remove;  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

## VINTON,

Andante.

BILLINGS.

I'm a lone - ly trav'ler here, Wea - ry, op - prest,

But my jour-ney's end is near— Soon I shall rest.

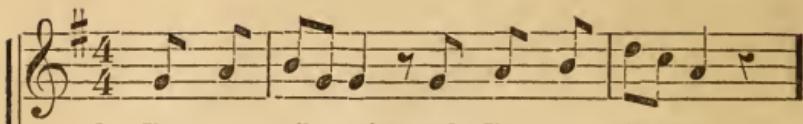
## Dolce.

Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toil-ing I've come,

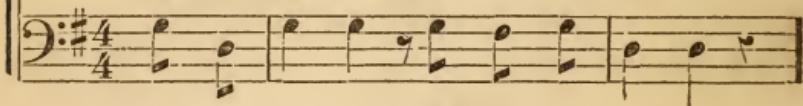
Ask me not with you to stay— Yonder's my home.

- 2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,  
I must go on,  
For my journey's end is near—  
I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give,  
Win me away ;  
Pleasures that forever live—  
I cannot stay.
- 3 I'm a trav'ler to a land  
Where all is fair ;  
Where is seen no broken band—  
All, all are there.  
Where no tears shall ever fall,  
Nor heart be sad ;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.
- 4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go  
Where all is fair ;  
Farewell, all I've loved below—  
I must be there ;  
Worldly honors, hopes and gain  
All I resign ;  
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,  
If heav'n be mine.
- 5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—  
Upwards my way ;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam ;  
Hail me not—in vain you call—  
Yonder's my home.

## THE PILGRIM.



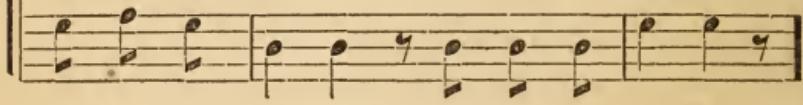
I'm a pil - grim and I'm a stran-ger;



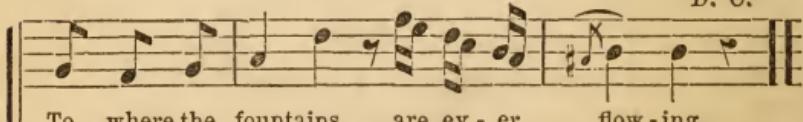
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;



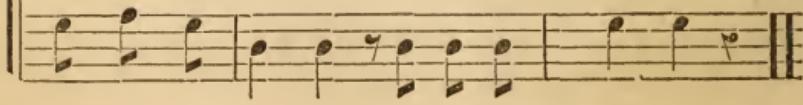
Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing,



D. C.



To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.



2 There the glory is ever shining !

O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there,  
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

3 There's the city to which I journey ;

My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying !

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,

I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone !  
With this your portion, your heart's desire—  
Why will you perish, in raging fire ?

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

---

L. M.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more

The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,

And fly to this divine relief ;  
Nor him forget, who left his throne,  
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine

In him, and he himself is thine :  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms forget ?

4 O, no ; till life itself depart,

His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

## NEARER TO THEE. 6s &amp; 4s.

1 { Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; }

Still all my song shall be,— Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

6s. &amp; 4s.

- 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,  
    Bethel 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.

\* 6's. & 4's.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here :  
Heaven is my home ;  
Earth is a desert drear :  
Heaven is my home ;  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand,  
Heaven is my Father land—  
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage :  
Heaven is my home ;  
Short is my pilgrimage :  
Heaven is my home ;  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be over, past,  
I shall reach home at last—  
Heaven is my home.
- 3 Therefore I murmur not :  
Heaven is my home ;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home ;  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand :  
Heaven is my Father land—  
Heaven is my home.

L. M.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give :  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

\* Sung to Nearer to Thee, p. 80, by repeating the middle strain.

## P. M.

- 1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam—  
     Here is no rest—is no rest,  
 Here, as a pilgrim, I wander alone,  
     Yet I am blessed—I am blessed ;  
 For I look forward to that glorious day  
 When sin and sorrow will vanish away :  
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,  
     There, there is rest—there is rest.
- 2 Here are temptations and trials severe—  
     Here is no rest—is no rest ;  
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,  
     Yet I am blessed—I am blessed.  
 Sweet is the promise I read in His word :  
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord—  
 They have been called to receive their reward ;  
     There, there is rest—there is rest.
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe ;  
     Here is no rest—is no rest ;  
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ;  
     Yet I am blest—I am blest.  
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word ;  
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;  
 They shall be called to receive their reward ;  
 Then, there is rest—there is rest.

## C. M.

MY soul, how lovely is the place  
     To which thy God resorts !  
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
     Though in his earthly courts

## DAYBREAK, 8s &amp; 7s.

Arranged by H. D. PINNEY.

Watchman tell me does the morn-ing, Of fair  
 Have the signs which mark its com-ing Yet up -  
 Gird thy bri-dal robes a-round thee ; Morn-ing

Fine.

Zi - on's glo - ry dawn; } Pilgrim, yes, a - rise, look  
 on my pathway shone? }  
 dawns a - rise. a - rise !

round thee, Light is breaking in the skies;

D. C.

- 2 Watchman see, the light is beaming  
 Brighter still upon the way;  
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming—  
 Omens of the coming day,  
 When the Jubal trumpet sounding  
 Shall awake from earth and sea  
 All the saints of God now sleeping,  
 Clad in immortality.

- 3 Watchman, hail the light ascending  
    Of the grand Sabbath year ;  
All with voices loud proclaiming  
    That the Kingdom's very near.  
Pilgrims, yes, I see just yonder  
    Canaan's glorious height arise  
Salem to, appears in grandeur,  
    Towering 'neath its sunlit skies,  
4 Watchman, in that golden city,  
    Seated on his jasper throne,  
Zion's King enthroned in beauty,  
    Reigns in peace from zone to zone.  
There on sunlit hills and mountains,  
    Golden beams serenely glow ;  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
    On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.  
5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,  
    With its vernal fruits and flowers,  
On, just yonder—O, how cheering,  
    Bloom forever, Eden's bowers !  
Hark ! the choral strains there ringing,  
    Wafted on the balmy air,  
See the millions ; hear them singing—  
    Soon the pilgrims will be there !

8s & 7s. *Tune, STOCKWELL. Page 182.*

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
    Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
    Costly, free, and knows no end !  
2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
    Could, or would, have shed his blood ?  
But our Jesus died to save us  
    Reconciled, in him, to God.  
3 O for grace our hearts to soften !  
    Teach us, Lord, at length to love,  
We, alas ! forget too often,  
    What a Friend we have above.

## 8's. &amp; 7's.\*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
     All to leave and follow thee ;  
     Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
         Thou from hence my all shalt be :  
     And whilst 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.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me ;  
     'Twill but drive me to thy breast :  
     Life with trials hard may press me ;  
         Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :  
     O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
         While thy love is left to me ;  
     O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
         Were that joy unmixed with thee.

## 8's. 7's.\*

- 1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices  
     Sound the note of praise above ;  
     Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices,  
         Jesus reigns the God of love :  
     See, he sits on yonder throne ;  
         Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus hail ! whose glory brightens  
     All above, and gives it worth ;  
     Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
         Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth :  
     When we think of love like thine,  
         Lord, we own it love divine.

---

\* For Daybreak, omitting the first repeat.

- 3 King of glory, reign forever ;  
Thine an everlasting crown :  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Savior, hasten thine appearing ;  
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away :  
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,  
“ Glorv glory to our King.”

---

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I'll pursue ;  
“ Hinder me not,” ye much-loved saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes ;  
“ Hinder me not,” shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too,  
I'll go at his command ;  
“ Hinder me not,” for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Savior calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be—  
“ Hinder me not,” come, welcome, death ;  
I'll gladly go with thee.

Arranged from "Templi Carmina."

1. { Heaven is the land where trou-bles cease, Where  
The bliss - ful clime of rest and peace, Where

toils and tears are o'er; } And not a sha - dow of dis-  
cares dis-tract no more;

tress Dims its un - sul - lied bles - sed - ness.

## C. H. M.

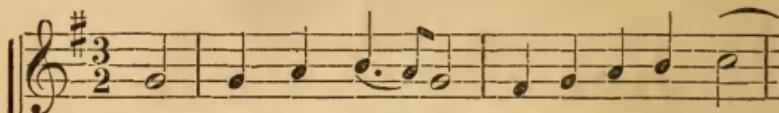
- 2 Heaven is the place where Jesus dwells,  
And pleads his dying blood,  
While to His prayers His Father gives  
An unknown multitude—  
Whose harps and tongues, through endless days,  
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.
- 3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,  
The home of light and love.  
Where faith and hope in rapture die,  
And ransomed souls above  
Enjoy, before their Father's throne,  
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

## S. M.

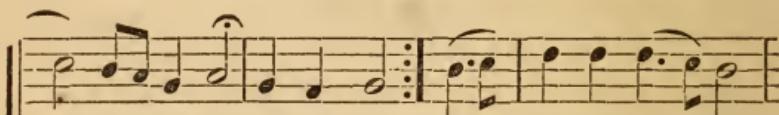
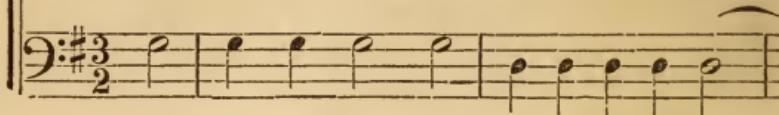
- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O, what eternal terrors hang  
Around the second death !

## VISIONS BRIGHT.

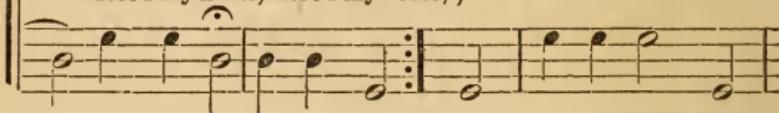
Arranged by H D. PINNEY.



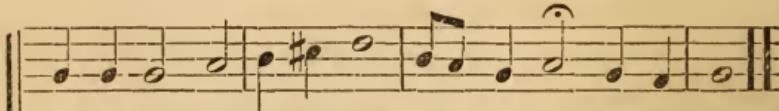
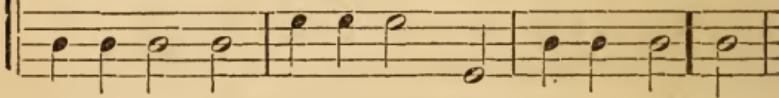
1 There is a land, a bet-ter land than this,..  
A land of pure, un - bound-ed, perfect bliss,..



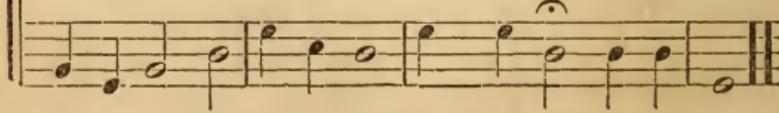
There's my home, there's my home; } A captive on this  
There's my home, there's my home; }



des-ert shore, I long to count my ex-ile o'er, And



be where sorrows come no more; There's my home, there's my home.



## P. M.

- 2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore,  
     I would go—I would go.  
 But yet my days of exile are not o'er—  
     I would go—I would go.  
 I would not stay though earth were mine  
 Though all its treasures for me shine,  
 A captive here I still should pine—  
     I would go—I would go !
- 3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear—  
     There's my home—there's my home !  
 How long a pilgrim must I wander here ?  
     There's my home—there's my home !  
 O tell me if I soon shall be  
 With all the ransomed exiles free,  
 There is the land I long to see :  
     There's my home—there's my home !
- 4 There is a land, a brighter land than this :  
     Joys are there—joys are there !  
 No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,  
     Reaches there—reaches there.  
 Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,  
 And crystal streams that never dry ;  
 O, give me wings, I now would fly,  
     And be there—and be there !

## C. M.

HIM, eye to eye we there shall see ;  
     Our face like his shall shine :  
 O what a glorious company,  
     When saints and angels join.

## REST FOR THE WEARY.

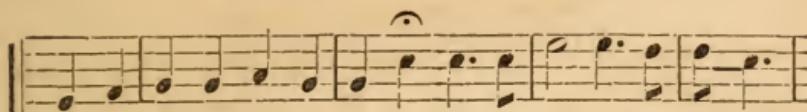
Arranged and harmonized by Revs. W. McDonald and J. W. Dadmun.

With Spirit.

1 In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest,  
 2 He is fit-ting up my mansion, Which e-ternally shall stand,  
  
 There my Savior's gone before me, To ful - fil my soul's request;  
 For my stay shall not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap-py land ;

CHORUS.

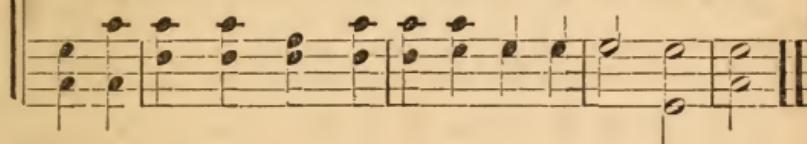
There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you—



On the oth-er side of Jordan. In the sweet fields of E - den,



Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.



3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
But in that celestial centre,  
I a crown of life shall wear.  
There is rest, &c.

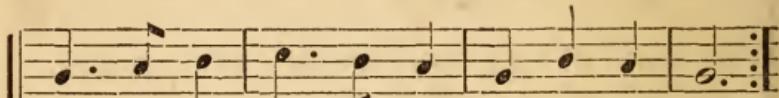
4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;  
Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed !  
Hail with joy the rising morn,  
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;  
Shout your triumph as you go ;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through,  
There is rest, &c.

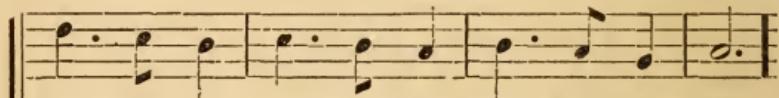
## JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.



1 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on-ward we move.  
Je - sus, our Sav - ior, in mer - cy says, come!



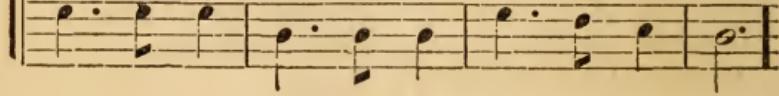
Bound to the land of bright spir - its a - bove.  
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home.

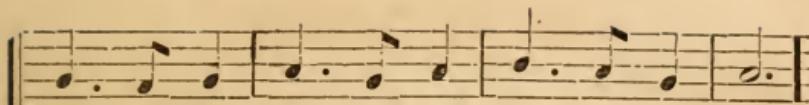


Soon will our pil - grim - age end here be - low,

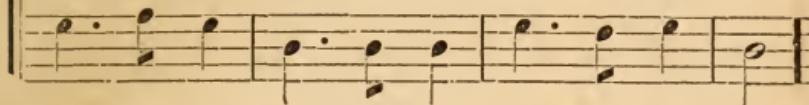


Soon to the pres - ence of God we shall go;

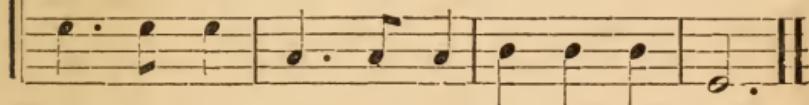




Then if to Je-sus our hearts have been given.



Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.



2 Friends fondly cherished, have passed on before,  
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore.  
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
Harps of the blessed your strains we shall hear,  
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,  
Safe in our Savior, we fear not the blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone.  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1 { We're go - ing home, we've had vi-sions bright Of that  
 Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the

ho - ly land, that world of light, } Where the  
 morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawns at last; } Where the

wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But  
 brow with spark - ling gems is crowned, And the

dwell in waves of hap - py, peace - ful home: }  
 bliss are flow - ing round. }

O, that beau - ti - ful world!

O,---- that beau - ti - ful world.....

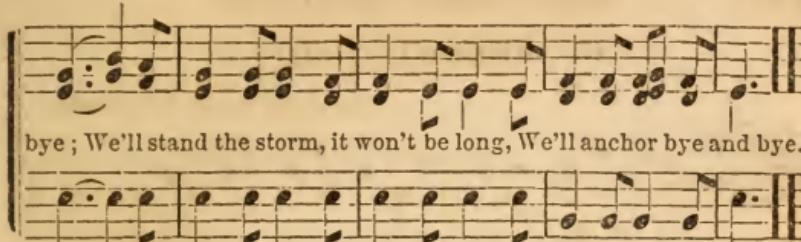
- 2 We're going home, we soon shall be  
 Where the sky is clear, and all are free ;  
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,  
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains ;  
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,  
 And beams on a world that is fair and good ;  
 Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,  
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.  
 O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !
- 3 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the seas of bliss,  
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness ;  
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,  
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;  
 Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,  
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;  
 Through endless years we then shall prove,  
 The depth of a Savior's matchless love.  
 O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

Arranged by H. D. PINNEY.

I When I can read my ti - tle clear To  
 mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to  
 ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

## CHORUS.

We'll stand the storm, it wont be long, We'll anchor bye and



- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

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11s.

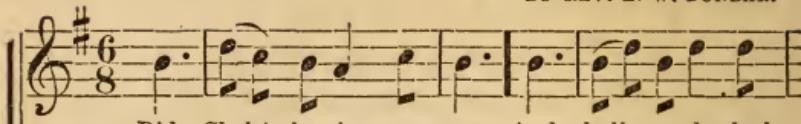
- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent world!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said—  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes:  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake  
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake!"

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\*Can be sung to Hague, page 110.

## NO SORROWING THERE.

BY REV. E. W. DUNBAR.

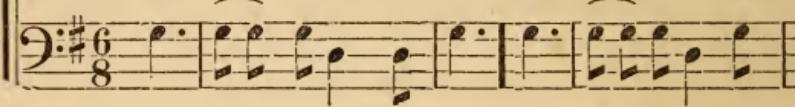


Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be



*Chorus.*

There'll be no more sorrowing there, There'll be no more sorrowing

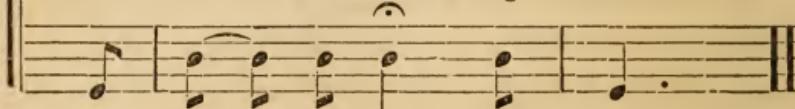


dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief

there, In heaven a - bove, where all is love,

Burst forth from eve - - ry eye.

There'll be no more sor - row - ing there.



## S. M.

- 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.

## S. M.

- 1 FOREVER with the Lord !  
Amen, so let it be !  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
"Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam ;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 Forever with the Lord !  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
Forever with the Lord !

## THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.

By permission of REV. J. W. DADMUN.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 3/4 time, and B-flat key signature. It contains a single measure of music. The bottom staff is in bass clef, 3/4 time, and B-flat key signature. It contains a single measure of music. Below the staves is the lyrics:

1 { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly,  
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of fol - ly.

The home of the hap - py, the kingdom of love,  
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

## CHORUS.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 3/4 time, and B-flat key signature. It contains a single measure of music. The bottom staff is in bass clef, 3/4 time, and B-flat key signature. It contains a single measure of music. Below the staves is the lyrics:

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you  
go, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

## P. M

- 2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish  
 Can breath in the fields where the glorified rove ;  
 Yea heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,  
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?  
 Will you go, &c.
- 3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,  
 Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove ;  
 No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression ;  
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?  
 Will you go, &c.
- 4 March on, happy pilgrims ! that land is before you,  
 And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove ;  
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,  
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above ?  
 Will you go, will you go ?  
 O yes, we will go to the Eden above.
- 5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,  
 We halt yet a moment as onward we move ;  
 O come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,  
 And bear thee along to the Eden above.  
 Will you go, will you go,  
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

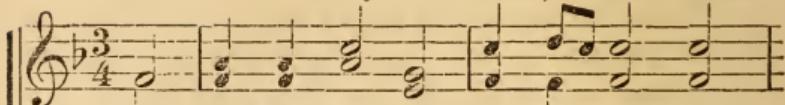
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S. M.

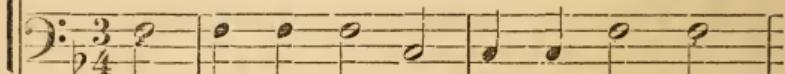
- 1 How gentle God's commands !  
 How kind his precepts are !  
 Come cast your burdens on the Lord,  
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide !  
 His saints securely dwell ;  
 That hand which bears creation up  
 Shall guard his children well.

## HEAVENLY HOME. L. M.

By H. D. PINNEY, for an old Chorus.



My heavenly home is bright and fair, Nor  
Its glittering towers the sun out-shines, That



1st TIME                    2d TIME

pain nor death can en - ter there,

1st TIME                    2d TIME

hea - ven - ly man - sion shall be mine,

CHORUS.

We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home We're

To die no more, to die no more, We're

go - ing home to die no more

go - ing home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky ;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.  
We're going home, &c.
- 3 While here a stranger, far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;  
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.  
We're going home, &c.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow :  
Be mine the happier lot to own,  
A heavenly mansion near the throne, &c.

---

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright, that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glory fraught ;—
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted, meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light ;  
It hath no need of suns to rise,  
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode ;  
The wanderer there a home may find  
Within the Paradise of God.

## L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
  - 2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;  
But that bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
  - 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
  - 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,  
And in my Savior's image rise.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 O, HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white !  
Safe landed on that peaceful shore  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,  
And welcomed to an endless life,  
Their souls have now begun to prove  
The height and depth of Jesus love.
- 3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,  
They tell the wonders of his grace,  
And, while they sing with rapture sweet,  
They bow, adoring at his feet.

8s. &amp; 6s.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderer's given ;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast ;  
'Tis found alone in heaven.
  - 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sins and sorrows driven ;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
  - 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
The heart with anguish riven ;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
  - 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

---

C. M.\*

- 1 LO ! what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And fled the rolling skies.
- 2 From highest heaven where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And heavenly armies sing,—  
“ Ye saints, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.
- 4 “ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die.”
- 5 How long, dear Savior, O, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay ?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

---

\* May be sung to Amazing Grace, page 64.

6s. & 9s. *Dale, Page 70*

- 1 O, how happy are they  
Who the Savior obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above !  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the Savior divine,  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When my heart it believed,  
What true joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know ;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song ;  
O that all his salvation might see  
He hath loved me, I cried ;  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 Oh ! the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
Of my Savior possess'd,  
I was perfectly bless'd  
And was filled with the fullness of God.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps, and a time signature of 2/4 or 4/4. The first system contains two staves: a soprano staff and a bass staff. The soprano staff has lyrics for the first two stanzas. The second system contains only a soprano staff with lyrics for the third stanza. The third system contains only a soprano staff with lyrics for the fourth stanza. The fourth system contains only a soprano staff with lyrics for the fifth stanza.

1 { Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,  
Give ear to his voice, least in judgment he meet thee

2 { How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee  
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to en-fold thee;

And warnings with ac - cents of mer - cy doth blend;  
( OMIT ..... ) }

How oft still the message of mer - cy doth send!  
( OMIT ..... ) }

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3

Despised, rejected, at length he may leave thee :  
 What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend !  
 Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee ;  
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4

Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power ;  
 Our God will arise, with his foes to contend :  
 Haste, haste thee, O sinner ; prepare for that hour ;  
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5

The Savior will call thee in judgment before him :  
 O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy friend ;  
 Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him ;  
 "Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

11s.

1

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near :  
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;  
 No price is demanded, the Savior is here,  
 Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?  
 A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse  
 To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.

3

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,  
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight ;  
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
 To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

4

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade ;  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;  
 What pow'r, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid !

11s. *Hague, p. 110*

1

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die ?  
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ;  
 Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2

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

3

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

4

Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart ;  
 In him once united, we never shall part ;  
 O, how can we leave you, why will you not come ?  
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

## L. M.

- 1 " COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
     Ye heavy-ladened sinner's come ;  
     I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
     And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest who learn of me :  
     I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
     But passion rages like the sea,  
     • And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
     My yoke, and bear it with delight :  
     My yoke is easy to the neck ;  
     My grace shall make the burden light."

8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
     Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
     Jesus ready stands to save you,  
     Full of pity, love and power.  
         He is able,  
     He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
     God's free bounty glorify ;  
     True belief and true repentance,  
     Every grace that brings you nigh ;  
         Without money,  
     Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;  
     Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
     All the fitness he requireth,  
     Is, to feel your need of him ;  
         This he gives you,  
     'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
     Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
     If you tarry till you're better,  
     You will never come at all ;  
         Not the righteous ;  
     Sinners, Jesus came to call.

---

S. M.

- 1 SOON will the harvest close,  
     The summer soon be o'er ;  
     O sinners, then your injured God  
     Will heed your cries no more,
- 2 Then, while 'tis called to-day,  
     O, hear the gospel's sound ;  
     Come, sinner, haste, O, haste away,  
     While pardon may be found.

## COME AND WELCOME.

DUET.  
2d TREBLE

1st TREBLE

O come, sin - ner, come to the Savior to day:

Come, for all things are read - y, O hast ye a - way;

## CHORUS.

1st TREBLE

2d TREBLE

TENOR

BASS

Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come and welcome, welcome,  
welcome,

welcome, Come and welcome to Je - sus, nor longer de - lay.

## 2

He invites you to come, to his words now attend ;  
 He calls you in love—He's the sinner's best friend :  
 Come and welcome, come and welcome, &c.,  
 Come and welcome to Jesus the sinner's kind friend.

## 3

He died that the soul of the sinner might live :  
 He lives now in glory their prayers to receive :  
 Come and welcome, come and welcome, &c.  
 Come and welcome, to Jesus, repent and believe.

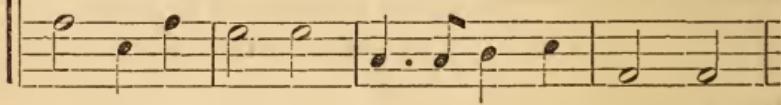
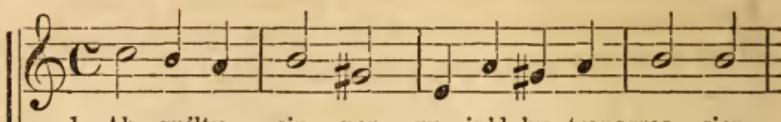
## 4

The Spirit says, " come," his gentle voice hear :  
 To-day pray for pardon while Jesus is near :  
 Come and welcome, come and welcome, &c.,  
 Come and welcome to Jesus while he is so near.

## C. M.

- 1 THE Savior calls, let every ear  
     Attend the heavenly sound ;  
     Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;  
     Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
     Here streams of bounty flow,  
     And life, and health, and bliss, impart,  
     To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;  
     That gracious voice obey ;  
     'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys ;  
     And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts,  
     To thee let sinner's fly,  
     And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
     And drink, and never die.

## BUNKER HILL. 11s, &amp; 4s.



## 2

Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,  
 Ere death arrest thee, and the judge, in vengeance,  
 Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,  
 Swift to perdition.

## 3

Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldest not hear him,  
 Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted ;  
 Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,  
 Waits to embrace thee.

## 4

Come then, poor sinner, come away this moment,  
 Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,  
 Come to the fountain open for uncleanness ;  
 Jesus invites you.

## 5

But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
 Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures,  
 Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,  
 Quit you forever.

## 7s.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;  
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
 Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;  
 Jesus waits his light to shed.
  
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death ;  
 See the bright and living path ;  
 Watchful tread that path ; be wise ;  
 Leave thy folly ; seek the skies.

## RILDA. L. M.

From the Plymouth collection, by permission,

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (indicated by '3'). The lyrics are as follows:

1 Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was  
shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot—  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come,
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and foes without—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ·  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God I come, I come.
  - 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
  - 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares,  
While in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?  
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue ;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart ;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

C. P. M.\*

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go :  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
“The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink to endless woe.”
  
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell  
Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
For death and hell drew near ;  
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain ;  
“The sinner must be born again,”  
Still sounded in my ear.
  
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It poured its curses on my head ;  
I no relief could find.  
This fearful truth increased my pain :  
“The sinner must be born again,”  
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.
  
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare :  
Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
“The sinner must be born again,”  
I sunk in deep despair.
  
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Savior passed this way,  
And felt his pity move ;  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

## L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' ensure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
  - 2 Life is the hour that God has given  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;  
The day of grace and mortals may  
Secure the blessing of the day.
  - 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
  - 4 Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust ;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
  - 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands with all your might pursue ;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 

## 7s.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner, now be wise ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

## L. M.

- 1 O, SINNER, why so thoughtless grown?  
Why in such dreadful haste to die?  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!  
Heedless against thy God to fly!
  - 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?  
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames?
  - 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,  
And hear the Lord of life unfold  
The glories of his dying pains,  
Forever telling, yet untold.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Savior call you to the skies.
- 4 Now God invites; how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

7s. &amp; 6s.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go ;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe ?  
Can you stand in that dread day,  
When he judgment shall proclaim,  
And the earth shall melt away,  
Like wax before the flame ?
  - 2 Soon relentless death will come,  
To drag you to his bar ;  
Then, to hear your awful doom  
Will fill you with despair ;  
All your sins will round you crowd,  
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,  
Each for vengeance crying loud—  
And what can you reply ?
  - 3 Though your heart be made of steel,  
Your forehead lined with brass,  
God at length will make you feel :  
He will not let you pass.  
Sinners then in vain will call,  
Though they now despise his grace,  
“ Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face.
- 

7s.

COME saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come and make my path's your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

## THE LAST TRUMPET.

1 O get your hearts in order, order, or - der ; O

get your hearts in or - der for the end of time ;

For Gabriel's going to blow, by and by, by and

by, For Gabriel's going to blow, by and by,

- 2 King Jesus soon is coming, coming, coming,  
 King Jesus soon is coming, at the end of time,  
 For Gabriel's going, &c.
- 3 He'll encompass land and ocean, ocean, ocean, &c.
- 4 What will you do then, sinner, sinner, sinner, &c.
- 5 Haste sinner, hear the trumpet, trumpet, &c.
- 6 Come, sinner, or you'll perish, perish, perish, &c.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 O, THAT my load of sin were gone ;  
 O that I could at last submit  
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down—  
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
 Savior of all, if mine thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of imbred sin,  
 And fully set my spirit free ;  
 I cannot rest till pure within—  
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;  
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power  
 My heart from every sin release ;  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace

- 1 O THERE will be mourning, mourning, mourning,  
O! there will be mourning at the judgment seat  
of Christ.  
Parents and children there will part,  
Parents and children there will part,  
Parents and children there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.
- 2 O there will be mourning, &c.  
Wives and husbands there will part, ||: will part  
to meet no more.
- 3 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.  
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.
- 4 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.  
Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.
- 5 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.  
Pastors and people there will part, &c.
- 6 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.  
Devils and sinners there will meet,  
Will meet to part no more.
- 7 O there will be shouting, shouting, &c.  
Saints and angels there will meet,  
Will meet to part no more.

---

C. M.

- 1 O GOD of mercy hear my call ;  
My load of guilt remove ;  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.

7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord !  
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :  
Trembling mourner, lov'st thou me ?
  - 2 I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
  - 3 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
  - 4 Lord it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee and adore,  
O for grace to love thee more !
- 

12s.

*Tune.—Scotland.*

THE voice of free grace cries, “ escape to the mountain :”

For Adam’s lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain;  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

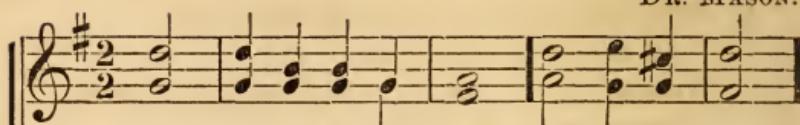
*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has died for our pardon,  
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.*

With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore ;  
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more ;  
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,  
And sing of salvation forever and ever !

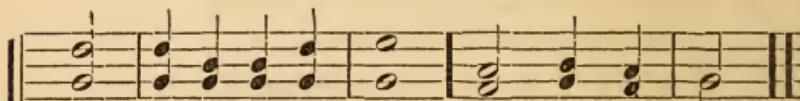
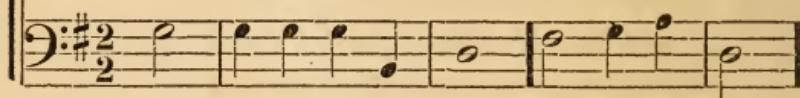
*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

## SAVIOR'S CALL. 6s &amp; 4s,

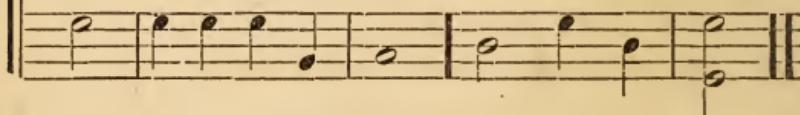
DR. MASON.



1 To day the Savior calls ! Ye wand'rers come ;



O, ye benighted souls, Why long - er roam ?



2 To-day the Savior calls !

For refuge fly ;

The storm of vengeance falls ;

And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Savior calls !

Oh, hear him now ;

Within these sacred walls

To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day !

Yield to his pow'r :

Oh, grieve him not away ;

"Tis mercy's hour.

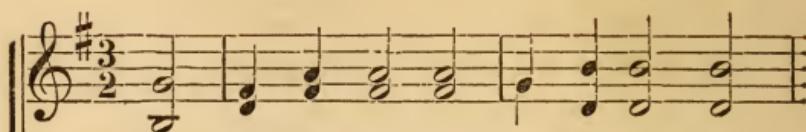
## C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound  
    Of the revolving year :  
How swift the weeks complete their round,  
    How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
    And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done,  
    God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Waken, O God ! my trifling heart,  
    Its great concern to see ;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
    And give the year to Thee.
- 4 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
    If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my happy soul  
    To joy that never dies.

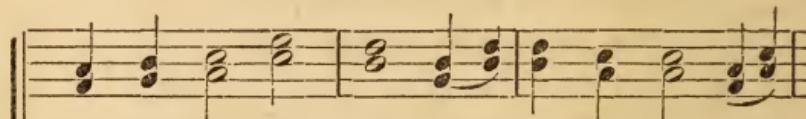
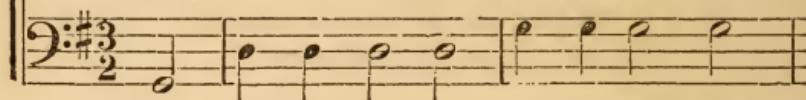
## C. M.

- 1 "REPENT !" the voice celestial cries ;  
    No longer dare delay :  
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,  
    And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
    O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
His heralds now are sent abroad  
    To warn the world of sin.
- 3 O sinners, in his presence bow,  
    And all your guilt confess ;  
Accept the offered Savior now,  
    Nor trifle with his grace.

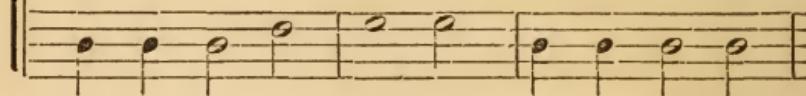
## ARMITAGE. C. M.



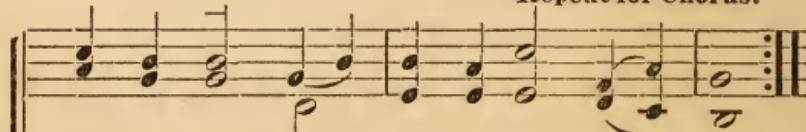
1 Come anxious sin - ner, in whose breast A  
CHORUS. I do be - lieve, yes. I believe That



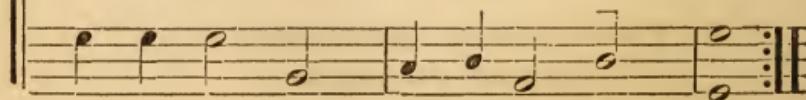
thous-and thoughts re - volve; Come with your guilt and  
when life's toils are o'er, I shall with you the



Repeat for Chorus.



fear op - pressed, And make his last re - solve.  
crown re - ceive, On that bright, shin - ing shore,



## C. M.

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts ; I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go ;  
I am resolved to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die."

## C. M.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;  
O, come without delay ;  
For there is room in Jesus' breast  
For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul ;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.

- 3 There's room within the church, redeemed  
With blood of Christ divine ;  
Room in the white-robed throng, convened,  
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir  
And harps, and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board  
For thee and thousands more :  
O, come and welcome to the Lord ;  
Yea, come this very hour.

---

C. M

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight  
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood ;  
He fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 O, never till my latest breath,  
Shall I forget that look :  
It seems to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,  
“I freely all forgive :  
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
I die that thou mayst live.”

## L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive ;  
Let a repenting rebel live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
  
  - 2 O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean,  
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
  
  - 3 My lips with shame, my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned but thou art clear.
  
  - 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce the just in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
  
  - 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.
  
- 2 “Deny thyself and take thy cross,”  
Is the redeemer’s great command :  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.

- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new ;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

---

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend  
As such I look to thee ;  
Now, in the fullness of thy love,  
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember, thy pure words of grace,  
Remember Calvary ;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wonderous advocate with God,  
I yield myself to thee,  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Dear Lord remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free ;  
Then in thy all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,  
Howe'er oppressed I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.

8s. &amp; 7s.

- 1 NOW the Savior standeth pleading  
     At the sinner's bolted heart ;  
     Now in heaven he's interceding,  
     Undertaking sinners' part.

'CHORUS.

*Sinner ! can you hate this Savior ?  
     Will you thrust him from your arms ?  
     Once he died for your behavior,  
     Now he calls you by his charms.*

- 2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,  
     Stands and knocks at every door ;  
     In his hand ten thousand blessings,  
     Proffered to the wretched poor, &c.
- 3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,  
     To prepare you heavenly rest ;  
     Listen, while he kindly calls you,  
     Hear, and be forever blest, &c.
- 

8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,  
     Sent in mercy from above ?  
     Every sentence, O, how tender !  
     Every line is full of love :  
         Listen to it ;  
     Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel  
     News from Zion's King proclaim ;  
     “Pardon to each rebel sinner ;  
     Free forgiveness in his name :”  
         How important !  
     Free forgiveness in his name.”

## INVITATION.

1 { We're tray'ling home to Heav'n a - boye— Will you  
 To sing the Sav - ior's dy - ing love— Will you  
 And millions now are on the road— Will you

go? Will you go? } Mil - lions have reach'd this  
 go? Will you go? }  
 go? Will you go?

D. C.  
 blest a - bode, A - noint-ed kings and priests to God.  
 D. C.

We're going to see the bleeding lamb—Will you go?  
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?

The crown of life we there shall wear,

The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?

Ye weary, heavy laden, come,—Will you go?  
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?

The Lord is waiting to receive,

If thou wilt on him now believe, [lieve!

He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.—Come be-

The way to heaven is straight and plain,—Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?

The Savior cries aloud to thee,

“Take up thy cross and follow me,”

And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!

O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go!

I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,

I will not go with you to hell! [you well.

I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go! Fare

1 Haste O sinner, now return;

Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Lest thy lamp should cease to burn

Ere salvation's work is done.

2 Haste, O sinner, now be blest;

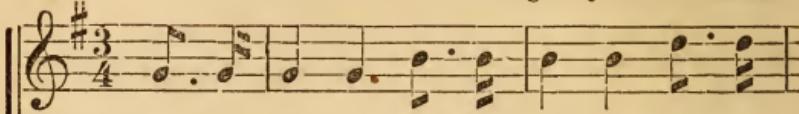
Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Lest perdition thee arrest,

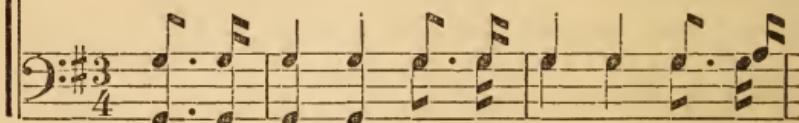
Ere the morrow is begun.

## COME TO JESUS.

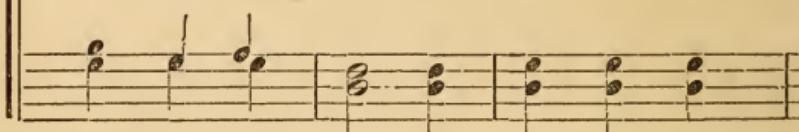
Arranged by H. D. PINNEY.



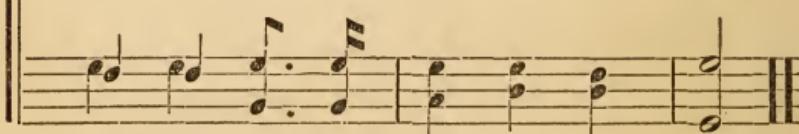
1 Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, come to



Je - sus, Just now, just now come to



Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.



2 Come poor sinner, come poor sinner, &amp;c., just now

3 He can save you, he can save you, &amp;c.

4 Fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus, &amp;c.

- 5 I'll go to Jesus, I'll go to Jesus, &c.
  - 6 I love Jesus, I love Jesus, &c.
  - 7 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, &c.
  - 8 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! amen !  
Amen ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! amen !
- 

11s. & 10s.

1

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel :  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-  
guish ;  
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure—  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3

Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;  
Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

—  
7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?  
God your Maker, asks you why ;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?  
God, your Savior asks you why :  
Will ye not in him believe ?  
He has died that ye might live.

## RETURN. C. M.

By H. D. PINNEY

1 Re - turn, O wan - der - er re -

turn, And seek thy Fath - er's face,

These new de - sires, which in thee

burn, Were kind - led by his grace.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a '3' over a '4'. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a sharp sign, and a '4'. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a '4'. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a sharp sign, and a '4'. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, corresponding to the beginning of each line of music.

2 RETURN, O wanderer, now return !

He hears thy humble sigh ;

He sees thy softened spirit mourn,

When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return !

Thy Savior bids thee live ;

Go to his feet, and grateful learn

How freely he'll forgive.

## C. M.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,

With Christ within the doors,

While everlasting Love displays

The choicest of her stores !

2 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,

And enter while there's room,

When thousands make a wretched choice,

And rather starve than come ?"

3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast

That sweetly forced us in ;

Else we had still refused to taste,

And perished in our sin.

4 Pity the nations, O our God ;

Constrain the earth to come ;

Send thy victorious word abroad,

And bring the strangers home.

5 We long to see thy churches full,

That all the chosen race

May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,

Sing thy redeeming grace.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent ;  
     Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;  
     See his body mangled, rent,  
         Covered with a gore of blood ;  
     Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?  
         Crucified th' eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,  
     Driven the nail that fixed him there,  
     Crowned with thorns his sacred head,  
         Plunged into his side the spear,  
     Made his soul a sacrifice,  
         While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?  
     Still to death thy Lord pursue ?  
     Open all his wounds again ?  
         And the shameful cross renew ?  
     No ; with all my sins I'll part ;  
         Break, O, break, my bleeding heart.

---

11s.\*

- 1 MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,  
     Then why should I murmur, when trials appear ?  
     Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come,  
     But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.
- 2 It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,  
     And building thy hopes in a region like this ;  
     I look for a city which hands have not piled ;  
     I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
     I would not recline upon roses below ;  
     I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
     Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

---

\*Can be sung to Hague, page 110.

## L. M.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I heard a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."
  - 2 It tells me of a place of rest—  
It tells me where my soul may flee ;  
O ! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."
  - 3 Come, for all else must fail and die ;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion, "Come to Me."
  - 4 O, voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above !  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."
- 

## 7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why ?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Will ye let him die in vain ?  
Crucify your Lord again ?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Will ye not his grace receive ?  
Will ye still refuse to live ?  
O, ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye forever die ?

## L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
  - 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
  - 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 

7s. &amp; 6s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 TIME is winging us away  
To our eternal home ;  
Life is but a winter's day—  
A journey to the tomb :  
Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;  
All that's mortal soon shall be  
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home ;  
Life is but a winter's day—  
A journey to the tomb ;  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon above,  
Where no worldly griefs annoy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

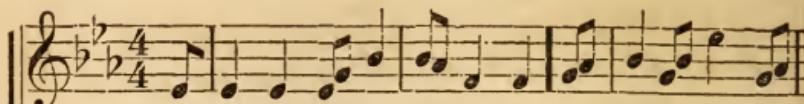
## C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,—  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—  
When I must stand before my judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
  - 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart."
  - 3 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my dreadful station where  
I must not taste his love !
  - 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast ;  
Without one gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.
  - 5 O, tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands ;  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.
- 

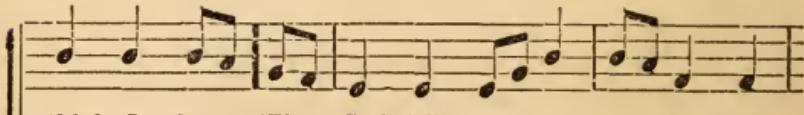
## L. M.

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! so the Savior said,  
And meekly bow'd his dying head :  
'Tis finish'd ! yes, the race is run ;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd ! let the joyful sound  
Be heard the spacious earth around :  
'Tis finish'd ! let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

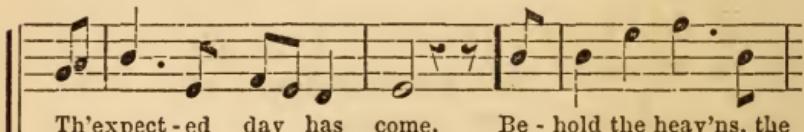
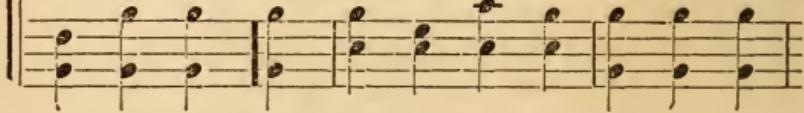
BEECHER, C. P. M.



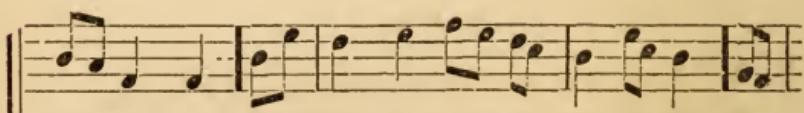
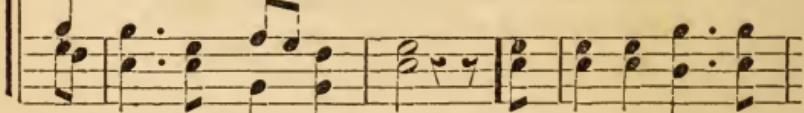
1 What sound is this salutes my ear ? 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks  
 2 Behold the fair Je - ru - sa - lem, Il - lu - mi-na - ted



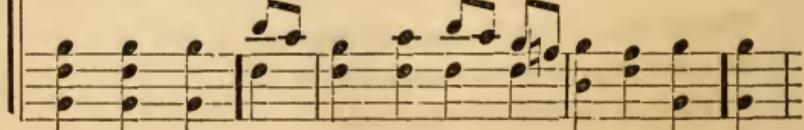
thinks I hear, 'Tis Ga-briel's trump methinks I hear;  
 by the Lamb, Il - lu - mi-na - ted by the Lamb,



Th'expect-ed day has come, Be - hold the heav'ns, the  
 In glo - ry doth ap - pear. Fair Zi - on ris - ing



earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee. Pro -  
 from the tombs, To meet the Bridegroom, lo, He comes, To



claim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Return ye exiles home.  
meet the Bridegroom, lo, he comes, And hails the festive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there ;  
I long to rise and wing the air,

And trace the sacred road.

Adieu, adieu, all earthly things ;  
O that I had an angel's wings,

I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,  
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,

Angelic joys to prove !

Soon shall I quit this house of clay,  
Clap my glad wings and soar away,

And shout redeeming love.

### C. P. M.

1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,

Around the steady poll ;

Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
Forever flowing to the deeps,

Where ceaseless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
 How swift the moments pass between!  
     And whisper as they fly—  
 “Unthinking man remember this,  
 That, mid thy sublunary bliss,  
     Thou soon must fade and die!”
- 3 My soul attend the solemn call,  
 Thine earthly house must quickly fall,  
     And thou must take thy flight,  
 Beyond the vast etherial blue,  
 To love and sing as angels do,  
     Or sink in endless night.

---

C. P. M. *Beecher*, p. 146

- 1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,  
 "Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
     Yet how insensible!  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
     Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
     When thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
     To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtless heart,  
     Eternal things impress;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And save me ere it be too late;  
     Wake me to righteousness.

- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
 With hly trembling, holy fear,  
 To make my calling sure ;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.

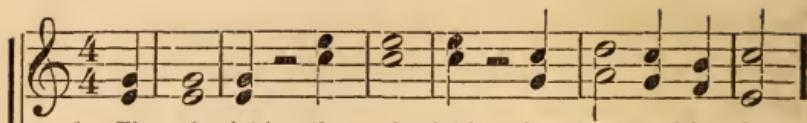
L. M.

- 1 HE reigns—the Lord, the Savior reigns :  
 Praise him in evanglic strains :  
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice ;  
 And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are His counsels, and unknown ;  
 But grace and truth support His throne :  
 Though gloomy clouds His way surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! He comes ;  
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
 Before him burns devouring fire !  
 The mountains melt, the seas retire !
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
 Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,  
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

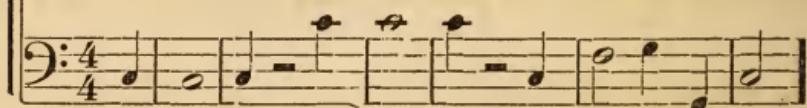
7s

- 1 'Tis religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasure while we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply,  
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death, its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity ;  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

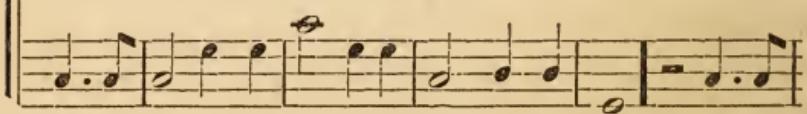
## THE CHARIOT.



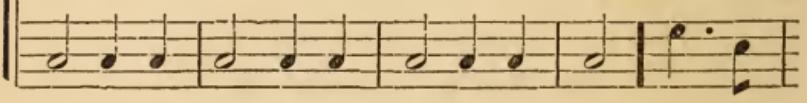
1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,



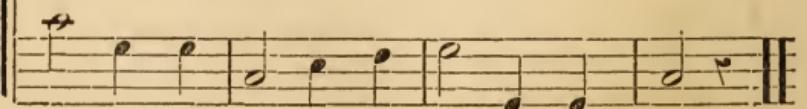
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-



moving it drives on the pathway of cloud, And the



heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bow'd.



## 2

The glory! the glory! around him are poured,  
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord ;  
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
 And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear !

## 3

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard :  
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd,  
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the  
 north,

All the vast generations of men are come forth !

## 4

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met !  
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

## 8s. &amp; 7s.

- 1 DON'T you see my Jesus coming ?  
 Don't you see in yonder cloud ?  
 With ten thousand angels round him,  
 See how they my Jesus crowd !
  
- 2 Don't you see the saints ascending ?  
 Hear them shouting through the air !  
 Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,  
 Now his glory they shall share.
  
- 3 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,  
 By our dear Redeemer's side ;  
 Shouting glory, glory, glory,  
 While eternal ages glide.

## C. P. M.\*

- 1 WHEN Thou my righteous Judge shalt come,  
To take thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Tho' vilest of them all ;  
But can I bear the piercing thought ?  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call !
- 3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace ;  
Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,  
In this, the accepted day :  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear ;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
And see thy smiling face ;  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

## 7s.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now ;  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O, do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

\*Can be sung to Beecher, page 146.

- 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.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 LO ! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain ;  
Thousands, thousands saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train ;  
  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus shall forever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty :  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day—  
  
“ Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment ! come away ! ”
- 4 Now the Savior, long expected,  
See, in solemn pomp appear ;  
All his saints by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air :  
  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear.

## MONTROSE. 6s &amp; 5s.

1 { The last love - ly morning all blooming and fair,  
Is fast on - ward fleeting, and soon will ap - pear;

O let us be ready to hail the glad day

Cres. For. D. C.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds 'Come, come away'

- 2 And when the bright morning  
In splendor shall dawn,  
Our tears will be ended,  
Our sorrows all gone ;  
While the mighty, &c.
- 3 The Bridegroom from glory  
To earth shall descend ;  
Ten thousand bright angels  
Around him attend, &c.
- 4 The graves will be open'd,  
The dead will arise,  
And with the redeemer  
Mount up to the skies, &c.
- 5 The saints then immortal,  
In glory shall reign !  
The Bride with the Bridegroom  
Forever remain, &c.

## S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
  - 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away ?
  - 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread !
  - 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away—  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead ?
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !  
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round ;  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound ?
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine ;  
 You, who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, " this God is mine ;"  
 Gracious Savior,  
 Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
 All the powers of nature shaken  
 By his looks, prepare to flee ;  
 Careless sinner,  
 What will then become of thee ?

---

H. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
 The gladly-solemn sound ;  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee has come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pardoning grace :  
 Ye happy souls, draw near ;  
 Behold your Savior's face :  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
  - 2 Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move ?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our Love.
  - 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
  - 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,  
And softened every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head ?
- 

## C. M.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,  
The great decisive day,  
Which from the verge of mortal life,  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful, dawns ;  
And lo ! the Judge appears ;  
Ye heavens, retire before His face,  
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,  
One precious hour remain ;  
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.

## L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep—  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.
  - 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his venom'd sting !
  - 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest :  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Savior's power.
  - 4 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead :  
“ Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 “ They die in Jesus, and are blest ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From suffering and from sin released,  
They're freed from every snare.
- 3 “ Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.”

8s. &amp; 4.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.
  - 2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose.
  - 3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time's dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.
  - 4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,  
In God's own image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day.
- 

C. M.

- 1 HARK from the tombs a doleful sound ;  
My ears attend the cry—  
“ Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Great God, is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more ?
- 3 Grant us the power of quickening grace,  
To fit our souls to fly ;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

## L. M.

- 1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies !  
When sinks a weary soul to rest !  
How mildly beam the closing eyes !  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
  - 2 So fades a summer cloud away :  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
  - 3 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"
- 

8s. &amp; 7s. Stockwell, p. 182

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—  
Peaceful in the grave so low :  
Thou no more wilt join our number ;  
Thou no more our songs shalt know,
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;  
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us :  
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

8s. &amp; 7s.\*

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us.  
Where thy saintly soul is flown,  
Tears are wiped away forever,  
And all sorrow is unknown ;
- 2 From the burden of the body,  
From all care and fear released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 O'er the toilsome way thou'st traveled,  
And endured the heavy load ;  
Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid  
Safely to his blest abode.

---

S. M.

- 1 IN expectation sweet,  
We wait, and sing and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes !—the Conqu'ror comes ;  
Death falls beneath his sword ;  
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds—awake !—  
Ye dead to judgment come !—  
The pillars of creation shake.  
While hell receives her doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace ;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

---

\*Sung to Stockwell, page 182.

## S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die ?  
This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay ?
  - 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often, from the skies,  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise,
  - 3 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.
  - 4 O Lord, accept the praise  
Of these, our humble songs,  
Till strains of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die ?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 O would my Lord his servant meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 3 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

8s. &amp; 7s.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee,  
All thy scenes I love them well ;  
Friends, connexions, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell ?  
Must I leave you, can I leave you,  
Far in distant lands to dwell ?
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,  
Joys no stranger's heart can tell ;  
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,  
Can I, must I say farewell ?  
Must I leave thee, can I leave thee,  
Far in distant lands to dwell ?
- 3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I love so well,  
Far away, ye billows bear me,  
Lovely native land, farewell !  
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee,  
Far in distant lands to dwell.
- 4 In the desert let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell,  
How he died, the blessed Savior,  
To redeem a world from hell.  
Let me hasten, let me hasten,  
Far in distant lands to dwell.
- 5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,  
Let the winds the canvass swell,  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell.  
Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee,  
Native land, farewell, farewell.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
    From India's coral strand—  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
    Roll down their golden sands—  
From many an ancient river,  
    From many a palmy plain—  
They call us to deliver  
    Their lands 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  
    By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to man benighted  
    The light 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.

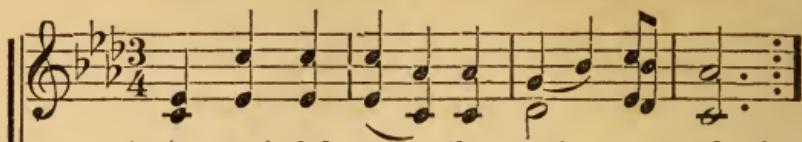
8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
    Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
See the promises advancing  
    To a glorious day of grace :  
        Blessed jubilee,  
    Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,  
    Let the rude barbarian, see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
    Once obtained on Calvary :  
        Let the gospel  
    Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
    Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
Now from eastern coast to western,  
    May the morning chase the night :  
        Let redemption,  
    Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;  
    Win and conquer—never cease :  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
    Multiply, and still increase :  
        Sway thy sceptre,  
    Savior, all the world around.

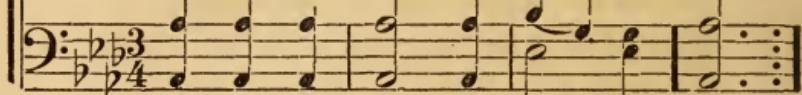
8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking ;  
    Joyful times are near at hand ;  
God, the mighty God is speaking,  
    By his word in every land :  
        When he chooses,  
    Darkness flies at his command.

## OBERLIN. L. M.



1 { As - semb - led at thy great command,  
Be - fore thy face .. dread King we stand; }



The voice that must shield eve - ry star, Has

call'd 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.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come ;  
     Recall the wandering spirits home :  
     From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
         To spread the spacious earth around.

---

L. M.

- 1 " GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord ;  
     " Bid the whole earth my grace receive :  
     He shall be saved that trusts my word,  
         And he condemned who'll not believe.
- 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."
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head ;  
     On a bright cloud to heaven he rode :  
     They to the farthest nations spread  
         The grace of their ascending God.

---

L. M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power ;  
     Be this thy Zion's favored hour :  
     O, bid the morning star arise ;  
     O, point the heathen to the skies.

- 2 Set up thy throne where satan reigns,  
In western wilds and eastern plains ;  
Far let the gospels 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.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 ARISE, arise, with joy survey  
The glory of the latter day  
Already is the dawn begun  
Which marks at hand a rising sun.
  - 2 "Behold the way," ye heralds cry ;  
Spare not, but lift your voices high ;  
Convey the sound from pole to pole,  
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.
  - 3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell :  
He fixes there his lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place his own."
- 

## L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heralds—go proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then shall we meet to part no more—  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

C. M. NORTHLAND 24th p.

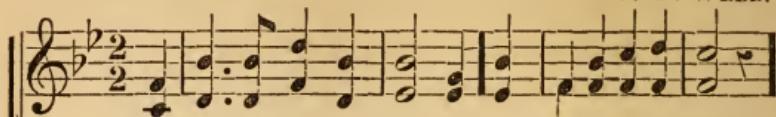
- 1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,  
Armed with thy Spirit's power :  
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour.
  - 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace  
The barren wastes shall rise,  
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,  
A blooming paradise.
  - 3 Lord, for those days we wait ; those days  
Are in thy word foretold ;  
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring  
This promised age of gold.
  - 4 "Amen," with joy divine let earth's  
Unnumbered myriads cry :  
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's  
Unnumbered choirs reply.
- 

L. M.

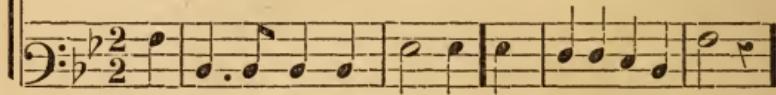
- 1 GO, messenger of peace and love !  
To nations plunged in shades of night ;  
Like angels sent from fields above,  
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 Go—to the hungry food impart ;  
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,  
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,  
Where streams of living waters glide.
- 3 From north to south, from east to west  
Messiah yet shall reign supreme ;  
His name by every tongue confess'd—  
His praise—the universal theme.

## MORNING LIGHT. 7s &amp; 6s.

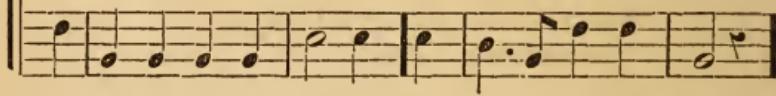
J. G. WEBB.



1 The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,



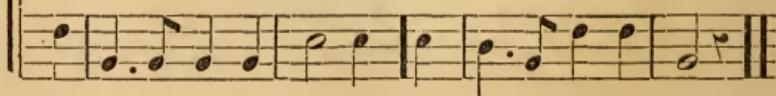
The sons of earth are waking, To pen-i-ten-tial tears.



Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tiding from a-far,



Of nations in com-motion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.



- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us,  
Are opening every hour ;  
Each cry to heaven going,  
Abundant answers bring,  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 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 Savior's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way,  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay ;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home,  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim the Lord has come.

---

L. P. M.

I'll praise my maker with my breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my noble powers ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness  
Let the eye of pity gaze ;  
See the kindreds of the people  
Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;  
Darkness brooding  
O'er the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,  
Rise and shine ; thy blessings bring :  
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,  
Rise with healing in thy wing :  
To thy brightness  
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen now adoring  
Idol gods of wood and stone.  
Come, and worshipping before him,  
Serve the living God alone ;  
Let thy glory  
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

---

C. M.

- 1 DEFEND the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.
- 2 Regard the weak and fatherless,  
Dispatch the poor man's cause,  
And raise the man in deep distress  
By just and equal laws.
- 3 Rise, God ! judge Thou the earth in might,  
The oppressed land redress ;  
For Thou art He who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

11s. &amp; 10s.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning :  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,  
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
  - 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;  
Hail to the millions from bondage returning ;  
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
  - 3 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one !  
O, let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet !
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.
- 3 Speak gently to the erring ones !  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.
- 4 Forget not brother thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet may'st be ;  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God hath dealt with thee

## C. M.

- 1 THE day has dawned, Jehovah comes,  
To crush oppression's rod,  
Now Ethiopia soon shall stretch  
Her hands to Thee, O God.
  - 2 Where'er the sun doth rise or set,  
Or spreads his beauteous ray,  
May freedom with her glorious train,  
Hurl slavery away.
  - 3 Let charity, benevolence,  
And every smiling grace,  
In golden links of brotherhood  
Unite the human race.
  - 4 Tyrants no more shall lift the scourge,  
Nor captives drag the chain ;  
Millions, beatified, shall bless  
The dear Redeemer's reign.
  - 5 Then every color, every clime,  
Shall in his worship meet,  
And bring their prayers, their praise, their all,  
An offering at His feet.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Savior went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like His, upon the poor.
- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We in their gloomy loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.

- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill ;  
And that thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
  - 4 Small are the offerings we can make ;  
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Savior's sake,  
They lose not their reward.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 SPEAK gently—it is better far  
To rule by love than fear ;  
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young—for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart ;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones—  
They must have toiled in vain ;  
Perchance unkindness made them so ;  
O, win them back again !
- 5 Speak gently—'tis a little thing,  
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart  
    Feels all another's pain ;  
    To whom the supplicating eye  
    Is never raised in vain—
  - 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
    A brother's woes to feel,  
    And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
    He wants the power to heal.
  - 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms  
    To every child of grief :  
    His secret bounty largely flows,  
    And brings unasked relief.
  - 4 To gentle offices of love  
    His feet are never slow ;  
    He views through mercy's melting eye,  
    A brother in a foe.
  - 5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found—  
    Free mercy from above ;  
    That mercy moves him to fulfil  
    The perfect law of love.
- 

## C. M.

- 1 WHO is thy neighbor ? he whom thou  
    Hast power to aid or bless ;  
    Whose aching heart or burning brow  
    Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor ? 'tis the fainting poor,  
    Whose eye with want is dim ;  
    O enter thou his humble door,  
    With aid and peace for him,

- 3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup  
   When sorrow drowns the brim;  
   With words of high sustaining hope,  
   Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,  
   Fettered in mind and limb;  
   He hath no hope this side the grave,  
   Go thou and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;  
   Perhaps thou canst redeem  
   A breaking heart from misery;  
   Go, share thy lot with him.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 STAY, father, stay, the night is wild,  
   O leave not now your dying child,  
   I feel the icy hand of death,  
   And shorter, shorter grows my breath.
- 2 Stay, father, stay, my mother's gone,  
   And thou and I are left alone,  
   And from her starlit home on high,  
   She'll weep, that I alone must die.
- 3 Stay, father, stay, O leave this night,  
   The madd'ning bowl, whose withering blight  
   Has cast so dark a shade around  
   The home where joy alone was found.
- 4 Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,  
   O, count it not a heavy task,  
   To stay with me till life shall end,  
   My last, my only earthly friend.

## L. M.

- 1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains ;  
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !  
Softer than silk are iron chains,  
Compared with those that chafe the soul.
  - 2 Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,  
Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;  
What countless thousands tribute bring,  
For happier homes and brighter days !
  - 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;  
The wife regains a husband freed !  
The orphan clasps a Father found !
  - 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind !  
Till man no more shall deem it just  
To live by forging chains to bind  
His weaker brother in the dust.
- 

## S. M.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong ;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
. And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—  
For reason's light divine,  
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,  
Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul—  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, canst thou love the Savior,  
And not love thy brother too,  
Jesus' precepts and behavior  
Teach thee what thou ought to do—  
    Love thy maker,  
And thy neighbor's good pursue.
- 2 See the drunkard's sad condition,  
Hasting downward to the tomb,  
On the brink of dread perdition,  
Standing, careless of his doom—  
    Haste to save him,  
Bid him come, there yet is room.
- 3 Seek at once his restoration,  
Tell him grace doth yet abound,  
Urge him to accept salvation,  
While a Savior may be found—  
    Bid him listen  
To the gospel's saving sound.

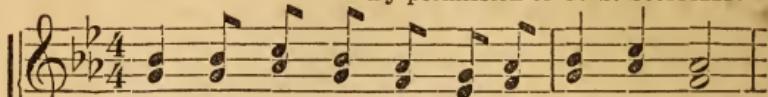
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7s.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer :  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;  
Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
And our wasting lives prolong,  
Till we meet on earth again.

## PROMISED LAND.

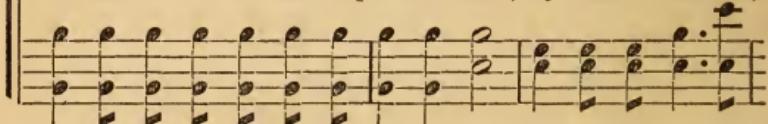
By permission of G. S. COFFIELD.



I I have a Father in the promised land,



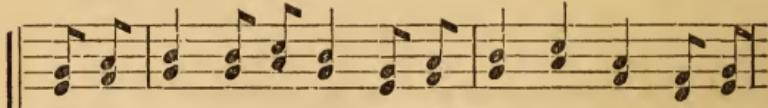
I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,



I must go to meet Him in the promised land.



## CHORUS.



I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a -



The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a melody primarily composed of eighth-note chords. The lyrics "way, I'll a-way to the promised land, My Father calls me," are written below the notes. The bottom staff uses a bass F-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a melody primarily composed of quarter-note chords. The lyrics "I must go To meet Him in the promised land." are written below the notes.

2 I have a Savior in the promised land,  
 I have a Savior in the promised land,  
 My Savior calls me, I must go,  
 To meet him in the promised land.

I'll away &c.

My Savior calls me, &c.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,  
 I have a crown in the promised land,  
 When Jesus calls me I must go  
 To wear it in the promised land, &c.  
 When Jesus calls me, &c.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,  
 I hope to meet you in the promised land,  
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band ;  
 We'll praise Him in the promised land,  
 We'll away, &c.

## STOCKWELL. 8s &amp; 7s.

Slowly, gently.

E. D. JONES.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of common time (indicated by '3' over '4'). The first staff uses a soprano C-clef, the second staff an alto F-clef, and the third staff a bass G-clef. The music is divided into four sections by vertical bar lines, corresponding to the four stanzas of the lyrics. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and rests. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by a quarter note.

1 Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gather  
 2 Oh! the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the  
 round my lone - ly door; Si - lent - ly they bring be -  
 world be oft for - got; Oh! the shrouded and the  
 fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.  
 lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.

8s. &amp; 7s.

- 3 Living in the silent hours,  
   When our spirits only blend,  
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble,  
   We, still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy memories cluster,  
   Like the stars when storms are past ;  
 Pointing up to that far heaven  
   We may hope to gain at last.
- 

8s. &amp; 7s.

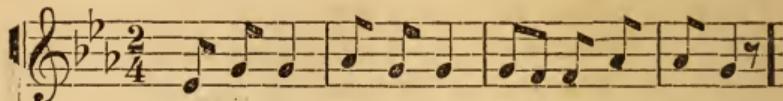
- 1 SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing  
   Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
 Sin and want we come confessing ;  
   Thou canst save and thou canst heal,
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
   Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel guards from thee surround us ;  
   We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
   Darkness cannot hide from thee ;  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
   Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift Death this night o'ertake us,  
   And command us to the tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
   Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

---

C. M.

O WHAT a joyful meeting there !  
   In robes of white array'd,  
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
   And crowns upon our head.

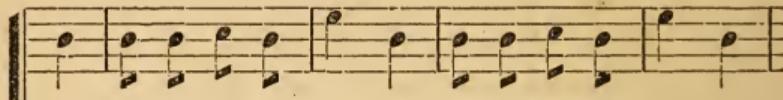
## UNITY. 6s &amp; 5s.



1 When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev-er?



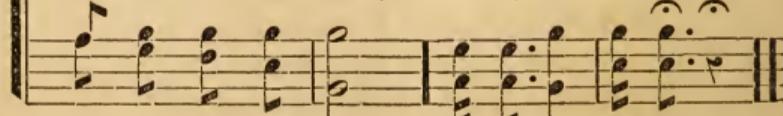
When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ev - er?



Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In



this dark vale of woes, Never, no, Never!



- 2 When shall love freely flow,  
    Pure as life's river ?  
When shall sweet friendship glow,  
    Changeless forever ?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill ;  
    Never ! no, never !
- 3 There, to that world of light,  
    Take us dear Savior ;  
May we all there unite,  
    Happy forever ;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel ;  
    Never ! no, never !
- 4 Soon shall we meet again—  
    Meet ne'er to sever ;  
Soon will peace wreath her chains  
    Round us forever ;  
Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from worldly woes ;  
Our songs of praise shall close ;  
    Never ! no, never !

---

7s.

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again ?  
When shall we all meet again ?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath the hostile sky :  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls ;  
And in fancy's wide domain,  
There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.

---

P. M.

- 1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home or stay with you ;  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world do view.  
I'll march to Canaan's land,  
I'll land on Canaan's shore,  
Where pleasures never end,  
Where troubles come no more.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss ;  
I leave you here and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.  
I'll march, &c.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
That soon we all shall meet above.  
I'll march, &c.

- 4 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,  
     Sore conflicts yet await for you:  
     Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,  
         Till Canaan's happy land you view.  
     I'll march, &c.
- 5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,  
     It grieves my heart to leave you here,  
     Eternal vengeance waits for you;  
         O turn, and find salvation near.  
     I'll march, &c.

---

8s.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,  
     That hatred is conquered by love ?  
     That fastens our souls in such ties  
         As nature and time can't remove ?
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
     Nor yet in a paradise lost ;  
     It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
         And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My brethren are dear unto me,  
     Our hearts are united in love ;  
     Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
         In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O, when shall we see that bright day,  
     And join with the angels above,  
     Set free from these prisons of clay,  
         United with Jesus in love !
- 5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
     And all his bright glories shall see,  
     And sing hallelujah ! amen !  
         Amen ! even so let it be.

## L. M.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light,  
Keep me, O, keep me king of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
  - 2 Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
  - 3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 

7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.
  - 2 Though we here should meet no more  
Yet there is a brighter shore ;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.
- 

## L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word :  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
Give every burdened soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

## S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love !  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
  - 2 Before our father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
  - 3 We share our mutual woes ;  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
  - 4 When we asunder part  
It gives us inward pain :  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
  - 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.
- 

## 8s. &amp; 7s.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Bid us now depart in peace  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase ;  
Fill each breast with consolation ;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise,  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then well give thee nobler praise.

## ADVENT.

1 We shall see a light appear, By and by when he comes,

## CHORUS.

We shall see a light appear When he comes ; Ride on, Je - sus,  
O ride on, We are on our journey home.

2 We shall see him as he is  
When he comes ;  
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

3 We shall have a mighty shout  
When he comes ;  
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

4 We shall all with Christ appear  
When he comes ;  
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

5 Then the earth will all be cleans'd  
 When he comes ;  
 Ride on, Jesus, &c.

6 Then our sorrows all will end,  
 When he comes ;  
 Ride on, Jesus, &c.

7s. 6 l's.

1 O, YE young, ye gay and proud,  
 You must die and wear the shroud  
 Time will rid you of your bloom,  
 Death will drag you to the tomb,  
 Then you'll cry, and want to be  
 Happy in eternity.

2 Say, will you go to heaven or hell,  
 One you must, and there to dwell,  
 Christ will come and quickly too,  
 I must see him so must you,  
 Then you'll cry, and want to be  
 Happy in eternity.

3 The white throne will soon appear,  
 All the world must then draw near,  
 Sinners must be driven down,  
 Saints will wear a starry crown,  
 Then you'll cry and want to be  
 Happy in eternity.

4 O ye children of the light,  
 Strive to make your garments white,  
 Then with all the saints  
 You will meet the happy bride,  
 Then you'll ever with him be  
 Happy in eternity.

## ARE WE ALMOST THERE.

1 Are we al - most there ? are we almost there ? Says the

wea - ry .... saint as he sighs for home ; Are

those the ver - dant trees that rear, Their

state - ly forms 'mid heaven's bright dome.

2 His eye is fixed on the world to come,  
He walks by faith through this vale of care,  
And oft inquires as he draws near home,  
With anxious heart, "are we almost there."

3 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,  
And to meet his Savior in the air ;  
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,  
He can say indeed, "we are almost there!"

## 11s.\*

- 1 I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,  
The few lucid moments that dawn on us here,  
Are followed by gloom and beclouded with fear.
- 2 I would not live alway ; no ; blest is the tomb,  
Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its gloom .  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.

\* May be sung to Hague, p. 110.

## CANAAN'S HAPPY SHORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'Tell me, brothers, will you meet me, Tell me, brothers, will you meet me,' followed by 'Tell me, brothers, will you meet me On Canaan's happy shore ?'

- 2 Yes, by the grace of God, we'll meet thee,  
On Canaan's happy shore.
  - 3 Say, young converts, will you meet me  
On Canaan's happy shore ?
  - 4 Yes, by the grace of God, we'll meet thee  
On Canaan's happy shore ?
  - 5 Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me  
On Canaan's happy shore ?
  - 6 Jesus will pardon, if you ask him,  
In earnest faith and prayer ;
  - 7 Then, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee  
On Canaan's happy shore.
- All.—Glory, glory, hallelujah  
For ever, evermore.*

- |  |               |
|--|---------------|
| 1 Say, brothers, will you join us ?<br>The drunkard's child to save ?<br>In the Saviour's name we'll join you,<br>The drunkard's child to save.              | <i>Repeat</i> |
| 2 Say, sisters, will you join us ?<br>The drunkard's life to save ?<br>Fathers, mothers, teachers, join us,<br>The drunkard's home to save ?                 | <i>Repeat</i> |
| 3 Neighbors, friends, and strangers, join us,<br>The drunkard's soul to save ;<br>Yes ! we'll swell the blissful chorus,<br>When Christ the lost shall save. |               |

SALVATION'S FREE. S. M. (With Chorus.)  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pard'ning grace; Come  
 2. He bought you with His blood, He'll wash you white as snow, And  
 3. Say, sinners, can you still Re-sist His dy-ing love? Re-

yield your hearts up to Him now, And learn to love and praise.  
 thro' your soul the peaceful stream Of love and joy shall flow.  
 fuse the of-fers of His grace, And lose a home a - bove.

CHORUS. *f*

Sal - vation's full and free! Sal - vation's full and free! Sal-  
 va-tion's free for you and me—Bless the Lord, salvation's free!

4 Gaze on the bloody cross!  
 Gaze on your dying Lord!  
 Now think, He only died to save  
 From hell, from sin's reward!  
 Salvation's full, &c.

5 No longer steel your heart!—  
 'T will not avail you aught;  
 Why ruin your immortal soul?  
 Your liberty is bought.  
 Salvation's full, &c.  
 Come, shout—salvation's free.

## AUTUMN. 8s &amp; 7s, Double.

1: Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Thro' this  
lone - ly vale of tears ; Thro' the chan - ges thou'st de -  
D. C. Let thy good - ness nev - er  
creed us, Till our last great change appears : When temptation's darts as -  
fail us ; Lead us in thy per - fect way.  
FINE.  
D. C.

sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear :  
And when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us on thy bosom rest ;  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

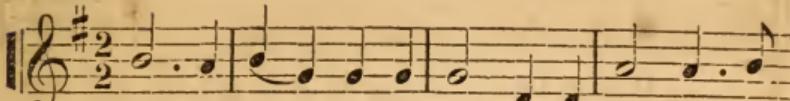
## 8s. &amp; 7s.

1 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.

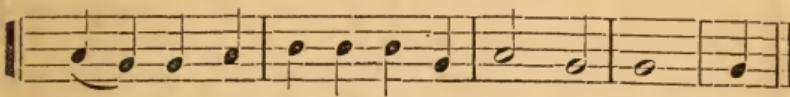
2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to slight, and prayer to praise

## OH, HE'S TAKEN MY FEET.

CHORUS.

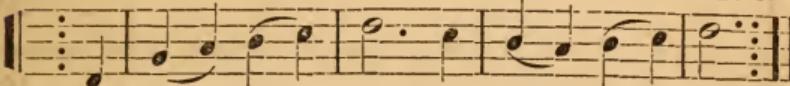


1. Oh, He's tak - en my feet from the mire and the



clay. And He's placed them on the Rock of A - ges.

D. C.

I'll praise him while he gives me breath, }  
I hope to praise him af - ter death. }2 I hope to praise Him when I die,  
And shout salvation through the skies. *Chorus.*3 Oh help me watch, and fight and pray,  
Till I shall see that glorious day.4 Now I will tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found.*Tune, ANTIOCH. C. M.*

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !

Let earth receive her King ;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns !

Let men their songs employ :

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make his blessings flow

Far as the curse is found.

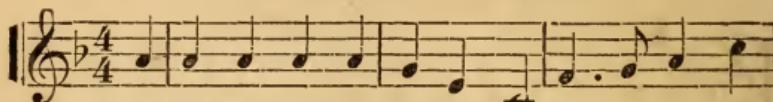
4 He rules the world with truth and grace.

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

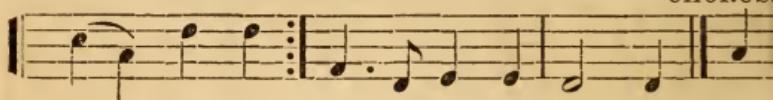
And wonders of his love.

## WE'LL GO ON.

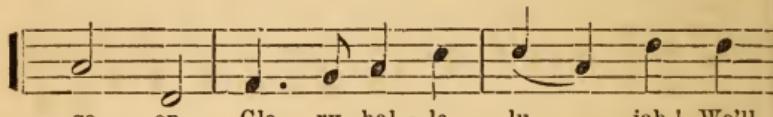


1. I have some friends be-fore me gone, Glo - ry hal - le -  
I'm resolv'd to trav-el on. OMIT.....

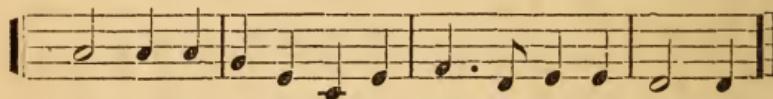
## CHORUS.



lu - jah, And Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ! We'll



go on. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ! We'll



go on, We'll travel on to Glo - ry hal-le - lu - jah !

2 Then let us faithfully contend. &c.

Bear in our minds the glorious end &c.

3 Soon we shall reach that shining shore &c.

Then all our sorrows will be o'er, &c.

## L. M.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.

3 With joy we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

## A HOME IN GLORY.

1. A lit-tle lon-ger here below, And we'll go home to  
 2. And when we're laid beneath the ground, With Christ, who reigns in

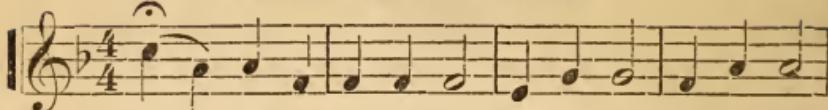
glory, Where joy supreme we all shall know, In yon bright world of  
 glory, We all shall rise when the trump shall sound, To sit with him in

glory. O glo-ry! O glo-ry! There's room enough in  
 glory. O glo-ry! O glo-ry! There's room enough in

Par - a - dise, For all a home in glo - ry!  
 Par - a - dise, For all a home in glo - ry!

- 3 We hope to meet our brethren there,  
     In heaven, our home of glory,  
     Who oft have joined with us in prayer,  
     And praise of God, in glory.
- 4 Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,  
     There's room for you in glory,  
     Forsake your sins, and come to Christ,  
     And find a home in glory.

## HEAVEN'S MY HOME.



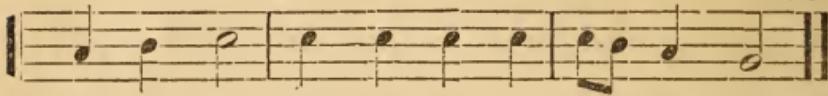
. Ye Christian pilgrims sing, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home;  
 D.C. And exultingly exclaim, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home;

FINE.



Ye Christian pilgrims sing, Heav'n's my home. Thro' the tel - e -  
 And exultingly exclaim, Heav'n's my home.

D. C.



scopo of faith, We look o'er the riv - er death

- 2 Though the world may me disown, Heaven's, &c.  
 And I'm little and unknown,  
 I'm an heir to yonder throne, Heaven's, &c.
- 3 In a dark and stormy day, Heaven's, &c.  
 On Jehovah I will stay,  
 And pursue my happy way, Heaven's, &c.
- 4 Though I sail o'er life's rough sea, Heaven's, &c.  
 My dear Saviour sails with me,  
 And he tells me never to fear, Heaven's, &c.
- 5 Oh, that every soul could say, Heaven's, &c.  
 Oh, that every soul could say,  
 If I die this blessed day,  
 I should rise and soar away ;  
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

## FAREWELL. L. M.

H. PARKHURST.

1. Farewell, farewell to all be-low, My Je-sus calls, and  
I must go! I launch my boat up - on the sea, This

## CHORUS.

land is not the land for me. This world is not my  
home, This world is not my home, This  
world is all a wil-der-ness, This world is not my home.

2 I've found the winding path of sin,  
A rugged path to travel in ;  
Beyond the chilly waves I see  
The land my Saviour bought for me.

3 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,  
The home I seek is far away ;  
Where Christ is not, I cannot be—  
This land is not the land for me.

4 My hope, my heart, is now on high,  
There all my joys and treasures lie ;  
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,  
O, that's the land, the land for me.

## MOURNING PILGRIM.

1 { O Christians, will you mourn ? Will you mourn ? Will you  
   { O Christians, will you mourn ? Till poor sinners do re-  
  
    mourn ? { I am a mourn-ing pil - grim, } O  
    turn ? { I'm on my way to Zi - on ; } O  
  
    come, my bless-ed Je - sus, and help me on my way.

2 Oh brethren, will you mourn, &c. &c.  
     Till your children do return ? *Chorus.*

3 O sinners, you will mourn, &c., &c.  
     If to Christ you ne'er return.

*Chorus.* Then haste and join our number,  
     And go with us to Zion ;  
     O come, my blessed Jesus,  
     And help us on our way.

## S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
     With energy divine,  
     And on this poor, benighted soul  
     With beams of mercy shine.

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

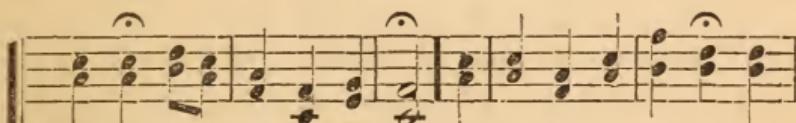
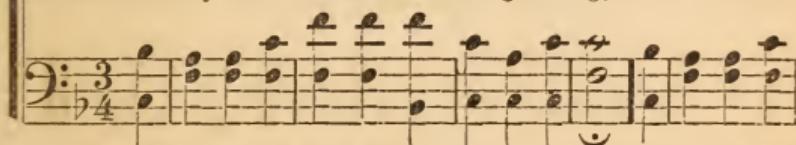
3 Mine will the profit be,  
     But thine shall be the praise ;  
     And unto thee will I devote  
     The remnant of my days.

## I LOVE THEE.

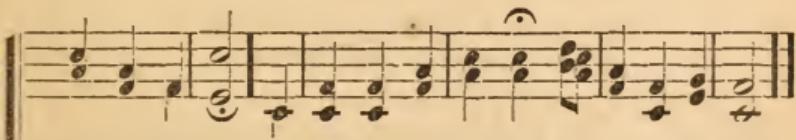
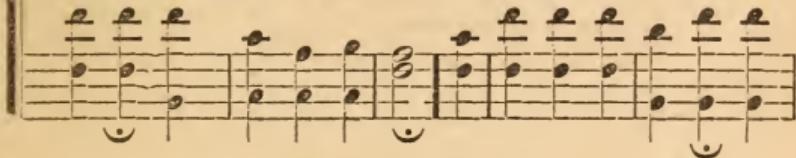
Arr. by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



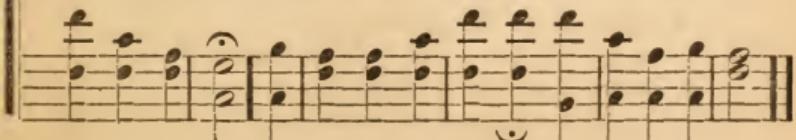
1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ; I love thee, my  
 2. O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest ! My life and sal-  
 3. O who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles and he



Saviour. I love thee, my God ; I love thee, I love thee, and  
 va-tion, my joy and my rest ! Thy name be my theme, and thy  
 loves me, and learns me to sing, I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with



that thou dost know, But how much I love thee, I nev-er can show.  
 love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.  
 notes loud and shrill, While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.



## MY FATHER LAND.

1. I'm but a trav'-ler here, Heav'n is my home,  
 2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home,  
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home,

Earth is a des - er - t drear, Heav'n is my home ;  
 Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home :  
 I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home :

Dan - ger and sor - row stand, Round me on ev' - ry hand,  
 Time's cold and wint' - ry blast, Soon will be o - ver - past,  
 There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best,

Heav'n is my Fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.  
 I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.  
 There, too. I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

*Tune. MORNING LIGHT. Page 170.*

1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!

    Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

    It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

    His army shall be led.

Till every foe is vanquished,

    And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

    The trumpet call obey:

Forth to the mighty conflict,

    In this his glorious day:

“Ye that are men, now serve him,”

    Against unnumbered foes:

Your courage rise with danger,

    And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

    Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

    Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

    And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls or danger

    Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

    The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,

    The next the victor’s song:

To him that overcometh,

    A crown of life shall be:

He with the King of Glory

    Shall reign eternally!

*Tune, "No SORROWING THERE." Page 100*

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

*Chorus,* There'll be no more sorrowing there,  
There'll be no more sorrowing there.  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no more sorrowing there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble brow,  
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,  
Let heaven begin below,  
There'll, &c:

3 When the last moments come,  
O watch my dying face,  
To catch the bright seraphic glow,  
Which in each feature plays.  
There'll, &c.

4 Then to my raptured ear,  
Let one sweet song be given ;  
Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven,  
There'll, &c.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
And lay me down to rest,  
And clasp my cold and icy hands,  
Upon my lifeless breast.  
There'll, &c,

6 When round my senseless clay,  
Assemble those I love—  
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.  
There'll, &c.

*Tune, HEAVEN'S MY HOME. Page 200.*

- 1 Our bondage here shall end,  
    By-and-by, by-and-by,  
Our griefs shall vanish then,  
With our threescore years and ten,  
And bright glory crown the day  
    By-and-by, by-and-by.
- 2 When our Deliverer comes,  
    By-and-by, by-and-by,  
From Egypt's yoke set free,  
We will hail the jubilee,  
And to Canaan all return,  
    By-and-by, by-and-by:
- 3 And when to Jordan's flood,  
    We are come, we are come ;  
Jehovah rules the tide,  
And the waters will divide,  
While the ransomed host shall shout,  
    "We are come, we are come."
- 4 There friends shall meet again,  
    Who have loved, who have loved ;  
Our embraces shall be sweet,  
When we shall each other greet,  
At our great Redeemer's feet,  
    Who have loved, who have loved.

7s.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord !  
    All ye lands, your voices raise ;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
    Praise the Lord—forever praise !
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
    Past, and present, and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand  
    Like his own eternity.

## L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose ;  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud ;  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
Yet though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail !  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death !

## 7s.

- 1 WEEPING sinners, dry your tears :  
Jesus on the throne appears ;  
Mercy comes with balmy wing,  
Bids you his salvation sing.
- 2 Peace he brings you by his death,  
Peace he speaks with every breath ;  
Can you slight such heavenly charms ?  
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

- 1 HOW swift, alas ! the moments fly !  
How rush the years along !  
Scarce here, yet gone already by—  
The burden of a song.
- 2 See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass  
And age, with furrowed brow ;  
Time was—time shall be—but, alas !  
Where, where in time is now ?
- 3 Time is the measure but of change ;  
No present hour is found ;  
The past, the future, fill the range  
Of time's unceasing round.
- 4 Where, then, is now ? In realms above  
With God's atoning Lamb,  
In regions of eternal love,  
Where sits enthroned I AM.
- 5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears  
On time no longer lean ;  
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears  
From earth's affections wean.
- 6 To God let grateful accents rise ;  
With truth, with virtue, live ;  
So all the bliss that time denies,  
Eternity shall give.

C. M.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust !
- 2 How vain are fancy's airy flights.  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living Head.

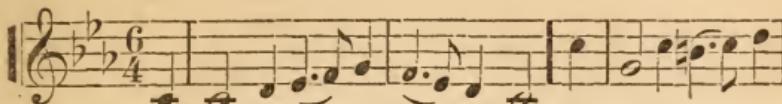
L. M.

- 1 THIS is the field the world below,  
 In which the sower comes to sow ;  
 Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,  
 For so the word of truth declares :  
*And soon the reaping time will come,*  
*And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 To love my sins, a saint appear,  
 To grow in wheat, and be a tare—  
 May serve me while on earth below,  
 Where tares and wheat together grow :  
*But soon the reaping time, &c.*
- 3 Most awful truth, and is it so ?  
 Must all mankind the harvest know ?  
 Is every man a wheat or tare ?  
 Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare :  
*For soon the reaping time, &c.*
- 4 Then all who truly righteous be,  
 Their Father's kingdom soon shall see :  
 But tares in bundles shall be bound,  
 And cast in hell, O doleful sound !  
*For soon the reaping time, &c.*

S. M

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see our God ;  
 The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
 Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul  
 He doth himself impart,  
 And for his temple and his throne  
 Selects the pure in heart.

## SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.



1. And did the Ho - ly and the Just, The Sov'reign of the  
O the Lamb, the living Lamb, The Lamb on Calv'ry,  
CHORUS.



skies, Stoop down to wretchedness and dust, That guilty man might rise  
The Lamb that was slain, That liveth again, To intercede for me.

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high,—  
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !  
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead ;  
For sinful man,—O, wondrous grace !  
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thine atoning blood !  
By this are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

## S. M.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,  
My Shepherd and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to evey fear ;  
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,  
Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand indulgent leads ;  
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore ;  
And guard me with thy watchful eye,  
And let me rove no more.

## ABBEY. 10s &amp; 11s.

From AMERICAN CHOIR. By permission.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shining ;

Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid :  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing,  
An - gels a - dore him, in slumber re - cli - ning,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sa - viour, of all.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Eden and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

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

## L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man !  
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,  
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;  
 Despised the offers of his grace,  
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran—  
 "Almighty love—arrest the man ;"  
 I felt the arrows of distress,  
 And found I had no hiding-place.
- 4 Vindictive Justice stood in view ;  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,  
 But Justice cried, with frowning face—  
 "This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 5 But lo, a heavenly voice I heard—  
 And mercy's angel soon appeared :  
 Who led me on, a pleasing pace,  
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

## L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door ;  
 He gently knocks—has knocked before,  
 Has waited long—is waiting still—  
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh ! lovely attitude—He stands  
 With melting heart, and loaded hands  
 Oh ! matchless kindness—and He shows  
 This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?  
 He will—the very Friend you need,  
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine.  
That soul destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn  
His feet, departed ne'er return  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at *his door* rejected stand.

## OLIVET. C. M.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be  
my vain wish - es stilled; And may this con - se -  
cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,  
That mercy I adore.

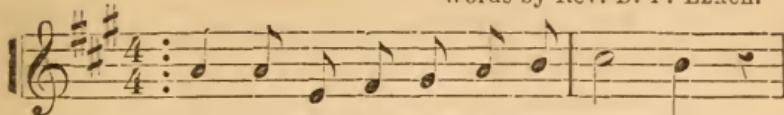
3 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

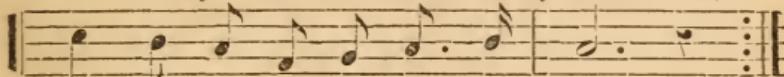
5 My lifted eye without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on thee.

## HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

Words by Rev. D. F. LEACH.

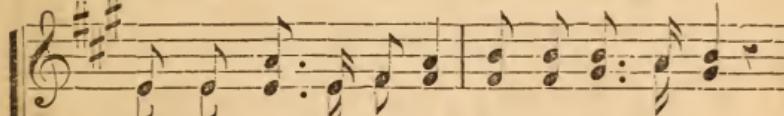


Let not your heart sink down with trou - ble ;  
My Father's house hath ma - ny man - sions,

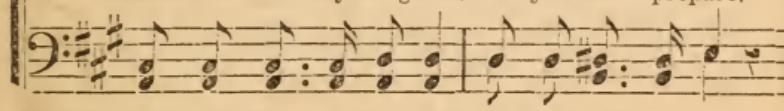


Ye trust in God, trust then in me.  
And where I am, there ye shall be.

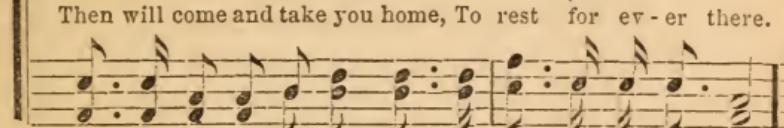
CHORUS.



Mansions in my kingdom, For you I'll prepare,



Then will come and take you home, To rest for ev - er there.



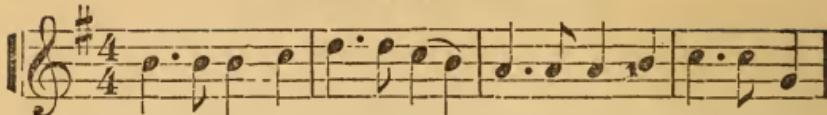
2 Think not the journey is a long one.  
I am the truth, the life, the way ;  
Soon all your trials will be ended,  
Then shall your night be turned to day *Chorus.*

3 Keep my commandments if ye love me  
I'll strengthen all who will obey ;  
My Father also will approve thee,  
His spirit cheer your lonely way. *Chorus.*

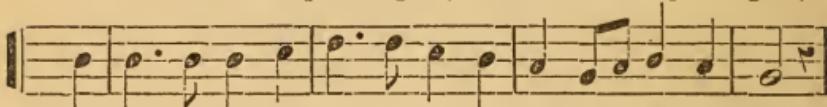
4 Ask what ye will it shall be given,  
I rule the sea, I quell the storm ;  
All power is mine, in earth and Heaven.  
Ask in my name, I will perform. *Chorus.*

5 My peace I freely leave it with you,  
Then be your hearts from sorrow free ;  
Because I live ye shall live also,  
I in my Father, ye in me. *Chorus.*

## NO PARTING THERE.



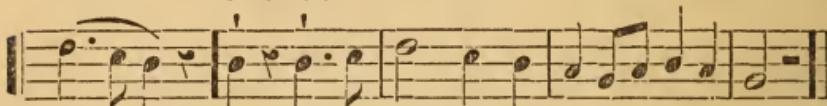
1. Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part again,  
 2. Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part again,



But when we meet on Canaan's plain, There'll be no parting there,  
 But when a seat in heav'n we gain, There'll be no parting there,



In that bright world a - bove, In that bright world a-  
 CHORUS.



bove. Shout! shout the vict'ry, We're on our journey home.

- 3 Here we meet to part again,  
 But there we shall with Jesus reign,  
 There'll be no parting there,  
 In that bright world above. *Chorus.*
- 4 Here we meet to part again,  
 But when we join the heavenly train,  
 There'll be no parting there,  
 In that bright world above.

8s & 7s. *Tune, STOCKWELL, page 182.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend ;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;  
 Constant still, in faith abiding,  
 Life derivlng from his death.
- 3 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
 Mercy streaming in his blood,  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.





Hale Coll  
June 1905

