Hymns

and

Tunes
To Capt. Mr. Hodgman,
with my loving friendship,
Mrs. Anna Russell.

June 17 - 1937.
PREFACE.

The importance of sacred song, as a part of the worship of God, has been recognized from the very beginning of the denomination in whose behalf the present work is issued. Among their earliest publications was a small collection of hymns, expressive of their faith, and breathing a spirit of consecration and devotion to God and his work. This was revised and republished from time to time, till some four different editions had been issued, accompanied by other smaller works.

But notwithstanding the good service done by these, it came to be generally felt that a larger work, more varied in its contents, and of broader scope—a work, in short, better suited to the present progress and development of our cause—was demanded. Accordingly at the session of the General Conference of October, 1884, a committee of five was appointed to draw up a plan of action by which the new hymn book should be prepared.

The plan suggested by this committee was that a large committee of twenty-five, located in different States, be appointed to gather material in the form of hymns and tunes, for the book, taking care to secure those which had been found to be useful, or had become favorites in any locality. The work of this committee was to pass under the supervision of a central committee of seven, who should recommend definitely what selections should be used.

This latter committee devoted considerable time to the work till the Conference session of 1885, to which they reported accordingly. Their report being approved, a committee of five was appointed to carry into effect the plan proposed, and issue the book.

This committee was composed of Geo. I. Butler, Uriah Smith, J. H. Waggoner, A. R. Henry, and Edwin Barnes, who took immediate steps to perform the duty assigned them. They employed F. E. Belden and Edwin Barnes as musical editors of the work, the former devoting all his
time while in the employ of the committee, and the latter a large portion of his time, to the discharge of the duties to which they were appointed. Their work has given eminent satisfaction to the committee, as we trust it will to the Church at large.

The setting of the type, both of the music and the words, was allotted to the "J. E. White Publishing Company;" the electrotyping, printing, and binding, to the "S. D. Adventist Publishing Association." To the efficiency of the work, in all departments, the appearance of these pages will bear witness.

The plan of the book provides for one or more pieces of music for each page; and generally every hymn on the page can be sung to the tune which there appears; but as others may in some instances be preferred, two or three appropriate tunes are referred to by numbers at the head of each hymn; and whenever a hymn is set to a new tune, the first reference is always to an old and familiar tune. All references are to the number of the hymn, not to the page. Whenever a hymn is given that cannot be sung to the tune given on the same page, the tune in which it can be sung, together with its number, is given at the head of the hymn. Due attention to these facts will enable all to avoid mistakes. A few favorite tunes which have become inseparably connected with a number of hymns, are for this reason repeated.

The theology of the present day is still largely tinged, in some particulars, with pagan and papal errors. To eliminate these, it has been necessary to change the phraseology of some hymns. This has been done only so far as it has been conscientiously felt to be a necessity. Some hymns found to have been unnecessarily changed from their originals have been changed back. Other changes which have been so long used that but few know them in any other form, have been for this reason suffered to remain. The hymns will be found generally of a high order of literary merit, and strictly in harmony with the teachings of the Scriptures.

A special effort has been made to gather up and preserve some old melodies which were favorites in the great Advent movement of 1840–44, but which have for some reason fallen into disuse. The older members of the household of faith, at least, will be pleased to meet with these again, in this book.

That all will be pleased with everything in this collection, would be, of course, too much to expect; but that all will find enough in it to make it a
PREFACE.

treasure to them, we confidently hope. It is printed on an all-linen paper, and bound in a manner to make it substantial and durable. No pains nor expense have been spared to make it first-class in every respect,—a worthy representative of the cause to which it belongs.

For the use of those who do not care for the music, a book of words only, is issued, containing all the hymns of the large book, and numbered in exactly the same manner, so that both books can be used simultaneously without any confusion. But in order to promote congregational singing, and uniformity in the rendering of the hymns, the committee recommend all to procure the large book, and all to join in the singing. All the profits arising from the sale of the book are to be appropriated to the missionary work.

Parties wishing to republish any of the pieces marked "copyrighted" or "by permission," must obtain the privilege from those who own the copyrights.

We now commend this work to the charitable acceptance of that people who are waiting for the coming and kingdom of Christ, humbly hoping that it may prove a means of increasing their love to God and his worship, and aid them in the preparation necessary to associate with the redeemed, and join in singing the new song on Mount Zion.

COMMITTEE.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,
Sept. 1, 1886.
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HYMNS AND TUNES.

WORSHIP.

1

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Guillaume Franc.

1. O Thou who dwellest up on high, To whom our prayers and praises fly,

Once more our voices all unite In song to thee, O God of light!

2. Our humble gratitude we speak,
   For all the blessings of the week,
   As at thy throne of grace we bow
   And ask thee for a blessing now.

3. O bless us as we meet to-day,
   While unto thee we sing and pray;
   O bless the word of truth we hear,
   And to each heart be very near.

4. 'Tis vain within these walls to kneel
   Unless our need of thee we feel;
   'Tis vain to lift the voice in praise
   Unless devotion tunes our lays.

5. Help us to worship thee aright;
   Let self be banished from our sight,
   Unless thy Spirit prompts the view
   To search our motives through and through.

Anon.

2

1. Father supreme, whose wondrous love
   Our utmost thought so far exceeds,
   We seek thy blessing from above,
   A rich supply for all our needs.

2. On thee alone our hopes we rest,
   To thee alone we lift our eyes;
   Regard our prayer, though unexpressed,
   Accept our spirit's sacrifice.

3. 'Tis not for present power or wealth,
   Or worldly fame, we look to thee;
   We ask thy gift of heavenly health,
   The gift of immortality.

4. Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
   Through Him who died to make it sure,—
   Our Mercy-seat, our Righteousness,
   Who lives again to die no more.

Anon.
1. How pleasant, how divine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints To meet th'assemblages of thy saints.

2. I long to rest in thine abode,
   My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
   So far from all my joys and thee?

3. Blest are the souls that find a place
   Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentle rays,
   And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
   To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
   They lean upon their Helper, God.

5. Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
   Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
   And join in nobler worship there.

6. Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
   Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
   And faith be mixed with what we hear.

1. How sweet to leave the world awhile,
   And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
   And come according to thy word.

2. From busy scenes we now retreat,
   That we may here converse with thee:
Dear 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;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear!
   And let thy presence fill this place.

4. Lord, grant thy blessing here to-day;
   O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
   And favor that shall never cease.

2. We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
   His path of light we long to tread;
May here his holy word be taught,
   And here its purest influence shed.

3. May faith and hope and love abound,
   Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
   Children of God and heirs of heaven.
WORSHIP—OPENING HYMNS.

MANOAH. C. M. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. Again our earth-ly cares we leave, And to Thy courts re-pair;

A-again with joy-ful feet we haste, To meet our Sav-iour there.

2. Great Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer;
O give us hearts to pray!

3. The clouds which vail thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4. The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from above,
To make our graces grow.

John Newton.

5. 623, 70, 147.

1. Jesus, our Lord, make no delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2. What do we here without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of God?
’T will be a dark and tiresome place
Unless we feel thy word.

3. Come in with power to every soul,
O thou immortal Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole
With thy redeeming love.

4. We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste his grace divine;
That every soul with joy may say,
“My Lord, my God, I’m thine.”

Anon.

6. 201, 204, 183.

2. Come, thou Desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

3. Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

4. Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
“Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.”

Anne Steele.

8. 27, 395, 308.

1. When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2. From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3. Vain, sinful man! creation’s Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

Anna L. Barbauld.
WORSHIP—OPENING HYMNS.

ST. THOMAS, S. M.

1. Jesus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be, Assembled in thy name.

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

12. 688, 191, 403.
1 With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King!
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

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

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

Thomas Fervis.

13. 85, 30, 688.
1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,
And love him while ye fear,
Come, and with heart and hand record
Your vow and covenant here.

2 Here to his altar brought,
Your holy vows renew,
To be in heart, and deed, and thought,
Faithful to him, and true.

3 And true and faithful he
To you will ever prove,
Though hills were swept into the sea,
And mountains should remove.

4 Then be his paths your choice,
The joy of young and old;
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,
And follow to the fold.

James Montgomery.

14. 191, 238, 266.
1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not earth's fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett.
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? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

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

3. Send some message from thy word That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart,

4. Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast down lift up, Make them strong in faith and hope.

5. Grant that all may seek, and find Thee a God supremely kind; Heal the sick, the captive free; Let us all rejoice in thee.

6. LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair, E'en on earth thy temples are! Here thy waiting people see Much of heaven and much of thee.

7. From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes, While thy Spirit's holy fire Warms our hearts with pure desire.

8. Here we supplicate thy throne; Here thy pardoning grace is known; Here we learn thy righteous ways, Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

9. Gracious Father lend thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring When around thy throne we sing.

10. While on earth ordained to stay, Guide our footsteps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glory see.

11. Then, with angel-harps again, We will wake a nobler strain; There, in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voices raise.

12. In thy house, while now we sing, Tune our hearts, O heavenly King! Then our joyful souls shall bless Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.

13. While to thee our prayers ascend, Let thine ear in love attend; Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads— Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

14. While we hear thy word with awe, While we tremble at thy law, Let thy gospel's wondrous love Every doubt and fear remove.

15. From thy house when we return, Let our hearts within us burn, That at evening we may say, "We have walked with God to-day.”

C. H. A. Malan.

William Hammond.

Anon.

James Montgomery.
19

DUKE STREET. L. M.  

John Hatton.

1. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;

Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create, and he destroy.

21. NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing Her great Creator and her King; Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas, Deny the tribute of their praise.

2. Ye seraphs who sit near his throne, Begin to make his glories known; Tune high your harps, and spread the sound Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3. O may our ardent zeal employ Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs! Let there be sung, with warmest joy, Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4. Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame Attempts in vain to reach thy name; The highest notes that angels raise Fall far below thy glorious praise.

108, 101, 23.

1. SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise; His glorious name let all adore, From age to age, forevermore.

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

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

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

James Montgomery.

2. The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And every setting sun shall see New works of duty done for thee.

3. Let distant climes and nations raise The long succession of thy praise; And every kindred make thy song The joy and triumph of their tongue.

Isaac Watts.
1. From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let his almighty name be sung, Through every land, by every tongue.

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

3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
   In songs of praise divinely sing;
   God's great salvation loud proclaim,
   And shout for joy his glorious name.

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

   O thou to whom, in ancient time,
   The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
   Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
   And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

   2 Not now on Zion's height alone
   Thy favored worshipers may dwell,
   Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
   Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

   3 From every place below the skies,
   The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
   The incense of the heart—may rise
   To heaven, and find acceptance there.

   4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
   And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,
   And childhood lisp with reverent air
   Its praises and its prayers to thee.

   1 Eternal God, celestial King,
   Exalted be thy glorious name;
   Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
   And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

   2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,
   I rest my hope on thee alone;
   I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
   To all mankind thy love make known.

   3 With those who in thy grace abound,
   To thee I'll raise my thankful voice,
   Till every land, the earth around,
   Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.
1. With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word; And tremble at his word.

2. How terrible thy glories be! How bright thine armies shine! Where is the power that vies with thee, Or truth compared with thine?

3. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing; Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound, Be joyful in your King.

4. O Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven, Our life and joy, to thee Be honor, thanks, and blessing given Through all eternity.

5. 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.

6. 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

29

1 Holy and reverend is the name Of our eternal King; Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry; Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind, Pay, O my soul! to God; Lift with thy hands a holy heart To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name Whom words nor thoughts can reach; A broken heart shall please him more Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls From all pollution free; The pure in heart are thy delight, And they thy face shall see.

5 Till then thy service shall be ours, Thy praise our constant theme; We'll worship thee with all our powers, Whose mercy doth redeem.

John Needham.
WORSHIP—PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

WAUGH, S. M.

RALPH HARRISON.

1. Come, ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord; And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground.
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

31

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

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

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

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

James Montgomery.

32

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

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

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

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

Isaac Watts.

33

1 Sing to the Lord, our Might,—
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 As unto them of old,
Who roamed this wilderness,
Our God is still as near his fold,
To pity and to bless.

3 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he who Israel then supplied,
Will help his Israel still.

Henry F. Lyte.
1. Praise ye Jehovah's name, Praise through his courts proclaim, Rise and adore. High o'er the heavens above, Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove vast as his power.

2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of triumphant praise, Wide as his fame.
There let the harp be found; Organs of solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with his name.

3. While his high praise you sing, Shake every sounding string; Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows, His noble fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

4. Thou art the mighty One, On earth thy will be done, From shore to shore.
Thy sovereign majesty May we in glory see, And through eternity Love and adore.

God of the morning ray,
God of the rising day,
Glorious in power!
In thee we live and move,
And thus we daily prove
Thy condescending love
Each passing hour.

God of our feeble race,
God of redeeming grace,
Spirit all-blest!
Our own eternal Friend,
Thy guardian influence lend,
From every snare defend;
In thee we rest.

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

1. 127, 155, 684.
2. 127, 155, 165.
4. 127, 155, 684.

Charles Wesley.

William Goode.
1. Glory, honor, praise, and power Unto God this very hour,

For the work of grace begun Through his well-beloved Son.

16, 240, 272.

2 While our prayers and praises rise, Lord, as incense to the skies, May thy Spirit's quickening fire, Every heart and tongue inspire.

3 Praises for thy love to man, For redemption's wondrous plan, For the life that thou didst give, Lord, that we, thy foes, might live!

4 Daily gifts of love untold From thy bounteous hand unfold; Thine's a never-failing store,— O for hearts to praise thee more!

F. E. Belden.

39

240, 15, 272.

1 Praise the Lord—his power confess: Praise him in his holiness; Praise him as the theme inspires, Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound Spread its loudest notes around; Let the harp unite in praise, With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless God, the Lord of righteousness; Tune your voice to spread the fame Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light, In his praise your hearts unite; While the stream of song is poured, Praise and magnify the Lord.

William Wrangham.

Anon.

40

240, 272, 16.

1 All ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voices raise; Heaven and earth, with voices raised, 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.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths beneath; Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

James Montgomery.
WORSHIP—PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. Ithamar Conkey.

1. God of light and matchless splendor, Feeble though the praise we bring,

Let thy Spirit touch and tender Every heart as now we sing.

2. Heaven above cannot contain thee; At thy presence earth would flee; And though every sin doth pain thee, Still thy mercy spareth me!

3. Grateful praise my tongue shall offer, 'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod; Take the humble gift I proffer,— Heart and mind, and strength, O God!

4. Living only to thy glory, From all selfish motives free, So shall I proclaim the story Of the One who died for me.

F. E. Belden.

42 162, 277, 130.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him; Praise him, angels in the light; Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Never shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious, Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation, Laud and magnify his name.

John Kenepthorne.

43 277, 162, 130.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion, Pure, unbounded grace is thine: Hail the God of our salvation, Praise him for his love divine!

3 For thy countless blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Sound his name through earth and heaven, Let his praise your tongues employ.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him, Till in heaven your song you raise; Then, enraptured, fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

John Fawcett.

44 162, 277, 92.

1 Lord of heaven and earth and ocean, Hear us from thy bright abode; While our hearts, with true devotion, Own their great and gracious God.

2 Now with joy we come before thee, Seek thy face, thy mercies sing; Lord of life, of light and glory, O, accept the praise we bring!

3 Health, and every needful blessing, Unto us are daily shown; And with joy thy love confessing, Now we bend before thy throne.

Crosse.
1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holliness, Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;

With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness, Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name.

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness, High on his heart he will bear it for thee, Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness, Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:

Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness, These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness, He will accept for the Name that is dear; Mornings of joy give foreenings of tearfulness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Anon.

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O serve him with gladness and fear!

Exult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone, Creator and ruler o'er all; And we are his people, his scepter we own, His sheep, and we follow his call.

His praise with melodious accordance prolong, And bless his adorable name.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim;

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good. And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand.

James Montgomery.
1. High in the heavens, eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines;

Thy truth shall break through every cloud That vails thy just and wise designs.

2. Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise as the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4. In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Isaac Watts.

5. Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions all be still,
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2. In realms of cloudless light he dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3. In heaven and earth and air and seas
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed:
That what he does is ever best.

4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat,
And 'mid the terrors of his rod
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome.

WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

AMES. L. M.

101, 68, 51.

1. THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

2. Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3. To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4. Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Ernest Lange.

136, 54, 51.

1. ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2. Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

3. God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

1. God is the refuge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade:

Ere we can offer our complaints, Be-hold him present with his aid.

2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
   In sacred peace our souls abide;
   While every nation, every shore,
   Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream whose gentle flow
   Supplies the city of our God,
   Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
   And watering our divine abode.

4. That sacred stream, thy holy word,
   Our grief allays, our fear controls;
   Sweet peace thy promises afford,
   And give new strength to fainting souls.

5. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
   Secure against a threatening hour;
   Nor can her firm foundation move,
   Built on his truth, and armed with power.

1. Lord of all life, below, above,
   Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
   Before thy ever-blazing throne
   We ask no luster of our own.

2. Grant us thy truth to make us free,
   And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
   Till all thy living altars claim
   One holy light, one heavenly flame!

3. Thou hast searched and seen me through;
   Thine eye commands with piercing view
   My rising and my resting hours,
   My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

4. Within thy circling power I stand;
   On every side I find thy hand;
   Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
   I am surrounded still with God.

5. O, may these thoughts possess my breast
   Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
   Nor let my weaker passions dare
   Consent to sin, for God is there!

Isaac Watts.
2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
   Sinners, a vile and thankless race!
   O God, what tongue aright can tell
   How vast thy love, how great thy grace?

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
   With joy our grateful hearts receive;
   All thy delight in us fulfill:
   Lo, all we are, to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
   Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
   O, fix thy sacred presence there,
   And seal the abode forever thine!

55
1 O God, how great thy glory is!
   Thy wondrous ways, O who can know?
   O hight immense! what words suffice
   Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine,—
   Greatness whose undiminished ray,
   When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
   When earth and heaven are fled away.

3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
   Essential life's unbounded sea,
   What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
   It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

4 High is thy power above all hight;
   Whate'er thy will decrees, is done;
   Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
   Only to thee. O God, is known!

56
1 Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
   Or heaven and earth in order stood,
   Before the birth of ancient time,
   From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
   With thee are as a fleeting day;
   Past, present, future, to thy sight
   At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
   A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
   That fades with morning's earliest beam,
   And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
   Each passing moment so to spend
   That we at length with thee may live,
   Where life and bliss shall never end.

57
1 God is our refuge and defense,
   In trouble our unfailling aid;
   Secure in his omnipotence,
   What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
   And mountains down the foundations be hurled,
   His people smile amid the shock;
   They look beyond this transient world.

3 Built by the word of his command,
   Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest:
   All living things are in his hand,
   And he who trusts his word is blest.
1. God of my life, whose gracious power Through varied scenes my soul hath led,  
   Or turned aside the fatal hour, Or lifted up my sinking head,  

2. In all my ways thy hand I own,  
   Thy ruling providence I see;  
   Assist me still my course to run,  
   And still direct my paths to thee.  

3. How do thy mercies close me round!  
   Forever be thy name adored;  
   I blush in all things to abound;  
   The servant of a gracious Lord.  

4. I have no skill the snare to shun,  
   But thou O God, my wisdom art:  
   I ever into danger run,  
   But thou art greater than my heart.  

5. I rest beneath thy kindly shade;  
   My griefs expire, my troubles cease;  
   Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,  
   Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.  

6. Who can behold the blazing light?  
   Who can approach consumning flame?  
   None but thy wisdom knows thy might;  
   None but thy word can speak thy name.  

50  

1. God is the name my soul adores,  
   Almighty, high, Eternal One;  
   Both heaven and earth, with all their powers,  
   Proclaim the Infinite Unknown.  

2. Thy voice ordained the rolling spheres,  
   And bade the countless planets shine;  
   But nothing like thyself appears  
   Through all these spacious works of thine.  

3. Still restless nature dies and grows,  
   From change to change thy creatures run;  
   Thy being no succession knows,  
   And all thy vast designs are one.  

4. A glance of thine runs through the globe,  
   Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;  
   Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;  
   Thy ministers are living flame.  

5. How shall polluted mortals dare  
   To sing thy glory or thy grace?  
   Beneath thy feet we lie afar,  
   And see but shadows of thy face.  

60
1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise;

But O what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse declare his name!

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

5 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

6 The Lord is King! -'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

3 He formed the stars,—those heavenly flames,—
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

6 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.
Hebron—Attributes and Providence of God.

HEBRON. L. M.  
Lowell Mason.

1. Lord, how mysterious are thy ways! How blind are we, how mean our praise!

Thy steps no mortal eyes explore; 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore  
Thou rulest all things at thy will:  
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,  
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.  
Ray Palmer.

2 I do not ask that I may see  
What in the future waits for me;  
Let righteousness attend my days,  
And thine shall be the humble praise.

66  
1 God of my life, to thee belong  
The grateful heart, the joyful song;  
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord  
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?  
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear  
A useless cumberer of the ground,  
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,  
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;  
Its fruit and verdure yet shall be  
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

Anne Steele.

301, 59, 304.

1 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb  
To search the starry vault profound;  
In vain would wing her flight sublime,  
To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove  
To search thy great eternal plan,—  
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love  
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand  
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,  
By some vast deep I seem to stand,  
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,  
And all is dark as night to me,  
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;  
That so it seemeth good to thee.

Anon.

25
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, e-the-real sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O- rig-i-nal pro-claim:

Th’ unwearied sun, from day to day Does his Cre-a-tor’s power display,
And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail, Th’ unwearied sun, from day to day Does his Cre-a-tor’s power display,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale; Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
And nightly, to the listening earth The sun is taught by thee to rise,
Repeats the story of her birth; And darkness when to vail the skies
While all the stars that round her burn, The flowery spring, at thy command
And all the planets in their turn, Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
Confirm the tidings as they roll, The summer rays with vigor shine,
And spread the truth from pole to pole. To raise the corn, to cheer the vine:
What though in solemn silence, all Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Move round the dark terrestrial ball? Through all our coasts redundant stores;
What though no real voice nor sound And winters, softened by thy care,
Amid their radiant orbs be found? No more the face of horror wear.
In reason’s ear they all rejoice, Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
And utter forth a glorious voice, Demand successive songs of praise;
Forever singing as they shine, And be the grateful homage paid,
“The hand that made us is divine.” With morning light and evening shade.
Joseph Addison. Here in thy house let incense rise,
69 618, 667, 994. And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
1 Eternal Source of every joy, Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Well may thy praise our lips employ Where days and years revolve no more.
While in thy temple we appear, Philip Doddridge.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Zerah. C. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts above; Let every heart and voice accord,

To sing that "God is love;" Let every heart and voice accord, To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares, And all his mercies prove; Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears, To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience bearing long With those who from him rove, Till mighty grace their hearts subdues To teach them "God is love."

4 O may we all, while here below, This best of blessings prove, Till warmer hearts in brighter worlds Proclaim that "God is love.

G. Burder.

27, 187, 264.

1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King; Let age to age thy righteousness In psalms of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies, Through the whole earth his bounty shines, And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord; How slow thine anger moves! But soon he sends his pardoning word To cheer the soul he loves.

Isaac Watts.

71 114, 147, 227.

1 Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea; Thy paths I cannot trace, Nor comprehend the mystery Of thine unbounded grace.

2 As through a glass I dimly see The wonders of thy love, How little do I know of thee, Or of the joys above!

3 'Tis but in part I know thy will; I bless thee for the sight: When will thy love the rest reveal In glory's clearer light?

4 With rapture shall I then survey Thy providence and grace, And spend an everlasting day In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett.

72 27, 183, 187.

1 Lord, when my raptured thought surveys Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone With gentle, smiling rays; O let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and thy praise.

Anne Steele.
1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;

He plants his footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings o'er your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

4 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

5 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed alone from thee.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some wondrous thing—
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his praise abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all these promises.

4 Let every tongue his goodness speak,
The sovereign Lord of all;
Whose gracious hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

5 O, might I hear that heavenly tongue
But whisper, “Thou art mine,”
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
When all thy mercies, O my God!
When all thy mercies, O my God!

1. When all thy mercies, O my God! My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart discerned
From whom those comforts flowed.

3. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4. O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raptured heart?
But thou canst read it there.

5. Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

GENEVA. C. M.

John Cole.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thy eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite thou art!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts.

546, 120, 114.

1 My God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate angels day and night
Incessantly adored!

79

Joseph Addison.

27, 70, 114.

1 Great God, how infinite thou art!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Nor aught to thee is new!

Frederick W. Faber.

4 O how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Frederick W. Faber.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

WOODLAND. C. M.  
NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

1. There is a book that all may read, Which heavenly truth imparts; And all the lore its scholars need, And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2. The works of God above, below, Within us, and around, Are pages in that book, to show How God himself is found.

3. The glorious sky, embracing all, Is like the Maker's love, Wherewith encompassed, great and small, In peace and order move.

4. The dew of heaven is like thy grace, It steals in silence down; But where it falls, the favored place By richest fruits is known.

5. Thou who hast given me eyes to see, And love for what is fair, Give me a heart to find out thee, And read thee everywhere. 

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

7. When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

8. My lifted eye without a tear, The gathering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; Because it rests on thee.

9. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, Thy goodness we adore; A spring whose blessings never fail, A sea without a shore.

10. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest In every cheerful ray; Love draws the curtain of the night, And love restores the day.

11. Thy bounty every season crowns With all the bliss it yields; With joyful clusters bend the vines, With harvests wave the fields.

12. But chiefly thy compassions, Lord, Are in the gospel seen; There like the sun, thy mercies shine Without a cloud between.

John Keble.  
Helen M. Williams.  
Thomas Gibbons.
1. I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies; I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good. Lord, how thy wonders are displayed Where'er I turn my eye! If I survey the ground I tread, Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below But makes thy glories known; And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from thy throne. Creatures that borrow life from thee Are subject to thy care; There's not a place where we can flee But God is present there.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power, Their motions speak thy skill; And on the wings of every hour We read thy patience still.

2 But, when we view thy strange design To save rebellious worms, Where vengeance and compassion join In their divinest forms,— Here the whole Deity is known; Nor dares a creature guess Which of the glories brightest shone— The justice, or the grace.

3 Now while the glories of the Lamb Adorn the heavenly plains; While seraphs chant Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains, O may I bear some humble part In that immortal song! Wonder and joy shall tune my heart, And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.
1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow; Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.

3. Lord, what can I impart When all is thine before? Thy love demands a thankful heart; The gift, alas! how poor.

4. O! let thy grace inspire My soul with strength divine; Let every word and each desire And all my days be thine. Anne Steele.

1 O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all divine; Thy glories round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 Lord, what is worthless man, That thou shouldst love him so? Next to thine angels he is placed, And lord of all below.

3 How rich thy bounties are, And wondrous are thy ways! In us O let thy power frame A monument of praise! Isaac Watts.

1 The God who rules on high, And all the earth surveys, Who rides upon the stormy sky, And calms the roaring seas—

2 This awful God is ours, Our Father and our Love; He will send down his heavenly powers, To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face, And never, never sin; There, from the rivers of his grace Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yea, and before we rise To that immortal state, The thought of such amazing bliss Should constant joys create. Isaac Watts.

1 My soul, repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.

4 His power subdues our sins; And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove. Isaac Watts.
1. How tender is thy hand, O thou most gracious God!

Afflictions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.

2. How gentle is the rod
That chastens us for sin!
How soon we find a smiling God
Where deep distress has been!

3. A Father's hand we feel,
A Father's love we know;
'Tmid tears of penitence we kneel,
And find his promise true.

4. We tell him all our grief,
We think of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brings relief,
And bids our pains remove.

5. Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

6. His wondrous works and ways
To us he hath made known;
And sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

1 O, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee whole again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
To us he hath made known;
And sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Through each succeeding day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.
1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and ages move; But his mercy waneth never: God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above; Everywhere his glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

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

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

3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.

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

5 For thy rich, thy free redemption— Bright, though vailed in darkness long— Thought is poor, and poor expression; Who can sing that wondrous song?

6 Christ the brightness of thy glory, By thy mercy came to die; How can mortal tongue be silent? How can praise unuttered lie?

7 Leaving all his exaltation, Bearing all our sin and woe,— O, what love divine was shown us! Flow, my praise, forever flow.

162, 41, 277. 94 277, 180, 41.

1 Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name? Lord of men, as well as angels! Thou art every creature's theme:

2 Lord of every land and nation! Ancient of eternal days! Sounded through the wide creation Be thy just and awful praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature— Grand, beyond a seraph's thought; For the wonders of creation, Works with skill and kindness wrought;

4 For thy providence, that governs Through thine empire's wide domain, Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,— Blessed be thy gentle reign.

5 For thy rich, thy free redemption— Bright, though vailed in darkness long— Thought is poor, and poor expression; Who can sing that wondrous song?

6 Christ the brightness of thy glory, By thy mercy came to die; How can mortal tongue be silent? How can praise unuttered lie?

7 Leaving all his exaltation, Bearing all our sin and woe,— O, what love divine was shown us! Flow, my praise, forever flow.

Robert Robinson.
1. Lord, thy glory fills the heaven; Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto thee be glory given, Holy, holy, holy Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ringing; Earth takes up the angels' cry, Holy, holy, holy, singing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2. Ever thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues unite; While our thought his greatness raises, And our love his gifts excite: With his seraph train before him, With his holy church below, Thus unite we to adore him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3. Lord, thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto thee be glory given, Holy, holy, holy Lord! Thus thy glorious name confessing, We adopt the angels' cry, Holy, holy, holy, blessing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Help, O God, my weak endeavor; This dull soul to rapture raise; Thou must light the flame, or never Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far astray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away; Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling Vainly would my lips express: Low before thy footstool kneeling, Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless; Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise; And, since words can never measure, Let my life show forth thy praise.

Richard Mant.

Francis Scott Key.
1. O worship the King, all-glorious above, And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
   Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2. O tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light; whose canopy, space;
   His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

   His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

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

4. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain; The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have tried, This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

5. No strength of our own, nor goodness, we claim, Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name; In this our strong tower, for safety we hide, The Lord is our power—"The Lord will provide."

6. When life sinks apace, and death is in view, The word of his grace shall comfort us through; Not fearing or doubting, with Christ at our side, We'll still trust his promise,—"The Lord will provide."

Robert Grant.

John Newton.
1. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty! God over all, who rules eternity.

2 Holy, holy, holy! angels adore thee,
Casting down their bright crowns around the glassy sea;
Thousands, and ten thousands worship low before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of man thy great glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer’s chase,

So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

Anon.
WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.

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! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

1. Jesus, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2. When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3. Thou art the glorious Gift of God
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4. Since I can say this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5. The precious jewel I will keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

Anon.

103

3, 104, 746.

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. 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?

3. 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.

4. Then through eternity I'll sing
The matchless love of Christ, my King;
And finding there no end of days,
So shall I find no end of praise.
1. Come, let us sing the song of songs,—The angels first began the strain,—

The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
   To clese from every sinful stain,
   And make us kings and priests to God:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
   Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
   Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him enthroned by filial right
   All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
   Honor, and majesty, and might:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
   And while in heaven with him we reign,
   This song our song of songs shall be:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

106

1 When strangers stand and hear me tell
   What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
   Where he is gone they fain would know,
   That they may seek and love him too.

2 O may my spirit daily rise
   On wings of faith above the skies,
   Till I shall make my last remove,
   To dwell forever with my love.

3 In Paradise, within the gates,
   A higher entertainment waits,—
   Fruits new and old laid up in store,
   There we shall hunger no more.

Isaac Watts

107

1 Nature with open volume stands
   To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
   And every labor of his hands
   Shows something worthy of a God;

2 But in the grace that rescues man
   His brighter form of glory shines;
   Here on the cross 't is fairest drawn
   In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 O, the sweet wonders of that cross,
   Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and died!
   The noblest life my spirit draws
   From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak his name
   In tones to mortal ears unknown,
   With angels join to praise the Lamb,
   And worship at his Father's throne.

Isaac Watts
1. Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts! Thou fount of life! thou light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn unfilled to thee again.

2. Thy truth unchanged has ever stood; 
   Thou savest those that on thee call; 
   To them that seek thee, thou art good, 
   To them that find thee, all in all.

3. We taste thee, O thou Living Bread, 
   And long to feast upon thee still; 
   We drink of thee, the Fountain-head, 
   And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4. Our restless spirits yearn for thee, 
   Where'er our changeful lot is cast; 
   Glad, when thy gracious smile we see, 
   Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5. O Jesus, ever with us stay; 
   Make all our moments calm and bright; 
   Chase the dark night of sin away, 
   Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Bernard of Clairvaux.

4. When all I am I clearly see, 
   And freely own, with deepest shame; 
   When the Redeemer's love to me Kindles within a deathless flame.

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

Andrew Reed.

110

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 in 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. And when earth's rightful King shall come 
   To take his ransomed people home, 
   I'll sing upon that blissful shore 
   His loving-kindness evermore.

Samuel Medley
1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-adem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-adem, 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. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

Edward Perronet.

4. To him who reigns in worlds of light,
The eternal King of heaven,
Be honor, majesty, and might,
And praise, and glory given.

5. Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

113

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

2. Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine,
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

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

4. And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

5. Since thou art ours, most gracious Lord,
Can hope and comfort die?
We'll trust in thine almighty word,
That built the earth and sky.

Anne Steele.

112

27, 438, 264.

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 who died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise!

The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

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

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
    That bids our sorrows cease,—
    'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
    'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

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

6 Hear him, ye deaf; praise him, ye dumb,—
    Your loosened tongues employ;
    Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
    And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Sweet is thy speech with heavenly grace,
    Thy form divinely fair;
    There's none of all the mortal race
    Can e'er with thee compare.

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

9 How will my lips rejoice to tell
    The victories of my King!
    My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
    Shall thy salvation sing.

10 Hear him, ye deaf; praise him, ye dumb,—
    Your loosened tongues employ;
    Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
    And leap, ye lame, for joy.

11 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
    A grateful song I'll raise;
    O, let the humblest of thy flock
    Attempt to speak thy praise.

12 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
    To thine amazing love;
    Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
    And nobler bliss above.

13 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
    With sin and grief oppressed;
    Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
    And lulls my cares to rest.

14 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
    No evil shall I fear;
    Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
    And praise thee better there.
WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

1. Jesus, the very thought of thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
   But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
   Nor can the memory find
   A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
   The Saviour of mankind.

3. O hope of every contrite heart!
   O joy of all the meek!
   To those who fall, how kind thou art!
   How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah! this
   Nor tongue nor pen can show:
   The love of Jesus,—what it is,
   None but his loved ones know.

5. Jesus, our only joy be thou,
   As thou our prize wilt be;
   In thee be all our glory now,
   And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

119

1. The Saviour! O what endless charms
   Dwell in the blissful sound!
   Its influence every fear disarms,
   And spreads sweet comfort round.

2. The mighty Former of the skies
   Stooped to our vile abode,
   While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
   And hailed the incarnate God.

3. O the rich depths of love divine!
   Of bliss, a boundless store!
   Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
   I cannot wish for more.

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

Anne Steele.
1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant light is crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mortal can with him compare, Among the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair That fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my relief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.

4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, He saves me from the grave.

5. To heaven, the place of his abode, He brings my weary feet; Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joy complete.

6. Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine.

122

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. O let me ever hear thy voice In mercy to me speak; In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice, And thy salvation seek.

3. My Jesus shall be still my theme While in this world I stay; I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name While all things else decay.

4. When I appear in yonder cloud, With all thy favored throng, Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings
and vie with Gabriel while he sings in notes almost divine, 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
My soul shall ever shine.

3. I'd sing the character 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 take me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

124 236, 668.
1 Come, join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs;
In him ye are complete!

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours:
In him ye are complete!

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness:
In him ye are complete!

Anon.
1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Through all eternity.

2. Crown him the Lord of love! Behold his hands and side, Those wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified: No angel in the sky Can fully bear that sight, But downward bends his wondering eye At mysteries so great.

3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round his pierced feet Fair flowers of paradise extend, Their fragrance ever sweet.

4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Potentate of time, Creator of the rolling spheres, Ineffably sublime! All hail! Redeemer, hail! For thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

817, 899.

1 Beyond the starry skies, Far as the eternal hills, There in the boundless world of light Our great Redeemer dwells. Around him angels fair In countless armies shine; And ever, in exalted lays, They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry, "Whose unexampled love Moved thee to quit these glorious realms And royalties above." And when he stooped to earth, And suffered rude disdain, They cast their honors at his feet, And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross, While darkness vailed the skies; And when he burst the gates of death, They saw the Conqueror rise. They thronged his chariot wheels, And bore him to his throne; Then swept their golden harps and sung, "That glorious work is done." Daniel Turner.

899, 817.
1. Come, all ye saints of God, Wide thro' the earth a-broad Spread Je-sus' fame; 

Tell what his love hath done, Trust in his name alone, He is the loft-y One, Worthy the Lamb!

2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears! 
Dry all your mournful tears, 
Swell the glad theme; 
To Christ, our gracious King, 
Strike each melodious string, 
Join heart and voice to sing, 
Worthy the Lamb!

3. Hark! how the choirs above, 
Filled with the Saviour's love, 
Dwell on his name! 
There, too, may we be found, 
With light and glory crowned, 
While all the heavens resound, 
Worthy the Lamb!

James Borden.

129 34, 165.

1. Glory to God on high! 
Ye harpers of the sky, 
Praise ye his name. 
Ye saints, his love adore 
Who all your sorrows bore; 
Sing joyful, evermore, 
Worthy the Lamb!

2. While they around the throne 
Cheerfully join in one, 
Praising his name, 
Ye who have felt his blood 
Sealing your peace with God, 
Sound his dear name abroad, 
Worthy the Lamb!

3. Join, all ye ransomed race, 
Our Lord and God to bless: 
Praise ye his name. 
In him we will rejoice, 
And make a joyful noise, 
Shouting with heart and voice, 
Worthy the Lamb!

4. Soon shall we see his face, 
And in that heavenly place 
We'll praise his name. 
To him our songs we'll bring, 
Hail him our gracious King, 
And through the ages sing, 
Worthy the Lamb!

James Allen.

Thomas Kelly.

James Allen.
WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

SHIRLEY. 8s & 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
   All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds new luster to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

5. In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

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SUNSHINE. 8s & 5.

1. Sing of Jesus, sing forever Of the love that changes never; Who or what from him can sever Those he makes his own?

2. With his precious blood he bought us, When we knew him not he sought us, And from all our wand'ring brought us; His the praise shall be.

3. Through the desert drear he leads us, With the bread of heaven he feeds us, And through all the journey speeds us To our home above.

---

Anon.
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 above;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

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.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou shalt call thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

Saviour, 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,
"Glory, glory to our King!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen."

Praise to thee, O dear Redeemer,
For the riches of thy grace;
Bow, my soul, no idle dreamer,
Worship him who saves the race;
He who reigned with God on high,
He who laid his glory by:
Sing his praises, sing his praises,
Sing of him who came to die.

How shall mortal man adore thee,
Thou the high, Immortal One?
Sinful dust might bow before thee
While the countless ages run;
Yet 't were vain to worship thee
Unless love the motive be.
O my Saviour! O my Saviour!
Grant this gift of love to me.

Vain are all the words I've spoken,
Lord, to show that love is mine;
Godly life shall be the token
Of my love for things divine.
This I covet, this bestow,—
Strength to live aright below;
Then how much thy child doth love thee,
O my Saviour, thou shalt know!

Thomas Kelly.
Beloved, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,

My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all!

Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,

On whom in affliction I call,

Blest, by day and by night,

My hope, my salvation, my all.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen

The star that on Israel shone?

Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,

And where with his flock he has gone.

His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,

Is heard through the shadows of death;

The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,

The air is perfumed with his breath.

His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow,

To water the gardens of grace;

From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,

And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

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

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

Saviour, let thy kingdom come!

Now the man of sin consume;

Bring thy blest millenium,

Holy Lamb.

Thus may we each moment feel.

Love him, serve him, praise him still,

Till we all on Zion's hill

See the Lamb.
1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above;
   Be thou our guardian, thou our guide; O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.

2. To us the light of truth display,
   And make us know and choose thy way;
   That we from God may ne'er depart.

3. Lead us to holiness, the road
   That we must take to dwell with God;
   Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4. Lead us to God, our final rest,
   To be with him forever blest;
   Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—Fullness of joy forever there!

5. Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
   Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
   And clothe us all with righteousness.

6. Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
   Firmness, with meekness from above,
   To bear thy people on our heart,
   And love the souls whom thou dost love;

7. To watch and pray, and never faint,
   By day and night strict guard to keep;
   To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
   Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

8. Then, when our work is finished here,
   In humble hope our charge resign:
   When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
   O God! may they and we be thine!

9. Come, blessed Spirit, source of light,
   Whose power and grace are unconfined,
   Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
   The thicker darkness of the mind.

10. To my enlightened eyes display
    The glorious truth thy words reveal;
    Cause me to run the heavenly way,
    Make me delight to do thy will.

11. Thine inward teachings make me know,
    The wonders of redeeming love,
    The vanity of things below,
    And excellence of things above.

12. While through these dubious paths I stray,
    Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
    Show me the dangers of the way,
    And guide my feeble steps to God.

13. Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
    And fit me to approach my God;
    And lead me to thy blest abode.

14. Hast thou imparted to my soul
    A living spark of holy fire?
    O, kindle now the sacred flame;
    Make me to burn with pure desire.

15. A brighter faith and hope impart,
    And let me now my Saviour see;
    O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
    And bid my spirit rest in thee.
1. O for that flame of living fire Which shines so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire, Calm in distress, in danger bold!

2. Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abram's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3. That spirit which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4. Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power?
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5. Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work, thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

142. 136, 101, 53.
1 As when in silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind;
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And blooming Eden bless our eyes.

143. 136, 101, 3.
1 O blessed Comforter, draw nigh!
Cheer and sustain my fainting heart;
Without thee every hope would die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.
1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; 
Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. O raise our thoughts from things below, 
From vanities and toys! 
Then shall we with fresh courage go 
To reach eternal joys.

3. Awake our souls to joyful songs; 
Let pure devotions rise; 
Till praise employs our thankful tongues, 
And doubt forever dies.

4. Father, we would no longer live 
At this poor, dying rate, 
To thee our thankful love we give, 
For thine to us is great.

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, 
With all thy quickening powers; 
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, 
And that shall kindle ours.

146

1. Spirit Divine, attend our prayer, 
And make our hearts thy home; 
Descend with all thy gracious power: 
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2. Come as the light, to us reveal 
Our sinfulness and woe, 
And lead us in those paths of life 
Where all the righteous go.

3. Come as the fire, and purge our hearts, 
Like sacrificial flame; 
Let our whole soul an offering be 
To our Redeemer's name.

4. Come as the wind, with rushing sound, 
With Pentecostal grace; 
And make the great salvation known, 
Wide as the human race.

5. Spirit Divine, attend our prayer, 
And make our hearts thy home; 
Descend with all thy gracious power: 
Come, Holy Spirit, come!
1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last farewell,
A guide, a Comforter, bequeathed, With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And whispers thoughts of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his, and his alone.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Water with heavenly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with power.

3 Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near;
Let faith by hearing come.

1 Great Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting then, we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.
1. Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

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

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

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

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

6 Come, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

7 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

8 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

9 Blest Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above.

10 Turn us with gentle voice
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
Though earthly joys decay.

11 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

12 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.
1. Come, Holy Ghost, in love, Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray:Divinely
good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To glad-den each sad heart; O, come to-day.

2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs overflow,
Cheer us, this hour.

3. Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4. Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

1. Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2. O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Robert II., King of France.

Tune, Promise, No. 772.}
WORSHIP—HOLY SPIRIT.

158

MERCY. 7s. LOUIS M. GOTTschALK, ARR. BY E. P. PARKER.

1. Holy Spirit, light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine,
   Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Spirit, power divine,
   Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

1 Holy Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

2 Holy Spirit, power divine,
   Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

1 Holy Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

2 Holy Spirit, power divine!
   Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

4 Holy Spirit, power divine!
   Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Holy Ghost, truth divine,
   Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Holy Spirit, power divine!

159

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
   Let thy light within me shine,
   All my guilty fears remove,
   Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
   Set the burdened sinner free,
   Lead me to the Lamb of God,
   Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
   Seal salvation on my heart,
   Breathe thyself into my breast
   Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
   Keep me in the narrow way,
   Fill my soul with joy divine,
   Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

160

1 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
   Enter each devoted breast;
   Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
   Kindle there the gospel fire.

2 God, the everlasting God,
   Makes with mortals his abode;
   Whom the heavens cannot contain,
   He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

3 Never will he thence depart,
   Inmate of a humble heart;
   Carrying on his work within,
   Striving till he cast out sin.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
   Principle and Lord of life;
   Life divine in us renew,
   Thou the Gift and Giver too!

161

1 Holy Spirit, truth divine,
   Dawn upon this soul of mine;
   Word of God, and inward light,
   Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, love divine,
   Glow within this heart of mine,
   Kindle every high desire,
   Perish self in thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, power divine!
   Fill and nerve this will of mine;
   Be my law, and I shall be
   Firmly bound, yet ever free.

John Stocker.
1. Let thy Spirit, blessed Saviour, Come and bid our doubtings cease:

Come, O, come with love and favor, Fill us all with joy and peace.

2 Fearful dangers are around us, Satan watches to destroy: Lord, our foes would fain confound us; O, for us thy might employ!

3 On thy word our souls are resting; Taught by thee, thy name we love; Sweetest of all names is Jesus; How it doth our spirits move!

4 Let us not, O Lord, be weary Of the roughness of the way; Though the road be often dreary, Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

163

1 Holy Spirit, source of gladness, Shine amid the clouds of night; O'er our weariness and sadness Breathe thy life and shed thy light;

2 Send us thine illumination; Banish all our fears at length; Rest upon this congregation, Spirit of unfailing strength.

3 Let that love which knows no measure Now in quickening showers descend, Bringing us the richest treasure Man can wish or God can send.

4 Hear our earnest supplication; Every struggling heart release; Rest upon this congregation, Spirit of eternal peace.

Paul Gerhardt.

164

1 Holy Spirit, fount of blessing, Ever watchful, ever kind; Thy celestial aid possessing, Prisoned souls deliverance find;

2 Seal of truth, and bond of union, Source of light, and flame of love, Symbol of divine communion, In the olive-bearing dove.

3 Heavenly guide from paths of error, Comforter of minds distressed; When the billows swell with terror, Pointing to an ark of rest;—

4 Promised pledge! Eternal Spirit! Greater than all gifts below,— May our hearts thy grace inherit; May our lips thy glories show.

Thomas J. Judkin.

165

1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,— Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast! Let us all thy grace inherit; Let us find thy promised rest.

Charles Wesley.
1. Holy Spirit, lamp of light, Shine upon our nature's night;
Give thy blessed inward sight, Comforter divine!

2. We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
   We are faint; thy strength afford:
   Lost,—until by thee restored,
   Comforter divine!

3. Like the dew, thy peace distill;
   Guide, subdue our wayward will,
   Things of Christ unfolding still,
   Comforter divine!

4. In us "Abba Father," cry,—
   Earnest of our rest on high,
   Hope of immortality,
   Comforter divine!

5. Search for us the depths of God;
   Bear us up the starry road
   To the height of thine abode,
   Comforter divine!

George Rawson.

167

ZEBULON. H. M.

1. O thou that hearest prayer, Attend our humble cry, And let thy servants share
   Thy blessing from on high: We plead the promise of thy word; Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2. If earthly parents hear
   Their children when they cry,
   If they, with love sincere,
   Their varied wants supply,
   Much more wilt thou thy love display,
   And answer when thy children pray.

3. Our heavenly Father, thou;
   We children of thy grace;
   O, let thy Spirit now
   Descend and fill the place!
   So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
   And all unite to praise thy name.

John Burton.
WORSHIP—HOLY SCRIPTURES.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. Emerson

1. O holy book of truth divine! Eternal as thy Maker's name;

Through countless ages of decline Thy glowing truths have stood the same.

3, 47, 215.

2 The dust of time is on thy page,
    Yet dims no pure and hallowed thought;
In every clime, in every age,
    Have saints thy holy comfort sought.

3 Thou art the life, the joy, the light,
The hope of trusting thousands here,
Whose faith shall find eternal sight
    Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.

4 No other rule by which to live,
    No other faith like thine to save;
No other hope such peace can give
    When near the cold and silent grave.

5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!
    Thy light illumes the trusting soul
With glory that shall be complete
    When days and years have ceased to roll.

F. E. Belden

169

3, 101, 336.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
    In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
    We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
    And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the best volume thou didst write,
    Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
    Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
    It touched and lightened every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
    Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
    That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
    Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
    Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
    In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
    And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts

170

177, 68, 101.

1 Let everlasting glories crown
    Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
    And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
    Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep distress the spirit breaks,
    Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
    How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be,
    How sure our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
    Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
    And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.
1. I love the sacred book of God, No other can its place supply;

It points me to the saints' abode, And bids me from destruction fly.

2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
   The image of my absent Lord;
   From thy instructive page I learn
   The joys his presence will afford.

3. But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
   His place, and tell me of his love;
   I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
   And thus partake of joys above.

4. Within thy sacred lids is found
   A transcript of my Maker's will;
   Treasures of knowledge here abound,
   The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.

5. Light of the world, thy beams impart,
   To lead my feet through life's dark way;
   O, shine on this benighted heart,
   Nor let me from thy guidance stray.

172

1. 'Twas by an order from the Lord
   The ancient prophets spoke his word;
   His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
   And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2. Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
   On the dear volume of thy book;
   There my Redeemer's face I see,
   And read his name who died for me.

3. Let the false raptures of the mind
   Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
   Here I can fix my hope secure;
   This is thy word, and must endure.

173

1. God, in the gospel of his Son,
   Makes his eternal counsels known;
   'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
   And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2. Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
   To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
   Its influence makes the sinner live;
   It bids the drooping saint revive.

3. Our rising passions it controls,
   And comfort yields to contrite souls;
   It brings a better world in view,
   And guides us all our journey through.

174

1. The starry firmament on high,
   And all the glories of the sky,
   Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
   So brightly as thy written word.

2. The hopes that holy word supplies,
   Its truths divine and precepts wise,
   In each a heavenly beam I see,
   And every beam conducts to thee.

3. Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
   The moon her borrowed glory veil,
   And deepest reverence hush on high
   The joyful chorus of the sky:

4. But fixed for everlasting years,
   Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
   Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
   When heaven and earth have passed away
1 Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines!

For ever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

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

3 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid
   Restores our wandering feet,
   Converts the sorrows of the mind
   To joys divinely sweet.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
   My ever dear delight;
   And still new beauties may I see,
   And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
   Be thou forever near;
   Teach me to love thy sacred word,
   And view my Saviour here.

1 Great God, with wonder and with praise,
   On all thy works I look;
   But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
   Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Lord, make me understand thy law,
   Show what my faults have been,
   And from thy gospel let me draw
   Forgiveness for my sin.

3 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
   Here my best comfort lies,
   Here my desires are satisfied,
   And here my hopes arise.
1. A glory in the word we find When grace restores our sight; But sin has darkened all the mind, And vailed the heavenly light, And vailed the heavenly light.

2. When God's own Spirit clears our view, How bright the doctrines shine! Their holy fruits and sweetness show The author is divine.

3. How blest are we, with open face To view thy glory, Lord, And all thy image here to trace, Reflected in thy word!

4. O teach us, as we look, to grow In holiness and love, That we may long to see and know Thy glorious face above.

175, 117, 183.

181

1. Let others boast of wealth or power, And glory in their pride; Thy word, O God, we value more Than all the world beside.

2. Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy Are open to our sight, The purest gold without alloy, And gems divinely bright.

3. The counsels of redeeming grace These sacred leaves unfold, And here the Saviour's lovely face Our raptured eyes behold.

4. Here light, descending from above, Directs our doubtful feet; Here promises of heavenly love Our ardent wishes meet.

Samuel Stennett.

182

1. There is an ancient, blessed book, Sent down from age to age; Admiring angels bend to look Upon its hallowed page.

2. Preserved by wondrous care and skill, For our instruction given, It speaks of God, and shows his will, And points the way to heaven.

3. O let us seek for heavenly grace To hear and read aright! Till we behold the Saviour's face, And faith gives place to sight.

Anon.
1. How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides me all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead my way.

3. Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4. Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
And well support my age.

Isaac Watts

WORSHIP—HOLY SCRIPTURES.

MAITLAND. C. M.
GEORGE N. ALLEN.

184

1. Light of the world, shine on our souls;
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2. As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see;

3. Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.

4. Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

Anon.

185

1. Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2. Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conducts to heaven.

3. Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

4. Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

Anon.

186

1. Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2. Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3. O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

John Buttress.
1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace; Brook by the traveler's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed; True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark, And radiant cloud by day; When waves wouldwhelm our tossing bark, Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the everlasting God; Will of his glorious Son,— Without thee how could earth be trod, Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn The wisdom it imparts, And to its heavenly teaching turn With simple, childlike hearts.

1 What is the chaff, the word of man, When set against the wheat? Can it a dying soul sustain Like that immortal meat?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread Thy children doth supply; And those who by thy word are fed, Their souls shall never die.

3 'Tis like a field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown, And he indeed is truly wise Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Where'er the word of life is sown, A large increase bestow, That all who hear thy message, Lord, Its saving power may know.
1. How perfect is thy word! Thy judgments are all just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord, may man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love,
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O, may my soul with joy
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

192 [Tune, Pleyel, No. 240.] 7s.
1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

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

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

John Burton.

193 85, 89, 607.
1 Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind,
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blessed,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
We trust alone in thee.

4 'T is a fountain ever bursting,
Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that's thirsting,
That it may not thirst again.

3 'T is a chart that never faileth,
One which God to man has given;
And though oft the storm assaileth,
It will guide you safe to heaven.

4 'T is a pearl of price exceeding
All the gems in ocean found;
And, its sacred precepts heeding,
So shall you in grace abound.

Anon.

194 [Tune, Stockwell, No. 162.] 8s & 7s.
1 Blessed Bible, how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet?
O, what stores of wealth are here!

2 'T is a fountain ever bursting,
Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that's thirsting,
That it may not thirst again.

3 'T is a chart that never faileth,
One which God to man has given;
And though oft the storm assaileth,
It will guide you safe to heaven.

4 'T is a pearl of price exceeding
All the gems in ocean found;
And, its sacred precepts heeding,
So shall you in grace abound.

Anon.
WORSHIP—HOLY SCRIPTURES.

195

1. O word of God incarnate, O wisdom from on high, O truth unchanged, unchanging, O light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the radiance that from the hallowed page, A lamp to guide our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.

2. The church from her dear Master Received the gift divine, And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the golden casket Where gems of truth are stored, It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Christ the living Word.

3. It floateth like a banner Before God's host unfurled, It shineth like a beacon Above the stormy world; It is the chart and compass That o'er life's raging sea, 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands, Still guides, O Christ, to thee!

4. O, make thy church, dear Saviour, A lamp of burnished gold, To bear before the nations Thy true light as of old; O, teach thy wandering pilgrims By this their path to trace, Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see thee face to face.

196

1. The heavens declare his glory, Their Maker's skill, the skies; Each day repeats the story, And night to night replies. Their silent proclamation Throughout the earth is heard,— The record of creation, The page of nature's word.

2. But there's a radiance streaming More bright than that of day, 'Tis God's own glory beaming In truth's celestial ray: So pure, so soul restoring, It makes the simple wise; And, balm of comfort pouring, Each aching heart supplies.

3. Thy word is richer treasure Than lurks within the mine; And daintiest fare less pleasure Yields than this food divine. How wise each kind monition! Led by thy counsels, Lord, How safe the saints' condition! How great is their reward!

1. God's law demands one living faith, And not a crowd of life-less creeds; 
   Its warrant is a firm "God saith;" Its claim not words, but living deeds.

2. Yet, Lord, forgive—thy holy law 
   Grows tarnished in our earthly clasp; 
   Pure in itself, without a flaw, 
   It dims in our too worldly grasp.

3. Forgive the sacrilege, and take 
   From every soul the unholy stain, 
   And help us for thy Son's dear sake, 
   To keep thy perfect law again. 

1. Truth is the gem for which we seek, 
   O tell us where it shall be found! 
   For this we search, and pray, and weep, 
   That truth may in our hearts abound.

2. We want the truth on every point, 
   We want it all to practice by; 
   Do thou, O Lord, our eyes anoint 
   With a fresh unction from on high.

3. Were not the ten commandments given 
   By the great Source of light and truth 
   For all who tread the path to heaven 
   From the dark wilderness of earth? 

4. Then, as we would our God obey, 
   In letter and in spirit too, 
   O, let us keep the seventh day, 
   For it is plainly brought to view. 

1. O law of God! blest and divine! 
   Penned by the Everlasting Hand! 
   Long shall thy sacred precepts shine, 
   Firm as the eternal hills shall stand.

2. God's covenant shall e'er abide, 
   Though heaven and earth shall pass away; 
   That rule which is the angel's guide 
   Shall I not fear to disobey?

3. With all my power, from morn till night, 
   I'll publish 'mong the sons of men 
   That sacred law, though others scorn 
   To keep thy holy precepts ten.

4. O that an angel's tongue were mine! 
   Then would I magnify that word, 
   Which, echoing from lips divine, 
   From Sinai's rugged mount was heard.

5. And when old earth shall be restored 
   To Eden beauty, fair and bright, 
   And God himself shall dwell with men, 
   Still in that law shall I delight. 

Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.
1. O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!

O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2. O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5. Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

6. If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Now I am thine, forever thine,
O, save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

1. God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2. The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands of living truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3. His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed;

4. Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distill.

5. My trusty counselors they are,
And friendly warning give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.
1. Lord, how secure my conscience was, And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law, And thought my sins were dead.

2. My hopes of heaven were firm and bright: But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light, I find how vile I am.

3. My guilt appeared but small before, Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure, Was thy eternal law.

4. Then felt my soul the heavy load,— My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God, And all my hopes were slain.

5. My God, I cry with every breath For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death, And thus redeem the slave.

Blest are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steadfast feet aside.

183, 147, 187.

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

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

114, 7, 117.

1 When God confirmed his law to men
Through Israel's waiting flock,
He spake aloud his precepts ten,
And graved them in the rock.

2 Within the tent's most holy place
That sacred law was brought,
Nor can the hand of man efface
What great Jehovah wrought.

3 But God well knew perdition's son
Would ne'er his precepts love;
He gave a duplicate alone,
And kept his own above.

4 There in the tabernacle true,
Pitched not by hands of men,
The sacred law is kept in view,
The holy precepts ten.

204

201, 117, 187.

205

206

207

R. F. Cottrell.
WORSHIP—LAW OF GOD.

WINCHESTER. C. M.  THOMAS ESTE'S PSALTER.

1. O how I love thy holy law! 'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw Divine advice by night.

2. How doth thy word my heart engage!
   How well employ my tongue!
   And in my tiresome pilgrimage
   Yields me a heavenly song.

3. No treasures so enrich the mind,
   Nor shall thy word be sold,
   For loads of silver well-refined,
   Nor heaps of choicest gold.

4. When all the powers of nature droop,
   Thy promises of grace
   Are pillars to support the hope
   Of my abiding-place.

Isaac Watts.

175, 395, 698.

1 With all my heart I've sought thy face,
   O let me never stray
   From thy commands, O God of grace!
   Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
   To keep my conscience clean,
   And be an everlasting guard
   From every rising sin.

3 My ear with sacred reverence hears
   The threatenings of thy word;
   My flesh, with holy trembling, fears
   The judgments of the Lord.

4 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,
   For thy salvation still;
   While thy whole law is my delight,
   And I obey thy will.

Isaac Watts.
1. Lord of the Sabbath and its light, I hail thy hallowed day of rest; It is my
weary soul's delight, The solace of my care-worn breast, The solace of my care-worn breast.

2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
   Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
   The holy calm I find in thee.

3 How sweetly now they glide along!
   How hallowed is the calm they yield!
Transporting is their rapturous song,
   And heavenly visions seem revealed.

4 O Jesus, let me ever hail
   Thy presence with the day of rest;
Then will thy servant never fail
   To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

5 By sin we are exposed to wrath;
   He died for us, that he might draw
Our wandering feet to virtue's path,
   Where we may keep God's holy law.

6 That law shall still be our delight,—
   The holy Sabbath is a part,—
And when we gain that world so bright,
   All flesh shall keep it with one heart.

1 Delightful day, best gift of heaven,
   By man in Eden first possessed;
Jehovah's rest-day, kindly given
   That all his creatures might be blessed.

2 Memorial of creation's King,
   We welcome now thy glad return;
And while his praise we join to sing,
   Our hearts with love and rapture burn.

3 We bless thy name, almighty Lord,
   We love the keepsake thou hast given;
Our voices raise with one accord
   In honor of the King of heaven.

4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood
   We are redeemed from sin and death;
Give glory to the Son of God,—
   Praise him all creatures that have breath.

5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
   O'er the green pastures of thy love;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
   Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast. 
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

HEBRON. L. M.

1. Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day that God has blessed.

2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to weary minds: A blessed antepast is given, On this day more than all the seven.

3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies, And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he who feels it knows.

4. This heavenly calm within the breast Is the best pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

Samuel Stennett.

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

2. Bless hour, when earthly cares resign Their empire o'er his anxious breast; While all around, the calm divine Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3. Bless hour, when God himself draws nigh, Well pleased his people's voice to hear, To hush the penitential sigh, And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4. Bless hour! for, where the Lord resorts, Foretastes of future bliss are given; And mortals find his earthly courts The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Thomas Raffles.

212, 343, 614.

216

217

1. We've entered now on holy time, God's blessed rest-day all divine; The labors of the week are past, Now let earth's cares aside be cast.

2. O let us help repair the breach, And all of God's commandments teach, Calling his rest-day our delight, Thus walking blameless in his sight,

3. This holy rest to us is given, To call our minds from earth to heaven; That we may not forget the Lord, And trample down his holy word.

4. The faith of Jesus, too, we need; For thus the flying angel said: Commands of God and Jesus' faith Will shield us in the day of wrath.

Anon.

218

1. Thus far we're spared again to meet Before Jehovah's mercy-seat; To seek his face, to sing and pray, And hail another Sabbath-day.

2. Now met to praise his holy name, Whose mercies flow each day the same, Whose kind compassions never cease, We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3. Let every tongue its silence break, Let every one his goodness speak, Who deigns his glory to display On each returning Sabbath-day.

Anon.
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 talk of all thy truth by night.

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

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4. When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5. Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every hour find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

220

1. This is the day of sacred rest,
Which God hath sanctified and blessed,
When throned in majesty he stood,
And viewed his works, and called them good.

2. The heavenly host their harps employ,
The sons of God gave shouts of joy;
Through heaven and earth his praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

3. Come, then, ye weary souls oppressed
Come and enjoy this holy rest;
Let humble songs like incense rise,
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

Dr. H. Clarke.

221

1. Sweet is the Sabbath of the Lord
To those who in his law delight;
Who love the precepts of his word,
And tread the narrow path of right.

2. This holy day Jehovah blessed
Ere sorrow, pain, or death were born,
And sanctified for man his rest
In glad creation's sinless morn.

3. It speaks of him whose wondrous might
The heavens and earth from nothing made;
Who formed the glorious orbs of light,
And the deep sea's foundations laid.

4. Its sacred hours, ye saints of God,
Remember with respect and love;
And through obedience to his word
Your love for your Creator prove.

5. And, when, immortalized we see
The treasures of the new earth bright,
God's holy Sabbath still shall be
A source of blessing and delight.

F. S. Thorp

222

1. The day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near.

2. Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suffering shall forever close,
And they shall reach their destined place.

Thomas Kelly.
1. Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray
   In this thy house, on this thy day;

   Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
   But there's a nobler rest above;
   To that our laboring souls aspire
   With ardent hope and strong desire.

3. No more fatigue, no more distress,
   No sin nor death can reach that place;
   No tears shall mingle with the songs
   That warble from immortal tongues.

4. No rude alarm of raging foes,
   No cares to break the long repose,
   No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
   But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5. O long-expected day, begin!
   Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
   Fain would I leave this weary road,
   And go to meet my blessed Lord.

   Lord, on this Sabbath-day of rest
   We lift to thee our earnest praise,
   Obedient to the high behest
   Which thou didst give to guide our ways.

   We thank thee for the holy light
   That from thy law shines full and clear,
   Directing our weak steps aright
   Through earth's low path of doubt and fear.

   For Jesus, too, whom thou didst send
   To teach the way of grace and truth,
   We bow before thy throne, and blend
   The thanks of age, the love of youth.

   O, write thy word on every heart!
   In us let thy pure Spirit live,
   That his rich presence may impart
   Such peace as thou alone canst give.

   This day the Lord has called his own;
   O, let us, then, his praise declare!
   Fix our desires on him alone,
   And seek his face with fervent prayer.

   Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
   Which bids the burdened soul be free;
   And with united heart and voice,
   Devote these sacred hours to thee.

   Now let the world's delusive things
   No more our groveling thoughts employ,
   But faith be taught to stretch her wings
   In search of heaven's unfading joy.

   O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
   Be to our lasting welfare blessed!
   The purest comfort here afford,
   And fit us for eternal rest.

   I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
   For they are days of holy rest;
   And thou hast passed thy changeless word,
   That they shall be forever blest.

   I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
   That congregate thy people here,
   To join their hearts in sweet accord,
   And fit them for a higher sphere.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

HERBERT. C. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. With joy we hail the sacred day Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we obey, To worship at his throne, To worship at his throne.

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

3. Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell Within thy church below; Make her in holiness excel, With pure devotion glow.

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

5. Then hail! thou sacred, blessed day, The best of all the seven, When hearts unite their vows to pay Of gratitude to heaven.

Henry F. Lyte.

4. That we may thus restore the breach Which in thy law is made, We need thy grace our hearts to teach, We need thy Spirit's aid.

5. O, give us wisdom from above To worship thee aright, Till we shall meet Him whom we love, And faith is lost in sight.

Anon.

229

120, 117, 183.

1. Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest; O bless this flock, and make this fold Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2. Welcome and precious to my soul Are these sweet days of love, But what a Sabbath shall I keep When I shall rest above!

3. I come, I wait, I hear, I pray; Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace; Here, in thine own appointed way, I wait to see thy face.

4. These are the sweet and precious days On which my Lord I've seen; And oft, when feasting on his word, In raptures I have been.

5. O, if my soul, when Christ appears, In this sweet frame be found, I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms, And leave this earthly ground.

William Mason.
230
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

1. How sweet upon this sacred day, The best of all the seven,
   To cast our earthly thoughts away, And think of God and heaven!

2. How sweet to be allowed to pray,
   Our sins may be forgiven!
   With filial confidence to say,
   "Father, who art in heaven!"

3. How sweet the words of peace to hear
   From him to whom 'tis given
   To wake the penitential tear,
   And lead the way to heaven!

4. And if to make our sins depart,
   In vain the will has striven,
   He who regards the inmost heart
   Will send his grace from heaven.

231
WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the hours that close
The labors of the week!

2. How sweet to hail the Sabbath-day,
The day of holy rest;
From earth's wild cares to soar away
To regions pure and blest.

3. Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
   Yet, while they gently roll,
   Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
   A sabbath o'er my soul.

4. Soon will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,—
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more.

232
How bright a day was that which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at his feet.

2. The world, arranged by power divine,
   In perfect order stood;
   And, resting from his great design,
   God saw that all was good.

3. Not such a Sabbath now appears,
   For sin has ruined all;
   No longer man with pleasure hears
   A gracious Father's call.

4. Yet, Lord, bring back the reign of peace,
   Let brighter days begin;
   And teach vain creatures how to cease
   From folly and from sin.

5. Let sinners be again made thine,
   Though once with vengence cursed;
   And let the holy Sabbath shine,
   As glorious as at first.

233
Come, thou beloved Redeemer, come,
Thy waiting church to bless;
Shine forth upon this Sabbath-day,
Thou Sun of righteousness.

2. Thou art our Maker, thou our God,
   And thy great name we own;
   All praise and honor and renown
   We yield to thee alone.
1. Hail, peaceful day! divinely blest! Sweetly thy glories would we sing, Memorial of that sacred rest

2. Hark! through the shining courts above

3. O come, thou bright, immortal day!

4. Thus may the Sabbath pass away,
1. Thy holy Sabbath, Lord, Thy people hail with joy;
   And while we wait to hear thy word, Let praise our hearts employ.

   With sweet delight the day
   That thou hast called thine own
   We hail, and all our homage pay
   To thine exalted throne.

   O may thy saints be blessed!
   Assist us while we pray;
   May we enjoy a holy rest,
   And keep the sacred day.

   When Sabbaths here shall end,
   And from these courts we move,
   May we an endless Sabbath spend
   In heavenly courts above.

2. Six days of toil and care,
   I bid you all adieu;
   And now, O peaceful Sabbath hours,
   I gladly welcome you.

   My heart with rapture turns
   To Eden's vale so fair;
   Then forward to the heavenly world,
   And views the Sabbath there.

   Sweet day of rest, through thee
   Shall memory faithful prove
   To him who made the earth and sea,
   And starry worlds above.

   Each Sabbath spent aright
   Shall bring us nearer thee,
   Till in that glorious land of light
   We're made forever free.

3. Welcome, sweet day of rest,
   The day believers prize,
   Welcome to this reviving breast,
   And these rejoicing eyes.

   The King himself comes near,
   And feasts his saints to-day;
   Here we may sit, and taste his cheer,
   And love, and praise, and pray.

   One day within the place
   Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
   Is sweeter than ten thousand days
   Of folly and of sin.

   My willing soul would stay
   In such a frame as this
   Till called to rise and soar away
   To everlasting bliss.

4. Sweet is the work, O Lord,
   Thy glorious name to sing;
   To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
   And grateful offerings bring.

   Sweet, on this day of rest,
   To join in heart and voice
   With those who love and serve thee best,
   And in thy name rejoice.

   To songs of praise and joy
   Be every Sabbath given,
   That such may be our blest employ
   Eternally in heaven.

   Welcome, sweet day of rest,
   The day believers prize,
   Welcome to this reviving breast,
   And these rejoicing eyes.

   The King himself comes near,
   And feasts his saints to-day;
   Here we may sit, and taste his cheer,
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   And love, and praise, and pray.

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   Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
   Is sweeter than ten thousand days
   Of folly and of sin.

   My willing soul would stay
   In such a frame as this
   Till called to rise and soar away
   To everlasting bliss.
240

1. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, To the world in kindness given; Welcome to this humble breast, As the beam-ing light from heaven.

2. Day of calm and sweet repose, Gently now thy moments run; Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our labor here is done.

3. Holy day that most we prize, Day of solemn praise and prayer, Day to make the simple wise, O, how great thy blessings are!

4. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, With thy influence all divine; May thy hallowed hours be blessed To this waiting heart of mine.

241

1. Holy Sabbath, sacred rest, Welcome to each waiting breast; Cheering hour that points away To eternity's glad day.

2. Ever since creation's birth, Thou hast been to cheer our earth; When the course of time began, Thou wast made, and made for man.

3. While thou bringest peaceful rest, Man by thee is doubly blest; Thou dost tend our thoughts to raise To our great Creator's praise.

4. Thus drawn nearer to our Lord, Hearts attuned to sweet accord, We shall hail the glorious day When all flesh shall own thy sway.

242

1. Holy day! Jehovah's rest! Of creation's week the best; Last of all the chosen seven, Blest of God, to man 't was given

2. First his six day's work was done, Then the Sabbath hour begun; Thus he blessed the seventh day, Thus in resting we obey.

3. While we praise our Maker's name, We his faithful promise claim; Meet with us, dear Lord, we pray, Thine are we, and thine this day.

4. Let thy Spirit on us shine, Help us keep thy law divine; Day by day so shall we be Shining lights, O Lord, for thee.

243

1. Welcome, sacred day of rest! Sweet repose from worldly care, Day above all days the best, When our souls for heaven prepare.

2. Gracious Lord, we love this day, When we hear thy holy word; When we sing thy praise, and pray; Earth can no such joys afford.

3. But a better rest remains,— Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days, Rest from sin, and rest from pains, Endless joys, and endless praise.
1. Safely through another week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts today—Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

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

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

4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee.

1114, 827, 685.

245

1 Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon Have thy sacred moments passed:

2 Scarcely shines the morn, the noon, Ere the evening brings thy last! And another Sabbath flies, Solemn witness! to the skies.

3 What is the report it bears To the secret place of God? Does it speak of worldly cares, Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod? Or has sweet communion shone Through its hours from God alone?

3 Could we hope the day was spent Prayerfully, with constant heart, We might yield it up content, Knowing, though so soon it part, We should see a better day, Which could never pass away.

4 God of Sabbaths, O, forgive That we use thy gifts so ill; Teach us daily how to live That we ever may fulfill All thy gracious love designed, Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

John Newton.
1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; On thee, the high and lowly, Who bend before the throne, Sing, Holy, holy, holy, To the Eternal One.

2. Thou art a port protected
   From storms that round us rise,
   A garden intersected
   With streams of paradise;
   Thou art a cooling fountain
   In life's dry, dreary sand;
   From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
   We view our promised land.

3. A day of sweet reflection
   Thou art, a day of love;
   A day to raise affection
   From earth to things above.
   New graces ever gaining
   From this our day of rest,
   We seek the rest remaining
   In mansions of the blest.

2. We join to sing thy praises,
   O God of Sabbath-day!
   Each voice in gladness raises
   Its loudest, sweetest lay.
   Thy richest mercies sharing,
   Inspire us with thy love;
   By grace our souls preparing
   For nobler praise above.

247 492, 330, 195.
1 Thy holy day's returning
   Our hearts exult to see,
   And, with devotion burning,
   Ascend, great God, to thee.
   To-day, with purest pleasure,
   Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
   We search for heavenly treasure,
   We learn thy holy law.

248 [Tune, Sabbath, No. 244.] 7s. 6l.
1 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn,
   Risen with gladness in thy beams!
   Light, which not of earth is born,
   From thy dawn in glory streams;
   Airs of heaven are breathed around,
   And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator! who this day
   From thy perfect work didst rest,
   By the souls that own thy sway
   Hallowed be its hours and blest,
   Cares of earth aside be thrown,
   This day given to God alone.

492, 611, 415.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.
FREEPORT. 10s.

1. Again the day returns of holy rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pity, and all be peace.

2. Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

3. Lord of all worlds, incline thy gracious ear;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

4. Father in heaven, in whom our hope confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Through life our surest guardian and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

250
1. Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest;
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast
When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends!

2. Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3. Fain would I mount, and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
O meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

4. O Son of God, exalted on thy throne,
Impart that grace which comes from thee alone:
Thou, by whose love our light and peace are given,
Bring us, dear Saviour, to thyself and heaven.

P. H. Brown.

251
1. As time rolls on amid earth's gloom profound,
And wearing toil presents a ceaseless round,
'Tis good to have some way-marks on our road,
To cheer our hearts, and lift our thoughts to God.

2. The Sabbath to this end divinely blest,
Not only gives the body timely rest,
But by its influence helps our minds to raise
And tune our hearts to our Creator's praise.

3. Then hail the glad memorial of our King!
Let us give thanks, and join his praise to sing;
And learning now to celebrate his praise,
So shall we sing of him through endless days.

R. F. Cottrell.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. The God that made the earth, And all the worlds on high, Who gave all creatures birth,

In earth, and sea, and sky, After six days in work employed,

Aft'er six days in work employed, Up'on the seventh a rest enjoyed.

2 The Sabbath-day was blessed, Hallowed, and sanctified; It was Jehovah's rest, And so it must abide;

'Twas set apart before the fall, 'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

3 And when from Sinai's mount, Amidst the fire and smoke, Jehovah did recount, And all his precepts spoke, He claimed the rest-day as his own, And wrote it with his law on stone.

4 The Son of God appeared With tidings of great joy; God's precepts he revered, He came not to destroy; None of the law was set aside, But every tittle ratified.

5 Our Saviour did not die To render null and void The law of the Most High, Which cannot be destroyed;

But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore,— We'll go in peace and sin no more.

R. F. COTTRELL.

253 359, 167, 264.

1 WELCOME, the Sabbath hour, The holy and the blest! With sweet, subduing power It calms the soul to rest; And hope and love spring up anew, To cheer us on our journey through.

2 Our only care and aim Throughout this hallowed day, To glorify thy name, And grateful homage pay; Advance the glory of thy cause, And vindicate thy righteous laws.

3 Descend, celestial Dove! E'en while we wait and sing; Come from the throne of love, With healing on thy wing; With ardent zeal each heart inspire, And rebaptize with holy fire.

H. N. SMITH.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

LISCHER. H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest; From the low train of mortal toys I soar to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy scepter, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face; Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Disclose a Saviour's love, And bless these sacred hours: Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

Otto. 11s.

255

1. Our Father in heaven, thy promise we claim, To meet with a few who have met in thy name;

2. We praise thee, our Maker, our God, and our King, Extolling thy goodness we joyfully sing; For thou hast preserved us, and guarded our way, From hour unto hour, and from day unto day.

3. O send us thy Spirit, and teach us thy word, Nor let thy sweet blessings from us be deferred; O help us, our Father, thy will to discern, And ever to practice the truths that we learn.

Hayward.

D. S. Hakes.

612, 511.

We thank thee to-day for this Sabbath of rest, Di-vine is its mission, di-vine-ly 'tis blest.
WORSHIP—CLOSING HYMNS.

256

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.
Guillaume Franc.

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!

257

223, 171.
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;
Cleanse us from sin through Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

258

212, 58.
1 Ere to the world again we go,
To meet its cares and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word,
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above!

259

136, 171.
1 Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead
To living streams his little flock;
May he in flowery pastures feed,
Shade us at noon beneath the rock.

2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to his call;
Now may our hearts in him rejoice
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

3 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before him stand,
O may the flock assembled here
Be with the saved at his right hand!

260

47, 64.
1 Thy presence, ever-living God,
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

3 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

261

347, 223.
1 Be with us, Lord, where'er we go;
Teach us what thou wouldst have us do;
Suggest what'er we think or say;
Direct us in the narrow way.

2 Prevent us, lest we harbor pride;
Lest we in our own strength confide;
Show us our weakness, let us see
We have our power, our all, from thee.

3 Enrich us always with thy love;
Our kind Protector ever prove:
Thy signet put upon each breast,
And let thy Spirit on us rest.

John Cennick.
1. Eternal Father, God of love, Creator of the universe,

    Pour out thy Spirit from above As from thy temple we disperse.

2. Keep thou our lips, that all we say
    May honor thee, our God and King;
    That our example day by day
    May teach the sacred truths we sing.

3. Direct our wayward steps aright,
    Our Guide and Guard forever be;
    In thine eternal arms of might
    Infold and draw us nearer thee.

263

1. Almighty Father, bless the word
    Which through thy grace we now have heard;
    O may the precious seed take root,
    Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2. We praise thee for the means of grace,
    Thus in thy courts to seek thy face;
    Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
    May all, at length, in heaven appear.

264

1. Be perfect; holiness pursue; In love be sure to dwell; And God through Christ will

    comfort you; So, brethren, all farewell, So, brethren, all farewell.

2. Be of one mind; give God your hearts,
    And of his mercies tell,
    Which he through grace to you imparts;
    So, brethren, all farewell.

3. Now live in peace and holy fear;
    In love strive to excel;
    For Christ, our King, will soon appear;
    So, brethren, all farewell.

265

1. Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
    Be endless blessings paid;
    Salvation, glory, joy, remain
    Forever on thy head.

2. Thou wilt redeem us by thy blood,
    And set the prisoners free,
    And make us kings and priests to God,
    And we shall reign with thee
266. WORSHIP—CLOSING HYMNS.

Nares. S. M.

1. Once more before we part, We'll bless the Saviour's name;
   Record his mercies, every heart; Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
   Thy blessing still impart;
   We met in Jesus' sacred name,
   In Jesus' name we part.

3 May we receive his word,
   And feed thereon, and grow;
   Go on to seek and know the Lord,
   And practice what we know.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
   "Ye blessed children, come!"
   Soon will he call us hence away
   To our eternal home.

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

268. 1 To God, the only wise,
   Who keeps us by his word,
   Be glory now and evermore,
   Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
   Who from the Father came;
   Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
   And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
   The Father's boundless love,
   The Spirit's blest communion, too,
   Be with us from above.

269. 1 Still with thee, O my God!
   I would desire to be;
   By day, by night, at home, abroad,
   I would be still with thee.

2 With thee when dawn comes in,
   And calls me back to care,
   Each day returning to begin
   With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, when day is done,
   And evening calms the mind;
   The setting, as the rising sun,
   With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
   Abiding I would be;
   By day, by night, in life, in death,
   I would be still with thee.
1. When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace
wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose, 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,
There bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never!

3. Then to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Blessed 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 shall peace wreath her chain
Round us forever;

Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

Alaric A. Watts.

1. Gracious God, ere we part
Give us thy Spirit,
And as children of thine
May we inherit
That land of light and joy
Where sin can ne'er annoy,
And peace without alloy
Reigneth forever.

2. There shall saints ever dwell,
Free from all sorrow,
In that home of delight,
On that blest morrow.
Lord fill us with thy grace,
And give us each a place,
Where we may see thy face,
Glorified ever.

Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.
1. For a season called to part, Let us now ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-present Friend.

240, 457, 37.

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.

4 Then if thou thy help afford, Joyful songs to thee shall rise, And our souls shall praise the Lord, Who regards our humble cries.

John Newton.

273 15, 407, 531.

1 For the mercies of the day, For this rest upon our way, Thanks to thee alone be given, Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Oft our services have been Mingled with the taint of sin; But thou canst and wilt forgive; By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread, May thy love our footsteps lead; When our journey here is past, May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove Foretastes of our joys above, While their steps thy children bend To the rest that knows no end.

James Montgomery.

274 240, 15, 339.

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, Saints with joy shall meet again.

Henry K. White.

275 168, 407, 457.

1 Thou, from whom we never part, Thou, whose love is everywhere, Thou, who seest every heart, Listen to our closing prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love, Love unfailing, full and free; Love that no alarm can move, Love that ever rests on thee.

Anon.

276 [Tune, Rock of Ages, No. 1114.] 7s. 61.

1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where Christians meet for social prayer, If 'tis sweet with them to raise Songs of holy joy and praise, O, how sweet that state must be, Where they meet eternally!

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove Preparations from above; As we leave this sacred place, May we go from grace to grace, Till we each, in his degree, Fit for endless glory be.

Anon.
1. Praise to Him by whose kind favor Heavenly truth has reached our ears; May its sweet reviving savor Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope and short the pleasure
Which from other sources flow.

3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of thy appearing
May we share thy people's part

4 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath thine eye;
This our aim, our sole endeavor,
Thine to live, or thine to die.

1 Praise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King, enthroned above.

2 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him in whom his people live;
Undivided adoration
To the Lord Jehovah give.

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

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

1 Guide and guard us, O our Father,
Till another Sabbath-day;
Shield us with thy holy presence,
Lead us in the righteous way.

2 Now we thank thee for thy blessing
On this sacred day of rest,
And for truths which thou hast shown us
In thy word divinely blest.

3 Every day and every moment
We are safe if thou art near;
From all danger thou canst rescue,
In our sorrows thou canst cheer.

4 We will trust thy constant watch-care,
For thou knowest what is best;
O, forever guide and guard us,
Till we reach our final rest!

1 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Let thy Spirit's light be given,
All our hidden paths to trace.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come.

John Newton.

F. E. Belden.

Thomas Kelly.
1. Of thy love some gracious token Grant us, Lord, before we go;
When we join the world again, Let our hearts with thee remain; 0 direct us! 0 protect us, Till we gain the heavenly shore, Where thy people want no more!

2. Then, O Lord of mercy, hear us,
Guard our souls from every foe;
In all peril be thou near us,
In our weakness, strength bestow.
God of Israel, be our stay
While we tread life's rugged way;
Nor forsake us,
Till thou take us,
To thyself to dwell with thee,
Through a bright eternity.

283

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us, O refresh us, Traveling through this wilderness!

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

3. While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.
1. All praise to thee, e-ter-nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choosing a man-ger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine a-lone!

2. Once did the skies before thee bow;
   A virgin's arms contain thee now:
   Angels, who did in thee rejoice,
   Now listen to thy infant voice.

3. A little child, thou art our guest,
   That weary ones in thee may rest;
   Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
   That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4. Thou comest in the darksome night,
   To make us children of the light;
   To make us, in the realms divine,
   Like thy own angels round thee shine.

5. All this for us thy love hath done,
   By this to thee our love is won;
   For this we tune our cheerful lays,
   And tell our thanks in songs of praise.

285

1. Wake! O my soul, and hail the morn;
   For unto us a Saviour's born:
   See how the angels wing their way
   To usher in the glorious day!

2. Hark! what sweet music! what a song
   Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
   Sweet song, whose melting strains impart
   Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3. Come, join the angels as they cry,
   "Glory to God who reigns on high;
   Let peace and love on earth abound,
   While spheres revolve and years roll round."

Anon.

286

1. When Jordan hushed his waters still,
   And silence slept on Zion's hill;
   When Salem's shepherds through the night
   Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

2. Hark! from the midnight hills around,
   A voice of more than mortal sound
   In distant hallelujahs stole,
   Like music o'er the raptured soul.

3. On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
   The glorious hosts of Zion came;
   High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
   While angels struck their harps and sung.

Thomas Campbell.

287

1. Before the heavens were spread abroad,
   From everlasting was the Word;
   With God he was, the Word was God!
   And must divinely be adored.

2. Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
   He led the host of morning stars;
   His generation who can tell,
   Or count the number of his years?

3. But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms;
   The Word descends and dwells in clay,
   That he may converse hold with worms,
   Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4. The angels leave their high abode,
   To learn new mysteries here, and tell
   The love of our descending God,
   The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts.
1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around.

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

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

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

5. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
    Appeared a shining throng
    Of angels, praising God on high,
    Who thus addressed their song:

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

Tate and Brady.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
    And loud the echo rolled;
    The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
    'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
    The impetuous torrent ran;
    And angels flew, with eager joy,
    To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
    "Glory to God on high!"
    Good-will and peace are now complete,
    Through Christ who came to die.

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
    Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
    Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
    Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

111, 114, 147.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
    To us a Son is given;
    Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
    Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
    Forevermore adored,
    The Wonderful, the Counselor,
    The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power increasing still shall spread,
    His reign no end shall know;
    Justice shall guard his throne above;
    And peace abound below.

John Morrison.
CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.

CAROL. C. M. D.  Richard S. Willis.

1. It came upon the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

D. S.—The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King."

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

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

4 To-day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled
When sweetly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

Edmund H. Sears.
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a king,
While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Bid the trembling soul be still,
Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that manling no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley.
CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.
REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6l.

1. From the lips of angels spoken, Fell the song with falling dews; Was there ever silence broken

By such joyous welcome news? Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is born.

2 Startled shepherds, all awaking,
Hear the song the angels sing,
And their frightened flocks forsaking,
Go to seek the Saviour-king.

3 Son of God, in manger lowly,
Prince of light and Lord of love;
King of heaven, high and holy,
Boon on earth from courts above!

4 We exalt thee, we adore thee,
We rejoice, and praise thy name;
Every knee shall bend before thee,
Every tongue thy love proclaim.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you stand before him,
And his praise your tongues employ."

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1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Cho.—Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Come with all your guilty stains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains.

James Montgomery.
CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.

Hanover. 11s & 10s.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
   Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
   Odors of Edom and offerings divine?

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.

Reginald Heber.

DIX. 7s 6l.

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold;
   { As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;
   So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

2. As with joyful steps they sped
   To that lowly manger-bed,
   There to bend the knee before
   Him whom heaven and earth adore;
   So may we with willing feet
   Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3. As they offered gifts most rare
   At that manger rude and bare;
   So may we with holy joy,

4. Blessed Saviour, every day
   Keep us in the narrow way;
   And, when earthly things are past,
   Bring our ransomed souls at last
   Where they need no star to guide,
   Where no clouds thy glory hide.

Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

1114, 665, 244.

William C. Dix.
CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.

AVISON. 11s & 10s.

Shout the glad tidings, exulting-ly sing; . . . Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King! 1. Zion, the marvelous story he telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth! The brightest of angels in glory ex-celling, He stoops to redeem thee, is born up-on earth! Shout the glad tidings, ex-
ult-ing-ly sing, . . . Jerusalem triumphs, Messi-ah is King; Messiah is King, Messiah is King!

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation, The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round; How free to the faithful he offers salvation! His people with joy everlasting are crowned! 

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing, And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise; Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing; One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

William A. Muhlenberg.
CHRIST—LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My blest Redeemer and my Lord, I read my duty in thy word;
   But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in living characters.

2. What truth and love thy bosom fill! What zeal to do thy Father's will!
   Such zeal, and truth, and love 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.

5. And death, that sets the prisoner free,
   Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
   Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
   And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

6. O wondrous Lord, my soul would be Still more and more conformed to thee,
   And learn of thee, the lowly One,
   And like thee, all my journey run.

A. Cleveland Coxe.

303

64, 542, 23.

1. When, like a stranger on our sphere,
   The lowly Jesus wandered here,
   Where'er he went, affliction fled,
   And sickness reared her fainting head.

2. The eye that rolled in irksome night,
   Beheld his face—for God is light;
   The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
   His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3. With bounding steps the halt and lame,
   To hail their great Deliverer came;
   O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
   He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4. Despairing madness, dark and wild,
   In his inspiring presence smiled;
   The storm of horror ceased to roll,
   And reason lighted up the soul.

5. Through paths of loving-kindness led,
   Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread;
   To all with willing hands dispense
   The gifts of our benevolence.

James Montgomery.
1. How shall I follow Him I serve? How shall I copy Him I love?

2. Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
   Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve Which lead me to His seat above?

301, 343, 58.

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
   Forbid that I should e'er repine;
   Still let me turn to Calvary,
   Nor heed my grief, remembering thine.

3 O, let me think how thou didst leave
   Thy heavenly home of pure delights,
   To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
   Through toilsome days, through lonely nights!

4 All this thou didst, then die for me!
   Thou camest not thyself to please;
   And, dear though earthly comforts be,
   Shall I not love thee more than these?

Josiah Conder.

305 216, 136, 514.

1 When the blind suppliant in the way,
   Prayed to behold the light of day,
   "Receive thy sight," the Saviour said.

2 At once he saw the pleasant rays
   That lit the glorious firmament;
   And, with firm step and words of praise,
   He followed where the Master went.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray
   On eyes oppressed by moral night,
   And touch the darkened lids, and say
   The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
   Where walked the sinless Son of God;
   And, aided by new strength from thee,
   Press onward in the path he trod.

William C. Bryant.


1 O wondrous type! O vision fair
   Of glory that the church shall share,
   What Christ upon the mountain shows,
   Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
   How with the three disciples there,
   Where Moses and Elias meet,
   The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
   Christ deigns to manifest to-day
   What glory shall be theirs above,
   Who live below in perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
   By this great vision's mystery;
   For which in joyful strains we raise
   The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

Sarum Breviary.

307 171, 104, 343.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
   From lips of gentleness and grace,
   When listening thousands gathered round,
   And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
   To heaven he led his followers' way;
   Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
   Unvailing an immortal day.

3 He points us to his Father's home,
   "Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
   Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
   Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Sir John Bowring.
CHRIST—LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Evan. C. M.

William H. Havergal.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone A-round thy steps be-low;

What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
   A weight of sorrow hung;
   Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
   Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
   Unwearied in forgiveness still,
   Thy heart could only love.

4 O, give us hearts to love like thee!
   Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
   Far more for others' sins, than all
   The wrongs that we receive.

Sir Edward Denny.

309 646, 201, 117.

1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
   Appears each grace divine!
   The virtues, all in Jesus met,
   With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
   To give the mourner joy,
   To preach glad tidings to the poor,
   Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
   He meek and patient stood;
   His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
   Who labored for their good.

4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
   His image may we bear;
   O, may we tread his holy steps
   Till we his glory share!

William Enfield.

310 395, 438, 446.

1 The chosen three, on mountain hight,
   While Jesus bowed in prayer,
   Beheld his vesture glow with light,
   His face shine wondrous fair.

2 And lo! with the transfigured Lord,
   Leader and seer they saw;
   With Carmel's hoary prophet stood
   The giver of the law.

3 From the low-bending cloud above,
   Whence radiant brightness shone,
   Spake out the Father's voice of love,
   "Hear my beloved Son!"

4 Lord, lead us to the mountain hight;
   To prayer's transfiguring glow;
   And clothe us with the Spirit's might,
   For grander work below.

David H. Elia.

311 120, 227, 204.

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
   The blessed Saviour passed;
   A mourner all his life was he,
   A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
   For all its life-blood gave;
   It found on earth no resting-place,
   Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
   The cross, with all its scorn?
   Or love a faithless, evil world,
   That wreathed his brow with thorn?

Sir Edward Denny.
CHRIST—LIFE AND CHARACTER.

INVITATION. C. M.  

1. We may not climb the heaven-ly steeps To bring the Sav-iour down;

In vain we search the low-est deeps, For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
What'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

ST JOSPEH. 8s & 7s. P.  

1. Je-sus wept! those tears are o-ver,
Kinsman, Friend, and el-der Brother,
But his heart is still the same;
Is his ev-er-last-ing name.

Sav-iour, who can love like thee,
Gra-cious One of Beth-a-ny?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul:

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Living to retrace the story

Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, if I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.

Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

SIR EDWARD DENNY.
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

314

Olives' Brow, L. M.

William D. Bradbury.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:

'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that disciple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;

Yet he who hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from other plains Is borne the song that angels know; Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

315

McCabe, L. M.

E. S. Widdermen.

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

3 Since I, who was undone and lost, Have pardon through his name and word;

Forbid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.

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

Isaac Watts.
"Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head, and died:

'Tis finished! yes, the race is run; The battle fought; the victory won.

1. "Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head, and died:

2. 'Tis finished! that which heaven foretold
   By prophets in the days of old;
   And truths are opened to our view
   That kings and prophets never knew.

3. 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
   Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
   And yet our eyes with sorrow see
   That life to us was death to thee.

4. 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
   Be heard through all the nations round;
   'Tis finished! let the triumph rise,
   And swell the chorus of the skies!

Samuel Stennett.

514, 515, 171.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
   Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
   A solemn darkness veils the skies,
   A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Come, saints, and shed your tears anew
   For him who groaned beneath your load;
   He shed his precious blood for you,
   Then freely be your tears bestowed.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree;
   The Lord of glory dies for men!
   But lo, what sudden joys we see!
   Jesus the dead revives again!

4. He lives forever, wondrous King,
   Born to redeem, and strong to save;
   Then ask, O death, where is thy sting?
   And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Isaac Watts.

318

301, 361, 68.

1. 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies,—
   Cut off for sins, but not his own;
   Accomplished is the sacrifice;
   Now his incarnate work is done.

2. 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
   Justice divine is satisfied;
   The grand and full provision made:
   Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3. The vail is rent; in him alone
   The living way to heaven is seen;
   The middle wall is broken down,
   And all mankind may enter in.

4. The types and figures are fulfilled;
   Exacted is the legal pain;
   The precious promises are sealed:
   The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

Charles Wesley.

319

361, 314, 428.

1. Lord Jesus, when we stand afar,
   And gaze upon thy holy cross,
   In love of thee and scorn of self,
   O, may we count the world as loss.

2. When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
   And the rough way that thou hast trod,
   Make us to hate the load of sin
   That lay so heavy on our God.

3. O holy Lord! uplifted high
   With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
   Embracing in thy wondrous love
   The sinful world that lies below!

William W. How.
1. O Love divine, what hast thou done! The incarnate God hath died for me!

2. Behold him, all ye passers by—
   The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
   Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
   And say, was ever grief like his?
   Come, feel with me his blood applied,—
   My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3. Is crucified for me and you,
   To bring us rebels back to God;
   Believe, believe the record true,
   Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
   Pardon for all flows from his side,—
   My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4. Then let us sit beneath his cross,
   And gladly catch the healing stream;
   All things for him account but loss,
   And give up all our hearts to him!
   Of nothing think or speak beside,—
   My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

Remember Me. C. M.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

CHO.-Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faithful be;
Chorus may be omitted unless desired.

Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

And when thou sittest on thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Lord was crucified
For man, the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To die for you and me!

2. Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
'Tis done, the Saviour cries;
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

Samuel Wesley.

See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

2. And see! the spear has pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood—
That holy, reconciling tide—
The water and the blood.

3. O holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And O, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

V. Fortunatus.

There is a dear and hallowed spot,
Oft present to my eye;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
That place is Calvary.

2. O, what a scene was there displayed,
Of love and agony,
When our Redeemer bowed his head,
And died on Calvary!

3. When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Unto the cross I'll fly,
And trust the merits of the blood
That flowed at Calvary.

4. Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
On Jesus I'll rely,
And in the sharp, conflicting hour,
Repair to Calvary.

Anon.
1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;

His sweat like drops of blood ran down, In agony he prayed:

2. Father, remove this bitter cup,
   If such thy sacred will;
   If not, content to drink it up,
   Thy pleasure I fulfill.

3. Go to the garden, sinner, see
   Those precious drops that flow;
   The heavy load he bore for thee,
   For thee he lies so low.

4. Then learn of him the cross to bear,
   Thy Father's will obey;
   And, when temptations press thee near,
   Awake to watch and pray.

546, 120, 117.

5. Shall we thy life of grief forget,
   Thy fasting and thy prayer,
   Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
   To save us from despair?

6. Gethsemane can we forget—
   Thy struggling agony
   When night lay dark on Olivet,
   And none to watch with thee?

7. Our sorrows and our sins were laid
   On thee, alone on thee;
   Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
   Thine all the glory be!

120, 546, 204.

8. Jesus, thy love shall we forget,
   And never bring to mind
   The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
   And bade us pardon find?

9. Weep, sinner, with the dying Lamb,
   Distress thy heav'nly Father;
   The tears of Jesus drop for thee,
   Our sins upon His brow.

201, 204.

10. O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed
    While at thy cross I kneel,
    Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
    And all thy sorrows feel.

11. My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
    This heart so hard before;
    I hear thee for the guilty plead,
    And grief o'erflows the more.

12. I know this cleansing blood of thine
    Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
    For me, for all,—O, grace divine!—
    Who look by faith on thee.

13. In patient hope the cross I'll bear,
    Thine arm shall be my stay;
    And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare
    On thy great Judgment-day.

176, 201, 476.

14. O, loving wisdom of our God!
    When all was sin and shame,
    A second Adam to the fight
    And to the rescue came.

15. O, wisest love! that flesh and blood
    Which did in Adam fail,
    Should strive afresh against the foe,
    Should strive and should prevail!

16. O, generous love!—that he who smote
    In Man for man the foe,
    The double agony in Man
    For man should undergo!

Wm. Mitchell.
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

Memorial. 7s & 6s. d.

Unknown.

1. O sacred Head, once wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; Once scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine only crown;
   O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss, till then was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But thine the deadly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I deserved thy place; Look on me with thy favor, Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3. What language shall I borrow To thank thee dearest Friend, For this, thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end? Lord, make me thine forever, Nor let me faithless prove; O, let me never, never Abuse such dying love!

Paul Gerhardt.

Gethsemane. 7s. 6l.

Richard Redhead.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's conflict see,
   Watch with him one bitter hour; Turn not from his griefs away, Learn of Jesus how to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment-hall; View the Lord of life arraigned; O, the wormwood and the gall! O, the pangs his soul sustained! Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; Learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb; There, adoring at his feet, Mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete: "It is finished!" hear him cry; Learn of Jesus how to die.

James Montgomery.
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

332

CALVARY. P. M.

1. Come, O my soul, to Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, And see the Man who died for thee, Up-on th' accursed tree.

Chorus.

How can I for-get thee! How can I for-get my Lord! How can I for-get thee! Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2 Behold the Saviour's agony
While groaning in Gethsemane
Beneath the sins of men.

3 With purple robe and thorny crown,
And mocking soldiers bowing down,
The Saviour bears my shame.

4 Behold, they shed his precious blood!
O, hear him cry, "My God, my God,
Hast thou forsaken me?"

5 He died! the earth was robed in gloom!
They laid him then in Joseph's tomb,
While soldiers watched around.

6 But in the light of dawning day
Bright angels rolled the rock away,
And Christ, the Conqueror, rose.

7 Now he who died on Calvary
Still lives to plead for you and me
And bids us look and live.

8 Soon he who once was scourged and bound
Shall come again, with glory crowned,
And reign for evermore.

9 His saints shall crown him Lord of all;
Before him every foe shall fall,
And every knee shall bow.

PLEYEL. 7s.

333

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Wonder of the countless spheres! See the Son of God in tears! He by whom the worlds were made, He on whom our sins were laid.

2 See him bear the cross of shame;
Hear the world revile his name:
Lo! he dies that we may live,—
All who on his name believe.

3 In the tomb behold him laid
Whom the universe obeyed;
See him rise, ascend to God,
There to plead his precious blood.

4 Now he stands before the throne,
Pleading for his loved, his own:
"Father, I my life-blood gave
These to ransom, these to save."

5 "If I go I'll come again,"
Preach this gospel to all men;
Now redemption's work goes on,
Then redemption's work is done.

F. E. Belder.
Among the mountain trees The winds were whispering low, And night's ten thousand harmonies

Were harmonies of woe; A voice of grief was on the gale, It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

2 It was the Saviour's prayer That on the silence broke, Imploring strength from heaven to bear The sin-avenging stroke; As in Gethsemane he knelt, And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone In dim and misty gleams; Deep was his agonizing groan, And large the vital streams Which trickled to the dewy sod, While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that staid Their nightly watch to keep, Left him through sorrows deep to wade, And gave themselves to sleep; Meekly and sad he prayed alone, Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's bank The reckless traitor came, And heavy on his bosom sank The load of guilt and shame; Yet unto those who waited nigh, He gave the Lamb of God to die!

6 Among the mountain trees The winds were whispering low, And night's ten thousand harmonies Were harmonies of woe;
CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

336

Brockham. L. M.  J. Clarke.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead; Our Jesus is gone up on high!

A captive host he joyful led To the bright portals of the sky.

223, 136, 343.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
   And angels chant the solemn lay:
   "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
   Ye everlasting doors, give way."

3 Loose all your bars of golden light,
   And wide unfold the beauteous scene;
   He claims these mansions as his right,
   Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
   The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
   The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
   And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
   And angels chant the solemn lay:
   "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
   Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 Who is this King of glory? Who?
   The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
   The King of saints and angels too;
   God over all, forever blest.

Charles Wesley.

338

108 614, 692.

1 The morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
   While Roman warriors stood on guard.
   Majestic from the spoiled tomb
   In pomp of triumph, he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
   Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred;
   Their Lord's beloved face to see,
   Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows,
   His face with love's own radiance glows;
   They with the angels' message speed,
   And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!
   Our hearts possess, on thee we wait;
   Help us to render praises due,
   To thee the endless ages through!

Ambrosian.
1. Morning breaks upon the tomb, 
Jesus scatters all its gloom; 
Day of triumph through the skies, 
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2. Ye who are of death afraid, 
Triumph in the scattered shade; 
Drive your anxious cares away; 
See the place where Jesus lay.

3. Christian, dry your flowing tears; 
Chase your unbelieving fears; 
Look on his deserted grave; 
Doubt no more his power to save.

4. Hail the day that sees him rise, 
And ascend his native skies! 
Christ, awhile to mortals given, 
Enter the gates of heaven.

5. See, the heaven its Lord receives! 
Yet he loves the earth he leaves; 
Though returning to his throne, 
Still he calls mankind his own.

6. There the glorious triumph waits; 
Lift your heads, eternal gates! 
Christ hath vanquished death and sin; 
Take the King of glory in.

7. See, the heaven its Lord receives! 
Yet he loves the earth he leaves; 
Though returning to his throne, 
Still he calls mankind his own.

8. Saviour, parted from our sight, 
High above you azure hight, 
Grant our hearts may thither rise, 
Following thee beyond the skies.

1. Angels! roll the rock away; 
Death! yield up thy mighty prey; 
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb, 
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2. Hark! the wondering angels raise 
Louder notes of joyful praise; 
Let the earth's remotest bound 
Echo with the blissful sound.

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

4. Heaven unfolds its portals wide! 
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride; 
King of glory! mount thy throne, 
Boundless empire is thine own.

5. Christ is risen, our Lord and King, 
Let the whole creation sing; 
Raise your joys and triumphs high; 
Sing, ye heavens, let earth reply.

6. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, 
Christ the mighty, to conceal; 
Death in vain forbids him rise, 
He hath opened paradise.

7. Lead us, Lord, where thou hast led,— 
Thou, our high, exalted Head; 
Made like thee, by thee we rise; 
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
1. By living faith we now can see, In the most holy place on high, Jesus, our
Advocate and Friend, Who gave himself for us to die, Who gave himself for us to die.

2 A Minister of holy things, At God's right hand exalted high, He pleads his own, his precious blood, That chosen Israel may not die.

3 Once was he offered,—once for all, A Sacrifice for guilty man,— What wondrous, what unbounded love Is seen throughout salvation's plan!

4 All glory to his holy name! To those who love him will he come The second time; then to redeem, And take them to his glorious home. R. F. Cottrell.

344
1 Jesus, my Advocate above, My Friend before the throne of love, If now for me prevails thy prayer, If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 Do thou the secret wish convey That prompts my wayward heart to pray; Hear, and my weak petition join, Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain, My earnest suit present, and gain; My fullness of corruption show; The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 My sovereign Lord, to thee I cry; Without thy mercy I must die: My life, my only heaven thou art;— O may I feel thee in my heart! Charles Wesley.

345
1 There is a house in heaven built, The temple of the living God, The tabernacle true, where guilt Is washed away by precious blood.

2 Long since, our High Priest entered there Who knows the frailties of our frame, Who loves to hear his people's prayer, And offer to our God the same.

3 The daily ministry he bore, Till ended the prophetic days; He opened then the inner door, To justify the sacred place.

4 Before the ark of ten commands, On which the mercy-seat is placed, Presenting his own blood, he stands, Till Israel's sins are all erased. R. F. Cottrell

346
1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Mid hosts of sin, in these arrayed, My soul shall never be afraid.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood, Which, at the mercy-seat of God, Forever doth for sinners plead, Can cleanse my guilty soul indeed.

3 Lord, I believe were sinners more Than sands upon the ocean shore, Thou hast for all a ransom paid, For all a full provision made. Niclaus Zinzendorf.
CHRIST—MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

WARD. L. M.  

Scotch, arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Where high the heavenly temple stands, The house of God not made with hands,

A great High Priest our nature wears, The Guardian of mankind appears.

2. He who for men their surety stood, And poured on earth his precious blood, Pursues in heaven his mighty plan, The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3. In every pang that rends the heart, The Man of sorrows had a part; He sympathizes with our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.

4. With boldness, therefore, at the throne Let us make all our sorrows known, And ask the aid of heavenly power, To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce.

347

136, 343, 25.

2 He who came down to earth to die, An offering for the sins of men, And then ascended up on high, And will ere long return again, Is standing now before the ark, And mercy-seat, and cherubim, To plead his blood for saints, and make The last remembrance of their sin.

3 The solemn moment is at hand When we who have his name confessed, Each in his lot must singly stand, And pass the final, searching test. Jesus! we hope in thee alone; In mercy now upon us look, Confess our names before the throne, And blot our sins from out thy book.

4 O blessed Saviour! may we feel The full importance of this hour. Inspire our hearts with holy zeal, And aid us by thy Spirit’s power, That we may, in thy strength, be strong, And brave the conflict valiantly; Then, on Mount Zion, join the song, And swell the notes of victory.

R. F. Cottrell.

348

1394, 518.

1 O solemn thought! and can it be The hour of Judgment now is come, Which soon must fix our destiny, And seal the sinner’s fearful doom? Yes, it is so; the Judgment hour Is swiftly hastening to its close; Then will the Judge, in mighty power, Descend in vengeance on his foes.

2 He who came down to earth to die, An offering for the sins of men, And then ascended up on high, And will ere long return again, Is standing now before the ark, And mercy-seat, and cherubim, To plead his blood for saints, and make The last remembrance of their sin.

3 The solemn moment is at hand When we who have his name confessed, Each in his lot must singly stand, And pass the final, searching test. Jesus! we hope in thee alone; In mercy now upon us look, Confess our names before the throne, And blot our sins from out thy book.

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R. F. Cottrell.

Anon.
1. I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me;

A token of his love he gives, A pledge of liberty.

2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And tastes thy precious love.

4 When God is mine and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

351

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

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

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

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

352

1 Before the throne of God above
Our Intercessor stands;
Pleads for his own with deathless love,
With pierced and bleeding hands.

2 The barren rocks of Calvary
Echoed his dying cries,
When Christ became, as sin for me,
A wondrous Sacrifice.

3 Not yet may victors' songs be sung
In realms of endless light,
Not yet the notes of triumph rung
By saints all robed in white.

4 Not yet do pilgrims' weary feet
Find sweet abiding rest;
But when redemption is complete,
We'll dwell among the blest.

L. D. Santee.

353

1 Jesus, the Lord of glory, died
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne of grace he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

Baptist W. Noel.
1. The wonders of redeeming love Our highest thoughts exceed; The Son of God comes from above, The Son of God comes from above For sinful man to bleed.

2. He gives himself, his life, his all, A sinless Sacrifice. For man he drains the cup of gall, For man the victim dies.

3. And now before his Father's face His precious blood he pleads; For those who seek the throne of grace His love still intercedes.

4. He knows the frailties of our frame, For he has borne our grief; Our great High Priest once felt the same, And he can send relief.

5. His love will not be satisfied, Till he in glory see The faithful ones for whom he died From sin forever free.

355

1. Erected high in heaven stands The tabernacle true; And Jesus there in mercy pleads For all the faithful few.

2. His blood he offers freely now For all who will receive, For all who to his truth will bow, And in his word believe.

3. The Jewish priesthood shadowed forth His ministration there, The cleansing of the inner court, His coming to prepare.

4. His work performed, he leaves the seat Of mercy, where is found The law of God, the ten commands, And comes with glory crowned.

5. He that is holy then shall be In holiness preserved, While sinners vainly strive to flee The wrath they've long deserved.

356

1. Come, let us join our songs of praise To our ascended Priest; He entered heaven with all our names Engraven on his breast.

2. He died to wash our guilt away, By his atoning blood, Which now he pleads before the throne, And brings us near to God.

3. Clothed with our nature still, he knows The weakness of our frame, And how to shield us from the foes Which he himself o'ercame.

4. Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench The fervor of his love; For us he died in kindness here, For us he lives above.

5. O, may we ne'er forget his grace, Nor blush to speak his name! Still may our hearts hold fast his faith, Our lips his praise proclaim.
CHRIST—MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

MUNICH. 7s & 6s. d. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

1. The sprinkled blood is speaking
   Before the Father's throne,
   The Spirit's power is seeking
   To make its virtues known;
   The sprinkled blood is telling
   Jehovah's love to man,
   While heavenly harps are swelling
   Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
   All our sins on thee were laid;
   By Almighty Love anointed,
   Thou redemption's price hast paid.
   All thy people are forgiven
   Through the virtue of thy blood;
   Opened is the gate of heaven,
   Peace is made 'twixt man and God

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

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
   Thou art worthy to receive;
   Loudest praises, without ceasing,
   Meet it is for us to give;
   Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
   Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
   Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
   Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Anon.

358 [Tune, Autumn, No. 501.] 8s & 7s. d.

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
   Crowned in mockery a king!
   Thou didst suffer to release us;
   Thou didst free salvation bring.
   Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
   Bearer of our sin and shame!
   By thy merits we find favor;
   Life is given through thy name.
CHRIST—MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears; Before the throne my Saviour stands; My name is written on his hands.

They strongly speak for me:
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
For me to intercede;
Nor let the contrite sinner die!

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'm a child of God.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

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'm a child of God.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.
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 traveler.

2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
   Is thy Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
   If she would gain that 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;
Let thy sweet Spirit me sustain,—
   O guide me all life's journey through.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
   Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
   No other tide can cleanse us so.

ISAAC WATTS.

363

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
   Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
   The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
   And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
   Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
   Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
   Such help as nature cannot give.

ANNE STEELE.

364

1 Shall this vile race of flesh and blood
   Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
   More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 From night to day, from day to night,
   We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
   Like a forgotten vanity.

3 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
   How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
   With an eternal God compare.

ISAAC WATTS.
1. When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,

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

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

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

4 It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease And through the storm and danger's thrill It led me to the port of peace.

366 216, 23, 426.

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart That thou the one thing needful art; I could from all things parted be, But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful is thy most precious blood, To reconcile my soul to God; Needful is thy indulgent care, Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord, True peace and comfort to afford; Needful thy promise, to impart Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay, Through all life's dark and weary way; Nor will at last less needful be To bring me home to heaven and thee.

Samuel Medley.

367 171, 64, 314.

1 INFINITE Love! what precious stores Thy mercy has prepared for us! The costliest gems, the richest ores, Could never have endowed us thus.

2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord, Can draw from suffering souls the stingle And thy rich bounty to our board Can bread for hungering sinners bring.

3 How rich the grace! the gift how free! 'T is only "ask,"—it shall be given; 'T is only "knock," and thou shalt see The opening door that leads to heaven.

4 O then arise, and take the good, So full and freely proffered thee, Remembering that it cost the blood Of Him who died on Calvary.

368 216, 301, 396.

1 AGAINST the God that rules the sky I fought, with weapons lifted high; I madly ran the sinful race, Regardless of a hiding-place.

2 But a celestial voice I heard, A bleeding Saviour then appeared; Led by the Spirit of his grace, I found in him a hiding-place.

3 On him the weight of vengeance fell That else had sunk a world to hell; Then, O my soul, forever praise Thy Saviour, God, thy hiding-place!

Jehoida Brewer.
369

THE SINNER—CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

MELODY. C. M.

1. Not all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given,

Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

2. The sovereign will of God alone,
   Creates us heirs of grace;
   Born in the image of his Son,
   A new, peculiar race.

3. The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
   Breathes on the sons of flesh,
   New-models all the carnal mind,
   And forms the man afresh.

4. Our quickened souls awake and rise
   From the long sleep of death;
   On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
   And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts.

370

1 Thou art the Way; to thee alone,
   From sin and death we flee;
   And he who would the Father seek,
   Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone,
   True wisdom can impart;
   Thou only canst inform the mind,
   And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
   Proclaims thy conquering arm;
   And those who put their trust in thee,
   Nor death nor hell shall harm.

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

Anon.

371

1 How sad our state by nature is;
   Our sin—how deep it stains!
   And Satan holds our captive minds
   Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
   Sounds from the sacred word;
   "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come!
   And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
   And runs to this relief;
   I would believe thy promise, Lord;
   O, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
   In thy kind arms I fall;
   Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
   My Saviour and my All.

Isaac Watts.

372

1 Strait is the way, the door is strait,
   That leads to joys on high;
   'Tis but a few that find the gate,
   While thousands pass it by.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
   The mind and will renewed,
   Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
   And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm
   Fulfill a task so hard?
   Thy grace must all my work perform,
   And give the free reward.

Isaac Watts.
1. How help-less guilt- y na- ture lies, Un- con- scious of its load!

The heart, unchanged, can nev- er rise To hap- pi- ness and God.

2. Can aught, beneath a power divine, The stubborn will subdue? ’Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine, To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall, And upward bid them rise; To make the scales of error fall From reason’s darkened eyes.

4 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours, And give them life divine; Then shall our passions and our powers, Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

1 Vain are the hopes the sons of men On their own works have built; Their hearts, by nature, all unclean, And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile equal stand, Without a murmuring word; And the whole race of Adam own Their guilt before the Lord.

3 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace; When in thy name we trust, Our faith receives a righteousness That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts.
1. Thou Saviour of the sin-sick soul, Thou Refuge in distress,
   When doubt's dark billows near me roll, Close to thy side I press.

2. The burdened heart must seek in vain
   For merit of its own;
   There's freedom from each crimson stain
   In thee, and thee alone.

3. Let him who feels his load of guilt
   Strive not its weight to bear;
   The hopes that man on self has built
   Are doomed to dark despair.

4. But thou, O Christ, whose blood was shed
   For all who plead its power,
   Wilt lift the load that bows the head
   In deep contrition's hour!

5. Thy tender heart has felt the weight
   Of sins that were not thine,
   And lo! within that burden great
   I view these sins of mine.

6. 'Tis faith that points them out to me
   When, fainting 'neath the load,
   I turn my longing eyes to thee,
   Far up the narrow road.

3. When penitence has wept in vain
   Over some foul, dark spot,
   One only stream—a stream of blood—
   Can wash away the blot.

4. 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
   His hand that brings relief;
   His heart that's touched with all our joys,
   And feels for all our grief.

5. Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
   Unseal that cleansing tide:
   We have no shelter from our sin
   But in thy wounded side.

6. How great the wisdom, power, and grace,
   Which in redemption shine!
   The heavenly host with joy confess
   The work is all divine.

3. Before His feet they cast their crowns,
   Those crowns which Jesus gave,
   And with ten thousand thousand tongues,
   Proclaim his power to save.

4. They tell the triumphs of his cross,
   The suffering which he bore;
   How low he stooped, how high he rose,
   And rose to stoop no more.

5. With them let us our voices raise,
   And still the song renew;
   Salvation well deserves the praise
   Of men and angels too.
THE SINNER—CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

1. O, where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul?

'T were vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

2. This world can never give
   The bliss for which we sigh;
   Its fairest glories shortest live,
   And all its pleasures 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. Through Christ, the Life, the Way,
   May we that life obtain;
   And through the merits of his blood
   That endless glory gain.

God's holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood;
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source,
Whence all our hopes arise.

Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can case this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
THE SINNER—CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Ah, how shall fallen man Be just before his God?

If he contend in righteousness, We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none, can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour’s blood.

385

1 My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom
Until a friendly whisper says,
“Flee from the wrath to come.”

William Cowper.

386

1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mold our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Isaac Watts.

387

1 Can sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

3 Can sin’s deceitful way
Conduct to Zion’s hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e’er afford:
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Anon.
The Sinner—Warning and Invitation.

Desire. L. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Come, weary souls with sin distressed, 
   Come, and accept the promised rest;

   The Saviour's gracious call obey, 
   And cast your gloomy fears away.

   787, 431, 212.

2. Oppressed with guilt, a painful load, 
   O, come and spread your woes abroad! 
   Divine compassion, mighty love, 
   Will all the painful load remove.

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, 
   To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes; 
   Pardon, and life, and endless peace; 
   How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4. Lord, we accept, with thankful hearts, 
   The hopes thy gracious word imparts; 
   We come with trembling, yet rejoice, 
   And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5. Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love 
   Confirm our faith, our fears remove; 
   And sweetly influence every breast, 
   And guide us to eternal rest.

   Anne Steele.

428, 216, 47.

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, 
   "If thou wouldst my disciple be; 
   Deny thyself, the world forsake, 
   And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight 
   Fill thy weak spirit with alarm; 
   His strength shall bear thy spirit up, 
   And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; 
   Nor let thy foolish pride rebel; 
   Thy Lord for thee the cross endured, 
   To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength, 
   And calmly every danger brave; 
   'Twill guide thee to a better home, 
   And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ; 
   Nor think till death to lay it down; 
   For only he who bears the cross 
   May hope to wear the glorious crown.

   Charles W. Everest.

390

431, 787, 216.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear? 
   Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? 
   Shall life's swift passing years all fly, 
   And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise? 
   Can I his loving voice despise, 
   And basely his kind care repay? 
   He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock, 
   And I my heart the closer lock? 
   He still is waiting to receive, 
   And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give 
   No heed, but still in bondage live? 
   I wait, but he does not forsake: 
   He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay; 
   My heart I yield without delay; 
   Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; 
   The voice of God hath reached my heart.

   Jane Borthwick.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

BERA. L. M.

John E. Gould.

1. Why do we waste on trivial 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 us from above? Shall Jesus urge his dying love? Shall troubled conscience give us pain? And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so our eyes will always view Those objects which we 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.

Philip Doddridge.


392

68, 101, 431.

1 Come hither, all ye weary souls; Ye heavy-laden sinners, 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 his neck, My grace shall make the burden light.

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

Isaac Watts.

212, 336, 361.

394

1 Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shining hour is gone; The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from home and rest.

2 Then linger not in all the plain, Flee for thy life, the mountain gain; Look not behind, make no delay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

William B. Colyer.

393

787, 642, 51.

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 O, lovely attitude! he stands With melting heart and laden hands; O, 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 When at his door denied you'll stand.

Joseph Grigg.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

Balerma. C. M.
Arr. by R. Simpson.

1. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

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

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

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

1 THE Saviour 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;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

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

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

3 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin:
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And bid him reign within.

1 O sinner, heed the voice of God,
It speaks to you to-day,
And calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

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

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

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

Harvey's Chant. C. M.

1. Come to the living waters, come! Obey your Maker's call; Return, ye weary wanderers, home; My grace is free for all, My grace is free for all.

2. Nothing ye in exchange shall give; Leave all you have behind; Freely the gift of God receive, And peace in Jesus find.

3. I bid you all my goodness prove; My promises are free: Come, taste the manna of my love, Delight your souls in me.

4. Your willing ear and heart incline, My words in faith receive; Quickened, your souls by faith divine, Eternal life shall live.

176, 117, 114.

401

1. Why should we boast of time to come, Though but a single day? This hour may fix our final doom, Though strong, and young, and gay.

2. The present we should now redeem; This only is our own; The past, alas! is all a dream; The future is unknown.

3. O think what vast concerns depend Upon a moment's space, When life and all its cares shall end In vengeance or in grace.

4. O for that power which melts the heart, And lifts the soul on high! Where sin and grief and death depart, And pleasures never die.

400

1. There is a line by us unseen, That crosses every path,— The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath.

2. O! where is this mysterious bourne By which our path is crossed,— Beyond which God himself hath sworn That he who goes is lost?

3. How far may we go on sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end? And where begin The confines of despair?

4. An answer from the skies is sent: "Ye that from God depart, While it is called to-day, repent, And harden not your heart."

179, 201, 227.

402

1. Come, O thou all-victorious Lord! Thy power to us make known; Strike with the hammer of thy word, And break these hearts of stone.

2. Give us ourselves and thee to know, In this our gracious day; Repentance unto life bestow, And take our sins away.

3. Convince us first of unbelief, And freely then release; Fill every soul with sacred grief, And then with sacred peace.

111, 438, 74.
1. O sinner, mark thy fate! Soon will the Judge appear,
And then thy cries will come too late—Too late for God to hear.

2. The day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
The cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

3. Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

4. One only hope I see;
O sinner, seize it now;
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

5. The Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The holy Bride of Christ proclaims
To all her children, "Come!"

6. The Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The holy Bride of Christ proclaims
To all her children, "Come!"

7. The Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The holy Bride of Christ proclaims
To all her children, "Come!"

8. The Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The holy Bride of Christ proclaims
To all her children, "Come!"
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

407

Grannis. 7s.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Sinners, haste to mercy's gate, Strive, O strive to enter there;

Hasten, lest ye come too late, Lest in vain shall be your prayer.

2. Soon the Saviour will arise, And forever shut the door: Hopeless then will be your cries; God will welcome you no more.

3. From his glorious seat within, Zion's King so long forgot, Then will say, "Ye slaves of sin, Hence depart, I know you not."

4. O! the anguish of that word,— Anguish which no measure knows,— Sinners, haste to seek the Lord, Ere the door of mercy close.

408

720, 826, 339.

1. Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2. Hither come; for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace which ever shall endure, Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

Anon.

409

240, 720, 687.

1. Hasten, sinner, to be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom, if you still despise, Never can by thee be won.

2. Hasten, sinner, to return; Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere thy work of grace be done.

Anon.

410

333, 75, 531.

1. Heavy clouds are gathering fast, Tokens of destruction sure; Sinner, now before the blast, Seek a shelter to secure.

2. Thousand voices from afar, Warn thee of thy coming fate: Careless sinner, now beware! Haste thee, ere it be too late!

3. Crimes in every shape increase; Judgments stalk throughout the land; Signs are borne on every breeze, That destruction is at hand.

4. Darker clouds will soon arise, Louder still the thunders roar, Fiercer lightnings pierce the skies,— But the sinner's day is o'er.

Anon.

411

240, 605, 407.

1. Sinner, art thou still secure? Wilt thou still refuse to pray? Can thy heart or hands endure In the Lord's avenging day?

2. At his presence nature shakes; Earth affrighted hastens to flee; Solid mountains melt like wax; What will then become of thee?

3. Who his advent may abide? You that glory in your shame, Will you find a place to hide, When the world is wrapped in flame?

Anon.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s. d.

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.

D. C.—He is able, He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

2. Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome; God's free bounty glorify!
   True belief and true repentance,
   Every grace that brings us 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;
   'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Joseph Hart.

4. By the perfect law convicted,
   Through the cross behold the crown;
   Look to Jesus;
   Mercy flows through him alone,

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

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

Joseph Swain.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

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

3. To-day the Saviour calls!
   For mercy flee;
   For all the guilty soon
   Must guilty be.

4. To-day the Saviour calls!
   For refuge fly;
   The storm of vengeance falls;
   Ruin is nigh.

5. The Spirit calls to-day!
   Yield to its power;
   O grieve it not away;
   'Tis mercy's hour.

S. F. Smith.
1. O, Comfort to the dreary! O, Joy to the oppressed! "Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest." O, come with all your weakness, Come with your load of woe; And learn of him with meekness All righteousness to know.

2 Enslaved of Romish error, Worn out with fruitless pains, Reapers of doubt and terror, Come, cast away your chains! Renounce the superstition By all the world preferred; And turn from vain tradition To His redeeming word.

3 Ye who the world have courted, And suffered from its spite; Ye who with sin have sported, And felt its serpent bite; Come, learn, your follies quitting, That this world's gain is loss; To Christ's light yoke submitting, Come, and take up the cross.

4 O come, and make the trial; Christ's service is release; If hard the self-denial, Its fruit is joy and peace. His word your faith defending, Shall nerve you for the strife; Peace all your steps attending; The prize,—eternal life!
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye; for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?

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

4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight, And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race, To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand, The earth shall dissolve, and the heaven's shall fade, The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand; What power then, O sinner! will lend thee its aid? Thomas Hastings.

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God; And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road; And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head; And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God; And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad, Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path, Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

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

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

Thomas Moore.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
   Why wilt thou die?
   Come while thou canst borrow
   Help from on high;
   Grieve not that love
   Which from above,
   Child of sin and sorrow,
   Would bring thee nigh.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
   Lift up thine eye;
   Heirship thou canst borrow
   In worlds on high:
   Bright mansions fair
   Are waiting there;
   Child of sin and sorrow,
   Now homeward fly.

Anon.
1. Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression, What will thy doom be when arrayed in terror?

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

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

4. Then you shall call, but he will not regard you; Seek for his favor, yet will never find it; Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence Deep in their caverns.

5. O! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning; Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon: So shall you meet him, and with joy triumphant, Coming to judgment.

God shall command thee, covered with pollution, “Up to the judgment, up to the judgment?”

1. The last call of mercy now lingers for thee; O sinner, receive it; to Jesus now flee! He often has called thee—but thou hast refused; His offered salvation and love are abused.

2. O slight not the warning now offered at last, Till summer is ended and harvest is passed; Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy heart’s door, And pardon, sweet pardon, is offered no more.

3. While Jesus is calling, O turn not away; For swiftly approacheth the dread judgment day: The Spirit invites you, O why will you roam? Come now to life’s waters, ye thirsty ones, come.

4. The last call of mercy now lingers for thee; O, break the strong fetters of sin, and be free! The Bride is now calling; ye wanderers, come; Accept of salvation, in heaven there’s room.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.


1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love; O wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly, 0 say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

Will you go, will you go, Will you go, will you go? O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove: Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish, O say, will you go to the Eden above?

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?

4 No poverty there, no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His glory whose nature is love; No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy; O say, will you 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.

Anon.

Other stanzas on opposite page.

Fountain of Life. P. M.  Unknown.

1. All you that are weary and sad, come, And you that are cheerful and glad, come;

In robes of humility clad, come; The Saviour invites you to-day.

In robes of humility clad, come; The Saviour invites you (omitt.) to-day.
The Sinner—Warning and Invitation.

Harvest. 12s & 11s. P.  
William B. Bradbury.

1. Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth en-treat thee,  
   And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;  
   Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee, "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."  
   The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

2. How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!  
   How oft still the message of mercy doth send!  
   Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;  
   "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3. Despised and 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 Saviour will call thee in judgment before him;  
   O, bow to his scepter, and make him thy friend!  
   Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him;  
   Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.

Anon.

[See No. 426, on opposite page.]  
P. M.

1. All you that are weary and sad, come;  
   And you that are cheerful and glad, come;  
   In robes of humility clad, come;  
   The Saviour invites you to-day.

2. Let youth in its freshness and bloom, come;  
   Let man in the pride of his noon come;  
   Let age on the verge of the tomb come;  
   Let none in his pride stay away.

3. Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind come;  
   Let all who are freely inclined come;  
   With humble and peaceable mind, come  
   Away from the waters of strife.

4. The Spirit and Bride freely say, Come!  
   Let him that now heareth it say, Come!  
   Let all that are thirsty, to-day come,  
   And drink of the Fountain of Life.

Anon.
THE SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.


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— "Fightings within, and fears 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 I own Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, and thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me!

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

429 624, 361, 314.

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

2 I smite upon my troubled breast With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea: O God, be merciful to me!

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no resting-place for thee; To heaven 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." Charlotte Elliott.

430 471, 316, 347.

1 With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea; Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear 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, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no resting-place for thee; To heaven 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." Charlotte Elliott.
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 all at Jesus' feet!

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

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

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
    Thy light and easy burden prove,
    The cross all stained with hallowed 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.

432

1 Forgive us, Lord! to thee we cry;
    Forgive us thro' thy matchless grace,
    On thee alone our souls rely;
    Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive
    The ills we suffer from our foes;
    Restore us, Lord, and bid us live;
    O! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
    Our wretched souls no merit claim;
    For sovereign mercy still we wait,
    And ask but in the Saviour's name.

433

1 Awaked from sin's delusive sleep,
    My heavy guilt I feel, and weep;
    Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
    I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
    Look down upon my soul in love;
    That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
    And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
    My ruined nature now restore;
    And let my life and temper shine,
    In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

434

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

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
    The power and glory of thy grace;
    O, wash my soul from every sin,
    And make my guilty conscience clean!

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
    Against thy law, against thy grace;
    Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
    I am condemned, but thou art clear.

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

Charles Wesley.

Isaac Watts.
1. O, happy day! that fixed my choice
   On thee, my Saviour and my God;
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
   And tell its raptures all around.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoice ever day;

2. '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.

3. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
   Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
   Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
   With him of every good possessed.

4. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
   That vow renewed shall daily hear,
   Till in time's latest hour I bow,
   And bless at last a bond so dear.

5. And when the bright celestial train,
   From highest heaven to earth shall come;
   Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign
   Forever in that happy home.

638, 171, 108.

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way, till him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets went,
   The road that leads from banishment,
   The King's highway of holiness,
   I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

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

4. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
   Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
   Nothing but sin have I to give,
   Nothing but love shall I receive.

5. Then will I tell to all around,
   What a dear Saviour I have found;
   I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
   And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

437

361, 101, 624.

1 Lord, I was blind: I could not see
   In thy marred visage any grace;
   But now the beauty of thy face,
   In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
   The thrilling music of thy voice;
   But now I hear thee and rejoice,
   And all thy uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
   The grace and glory of thy name;
   But now, as touched with living flame,
   My lips thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
   My lifeless soul to come to thee;
   But now, since thou hast quickened me,
   I rise from sin's dark sepulcher.

5 Lord, thou hast made the blind to see,
   The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
   The dead to live; and, lo, I break
   The chains of my captivity!

W. T. Matson.
THE SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice;

In God, the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far that heavenly robe excels
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

364, 794, 369.

395, 399, 635.

Salvation!—Oh, 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.

Isaac Watts.

440

354, 369, 635.

1 Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him as his own.

John Needham.

441

364, 446, 147.

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

2 '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 hath 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 called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.
1. Jesus, to thee I now can fly, On whom my help is laid:

Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye, And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
   A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
   Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
   On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Charles Wesley.

444

1 Great God, when I approach thy throne,
   And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
   That Jesus died for me!

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
   Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
   But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
   O, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
   But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
   This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
   For Jesus died for me.

Anon.

445

1 Lord! at thy feet we humbly lie,
   And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye
   Thy favor we implore.

2 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
   We would thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
   And thou thyself art love.

3 O, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
   Our numerous sins forgive!
Thy grace our stony hearts can break:
   Heal us, and bid us live.

Simon Browne.

Anne Steele.
All that I was—my sin, my guilt, My death was all my own;

All that I am I owe to thee, My gracious God, alone.

The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.

The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin;
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

Be merciful to me, O God!
Be merciful to me;
For though I sink beneath thy rod,
Yet do I trust in thee.

Thou art my refuge, and I know
My burden thou dost bear;
And I would seek, where'er I go,
To cast on thee my care.

Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,
Strong though my spirit be;
O, then assist, when foes assail,
The soul that clings to thee!

And, gracious Lord, what'er befall,
A thankful heart be mine,—
A heart that answers to thy call,—
One that is wholly thine.
1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
down,
D. S.-I found in him a resting-place,
thee.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

4 I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard;
O, how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.

"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid;
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

"Thy head up-on my breast." I came to Jesus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
And he has made me glad.

1 My God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know:
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge mine iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

2 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
Behold for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.
Contrition.

S. M.

1. Ah! whither should I go, Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show, And pour out my complaint?

2. My Saviour bids me come; Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3. What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take Possession of my heart?

4. Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine, And take all sin away.

In mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

Touched by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed
O let that Spirit heal!

In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn?
And wilt thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

O come; ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

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

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

453 454 455 456
1. Depth of mercy!—can there be Mercy still reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls. (William Bradbury)

3. Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. (Charles Wesley)

4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still. (Charles Wesley)

5. In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace. (John Newton)

1. Blessed Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am:
Take me, body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole. (Anon)

2. Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart. (Anon)

3. Fairer than the sons of men!
Do not let me turn again,
Nor the Fountain-head of bliss,
Leave for creature happiness. (Anon)

4. Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun.

2. Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude; distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed, or unjust.

3. Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me. (Josiah Conder)
1. I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the accrued load.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus,
   All fullness dwells in him,
   He healeth my diseases,
   He doth my soul redeem.

3. I lay my griefs on Jesus,
   My burdens and my cares;
   He from them all releases,
   He all my sorrow shares.

4. I long to be like Jesus,
   Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
   I long to be like Jesus,
   The Father's holy child.

5. I need thee, precious Jesus,
   I hope to see thee soon,
   Encircled with the rainbow,
   And seated on thy throne.

6. There, with thy blood-bought children,
   My joy shall ever be
   To sing thy praises, Jesus,
   To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

Horatius Bonar.

Frederick Whitefield.

462

1. I need thee, precious Jesus,
   For I am very poor;
   A stranger and a pilgrim,
   I have no earthly store.

2. I need the love of Jesus
   To cheer me on my way,
   To guide my doubting footsteps,
   To be my strength and stay.

3. I need the heart of Jesus
   To feel each anxious care,
   To tell my every trial,
   And all my sorrows share.

4. I need the Holy Spirit
   To teach me what I am,
   To show me more of Jesus,
   To point me to the Lamb.

5. Thou bearest the trusting spirit
   Upon thy loving breast,
   And givest all thy ransomed
   A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer.
THE SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. {Jesus, Saviour of our race, Trusting in thy blood and grace, }
   {I, a sinner, wounded, sore, Prostrate fall, and help implore; }

D. C.—In my heart a sense of wrong Shades with sadness e'en my song.

On my back's a burden high,—Sins of years that multiply:

2 Long I've wandered round and round,
   Sought relief, but none have found;
   Now at last I come to thee,
   Save me, Lord; O, set me free!
   Yes, I hear the potent word;
   Yes, my earnest prayer is heard;
   Once in bondage, now I'm free;
   Saved, dear Lord, and saved by thee!

3 From my back the burden rolled,—
   Burden high of sins untold;—
   From my heart all sense of shame
   Passed away when Jesus came.
   O what love in Christ I found!
   Love so high, so broad, profound;
   Love that I can never tell;
   Love that saved my soul from hell.

4 How shall I the debt repay,—
   Debt that swells from day to day?—
   How can I in words reveal
   That which in my heart I feel?
   Ah! my soul, it ne'er can be;
   Love divine's too high for thee;
   What I owe to Christ to-day
   Words or deeds can ne'er repay.

5 Bankrupt 'neath the cross I stand:
   Thus I sing,—O, sea! O, land—
   "In my hand no price I bring,
   Simply to thy cross I cling."

Such a song my Lord approves,
   Sung by one the Spirit moves;
   Love is all he asks from me,
   That he has, most full, most free.

W. H. Littlejohn.

465 828, 667.

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
   Lead me as a helpless child:
   On no other arm but thine
   Would my weary soul recline;
   Thou art ready to forgive,
   Thou canst bid the sinner live,
   Guide the wanderer, day by day,
   In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
   For the heavenly dwelling-place;
   All thy promises are sure,
   Ever shall thy love endure;
   Then what more could I desire,
   How to greater bliss aspire?
   All I need, in thee I see;
   Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
   Hast thou made me truly thine?
   Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
   Reconciled my heart to God?
   Hearken to my tender prayer,
   Let me thine own image bear;
   Let me love thee more and more,
   Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings.
1. Jesus, full of all compassion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
   Let me know thy great salvation; See, I languish, faint and die;
   Guilt-y, but with heart-re-lent-ing, Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
   Prostrate at thy feet re-penting, Send, O send me (omit). quick-re-lief!

2. Though you have much peace and comfort
   Greater things you yet may find,—
   Freedom from unholy tempers,
   Freedom from the carnal mind.
   To procure your perfect freedom,
   Jesus suffered, groaned, and died;
   On the cross the healing fountain
   Gushes from his wounded side.

3. With thy righteousness and Spirit
   I am more than angels blessed;
   Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
   Peace and joy, and endless rest:
   Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
   Through the shining realms above;
   Angels sing the pleasing story,
   All enraptured with thy love.

4. Let thy grace surround it,
   Strengthen it with power divine;
   Till thy cords of love have bound it,
   Make it to be wholly thine.
   May the blood of Jesus heal it,
   And its sins be all forgiven;
   Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
   Guide it in the path to heaven.

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

CONVERT. P. M.

1. O, how happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above!

Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That sweet comfort is mine, Since the favor divine I received through the blood of the Lamb; Since my heart first believed, What a joy I've received, What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3. 'Tis a heaven below My Redeemer to know; And the angels can 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 Is my joy and my song; O that all to this refuge might fly! He hath loved me, indeed, He did suffer and bleed, To redeem such a rebel as I.

5. On the wings of his love, I am carried above All my sin, and temptation, and pain; O, that all would believe, And by sin never grieve, And thus cause him to suffer again.

Charles Wesley.

470 [Tune, Chardon. No. 235] C. P. M.

1 O THOU that hearest the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death That casts itself on thee? I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffer once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his availing blood: That righteousness my robe shall be, That merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from the second death, The Spirit of adoption breathe, His consolations send; By him some word of life impart, And sweetly whisper to my heart, "Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone; Come, take possession of thine own; For thou hast set me free: Released from Satan's hard command, See all my powers in waiting stand, To be employed by thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.
1. Jesus, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat:

Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground;

2 For thou, within no walls confined, Dost dwell with those of humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few, Thy former mercies now renew; And to our waiting hearts proclaim The sweetness of thy saving name.

472  538, 347, 316.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone! Let my religious hours alone: Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: Come, my dear Jesus! from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare! How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste, above, Redeeming grace and dying love.

473  624, 314, 315.

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord, Obedient to their sovereign Lord, Meet to recount his acts of grace, And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be, Amid this little company; To them unvail my smiling face, And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord, Relying on thy faithful word; Now send thy Spirit from above, Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

474  431, 787.

1 Now we have met in Jesus' name, To glorify our Lord we aim; We strive each duty to fulfill, With anxious thoughts to do his will.

2 We've met in love and holy fear, To hear the happy saints declare The rich compassion of a God— The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

3 O Saviour, help them to express The wonders of triumphant grace, While to the church they freely own What for their souls the Lord hath done.

475  223, 514, 212.

1 Command thy blessing from above, O God, on all assembled here; Behold us with a Father's love, While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord! May we thy true disciples be; Speak to each heart the mighty word,— Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour, Spirit of truth! and fill the place With wounding and with healing power, With quickening and confirming grace.
1. Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face,

My thirsty spirit faints away Without thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
   Beneath a burning sky,
   Long for a cooling stream at hand,
   And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy power
   Through all thy temple shine:
   My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
   That vision so divine.

4. Not life itself, with all its joys,
   Can my best passions move,
   Or raise so high my cheerful voice
   As thy forgiving love.

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1. Wherever two or three may meet
To worship in Thine name,
As they approach thy mercy-seat,
Thy promise they may claim.

2. Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3. O blest assurance! gracious Lord,
   Thou Fount of peace and love,
   Fulfill to us thy precious word,
   Thy loving-kindness prove.

---

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

2. What troubles have we seen,
   What conflicts have we passed,—
   Fightings without, and fears within,
   Since we assembled last!

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

4. Let us take up the cross
   Till we the crown obtain;
   And gladly reckon all things loss,
   So we may Jesus gain.
1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints together meet,
   When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then eternal love, such as did the Father move:
   He beheld the world undone,
   Loved the world and gave his Son.

3. Sing the Son's amazing love; how he left the realms above,
   Took our nature and our place,
   Lived and died to save our race.

4. Sing we, too, the Spirit's love; with our stubborn hearts he strove,
   Filled our minds with grief and fear,
   Brought the precious Saviour near.

5. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, when the saints in heaven shall meet;
   Jesus still will be the theme,
   They shall always sing of him.

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1. Children of the heavenly King,
   As we journey, sweetly sing;
   Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
   Glorious in his works and ways.

2. We are traveling home to God,
   In the way the fathers trod;
   And when Christ our Lord shall come,
   We shall all be gathered home.

3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
   You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
   There your seats are now prepared,
   There your kingdom and reward.

4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
   On the borders of your land;
   Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
   Bids you undismayed go on.

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1. Jesus, we thy promise claim;
   We are gathered in thy name:
   In the midst do thou appear;
   Manifest thy presence here.

2. Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
   Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
   Come and dwell within each heart,
   Light, and life, and joy impart.

3. Make us all in thee complete;
   Make us all for glory meet;
   Meet to stand before thy sight,
   Partners with the saints in light.

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1. As the hart, with eager looks,
   Panteth for the water-brooks,
   So my soul, athirst for thee,
   Pants the living God to see;

2. Why art thou cast down, my soul?
   God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
   Why art thou disquieted?
   God shall lift thy fallen head.

3. When, O, when, with filial fear,
   Lord, to thee my soul draws near,
   Let thy countenance benign
   Be the saving health of mine.
Perseverance. C. M. D.

1. Thou coming One, our wants relieve
   In this our evil day;
   To all thy tempted followers give
   The power to watch and pray.
   Long as our fiery trials last,
   Let our souls on thee be cast,
   In all-prevailing prayer.

2. The power of interceding grace
   Give us in faith to claim;
   To wrestle till we see thy face,
   And know thy hidden name.
   Till then thy perfect love impart;
   Till thou appear below
   "I will not let thee go."

3. I will not let thee go, unless
   Thou tell thy name to me;
   With all thy great salvation bless,
   And make me all like thee.
   Then let me on the mountain-top
   Behold thy open face,
   Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
   And prayer in joyful praise.

Oak. 6s & 4s.

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 Fatherland, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
   Heaven is my home;
   Short is my pilgrimage,
   Heaven is my home.
   Time's cold and wintry blast
   Soon will be overpast;
   I shall reach home at last,
   Heaven is my home.

3. There at my Saviour's side,
   Heaven is my home;
   I shall be glorified,
   Heaven is my home.
   There'll be the good and blest,
   Those I love most and best,
   There, too, I soon shall rest;
   Heaven is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor.
I want a principle within, Of jealous, godly fear; I want the first approach to feel, Of pride or fond desire; To catch the wandering of my will, And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part, No more thy goodness grieve, The filial awe, the fleshly heart, The tender conscience, give. Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make; Awake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.

If to the right or left I stray, That moment, Lord, reprove; And let me weep my life away For having grieved thy love. O, may the least omission pain My well-instructed soul! And drive me to the blood again Which makes the wounded whole.

There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here annoy; Then they that oft have sown in tears Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose, Where storms assail no more; The stream of endless pleasure flows On that celestial shore. There purity and love appear, And bliss without alloy; There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap again in joy.
THE CHRISTIAN—HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6l.

1. Chief of sinners though I be, Jesus shed his blood for me;
   D. C.—As the branch is to the vine, I am his, and he is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!
   Higher than the heaven above,
   Deeper than the deepest sea,
   Lasting as eternity;
   Love that found me,—wondrous tho't!—
   Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
   Christ is all in all to me;
   All my wants to him are known,
   All my sorrows are his own;
   Safe with him from earthly strife,
   He sustains the hidden life.

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
   Come, and in thy temple stay;
   Now thine inward witness bear,
   Strong, and permanent, and clear:
   Spring of life, thyself impart;
   Rise eternal in my heart.

1 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
   By thy bitter agony,
   By thy pangs to us unknown,
   By thy spirit's parting groan,
   Lord, thy presence let me see,
   Manifest thyself to me.

2 Prince of life! to thee I cry:
   By thy glorious majesty,
   By thy triumph o'er the grave,
   Meek to suffer, strong to save,
   Lord, thy presence let me see,
   Manifest thyself to me.

3 Lord of glory, now on high,
   Hear thy needy servant's cry;
   With thy love my bosom fill,
   Prompt me to perform thy will;
   Then thy glory I shall see,
   Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

Charles Wesley.

Richard Mant.
1. Speak often to each other, To cheer the fainting mind; And oft 'ca be your voices

D. S.—Take courage, brother pilgrim.

In pure devotion joined; Though trials may await you, The crown before you lies;
And soon you'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay;
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the last singing song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.

4 All earthly tribulation
Is but a moment here;
And O, if we are faithful,
A crown of life we'll wear!
We shall be pure and holy,
And feed on angels' food,
Rejoicing in bright glory
Around the throne of God.

Anon.
I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s. p.  
JAMES L. ELGINBURG.

1. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be. Where thou goest I will follow;  
D.S.—And though all men should forsake thee,

Fine. Chorus.

Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;  
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

2 Though the road be rough and thorny,  
Trackless as the foaming sea,  
Thou hast trod this way before me,  
And I'll gladly follow thee.

3 Though I meet with tribulations,  
Sorely tempted though I be;  
I remember thou wast tempted,  
And rejoice to follow thee.

4 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,  
Poor, forsaken, though I be;  
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,  
And I only follow thee.

5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,  
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,  
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,  
And I still will follow thee.

James L. Elginburg.

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. p.  
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me.

Refrain.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

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

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?  
Long been slighting, grieving thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me!

4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Testify of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of peace to me.
1. My days are gilding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly—Those hours of toil and danger; For O, we stand on Jordan's strand. And soon we'll all pass over; And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

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.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sever, Our King says, Come, and there's our home, Forever, O, forever!

Chorus.

2 He's now upon his Father's throne, Almighty to release us From sin and pain, he gladly reigns, The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

E. Roberts.

[Chorus, No. 506] 8s.

I Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art; The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock, There only, I covet to rest; To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast: 'Tis there I would always abide, And never a moment depart, Concealed in the cleft of thy side, Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.
1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee:

All things else I have forsaken; Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Yet how rich is my condition, While I prove the Lord my own.

Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.  

Henry F. Lyte.

2. Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
If that love be hid from me.

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Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes:
'Tis the grace of pardon streaming
From the portals of the skies.

2. Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and truth are ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

Anon.
1. Blessed Jesus, meek and lowly, With us here take thine abode; We would fain like thee be holy, 
D. S.--Lest without thine aid we perish.

Humbly walking with our God. We would thy sweet Spirit cherish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay; 
O, abide with us, we pray!

2. Guide us in the path to heaven, 
Rugged though that path may be; 
Let each bitter cup that's given, 
Serve to draw us nearer thee. 
In thy footsteps traced before us, 
There we see earth's scorn and frown; 
There is suffering ere the glory, 
There's a cross ere the crown.

3. In thy vineyard let us labor, 
Of thy goodness let us tell; 
All is ill without thy favor, 
With thy presence all is well. 
While the evening shadows gather, 
Through this dreary night of tears, 
Tarry with us, O our Saviour, 
Till the morning light appears.

4. Then with thee may we forever 
Reign with all the good and blest, 
Where no sin from thee can sever, 
Where the weary are at rest; 
There to praise the matchless Giver. 
There with angels to adore 
Him who did through grace deliver 
Us from death forevermore.

Annie R. Smith.

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1. Vain are all terrestrial pleasures, 
Mixed with dross the purest gold; 
Seek we then for heavenly treasures— 
Treasures never waxing old.

Let our best affections center 
On the things around the throne: 
There no thief can ever enter; 
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2. Earthly joys no longer please us; 
Here we would renounce them all; 
Seek our only rest in Jesus— 
Him our Lord and Master call.

Faith, our languid spirits cheering, 
Points to brighter worlds above; 
Bids us look for his appearing, 
Bids us triumph in his love.

3. May our light be always burning, 
And our loins be girded round, 
Waiting for our Lord's returning— 
Longing for the welcome sound.

Thus the Christian life adorning, 
Never need we be afraid, 
Should he come at night or morning, 
Early dawn or evening shade.

David E. Ford.
Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ever to adore thee, May I still thy goodness prove.

Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by thy help I've come, And I hope by thy good pleasure Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He to rescue me from danger Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness like a fetter Bind me closer still to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,— Prone to leave the God I love,— Here's my heart—O, take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no note of woe; Let me go and bathe my spirit In the rapture angels know: Let me go, for bliss eternal Lures my soul away, away, And the victor's song triumphant Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

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

Anon.
1 We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glories confessed.—But what must it be to be there!

D. S.—Its wonders and pleasures untold,—But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathway of gold,—Its walls decked with jewels so rare,

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,—
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above,—
But what must it be to be there!

3 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.

4 Do Thou, midst temptation and woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,
In glory celestial and fair,
With saints and with angels at home,
And Jesus himself will be there.

Elizabeth Mills.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Elizabeth Mills.

John Newton.
Homeward Bound, 10s & 7s. p.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

D. C.—Promise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel; Steady, soon shall outweather the gale; O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail! We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last; Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God! we shall shout evermore; We're home at last, home at last.

4. Christian, thy warfare will shortly be o'er, O do not fear, do not fear; Soon thou shalt rest where thy foes come no more; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

What though the night be so dreary and long; What though thy foes be unwearied and strong; Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

What though the billows of life darkly roll, O do not fear, do not fear; Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still; Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will, Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

Christian, the angels will soon come for thee, O do not fear, do not fear; He whom thou lovest in glory thou'lt see; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

O, if thou would'st to the end firm endure, Keep thy robe holy, and spotless, and pure, Victorious faith will make Canaan sure; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

Christian, the shadows will soon flee away, O do not fear, do not fear; Then thou wilt enter an eternal day; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

In the bright kingdom forever to dwell, Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell, Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell; Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

Anon.
1. O brother, be faithful! soon Jesus will come, For whom we have waited so long;

2. O brother, be faithful! the city of gold, Prepared for the good and the blest, Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold, And welcome thee into thy rest.

3. O brother, be faithful! He soon will descend, Creation's omnipotent King, While legions of angels his chariot attend, And palm-wreaths of victory bring.

4. O brother, be faithful! eternity's years Shall tell for thy faithfulness now, When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears, And a coronet gleam on thy brow.

O brother, be faithful! and soon shalt thou hear
Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word, Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear,
To enter the joy of thy Lord.
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THE CHRISTIAN—HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

COME, LET US ANEW. P. M.

1. Come, let us a-new our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear; And never stand still till the Master appear.

2. His adorable will let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides swiftly away, And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4. The arrow is flown, the moment is gone; The millennial year Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5. O, that each in the day of His coming may say, "I have fought my way through; I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6. O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done! Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

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I LOVE THEE. 11s.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God:

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my actions will show.

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

3. O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest,— My life and salvation, my joy and my rest: Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song; Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing:

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and clear, While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.

Anon.
1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I tremble when trials are near?

Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, Or building my hopes in a region like this; I look for a city that hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon roses below; I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest, Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose. They only make heaven more sweet at its close; Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall, An hour with my God will make up for them all.

4. Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy; One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be long; I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

5. Amid scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed, How oft have I sighed for the season of rest. When no more in this 

wilderness world I shall roam, I But find in the bosom of Jesus a home. Home, sweet home; I But find in the bosom of Jesus a

3. This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and drear, And points to the haven of rest that is near; O there, in sweet fields of delight we shall roam, And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
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 than all besides more 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 angel's wings we soar,
And earthly cares most no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5. Ah! whither should we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

6. When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

516
1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray
They learn to pray when first they live

2 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,—
In every case still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith, in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail!
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

517 Andante.

1. When softly falls the twilight hour O'er moor and mountain, field and flower,
   How sweet to leave a world of care, And lift to heav'n the voice of prayer!

2. In solemn midnight's silence deep,
   When Nature's voice is hushed in sleep,
   Then heavy hearts with grief oppressed
   May find in prayer the sweetest rest.

3. And when with reddening blush of morn
   The new-born day begins to dawn,
   Then upward to the mercy-seat
   Let prayer ascend like incense sweet.

4. When mid-day's burning heat we feel,
   When daily cares our hearts would steal,
   O, then to heaven we look away,
   And find in prayer our surest stay.

F. E. Belden.

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SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (omit) wishes known!
   D. C.—And oft es-chap't the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (omit) hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
   Thy wings shall my petition bear
   To Him whose truth and faithfulness
   Engage the waiting soul to bless.
   And since he bids me seek his face,
   Believe his word, and trust his grace,
   I'll cast on him my every care,
   And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

William W. Walford.
1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cumbering 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 to come;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here away from home.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

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

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throns;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

4 I love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest;
For thou hast known his love.

522 326, 646, 669.
1 I love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

521 724, 303, 204.
1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

520 395, 147, 644.
1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throns;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

John A. Wallace.
1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far;

From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine!

5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

201, 179, 117.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
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Sweet Source of light divine,
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My Saviour! thou art mine!

5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

524 175, 598, 303.
1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

525 399, 395, 598.
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

James Montgomery.

526 396, 179, 598.
1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To hear the whispers of thy grace,
And heed when thou dost speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.
1. Our heavenly Father calls, And Christ invites us near; With both, our friendship shall be sweet, And our communion dear.

2. God pities all our griefs; He pardons every day; Almighty to protect our souls, And wise to guide our way.

3. How large his bounties are! What various stores of good, Diffused from our Redeemer's hand, And purchased with his blood!

4. Jesus, our living Head, We bless thy faithful care; Our Advocate before the throne, And our Forerunner there.

5. Here fix, my roving heart! Here wait, my warmest love! Till the communion be complete, In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

529

1. Jesus, who knows full well The heart of every saint, Invites us all our grief to tell; To pray, and never faint.

2. He bows his gracious ear,— We never plead in vain; Then let us wait till he appear, And pray, and pray again.

3. Jesus, the Lord, will hear His chosen when they cry; Yes, though he may a while forbear, He'll help them from on high.

4. Then let us earnest cry, And never faint in prayer; He sees, he hears, and, from on high, Will make our cause his care.

John Newton.

530

1. Sweetly the holy hymn Breaks on the morning air; Before the world with smoke is dim, We kneel and offer prayer.

2. While flowers are wet with dews, Dew of our souls descend; Ere yet the sun the day renews, O Lord, thy Spirit send.

3. Upon the battle-field, Before the fight begins, We seek, O Lord, thy sheltering shield, To guard us from our sins.

4. On the lone mountain side, Before the morning's light, The Man of sorrows wept and cried, And rose refreshed with might.

5. O, hear us, then, for we Are very weak and frail; We make the Saviour's name our plea, And surely must prevail.

C. H. Spurgeon.
1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer;
   He himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. With my burden I begin:—
   Lord! remove this load of sin;
   Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
   Set my conscience free from guilt.

3. Lord! I come to thee for rest,
   Take possession of my breast;
   There, thy sovereign right maintain,
   And, without a rival, reign.

4. While I am a pilgrim here,
   Let thy love my spirit cheer;
   Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
   Lead me to my journey's end.

5. Show me what I have to do,
   Every hour my strength renew;
   Let me live a life of faith,
   Let me die thy people's death.

4. Thou hast helped in every need,
   This emboldens me to plead;
   After so much mercy past,
   Canst thou let me sink at last?

5. No, I must maintain my hold;
   'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
   I can no denial take,
   Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

533

1. They who seek the throne of grace
   Find that throne in every place;
   If we live a life of prayer,
   God is present everywhere.

2. In our sickness and our health,
   In our want, or in our wealth,
   If we look to God in prayer,
   God is present everywhere.

3. When our earthly comforts fail,
   When the foes of life prevail,
   'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
   God is present everywhere.

4. Then, my soul, in every strait,
   To thy Father come, and wait;
   He will answer every prayer:
   God is present everywhere.

5. Doubt him not, his promise plead
   In the hour of sorest need;
   Never yet was saint o'erthrown
   Trusting in God's strength alone

Anon.
THE CHRISTIAN—MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

PALMER. 8s & 7s. F. E. Belden.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend;

Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.

162, 41, 277.

2. Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to lie, While we see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.

3. Here we feel our sins forgiven, While upon the Lamb we gaze;

Every thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft-en for-felt, O what needless pain we bear,

Converse. 8s & 7s. D. C. C. Converse.

2. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry

3. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

4. While in grateful contemplation, Lord, our eyes are fixed on thee, May we taste thy full salvation, And, unveiled, thy glories see.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge! Take it to the Lord in prayer.

James Allen.

Horatius Bonar.

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authorization.

Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to lie, While we see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.

Here we feel our sins forgiven, While upon the Lamb we gaze;

And our thoughts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.

While in grateful contemplation, Lord, our eyes are fixed on thee, May we taste thy full salvation, And, unveiled, thy glories see.

Fine.

D.S.

Every thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft-en for-felt, O what needless pain we bear,

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry D. S.—All because we do not carry

2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge! Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.
1. My God, is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star,
   As that which calls me to thy feet.—The hour of prayer?

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

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

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

5. Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
   No privilege so dear shall be,
   As thus my inmost soul to pour
   In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

1. Come, let us pray! 'tis sweet to feel That God himself is near; That, while we at his footstool kneel,
   His mercy deigns to hear. Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way, This is our solace—let us pray.

2. Come, let us pray! the burning brow,
   The heart oppressed with care,
   And all the woes that throng us now,
   Will be relieved by prayer;
   Our God will chase our griefs away;
   O glorious thought! come, let us pray.

3. Come, let us pray! the mercy-seat
   Invites the fervent prayer;
   Our heavenly Father waits to greet
   The contrite spirit there.
   O loiter not, nor longer stay
   From him who loves us; let us pray.

4. Here for my every want I find;
   What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
   What peace of mind.

5. Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
   No privilege so dear shall be,
   As thus my inmost soul to pour
   In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

6. Come, let us pray! the burning brow,
   The heart oppressed with care,
   And all the woes that throng us now,
   Will be relieved by prayer;
   Our God will chase our griefs away;
   O glorious thought! come, let us pray.

Anon.
1. Thus far the Lord has 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 forges my follies past,
   And 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 if the night of death should come,
   My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
   And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
   With sweet salvation in the sound.

5. God of the morning, at thy voice
   The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
   And like a giant doth rejoice
   To run his journey through the skies.

6. O, like the sun may I fulfill
   The appointed duties of the day;
   With ready mind and active will,
   March on, and keep my heavenly way.

7. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
   Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
   Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
   Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

8. Give me thy counsels for my guide,
   And then receive me to thy bliss;
   All my desires and hopes beside
   Are faint and cold compared with this.

9. My opening eyes with rapture see
   The light of thy returning day;
   My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee
   While thus my early vows I pay.

10. I yield my heart to thee alone,
    Nor would receive another guest:
    Eternal King, erect thy throne,
    And reign sole monarch in my breast.

11. O, bid this trifling world retire,
    And drive each carnal thought away;
    Nor let me feel one vain desire,
    One sinful thought, through all the day.

12. Then, to thy courts when I repair,
    My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
    The wonders of thy love declare,
    And join the strains which angels sing.

13. O Christ, with each returning morn
    Thine image to our hearts be borne;
    And may we ever clearly see
    Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee!

14. All hallowed be our walk this day;
    May meekness form our morning ray,
    And faithful love our noontide light,
    And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

15. May grace each idle thought control,
    And sanctify each wayward soul;
    May guile depart, and malice cease,
    And all within be joy and peace.
1. Sun of my soul, O Saviour dear! It is not night if thou be near:

2. When soft the dews of kindly sleep
   My weary eyelids gently steep,
   Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
   Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3. Abide with me from morn till eye,
   For without thee I cannot live;
   Abide with me when night is nigh,
   For without thee I dare not die.

4. Be near and bless me when I wake,
   Ere through the world my way I take;
   Till in the ocean of thy love
   I lose myself in heaven above.

5. Teach me this fleeting life to live,
   So that the grave no dread shall give;
   Teach me to die, so that I may
   With joy behold the Judgment day.

6. O may no earth-born cloud arise
   To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

7. Let me be blest in every place,
   And in this world, and in the world to come,
   With the Saviour of his people's grace,
   To live with him for evermore.

8. Save me, Lord, for I am thine,
   And I will thy will to do,
   And still thy service to pursue,
   And in thy kingdom evermore.
1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;
   To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,
   Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eye;
   Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him who rules on high.

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
   To plead for all his saints,
   Night unto night his name repeats,
   The day renews the sound,

3. O may thy Spirit guide my feet
   In ways of righteousness!
   'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
   My tongue shall speak his praise:

4. The men that love and fear thy name
   Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
   'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
   My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,

5. Lord of my life, O may thy praise
   Employ my noblest powers,
   Lord of my life, O may thy praise
   Employ my noblest powers,

6. While many spent the night in sighs,
   And restless pains and woes,
   While many spent the night in sighs,
   And restless pains and woes,

7. Let the same parental care
   My waking hours attend;
   O let the same parental care
   My waking hours attend;

8. Smile on my moments as they roll,
   And guide my future days;
   Smile on my moments as they roll,
   And guide my future days;

9. Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
   And save our children dear;
   Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
   And save our children dear;

10. Save them from every sin.
    Save them from every sin.

Isaac Watts.

Anne Steele.

Isaac Watts.

Anon.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAMILY DEVOTION.

WARWICK, C. M.

Samuel Stanley.

1. Giver and Guardian of our sleep, To praise thy name we wake;

Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep, For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessings of another day,
We thankfully receive;
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Uphold us with thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Prisoners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus King.

Charles Wesley.

551

548, 354, 669.

1 The sun rolls down the distant west,
Soft twilight steals abroad
To welcome in the day of rest,
The Sabbath of our Lord.

2 This holy day let us begin
With songs of praise to God,
Who pardons all our guilt and sin,
Through Jesus' precious blood.

3 Now in this tranquil hour we lay
All worldly cares aside,
And hallow God's most holy day,
Though friends or foes may chide.

4 'Tis not to seek the world's applause
That we from labor rest;
We strive to keep God's holy laws,
And he these moments blessed.

Anon.

552

175, 354, 581.

1 Happy the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Anon.

553

396, 175, 546.

1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each 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 hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian's part,
And give the years to thee.

Philip Doddridge.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAMILY DEVOTION.

VESPER. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O,

may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

3 And if we early rise, And view the unwearied sun, May we set out to win the prize, And after glory run.

4 And when our days are past, And we from time remove, O, may we in thy bosom rest— The bosom of thy love.

555

688, 810, 266.

1 See how the morning sun Pursues his shining way, And wide proclaims his Maker's praise With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul Its heavenly Parent sing, And to its great original The humble tribute bring.

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

4 My life I would anew Devote, O Lord, to thee; And in thy kingdom I would spend A bright eternity.

Elizabeth Scott.

556

736, 453.

1 The swift declining day, How fast its moments fly! While evening's broad and gloomy shade Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light; And know, its Maker can command At once death's silent night.

3 Give glory to the Lord, Who rules the whirling sphere; Submissive at his footstool bow, And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new luster break Through death's impending gloom, And lead you to unchanging light In your celestial home.

Philip Doddridge.

557

558, 810, 236.

1 We lift our hearts to thee, O Day-star from on high! The sun itself is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams The night of sin disperse,— The mists of error and of vice Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now! How dark and sad before! With joy we view the pleasing change, And nature's God adore.

John Wesley.
559

1 Another day is gone,
   Great God, we bow to thee;
   Again, as shades of night steal on,
   Unto thy side we flee.

2 O, when shall that day come,
   Ne'er sinking in the west,—
   That country and that happy home,
   Where none shall break our rest;

3 Where all things shall be peace,
   And pleasure without end,
   And golden harps, that never cease,
   With joyous hymns shall blend?

William J. Blew.

560

1 The day, O Lord, is spent;
   Abide with us, and rest;
   Our hearts' desires are fully bent
   On making thee our Guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
   That happy land, as yet,
   Where holy angels round thee stand,
   Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
   Our day is almost o'er;
   O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
   Shine on us evermore!

John Neal.

561

1 The light of Sabbath eve
   Is fading fast away;
   What record will it for us leave,
   To crown the closing day?

2 Is it a Sabbath spent
   Of fruitless time destroyed?
   Or have these moments to us lent
   Been sacredly employed?

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
   O may we never dare;
   Nor desecrate with words of ours
   These sacred days of prayer.

4 But may our Sabbaths here
   Inspire our hearts with love;
   And prove a blessed foretaste clear,
   Of that sweet rest above.

Anon.

562

1 The Saviour kindly calls
   Our children to his breast;
   He folds them in his gracious arms;
   Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
   "Nor scorn their humble claim;
   The heirs of heaven are such as these;
   For such as these I came.”

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
   Devoting them to thee;
   Imploring that, as we are thine,
   Thine may our offspring be.

Henry U. Onderdonk.
1. Softly now the light of day Fades up on our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

565 40, 531, 272.
1 Now the shades of night are gone,
Now is past the early dawn;
Lord, we would be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noontide 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.

Anon.

566 [Tune, Rathbun, No. 41] 8s & 7s.
1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn of glory wake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

James Edmeston.
1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:

Fixed in an eternal state, They have done with all below; We a little longer wait, But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
   Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
   Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
   Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
   All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
   Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
   With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
   Fill us with a Saviour's love,
And when life's short tale is told,
   May we dwell with him above.

John Newton.

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1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
   The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
   Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
   Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
   O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
   What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
   Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
   Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
   I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte
THE CHRISTIAN—UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

BACA. L. M.  
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone a-stray,  
And wandered from thy heavenly way:  
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,  
Far from the paths of thee, our God,  
Far from the paths of thee, our God.

In penitential grief we sigh,  
And lift to thee our humble cry,  
Won by thy love, we turn to Him  
Who died to save us from our sin.

Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep!  
Our wanderings heal, our footsteps keep:  
We seek thy sheltering fold again,  
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

O God! we praise thee for thy grace:  
How sweet the smiling of thy face!  
O let thy grace our hearts control,  
And fill with love each longing soul.

Teach us to know and love thy way;  
And grant, to life's remotest day,  
By thine unerring guidance led,  
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

Oh, turn, great Ruler of the skies!  
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;  
Nor let the offenses of my hand  
Within thy book recorded stand.

Give me a will to thine subdued,  
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.

O, let thy Spirit to my heart  
Once more his quickening aid impart;  
My mind from every fear release,  
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain?  
How long my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return?

How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?  
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;  
For I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.

My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.
1. Return, my roving heart, return, And life's vain shadows chase no more; 

Seek out some solitude to mourn, And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

574
1 Thou that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek thy throne;
To plead the merits of thy Son.

575
1 Jesus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, cloudless hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord! thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

4 Take, then, O Lord, this heart of mine,
My grateful love, my joy, my care;
No longer dead to things divine,
With thee my best affections are.

576
1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,—
A helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am blind; be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.
THE CHRISTIAN—UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

BEERMERTON. C. M.  
HENRY W. GREATOREX.

1. Lord! when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour,
   O, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;  
   True penitence impart;  
   And let a healing ray from thee  
   Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
   May we our wills resign;  
   Nor let a thought our bosom share  
   Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
   And waft it to the skies;  
   And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
   That grants it or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle.

5 My head is low, my heart is sad,  
   My feet with travel torn,  
   Yet, O my Saviour, thou art glad  
   To see thy child return.

2 It was thy love that homeward led,  
   Thine arm that upward stayed;  
   It is thy hand which on my head  
   Is now in mercy laid.

3 O Saviour, in this broken heart  
   Confirm the trembling will,  
   Which longs to reach thee where thou art,  
   Rest in thee, and be still.

4 Within that bosom which hath shed  
   Both tears and blood for me,  
   O let me hide this aching head,  
   Once pressed and blessed by thee.

John S. Monseil.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
   Shed in my heart abroad:  
   Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
   Nor leave the heavenly road.

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

179, 794, 399.

1 How oft this wretched, sinful heart  
   Has wandered from the Lord!  
   How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
   Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet mercy calls me now, "Return;"  
   Saviour, to thee I come;  
   My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
   O take the wanderer home!

3 Thy love, so full, so free, so sweet,  
   Blest Saviour, I adore;  
   O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
   And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele.
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. Return, O holy Dove! return,—
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

4. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5. 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.

1 Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care!
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.
1. Gracious Redeemer, shake This slumber from my soul!

Say to me now, "A-wake, a-wake! And Christ shall make thee whole!"

2 Touch with thy mighty hand;
   Alarm me in this hour;
   And make me fully understand
   My danger and thy power.

3 Give me on thee to call,
   Always to watch and pray,
   Lest I into temptation fall,
   And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
   And ready may I be;
   Forever standing on my guard,
   And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
   My soul of evil near;
   When to the right or left I turn,
   Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way;
   Come back and walk therein;"
   O may I hearken and obey,
   And shun the paths of sin.

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
   To drive me from thy feet?
   O let not this last refuge fail,
   This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
   Without one cheering ray,
   Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
   How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart
   With beams of mercy shine,
   And let thy voice again impart
   A taste of joy divine.

6 O Jesus, full of grace,
   To thee I make my moan:
   Let me again be loved,
   Call home thy banished one.

7 Again my pardon seal,
   Again my soul restore,
   And freely my backslidings heal,
   And bid me sin no more.

8 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
   Speak, and my soul shall live;
   "Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,
   "Abundantly forgive."

9 Thine utmost mercy show;
   Say to my drooping soul,
   "In peace and full assurance go;"
   Thy faith hath made thee whole.

The Christian—Unfaithfulness Lamented.
1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sinner, 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. Can a mother's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.

4. Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the hights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. 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?

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love's so weak and faint; Yet I love thee, and adore; O for grace to love thee more!

3 Foolish fears and fond desires, Vain regrets for things as vain; Lips too seldom taught to praise, Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault, Filled with grief and shame we own; Humbled at thy feet we lie, Seeking pardon from thy throne.

588 333, 457, 407.
1 God of mercy, God of grace, Hear our sad, repentant song; Sorrow dwells on every face, Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past, Talents wasted, time misspent; Hearts debased by worldly cares, Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Could I joy with saints to meet, Choose the ways I once abhorred, Find at times the promise sweet, If I did not love at all?

4 Could I joy with saints to meet, Choose the ways I once abhorred, Find at times the promise sweet, If I did not love at all?

5 Lord, decide the doubtful case, Thou who art thy people's Sun; Shine upon thy work of grace, If it be indeed begun.

John Newton
THE CHRISTIAN—UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

1. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart,
   Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart;
   Give, what I have long implored, A portion of thy grief unknown;

2. For thine own compassion's sake,
   The gracious wonder show;
   Nor suffer me to die!
   For my selfishness and pride
   And wash me white as snow:
   And let thy mercy melt me down;
   Cast my sins behind thy back,
   Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
   Nor suffer me to die!
   Left me long to wander wide,
   And let thy name and nature let me prove;
   And wash me white as snow:

3. See me, Saviour, from above,
   Life, and happiness, and love,
   Speak the reconciling word,
   Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
   But if thou thy Spirit shed,
   Fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
   See me, Saviour, from above,
   But I now my sins confess,
   See me, Saviour, from above,
   But I now my sins confess,

4. Clothe me with thy holiness,
   Put on me thy glorious dress—
   Endue my soul with thee:
   Clothe me with thy holiness,
   Thy name and nature let me prove;
   Fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
   Thy meek humility;
   Let thine image be restored,
   Thy name and nature let me prove;
   Thy meek humility;
   Let thine image be restored,

1 Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear
   Yet once again, I pray;
   From my debt of sin set clear,
   For I have naught to pay:
   Speak, O speak the kind release,
   And break my heart of stone.

2 For my selfishness and pride
   Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
   Left me long to wander wide,
   But I now my sins confess,
   And mercy, mercy, I implore;
   Love me freely, seal my peace,
   For my selfishness and pride
   But I now my sins confess,
   For my selfishness and pride
   But I now my sins confess,

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
   A hardness o'er my heart;
   But if thou thy Spirit shed,
   The stony shall depart:
   Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
   Love me freely, seal my peace,
   Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
   But if thou thy Spirit shed,
   Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
   But if thou thy Spirit shed,
1. Behold the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2. In panoply of truth complete,
   Salvation's helmet on his head;
   With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
   And faith's broad shield before him spread,

3. Undaunted to the field he goes;
   Yet vain were skill and valor there,
   Unless, to foil his legion foes,
   He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4. Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
   Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
   Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
   Through mercy, an immortal crown.

5. Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
   The weight of thine immortal shield;
   Put on the armor, from above,
   Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

6. O army of the living God,
   Why sink your souls desponding down?
   Why tremble at the oppressor's rod?
   Why cower beneath the spoiler's frown?

7. O soldiers in the war-worn host,
   Go forth in courage and in faith:
   In Christ, your Captain, ye may boast;
   He rules the world and conquers death.

8. Go forth, and mingle in the strife
   Which God commands, which Christ approves;
   Go struggle for eternal life,
   And all the joys the Christian loves.
1. What poor, despised company Of travelers are these, Who walk in yonder narrow way, Along the rugged maze? Along the rugged maze?

2. Ah! these are of a royal line, All children of a King, Heirs of immortal crowns divine; And lo! for joy they sing.

3. Why do they, then, appear so mean, And why so much despised? Because of their rich robes unseen The world is not apprised.

4. But why keep they that narrow road— That rugged, thorny maze?—

5. Why, that's the way their Leader trod, They love and keep his ways.

6. Why do they shun the pleasing path That worldlings love so well? Because that is the road to death, The open road to hell.

597

I'm Going Home. L. M. P. William McDonald.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Chorus.

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

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

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.
1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ey - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on;

A heaven - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

2 'Tis God's all - animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

1 O, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come though God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!
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 task will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.

George Heath

602 810, 558, 732.
1 Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put thy armor on; Fight, for the battle will be ours; We fight to win a crown.

2 We fight not against flesh, We wrestle not with blood; But principalities and powers, And for the truth of God;

3 With wicked spirits, too, That in high places stand, Perverting oft the word of God, And say 'tis by command.

4 Put all the armor on, Like valiant soldiers stand; Let all your loins be girt with truth, Waiting our Lord's command.

5 While Jesus is our friend, And his rich grace supplies, We'll march like valiant soldiers on; We're sure to win the prize.

6 The battle's almost o'er; The race is nearly run; Then with our glorious, conquering King We'll sit down on his throne.

Charles Wesley

603 810, 558, 384.
1 Equip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight; My simple, upright heart prepare, And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought; My whole of sin remove; Let all my works in thee be wrought, Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind, Meek Lamb, that was in thee! And let my knowing zeal be joined With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal Let me enforce thy call; And vindicate thy gracious will, Which offers life to all.

5 O may I learn the art, With meekness to reprove! To hate the sin with all my heart, But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley

604 558, 11, 89.
1 My soul, weigh not thy life Against thy heavenly crown; Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong, Hold on the fearful fight, And let the breaking day prolong The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield, If thou thy part fulfill; For strong as is the hostile shield, Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine, Thy feet with victory shod, And on thy head shall quickly shine The diadem of God.

Anon
1. Sleep not, soldier of the cross; Foes are lurking all around:

Look not here to find repose; This is but thy battle ground.

2. Up, and take thy shield and sword; Up, it is the call of Heaven; Shrink not faithless from thy Lord, Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3. Break through all the force of ill, Tread the night of passion down, Struggle onward, onward still, To the conquering Saviour's crown.

4. Through the midst of toil and pain, Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,— Every triumph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

1. Soldiers in the holy strife, Battling for eternal life, Where's the cause so just as yours That so great reward insures?

2. God, the everlasting God, Cleared the path his soldiers trod Through the gloomy ages past,— Shall his strength fail us at last?

3. No! ye souls who faltering stand, Grasp the sword with firmer hand; Once again the word of God Clears the path the martyrs trod!

4. Truth! O trusty weapon strong! Theme for an immortal song! Satan's trembling hosts declare This is mighty, joined with prayer.

1. Faint not, Christian! though the road Leading to thy blest abode, Darksome be, and dangerous too; Christ thy Guide will bring thee through.

2. Faint not, Christian! though in rage Satan would thy soul engage; Gird on Faith's anointed shield, Bear it to the battle-field.

3. Faint not, Christian! though the world Has its hostile flag unfurled; Hold the cross of Jesus fast; Thou shalt overcome at last.

4. Faint not, Christian! Jesus near, Soon in glory will appear; And his love will then bestow Power to conquer every foe.

1. Often in danger, oft in woe, Onward! brethren, onward go! Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2. Let your hearts no more be sad; March in heavenly armor clad; Fight, nor think the battle long, Soon shall victory tune your song.

3. Let not sorrow dim your eye; Soon shall every tear be dry; Let not fears your course impede; Great your strength if great your need.
Come Home. 7s. d.

1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; One who loves us to the end;

2. In the world a thousand snares
   Lie to take us unawares;
   Satan, with malicious art,
   Watches each unguarded heart;
   But from Satan’s malice free,
   Saints will soon victorious be;
   Soon the joyful news will come,
   “Child, your Father calls; come home.”

3. But of all the foes we meet,
   None so apt to turn our feet,
   None betray us into sin,
   Like the foes we have within;
   Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
   Christ will also conquer these;
   Then the joyful news will come,
   “Child, your Father calls; come home.”

When the wily tempter’s near,
Filling us with doubt and fear,—
Jesus, to thy cross we flee;
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
   List’nest to thy people’s moan;
   Thou, the living Head, dost share
   Every pang thy members bear.
   Full of tenderness thou art;
   Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
   Full of power, thine arm shall quell
   All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
   Thou hast overcome the grave;
   Thou the bars of death hast riven,
   Opened wide the gates of heaven.
   Soon in glory thou shalt come,
   Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
   Jesus, then we all shall be,
   Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.
Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry un-to vict'ry, His arm-y shall he lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

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;
Let 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.

613
1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true:
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thy hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven at last possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory,
The crown of victory.
CALEDONIA. 7s & 5. d.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize,—Prize of victory.

Seize your armor, gird it on; Soon the battle will be won; See! the strife is almost done; Struggle manfully.

2. Now the fight of faith begin, Be no more the slaves of sin, Strive the victor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord:

Though the evil hosts appear, Who can doubt, or who can fear? God, our strength and shield, is near; Can we suffer loss?

3. Jesus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell; Now he bids his followers tell Triumphs of his cross.

Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Jesus points the victor's rod; Follow where your Leader trod; Soon you'll see his face.

CAPETOWN. 7s & 5.

1. Christian, seek not yet repose, Cast thy dreams of ease away; Thou art in the midst of foes; Therefore watch and pray.

'Twas by watching and by prayer Holy men of olden day Won the palms and crowns they'll wear; Therefore watch and pray.

2. Gird thy heavenly armor on, Wear it ever, night and day; Near thee lurks the evil one; Therefore watch and pray.

5. Watch, for thou thy guard must keep; Pray, for God must speed thy way; Narrow is the road and steep; Therefore watch and pray.

3. Listen to thy sorrowing Lord, Him thou lovest to obey; It is he who speaks the word; Therefore watch and pray.

William H. How.

Jared B. Waterbury.

200
THE CHRISTIAN—WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

I'M A TRAVELER. 7s & 4s. d. N. Billings.

1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary, oppressed; But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest.

Dark and dreary is the way, Toiling I've come; Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no broken band— All, all are there; Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glory is for all, And all are glad.

3 I'm a traveler—call me not— Upward's 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. I. I. Leslie.

LONDON. 10s & 11s. Edwin Barnes.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest; Onward and upward still be thine endeavor; The rest that remain-eth endur-eth for-er-er.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee; 3 Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee; Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth; He who hath promised will falter, no, never; Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth: O trust in the love that endureth forever. Nothing thy soul from the Saviour can sever; And soon shalt thou see him and praise him forever. Joseph Stammers.
THE CHRISTIAN—WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

Here is no Rest. 10s & 7s. p.

Joyfully, Joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright glory above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe.
Home to the land of the righteous I'll go;
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the ground,
But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound,
Loosed from death's fetters, and upward we'll soar,
Joyfully meeting to part nevermore.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I'll hear
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

Death with his weapons of war has laid low
Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow;
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will they come home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Anon.

William Hunter.
THE CHRISTIAN—WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

620

Triumph. 10s. p. A. D. Merrill.

1. {Lonely and weary, by sorrow oppressed, Onward we hasten with longings for rest.}
   {Bidding adieu to the world with its pride, Longing to stand by angels manuel's side.}

   Though we are pilgrims, before us now rise visions of glory rejoicing our eyes.}

   Crowns that we hope soon to wear, Blessed the rest; O we long to be there.

2. There is the city in splendor sublime; O, how its turrets and battlements shine!
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright, Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.
Pathways of gold that bless city adorn,
Glittering with glory far brighter than morn;
Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share glory unfading; we long to be there.

3. Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,
   Songs of the ransomed are borne on the breeze;
   Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,
   Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green;
   There shall the glory of God ever be,
   Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea;
   There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,
   Evermore dwell; O, we long to be there.

621

1 Through this dark valley of conflict and sin,
Trials without and temptations within,
Onward to glory, still urge thy lone way,
Joyful in hope of the long-promised day.

In every danger thou hast a sure Guide,
To every cloud there is yet a bright side;
Falter then not at the sternest behest,
Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

2 Just as the eagle, in teaching to fly,
   Foreceth her young from their covert so high;
   Then if strength faileth, beneath them she flies,
   On her wings beareth them safe to the skies;

   So will the arm of Jehovah uphold;
   In each affliction his mercies unfold;
   Murmur then not that he stirreth thy nest,
   Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

3 Never of Providence dare to complain;
   Sunshine and storm both must ripen the grain;
   Tried is the gold that the purest will shine,
   Crushed is the vintage that yieldeth the wine.

   He who the end from beginning can tell,
   Works for thy good, for he doeth all well:
   This, that prepares for the mansions of rest,
   Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

Annie R. Smith.
1. Cheer up, ye soldiers of the cross; The moment soon will come When you shall lay your armor off, And reach your blissful home. The pearl-y gates will wide un-fold Before our conquering King, And entering hosts, with harps of gold, Triumphantly shall sing.

2 What though the warfare be severe, And enemies be strong; And painful watchings, dark and drear, The tedious night prolong; Our Captain passed this way before, And felt each cruel sting: Courage! the strife will soon be o'er, And then with joy we'll sing.

3 Many a soldier in this strife, Has nobly bled and died, Counting it joy to give his life For Him once crucified. And when our Captain comes again, Those from the dead he'll bring; And they with us, and we with them, Triumphant will sing.

4 O, 'twill be joy, but to behold That glad immortal throng Enter and walk the streets of gold, And sing the victor's song!

To see that host and hear that song, Must joy ecstatic bring; But those who will may join that throng, With them you too may sing.

As through this changing world we roam From infancy to age, Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at every stage; Thither his raptured thoughts ascend, Eternal joys to share; There his adoring spirit bends, While here he kneels in prayer.

From earth his freed affections rise To fix on things above, Where all his hope of glory lies, And love is perfect love; Ah! there may we our treasure place, There let our hearts be found, That still where sin abounded, grace May more and more abound.

James Montgomery.
1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed up on life's billowy sea;

To hear a voice within me speak, "Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."

2. Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear,
Nor mourn though under foot I'm trod,
If day by day I may but share
Thine approbation, O my God!

3. The friends I love may turn from me,
Their words unkind may pierce me through;
But this my daily prayer shall be,
"Forgive; they know not what they do."

4. Let me but know, where'er I roam,
That I am doing Jesus' will;
And though I've neither friends nor home,
My heart shall glow with gladness still.

5. To that bright, blest, immortal morn,
By holy prophets long foretold,
My eager, longing eyes I turn,
And soon its glories shall behold.

6. Then all the scoffs and scorn I've borne
For His dear sake who died for me,
To everlasting joys will turn,
In glorious immortality;

Charles Fitch.

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4. What, then, is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5. Yes, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

Johann F. Winkler.

626

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 thoughts 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 rest with thee.

4. Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

Jean F. Oberlin.
2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'T is my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

629 624, 633, 875.
1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

4 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

630 923, 316, 23.
1 What! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O, how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plentitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
That thou hast purified my heart.

Charles Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

631

**Andre, L. M.**


1. Jesus, my Saviour, let me be
   More perfectly conformed to thee;
   Implant each grace, each
   Sin dethrone, and form my temper like thine own.

675, 431, 316.

2. My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
   Share in his grief, supply his need;
   The haughty frown may I not fear,
   But with a lowly meekness bear.

633

614, 538, 932.

1. Let me but hear my Saviour say,
   Strength shall be equal to thy day,
   Then I rejoice in deep distress,
   Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2. I can do all things, or can bear
   All suffering, if my Lord be there;
   Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
   While he my sinking head sustains.

3. I glory in infirmity,
   That Christ's own power may rest on me;
   When I am weak, then am I strong:
   Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

634

223, 704, 343.

1. When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
   What were his works, from day to day,
   But miracles of power and grace
   That spread salvation through our race?

2. Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
   Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
   Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
   Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3. That man may last, but never lives,
   Who much receives, but nothing gives;
   Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
   Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4. But he who marks, from day to day,
   In generous acts his radiant way,
   Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
   The path to glory and to God.

Benjamin Beddome.

Anon.

Anon.

Anonymous.
1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spirit only can bestow Who reigns in light above, Who reigns in light above.

2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that light on thee hath shone In which is perfect day.

3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.

4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, though thorny, bright; For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

637

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend his cause, Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross.

2. Jesus, my Lord, 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 Reserve for me a place.

Isaac Watts.

638

1. Let worldly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me: Once I admired its trifles too, But grace has set me free.

2. Its joys can now no longer please, Nor e'en content afford: Far from my heart be joys like these, For I have seen the Lord.

3. As by the light of opening day The stars are all concealed, So earthly pleasures fade away When Jesus is revealed.

John Newton.
1. O, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God,

Then would my hours glide sweet a-way, While leaning on his word.

2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
   Anew from day to day,
   In joys the world can never give,
   Nor ever take away.

3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
   And make me wholly thine,
   That I may nevermore depart,
   Nor grieve thy love divine.

4. There as we gaze may we become
   United, Lord, to thee;
   And in a fairer, happier home
   Thy perfect beauty see.

1. Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
   The simple are the best;
   Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
   Thou makest there thy rest.

2. Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
   If thou wilt stay with me,
   Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
   My heart the home shall be.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
   My life and death attend;
   Thy presence through my journey shine,
   And crown my journey's end.
1. O blest are they who oft have said, "I thirst for righteousness;

I hunger for the heavenly bread With anguish and distress."

2. They of My fullness shall be fed, For which they hungered sore; And there, by living waters led, Their souls shall thirst no more.

3. Because I am the Truth, the Life, All fullness dwells in me; They know no want, no sin, no strife, Through all eternity.

4. How blessed, then, to share a part With those that hunger here; To have the panting, thirsty heart, And shed the bitter tear!

5. O give me, Lord, the grace to know And feel my need of thee; To long for righteousness below Till I thy fullness see.

4. A heart in every thought renewed, And filled with love divine! Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of thine!

5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above, Write thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

F. E. Belden.

646

1. Lord! when I all things would possess, I crave but to be thine; O, lowly is the loftiness Of these desires divine!

2. Each gift but helps my soul to learn How boundless is thy store; I go from strength to strength, and yearn For thee, my Helper, more.

3. How can my soul divinely soar, How keep the shining way, And not more tremblingly adore, And not more humbly pray?

4. The more I triumph in thy gifts, The more I wait on thee, The grace that mightily uplifts Most sweetly humbleth me.

5. The heaven where I would stand complete My lowly love shall see, And stronger grow the yearning sweet, My blessed Lord, for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.
1. By cool Siloam's shady rill How fair the lily grows!

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

3 Dependent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they appear
Compared with thee, supremely good, Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear, And glory in my gain.

1 Delightful work! young souls to win, And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin, To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim, And God will well approve
When infants learn to lip his name, And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed, To aid this blest design;
The honors of thy name be spread, And all the glory thine.

1 And must I part with all I have, My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right since thou hast done Much more than this for me.

2 How vain are all things here below! How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.

3 The brightest things below the sky Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh Where we possess delight.

4 My Saviour, let thy beauties be My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away From all created good.
1. Jesus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,
With hum-b-ble con-fi-dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

3 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

5 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Suffer no more to rove
O'ER all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Blest are the pure in heart;
For they our God shall see,
And from his presence ne'er depart
Through all eternity.

I will be their delight
Who here delight in me,
And they shall walk with me in white
Who seek for purity.

No more in thought they err,
They're free from every stain;
They've washed their robes of character,
And spotless they remain.

O bliss for which we've sought—
From sin to be secure!
In every word, and act, and thought,
Forever to be pure.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With heart made glad and free,
Myself and my remaining days,
I consecrate to thee.

Thy willing servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment, live or die,
Will serve my God alone.
THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en though it be across That raiseth me!

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

3. There let the way appear,
   Steps up to heaven;
   All that thou sendest me,
   In mercy given;
   Angels to beckon me
   Nearer, my God, to thee,
   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, 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, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee!

6. Farewell, mortality;
   Jesus is mine;
   Hail! immortality;
   Jesus is mine.
   Welcome, O loved and blest!
   Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
   Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
   Jesus is mine!

7. 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, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee!

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

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

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

11. There let the way appear,
    Steps up to heaven;
    All that thou sendest me,
    In mercy given;
    Angels to beckon me
    Nearer, my God, to thee,
    Nearer, my God, to thee,
    Nearer to thee.

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

13. 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, my God, to thee,
    Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.
1. And art thou, gracious Master, gone, A mansion to prepare for me? Shall I behold thee on thy throne?

Shall I forever dwell with thee? Then let the world approve or blame, I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2. Should I, to gain the world's applause, Or to escape its sharpest frown, Refuse to countenance thy cause, And make thy people's lot my own,

But soon his place shall know him not; Through fear of such an one, shall I The Lord of heaven and earth deny?

4. No; let the world cast out my name, And vile account me, if it will; If to confess the Lord be shame, I purpose to be viler still:

For thee, my God, I all resign, Content, if I can call thee mine.

3. And what is man, or what his smile? The terror of his anger what? Like grass he flourisheth awhile,

And what is man, or what his smile? The terror of his anger what? Like grass he flourisheth awhile,

Thy utmost counsel to fulfill, And suffer all thy righteous will, And to the end endure.

4. Then, Father, then my soul receive, Transported from this vale, to live And reign with thee above, Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope in full, supreme delight, And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

HEALDSBURG. 6s & 4s.  

1. Haste, my dull soul, arise, Shake off thy care; Press to thy native skies, Mighty in prayer.

2. Souls for the marriage feast  
   Robe and prepare;  
   Holy must be such guests;  
   Jesus is there!  
   Saints, wear your victor palms,  
   Chant your celestial psalms:  
   Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,  
   O let me wear!

3. Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure;  
   Jesus is there!  
   Heaven's bliss is ever sure;  
   Thou art its heir.  
   What makes its joys complete?  
   What makes its hymns so sweet?—  
   There we our friends shall greet:  
   Jesus is there.

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.  

1. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me!"

2. Jesus calls us from the worship  
   Of the vain world's golden store;  
   From each idol that would keep us,  
   Saying, "Christian, love me more!"

3. In our joys and in our sorrows,  
   Days of toil and hours of ease,  
   Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
   "Christian, love me more than these!"

4. Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
   Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
   Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
   Serve and love thee best of all!

661  

1. Cross, reproach, and tribulation!  
   Ye to me are welcome guests,  
   When I have this consolation,  
   That my soul in Jesus rests.

2. The reproach of Christ is glorious!  
   Those who here his burden bear,  
   In the end shall prove victorious,  
   And eternal gladness share.

3. Bonds and stripes, and evil story  
   Are our honorable crowns;  
   Pain is peace, and shame is glory,  
   Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night;

Till we arrive at heaven, our home, Truth 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 prays,
And brings eternal glories near.

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

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223, 347, 514.

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

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

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1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

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212, 347, 316.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

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

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

3 His promise, covenant, and blood,
Support me in the overwhelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

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Edward Mote.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

DUANE. L. M. D. 667

1. I saw one weary, sad, and torn, With eager steps press on the way,

Who long the hallowed cross had borne, Still looking for the promised day:

D. S.—I asked what buoyed his spirits up, "O this!" said he,—"the blessed hope."

While many a line of grief and care, Up-on his brow was furrowed there:

2 And one I saw, with sword and shield, Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,

And fought, unyielding, on the field, To win an everlasting crown.

Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes, No murmur from his heart arose:

I asked what buoyed his spirits up, "O this!" said he,—"the blessed hope."

3 And there was one who left behind The cherished friends of early years,

And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned, To tread the path bedewed with tears.

Through trials deep and conflicts sore, Yet still a smile of joy he wore:

I asked what buoyed his spirits up, "O this!" said he,—"the blessed hope."

4 While pilgrims here journey on In this dark vale of sin and gloom,

Through tribulation, hate, and scorn, Or through the portals of the tomb,

Till our returning King shall come To take his exile captives home,

O! what can buoy the spirits up? 'Tis this alone—the blessed hope.

Anne R. Smith.

1 Away, my unbelieving fear! Fear shall in me no more have place:

My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness of his face;

But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield?

No, in the strength of Jesus, no; I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny, Although the olive yield no oil,

The withering fig-trees droop and die, The fields elude the tiller's toil,

The empty stall no herd afford, And perish all the beating race;

Yet I will triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain, And not one bud of grace appear,

No fruit of all my toil and pain, But sin and only sin is here;

Although my gifts and comforts lost, My blooming hopes cut off I see,

Yet will I in my Saviour trust, And glory that he died for me.

Charles Wesley.
1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sorrow ne'er invades!

2. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ever-blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no decay.

3. Lord, send a beam of light divine, To guide our upward aim; With one reviving look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.

4. O then, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent souls shall rise, To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Immortal in the skies.

5. On wings of love the Saviour flew, To bless a ruined race; We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue, Thy bright example trace.

1 'Tis faith that purifies the heart: 'Tis faith that works by love, That bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the thoughts above.

2 Faith shows the promise fully sealed With our Redeemer's blood; It helps our feeble hope to rest Upon a faithful God.

3 This faith shall every fear control By its celestial power, With holy triumph fill the soul In strong temptation's hour.

1 Father of mercies, send thy grace, All-powerful from above, To form in our obedient souls The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts That generous pleasure know, Kindly to share in others' joy, And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief In deep distress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pains to feel, And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man, When, throned above the skies, And in the Father's bosom blest, He felt compassion rise.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned, And sinful yet must be: Deal gently with the erring one, As God has dealt with thee.

Mrs. Fletcher.
1. O who, in such a world as this, Could bear his lot of pain,
   Did not one radiant hope of bliss Unclouded yet remain?

2. That hope the sovereign Lord has given
   Who reigns above the skies;
   Hope that unites the soul to heaven
   By faith's endearing ties.

3. Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
   Is sent in pitying love,
   To lift the lingering heart from earth,
   And speed its flight above.

4. And every pang that wrings the breast,
   And every joy that dies,
   Bids us seek a purer rest,
   And trust to holier ties.

      James Montgomery.

399, 114, 943.

674 889, 596, 446.

1. Happy the heart where graces reign,
   Where love inspires the breast:
   Love is the brightest of the train,
   And strengthens all the rest.

2. Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
   And all in vain our fear;
   Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
   If love be absent there.

3. This is the grace that lives and sings
   When faith and hope shall cease;
   'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
   In the sweet realms of bliss.

4. Before we quite forsook our clay,
   Or leave this dark abode,
   The wings of love bear us away,
   To see our smiling God.

      Isaac Watts.

675 395, 446, 550.

1. Lord, I believe; thy power I own;
   Thy word I would obey;
   I wander comfortless and lone,
   When from thy truth I stray.

2. Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
   Sometimes bedim my sight;
   I look to thee with prayers and tears,
   And cry for strength and light.

3. Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
   My faith is cold and weak:
   My weakness strengthen, and bestow
   The confidence I seek.

4. Lord, I believe; and only thou
   Canst give my soul relief;
   Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
   "Help thou mine unbelief!"

      John Wyndham.

676 201, 724, 308.

1. Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
   And saves us from its snares;
   Its aid, in every duty brings,
   And softens all our cares.

2. Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
   Where deathless pleasures reign;
   And bids us seek our portion there,
   Nor bids us seek in vain.

3. It shows the precious promise sealed
   With the Redeemer's blood,
   And helps our feeble hope to rest
   Upon a faithful God.

      Daniel Turner.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

677  
NORTHFIELD. C. M.  
Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble
That will not tremble on the brink
That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe,
Of poverty or woe;
That will not tremble on the brink
That will not tremble on the brink

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defense;
What, then, have we to fear?

2. That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4. That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor needs its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

5. As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

Anon.

678  
201, 308.
1 Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

395, 546.
1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 On him with rapture I shall gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.
Exhortation.

C. M.

1. How cheering is the Christian's hope, While tolling here below! It buoy us up while passing through This wilderness of woe.

2. It points us to a land of rest, Where saints with Christ will reign; Where we shall meet the loved of earth, And never part again,—

3. A land where sin can never come, Temptations ne'er annoy. Where happiness will ever dwell, And that without alloy.

4. O, how unlike the present world Will be the one to come! Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear; Attend where'er we roam;

5. In that bright world no tears will flow, Death ne'er can enter there; For all who gain that heavenly land Will be as angels are.

6. Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly, Dear Saviour, quickly come! We long to see thee as thou art, And reach that blissful home.

724, 550, 798.

1 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith! My God, how can it be That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had More innocent than mine! How many souls more worthy far Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts It is thy boast to come, The glory of thy light to find In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross, Seem trifles less than light; Earth looks so little and so low When faith shines full and bright.

5 O, happy, happy that I am! If thou canst be, O Faith, The treasure that thou art in life, What wilt thou be in death?

680 179, 308, 446.

Anon. Frederick Faber.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

682

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6L.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Toil on a little longer here, For thy reward a-waits above, The deeper wound our spirits feel, The sweeter heaven's balm to heal, The sweeter heaven's balm to heal.

2. Faith lifts the vail before our eyes, And bids us view a happier clime, Where verdant fields in beauty rise, Beyond the withering blasts of time; And brings the blissful moment near, When we in glory shall appear.

3. What glory then shall fill the soul, When parted friends again shall meet, Beyond the reach of death's control, And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet; His matchless love and grace adore, And never taste of sorrow more.

4. Then let us hope; 'tis not in vain; Though moistened by our grief the soil, The harvest brings us joy for pain, The rest repays the weary toil; For they shall reap, who sow in tears, Rich gladness through eternal years.

Annie R. Smith.

683

SELENA. L. M. 6L.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Come, O thou Traveler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see; My company before is gone, And I am left alone with thee;

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and misery declare; Thyself hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there: But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3. In vain thou strugglest to get free; I never will unloose my hold; Art thou the Man that died for me? The secret of thy love unfold; Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Charles Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Olivet. 6s & 4s.

Lowell Mason.

684

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour di-vine!

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a-way,
O, let me from this day
Be whol-ly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

3 While life’s dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow’s tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

Ray Palmer.

Guide. 7s. 6l.

M. M. Wells.

Fine.

1. Though I speak with an-gel tongues Brav-est words of strength and fire,
D. C.—All the elo-quence shall pass As the noise of sound-ing brass.

They are but as i-dle songs If no love my heart in-spire;

2 Though I lavish all I have,
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed,
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

Ernest Lange.
1. Though we could speak with angel tongues, Or with prophetic skill
   And survey the future at a glance (omit.)
   Read events at will; Had we a faith in God so strong As mountains to remove,
   Yet all were fruitless, all in vain, If not inspired by love.

2. And though our goods to feed the poor
   Our liberal hands bestow,
   Or yield our bodies to the flames
   Our ardent zeal to show;
   Our deeds, though like the noon-day sun,
   Of no avail would prove,
   No sacrifice a merit claims
   That is not crowned by love.

3. Love suffers long and envies not,
   Endures, forbears, believes,
   All things it hopes, all things forgives,
   It trusts but ne'er deceives;
   And now abide to every soul
   These graces from above,—
   Faith, hope, and love,—immortal three,—
   But chief of all is love.

4. 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.

5. Speak gently to the aged one,
   Grieve not the careworn heart;
   The sands of life are nearly run,
   Let them in peace depart.

6. Speak gently to the erring ones;
   They must have toiled in vain;
   Perchance unkindness made them so:
   O, win them back again!

7. Speak gently; 'tis a little thing,
   Dropped in the heart's deep well;
   The good, the joy, that it may bring,
   Eternity shall tell.

8. 'Tis ours to sow the kindly seed,
   'Tis His to bid it grow;
   Our every word and every deed
   The harvest time will show.
1. There is a blessed hope, More precious and more bright
Than all the joy-less mockery, The world esteems delight.

2. There is a lovely star
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3. There is a cheering voice
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4. That voice from Calvary's hight
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light,
That hope, the hope of heaven.

5. God, to whom I fly,
Do thou my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
Thou art my fountain still.

6. Here, then, I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.
1. O, deem not they are blest a-lone Whose lives a peace-ful ten-or keep;
   For God, who pit-ies man, hath shown A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.

2. The light of smiles shall fill again
   The lids that overflow with tears,
   And weary hours of woe and pain
   Are promises of happier years.

3. There is a day of sunny rest
   For every dark and troubled night,
   And grief may bide an evening guest,
   But joy shall come with early light.

4. Nor let the good man's trust depart,
   Though life its common gifts deny;
   Though with a sad and broken heart,
   He sees his hopes most cherished die.

5. For God has marked each sorrowing day,
   And numbered every secret tear,
   And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
   For all his children suffer here.

6. Hail! glorious morn, whose radiant light
   Shall bid the darkness take its flight;
   Shall chase the shades of gloom away,
   And night be turned to endless day.

1. Not all the nobles of the earth,
   Who boast the honors of their birth,
   So high a dignity can claim,
   As those who bear the Christian name.

2. To them the privilege is given
   To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
   Sons of the God who reigns on high,
   And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3. He teaches their young feet the way,
   And early leads them to obey;
   Whispers instruction to their minds,
   And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4. Their daily wants his hands supply,
   Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
   Leads them from earth to heaven above,
   And crowns them with eternal love.
1. When power divine, in mortal form, Hushed with a word the raging storm,
   In soothing accents Jesus said, "Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2. So when in silence nature sleeps,
   And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
   One thought shall every pang remove,
   Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3. And when the last, dread hour shall come,
   While trembling nature waits her doom,
   This voice shall wake the righteous dead—
   "Lo, it is I, be not afraid."

Sir J. E. Smith.

2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
   Can heal the wounds the world has made,
   O this shall check each rising sigh,
   That Jesus is forever nigh.

3 His counsels and upholding care
   My safety and my comfort are,
   And he shall guide me all my days,
   Till glory crown the work of grace.

Josiah Conder.

4 Jesus, in whom but thee above
   Can I repose my trust, my love?
   And shall an earthly object be
   Loved in comparison with thee?

227
1. Kind are the words that Jesus speaks To cheer the drooping saint:

My grace sufficient is for you, Though nature's powers may faint.

2 My grace its glories shall display,
   And make your griefs remove;
   Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
   Of boundless power and love.

3 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
   'Tis good to trust thy name;
   Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
   Will ever be the same.

4 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
   I all things can perform,
   And, smiling, triumph in thy name
   Amid the raging storm.

700

1 When waves of trouble round me swell,
   My soul is not dismayed;
   I hear a voice I know full well,—
   "'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
   And storms my path invade,
   Those accents tranquilize each fear,—
   "'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
   Saviour, be near to aid!
   Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
   "'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
   Death hides within its shade;
   O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
   "'Tis I; be not afraid."  

Charlotte Elliott.

701

1 When languor and disease invade
   This trembling house of clay,
   'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
   And long to fly away;—

2 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
   Whose love can never end;
   Sweet on his covenant of grace
   For all things to depend;—

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
   To trust his firm decrees;
   Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
   And know no will but his.

Augustus M. Toplady.
1. There is no sorrow, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to thee;

There is no anxious care too slight To wake thy sympathy.

2. Thou who hast trod the thorny road
   Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
   Will not refuse the less.

3. There is no secret sigh we breathe
   But meets thine ear divine,
   And every cross grows light beneath
   The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4. Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
   But for that love which died for sin,
   That love which wept with woe.

Mrs. J. Creudson.

5. If God is mine, then present things
   And things to come are mine;
   Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
   And glory all divine.

2. If he is mine, then from his love
   He every trouble sends;
   All things are working for my good,
   And bless his rod attends.

3. If he is mine, let friends forsake,
   Let wealth and honor flee;
   Sure he who giveth me himself
   Is more than these to me.

4. O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
   What can I wish beside?
   My soul shall at the fountain live,
   When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome.

6. If the lips which said, "Blessed are the hearts that mourn;"
   They shall be comforted.

William H. Burleigh.

7. O thou who driest the mourner's tear!
   How dark this world would be
   If, when deceived and wounded here,
   We could not fly to thee!

2. O, who would bear life's stormy doom
   Did not thy wing of love
   Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
   Our peace-branch from above?

3. Each sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
   With more than rapture's ray,
   As darkness shows us worlds of light
   We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.
1. As oft, with worn and weary feet, We tread earth's rugged valley o'er, The thought, how comforting and sweet, Christ trod this very path before!

Our wants and weaknesses he knows From life's first dawning till its close.

2. Do sickness, feebleness, or pain, Or sorrow in our path appear? The recollection will remain, More deeply did he suffer here: His life, how truly sad and brief, Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3. If Satan tempts our hearts to stray, And whispers evil things within, So did he, in the desert way, Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin, When worn, and in a feeble hour, The tempter came with all his power.

4. Just such as I, this earth he trod; With every human ill but sin; And, though indeed the Son of God, As I am now, so he has been: My God, my Saviour! look on me With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston.

234, 683, 320.

3. If wounded love my bosom swell, Deceived by those I prized too well, He shall his pitying aid bestow Who felt on earth severer woe,— At once betrayed, denied, or fled, By those who shared his daily bread.

4. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while,— Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed; For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

Robert Grant.

234, 683, 320.

1. Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares; They cast dishonor on thy Lord, And contradict his gracious word; Brought safely by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2. When first before his mercy-seat Thou didst to him thy all commit, He gave thee warrant from that hour To trust his wisdom, love, and power: Did ever trouble yet befall And he refuse to hear thy call?

3. He who has helped thee hitherto, Will help thee all thy journey through; Though rough and thorny be the road, It leads thee home, apace, to God; Then count thy present trials small, For heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton.
1. Rejoice in God alway; When earth looks heavenly bright,
   When joy makes glad the live-long day, And peace shuts in the night.

2. Rejoice when care and woe
   The fainting soul oppress;
   When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
   And morn brings heaviness.

3. Rejoice in hope and fear;
   Rejoice in life and death;
   Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
   And comfort languisheth.

4. So, though our path is steep,
   And many a tempest lowers,
   Our Father will our footsteps keep,
   And his dear love be ours.

   *Rejoice when toiling in the narrow way,
   By persecution driven,
   Beset with treacherous snares that lay
   To lead our wayward feet astray,
   How sweet the smiles of heaven!

   *No soothing balm found here below,—
   How sweet the joy of heaven!

   *And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
   The blessed promise given;
   When, borne on angels' wings we soar
   To meet the Saviour we adore,—
   How sweet the home in heaven!
1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?

2. O thou heir of heaven, 
Think of Jesus' love, 
While to thee is given 
All his grace to prove.

3. Is thy burdened spirit 
Agonized for sin? 
Think of Jesus' merit; 
He can make thee clean;

4. Think of Calvary's mountain, 
Where his blood was spilt; 
In that precious fountain 
Wash away thy guilt.

5. Set the prize before thee; 
Gird thy armor on: 
Heir of grace and glory, 
Struggle for thy crown. 

6. This is my happiness below 
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know, 
Sanctifying every loss.

7. Might I not with reason fear 
I should prove a castaway?
4. Trials make the promise sweet; 
Trials give new life to prayer; 
Trials bring me to his feet, 
Lay me low, and keep me there.

8. Might I not with reason fear 
I should prove a castaway?
4. Trials make the promise sweet; 
Trials give new life to prayer; 
Trials bring me to his feet, 
Lay me low, and keep me there.

9. Might I not with reason fear 
I should prove a castaway?
4. Trials make the promise sweet; 
Trials give new life to prayer; 
Trials bring me to his feet, 
Lay me low, and keep me there.

10. Might I not with reason fear 
I should prove a castaway?
4. Trials make the promise sweet; 
Trials give new life to prayer; 
Trials bring me to his feet, 
Lay me low, and keep me there.

11. Might I not with reason fear 
I should prove a castaway?
4. Trials make the promise sweet; 
Trials give new life to prayer; 
Trials bring me to his feet, 
Lay me low, and keep me there.
1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed;

Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2. Large are the mansions in our Father's dwelling,
   Glad are those homes that sorrows never dim;
   Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
   Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

3. There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
   Bloom the fair flowers by earth so rude-ly pressed;
   Come unto him all ye who droop in sadness,
   "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

4. Very soon our hearts are longing,
   When shall end earth's night of woe;
   When, thro' those pearly portals thronging,
   Mortal cares we'll leave below.

3. Soon to that city, bright, eternal,
   Weary pilgrims all shall go;

Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,
Where life's waters ceaseless flow.

Father above, in mercy guide us
To those mansions of the blest;
Safe in the Rock of Ages hide us
Till we gain our final rest.

F. E. Belden.
THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

716

1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

624, 316, 136.

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

717

1 O God, to thee we raise our eyes
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

Charlotte Richardson.

718

1 O love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver W. Holmes.

719

1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime.

3 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

J. Roscoe.
1. When, my Saviour, shall I be perfectly resigned to thee?

2. Only thee content to know, Ignorant of all below; Only guided by thy light, Only mighty in thy might?

3. Fully in my life express All the heights of holiness; Sweetly let my spirit prove All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

4. Saviour, at thy feet I fall, Thou, my life, my God, my all! Let thy happy servant be One forevermore with thee.

Anon.

2 Ever in the raging storm Thou shalt see his cheering form, Hear his pledge of coming aid: "It is I be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet; Linger near his mercy-seat; He will lead thee by the hand Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power, In thy weary, fainting hour; Lean, then, loving, on his word; Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Anon.

1 Thine forever! God of love! Hear us from thy throne above; Thine forever may we be Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life! Shield us through the earthly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! O how blest They who find in thee their rest! Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend! O defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever! Saviour, keep These thy frail and trembling sheep Safe alone beneath thy care, Let us all thy goodness share.

Mrs. M. F. Maude.
THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear
   Here in the narrow way,
   But that I may thy blessing share
   In all I do or say,
   In all I do or say.

2. Through whatsoe'er my path shall lie,
   With patience may I run;
   With filial trust my heart reply,
   "Thy will, O God, be done."

3. With thee to lead, I will not fear
   In scenes with dangers rife,
   While still thy cheering voice I hear,
   "I am the Way, the Life."

4. Thou art the refuge of my soul,
   My hope when comforts flee,
   My strength while life's rough billows roll,
   My joy eternally.

5. Then help me to improve with care,
   These precious moments given;
   For they a faithful record bear,
   Of good or ill, to Heaven.

6. And in thine arms of love unfold
   Me from the tempter's snare;
   And in the book of life enrolled,
   Be my name written there.

Annie R. Smith.

354, 70, 399.

3 How short are all my sufferings here,
   How needful every cross!
   Away my unbelieving fears,
   Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
   I'll bless thy sacred name;
   My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
   Forever is the same.

Anon.

726 179, 598, 354.

1 Out of the depths to thee I cry
   Whose fainting footsteps trod
   The paths of our humanity,
   Incarnate Son of God!

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
   Didst all our sorrows bear,—
   The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
   The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower,
   Thy chosen ones obtain,
   To know thy resurrection power
   Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
   Faint not, O faltering feet;
   Press onward to that blest estate,
   In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
   The transient pain and strife,
   Upraised by an immortal power,—
   The power of endless life.

Mrs. E. E. Marcy.

725 201, 794, 369.

1 Submissive to thy will, my God,
   I all to thee resign,
   And bow before thy chastening rod:
   I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
   When wisdom, truth, and love
   Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
   And point to joys above?
1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

2. We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.

3. That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

1 O thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.
1. My spirit on thy care, Blest Saviour, I recline;
   Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love divine.

2. In thee I place my trust,
   On thee I calmly rest;
   I know thee good, I know thee just,
   And count thy choice the best.

3. Whate'er events betide,
   Thy will they all perform;
   Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
   Nor fear the coming storm.

4. Let good or ill befall,
   It must be good for me,
   Secure of having thee in all,
   Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

89, 762, 568.

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

2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
   He gently clears thy way;
   Wait thou his time, so shall this night
   Soon end in joyous day.

3. Leave to his sovereign sway
   To choose and to command;
   So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
   How wise, how strong, his hand!

4. Far, far above thy thought
   His counsel shall appear
   When fully he the work hath wrought
   That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt.

732

734

1. Thou Refuge of my soul,
   On thee, when sorrows rise,
   On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
   My fainting hope relies.

2. To thee I tell my grief,
   For thou alone canst heal;
   Thy word can bring a sweet relief
   For every pain I feel.

3. But O, when doubts prevail,
   I fear to call thee mine;
   The springs of comfort seem to fail,
   And all my hopes decline.

4. Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
   Thou art my only trust;
   And still my soul would cleave to thee,
   Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele.

734

89, 736, 568.

1. In every trying hour
   My soul to Jesus flies;
   I trust in his almighty power
   When swelling billows rise.

2. His comforts bear me up;
   I trust a faithful God;
   The sure foundation of my hope
   Is in my Saviour's blood.

3. Loud hallelujahs sing
   To our Redeemer's name;
   In joy or sorrow, life or death,
   His love is still the same.

Anon.
1. If, through un-ruffled seas, Calmly toward heaven we sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,

We'll own the favoring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy control; Thy tender mercies shall illumé The midnight of the soul.

4. Teach us in every state, To make thy will our own, And when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith alone.

Augustus M. Toplady.

5. My times are in thy hand: My God, I wish them there; My life, my friends, my all I leave Entirely to thy care.

2. My times are in thy hand, Whatever they may be; Pleasing or painful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.

3. My times are in thy hand; Why should I doubt or fear? My Father's hand will never cause His child a needless tear.

4. My times are in thy hand; I'll always trust in thee, Till I possess the promised land, And all thy glory see.

William F. Lloyd.

6. Be tranquil, O my soul, Be quiet every fear! Thy Father hath supreme control, And he is ever near.

2. Ne'er of thy lot complain, Whatever may befall; Sickness or sorrow, care or pain, 'Tis well appointed all.

3. A Father's chastening hand Is leading thee along; Nor distant is the promised land, Where swells the immortal song.

4. O, then, my soul, be still! Await heaven's high decree; Seek but to do thy Father's will, It shall be well with thee.

Thomas Hastings.

7. It is thy hand, my God; My sorrow comes from thee: I bow beneath thy chastening rod: 'Tis love that bruises me.

2. I would not murmur, Lord; Before thee I am dumb: Lest I should breathe one murmuring word, To thee for help I come.

3. My God, thy name is love; A Father's hand is thine; With tearful eyes I look above, And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

James G. Deck.
THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

STEELE. 6s. D.  F. E. Belden.

1. My Saviour, as thou wilt! O may thy will be mine! Into thy hand of love I would my all resign; Through sorrow, or through joy, conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done!"

2. My Saviour, as thou wilt!

Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3. My Saviour, as thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I calmly travel on,
And sing, in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done!"

Benjamin Schmolke.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
in either great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar.
1. Sometimes a light surprise The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises
D. S.—A season of clear shining,
With healing in his wings; When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 Children of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Anna L. Waring.
THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

1. Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; The changes that are sure to come
With grateful love to thee;
I do not fear to see; I ask thee for a present mind Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever place,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
Thou givest, Lord, to me,
Then shall my spirit rise the more
With grateful love to thee;
Still careful, not to serve thee less,
But more, and perfectly.

Anna L. Waring.

1 Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And O, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in thee.

3 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore;
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
And love and life before,
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more!

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;"
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.
THE CHRISTIAN GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

746

ZEPHYR. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. The tempter to my soul hath said, "There is no help in God for thee;"

Lord! lift thou up thy servant's head; My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
   He heard me from his holy hill;
   At his command the waves rolled by;
   He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;
   Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
   Bright, from the east, the morning broke;
   Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
   Compass my steps in all their wrath;
   Salvation to the Lord belongs;
   His presence guards his people's path.

James Montgomery.

747

DEIGN, Jesus, Lord, my soul to hide
Within thy pierced and bleeding side!
O give me in thy wounded heart
My rest to find, nor thence depart.

2 When Satan's wiles would work me harm,
   And earth with her delights would charm,
   Within thy heart I safely rest,
   Within thy side secure and blest.

3 When sense with every art beguiles,
   And tempts me with her treacherous smiles,
   I will not fear, since still for me
   Thy side a refuge safe shall be.

From the Latin by Ray Palmer.

748

WINTERBOURNE. L. M.

Edwin Barnes.

1. Shepherd divine, thou leadest me
   Where the still waters gently flow;
   In pastures fair thou feedest me;
   I trust thy love, no want I know.

2 In danger's hour thou hidest me,
   Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;
   At sultry noon thou guidest me,
   To rest beside the cooling rock.

3 When chilling dews of evening fall,
   Then to the fold thou bidst me come;
   Gladly I hasten at thy call;
   Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

F. E. Belden.
THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D. William B. Bradbury;

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

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

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

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

518, 994.

1 Eternal Beam of light divine,
Thou Fount of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear,
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

3 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Charles Wesley.
1. O, let me walk with thee, my God, As Enoch walked in days of old; Place thou my trembling hand in thine, And sweet communion with me hold; Even though the path I may not see, Yet, Jesus, let me walk with thee.

2. I cannot, dare not, walk alone; The tempest rages in the sky, A thousand snares beset my feet, A thousand foes are lurking nigh: Still thou the raging of the sea, O Master! let me walk with thee.

3. If I may rest my hand in thine, I'll count the joys of earth but loss, And firmly, bravely journey on; I'll bear the banner of the cross Till Zion's glorious gates I see: Yet, Saviour, let me walk with thee.

Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When on the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps he leads Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord! art with me still; Thy friendly staff shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

1. Thou hidden Source of calm repose, Thou all-sufficient love divine, My help and refuge from my foes, Secure I am if thou art mine! And, lo! from sin and grief and shame I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2. Jesus, my all in all thou art, My rest in toil, my ease in pain, The healing of my broken heart; In strife my peace, in loss my gain, My smile beneath the tyrant's frown, In shame my glory and my crown.

3. In want my plentiful supply, In weakness my almighty power, In bonds my perfect liberty, My light in Satan's darkest hour; No trouble can my soul appal: Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

Charles Wesley.
1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hills, And fixed as mount-aiks stand,
   Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th’Al-might-y hand.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well
   Fair Salem’s happy ground
   As those eternal arms of love
   That every saint surround.

3. Do good, O Lord, do good to those
   Who cleave to thee in heart,
   Who on thy truth alone repose,
   Nor from thy law depart.  
   Isaac Watts.

4. As welcome as the water-spring
   Is to a barren place,
   Jesus, descend on me, and bring
   Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

5. How swift to save me didst thou move
   In every trying hour!
   O still protect me with thy love,
   And shield me with thy power.
   Charles Wesley.

755

THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

70, 446, 724.

1. The heavenly treasure now we have
   In a vile house of clay;
   But Christ will to the utmost save,
   And keep us to that day.

2. Our souls are in his mighty hand,
   And he shall keep them still;
   And you and I shall surely stand
   With him on Zion’s hill.

120, 207, 147.

3. O what a joyful meeting there!
   In robes of white arrayed,
   Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
   And crowns upon our head.

4. Then let us lawfully contend,
   And fight our passage through;
   Bear in our faithful minds the end,
   And keep the prize in view.
   Charles Wesley.

756

399, 70, 354.

1. Now to the haven of thy breast,
   O Son of man, I fly;
   Be thou my refuge and my rest,
   For oh! the storm is high.

2. Protect me from the furious blast;
   My shield and shelter be;
   Hide me, my Saviour, till o’er past
   The storm of sin I see.

3. As welcome as the water-spring
   Is to a barren place,
   Jesus, descend on me, and bring
   Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4. As o’er a parched and weary land
   A rock extends its shade,
   So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
   And screen my naked head.

5. How swift to save me didst thou move
   In every trying hour!
   O still protect me with thy love,
   And shield me with thy power.
   Charles Wesley.

757

124, 681, 369.

1. Author of Good! to thee I turn:
   Thy ever wakeful eye
   Alone can all my wants discern,
   Thy hand alone supply.

2. O, let thy fear within me dwell,
   Thy love my footsteps guide!
   Thy love shall meaner loves expel,
   That fear all fears beside.

3. Not to my wish, but to my want,
   Do thou thy gifts apply;
   Unasked, what good thou knowest, grant;
   What ill, though asked, deny.
   James Merrick.
1. There is a safe and secret place Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace; O, be that refuge mine!

2. The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3. He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory’s heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4. A Hand almighty to defend,
An Ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.

5. O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6. Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

761

1. In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,
We now for succor fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us, lest we die.

2. The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3. O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread;
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

4. With contrite hearts, to thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

5. We offer thee the incense sweet
That from the heart doth rise:
Good works, with true repentance meet,
Shall be our sacrifice.
762  

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;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd still is near.

Isaac Watts.

763  

1. To praise our Shepherd's care,  
His wisdom, love, and might,  
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,  
And bid the world unite.

2. Supremely good and great,  
He tends his blood-bought fold;  
He stoops, though throned in highest state,  
The feeblest to uphold.

3. He hears the least complaint;  
He sees them when they roam;  
And if his weakest lamb should faint,  
His bosom bears it home.

4. Kind Shepherd of the sheep,  
A weakly flock are we,  
And snares and foes are nigh; but keep  
The lambs who look to thee.

William H. Havergal.

764  

1. When, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2. O, lead me to the Rock,  
That's high above my head;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defense,  
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts.

765  

1. Make duty plain, O Lord,  
Thy will we seek to know;  
O grant thy Spirit with thy word,  
To guide our steps below.

2. May feeling hearts be ours,  
And tender conscience, too;  
Awaken all our slumbering powers  
Thy righteous will to do.

3. Help us thy truth to love,  
And while we love, obey;  
Be thou our counsel from above,  
Show us thy will and way.

F. E. Belden.
1. Saviour! I follow on, Guided by thee, Seeing not yet the hand That leadeth me;

Hushed be my heart and still; Fear I no further ill; Only to meet thy will My will shall be.

2. Riven the rock for me
   Thirst to relieve,
   Manna from heaven falls
   Fresh every eve;
   Never a want severe
   Caused my eye a tear,
   But thou dost whisper near,
   "Only believe!"

3. Often to Marah's brink
   Have I been brought;
   Shrinking the cup to drink,
   Help I have sought;

4. Saviour! I long to walk
   Closer with thee;
   Led by thy guiding hand,
   Ever to be;
   Constantly near thy side,
   Quickened and purified,
   Living for him who died
   Freely for me.

5. Men of worldly, low design,
   Let not these thy people join;
   Save us from the great and wise,
   Till they sink in their own eyes.

6. Never let the world break in;
   Fix a mighty gulf between:
   Keep us little and unknown,
   Prized and loved by God alone.
THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

ROSEFIELD, 7s. 6l.

Abraham H. C. Malan.

1. Lord, thy children guide and keep,          As with feeble steps they press,
    On the pathway rough and steep,           Through this weary wilderness:
    Holy Jesus, day by day—
    Lead us in the narrow way.

2. There are sandy wastes that lie
    Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
    Where the feeble faint and die;
    Grant us grace to persevere:
    Holy Jesus, day by day
    Lead us in the narrow way.

3. There are soft and flowery glades
    Decked with golden-fruited trees,
    Sunny slopes and scented shades;
    Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease;
    Holy Jesus, day by day
    Lead us in the narrow way.

4. Upward still to purer heights,
    Onward yet to scenes more blest,
    Calmer regions, clearer lights,
    Till we reach the promised rest:
    Holy Jesus, day by day
    Lead us in the narrow way.

Pilot Me. 7s. 6l.

John E. Gould.

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
    Over life's tempestuous sea;
    Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2. When the apostles' fragile bark
    Struggled with the billows dark
    On the stormy Galilee,
    Thou didst walk upon the sea;
    And when they beheld thy form,
    Safe they glided through the storm.

3. When at last I near the shore,
    And the fearful breakers roar
    'Tween me and the peaceful rest,
    Then, while leaning on thy breast,
    May I hear thee say to me,
    "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Anon.
1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me roll,

While the tem-pest still is high;

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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251
1. I will never, never leave thee, I will never thee for-sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mer-cy's sake:

2. When the storm is raging round thee, Call on me in humble prayer; I will fold my arms around thee, Guard thee with the tenderest care: In the trial, I will make thy pathway clear.

3. When the sky above is glowing, And around thee all is bright, Pleasure like a river flowing, All things tending to delight; I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps aight.

4. When thy soul is dark and clouded, Filled with doubt, and grief, and care, Through the mists by which 'tis shrouded, I will make the light appear, And the banner Of my love I will uprear.

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.

William Williams

774 905, 412.

1 God has said, “Forever blessed Those who seek me in their youth; They shall find the path of wisdom, And the narrow way of truth.” Guide us, Saviour, In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness; Be our wisdom and our guide; May we walk in love and meekness, Nearer to our Saviour's side: Naught can harm us While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather, We may turn our tearless eye To the dwelling of our Father, To our home beyond the sky, Looking forward To the happy land on high.

Anon.
The Saviour, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need thy tender care; In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold prepare. Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us thine we are; Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray. Blessed Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray!

Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. Blessed Jesus, We will early turn to thee.

The night is dark,—lest I should lose my way, I'll follow thee; O lead me till the glorious dawn of day! I'll follow thee.

When night is darkest, and I cannot see, I'll follow thee; I know the cheering voice that speaks to me; I'll follow thee. ’Tis mine to trust the One who knoweth best; I'll follow thee; And, trusting thus, I leave to him the rest; I'll follow thee.

O'er all my daily thoughts and steps preside; I'll follow thee; Be thou alone my constant Guard and Guide; I'll follow thee. Unworthy of thy watch-care though I be, I'll follow thee; Then with the blest through all eternity I'll follow thee.
THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. P. M.

1st, Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom; Lead thou me on! The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step's enough for me.

2nd, I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on! I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3rd, So long thy power hast blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John B. Dykes.

GUIDE. 7s. d.

1st, Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land.

D. C.—Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home!"

2nd, Ever present, truest friend, Ever near thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear; When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er, Whisper softly, "Wanderer come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home!"

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

John H. Newman.

M. M. Wells.
1. O, tell me, thou life and delight of my soul, Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding: I seek thy protection, I need thy control; I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2. O, tell me the place where the flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them repose;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3. And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where now they are roving;
Where hunger and thirst, where contentions and woes,
Where fierce conflicts their ruin are proving?

4. Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping!

5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
And homeward my spirit is flying.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2. He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

Knox.
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your D. S.—Who unto the

2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed; For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

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

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

5. "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I will not, desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

George Keith.
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safely folded I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil thou anointest my head; O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps till I meet thee above; I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod, Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

5. The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; Whatever we want he will kindly provide: To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound; His care and protection his flock will surround.

6. The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear? What evil can trouble us while he is near? Not if we are summoned to walk through the vale Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

7. The Lord is become our salvation and song; His blessings have followed us all our life long! His name will we praise while we have any breath, Be cheerful in life, or be happy in death.
1. Jesus at thy command I launch into the deep; And leave my native land, Where sin lulls all asleep; For thee I would the world resign, And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2. Thou art my Pilot, wise, My compass is thy word; My soul each storm defies, While I have such a Lord; I'll trust thy faithfulness and power, To save me in the trying hour.

3. Though rocks and quicksands deep Through all my passage lie, Yet Christ will safely keep, And guard me with his eye; My anchor, hope, will firm abide, And every boisterous storm outride.

4. By faith I see the land, The port of endless rest; Through grace I hope to stand And sing among the blest. O may I reach the heavenly shore, Where winds and waves distress no more.

5. Where'er becalmed I lie, When wind and storm subside, Then to my succor fly, And keep me near thy side; For more the treacherous calm I dread Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6. Come, heavenly wind, and blow A prosperous gale of grace; Waft me from all below,
1. Behold the Saviour at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,

Has waited long, is waiting still, You treat no other friend so ill.

624, 431, 316.

2. He counsels thee to buy of him
Gold tried by fire, and raiment clean;
Anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see,
And put away thy stains from thee.

3. O, hear the faithful Witness' voice,
He offers now a final choice;
Thou art offensive, O lukewarm!
Therefore be zealous and reform.

4. His mission now is almost o'er,
Before the throne he'll plead no more;
The filthy must his filth retain,
He that is holy, so remain.

5. His locks with dews of night are wet,
But at thy heart he lingereth yet.
O wake, and open wide the door;
Bid thy Beloved wait no more.

6. Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest;
So shalt thou in his presence rest,
And in communion sweet and free,
Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

3. A little while, 'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross;
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss.

4. A little while,—come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy church has tarried long;
Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new, eternal song.

Anon.

136, 538, 624.

1. As drowsy earth is dreaming still
Of coming good and golden days,
An angel voice the heavens thrill:
Fear God, ye people, give him praise;

2. The long-appointed Judgment hour
Is come at last; worship ye him
Who by his own almighty power
Made heaven, earth, sea, and gushing stream.

3. Another cry the earth doth greet,
The second angel's voice divine:
Great Babel's fall is now complete;
Nations are drunken with her wine.

4. Now the third angel's voice resounds,
A final, fearful, warning voice
Against false worship; and propounds
God's word and worship for men's choice.

5. Here saints in patience waiting stand,
Through faith obedient to God's will,
Fulfilling each divine command
Till called to stand on Zion's hill.

F. F. Cottrell.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

Harmony Chant. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Behold th' expected time draw near, The shades disperse, the dawn appear! Behold the wilderness assume The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom, The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

2. Events with prophecies conspire To raise our faith, our zeal to fire; The ripening fields, already white, Present a harvest to the sight. 

Mrs. Voke.

3. Lift up your head, rejoice and sing; Look up! by faith behold your King. He soon is coming, heed his call; Look up! and make your God your all.

4. He'll come, all troubles here to end; He'll come, a never-failing friend; He'll come to take his children home; Look up! and pray, "Lord, quickly come." 

Mrs. Rebekah Smith.

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Mrs. Voke.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

ZERAH. C. M.  

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh; Awake, and praise that sovereign love

2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near; Then welcome each declining day, Welcome each closing year.

3. Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand revealed To our admiring eyes.

4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course! Ye mortal powers, decay! Haste! till the last glad morning rise That brings eternal day.

1 My soul is happy when I hear The Saviour is so nigh, And longs to see his sign appear Upon the opening sky.

2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray, And trust his living word, And feel the coming of that day No longer is deferred.

3 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,— He will not tarry long,— And fill with joy the hours that bring The glory of our song.

4 Yes, he will come; no longer fear, Though earth and hell assail; His word attests the moment near, And that can never fail.

Anon.

399, 756, 854.

796 724, 798, 546.

1 Hail, glorious day! ere long to dawn, And set death’s captives free; Triumphant then will they come forth With shouts of victory.

2 And when my Saviour shall appear, If in the grave I lie, The last loud trumpet I shall hear, And live, no more to die.

3 It is enough, although I close In death my weary eyes, In that bright morn, my Lord to see, And meet him in the skies.

4 And in that resurrection morn I shall his face behold; ’Tis then my Lord to me will give The starry crown of gold.

Mrs. M. S. Avery.

797 596, 669, 175.

1 Behold I come! the Saviour cries, On wings of love I fly; So come, dear Lord, my soul replies, And bring salvation nigh.

2 Come, plead thy truth’s much-injured cause, And make thy glory shine; Come, vindicate thy righteous laws With majesty divine.

3 With wingéd speed, Redeemer, dear, Bring on the illustrious day; Let not our hopes give way to fear Beneath thy long delay.

Anon.
1. The glo-ries of that heavenly land I've oft-times felt be-fore; But what I 
feel is just a taste, And makes me long for more, And makes me long for more.

2 Had I the pinions of a dove, 
I'd fly and be at rest; 
Then would I go to Christ, my love, 
And dwell among the blest.

3 O! could I reach my heavenly home, 
And ne'er return again; 
I would not think the seasons long 
That I should suffer pain.

4 But Patience bids us wait awhile! 
The crown's for them that fight; 
The prize for those that win the race 
By faith, and not by sight.

5 Through faith we look to yonder prize, 
Laid up in heaven above; 
Says Hope, "It shortly shall be mine," 
"I'll wear it soon," says Love.

1 Arise, ye mourning saints, arise! 
The Lord our Leader is; 
The foe before his banner flies, 
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guard and Guide, 
Our Saviour, and our King; 
We follow thee, through grace supplied 
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the promised day 
When all our toils shall cease; 
When we shall cast our arms away, 
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This blessed hope supports us here; 
It makes our burdens light; 
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer, 
Till faith shall end in sight:

5 Till, of the glorious prize possessed, 
We hear of war no more; 
And ever with our Leader rest, 
On yonder peaceful shore.

399, 724, 147.

800 201, 396, 714.

1 JESUS, our Hope, our Life, our Heaven, 
The lingering times have flown; 
To thee the kingdom now is given; 
Return and claim thine own.

2 And, as we wait, along the skies 
Unearthly glory steals; 
And our glad spirits seem to rise, 
To haste thy chariot wheels.

3 Although they seem to linger, still 
Thy retinue on high 
Is marshalled, and awaits the will 
That bids their myriads fly.

4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long 
The closing hours of grace; 
But trim our lamps with cheerful song, 
Till we shall see thy face.

5 Safe with the ransomed we shall stand, 
And raise the victor's song; 
A golden harp in every hand, 
And praise on every tongue.

262
1. The Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through time's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek its power.

2. The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3. The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For quickly he will come,
To call us from our toils away
To our eternal home.

4. The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For lo! the Judge is near;
O may we joyfully obey,
And watch till he appear!

Thomas Hastings.

1. Dear Saviour, here we fainting lie,
   And long to see thy face;
   Descend, O Jesus, from on high,
   In mercy to our race.

2. How long shall that bright hour delay?
   When will our Lord appear?
   We long to see the glorious day
   When Jesus will draw near.

3. We wait to see our Lord descend,
   Arrayed in robes of light;
   To Satan's kingdom put an end,
   And claim his proper right.

4. We long to hear the trumpet sound,
   And see the just arise;
   We long to see our Saviour crowned,
   And meet him in the skies.

Anon.

1. How I long with Christ to be,
   And in his presence rest!
   He draws my soul most wondrously;
   I to his bosom haste.

2. Me for thy coming, Lord, prepare;
   Grant I may ready be
   Whene'er thou comest, without fear
   To meet and welcome thee.

3. Meanwhile may I in spirit view
   Thy sufferings, cross, and death;
   These to my heart be daily new,
   While thou shalt give me breath.

4. Thus will my wants be well supplied,
   Thus will my soul with grace
   Abundantly be satisfied,
   And kept in heavenly peace.

Anon.
2 Be mine the happier lot to own,
   We'll be gathered home;
   A heavenly mansion near the throne,
   We'll be gathered home.

3 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
   We'll be gathered home;
   And sun and moon refuse to shine,
   We'll be gathered home.

4 Though desolation here may be,
   We'll be gathered home;
   That heavenly mansion stands for me,
   We'll be gathered home.

5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
   And bear me to the sky!
   Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
   Make haste and bring it nigh.

6 I long to see thy glorious face,
   And in thine image shine;
   To triumph in victorious grace,
   And be forever thine.

201, 114, 354.

1 Sweet rivers of redeeming love
   I see before me lie;
   Had I the pinions of a dove,
   I'd to those rivers fly.

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
   With joy outstrip the wind;
   I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
   And leave the world behind.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
   My troubles will be o'er;
   I hope to join the heavenly host
   On Canaan's happy shore.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
   In love's unbounded sea:
   The glorious hope of endless rest
   Is ravishing to me.

5 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.

Elizabeth Mills
Waiting for Christ—ClosinG work.

PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.

1. On time's tempestuous ocean wide, A gallant ship set sail;
   And out into the raging deep She stood before the gale;
   Well fitted to abide the storm, And angry water's foam, And bring the captives that she bore Unto her haven home.

2. Long was to be her voyage—the time,
   Six thousand years almost,
   Ere she would make the highland heights,
   Along the heavenly coast;
   Yet with her sails expanded wide,
   On, on, she swiftly flew,
   Bearing with ardent hope and love
   Her passengers and crew.

3. Oft tempests have assailed her round,
   And stormy winds rose high;
   And dark have been the mountain waves
   That bore her to the sky;
   But o'er them all, with steady helm,
   She onward pressed her way;
   Her compass, true unto the pole,
   Guides her to endless day.

4. Long, long, she has been out, and now
   She nears her haven home;
   A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
   And bids her thither come;
   And voices joyful oft are heard,
   And music swelling high:
   "The land! the land! the land ahead!"
   With rapture now they cry.

5. Now soon will she be safely moored
   And anchored in the bay;
   And all her passengers on shore
   Will keep a festal day;
   And long their songs of joy will rise
   Beneath high heaven's dome;
   They've passed the stormy sea of time.
   They've reached their haven home.

I. T. Leslie.

989, 486.

What though the angry waves roll high,
   And darkness reigns around?
   Let hope be bright in every eye;
   Our ship is homeward bound.
What though no moon nor stars appear
   Amid the gloom profound?
   We will not yield a place to fear;
   Our ship is homeward bound.

2. What though the lightnings glare above,
   And deafening thunders roar?
   Yet with the eye of faith and love
   We view the distant shore.
   We know that friends will meet us there,
   We loved in life before;
   And angel forms, all bright and fair,
   Line the immortal shore.

3. Then let the fearful thunders roar,
   And let the lightnings glare;
   We're nearing the eternal shore,
   And we are almost there.
   Then heave, ye waves, on every side,
   And onward, homeward bear
   Our fragile bark, 'gainst wind and tide;
   For we are almost there.

4. The coward peers, with trembling form,
   Into the gloom profound;
   But we can smile to view the storm;
   Our ship is homeward bound:
   And though for us, on time's dark wave
   No place of rest be found,
   O let our hearts be true and brave;
   Our ship is homeward bound.

Anon.
Waiting for Christ—Closing Work.

El Kader. S. M.

1. Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait; Observer of his heavenly word,
   And watchful at his gate; Observer of his heavenly word, And watchful at his gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright,
   And trim the golden flame;
   Gird up your loins as in his sight;
   His coming thus proclaim.

3. Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
   And while we speak, he's near;
   Mark the first signal of his hand,
   And ready all appear.

4. O, happy servant he,
   In such a posture found!
   He shall his Lord with rapture see,
   And be with honor crowned.

811

Far down the ages now,
   Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
   Until her crown be won.

2. No slacker grows the fight,
   Nor feebler is the foe,
   Nor less the need of armor tried,
   Of shield and spear and bow.

3. Thus onward still we press
   Through evil and through good,
   Through pain and poverty and want,
   Through peril and through blood.

4. Still faithful to our God,
   And to our Captain true,
   We follow where he leads the way,
   The kingdom in our view.

812

O thou whom we adore!
   To bless our earth again,
   Assume thine own almighty power,
   And o'er the nations reign.

2. The world's desire and hope,
   All power to thee is given;
   Now set the last great empire up,
   Eternal Lord of heaven!

3. A gracious Saviour, thou
   Wilt all thy children bless;
   And every knee to thee shall bow,
   And every tongue confess.

4. According to thy word
   Now be thy grace revealed,
   And with the knowledge of the Lord
   Let all the earth be filled.

813

Let us keep steadfast guard
   With lighted hearts all night,
   That when Christ comes, we stand prepared,
   And meet him with delight.

2. At midnight's season chill
   Lay Paul and Silas bound,—
   Bound and in prison, sang they still,
   And singing, freedom found.

3. Our prison is this earth,
   And yet we sing to thee:
   Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,
   Set us, believing, free!

Horatius Bonar.

Breviary.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

LEIGHTON, S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.

1. Come, Lord, and tarry not; Bring the long looked for day; O why these years of waiting here? O why this long delay?

2. Come, for creation groans, Impatient of thy stay; Worn out by these long years of ill, These ages of delay.

3. Come, for the corn is ripe! Put in thy sickle now; Reap the great harvest of the earth; Sower and reaper thou.

4. Come, spoil the strong man's house, Bind him and cast him hence; Show thyself stronger than the strong, Thyself Omnipotence.

5. Come, and begin thy reign Of everlasting peace; Come, take the kingdom to thyself, Great King of righteousness.

6. Come, Lord, and wipe away The curse, the sin, the stain, And make this blighted world of ours Thine own fair world again.

4 We laid them down to sleep, But not in hope forlorn; We left them but to slumber there, Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear thy voice, To see thee face to face, To share thy crown and glory then, As now we share thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away The curse, the sin, the stain, And make this blighted world of ours Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar

816 810, 556, 732.

1 In expectation sweet, We'll wait, and sing, and pray, Till Christ's triumphal car we meet, And see an endless day.

2 He comes! The conqueror comes! Death falls beneath his sword; The joyful prisoners burst the tombs, And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, Awake! The saints the call obey; Their joyful upward flight they take To realms of endless day.

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.

Anon.

815 556, 810, 236.

1 The Church has waited long Her absent Lord to see; And still in loneliness she waits, A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God, Holy and true and good, Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church, Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth, Has lived and loved and died; And as they left us, one by one, We laid them side by side.

Anon.
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall meet the loved who now Are sleep-ing in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way!

2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rocky shore, And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away!

3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more partings sore, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away!

4. 'Tis but a little while, And He shall come again, Who died that we might live, who lives That we may with him reign: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that glad day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away!

125, 899.

Charles Wesley.

Horatius Bonar.

LOWELL MASON.
1. Break, break, eternal day, Bid darkness flee away; Pour on our sight, Light from the
world of joy, Bliss pure without alloy; Then ne'er shall gloom annoy; All shall be bright.

2. Rise, rise, thou glorious sun, Hasten thy race to run; At God's command, Extend thy healing wings; Open joy's long-sealed springs; Reign, O thou King of kings, In this dark land!

3. Come, come, thou conquering One, Reign thou upon thy throne, In glory bright; Then shall the ransomed raise, Unceasing songs of praise, Throughout eternal days, In realms of light.

4. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain Long time ago, And salvation's rolling fountain Now freely flows.

2. Once his voice, in tones of pity, Melted in woe, As he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.

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

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

5. Budding fig-trees tell that summer Dawns o'er the land; Signs portend that Jesus' coming Is near at hand.

6. Children, let your lamps be burning, In hope of heaven, Waiting for our Lord's returning At dawn or even.

7. When he comes, a voice from heaven Shall pierce the tomb: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."
1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and wonders have appeared;

2. Soon shall ocean’s hoary deep,
   Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
   Darker storms the mountains sweep,
   Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

3. Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
   Pale amazement, restless fear;
   And amid the thunder cloud
   Shall the Judge of men appear.

4. But, though from his awful face,
   Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
   Fear not ye, his chosen race,
   Your redemption draweth nigh.

1. Clouds of glory lingering,
   Hasten, our blessed Jesus bring;
   Gleam no longer from afar,
   Like a dim, uncertain star.

2. Speed thy coming, blessed One!
   We are fainting, sad, and lone;
   Why doth yet the star of day
   Its bright rising thus delay?

3. Meek and humble trusting ones,
   Zion’s suffering, trodden sons,
   Day and night prevail in prayer,
   Till the kingdom ye shall share.

822

1. Christ, the Lord, will come again,
   None shall wait for him in vain;
   I shall then his glory see;
   Christ will come and call for me.

2. Then, when the Archangel’s voice
   Shakes the earth and rends the skies,
   Rising millions shall proclaim
   Blessings on the Saviour’s name.

3. Hail! redeeming Son of God!
   Ransomed hosts will shout aloud;
   Praise, eternal praise be given
   To the Lord of earth and heaven!

824

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
   When, beneath Messiah’s sway,
   Every nation, every clime,
   Shall his righteous will obey.

2. Mightiest kings his power shall own;
   Heathen tribes his name adore;
   Satan and his host, o’erthrown,
   Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3. Then shall wars and tumults cease;
   Then be banished grief and pain;
   Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
   Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

825

1. Hasten, Lord, the promised hour;
   Come in glory, come in power;
   Still thy foes are unsubdued;
   Nature sighs to be renewed.

2. Time has nearly reached its sum;
   All things wait for thee to come;
   Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
   Come, and reign forevermore.

Anon.
1. Come, Desire of nations, come! Hast-en, Lord, the general doom!

With thy holy train descend; Then our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
We for full redemption groan;
Hear us now, and save thine own.

3 Now destroy the man of sin;
No, thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

4 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed;
Speak the mystery revealed.

5 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity.

1. "Till He come,"—O let the words linger on the trembling chords;
D. C.—Let us think how heaven and home lie beyond that—"Till He come."

Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;

2 When the weary ones we love
To the silent land remove,
Though the earth seems poor and waste,
All our life-joy overcast,—
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper—"Till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth.
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; See that glory beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Traveler, blessedness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends! Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler, ages are its own, See, it shines o'er all the earth!

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

Come, that we may see thee nigh; Then the sheep shall feed in peace; Hushed forever trouble's sigh, Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

1 Brother pilgrim, be not weary; Tune your harp for heaven and home, Where the heart is never dreary, And where tears shall never come: Don your armor, be not sleeping; One short hour, and 't will be past; One brief hour of toil and weeping, Then comes heaven and home at last.

2 Let your eyes to heaven be turning,— Darkened sun and falling stars,— See the crimson heavens burning, Earth prepared for final wars; Hear the scoffer ask with jeering, "Where's the sign that he is nigh?"— Turn your eyes with joy and fearing To the omens in the sky.

3 Signs in nature oft have told us Of the saints' glad jubilee; Soon shall azure skies enfold us, And upon the jasper sea We shall stand in robes of whiteness, Praising him upon the throne, And in heaven's eternal brightness We shall know as we are known.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

GLAD TIDINGS, 7s 6s & 4.

1. Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings; Soon, soon, Jesus will come, Robed, robed, in honor and glory, To gather his ransomed ones home. Yes, yes, 0 yes, To gather his ransomed ones home.

2. Joy, joy, sound it more loudly, Sing, sing, Glory to God! Soon, soon, Jesus is coming, Publish the tidings abroad. Yes, yes, O yes, Publish the tidings abroad.

3. Bright, bright, seraphs attending, Shouts, shouts, filling the air; Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus our Lord will appear. Yes, yes, O yes, Jesus our Lord will appear.

4. Now, now, through a glass darkly, Shine, shine, visions to come; Soon, soon, we shall behold them, Cloudless and bright in our home. Yes, yes, O yes, Cloudless and bright in our home.

5. Long, long, we have been waiting, Who, who, love his blest name; Now, now, we are delighting, Jesus is near to proclaim. Yes, yes, O yes, Jesus is near to proclaim.

6. Still, still, rest on the promise, Cling, clinging, fast to his word; Wait, wait, if he should tarry, Patiently wait for the Lord. Yes, yes, O yes, Patiently wait for the Lord.

18 Anon. 273

1 Home, home, beameth before us! When, when, shall we be there? Long, long, here we have wandered, Burdened with sorrow and care: Home, home, home, home,— Sorrow breathes not in its air.

2 Home, home, there in thy bowers, Sweet, sweet music shall swell; Sin, sin, never can enter; Peace in each bosom shall dwell: Home, home, home, home,— Peace in each bosom shall dwell.

3 Home, home, rest to the weary, Peace, peace, to the torn breast; Hope, hope, hope of the erring; There in thy bosom we’ll rest! Home, home, home, home,— There will the wanderers rest.

4 Home, home, bliss to the parted; Friends, friends, meet on its shore; Here, here, lonely they’ve left us; Soon we’ll be parted no more: Home, home, home, home,— Friends will be parted no more.

5 Home, home, let us now hasten, See, see, angels above! Hark! hark! now do they call us, Home to their dwelling of love: Home, home, home, home,— Home of our Father’s kind love.

Anon.
1. How long, O Lord our Saviour, Wilt thou remain away? Our hearts are growing weary.
   D. S.—The sunshine of thy glory.

2. How long, O gracious Master,
   Wilt thou thy household leave?
   So long hast thou now tarried,
   Few thy return believe.
   Immersed in sloth and folly,
   Thy servants, Lord, we see;
   And few of us stand ready
   With joy to welcome thee.

3. O, wake thy slumbering people;
   Send forth the solemn cry;
   Let all the saints repeat it,—
   "The Saviour draweth nigh!"
   May all our lamps be burning,
   Our loins well girded be,
   Each longing heart preparing
   With joy thy face to see.

3 Behold the morn shall waken,
   And shadows shall decay,
   And each true-hearted servant
   Shall shine as does the day;
   And God, our King and Portion,
   In fullness of his grace,
   Shall we behold forever,
   And worship face to face.

1. O for the robes of whiteness!
   O for the tearless eyes!
   O for the glorious brightness
   Of the unclouded skies!
   O for the no more weeping,
   Within that land of love,
   The endless joy of keeping
   The bridal feast above!

2. O for the bliss of flying,
   My risen Lord to meet!
   O for the rest of lying
   Forever at his feet!
   O for the hour of seeing
   My Saviour face to face!
   The hope of ever being
   In that sweet meeting-place!

3. Jesus, thou King of Glory;
   I soon shall dwell with thee;
   I soon shall sing the story
   Of thy great love to me:
   Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
   E'en now before thy throne,
   That all my love may center
   In thee, and thee alone.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN. 7s & 6s. d.  

Unknown

1. O when shall I see Je-sus, And in his kingdom dwell? Par-take its rest-er-nal, Its songs triumphant swell? 
When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Je-sus Drink endless pleasures in?

Sweet Rest in Heaven.

7s. & 6s. d.

2 And when the last loud trumpet Shall rend the vaulted skies, And the entombed millions From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust revived, Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions Where our Redeemer's gone.

3 Our eyes shall then with rapture The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glory Of our immortal King.

AMSTERDAM. P. M.  

Anon.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; 
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Toward heaven, thy na-tive place.

Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay;

Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-par ed a-bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God, 
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode, 
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

Robert Seagrave.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

CALEDONIA. 7s & 5. D.

1. Ye who rose to meet the Lord, Ventured on his faithful word, Faint not now, for your reward Will be quickly given.

Faint not, always watch and pray; Jesus will no more delay; Even now 'tis dawn of day; Day-star beams from heaven.

2. Would ye to the end endure? Keep the wedding garment pure, Claim ye still the promise sure, Faithful is the Lord!
Let your lamps be burning bright; In God's word is beaming light; Live by faith, and not by sight—Crows are your reward.

3. Mid the darts of angry foe, Onward, fearless, onward go, The good soldier's courage show, On to victory!
Let thine eyes be turned to me, Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee; Overcome, and faithful be, Thou shalt glory see!"

4. Tones of thunder through the sky, Angel voices sounding high, Echo still the mighty cry, "Jesus, quickly come!"
Quickly he'll return again, With his saints he'll come to reign, While all heaven will shout, "Amen! Welcome to thy throne!"

5. Marriage supper now prepared, By the guests will then be shared, In fair, righteous robes arrayed, Like the Bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name! Sound aloud the glad acclaim, To the Lamb that once was slain, Alleluias bring!

839 [Tune, To-day, No. 414.] 6s & 4s.

1. When shall I see the day That ends my woes? When shall I victory gain O'er all my foes?

2. When will the trumpet sound, That calls me home? The grand, sabbatic year,— When will it come?

3. In yonder realms of light, By faith I see A crown of glory bright, Prepared for me.

4. O may I soon behold That happy day, When sorrow, sin, and pain Shall flee away!

5. O may I ever keep The prize in view, And through the storms of life My way pursue!

6. Jesus, be thou my guide, My steps attend; O keep me near thy side; Be thou my friend.

7. Be thou my shield and sun, Be thou my guard; And, when my work is done, My great reward.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

1. I long to behold him arrayed With glory and light from above;
   The King in his beauty displayed, His beauty of holiest love:
   D. S.—O, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God?

2. With him, I on Zion shall stand,
   For Jesus has spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel’s land,
   Survey, by the side of my Lord.
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
   Thy face I am strengthened to see,
   My fullness of rapture I find,
   My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3. How happy the people whose home
   Is found in the city of God!
   As pilgrims no more they shall roam,
   Nor travel a dangerous road.
   Physician divine, unto me
   Thy soul-healing blessing now give,
   And keep me while waiting for thee,
   And then to that city receive.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear!
   We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
   The day of eternity come.
   From earth we shall quickly remove,
   And mount to our promised abode,—
   The house of our Father above,
   The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
   That lovely Jerusalem here;
   Her walls are of jasper and gold,
   As crystal her buildings are clear.
   Immovably founded in grace,
   She stands as she ever has stood;
   And soon, at the end of our race,
   We'll rest in that city of God.

Charles Wesley.
Waiting for Christ—Closing Work.

Dawning. 8s & 7s. d.

William B. Bradbury.

Fine.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn- ing

Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?

Have the signs that mark its com - ing

Yet up - on thy pathway shone?

D. C.—Gird thy bri - dat robes a - round thee,

Morning dawns, a - rise! a - rise!

Pil - grim, yes! a - rise, look round thee; Light is break - ing in the skies;

2. Watchman, see, the light is beaming

Brighter still upon thy 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, Sabbatic year;

All with voices loud proclaiming

That the kingdom now is near:

Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,

Canaan's glorious hghts arise;

Salem, too, appears in grandeur

Towering 'neath its sunlit skies

4. Watchman, in the golden city,

Seated on his jasper throne,

Zion's King; arrayed 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 are ringing,

Wafted on the balmy air,

See the millions, hear them singing,

Soon the pilgrim will be there.

Sidney S. Brewer.

132, 844, 603.

1. Gracious Father, guard thy children

From the foe's destructive power;

Save, O save them, Lord, from falling

In this dark and trying hour.

Thou wilt surely prove thy people,

All our graces must be tried;

But thy word illumes our pathway,

And in God we still confide.

2. We are in the time of waiting;

Soon we shall behold our Lord,

Wafted far away from sorrow,

To receive our rich reward.

Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,

Pure, unspotted from the world;

Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us

Till thy banner is unfurled.

3. With what joyful exultation

Shall the saints thy banner see,

When the Lord for whom we've waited

Shall proclaim the Jubilee!

Freedom from this world's pollutions;

Freedom from all sin and pain;

Freedom from the wiles of Satan,

And from death's destructive reign.

Anon.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

844

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.  

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

1. {Long up - on the mountains, wea - ry, Have the scattered flock been torn;}
{Dark the des - ert paths, and drear - y; Grie - ous tri - als have they borne.}
D. C.—Un - ion, faith, and love, a - bound - ing, Bid the lit - tle flock re - joice.

Now the gathering call is sound - ing, Sol - emn in its warn - ing voice;

2. Now the light of truth they're seeking,
In its onward track pursue;
All the ten commandments keeping,
They are holy, just, and true.

On the words of life they're feeding,
Precious to their taste, so sweet;
All their Master's precepts heeding,
Bowing humbly at his feet.

3. In that world of light and beauty,
In that golden city fair,
Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,
And of all its glories share.

There, divine the soul's expansions;
Free from sin, and death, and pain;
Tears will never dim those mansions
Where the saints immortal reign.

4. Soon He comes! with clouds descending;
All his saints, entombed, arise;
The redeemed, in anthems blending,
Shout their victory through the skies.

O, we long for thine appearing;
Come, O Saviour, quickly come!
Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
Take thy ransomed children home.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
   Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign o'er us forever;
   Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit
   Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
   Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley

846

1367, 860, 501.

1 This is not my place of resting;
   Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward, to it, I am hastening,—
   On to my eternal home.
In it, all is light and glory;
   O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
   All the curse has passed away.

2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
   By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
   Turns our sighing into song.
Soon we pass this desert dreary,
   Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Nevermore are sad and weary,
   Never, never sin again.

Horatius Bonar.

845

132, 499, 603.

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
   Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
   Let us find our rest in thee;

Annie R. Smith.
1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time;

In an age on ages telling—To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray;

Hark! what soundeth? Is creation groaning for her latter day?

2 Christian, rouse and arm for conflict,
   Nerve thee for the battle-field;
Bear the helmet of salvation,
   And the mighty gospel shield;
Let the breastplate, peace, be on thee,
   Take the Spirit's sword in hand;
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then,
   In Jehovah's strength to stand.

3 Wicked spirits gather round thee,
   Legions of those foes to God—
Principalities most mighty—
   Walk unseen the earth abroad;
They are gathering to the battle,
   Strengthened for the last deep strife;
Christian, arm! be watchful, ready,
   Struggle manfully for life.

4 And the prince of evil spirits,
   Great deceiver of the world!
He who at the blessed Jesus
   Once his deadly weapons hurled,
Cometh with unwonted power,
   Knowing that his reign will cease
When the kingdom shall be given
   To the mighty Prince of peace.

5 Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare,
   Cease not till the victory's won;
Till your Captain loud proclaimeth,
   "Servant of the Lord, well done!"
He, alone, who thus is faithful,
   Who abideth to the end,
Hath the promise, in the kingdom
   An eternity to spend.

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   Nerve thee for the battle-field;
Bear the helmet of salvation,
   And the mighty gospel shield;
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   "Servant of the Lord, well done!"
He, alone, who thus is faithful,
   Who abideth to the end,
Hath the promise, in the kingdom
   An eternity to spend.
Pilgrims, on! the day is dawning; Strike your tents, and homeward haste: Sleep not while the blush of morning Calls you on the desert waste. Though the way be dark and dreary,

Life's sharp anguish must be borne; Courage, then, ye faint and weary, Linger not to weep and mourn.

O, 't were sweet to toil in sadness,
O, 't were well the cross to bear,
If, at last in joy and gladness,
We may rest forever there!

Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.

O, the music and the singing
Of the hosts redeemed by love!
O, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

Catherine Winkworth.
850

WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

Love Divine. 8s & 7s. d. John Zundel.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and by thy self-revealing, D. S.—Scattering all the night of nature,

Dis-si-pate the clouds beneath. Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator, In our deepest darkness rise;

Pouring day upon our eyes.

2. Still we wait for thy appearing; Life and joy thy beams impart, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Every poor benighted heart. Come, extend thy wonted favor To our ruined, guilty race; Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour! Come, apply thy saving grace.

3. By thine all-atoning merit Every burdened soul release; By the teachings of thy Spirit Guide us into perfect peace; So shall we, at thine appearing, Wait thy smiling face to see; So, the joyful summons hearing, Enter into rest with thee.

Charles Wesley.

851

GOOD CHEER. 8s & 7s. d. Unknown.

1. Lift your heads with faith, the morrow Dawneth brighter than to-day; Angel hands will lift the shadows, (omit.) Chase the gathering gloom away.

Chorus.

Lift your heads, the day is breaking, Soon the morning will appear; Signs proclaim the Lord is coming, (omit.) Lift your heads; the day draws near.

2. Art thou lonely, sad, and weary, Watching through the silent night? Dry thy tears, the orient glistens Like a thread of silver light.

3. What though wars and earth's commotions Cause men's hearts to fail with fear? God, your Father, rules the nations, Christ will for his saints appear.

Anon.
852

WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

Diligence. 8s & 7s. p.

1. Let every lamp be burning bright, The darkest hour is nearing; The darkest hour of earth's long night, Before the Lord's appearing. Then trim your lamps, my brethren dear,

2. Though thousands calmly slumber on, The last great message spurning, We'll rest our living faith upon His promise of returning.

3. His word our lamp, his truth our guide, We cannot be mistaken;

4. Then let good works with faith appear, To shame the world around us; Obedience brings the blessing near When faith has firmly bound us.

F. E. Belden.

LAST LOVELY MORNING. 6s & 5s. p.

1. The last lovely morning, All blooming and fair, While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump Sounds, “Come, come away!”

2. And when that bright morning In splendor shall dawn, Our tears will be ended, Our sorrows all gone.

3. The Bridegroom from glory To earth shall descend, Ten thousand bright angels Around him attend.

4. The graves will be opened, The saints will arise, And with the Redeemer Mount up to the skies.

5. The saints, then immortal, In glory shall reign; The Bride with the Bridegroom Forever remain.

Anon.
844, 132.

2 Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks
   On our voyage all passed by?
   Are we nearing now the haven?
   Can we e'en the land desery?
   Do we truly
   See the heavenly kingdom nigh?

3 Light is beaming, day is coming!
   Let us sound aloud the cry;
   We behold the day-star rising
   Pure and bright in yonder sky!
   Saints, be joyful;
   Your redemption draweth nigh.

4 We have found the chart and compass,
   And are sure the land is near;
   Onward, onward we are hasting,
   Soon the haven will appear;
   Let your voices
   Sound aloud your holy cheer.

855

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
   Partners in his patience here;
   Christ, to all believers precious,
   Lord of lords shall soon appear.
   Mark the tokens
   Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Yes, the prize shall soon be given;
   We his open face shall see;
   Love, the earnest of our heaven,
   Love our full reward shall be;
   Love shall crown us
   Kings through all eternity.

856

1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
   Comes the reddening dawn of day;
   Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
   Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
   'Tis the Saviour
   On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected, weary
   Waits my anxious soul for thee;
   Life is dark, and earth is dreary
   Where thy light I do not see:
   O my Saviour,
   When wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
   Far away from thee I pine;
   When, O when, shall I the gladness
   Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
   O my Saviour,
   When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
   Spent the night, the day at hand;
   Keep me in my lowly station,
   Watching for thee, till I stand,
   O my Saviour,
   In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning
   Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
   Watching for thy glad returning
   To restore me to my home;
   Come, my Saviour,
   O my Saviour, quickly come!

Charles Wesley.

John S. B. Monsell.
WATTING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s. 6l.  
Charles Lockhart.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
   Wel-come news to Zion bearing—Zion long in hostile lands:

Mourn-ing cap-tive! Mourn-ing cap-tive! God him-self shall loose thy bands.

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

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

Thomas Kelly.

4. With that "blessed hope" before us,  
   Let no harp remain unstrung;  
   Let the mighty advent chorus  
   Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;  
   Christ is coming!  
   Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

John R. Macduff.

859  
854, 844.

1. Lo! an angel loud proclaiming,  
   Brings the gospel of good cheer;  
   Every kindred, tongue, and people,  
   Fear the Lord, soon to appear!  
   Proclamation  
   Of the hour of Judgment near.

2. Lo! another angel follows,  
   "Babylon the great is fallen!"  
   Peals like thunder through the sky:  
   "Let my people  
   Now from all her errors fly."

3. Yet, a third and solemn message  
   Now a final doom proclaims;  
   All who worship beast or image  
   Soon shall feel the avenging flames:  
   Grace no longer  
   Shelters their unworthy names.

4. Here are they who now are waiting,  
   And have patience to endure;  
   While the dragon's hosts are raging,  
   These confide in God, secure:  
   Faith of Jesus  
   And commandments keep them pure.

H. S. Gurney.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking; joyful times are near at hand:
   When he comes his lost ones seeking, darkness flees at his command.

2. Let us hail the joyful season,
   Let us hail the rising ray;
   When the Lord appears, there's reason
   To expect a glorious day;
   At the brightness of his coming
   Gloom and darkness flee away.

3. While the foe becomes more daring,
   While he enters like a flood,
   God the Saviour is preparing
   Means to spread his light abroad;
   Every tongue and every language
   Soon shall hear the truth of God.

4. O how pleasant, how reviving
   To our hearts, to hear each day
   Joyful news from far arriving,
   That the message wins its way;
   Those enlightening and enlivening
   Who in death and darkness lay!

5. God of Israel, high and glorious,
   Let thy people see thy hand;
   Let the message be victorious
   Through the world, in every land:
   Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly,
   And thy blessing now command.

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COMING EVENTS. 11s & 9s.

1. The coming events of the kingdom of God Cast in glory their shadows before;
   And my being would leap from its prisoned abode, (omit.)

2. And the King in his beauty adore, And the King in his beauty adore.

3. He comes, and the Spirit that lingers below,
   In the hearts of the chosen and tried,
   Is quickened, and tells in its mystical flow,
   The approach of the Bridegroom and Bride.

4. The love and the joy and the peace of the blest,
   Like the day-star, arise in the soul,
   And we taste the first-fruits of the Eden of rest,
   And we hasten to enter the goal.

---

286
1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the mid-night shadows flee; Tinged are the distant skies with glory, A beacon-light hangs out for thee. Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in that world of glory Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges, Calmly composed and dauntless, stand; For lo, beyond those scenes emerges The thrilling that bound the promised land. Christian, behold, the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-storm's 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-gemmed 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 beauty Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

John F. Rusling.

[Music notation provided for the song.]

1 DAY of redemption! when shall we behold
Earth overwhelmed with thy splendor untold?
Dark is this desert, and weary our road;
O for the day-spring that cometh from God!
Deep are earth's shadows, its sorrows and gloom;
Oft is its gladness laid low in the tomb:
Joy and rejoicing like shadows depart,
Grief and affliction abide in the heart.

2 Many the sorrows this sad earth has known;
Hopes have been withered, and hearts have been torn;
Tears have been gushing from fountains of grief;
O for that morning which brings us relief!
Ah, we have tasted of blessings to come;
On we have hasted to gain them at home;
There, in the light of eternity's morn,
Glad shall the saints sing the conquerors' song.

Anon.
1. I'm weary of stay-ing; O when shall I rest In that promised

2. I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,
O'er pangs for the loved which we cannot assuage,
O'er blightings of youth and the weakness of age.

3. I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

4. I'm weary of loving what passes away;
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay:
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide us no more!

5. O Jesus, my Saviour, when shall I behold
That morning long promised by prophets of old,
When sin's night of sorrow forever is past,
And death's silent captives are ransomed at last?

Anon.

1 O lift up your heads! your redemption draws near!
Let nothing discourage, or cause you to fear;
Our Saviour is faithful, his promise is sure
To all who bear trials, hold fast, and endure.

2 Well may you have courage, your cause is the Lord's,
Attested by signs, and with Scripture accords;
And though all the powers of the dragon assail,
The truth, being mighty, will surely prevail.

3 Hold fast that rich treasure, nor e'er lay it down;
Endure to the end and let none take thy crown;
The spirits of darkness will seek to devour,
But Jesus and angels excel them in power.

4 Rich promise to all who shall now overcome!—
To be a firm pillar in God's sacred dome,
Inscribed with his name, and the Son of his love,
And that of the city which comes from above.

R. F. Cottrell
1. Heir of the kingdom, O why dost thou slumber? Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?

Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armor, Speed, for the moments are hurrying on.

2. Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?
How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;
Haste to receive him descending the skies.

3. Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,
Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;
Listen, 'tis naught but the chariot's loud rumbling;
Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.

4. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!
See how its glory is passing away;
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.

5. Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;
Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;
Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

6. Fear not, little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure
To give you the glorious kingdom above;
To grant you the precious and eternal treasure
Of life everlasting, a gift of his love.

The saints are the heirs to the kingdom that's proffered,—
The kingdom of righteousness, kingdom of rest.

Then fear not, ye flock, for your Shepherd, returning,
Shall gather his sheep in his heavenly fold;
Shall lead you in pastures for which ye are yearning,
And shelter you safe in the city of gold.

F. E. Belden.
2 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!  
   Star of the coming day!  
   Arise, and with thy morning beams  
   Chase all our griefs away.  
   Come, blessed Lord! let every shore  
   And answering island sing  
   The praises of thy royal name,  
   And own thee as their King.

3 Jesus, thy fair creation groans—  
   The air, the earth, the sea—  
   In unison with all our hearts,  
   And calls aloud for thee.  
   Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
   Of grace and peace divine;  
   Be thine the crown of glory now,  
   The palm of victory thine.

4 But, dearest Lord, however bright  
   That crown of joy above,  
   What is it to the brighter hope  
   Of dwelling in thy love?  
   What to the joy, the deeper joy,  
   Unmingled, pure, and free,  
   Of union with our living Head,  
   Of fellowship with thee?

Edward Denny.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

KING OF GLORY: P. M. 
A. CRITHELYD, ARR. BY E. BARNES.

1. There is a King of glory, Ere long on earth to rise, Sung in prophetic story, Descending from the skies;

2. He cometh, cometh speedy,
   To save his suffering saints,—
Saints groaning, waiting, ready,—
And endeth their complaints:
With joy they meet him in the air,
And shout the swelling triumph there;
No longer poor and needy,
But crowned with glory now!
Not one's reviled to-day!
None stumble in the way—
All crowned with everlasting glory now.

3. O tears, and sin, and sighing,
   Now let your prisoner go,
Discharged from pain and dying
And from a world of woe;
I go to Christ, he comes to me,
We meet in bright eternity,
On clouds he cometh flying,—
On clouds of glory now!
Victorious in his wars,
Full many a palm he bears,
And crowns of everlasting glory now!

4. O, what is tribulation,
   And all the ills I bear,
Compared with this salvation,
   And all the glory there?
Behold a city fair and high,
Bright capital of earth and sky,
The joy of all creation,
   And filled with glory now!
The armies of his grace,
Triumphant reach the place:
'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

5. There every sight that pleases,
   There every sound that cheers,
There sweet, immortal breezes,
   Inspire the balmy years;
There all the just join in a band,
From every age, from every land,
While o'er them reigns King Jesus,
With crowns of glory now!
The people of his grace,
Have reached the heavenly place:
'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

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WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

871

CHARIOT. 12s.

ARR. FROM J. WILLIAMS.

1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near, And our glorious De-liv-er-er will soon, soon appear

In the clouds of bright glo-ry to earth he will come, And the an-gels will bear us to hear-en, our home.

2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near;
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;
There with harps tuned celestial our voices we'll raise
To the Lord, our Redeemer, in accents of praise.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near;
Then rejoice, ye sad exiles, and be of good cheer.
Lo! the promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

Anon.

872

EXPECTATION. P. M.

ARRANGED.

1. Long for my Sav-iour I've been wait-ing, Long time have watched by night and day;
   Feared, lest my faith and hope a-bat-ing, I should lose cour-age by the way.

Chorus.

Je-sus soon is com-ing; This is my song;—Cheers the heart when joys de-part, And foes are press-ing strong.

2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow
   I have been wandering many years,
   Still looking for that happy morrow
   When God would wipe away my tears.

3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power,
   Fain then would lead my steps astray;

But when the clouds begin to lower,
   Hope turns the darkness into day.

4 O it will be but little longer
   I must these many woes endure;
   Then let my faith and hope grow stronger;
   My Father's promise still is sure.

Anon.
Have You Faith? P. M.

1. Jesus our Saviour says, "I will appear!" Have you faith? The faith-ful a-long I come to see,
   
   And they shall live and reign with me, On-ly have faith! On-ly have faith! On-ly have faith!

2. Prophets have spoken, their words are ful-filled; Have you faith? My word is established, your anguish is still-ed; Have you faith? The plan of salvation faith's eye will see And live forever and reign with me; Only have faith!

3. Though I should tarry, O be not dismayed; Have you faith? The Judgment is coming o'er all I've said; Have you faith? The doubt to the bondage, the faith to the free, To live forever and reign with me; Only have faith!

CHARDON. C. P. M.

1. How hap-py are the lit-tle Rock Who safe be-neath their guardian Rock In all com-mo- tions rest!

When war's and tu-mult's waves run high, Unmoved a-bove the storm they lie, And lodge in Je-sus' breast.

2. The plague, and dearth, and din of war, Our Saviour's swift approach declare, And bid our hearts arise; The signs confirm our trembling hope, While scoffers still in darkness grope, And view them with surprise.

3. Thy tokens we with joy confess; The war proclaims the Prince of peace; The earthquake speaks thy power;

The famine all thy fullness brings; The plague presents thy healing wings, And nature's final hour.

4. Whatever ills the world befall, A pledge of endless good we call, A sign of Jesus near. His chariot will not long delay; We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray, "Triumphant Lord, appear!"

Charles Wesley.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.

1. He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name in lofty strains,
   Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise exalt their voice.

212, 54, 301.

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 wild dismay
   Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
   Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
   And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Isaac Watts.

876 929, 932, 974.

1 Dark brood the heavens over thee,
   Black clouds of gloom are gathering fast,
   In awful power thy God has come,
   Thy days of sin and mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens over thee,
   Red flames of death are bursting round;
   Bright lightnings flash, loud thunder's roar,
   How shakes the heaving, broken ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens over thee,
   Behold, the Judge of all appears;
   Unnumbered millions throng around,
   Raised from the buried dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens over thee;
   Sinner, behold thy dreadful doom!
   Destruction opens wide for thee
   Thy blindly chosen, final home.

294

5 Yet stay,—the vision lingers yet;
   Why, sinner, O, why wilt thou die?
   Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits;
   This hour to Christ, thy Saviour, fly.

Anon.

877 929, 316, 914.

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, shriveling 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, thy people's stay,
   Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Walter Scott.

878 538, 136, 347.

1 When thou shalt come with trumpet sound,
   With countless angels hovering round,
   O Saviour! grant me, in the air,
   With all thy saints, to meet thee there!

2 Weep, O my soul! ere that great day
   When God shall shine in stern array;
   O weep thy sin, that thou mayest be
   In that severest Judgment free!

3 O Christ! forgive, remit, protect,
   And set thy servant with the elect,
   That I may hear the voice that calls
   The righteous to thy heavenly halls!

John M. Neale.
1. The Lord is coming! let this be The herald note of jubilee;
And when we meet, and when we part, The salutation from the heart.

2 The Lord is coming! sound it forth,
From East to West, from South to North;
Speed on! speed on the tidings glad,
That none who love him may be sad.

3 The Lord is coming! saints, rejoice!
We soon shall hear his glorious voice,
Majestic, uttered from afar,
As on he hastens his conquering car.

4 The Lord is coming! vengeful, dire,
Are all his judgments and his ire,
And none can hope to escape his wrath,
Who walk not in the narrow path.

880
1 Our Saviour comes to raise the just,
Who long have slumbered in the dust;
His voice will break their long repose,
And snatch them from the last of foes.

2 He comes to change the waiting ones
Who now endure the world’s cold frowns;
Their feet are planted on the Rock;
They fear not, though a little flock.

3 Sinner, dost thou not dread thy doom?
The retribution hastens on;
Stern justice lifts the avenging sword
To slay the mocker of God’s word.

4 O then repent, ere the decree,
"Let him that’s filthy, filthy be,"
From the stern Judge’s lips shall fall,
And thou for rocks and mountains call!

881
1 The Saviour comes, his advent’s nigh;
He soon will rend the azure sky,
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 Saints lift your heads; that day is near
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed church his own.

3 Day promised long, now soon to dawn,
When sin’s dark night of death is gone!
Come quickly, Lord, we long to see
That morning of eternity.

4 And while we wait, we’ll toil and pray,
Still watching for that glorious day
When with the voice of trumpet loud
The Judge appears on yonder cloud.

882
1 The Lord is coming! seas, retire!
Ye mountains, melt to liquid fire!
Ye oceans, cease to ebb and flow!
His stately steppings ye should know.

2 The Lord is coming! Who shall stand?
Who shall be found at his right hand?
He with the righteous garment on
Which Christ our glorious King hath won.

3 The Lord is coming! watch and pray!
So shalt thou hasten that glad day;
So shalt thou then escape the snare,
And Christ’s eternal glory share.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

William Knapp.

1. Star of our hope he'll soon appear, The last loud trumpet speaks him near;

Hall him, all saints, from pole to pole—How welcome to the faith-ful soul!

2. From heaven angelic voices sound;
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,
Arrayed in majesty divine,
And in his highest glories shine.

3. The grave yields up its precious trust,
Which long has slumbered in the dust,
Resplendent forms ascending, fair,
Now meet the Saviour in the air.

4. Descending with his azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own;
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,
And hail him their triumphant King.

5. O joyful day, when he appears
With all his saints, to end their fears!
Our Lord will then his right obtain,
And in his kingdom ever reign.

6. Ye men of earth, to mountains call;
Bid ragged rocks upon you fall;
Seek, in the cavern's gloomy maze,
A refuge from his piercing gaze.

7. But saints who here have waited long,
Now raise with joy the choral song,
Lo! this is he, our coming Lord,
He saves according to his word.

8. The Lord is coming! glad and free
Proclaim the note of jubilee.
Arouse, ye nations, countless throng,
Ring out the tidings loud and long.

9. This earth, with her ten thousand wrongs,
Will soon be tuned to nobler songs;
Our praise shall then, in realms of light,
With all his universe unite.

10. The Lord is coming! herald, cry;
For our redemption draweth nigh:
The great glad day of sin's eclipse
Is trembling on heaven's finger-tips.

11. The trumpet sounds o'er land and sea,
And heaven rolls back the melody;
The sleeping nations of the dead
Awake, and leave their earth-dark bed.

12. The Lord, our Saviour, Prince of heaven,
Descends 'mid clouds all thunder riven;
Look up, ye saints, behold your King,
He comes deliverance to bring.

Mary A. Steward
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

George F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room.

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! 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 Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;

6 Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

2 How will my heart endure The terrors of that day, When earth and heaven, before the Judge, Astonished, shrink away!

3 But ere that trumpet shakes The mansions of the dead, Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace Whose wrath ye cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of the cross, And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove, By which the Saviour bled;

And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

2 How will my heart endure The terrors of that day, When earth and heaven, before the Judge, Astonished, shrink away!

3 But ere that trumpet shakes The mansions of the dead, Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace Whose wrath ye cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of the cross, And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove, By which the Saviour bled;

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PHILIP DODDRIDGE.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

1. That awful day will surely come, Th'ap-point-ed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

2. Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
   Thou ruler of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice
   Pronounce the word, Depart!

3. What! to be banished from my Lord,
   To rocks and mountains cry! And yet to them must call in vain;
   For who his wrath can fly?

4. O, wretched state of deep despair,
   To see my God remove,
   And fix my doleful station where
   I cannot taste his love! Isaac Watts.

891
1. And must I be to Judgment brought.
   And answer in that day,
   For every vain and idle thought,
   And every word I say?

2. Yes; every secret of my heart
   Shall shortly be made known,
   And I receive my just desert
   For all that I have done.

3. How careful, then, ought I to live,
   With what religious fear;
   Who such a strict account must give
   For my behaviour here!

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
   The watchful power bestow;
   So shall I to my ways take heed,
   In all I speak or do. Charles Wesley.

892
1. Throned on a cloud, the Judge will come,
   Bright flames prepare his way;
   Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
   Lead on the dreadful day.

2. No more shall bold blasphemers say,
   "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
   No more abuse his long delay
   By carelessness and sin.

3. Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
   For all his poor oppressed,
   To save the people of his love,
   And give the weary rest.
1. A day of awful grandeur dawns, And lo! the Judge appears; Ye heavens, retire before his face; And sink, ye darkened stars, And sink, ye darkened stars.

2. The day approaches, O my soul,
The great decisive day
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

3. Yet does one short, preparing hour—
One precious hour—remain;
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4. He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call 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? Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious throne to bow, Though weakest of them all; Nor can I bear the piercing thought, To have my worthless name left out, When thou for them shalt call?

3. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace! Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place In that expected day. Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear, To still each unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among thy saints be found, Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face; Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of endless grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear, Its joyful notes burst on the ear, Proclaiming tidings blest.

2. Ah! see, the graves are opening now. The saints come forth, and every brow Beams with a radiant joy; To life immortal they arise, Inheritors of Paradise, Where death cannot destroy.

3. Stupendous scene! those men of old,— Prophets, who have the story told Of this transcendent day; The patriarchs, apostles too, Who lived and died with it in view, Come forth in bright array.

4. Now satisfied; for like their Lord, Whose promise shines within the word, His likeness they should wear; A glittering host, like stars on high, In glory and in majesty, Upon the earth appear!

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

VERDI. S. M. D.  
F. E. Belden.

1. He's coming once again, To set his people free; That where he is, in glory bright,
D. S.—He comes, in majesty sublime,  

His saints may also be. Then lift the drooping head, Look up, rejoice and sing;  
Salvation's glorious King!

2 The earth shall quake with fear,  The heavens shall flee away;  
And where shall guilty man appear  In that tremendous day?
No refuge then is nigh,  
No shelter from the blast;  
The night of vengeance vails the sky  
When mercy's day is past.

3 His eyes of living flame,  
The wicked shall devour;  
No tongue will lightly speak the name  
Of Jesus in that hour.
No scorn, no words of hate  
For his meek followers then;  
But prayers and tears that come too late  
Will mark earth's mighty men.

4 We shall meet him in the air;  
And all his glory see;  
We'll know, and love, and praise him there,  
From death forever free.

5 Who can tell the happiness  
This glorious hope affords?  
Unuttered pleasure we possess  
In these reviving words.

Charles Wesley
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

Amboy. 7s. d.

Hark! the song of jubilee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea. When it breaks upon the shore:
D. C.—Hal-le-lu-jah! Let the word Echo round the earth and main.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis the Lord! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;
Shaken heavens and shattered earth
Then shall rise to second birth.

3. Then the glory to his own!
Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close;
Then begin his final woes;
Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—
Who shall break his iron chain?

4. Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,
And its beauty fades at last;
O beloved, then, awake,
Bonds of carnal slumber break;
Wake, beloved, watch and pray,
While remains one hour of day!

5. Judgment cometh;—O beware!
Judgment cometh;—O prepare!
Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,
For the Judge is nigh at hand;
Steadfast let us rest each night,
Steadfast wake at morning light.

901

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound
Rises joyful to the skies;
From above, beneath, around,
Wake creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks,—'tis done,
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then beneath his iron rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! to our God,
Lo, he comes to conquer all.

828, 293, 771.

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Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close;
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Steadfast wake at morning light.

James Montgomery.

Horatius Bonar

902

To the kingdom promised long,
With his shining angel throng,
Righteous vengeance to fulfill,
Recompense for good and ill,
Adam's race from dust to call,
Lo, He cometh, Judge of all!

2 He shall speak, and earth shall hear;
Rending rocks shall quake with fear,
And the waking dead shall come
From the silence of the tomb.

777, 778, 667.

2 Shaken heavens and shattered earth
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Steadfast wake at morning light.

Horatius Bonar
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

NEANDER. 8s & 7s, 6l.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

1. Day of Judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Loud'er than a thousand thunders, Shakesthe vast creation round!

How the summons, How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

How the summons, How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Lord in glory nearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day as 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?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

1. Hark! that shout of rapture high, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Jesus comes, and,
through the sky, Angels tell their joy aloud, Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;

Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
Rise, to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

Thomas Kelly.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
   Once for favored sinners slain;
   Hallelujah! Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2. Every eye shall now behold him
   Robed in dreadful majesty!
   Those who set at naught and sold him,
   Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
   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. Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
   High on thy eternal throne!
   Saviour, take the power and glory,
   Make thy righteous sentence known;
   Claim the kingdom for thine own!

5. Now the happy throng in union
   Rise to meet their coming Lord;
   Joyfully they hold communion,
   Entering on their great reward:
   Hallelujah! Praise his gracious name and word.

6. Freed from every pain and sorrow,
   Every tear is wiped away;
   No forebodings of a morrow
   Dark and fearful—all is day!
   Day forever,
   With the saints, a blissful day.

HARK! the Archangel’s trump is sounding,
Solemn tones break on the ear;
Louder now its echoes bounding,
All the earth astonished hear:
Hallelujah!
Christ our Saviour doth appear.

2. See the righteous dead are waking,
   Coming forth from dust anew;
   Light resplendent o’er them breaking—
   Jesus Christ appears to view!
   Hallelujah!
They have found the promise true.

3. Come, ye blessed of my Father,
   Enter into life and joy;
   Banish all your fears and sorrows;
   Endless praise be your employ:
   Hallelujah!
Welcome bliss without alloy.

Haste, ye sons of sin, awake!
Now appear, the Judge divine!
Flee ye, O ye dwelling in sin,
Now, now, come, come to Judgment!

Amen.

Hark! the Archangel’s trump is sounding,
Solemn tones break on the ear;
Louder now its echoes bounding,
All the earth astonished hear:
Hallelujah!
Christ our Saviour doth appear.

2. See the righteous dead are waking,
   Coming forth from dust anew;
   Light resplendent o’er them breaking—
   Jesus Christ appears to view!
   Hallelujah!
They have found the promise true.

3. Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
   Full of joyful expectation,
   Saints behold the Judge appear;
   Truth and justice go before him;
   Now the blissful sentence hear:
   Hallelujah!
Judge divine, O soon appear!

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:
Hallelujah!
Welcome bliss without alloy.

J. Cennick.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

CHARIOT. 12s.

Arr. from J. Williams.

1. The char-iot! the char-iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth down in the pomp of his ire;

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,
   Who in triumph their palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3. The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are all set,
   Where the Lamb and the angels and elders are met;
   There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
   And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

4. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
   Great Creator, on us thy sad children, with love;
   When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
   May we find a reward and a mansion in heaven.

5. With harps and with voices we'll join in the song
   Of Moses, the faithful, and Jesus, the strong,
   Then shout, O ye children, ye children of light,
   The Saviour is coming: he's almost in sight!

Henry H. Milman.

W. H. Littlejohn.

[908] [Tune, Rest in Heaven, No. 512.] 11s.

1. The Saviour is coming, O children of light!
   With hosts of the angels, the angels of might.
   Adown the bright azure, with banners of flame,
   He'll come soon in triumph his loved ones to claim.

2. The trumpet long sounding, with notes loud and shrill,
   The dead will awaken in valley and hill.
   The touch of the Master we all soon shall feel;
   He'll make us immortal, while glad anthems peal.

3. Away toward the city,—the city of gold,—
   We'll mount with the Master, in numbers untold.
   He'll deck every forehead with coronet bright,
   He'll robe each believer in garments of white.

4. Through heaven's high portals we'll enter at last,
   With shouts of rejoicing, our sorrows all past.
   Along the bright river,—the river of life,—
   We'll wander together, our souls free from strife.

5. With harps and with voices we'll join in the song
   Of Moses, the faithful, and Jesus, the strong,
   Then shout, O ye children, ye children of light,
   The Saviour is coming: he's almost in sight!
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT. P. M.

Joseph Klug.

Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things created! The trumpet sounds; the
graves restore The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2. The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3. But sinners filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4. Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

William B. Collyer.

911 [Tune, Harwell, No. 182.] 8s & 7s. D.

1. Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance countless usher in:
Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain.

2. Now the song of all the ransomed,
"Worthy is the Lamb," resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints
Every eye shall see his wounds:
Great his glory, great his glory!
Every knee to him shall bow,

3. Every island, sea, and mountain—
Earth and heaven—flee away;
All his enemies confounded
Hear the trump proclaim his day:
Come to judgment! come to judgment!
Stand before the Son of man.

4. All who love him view his glory,
In his bright, once-marred face:
Jesus cometh; all his people
Now their heads with gladness raise:
Happy mourners! happy mourners!
Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes!

5. See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised;
Joyful meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

John Cennick.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

PELDON. H. M.

1. Saviour, my spirit longs To see the glorious day When saints with joyful songs And lifted eyes shall say,

"Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord, He comes according to his word, He comes according to his word."

2. He comes to set us free From every galling chain, In glorious liberty, In endless life to reign.

Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord, He comes according to his word.

3. To David's glorious Son, The glad hosanna raise, His blissful reign begun, Shall last through endless days.

Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord, He comes according to his word.

4. From sin, and death, and hell, We evermore are free, With Christ henceforth to dwell, And all his glory see.

Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord, He comes according to his word.

5. The Saviour, promised long, Appears, on earth to reign; Awake the swelling song, Loud peal the lofty strain,

Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord, He comes according to his word.

DECISIVE DAY: P. M.

Anon.

1. The great decisive day is at hand, is at hand! The great decisive day is at hand; The day when Christ will come, To call his children home, doom, is at hand.

2 Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will be there!

Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!

Those who smote him with the reed Upon his sacred head, And made his temples bleed,— Will be there, will be there:— And made his temples bleed, will be there.

3 Where will the sinner hide in that day, in that day?

Where will the sinner hide in that day?

It will be in vain to call, "Ye mountains on us fall."

For his hand will find out all In that day, in that day; For his hand will find out all in that day.

Anon
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

914

Woodworth. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,

When death inflict his fatal wound, When tender friends and kindred die.

918, 431.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought Should with our mourning passions blend,
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget The almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills Our feeble flesh and heart may fail; Yet shall our hope in thee, our God, O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Our Father, God! to thee we look, Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend; And on thy covenant love and truth, Our sinking souls shall still depend.

Anon.

915

927, 924.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and serene, And the broad sun's retiring ray Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peacefully he sinks to rest When faith, endued from Heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye, That smile upon his wasted cheek; They tell us of his hope on high In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless? To sink into that soft repose, Then wake to perfect happiness?

William Bathurst.

916

926, 923.

1 Blessed are they henceforth that die Reclining on the Saviour's breast; They cease from every care and sigh, From all their labors they have rest.

2 No more they meet with cruel foes, No more with anxious care oppressed: They warred the conflict till life's close; Their toil is o'er, they sweetly rest.

3 The living saints have yet to meet And brave the tempter's utmost ire; The grave will be a blest retreat While earth is welmed in troubles dire.

4 Thy righteous will be done, O God! To meet the foe and overcome, Or lay me down beneath the sod To rest till thou shalt call me home.

R. F. Cottrell.

917

927, 928.

1 Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the quiet dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Isaac Watts.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

RUSSELL. L. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Behold how sweet, how calm, how fair, The broken bud that slumbers there!

E'er it had bloomed on earth, to die, It died on earth to bloom on high.

2. Weep not as those who weep in vain, Nor like the hopeless ones complain; Our frosted buds, our withered flowers, Shall spring again in fairer bower.

5. Yet these, new rising from the tomb, With luster brighter far shall shine, Revive with ever-during bloom, Safe from diseases and decline.

3. O blessed hope to mourners given— The hope of union sweet in heaven!— No more to part, no more to weep, No more to sleep death's silent sleep.

6. Let sickness blast, let death devour, If heaven but recompense our pains; Perish the grass, and fade the flower, If firm the word of God remains.

4. Then let this hope our spirits cheer: The promised morn will soon appear,— The morn that sets the prisoners free, The morning of eternity.

920

924, 927.

1. He sleeps in Jesus—peaceful rest,— No mortal strife invades his breast; No pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care, Can reach the silent slumberer there.

923, 924.

923.

2. He lived, his Saviour to adore, And meekly all his sufferings bore: He loved, and all resigned to God; Nor murmured at his chastening rod.

3. Does earth attract thee here? they cried; The dying Christian thus replied, While pointing upward to the sky, "My treasure is laid up on high."

918

914, 923.

3 So blooms the human face divine When youth its pride of beauty shows; Fairer than spring the colors shine, And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4. He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies; Then burst the fetters of the tomb, To wake in full, immortal bloom.

4. Or worn by slowly rolling years, Or broke by sickness in a day, The fading glory disappears, The short-lived beauties die away.

5. He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief; Let this afford thee sweet relief— That, freed from death's triumphant reign, In heaven he will live again.

919

914, 923.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast, Parched by the sun's directer ray. The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away.

5. He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief; Let this afford thee sweet relief— That, freed from death's triumphant reign, In heaven he will live again.

F. E. Belden.
I. Thus one by one our loved ones go, From year to year, from snow to snow;

The buds of springtime hardly bloom Ere winter plucks them from the tomb.

2. The sweetest songsters soonest fly,
   The fondest hopes the soonest die,
   And harps but once to gladness strung
   Are on the weeping-willows hung.

3. How much of grief, how little joy,
   How little gold, how much alloy,
   How many doubts, how many fears
   Ye bring us, O ye passing years!

4. Though sorrow dims our vision here,
   Faith points beyond this mortal sphere,
   Where tears of anguish never flow,
   Where pain and death none ever know.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives; He lives, and on the earth shall stand;

And though to worms my flesh he gives, My dust lies numbered in his hand.

2. In this re-animated clay
   I surely shall behold him near,
   Shall see him in the latter day
   In all his majesty appear.

3. With mine and not another's eyes
   The King in beauty I shall view;
   I shall from him receive the prize,
   The starry crown to victors due.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

924

REST. L. M.  William B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep From which none ev-er wake to weep;

2 A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to rest In hope of being ever blest.

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

3 This weary life will soon be past, The lingering morn will come at last, And gloomy mists will roll away Before that bright, unfading day.  Anon.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies; Then burst the fetters of the tomb, And wake in full, immortal bloom.

Margaret Mackay.

431, 930.

925

927, 914.

1 The saints may rest within the tomb Awhile until the morning come; Then shall they rise to meet their God, And ever dwell in his abode.

2 Celestial dawn! Triumphant hour! How glorious that awakening power Which bids the sleeping dust arise, And join the anthems of the skies!

3 This weary life will soon be past, The lingering morn will come at last, And gloomy mists will roll away Before that bright, unfading day.

311

926

PROTECTION. L. M.  H. Abbott.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How trans-ient ev-ery earth-ly bliss!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew, The withering grass, the fading flower, Of earthly hopes are emblems true— The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain,

There is a land whose confines lie Beyond the reach of care and pain.

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

David E. Ford.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Shall man, O God of light and life, Forever mold-er in the grave?

Canst thou forget thy glorious work, Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark realms of night and gloom Shall peace and hope no more arise? No future morning light the tomb, Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears! When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang, Death, the last foe, was captive led, And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors Unfold to make his children way; They shall be clothed with endless life, And shine in everlasting day.

928

924, 918.

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn. But withers in the rising day, Thus lovely was this infant's dawn, Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul Had ever burned with wrong desires, Had ever spurned high Heaven's control, Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares, But for a moment felt the rod: O mourner, such the Lord declares, Such are the children of our God.

John W. Cunningham.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. The living know that they must die, But all the dead unconscious lie;

Their powers of thought and sense are gone, Al-like unknow-ing and un-known.

2 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.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands must hasten to pursue; Since no device, nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

Anon.
1. Gent-ly, dear Sav-iour, now we bring The loved one death has called his own;

With all our griefs to thee we cling, For unto thee our griefs are known.

2 Thy way is best; and though we weep, We would not break this calm repose:
Thou givest thy beloved sleep, And thou hast willed these eyes should close.

3 Blessed be the grief that closer binds Our mourning hearts, O Lord, to thee!
Blest be the faith—in death that finds A hope of immortality!

4 Thus dust to dust, and earth to earth, And ashes cold we lay away To wait that glad, immortal birth— The promised resurrection day.

1 Though love may weep with breaking heart, There comes, O Christ, a day of thine! There is a morning star must shine, And all those shadows shall depart.

2 Though faith may droop and tremble here, That day of light shall surely come; His path will lead him safely home; When twilight breaks, the dawn is near.

3 Though hope seem now to hope in vain, And Death, seem king of all below, There yet shall come the morning glow, And wake our slumbers once again.

We live, we die: behold the sum Of good or ill on life's fair page; Alike in God's all-seeing eye, The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

O Father, in whose mighty hand The boundless years and ages lie, Teach us thy boon of life to prize, And use the moments as they fly.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

1. How long shall Death, the tyrant, reign, And triumph o'er the just?

How long the blood of martyrs slain, Lie mingled with the dust?

2. When shall the tedious night be gone?
   When will our Lord appear?
   Our fond desires would pray him down,
   Our love embrace him here.

3. Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
   And from afar desire
   How distant are his chariot wheels,
   And tell how fast they fly.

4. We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
   And lo! the graves obey;
   And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
   Salute the expected day.

5. The graves of all his saints he blest,
   And softened every bed;
   Where should the dying members rest,
   But with their dying Head?

6. Thence he arose, ascending high,
   And showed our feet the way:
   Up to the Lord we all shall fly
   At the great rising day.

7. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
   And bid our kindred rise:
   Awake, ye nations under ground;
   Ye saints, ascend the skies.

8. The lovely infant sleeps in death;—
   How beautiful and fair!
   Yes, even now, though void of breath,
   God's impress still is there.

9. And if thus fair and lovely here,
   Beneath death's icy hand,
   O will it not be beauteous there,
   'Mid the immortal band?

10. When Jesus bids it rise and live
    With all the saints in light,
    A glorious body then he'll give,
    Resplendent to the sight!

11. Though nature weeps when lovely ties
    So strongly bound are riven,
    Yet faith the Saviour's words applies,
    "Of such the realms of heaven!"

Anon.

Isaac Watts.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Great God, I own thy sentence just, And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust, To dwell with fellow-clay.

2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave, And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives, My God, my Saviour, comes.

3. The mighty conqueror shall appear, High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all our foes, Lie vanquished at his feet.

4. Then shall I see thy lovely face With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace With pleasure and surprise.

5. Night falls, but soon the morning light Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death, Shall wake to close no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

933, 944.

1. Behold the western evening light! It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away, Descending to the tomb.

2. The winds breathe low, the yellow leaf Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath When good men cease to be.

3. How mildly on the wandering cloud The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind When loved ones breathe their last.

4. And lo! above the dews of night The vesper star appears; So faith lights up the mourner's heart, Whose eyes are dim with tears.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

939 724, 647.

1. When the last trumpet's awful voice This rending earth shall shake, When opening graves shall yield their charge, And dust to life awake,—

2. Those bodies that corrupted fell, Shall incorrupt arise, And mortal forms shall spring to life Immortal in the skies.

3. Behold, what heavenly prophets sung Is now at last fulfilled; And Death yields up his ancient reign, And, vanquished, quits the field.

4. Let Faith exalt her joyful voice, And now in triumph sing:— O Grave, where is thy victory? And where, O Death, thy sting?

WILLIAM CAMERON.

940 179, 943.

1. Unconscious now in peaceful sleep, From all her cares at rest, While friends around are called to weep She is divinely blessed.

2. Away from Satan's tempting snare, Her faith's no longer tried: In Jesus she is sleeping there; For in bright hope she died.
1. Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear; From sorrow thou art free.

2. And thus shall faith's consoling power
   The tears of love restrain;
   O, who that saw thy parting hour
   Could wish thee back again?
3. Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust,
   And, as thy Saviour rose,
   The grave again shall yield her trust,
   And end thy deep repose.
4. Thy Lord, before to glory gone,
   Shall bid thee come away;
   And calm and bright shall break the dawn
   Of heaven's eternal day.

5. How slender is life's silver cord!
   How soon 'tis broken here!
   Each moment brings a parting word,
   And many a falling tear.
6. And though these years, to mortals given,
   Are filled with grief and pain,
   There is a hope,—the hope of heaven,
   Where loved ones meet again.
7. O glorious morning! quickly come,
   And wake this slumbering clay;
   Touch these pale lips, so cold and dumb,
   With thine immortal ray.
8. They die in Jesus and are blessed;
   How calm their slumbers are!
   From suffering and from sin released,
   And safe from every snare.
9. Freed from this world of toil and strife,
   They're sleeping in the Lord;
   Freed from the ills of mortal life,
   They wait a rich reward.

10. Sweet is the savor of their names,
    And soft their sleeping bed.

LE W. D. BOTSFORD.
1. When downward to the darksome tomb I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom, And anxious fears arise.

2. Why shrinks my soul? In death's embrace
   Once Jesus captive slept;
   And angels, hovering o'er the place,
   His lowly pillow kept.

3. Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
   And as the Saviour rose,
   The grave again shall yield her trust,
   And end my deep repose.

4. My Lord, before to glory gone,
   Shall bid me come away,
   And calm and bright shall break the dawn
   Of heaven's eternal day.

5. Then let my faith each fear dispel,
   And gild with light the grave;
   To him my loftiest praises swell,
   Who died from death to save.

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1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given;
   There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

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

3. Faith lifts up her tearless eye,
   The heart no longer riven,
   And views the tempest passing by,

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.
1. Rest for the toiling hand, Rest for the anxious brow,

Rest for the weary, way-worn feet, Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
    Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
    Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
    Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber walls,
    And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust.
    Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
    But bright shall be your spring.

5 'T was sown in weakness here,
    'T will then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
    Shall rise a heavenly flower!

Horatius Bonar.

947

1 We know, by faith we know,
    If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
    In ruinous decay—

2 We have a house above,
    Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
    That heavenly fabric stands.

3 Full of immortal hope,
    We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
    Of everlasting life.

948

1 O, for the death of those
    Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
    Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
    In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
    Shall call them to the sky.

3 Then ransomed they will soar
    On wings of faith and love.
To meet the Saviour they adore,
    And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
    Through the remaining years,
Embalméd with all our hearts can give,
    Our praises and our tears.

5 O, for the death of those
    Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
    Like theirs my last reward!

James Montgomery.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

SILVERTON. S. M.

Edwin Barnell.

1. O! blest are they that mourn, Their comfort will I be;
   For sorrows deep I oft have borne, With none to comfort me.

2. I've stood beside the grave,
   I weep with those that weep;
   For I have felt death's chilling wave,
   And crossed its waters deep.

3. I have the keys of death,
   To me they have been given;

4. I'll call again the fleeting breath,
   When portals dark are riven.

GORTON. S. M.

L. Von Beethoven.

1. And must this body die? This well-wrought frame decay?
   And must these active limbs of mine Lie moldering in the clay?

2. Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
   And ever 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,

4. O Lord, accept the praise
   Of these our humble songs,
   Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
   With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

THOUGHT. S. M.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. How peaceful is the grave! Where, life's vain tumult past,
   Th'appointed house, by Heaven's decree, Receives us all at last.

2. There earthly troubles cease,
   There passions rage no more,
   And there the weary pilgrim rests
   From all the toils he bore.

3. There all, both small and great,
   Partake the same repose;
   And there in peace the ashes mix
   Of those who once were foes.

4. All, by the hand of death,
   Partake a common tomb;
   Yet saints shall not forever sleep
   Not theirs the sinner's doom.

R. Blair.

Phoebe Cary.

MEET AGAIN. 7s.

L. S. HALL.

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

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

3. Meet again,—how passing sweet,
   Friends long lost again to meet!
   Careworn souls, by tempests driven,
   O, how sweet to meet in heaven!

L. S. Hall.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

GO TO THY REST. 6s & 8s.

Unknown.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy repose; Thy toils are o'er,

thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet release, Thine eye-lids gently close.

2 Go to thy peaceful rest;
   For thee we need not weep,
   The righteous dead, by heaven blessed,
   No more by sin and sorrow pressed,
   Are hushed in quiet sleep.

3 Go to thy rest; and while
   Thy absence we deplore,
   One thought our sorrow shall beguile;
   For soon with a celestial smile
   We'll meet to part no more.

Anon.

FAREWELL. P. M.

Unknown.

1. Farewell! we meet no more On this side heaven; The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep
   While memory lives,
   From wounds that sink so deep
   No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! until we meet
   In heaven above,
   And there in union sweet
   Sing of a Saviour's love.

Anon.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.

Richard Redhead.

1. Earth to earth and dust to dust, Lord, we own the sen-tence just; Head and tongue, and hand and heart,

All in guilt have borne their part; Righteous is the com-mon doom,—All must mould-er in the tomb.

2. Like the seed in spring-time sown, Leaves and blossoms deck the grove; Like the leaves in autumn strown, And shall we forgotten lie, Low these goodly frames shall lie, Lost forever when we die; All our pomp and glory die; Soon the spoiler seeks his prey, Soon he bears us all away.

3. Yet the seed, upraised, again Clothes with green the smiling plain; Onward as the seasons move, Ransomed by thy blood they rise, Mounting victors to the skies.

4. Lord, from nature's gloomy night Thou didst triumph o'er the grave, Turn we to the gospel's light; Thou wilt all thy people save; All in guilt have borne their part: Righteous is the common doom,—All must moulder in the tomb.

Requiem. P. M.

F. E. Belden.

1. Friend after friend departs: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time, Beyond this vale of death, There surely is some blessed clime Where parting is unknown; Where life is not a breath, A whole eternity of love Nor life's affection transient fire Formed for the good alone: Whose sparks fly upward to expire. O Saviour, hasten to appear! Translate us to that happy sphere.

3. There is a world above, Where parting is unknown; A whole eternity of love Formed for the good alone: O Saviour, hasten to appear! Translate us to that happy sphere.

James Montgomery.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Ella. 8s & 4s.

1. She hath passed death's chilling bil-low, And gone to rest;
   Jesus smoothed her dying pillow,—O slumber blest!

2. From the bitter cup that's given,
   We should not shrink;
   Since the mandate is from heaven,
   That bids us drink.

3. Sleep, dear sister, kind and tender,
   While with feeling hearts we render
   This tribute due.

4. When the morn of glory, breaking,
   Shall light the tomb,
   Beautiful will be thy waking
   In fadeless bloom;

5. Where no wintry winds are blowing,—
   No burial train;
   Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,
   We'll meet again.

F. E. Belden.

Fern Dell. 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won,
   We would at this solemn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2. Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
   Though afflicted, not alone;
   Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
   Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3. Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
   Mercy still is on the throne;

4. By thy hands the boon was given,
   Thou hast taken but thine own:
   Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
   Evermore thy will be done.

Annie R. Smith.

Thomas Hastings.

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Isaac B. Woodbury.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

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 this mortal life is fled;
   Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
   Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. Smith.

SLEEP. 8s & 7s.

1. See the leaves around us falling, Dry and withered to the ground;
   Thus to thoughtless mortals calling, In a sad and solemn sound;—

2. "Youth on length of days presuming,
   Who the paths of pleasure tread,
   View us, late in beauty blooming,
   Numbered now among the dead.

3. "Yearly in our course appearing,
   Messengers of shortest stay,
   Thus we preach in mortal hearing,—
   Ye, like us, shall pass away."

Mrs. Small.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Resurrection, 8s & 7s, D.  S. C. Hancock.

1. We may sleep, but not forever, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no, never,

On the resurrection morn, From the deepest caves of ocean, From the desert and the plain,

Refrain.

From the valley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise again. We may sleep, but not forever,

There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no, never, On the resurrection morn.

2. When we see a precious blossom That we tended with such care
Rudely taken from our bosom, How our aching hearts despair.
Round the silent grave we linger Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished With the flower we cherished so.

3. We may sleep, but not forever,
   In the lone and silent grave;
   Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
   Blessed be the Lord that gave.
   In the bright, eternal city,
   Death can never, never come;
   In his own good time he'll call us
   From our rest to home, sweet home.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

964

1. Passed away from earth forever,
   Free from all its cares and fears,
   She again will join us never
   While we tread this vale of tears:

For the turf is now her pillow,
   And she sleeps among the dead;
   While the cypress and the willow
   Wave above her lowly bed.

2. With what grief and anguish riven
   Should we see the loved depart,
   If there were no promise given
   Which could soothe the wounded heart!
   If the chains with which death binds them
   Ne'er again should broken be,
   And his prison which confines them
   Ne'er be burst to set them free!

3. But a glorious day is nearing,
   Earth's long-wished-for jubilee,
   When creation's King appearing,
   Shall proclaim his people free;
   When upborne on Love's bright plinion,
   They shall shout from land and sea,
   "Death, where is thy dark dominion!
   Grave, where is thy victory!"

U. Smith.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

REPOSE. 6s & 5s. d.  

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Dust, receive thy kindred! Earth take now thine own! To thee this trust is rendered; In thee this seed is sown.

Guard the precious treasure. Ever-faithful tomb! Keep it all un rifled, Till the Master come.

2 Time’s dark tide of sorrow  
Breaks above thy head;  
And feet of restless millions  
Shall o’er thy chambers tread;  
Earthquakes, whirlwinds, tempests,  
Tear the quivering ground;  
Voices, trumpets, thunders,  
Fill the air around!

3 But these sounds of terror  
Pierce not thy low tomb,  
Nor break the happy slumbers  
Of death’s dark, silent home.  
Couch of tranquil slumber  
For the weary brow;  
Rest of faint and toiling,  
Take this loved one now.

Horatius Bonar.

L. MARSHALL.

1. {O what is life? ’tis like a flower That blossoms and is gone;  
It flour ishes its little hour, With all its beauty on;

Death comes, and, like a wintry day, It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O, what is life? ’Tis like the bow  
That glistens in the sky:  
We love to see its colors glow,  
But while we look, they die:  
Life fails as soon: today ’tis here;  
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? If spent with thee,  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short our life may be  
We feel no anxious care;  
Though life depart, our joys shall last  
When life and all its joys are past.

Jane Taylor.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

HOPE. C. H. M.

1. Dark is the hour when death prevails, And triumphs o'er the just,—A painful void within the breast,

When dust goes back to dust; And solemn is the pall, the bier, That bears them from our presence here.

2 But there's a bright, a glorious hope, That scatters death's dark gloom;
It cheers the saddened spirits up,
It gilds the Christian's tomb;
It brings the resurrection near,
When those we love shall re-appear.

3 Then mourn we not as those whose hopes With fleeting life depart;
For we have heard a voice from heaven
To every stricken heart:
"Blest are the dead, forever blest,
Who from henceforth in Jesus rest."

4 With kind regard the Lord beholds His saints when called to die,
And precious in his holy sight
Their sacred dust shall lie
Till all these storms of life are o'er,
And they shall rise to die no more.

5 A few more days, and we shall meet The loved whose toil is o'er,
And plant with joy our bounding feet
On Canaan's radiant shore,
Where, free from all earth's cares and fears, We'll part no more through endless years.

U. Smith.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

GONE TO THE GRAVE. 9s.

DEATH'S HAND HAS PLucked THEE, PILLOWED THY HEAD, LOW-Ly AND life-LESS, FaD-ED AND DEAD.

SWEET BE THY REST. P. M.

SWEET BE thy rest; No more we may greet thee 'Till with the blest In heaven we meet thee.

Thy work is done, No union sweet Thy sowing and reaping That death cannot sever!
Thy crown is won, There we shall meet.
And hushed is thy weeping Where sad tears fall never:
From tears and woes, Sweet be thy rest.
From earth's midnight dreary, Sweet be thy rest.
Thine is repose O union sweet
Where none ever weary: That death cannot sever!
Sweet be thy rest.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

JOHN CLARKE.

Scotland. 12s & 11s.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb: The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee, The lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side; The wide arms of mercy were spread to infold thee, And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'tis were wrong to deplore thee, When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide; He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll restore thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

4. The shout is heard, the Archangel's voice goes forth; The trumpet sounds, the dead awake and sing; The living put on glory; one glad band, They hasten up to meet their coming King.

5. Short death and darkness! Endless life and light: Short climbing; endless shining in yon sphere, Where all is incorruptible and pure;—The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

Horatius Bonar.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

ANVERN. L. M.

1. The time is near when Zion's sons, With rapturous joy shall sing the song Foretold by seers—anointed ones: We have a city great and strong, We have a city great and strong.

2 Open, ye gates! The glorious King Approaches with a holy throne; Open, ye gates! Saints, angels, sing On golden harps the victor's song!

3 O righteous nation! enter in, That kept the law of truth below, Enter the place, all free from sin, Where life's pure waters gently flow.

4 Within these walls shall they remain, Who trusted, mighty Lord! in thee: Death, their last enemy, is slain; They have a right to life's fair tree. R. F. Cottrell.

976

1 Great God, whose universal sway All heaven reveres, all worlds obey, Now make the Saviour's glory known; Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands; Angels submit to his commands; His justice shall protect the poor, And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just, And treads the oppressor in the dust; His righteous government shall last Till days, and years, and time be past. Anon.
2 We've no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,—
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul! nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

Thomas Kelly.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught,—

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night;

4 There sweeps no desolate wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

Garden Robins.
1. Je-ru-salem, my happy home, 0, how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to behold; Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

3. Thy garden and thy pleasant walks My study long have been; Such dazzling views, by human sight Have never yet been seen.

4. Lord, help us by thy mighty grace To keep in view the prize Till thou dost come to take us home To that blest paradise.

5. Zion, the city of our God, How glorious is the place! The Saviour there has his abode, And saints will see his face.

6. There all the fruits of glory grow, And joys that never die; And streams of grace and knowledge flow The soul to satisfy.

7. Come, set your faces Zionward, The sacred road inquire, And let the city of the Lord Be henceforth your desire.

8. The gospel shines to give you light; No longer, then, delay; The Spirit waits to guide you right, And Jesus is the way.

9. O Lord, regard thy people's prayer, Thy promise now fulfill, And young and old by grace prepare To dwell on Zion's hill.

10. O what hath Jesus bought for me! Before my ravished eyes Life's river all divine I see, And trees of paradise.

11. I see immortal saints in light, Who taste the pleasure there; They all are robed in spotless white, And conquering palms they bear.

12. O what are all my sufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet With that enraptured host to appear, And worship at thy feet?

13. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away; But let me find them all again In that eventful day.

Isaac Watts

Charles Wesley

REWARD OF SAINTS.

ST. PETER. C. M.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

No Sorrow There. S. M.

E. W. Dunbar.

1. There'll be no night in heaven,—In that blest world above; No anxious toil, no weary hours; For labor there is love.

Ref.—There'll be no sorrow there; In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

2 There'll be no grief in heaven;
   For life is one glad day,
   And tears are of those former things
   Which all have passed away.

3 There'll be no sin in heaven;
   Behold that blessed throng,
   All holy in their spotless robes,
   All holy in their song.

4 There'll be no death in heaven;
   For they who gain that shore
   Have won their immortality,
   And they can die no more.

Fredrick D. Huntington.

Silver Street. S. M.

Isaac Smith.

1. O what a mighty change Shall Jesus' followers know, When o'er the happy plains they range, Inca-pa-ble of woe!

2 There all our griefs are passed;
   There all our sorrows end;
   We gain a peaceful rest at last,
   With Jesus Christ, our Friend.

3 No slightest touch of pain,
   Nor sorrow's least alloy,
   Can violate our rest, or stain
   Our purity of joy.

4 In that eternal day,
   No clouds nor tempests rise;
   There gushing tears are wiped away
   Forever from our eyes.

Charles Wesley.

Beyond this gloomy night
   Eternal beauties rise,
   A land of love, a land of light,
   Unseen by mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those regions know,
   Realms ever bright and fair;
   For sin, the source of mortal woe,
   Can never enter there.

3 O may the prospect fire
   Our hearts with ardent love,
   Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
   Bear every thought above.

Anne Steele.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

VARINA. C. M. D.

George F. Root.

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

2. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes; Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,— Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, Nor sense nor reason known What joys the Father hath prepared For those that love his Son: But the good Spirit of the Lord Reveals a heaven to come; The beams of glory in his word Allure and guide us home.

2. Pure is the land the saints espy, And all the region peace; No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss. Those holy gates forever bar Pollution, sin, and shame; None shall obtain admittance there But followers of the Lamb.

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

There, generous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal, grow; There rocks and hills and brooks and vale, With milk and honey flow. O'er all those wide, extended plains, Shines one eternal day; There Christ, the sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away.

3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his kingdom rest? Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless, I'd launch away.

Anon.

Samuel Stennett.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

OAKLEY. C. M. D.

There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies, Where beauty smiles eternally, And pleasure never dies;—My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where many mansions stand, Prepared, by hands divine, for all Who seek the better land.

When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

1 There is a city, fair and bright,
That eye hath never seen,
Where ever dwelleth pure delight,
And heavenly praise serene.

High walls of precious gems and gold
Secure from every ill;
Unheard-of bliss and joys untold
Within its borders dwell.

2 There living waters ceaseless flow
From out the heavenly throne;
There fairest fruits perennial grow,
And want is never known.
Nor sun by day nor moon by night
This heavenly city needs,
But glory sheds a crystal light
That never wanes nor fades.

3 Nor sin nor sorrow cometh there,
Nor ever death nor pain,
In love abiding, free from care,
The saints forever reign.
Among the many mansions there,
O, is there one for me?
Dear Lord, an humble place prepare,
That I may dwell with thee.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

Ethan, L. M. d.

1. O sweetly through the gloomy years That roll their dimming sail between,
The promised goodly land appears Arrayed in never fading green.
And from that peaceful happy clime, Transporting bursts of song arise. And, rolling through the mist of time, Tell us of joy that never dies.

2. As voyagers on the stormy deep Look for some bright and sunny bay Where winds and waves are hushed in sleep, And joy lights up the happy day,
So o'er the tossing sea of years We glance the eye and stretch the hand Where, robed in fadeless light, appears The border of the shining land.

3. There angel hosts of glorious ones, With sinless hearts and stainless hands, Call us in glad and loving tones, And bid us welcome to their bands.

4. Hark! how their harps and voices tell The glories of that radiant strand, And bid us breast the waves that swell Between us and the shining land.

5. Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, The glories of that home of song; Though stormy billows roll between, I go to join the angel throng.

6. But of the joys beyond the tide, The welcomes on that golden strand, The best shall be from Him who died To bring me to the shining land. H. L. Hastings.

Remember Me. C. M.

Asa Hull.

1. Whence came the armies of the sky, John saw in vision bright? Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms, Too pure for mortal sight?

2. Were these tried soldiers of the cross Victorious in the fight? Were these the trophies they had won, Reserved in worlds of light?

3. Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

4. They saw the star of Bethlehem Arise in splendor bright; They followed long its guiding ray, Till beamed a clearer light.

5. From desert waste, and cities full, From dungeons dark, they've come, And now they claim their mansion fair, They've found their long-sought home.

Cho.—They looked like men in uniform, They looked like men of war; They all were clad in armor bright, And conquering palms they bore.

Anon.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

Beautiful Zion. 8s.

Unknown.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love,

Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple, God its light,

2. Beautiful trees forever there,

Beautiful light without the sun,

Beautiful crowns on every brow,

3. Beautiful fruit they always bear,

Beautiful day revolving on,

Beautiful palms the conquerors show,

4. Beautiful rivers gliding by,

Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,

Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

5. Beautiful gates above,

Beautiful streets of shining gold,

Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,

White Robes. 7s. p.

Unknown.

1. Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar night and day, Singing one triumphant song?

Robes in white, white robes { Robes for the righteous, } Wait in the vestry of the Lord, White robes wait for me.

2. These through fiery trials trod;

These through great afflictions came;

Now before the throne of God,

3. Clad in raiment pure and white,

Victor palms in every hand,

Through their great Redeemer's might,

More than conquerors they stand.

4. Joy and gladness banish sighs;

Perfect love dispels all fears;

And forever from their eyes

5. God shall wipe away their tears.

James Montgomery.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

EWING. 7s & 6s, D.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Jerusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not

What holy joys are there; What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng: The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David, And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect! Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

833, 357.

999 833, 415.

1 Jerusalem the glorious, The glory of the elect, O dear and future vision That eager hearts expect! E'en now by faith I see thee, E'en here thy walls discern; To thee my thoughts are kindled, And strive and pant and yearn.

2 Jerusalem the golden, Thou hope of saints below, In thee is all my glory, In me is all my woe; Jerusalem! exulting On that securest shore, I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee evermore.

3 O sweet and blessed country! Shall I e'er see thy face? O sweet and blessed country! Shall I e'er win thy grace? Exult, O dust and ashes! The Lord shall be thy part; His only, his forever, Thou shalt be and thou art.

John M. Neale.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

1000

World to Come. P. M.

Unknown.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away,
    Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day.
    O! how they sweetly sing,

2. Come to that happy land,
    Come, come away;
    Why will ye doubting stand?
    Why still delay?
    O! we shall happy be,
    From all sin and sorrow free;
    Lord, we shall live with thee,
    Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land
    Beams every eye;
    Kept by a Father's hand,
    Love cannot die;
    Then shall thy kingdom come,
    Saints shall have a glorious home;
    And, brighter than the sun,
    Reign, reign for aye.

4. There life's unfading tree
    Will bloom most fair,
    And immortality
    Its leaves shall bear;
    While a pure stream will flow,
    And a joy no mortals know
    Will to each soul bestow
    Who enters there.

5. O, that bright world to come!
    Tongue cannot tell
    How blessed is the home
    Where saints will dwell;
    Turn then from sin away,
    And the word of God obey,
    Then at the last great day,
    All will be well.

Anon.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

1002

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. P.

Unknown.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest; And my Saviour's gone before me To fulfil my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

Refrain.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you; On the other side of Jordan,

In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

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

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

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

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

S. F. Harmer.

340
There is a land, a better land than this,—There's my home, there's my home!

A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss,—There's my home, there's my home.

A captive on this desert shore, I long to count my exile o'er,

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

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 would pine:
I would go, I would go.

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 that I soon shall be,
With all the ransomed exiles, free,—
In that blest land I long to see:
There's my home, there's my home.

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.

Anon.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS, 11s & 10s.  
LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!

2. Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing; Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud, from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing; Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

3. See, the dead risen from land and from ocean; Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high; Fallen are the engines of war and commotion, Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

D. C. — Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be:
Shout; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Fitzgerald's Col
1. On the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand, And view in perspective the fair promised land,—The land where the ransomed with singing shall come, And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.

2 'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb, In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim; Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils, they come, To enter those mansions prepared as their home.

3 All over those peaceful and beautiful plains, The Lord, our Redeemer, in righteousness reigns; His scepter of empire he now doth assume, And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

4 How blest are those regions, the realms of repose, Through which the fair river of life gently flows!— The regions ambrosial, forever in bloom;— God's own habitation, the saints' happy home!

1007 [Tune, Harwell, No. 182.] 8s & 7s \( \text{Anon.} \)

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God! He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for his own abode: On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage?— Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near! Thus deriving from their banner Light by night and shade by day, Safe they feed upon the manna Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton.
1. O tell me of heaven, sweet heaven, The home of the pure and the blest, Where sorrow and sin cannot enter,

Where the weary forever shall rest. Let me hear of that heavenly city, Where all is immortal and fair;

And I'll flee from all earthly enchantments, And earnestly long to be there, And earnestly long to be there.

2. Let others seek earthly possessions, And lay up their treasures below; I have heard of a land that is better, And to seek it with ardor I'll go.

I have heard of a world robed in glory, And freed from temptation and care, Where sickness and death may not enter, And I long, O, I long to be there.

3. Ambition may spread her bright phantoms, And whisper of honor and fame, She may lure on her thousands to labor, To win an illustrious name;

Be this my ambition, to follow The path my Redeemer has trod, Be an heir of his heavenly kingdom, And dwell in the city of God.

4. Though the way of the wicked may prosper, And be sprinkled with flowers so gay, Though wide be the path that they travel, And pleasant and easy the way,

Though no troubles their pathway encompass, Triumphant through life though they go, I'll envy them not, for their journey Ends only in sorrow and woe.

5. Let me enter the gate that is narrow, The way that with danger is spread, And though rugged and dark be my pathway, One bright ray is over it shed; For I hear the sweet voice of my Saviour, Saying, "Fear not, for I am thy God; I know thy temptations and trials, For I the rough pathway have trod."

6. Dear Saviour, thy promise is precious, Thy guidance I evermore crave: O help me to walk in thy footsteps, And trust in thy power to save: O give me a place in thy kingdom, When life with its turmoil is o'er; Let me dwell with the King in his beauty, And I ask, O, I ask for no more.

Sarah M. Swan.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

Beautiful Home, P. M. Unknown.

1. We are going home; we've had visions bright Of that holy land, that world of light,
   Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of eternity come at last.

There the weary saints no more shall roam, But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,

Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned, And mansions fair with praise resound.

Refrain,

O that beautiful home! O that beautiful home!

2 We are going home; we soon shall be
   Where the skies are clear, and the soil is free;
   Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
   And the seraph's anthem blends with its strains;
   Where the sun rolls down a brilliant flood
   Of beams on a world that's fair and good,
   And the stars that dimmed at nature's doom
   Will sparkle and shine o'er the new earth's bloom;

3 Where the tears and sighs which here are given,
   Are exchanged for the gladsome songs of heaven;
   And the beauteous forms that sing and shine
   Are guarded well by a hand divine.

Love's banner pure and friendship's wand
   Are waving above that princely band;
   And the glory of God, like a molten sea,
   Bathes the immortal company.

4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
   'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
   'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angel's cheer,
   'Mid the flowers that never of winter hear,—
   'Mid the conqueror's song, that sounds afar,
   Is wafted on the balmy air,—
   'Mid the endless years, we then shall prove
   The matchless depths of a Saviour's love.

Daniel T. Taylor.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

1. We have heard from the bright, the holy land, We have heard and our hearts are glad;

2. They say green fields are waving there,
   That never a blight shall know;
   And the deserts wild are blooming fair,
   And the roses of Sharon grow.
   There are lovely birds in the bower's green,
   Their songs are blithe and sweet;
   And their warblings, gushing ever new,
   The angels' harpings greet.

3. We have heard of the palms, the robes,
   the crowns,
   And the silvery band in white;
   Of the city fair, with pearly gates,
   All radiant with light.

4. The King of that country, he is fair,
   He's the joy and light of the place;
   In his beauty we shall behold him there,
   And bask in his smiling face.
   We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,
   We'll join the pure and the blest;
   We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
   And forever be at rest.

We have heard of the angels there, and saints,
   With their harps of gold, how they sing:
   Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
   Of the leaves that healing bring.

W. H. Hyde.
THE CHURCH—ZEAL AND UNION.

1011

HEBER. L. M.

1. Awake! Je-ru-sa-lém, awake! No long-er in thy sins lie down;

The garment of sal-vation take, Thy beau-ty and thy strength put on.

2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,

And hides the promise from thine eyes;

Arise, and struggle into light;

The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3. Shake off the bands of sad despair;

Zion, assert thy liberty;

Look up, thy broken heart prepare,

And God shall set the captive free.

4. Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,

Be purged from every sinful stain;

Be like your Lord, his word embrace,

Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley.

EDWIN BARNES.

1012

47, 973, 336.

1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head

From dust, from darkness, and the dead!

Though humbled long, awake at length,

And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,

And let thy excellence be known;

Decked in the robes of righteousness,

Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,

His hand thy ruin shall repair,

Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease

To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge.

1013

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

1 How blest the sa-cred tie that binds

In sweet commun-ion kin-dred minds!

How swift the heavenly course they run,

Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow

For human guilt and human woe;

Their ardent prayers together rise,

Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place

Where God reveals his shining face;

How high, how strong, their raptures swell

There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Anna Barbauld.
1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord

In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill 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. When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5. Love is a golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

1016 179, 114, 354.
1 Lord, in thy presence here we meet,
May we in thee be found;
O, make the place divinely sweet,
And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may show to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

Joseph Swain.

1017 399, 794, 354.
1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace;
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.

4 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What hight of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!
§1
Our God is love, and all his saints His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired, With love to man will glow.

1. Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,
   Thy favored children we;
   O may we love each other here
   As we are loved by thee!

2. Our God is love, and all his saints
   His image bear below;
   The heart with love to God inspired,
   With love to man will glow.

3. Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,
   Thy favored children we;
   O may we love each other here
   As we are loved by thee!

4. Our God is love, and all his saints
   His image bear below;
   The heart with love to God inspired,
   With love to man will glow.

5. No more a lily among thorns,
   Weary and faint and few;
   But countless as the stars of heaven,
   Or as the early dew.

6. Then entering the eternal halls
   In robes of victory,
   That mighty multitude shall keep
   The joyous jubilee.

Horatius Bonar.

1020
1. Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,
   Thy favored children we;
   O may we love each other here
   As we are loved by thee!

2. Our God is love, and all his saints
   His image bear below;
   The heart with love to God inspired,
   With love to man will glow.

3. Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,
   Thy favored children we;
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   Weary and faint and few;
   But countless as the stars of heaven,
   Or as the early dew.

6. Then entering the eternal halls
   In robes of victory,
   That mighty multitude shall keep
   The joyous jubilee.

Horatius Bonar.
1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,—The house of thine abode,—

The church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God!
   Her walls before thee stand,
   Dear as the apple of thine eye,
   And graven on thy hand.

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

4. Beyond my highest joy
   I prize her heavenly ways,—
   Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
   Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as thy truth shall last,
   To Zion shall be given
   The brightest glories earth can yield,
   And brighter bliss of heaven.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
   And sin, we shall be free;
   And perfect love and friendship reign
   Through all eternity.

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

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

9. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
   And sin, we shall be free;
   And perfect love and friendship reign
   Through all eternity.

10. Let party names no more
    The Christian world o’erspread;
    Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
    Are one in Christ, their Head.

11. Among the saints on earth
    Let mutual love be found,
    Heirs of the same inheritance,
    With mutual blessings crowned.

12. Thus will the church below
    Resemble that above,
    Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
    And every heart is love.

13. And, till we reach that place,
    Our daily prayer shall be
    That we may dwell before thee, Lord,
    In love and unity.
1. Brethren, let us walk together In the bonds of love and peace;
   Tis in union, tis in union Hope and joy and love increase.

Can it be a question whether Brethren should from conflict cease?

2 While we journey homeward, let us Help each other on the road;
   Foes on every side beset us,
   Snares through all the way are strewn;
   It behoves us Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father Has forgiven and does forgive,
   Brethren, we should learn the rather
   Free from wrath and strife to live,
   Far removing All that might offend or grieve.

4 Then let each esteem his brother Better than himself to be;
   And let each prefer another,
   Full of love, from envy free;
   Happy are we When in this we all agree.

5 In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
   But can never cease to love thee; Thou art precious in his sight:
   God is with thee,— God, thine everlasting light.

6 Strive we, in affection strive, Let the purer flame revive,
   Such as in the martyrs glowed, Dying champions for their God:
   We like them may live and love; Called we are their joys to prove,
   Saved with them from future wrath, Partners of like precious faith.

7 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name, Now as yesterday the same;
   One in every time and place, Full of love, and truth, and grace:
   We for Christ, our Master, stand, Lights in a benighted land;
   We our dying Lord confess; We are Jesus' witnesses. 

851
1. Jesus, Lord, we look to thee; Let us in thy name agree;  
Show thyself the Prince of peace; Bid all strife forever cease.

2. By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3. Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Altogether like our Lord.

4. Let us for each other care,  
To thy Church the pattern give,  
That we may live.

5. Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
Constant love and holiness.

6. Let us then with joy remove  
To our mansions in the sky.

3. Still, O Lord, our faith increase;  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;  
Then the unholy cannot see.

4. Every vile affection kill,  
Root out every seed of ill,  
Utterly abolish sin.

5. Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to thee.

6. Love, thine image, love impart,  
Stamp it now on every heart;  
Love, the crowning grace of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

1. Glory be to God above,  
God from whom all blessings flow;  
Make we mention of his love.

2. Called together by his grace,  
We are met in Jesus' name;  
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

3. More and more let love abound;  
Till we are in Jesus found,  
And of paradise possessed.

Charles Wesley.
1. People of the living God, I have sought the world a-round, Paths of sin and sorrow trod,

Peace and comfort nowhere found. Now to you my spirit turns—Turns, a fugitive unblest; Brethren, where your altar burns, O, receive me into rest!

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power.
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!" I know thy voice!
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all thy work fulfill;
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove,
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus' live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with tender sympathy;
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
Pattern for thy saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

Charles Wesley.
1. "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole world my grace receive;

He shall be saved who trusts my word, And they condemned who disbelieve.

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 vested 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 ascended Lord.

1033

1 Father of mercies, bow thine ear, Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee; Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O clothe their words with power divine, And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal, Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed; Teach them thy chosen flock to feed; Teach them the souls of men to gain; Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around Hear from their lips the joyful sound, In humble strains thy grace implore, And feel thy Spirit's living power.

Benjamin Beddome.

1034

1 Saviour of men, thy searching eye Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry; Doth aught on earth my wishes raise, Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain To seek the wandering souls of men; With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—To snatch them from the open grave.

3 For this let men revile my name; No cross I shun, I fear no shame: All hail, reproach, and welcome pain: Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present, If for thy truth they may be spent; Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord; Thy will be done, thy name adored.

Johann F. Winkler.

1035

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

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire, Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.

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

Anon.
The Church—Ministry and Missions.

Oakland, L. M.

1. Go, labor on, while yet 'tis day; The world's dark night is hastening on;
   Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away! It is not thus that souls are won.

2. Men die in darkness at your side
   Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
   Take up the torch and wave it wide—
   The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3. Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray!
   Be wise the erring soul to win,
   Go forth into the world's highway,
   Compel the wanderer to come in.

4. Go, labor on: your hands are weak,
   Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
   Yet falter not; the prize you seek
   Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Horatius Bonar.

1038

1. Go, messenger of peace and love,
   To people 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 water glide.

3. O, faint not in the day of toil;
   When harvest waits the reaper's hand,
   Go gather in the glorious spoil,
   And joyous in his presence stand.

4. Thy love a rich reward shall find
   From Him who sits enthroned on high;
   For they who turn the erring mind
   Shall shine like stars above the sky.

Balfour.

1039

1. O Lord, how full of sweet content
   Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
   Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
   At home, abroad, on land or sea.

2. To us remains nor place nor time:
   Our country is in every clime:
   We can be calm and free from care
   On any shore, since God is there.

3. While place we seek, or place we shun,
   The soul finds happiness in none;
   But with our God to guide our way,
   'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

William Cowper.
THE CHURCH—MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

ST. THOMAS, S. M.  

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

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

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

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

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

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

6. O happy, happy place,
   Where saints and angels meet!
   There we shall see each other's face,
   And all our brethren greet.

Isaac Watts.

762, 786, 89.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
   Thy needy servants' cry;
   Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
   And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
   Our wants are in thy view;
   The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
   The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more,
   To spread thy truth abroad;
   And let them speak thy word of power,
   As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
   Their mission fully prove;
   Thy universal grace proclaim,
   Thine all redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.
1. God of the prophet's power! God of the gospel's sound! Move glorious on; send out thy voice To all the nations round, To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
   We bless thee for thy word;
   We praise thee for the joyful news
   Which our glad ears have heard.

3 O may we treasure well
   The counsels that we hear,
   Till righteousness and holy joy
   In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
   And give it large increase;
   May neither storms, nor rocks, nor thorns,
   Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
   Yet we at last shall come,
   And gather in our sheaves with joy
   At heaven's great harvest home.

4 So shall you share the wealth
   That earth may ne'er despoil,
   And the blest gospel's saving health
   Repay your arduous toil.

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 Then, when the glorious end,
   The day of God, shall come,
   The angel reapers shall descend,
   And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

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 store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
   With prayer, your constant guest;
   And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
   A mantle round your breast.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
   His seed with weeping leaves;
   But he shall come at twilight's close,
   And bring his golden sheaves.
1. Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
   And on the dark-est battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.

2. Thrice blest is he to whom is given
   The instinct that can tell
   That God is on the field, when he
   Is most invisible.

3. Blest too is he who can divine
   Where truth and justice lie,
   And dares to take the side that seems
   Wrong to man's blinded eye.

4. Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
   And learn to lose with God;
   For Jesus won the world through shame,
   And beckons thee his road.

5. For right is right, since God is God,
   And right the day must win;
   To doubt would be disloyalty,
   To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber.

1047

111, 399, 698.

1049

1. In these our days exalt thy grace,
   Thy precious gospel spread;
   That for the travail of thy soul
   Thou mayst behold thy seed.

2. O may thy knowledge fill the earth!
   Increase the number still
   Of those who in thy word believe,
   And do thy holy will.

3. Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
   To follow thy command,
   To execute thy utmost aim,
   And in thy presence stand.

Countess Zinzendorf.

1050

399, 179, 308.

1. Go forth on wings of faith and prayer,
   Ye pages bright with love;
   Though mute, the joyful tidings bear—
   Salvation from above.

2. Go, tell the sinful, careless soul
   The warning God has given;
   Go, make the wounded spirit whole,
   With healing balm from heaven.

3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,
   That live estranged from God;
   Bid them the pearl of price secure,
   Bought with a Saviour's blood.

4. O Jesus, Friend of dying men,
   Thy presence we implore;
   Without thy blessing all is vain;
   Be with us evermore.

Thomas Hastings.
THE CHURCH—MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

MONKLAND. 7s.  

John B. Wilkes.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise; Gird you with your armor bright;

Mighty are your enemies, Hard the battle you must fight;

2 O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there, wide unfurled,
Bear it onward, lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief:

5 Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Charles Wesley.

1052

FISK. 7s.

Unknown.

1. Few in number, little flock, Safe beneath your guardian Rock;

Fear not, arm you for the fight; God will bless you with his might.

2 If you faint not, you shall reap;
Israel's God the seed doth keep;
Brave the foe, proclaim the word,
Sons and daughters of the Lord.

3 You who by the truth are sealed,
By God's grace to you revealed,
Should you dare to keep it back,
You the rich reward may lack.

Anon.
1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade, Un-till the night draws round thee, D. S.—The gold-en morn is passing,

And day begins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, waiting For reapers more to come?

Then closed will be thy mission, The harvest will be past The summer quickly ended, And lost thy soul at last.

2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain; The night is fast approaching, And soon will come again. The Master calls for reapers, And shall he call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?

Then rouse thee, idle gleaner; Perform the work at hand; Be earnest in thy duty, And ready at command. Fill well the place assigned thee, Though hard may seem thy lot; With Heaven's approbation, Be every ill forgot.

3. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait until the dial Points to the noon below; And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold; And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.

Soon, on a cloud of glory, Thy Saviour will appear, All faces gather paleness, And nations quake with fear. O then thy name he'll honor, And for thy service now, A crown of fadeless glory He'll place upon thy brow.

4. Mount up the hights of wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord, And soon a golden chaplet Will be thy rich reward.

A mansion in the city Whose glories far outshine The sun in noon-day splendor, Shall evermore be thine. The jasper walls of heaven Shall echo thy refrain,— The anthem of redemption, To Jesus that was slain.

Isaac B. Woodbury.
THE CHURCH—MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

1055

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. d.  
LLOWELL MASON.

1. { From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,} Roll down their golden sand, From
many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to deliver Their hand from error's chain.

833, 998.

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

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,— Can we, to men benighted, The lamp of life deny? Salvation, O, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim Till earth's remotest nation Has heard Messiah's name.  
Reginald Heber.

1056

WORK. 7s & 6s. p.  
LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, D. S.—Work, for the night is coming,
Fine.
D. S.

Work 'mid springing flowers. Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor; Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,— Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.  
Sidney Dyer.
When faint and weary toiling, The sweat-drops on my brow, I long to rest from labor, To there comes a gentle chiding, To quell each mourning sigh: "Work (omit.) . . . .

resting by-and-by; We shall not always labor, We shall not always cry; The end is drawing nearer, The end for which we sigh; We'll lay our heavy burdens down; There's resting by-and-by.

2 This life to toil is given, And he improves it best Who seeks by patient labor To enter into rest; Then, pilgrim, worn and weary, Press on, the goal is nigh; The prize is straight before thee; There's resting by-and-by.

3 Nor ask when, overburdened, You long for friendly aid, "Why idle stands my brother, No yoke upon him laid?"

The Master bids him tarry, And dare you ask him why? "Go labor in my vineyard, There's resting by-and-by."

4 Wan reaper in the harvest, Let this thy strength sustain, Each sheaf that fills the garner Brings you eternal gain; Then bear the cross with patience, To fields of duty hie; 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;— There's resting by-and-by.

Sidney Dyer.
1. In the vine-yard of our Father Daily work we find to do;

Scattered gleanings we may gather, Though we are but young and few;

Little clusters, little clusters Help to fill the garnerers too.

906, 867, 283.

2. Toiling early in the morning,
   Catching moments through the day,
   Nothing small or lowly scorning
   While we work, and watch, and pray;
   Gathering gladly
   Free-will offerings by the way.

3. Not for selfish praise or glory,
   Nor for things of transient worth,
   But to send the blessed story
   Of the gospel o'er the earth,
   Telling mortals
   Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4. Up and ever at our calling,
   Till in death our lips are dumb,
   Or till—sin's dominion falling—
   Christ shall in his kingdom come,
   And his children
   Reach their everlasting home.

5. Steadfast then, in our endeavor,
   Heavenly Father, may we be;
   And forever and forever,
   We will give the praise to thee;
   Alleluia,
   Singing all eternity.

1059

1 Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
   Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
   They were bound, but thou hast freed them;
   Now they go to free the slaves;
   'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
   Lord, they go at thy command;
   As their stay thy promise taking,
   While they traverse sea and land:
   O, be with them;
   Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
   And they seem to toil in vain,
   Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
   Then their sinking hopes sustain;
   Thus supported,
   Let their zeal revive again.

4 In the midst of opposition
   Let them trust, O Lord, in thee;
   When success attends their mission,
   Let thy servants humble be;
   Never leave them,
   Till thy face in heaven they see.
1 Onward speed, thy conquering flight, Angel, onward speed; Shed abroad thy radiant light, Dy. S.—Spread the gospel's holy trust.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight, Angel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain's hight Be thy standard placed; Let thy blissful tidings float Far o'er vales and hills, Till the sweetly-echoing note Every bosom thrills.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight, Angel, onward fly; Long has been the reign of night; Bring the morning nigh; 'Tis to thee the heathen lift Their imploring wail; Bear them Heaven's holy gift, Ere their courage fail.

4 Ours to sow the seed in sorrow, Thine to bid it spring and grow; And the golden days of autumn Will a precious harvest show.

1062 [Tune, Greenville, No. 844.] 8s & 7s. D.
1 LORD of glory! thou hast bought us, With thy life-blood as the price, Never grudging, for the lost ones, That tremendous sacrifice;— And, with that, hast freely given Blessings, countless as the sand, To the thoughtless and the evil, With thine own unsparing hand.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield thee Gladly, freely, of thine own; With the sunshine of thy goodness, Melt our thankless hearts of stone, Till our cold and selfish natures, Warmed by thee, at length believe That more happy and more blessed 'T is to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given To our humblest charity, In thine own mysterious sentence,—"Ye have done it unto me!" Give us faith to trust thee boldly, Hope, to stay our souls on thee; But, O,—best of all thy graces— Give us thine own charity.

Mrs. Alderson.
1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
    Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above.

2. Soft descend the dews of heaven,
    Bright the rays celestial shine;
    Precious fruits will thus be given
    Through an influence all divine.

3. Sow thy seed, be never weary,
    Let no fears thy soul annoy;
    Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
    Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4. Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
    See the rising grain appear;
    Look again! the fields are whitening,
    For the harvest time is near.

5. Give them freely of thy substance;
    O'er his cause the Lord doth reign:
    Cast thy bread and toil with patience,
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.

1064

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters,
    Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
    God himself saith, "Thou shalt gather
    It again some future day."

2. Cast thy bread upon the waters;
    Wildly though the billows roll,
    They but aid thee as thou toil;
    Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3. As the seed, by billows floated
    To some distant island lone,
    So to human souls benighted
    That thou sowest may be borne.

4. Cast thy bread upon the waters;
    Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
    Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
    If thou sow with liberal hand.

1065

1. With my substance I will honor
    My Redeemer and my Lord;
    Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
    All were nothing to his word.

2. While the heralds of salvation
    His abounding grace proclaim,
    Let his friends, of every station,
    Gladly join to spread his fame.

3. Be his kingdom now promoted,
    Let the earth her Monarch know;
    Be my all to him devoted;
    To my Lord my all I owe.

1066

1. Vain were all our toil and labor,
    Did not God that labor bless;
    Vain, without his grace and favor,
    Every talent we possess.

2. Vainer still the hope of heaven,
    That on human strength relies;
    But to him shall help be given
    Who in humble faith applies.

3. Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
    He shall grant us peace and rest:
    Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
    Who through Christ his prayer addressed.
1. Lift the voice and sound the trumpet, Watcher on the mountain height,
Roll the clarion notes around thee, Shout, as fleets the passing night.

D.S.—Cry aloud, "Behold the dawning!" House, and gird to meet the foe!

Lift the voice in words of warning, Wake the slumbering hosts below,

2. Lift the voice!—Lo, weak and dying,
   Warriors, struggling, faint and fall;
   Bid them fight! on God relying;
   Jesus comes to conquer all!
Lift the voice in notes of gladness,
   Ring the shout along the sky,
   Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,
   Sing! rejoice! your God is nigh.

3. Lift the voice like music blended
   With heart-healing minstrelsy;
   Cry, thy warfare now is ended;
   Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee!
Soon beyond time's night of sadness,
   Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing;
   Eye to eye shall see with gladness,
   When the Lord shall Zion bring.

Brother, you may pray for Jesus,
   In your closet and at home,
   In the village, in the city,
   Or wherever you may roam;
Pray that he will send the Spirit
   Into some dear sinner's heart,
   And that in his soul's salvation
   You may bear some humble part.

Brother, you may sing for Jesus;
   How precious is his love!
   Praise him for his boundless blessings,
   Ever coming from above;
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
   How your sin and guilt he bore,
   How his blood hath sealed your pardon,—
   Sing for Jesus evermore.

Brother, you may live for Jesus,
   Him who died that you might live;
   O, then all your ransomed powers
   To his service freely give;
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
   And for Jesus sing and pray;
   Consecrate your life to Jesus—
   Love and serve him every day.

Brother, you may work for Jesus;
   God has given you a place
   In some portion of his vineyard,
   And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you to labor,
   And has promised a reward—
   Even joy and life eternal
   In the kingdom of your Lord.

Brother, you may pray for Jesus,
   In your closet and at home,
   In the village, in the city,
   Or wherever you may roam;
Pray that he will send the Spirit
   Into some dear sinner's heart,
   And that in his soul's salvation
   You may bear some humble part.

Brother, you may sing for Jesus;
   How precious is his love!
   Praise him for his boundless blessings,
   Ever coming from above;
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
   How your sin and guilt he bore,
   How his blood hath sealed your pardon,—
   Sing for Jesus evermore.

Brother, you may live for Jesus,
   Him who died that you might live;
   O, then all your ransomed powers
   To his service freely give;
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
   And for Jesus sing and pray;
   Consecrate your life to Jesus—
   Love and serve him every day.

Brother, you may work for Jesus;
   God has given you a place
   In some portion of his vineyard,
   And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you to labor,
   And has promised a reward—
   Even joy and life eternal
   In the kingdom of your Lord.
1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—"Who will go and work today? Fields are white, the harvest waiting; D. S.—Who will answer, gladly saying,

Who will hear the sheaves away?" Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich reward he offers free;

"Here am I, O Lord, send me?"

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Daniel March.

1 If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot to'ard the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Oft some careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Ellen H. Gates.
1. Buried beneath the yielding wave The great Redeemer lies; 
   Faith views him in the watery grave, And thence beholds him rise.

2. Thus do these willing souls to-day Their ardent zeal express, 
   And in the Lord's appointed way Fulfill all righteousness. 

3. With joy we in his footsteps tread, 
   And would his cause maintain; 
   Like him be numbered with the dead, 
   And with him rise and reign.

4. His presence oft revives our hearts, 
   And drives our fears away; 
   When he commands, and strength imparts, 
   We cheerfully obey. 

Benjamin Beddome.

1072

1. While in this sacred rite of thine 
   Ourselves we offer now, 
   Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine, 
   And seal the cheerful vow.

2. All glory be to Him whose life 
   For ours was freely given, 
   Who aids us in the spirit's strife, 
   And makes us meet for heaven.

3. To thee we gladly now resign 
   Our life and all our powers; 
   Accept us in this rite divine, 
   And bless these hallowed hours.

4. O may we die to earth and sin, 
   Beneath the mystic flood; 
   And when we rise, may we begin 
   To live anew for God.

S. F. Smith.

1073

1. Let plenteous grace descend on those 
   Who, hoping in thy word, 
   This day have solemnly declared 
   That Jesus is their Lord.

2. With cheerful feet may they advance, 
   And run the Christian race, 
   And, through the troubles of the way, 
   Find all-sufficient grace.

3. Lord, plant us all into thy death, 
   That we thy life may prove: 
   Partakers of thy cross beneath, 
   And of thy crown above.

4. Come, Holy Spirit, love divine, 
   Thy grace to us be given; 
   To a new life our souls incline, 
   A life for God and heaven. 

Anon.

1074

1. Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer 
   We now devote to thee: 
   Let them thy covenant mercies share, 
   And thy salvation see.

2. In early days their hearts secure 
   From worldly snares, we pray; 
   And let them to the end endure 
   In every righteous way.

3. Grant us before them, Lord, to live 
   In holy faith and fear; 
   And then to heaven do thou receive, 
   And bring our children there. 

Edward Bickersteth.
1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand, With all-engaging charms!

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, “Nor scorn their humble name; For 't was to bless such souls as these The Lord of angels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joyful that we ourselves are thine,— Thine let our offspring be.

4. Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,— Ye children! seek his face; And fly, with transport, to receive The blessings of his grace.

Philip Doddridge.

1077

1. Planted in Christ, the living Vine, This day, with one accord, Ourselves, with humble faith and joy, We yield to thee, O Lord.

2. Joined in one body may we be, One inward life partake, One be our heart, one heavenly hope In every bosom wake.

3. In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils, One wisdom be our guide; Taught by one Spirit from above, In thee may we abide.

4. Around this feeble, trusting band Thy sheltering pinions spread, Nor let the storms of trial beat Too fiercely on our head.

5. Then, when among the saints in light, We all immortal shine, Anthems of everlasting praise, Dear Saviour, shall be thine.

S. F. Smith.

1078

1. "Forbid them not," the Saviour cried, "But suffer them to come;" Ah, then maternal tears were dried, And unbelief was dumb.

2. Lord, we believe, and we obey; We bring them at thy word; Be thou our children's strength and stay Their portion and reward.

Thomas Hastings.
THE CHURCH—BAPTISM.

Eucharist. L. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Blest Saviour, we thy will obey;—Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come today
To honor thine appointed rite.

624, 431, 538.

2 With faith in thy blest name we come,
The Spirit's cleansing power confess;
O Saviour, from thy heavenly home
Confirm the covenant of thy grace!

3 Descend, descend, Celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

4 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart and sin no more.

Benjamin Beddome.

1080

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O bathe us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave;

4 And, as we rise, with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

Adoniram Judson.

1081

1 How blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God!
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood.

2 How blest the vows we here record!
How blest the grace we here receive!
Buried—to rise with Christ our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven!
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven!

4 Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious suffering Saviour trod;
Thou art our Pattern, through the wave
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

S. F. Smith.

1082

1 Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with those above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain.

Adoniram Judson.
1. Meekly in Jordan's holy stream The great Redeemer bowed; Bright was the glory's sacred beam That hushed the wondering crowd, That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve The deed that Christ had done; Thus came the emblematic Dove, And hovered o'er the Son.

3. So, blessed Spirit, come to-day To our baptismal scene; Let thoughts of earth be far away, And every mind serene.

S. F. Smith.

1084

1 BURIED with Christ! yes, thus we lie Immersed beneath the wave; So he, the Saviour from on high, Found on this earth his grave.

2 We rise with him! to live anew A holy life of faith, Believing what this brings to view, And what the Scripture saith.

Anon.

1085

1. Lord, in humble, sweet submission, Here we meet to follow thee,

Trust-ing in thy great salvation, Which alone can make us free.

2. Naught have we to claim as merit; All the duties we can do Can no crown of life inherit; All the praise to thee is due

3 Yet we come in Christian duty, Down beneath the wave to go; O the bliss! the heavenly beauty! Christ the Lord was buried so.

Robert T. Daniel.
1. With willing hearts we tread The path the Saviour trod;

2. On thee, on thee alone,
   Our hope and faith rely,
   O thou who wilt for sin atone,
   Who didst for sinners die!

3. We trust thy sacrifice,
   To thy dear cross we flee;
   O may we die to sin, and rise
   To life and bliss in thee.

4. We love th' example of our Head,
   The glorious Lamb of God.

3. Blest Saviour, we will tread
   In thine appointed way;
   Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
   And smile on us to-day.

S. F. Smith.

1. Saviour, thy law we love,
   Thy pure example bless;
   And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
   Would in thy footsteps press.

2. Not to the fiery pains
   By which the martyrs bled;
   Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
   Our favored feet are led:

3. But, at this peaceful tide,
   Assembled in thy fear,
   The homage of obedient hearts
   We humbly offer here.

L. H. Sigourney.

1. Choose ye his cross to bear
   Who bowed in Jordan's wave?—
   Clad in his armor will ye dare,
   In faith, a watery grave?

2. All hail! ye blessed band,
   Shrink not to do his will;
   In deep humility this work
   Of righteousness fulfill;—

3. Tread in his steps, with prayer
   Invoke his Spirit free,
   And as he burst the gates of death
   So may our rising be.

L. H. Sigourney.
THE CHURCH—BAPTISM.

1093 [Tune, Shining Shore, No. 496.] 8s & 7s. p.

1 This rite our blest Redeemer gave
   To all in him believing;
   He bids us seek this hallowed grave,
   To his example cleaving.

CHORUS.
   I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
   Whate'er the ties I sever;
   He saves my soul, he's left his word
   To guide me now and ever.

2 For me the cross and shame to bear,
   Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
   Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
   All righteousness fulfilling.

3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;
   In thy kind arms infold me;
   My heart is fixed,—no fears appall,
   Thy gracious power shall hold me.

Anon.

1094 [Tune, Promise, No. 772.] 8s & 7s. 61.

1 Gracious Saviour, we adore thee;
   Purchased by thy precious blood,
   We present ourselves before thee,
   Now to walk the narrow road:
   Saviour, guide us—
   Guide us to the throne of God.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
   Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
   Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
   From the semblance of the grave:
   We would follow
   Thee, who from our sins wilt save.

Anon.


1 ’Tis down into the water
   Where we believers go,
   To serve our Lord and Master
   In righteous acts below;
   We lay our mortal bodies
   Beneath the yielding wave,
   An emblem of the Saviour
   When he lay in the grave.

2 The light of truth is spreading,
   And shining now for thee;
   And sweet its notes are sounding
   To set the captive free;
   And while this glorious message
   Is spreading far around,
   Some souls exposed to ruin,
   Redeeming grace have found.

Anon.
1. Our Saviour, meek and lowly, came, And taught his flock to be the same;

He an example set, that they might willingly his word obey.

2. For on that night he was betrayed,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Before his supper he did eat,
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.

3. 'T was Christ, the Lord of earth and sky!
He laid his royal garments by,
And washed their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4. But Peter said, "It shall not be!
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me!"
O, that no Christian here may say,
"I'm too unworthy to obey!"

5. "You call me Lord, and Master too:
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and counsel heed,
And show your love by word and deed.

6. "Ye shall be happy if ye know
And do these things by faith, below;
For I'll protect you till I come,
And then I'll take you to your home."

3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause!
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,—
He that was dead hath left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Isaac Watts.

1098

1. 'T was on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son, God's dear delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3. "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:" Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:
"[This is] the new covenant in my blood."

4. "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,—
Meet at my table, and record,
In memory of your dying Friend,
The love of your departed Lord."

5. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.
THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

1099

1. Thy broken body, gracious Lord, Is shadowed by this broken bread;
   The wine which in this cup is poured, Points to the blood which thou hast shed.

2. And while we meet together thus,
   We show that we are one in thee;
   Thy precious blood was shed for us;
   Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.

3. We have one hope—that thou wilt come:
   Thee in the air we wait to see;
   Then thou wilt give thy saints a home,
   And we shall ever reign with thee.

4. 'Twas wondrous depth of heavenly love
   That brought our Saviour from above
   To walk with men, a sinful race,
   To seek and save them by his grace.

5. He was a true and constant friend;
   He loved his chosen to the end;
   And to impress a lesson meet,
   He washed his dear disciples' feet.

6. Ye call me Lord, and that is true;
   Then do as I have done to you;
   Since 'tis your privilege to know,
   You will be happy if you do.

7. In imitation, Lord, of thee,
   This solemn service we repeat;
   For thine example, full of grace,
   Has made this humble duty sweet.

8. Renew each sacred spark of love,
   And vitalize the holy flame;
   May union strong our hearts unite
   While this we do in Jesus' name.

9. Our great Example thou shalt be,
   In washing thy disciples' feet;
   And as we follow thy command,
   Make thou our fellowship complete.
1103

THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

WESLEY. C. M.

F. E. Belden.

1. Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;

This all my hope and all my plea: "For me the Saviour died."

179, 237, 201.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Thou Fount for guilt and sin,
Apply to me thy precious blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

1104

114, 354, 147.

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testimonial cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember thee:

1105

1071, 395, 724.

1 Lord, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place,—

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God,—
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

1106

354, 581, 889.

1 We ask not for the world's applause,
Nor ask if they consent;
For Jesus' word upholds our cause,
With that we'll rest content.

2 Our Lord and Saviour says "we ought"
To wash each other's feet;
We will not set aside as naught
Instruction so complete.

3 Then praise to Jesus for his word;
We'll show his love to each
Of our dear brethren in the Lord,
And practice as we preach.
THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Unknown.

1107

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared, Unworthy though I be, For me a blood-bought, free reward, A golden harp for me!

6 There in a nobler, sweeter song, 'I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Is ransomed from the grave.'

1108

1 Behold God's own exalted Son, Adored by seraphs bright, A servant now to men become, With men he takes delight.

2 Admiring angels wondering view The condescending love Of him to whom their homage due Was offered once above.

3 Because he loves, he condescends To wash his brethren's feet; And leaves example to his friends Of lowliness complete.

4 Who would reject his offered grace? Refuse to bow the knee? Disdain to take the humble place, Where he has deigned to be?

5 Let all who would be like their Lord, Accepted in his sight, Not only hear, but do his word; In doing there's delight. R. F. Cottrell.

1109

1 Behold the Lord of earth and sky With his poor followers meet! He girds himself as they wait by, To humbly wash their feet!

2 Didst thou, dear Lord, perform this task For men so low as we? While we obey, by faith we ask To have a part with thee.

3 Why should we blush thy will to do? Or shrink from following thee? We would the sacred scene renew Of thy humility.

4 Thy blessed promise we would claim, As now we humbly ask That thy sweet grace may in us frame True meekness for our task. Anon.
1110

THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

Robert Schumann.

1. Jesus invites his saints To meet around his board, And sup in memory of the death And sufferings of their Lord.

2. We take the bread and wine As emblems of thy death; Lord, raise our souls above the sign, To feast on thee by faith.

3. Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the living wine; It looks beyond this scene of strife,— Unites us to the Vine.

4. Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come again; The marriage supper of the Lamb Will usher in his reign. Isaac Watts.

1111

658, 732, 762.

1 With Jesus in our midst We gather round the board; Though many, we are one in Christ, One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on him When bruised on Calvary; For us he died, and rose again, A pledge of victory.

3 Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the living wine; Thus we, in love together knit, On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Then let our powers unite, His glorious name to raise; And holy joy fill every mind, And every voice be praise. Anon.

1112

89, 236, 266.

1 A parting hymn we sing, Around thy table, Lord; Again our grateful tribute bring, Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face, And felt thy presence here; So may the savor of thy grace In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood, By sin no longer led, The path our dear Redeemer trod May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love Be our communion shown, Until we join the church above, And know as we are known. A. R. Wolfe.

1113

[Tune, Webb, No. 883.] 7s & 6s. d.

1 There is no work too humble For Christian hands to do; There is no path too lowly For our feet to pursue; Our blessed Lord and Master Was servant unto all; None were too poor and needy For him to heed their call.

2 If we are his disciples, Called by his holy name, A portion of his Spirit We surely ought to claim. And though the task be menial Which he for us hath set, His own divine example We never should forget.

3 That he, the High and Holy, Whose life-work was complete, Should gird himself for labor, And wash those humble feet! And yet we shrink from duties Which seem so far above This deed of Christ-like meekness, This tender proof of love! Kate Cameron.
THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

Rock of Ages. 7s. 6l.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee;
   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. When my pilgrimage I close,
   Victor o'er the last of foes,
   When I soar to worlds unknown,
   See thee on thy Judgment throne,—
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
   Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

1116

1 Saviour of our ruined race,
   Fountain of redeeming grace,
   Let us now thy fullness see
   While we here converse with thee;
   Hearken to our ardent prayer,
   Let us all thy blessings share.

2 While we thus with glad accord
   Meet around thy table, Lord,
   Bid us feast with joy divine
   On the appointed bread and wine;
   Emblems may they truly prove
   Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
   Yet we seek the heavenly smile;
   Thou canst all our sins forgive,
   Thou canst bid us look and live.
   Lord, we wonder and adore!
   O, for grace to love thee more!

Thomas Hastings.

1117

[ Tune, Pleyel, No. 827. ]

1 Coming Saviour, now in faith,
   We remember still thy death;
   Thou wast broken—thou hast died;
   For us thou wast crucified.

2 While in faith we drink the wine,
   Of thy blood we see the sign;
   Wash us pure from every stain,
   Thou that comest soon to reign.

3 Lord, we thus remember thee,
   But we long thy face to see—
   Long to reach our heavenly home;
   Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Anon.

нрово

Mrs. L. D. A Stuttle.
1118
THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.
ILLINOIS. 8s & 7s. d.

1. While in sweet communion feeding
   On this earthy bread and wine,
   Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
   D. C.—Whisper words of peace to cheer us,
   Every doubt and fear remove,
   Whisper words of peace to cheer us,

On the cross, to make us thine.
Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Every doubt and fear remove.

2 Bring before us all the story
   Of thy life, and death of woe;
   And, with hopes of endless glory,
   Wean our hearts from all below.
   Draw us nearer and still nearer
   To thy pierced and bleeding side,
   Till our view of self grows clearer
   In the light of Him who died.

Edward Denny.

1119
844, 762, 501.

1 From the table now retiring,
   Which for us the Lord hath spread,
   May our souls refreshment finding,
   Grow in all things like our Head.
   His example while beholding,
   May our lives his image bear;
   Him our Lord and Master calling,
   His commands may we revere.

Anon.

1120
RESTORATION. 8s & 6s. d.

1. Once in Jerusalem of old Our Saviour washed their feet
   Who climbed with him Judea's hills, and roved its valleys sweet.
   With lowly attitude and mien To them he bowed the knee;
   Thus showing how love's service blends With meek humility.

But far from that low path of grace
His people since have trod,
And erring feet have trampled down
The ordinance of God.
Come brothers, sisters, let us raise
This long-forgotten rite;
Bow each to each with humble minds,
And walk in duty's light.

3 With holy kiss, with words of love,
   With hearts all kind and true,
   We'll banish thoughts of envious pride,
   As Jesus' friends should do.
   Dear Saviour help us keep more near
   The good old Bible ways;
   Head, hands, and feet we pray thee wash,
   That we may speak thy praise.

T. R. Williamson.
THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs With trembling hand, that from thy table fall,

A weary, heavy laden sinner comes To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

249, 100.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from thee, my Lord! one smile,
one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again,
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of Satan and the scorn of men.

4 I hear thy voice; thou bidst me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb’s great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar.

1123

1 “This is my body, which is given for you;
Do this,” he said, and brake, “remembering me.”
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
To us the bread of life each moment be.

2 “This is my blood, for sin’s remission shed,”
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
So let us drink, and, on life’s fullness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

3 “The hour has come!” with us in peace sit down;
Thine own we are, O love us to the end!
Serve us our banquet, ere the nights dark frown
Vail from our sight the presence of our Friend.

4 Some will betray thee,—“Master, is it I?”
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear,—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry;
To thee, the strong, for strength, when sin is near.

C. L. Ford.

1122

249, 100.

1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;

Edward H. Bickersteth.

1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;

C. L. Ford.
1124

THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

Humility, 11s.

L. A. LOGAN.

1. Draw near us to-day, and a blessing impart, Dear Lord, to each humble and penitent heart:

Whose joy is to follow our Master and Lord In each blessed ordinance we find in thy word.

2. The pride we have cherished we gladly forsake;
   Now of thy meek spirit, O, let us partake!
   And as we obey, may our longing hearts prove
   'Tis blessed to serve one another in love.

3. If ill-will or envy have darkened our life,
   May pure love now enter, expelling all strife;

With brotherly kindness each other we greet,
As now in God's presence we wash the saints' feet.

4. O, lend us the power of thy presence Divine,
Our hearts to the love of this duty incline,
And wash from our lives every unholy stain,
Till naught of impurity with us remain.

Anon.

512, 864, 783.

1125

NAUFORD. 8 s & 4.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Until he come.

The shame, the glory, by this rite, Until he come.

2. His body broken in our stead
   Is here, in this memorial bread;
   And so our feeble love is fed,
   Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
   Until the ancient graves be stirred,
   And with the great commanding word,
   The Lord shall come.

3. His fearful drops of agony,
   His life-blood shed for us we see;
   The wine shall tell the mystery,
   Until he come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,
   Let not our hearts be desolate,
   But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
   Until he come!

George Rawson.
THE CHURCH—DEDICATION.

Darwall, H. M.

1. Great King of glory, come, And with thy favor crown

This temple as thy home, This people as thine own;

Be-neath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above,
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

Benjamin Francis.

262, 359.

No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

2 More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall plead for the soul.

3 O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

4 O come in the power of thy life-giving word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord,
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

Henry Ware.
1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to offer thee;

And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.

2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.

3 No lack thy perfect fullness knew;
For human needs and longings grew
This house of prayer—this home of rest:
Here may thy saints be often blessed.

4 In weakness and in want we call
On thee, for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.

5 O Father! deign these walls to bless,
Make this the abode of righteousness,
And let these doors a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

6 Maker of land and rolling sea,
We dedicate this house to thee;
And what our willing hands have done,
We give to God and to the Son.

7 Come, fill this house with heavenly grace,
While sinners throng the sacred place,
And saints, with angel hosts above,
Unite to sing redeeming love.

8 Here let the mourning soul find rest
Upon the loving Saviour's breast;
And with the sense of sins forgiven,
Each heart aspire to God and heaven.

9 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That souls were born to glory here.

10 Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

11 Endue thy creatures with the grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

12 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in us and we in thee,
Through time and in eternity.

13 And wilt thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

14 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

15 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

16 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That souls were born to glory here.

Anon.
THE CHURCH—DEDICATION.

1132

SAMSON. L. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. O bow thine ear, Eternal One! On thee each heart adoring calls;
   To thee the followers of thy Son Have raised, and now devote, these walls.

223, 256, 932.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
   And be this place to worship given,
   Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
   The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here
   As incense, let thy children's prayer,
   From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
   Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung,
   Here let thy truth beam forth to save
   As when of old thy Spirit hung
   On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

Anon.

1133

212, 301, 336.

1 The perfect world by Adam trod
   Was the first temple built by God;
   His fiat laid the corner-stone,
   And raised its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
   The broad expanse of azure sky;
   He spread its pavement, green and bright,
   And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
   The sea, the sky, and all—"was good."
   And when its first pure praises rang,
   The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea
   And earth and sky a house for thee;
   But in thy sight our offering stands—
   An humbler temple, "made with hands."

Benjamin Beddome.

1134

1128, 54, 873.

1 This stone to thee, in faith, we lay;
   This temple, Lord, to thee we raise;
   Thine eye be open night and day,
   To guard this house of prayer and praise.

2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
   And holy love and concord dwell;
   Here give the burdened conscience ease,
   And here the wounded spirit heal.

3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
   Here to abide, no transient guest?
   Here will our great Redeemer reign,
   And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart;
   Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
   Come thou and dwell in every heart,—
   In every bosom fix thy throne.

James Montgomery.

1135

19, 256, 875.

1 Here, in thy name, Eternal God,
   We build this earthly house for thee;
   O choose it for thy fixed abode,
   And guard it long from error free.

2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,
   And dying sinners pray to live,
   Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place;
   And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 When here thy messengers proclaim
   The blessed gospel of thy Son,
   Still, by the power of his great name,
   Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Anon.
THE CHURCH—DEDICATION.

1136

MARLOW. C. M.

John Chetham.

1 God of the universe, to thee These sacred walls we rear;

And now, with songs and bended knee, Invoke thy presence here.

2 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell; Thy glory here make known; Thy people's home, O come and fill, And seal it as thine own.

3 When sad with care, by sin oppressed, Here may the burdened soul Beneath thy sheltering wing find rest; Here make the wounded whole.

4 And when the last long Sabbath morn Upon the just shall rise, May all who own thee here, be borne To mansions in the skies.

Anon.

1137

1 To thee this temple we devote, Our Father and our God; Accept it thine, and seal it now Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend, The voice of praise arise; And may each lowly service prove Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt, And weep before his Lord; Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love, And here his vows record.

4 Peace be within these sacred walls; Prosperity be here; O smile upon thy people, Lord, And evermore be near.

J. R. Scott.

1138

Builder of mighty worlds on worlds, How poor the house must be, That with our human, sinful hands We may erect to thee!

2 O Christ, thou art our Corner-stone; On thee our hearts are built; Thou art our Lord, our Light, our Life, Our Sacrifice for guilt.

3 In thy blest name we gather here, And set apart the ground; The walls that on this rock shall rise, Thy praises shall resound.

Anon.

1139

1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built over earth and sea, Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send, Within these courts to bide, The peace that dwelleth without end Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here Be taught the better way; And they who mourn and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure devotion rise, While round these hallowed walls the storm Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1140

MARK THAT PILGRIM.

ARRANGED.

1. Mark that pilg,—lowly bending, At the shrine of prayer ascend—ing, Praise and sighs together blending.

D. S.—Ev-er riseth this petition:

Fine.

D. S.

From his lips in mournful strain; Glowing with sincere con-­tri­tion, And with childlike, blest sub-mis­sion,

"Jesus, come,—O come to reign."

2 List again;—the low earth sigheth, And the blood of martyrs crieth 
From its bosom, where there lieth 
Millions upon millions slain:—

"Lord, how long ere, thy word given, 
All the wicked shall be driven 
From the earth by bolts of heaven? 
Jesus, come,—O come to reign."

3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling; 
Nations lie in woe appalling, 
On their sages vainly calling 
All these wonders to explain; 

While the slain around are lying, 
God's own little flock are sighing; 
And in secret places crying, 
"Jesus, come,—O come to reign."

4 Here the wicked live securely, 
Of to-morrow boasting surely, 
While from those who're walking purely, 
They extort dishonest gain: 

Yea, the meek are burdened, driven; 
Want and care to them are given; 
But they lift the cry to heaven, 
"Jesus, come,—O come to reign."

5 Christian, cheer thee! land is nearing; 
Still be hopeful, nothing fearing; 
Soon, in majesty appearing. 
You'll behold the Lamb once slain: 

O how joyful then to hear him, 
While all nations shall revere him, 
Saying to his flock who fear him, 
"I have come—on earth to reign!" Anon.

1141

BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.

ARRANGED.

1. To-geth—er let us sweetly live;—I am bound for the land of Canaan:

To-geth-­er love to Jesus give;—I am bound for the land of Canaan. 

O Canaan, bright Canaan,

I am bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, it is my happy home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 Together let us watch and pray;— 
I am bound for the land of Canaan: 
And wait redemption's joyous day;— 
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

3 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies;— 
I am bound for the land of Canaan:

While higher still our joys shall rise;— 
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend;— 
I am bound for the land of Canaan: 
The joys to come shall never end;— 
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Anon.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

WHAT SOUND IS THIS? C. P. M.

1. What sound is this salutes my ear? 'Tis Michael's trump me-thinks I hear, 'Tis Michael's trump me-

D. S.—Proclaim the year of

Fine.

Awhile forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond the vale of tears, To yon celestial hill.

2. Behold, the fair Jerusalem, Illuminated by the Lamb, In glory doth appear. Fair Zion rising from the tombs To 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 I'll receive from Christ my Lord Eternal life, the great reward, And shout redeeming love. Anon.

1143

897, 874.

1. Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades in the wilderness, Who still your burdens feel;

Anon.

LOVER OF THE LORD.

Chorus.

ARRANGED.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, O, I must be a lov-er of the

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? O, I must be a lov-er of the

1st.

Lord, O I must be a lov-er of the Lord, of the Lord,

Lord, (omit.) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . If I want to reign with Jesus when he comes.

2d.

388
1. I saw a way-worn traveler, In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the mountain; It seemed that he was sad; Deliverance will come.

2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow, His garments worn and dusty, His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone, He shouted as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.

3. The songsters in the arbor That stood beside the way Attracted his attention, Inviting his delay; His watchword being "Onward!" He stopped his ears, and ran, Still shouting as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.

4. I saw him in the evening, The sun was bending low; He'd overtopped the mountain, And reached the vale below; His eyes were dim and heavy, His journey, it was done; He shouted, as it ended, Deliverance will come!

5. They closed the blinds around him, And locked him up alone, That nothing might disturb him Till his best Friend should come. Hope made for him a pillow, And faith, a garment rare, To keep him in his slumbers Till Jesus should appear.

6. At length the trumpet sounded, The shadows fled away, The gilded rays of glory Proclaimed the coming day; Then when the light of morning Broke in his little room, He rose, and cried, Hosanna! Deliverance has come!

7. I heard the song of triumph He sang upon that shore, Saying, Jesus has redeemed me, I'll suffer now no more; And casting his eyes backward On the race that he had run, He raised the loud hosanna, Deliverance has come!

There is a Land.

1146
Other stanzas, No. 1003. Arranged.

1. There is a land, a better land than this—There's my home, there's my home! A captive on this desert shore,

I long to count my exile o'er, And be where sorrows come no more; There's my home, there's my home.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1147
How far from home?

ARRANGED.

1. How far from home? I asked, as on
The long, dark night is almost gone,
I bent my steps—the watchman spake;
I will break.

2. I asked the warrior on the field:
This was his soul-inspiring song:
"With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield,
The battle is not long.
Then weep no more, but well endure
The conflict, till thy work is done;
For this we know, the prize is sure,
When victory is won."

3. I asked again: earth, sea, and sun
Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
"Time's wasting sands are nearly run,
Eternity is nigh.
Then weep no more—with warning tones,
Portentous signs are thickening round,
The whole creation, waiting, groans,
To hear the trumpet sound."

4. Not far from home! O blessed thought!
The traveler's lonely heart to cheer;
Which oft a healing balm has brought,
And dried the mourner's tear.
Then weep no more, since we shall meet
Where weary footsteps never roam—
Our trials past, our joys complete,
Safe in our Father's home.

Annie R. Smith.

1148
A thrilling cry—we hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:
Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

2. Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And daring scoffers gather round—
The evil servants smile.
Ye faithful ones the strict watch keep,
With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep—
The thrilling cry, we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

3. In earth's dark hour God's word gives light,
Its rays dispel the thickening gloom;
The path to glory now is bright—
The Bridegroom soon will come.
Then lift your voices, saints, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

Anon.

1149
Come to Jesus.

UNKNOWN.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2. He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now he will save you,
He will save you just now.

3. He is able, he is able,
He is able just now;
Just now he is able,
He is able just now.

4. He is waiting, he is waiting,
He is waiting just now;
Just now he is waiting,
He is waiting just now.

5. He will bless you, he will bless you,
He will bless you just now;
Just now he will bless you,
He will bless you just now.

Anon.
I'm a Pilgrim.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night; D. C.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

Do not detain me, for I am going To where the fountains are ever flowing.

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.

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.

4. Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
   I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone!

5. Farewell, drear earth, by sin so blighted,
   In immortal drea earth, by sin so blighted, In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed; He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee, And then the dread curse shall never more be.

6. Farewell, weary pilgrim, why this sadness?
   Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline? The trial strange, brings joy and gladness; For all things shall yet be thine! ... O yes, all things shall yet be thine!

2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
   Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
   And sweetest harplings tell the story
   Of the love that could not fail;
   O yes, the love that could not fail.

3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
   Where joy's gushing songs arise;
   Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
   In the new earth, paradise;
   Yes, in the new earth, paradise.

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness;
   To Mount Zion thou art come!
   Now swell thy songs of joyful gladness,
   And rejoice in thy blest home;
   Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

SAVIOUR COME.

Arranged.

1. 'Twas a doleful night on Calvary's height, When the Lamb of God was slain; But hope's cheering ray shone bright o'er the day When he arose from the tomb again.

O Jesus, my Saviour! dear Saviour, come! Our hearts weary grow of thy long delay; Hast'en to gather us home.

2. I go, he said, to prepare a place, Blest mansions in glory's domain; And the promise sure, sweetly fell from his lips, "For you I'll return again."

3. How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep For the rightful heir to reign? And the myriads saints in silence sleep, Who wait thy return again?

4. See the signs fulfilled of his advent near! Soon he comes in his kingdom to reign! Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay, That brings his return again.

5. The soul once bowed 'neath its burden of woe Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain, And a dazzling crown deck the careworn brow, When the King in his beauty shall reign! Annie R. Smith.

6. How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep For the rightful heir to reign? And the myriads saints in silence sleep, Who wait thy return again?

7. See the signs fulfilled of his advent near! Soon he comes in his kingdom to reign! Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay, That brings his return again.

8. The soul once bowed 'neath its burden of woe Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain, And a dazzling crown deck the careworn brow, When the King in his beauty shall reign! Annie R. Smith.

9. Though dark are the waters and rough is the wave, If Jesus permit, the wild surges I'll brave; For that heavenly music hath ravished me so, I must join in the chorus! I'll go! let me go.

Anon.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1155

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE. 11s.

1. How prone are professors to rest on their lees,
   Though God says, "Arise, and escape for thy life,
   To study their pleasure, their profit, and ease!

2. Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe;
   'Tis Jesus that calls you, the message receive;
   While dangers are pending, escape for thy life!
   And look not behind thee; remember Lot's wife.

3. The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay
   And tell you that lions are found in the way;
   He means to deceive you, escape for thy life!
   And not look behind thee; remember Lot's wife.

4. How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled!
   With specious temptations how many defiled!

O be not deluded, escape for thy life!
   And look not behind thee; remember Lot's wife.

5. The ways of religion true pleasure afford,
   No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
   Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,
   And look not behind thee; remember Lot's wife.

6. But if you determine the call to refuse,
   And venture the way of destruction to choose,
   For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,
   And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife.

Anon.

1156

DROOPING SOULS.

1. Drooping souls, no longer grieve; Heaven is precious.
   If on Christ you do believe, You will find him precious.
   Jesus now is passing by, Calls the wanderers to him; Drooping souls, you need not die, Now look up and view him.

2. From his hands, his feet, his side,
   Runs a healing fountain;
   See the consolation tide,
   Boundless as the ocean.
   See the living waters move
   For the sick and dying;
   Now resolve to gain his love,
   Or to perish trying.

3. Grace he offers full and free,
   Drooping souls to gladden;
   Hear him say, "Come unto me,
   Weary, heavy laden;"
   Though your sins like mountains high,
   Rise and reach to heaven,
   Soon as you on him rely,
   All shall be forgiven.

Anon.
1. Hear the glorious proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation, 
   Shall be chanting through the sky.

2. Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
   Jesus comes, the world controlling;
   Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
   Jesus comes to reign.

3. See the sign in heaven appearing,
   And the blazing chariot nearing;
   See the sign in heaven appearing,
   And the Saviour there.

4. See the earth in terror shaking,
   And the dead to life awaking;
   See the earth in terror shaking,
   And the saints arise.

5. Now on wings of light ascending,
   With a shining host attending;
   Now on wings of light ascending,
   See them mount the skies.

6. See, the banner waves in glory,
   While ten thousand tell the story;
   See, the banner waves in glory,
   And the saints are there.

7. They are saved from death forever,
   Praise to Him who did deliver;
   They are saved from death forever,
   And to die no more.

1158

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

2. We shall see him as he is,
   By and by, when he comes;
   We shall see him as he is
   When he comes.

3. We shall have a mighty shout,
   By and by, when he comes:
   We shall have a mighty shout
   When he comes.

4. We shall all with Christ appear,
   By and by, when he comes;
   We shall all with Christ appear
   When he comes.

5. Then the earth will all be cleansed,
   By and by, when he comes;
   Then the earth will all be cleansed
   When he comes.

Anon.
1159

MISCELLANEous—OLD MELODIES.

BEAR Me ON. C. M.

ARRANGED.

1. O how I long to see that day
When the redeemed shall come
To Zion, clad in D. S.—Then bear me on to that
white array—Their blissful, happy home.
O bear me on, bear me on To Mount Zion;
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee.

2. I'll hear the alleluias roll
From the unnumbered throng,
And with a heaven-enraptured soul
I'll join redemption's song.

3. I'll see all Israel safe at home,
Singing on Zion's height;
And Jesus crowned upon his throne,
Creation's Lord, by right.

4. All hail! the morn of glory's nigh
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee.

5. Jerusalem I long to see,
Blest city of my King;
And eat the fruit of life's fair tree,
And hear the blood-washed sing.

6. My longing heart cries out, O, come!
Creation groans for thee!
The weary pilgrim sighs, O, come!
Bring immortality.

1160

PARADISE.

ARRANGED. Fine.

1. { Exiled Paradise, O how we long for thee! When wilt thou robe the earth? When plant life's healing tree?}
{ O for thy smiling hills, With gush of clear cascade! For ever-flowing rills, By living waters made!}

D. C.—Exiled Paradise, O how we long for thee! When wilt thou robe the earth? When plant life's healing tree?

2. O for thy fragrant flowers
That bloom through all the year!
O for thy rosy bowers,
The wilderness to cheer!
To thee we shall return,
And to Mount Zion come;
With songs sing joyfully,
And shout the "harvest home,"
Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne,—
To him hosannas bring.

3. Jesus shall ever reign,
When his bright kingdom comes;
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones.
The moon, confounded, then
Shall hide her silver ray,
And saints of every age
Rejoice in glorious day.
O exiled Paradise,
O how I long for thee!
Robe thou anew the earth,
Bring back life's healing tree.

Anon.
EMERALD GATES.

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision
All th' ecstatic joys that spring (omit.) . . . .
Round the bright Elysian!

Lo! we lift our longing eyes; Break, ye interceding skies! Sons of righteousness, arise!

Chorus.

Ope the gates of paradise! O, how good it is to be blessed, And dwell where loving Jesus is!

2 Floods of everlasting light Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight, Instantly adore him;
Angels' trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing his great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne;
Cry, in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!"

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.

D. S.—When we meet to part no more.

And the old rolling skies; The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.
On Canaan's happy shore; 'Tis there we'll meet, at Jesus' feet, When we meet to part no more.

Chorus.

0 that will be joyful, joyful, joyful! 0 that will be joyful! When we meet to part no more!
1163

Pisgah's Mountain.

1164

Hallowell. C. M.

Other stanzas, No. 677.

MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain; Come view your home beyond the tide; The land we love is just before us;

Soon we'll be on the other side. O there are the bright crowns of glory, And they who have loved his appearing;

And mansions the Saviour will give; With him shall eternally live.

There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are before them,
And the King of the saints is seen.

Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended,— We'll be tried and be tempted no more; And the saints of all ages and nations We shall greet on that heavenly shore.

Faith now beholds the flowing river, Coming from underneath the throne; There, too, the Saviour reigns forever, And he'll welcome the faithful home.

Would you walk by the banks of the river, With the friends you have loved by your side? Would you join in the song of the angels? Then be ready to follow your Guide.

Arranged.

Arranged.

O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by many a foe;

That will not tremble on the brink, That will not tremble on the brink of poverty or woe;

On the brink of poverty or woe;

That will not tremble on the brink of poverty or woe.
1165

HAIL, HAPPY DAY!

ARRANGED.

1. O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended; Our Lord has come to take us home,—O hail, happy day! No

more by doubts or fears distressed, We now shall gain our promised rest, And be forever blest; O hail, happy day!

2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over,
The jubilee proclaims us free,—
O hail, happy day!
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of peace,
And bids our sorrows cease;—
O hail, happy day!

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,—
O hail, happy day!
There peace shall wave her scepter high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory;—
O hail, happy day!

4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory,
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,—
O hail, happy day!
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes
The joys of Paradise;—
O hail, happy day!

5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness,
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,—
O hail, happy day!
Where life's pure waters gently glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide;—
O hail, happy day!

1166

1 O, come, come away! for time's career is closing;
Let worldly care henceforth forbear;—
O, come, come away!
Come, come! our holy joys renew,
Where love and heavenly friendship grew;
The Spirit welcomes you!—
O, come, come away.

2 Awake ye! awake! no time now for reposing;
The Lord is near! breaks on the ear,—
O come, come away!
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,
Who says, I meet with two or three;
Sweet promise made to thee!
O come, come away!

3 With joy I accept the gracious invitation,
My heart exults with rapturous hope,—
O come, come away!
When Jesus comes, O may we meet
A happy throng at his dear feet;
Our joy will be complete,
O come, come away!

4 Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheering,
Come, and learn there the power of prayer,
O come, come away!
In sweetest notes of sympathy
We praise and pray in harmony;—
Love makes our unity;—
O come, come away!

5 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing;
Away from home no more we roam,—
O come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound,
The saints no more by death are bound:
He owns our Jesus crowned;
O come, come away!

6 O come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,—
O come, come away!
O come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne, and on it reign:
Then earth shall bloom again!
O come, come away!
1. When the King of kings comes, When the Lord of lords comes, We shall have a joyful day,
   When the King of kings comes! Great Babylon is broken down,
   And kingdoms once of great renown, And saints now suffering wear the crown, When the King of kings comes.

2. When the trump of God calls, When the last of foes falls, We shall have a joyful day, When the King of kings comes:
   O, then the saints, raised from the dead, Are with the living gathered, And all made like their glorious Head, When the King of kings comes.

3. When the foe's distress comes, Then the church's "rest" comes: We shall have a joyful day, When the King of kings comes:
   And then the new Jerusalem, Surpassing all reports of fame, Shines, worthy of its Maker's name, When the King of kings comes.

4. When the world its course has run, When the Judgment is begun; We shall have a joyful day,— When the King of kings comes:
   To see the sons of God well known, All spotless to their Father shown, And Jesus all his brethren own, When the King of kings comes.

5. When the conqueror's hour comes, When he with great power comes, We shall have a joyful day,— When the King of kings comes:
   To see all things by him restored, And God himself alone adored By all the saints, with one accord, When the King of kings comes.

Other stanzas, No. 110.

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! Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. When the trumpet of God calls, When the last of foes falls, We shall have a joyful day, When the King of kings comes:
   O, then the saints, raised from the dead, Are with the living gathered, And all made like their glorious Head, When the King of kings comes.

3. When the foe's distress comes, Then the church's "rest" comes: We shall have a joyful day, When the King of kings comes:
   And then the new Jerusalem, Surpassing all reports of fame, Shines, worthy of its Maker's name, When the King of kings comes.

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   To see the sons of God well known, All spotless to their Father shown, And Jesus all his brethren own, When the King of kings comes.

5. When the conqueror's hour comes, When he with great power comes, We shall have a joyful day,— When the King of kings comes:
   To see all things by him restored, And God himself alone adored By all the saints, with one accord, When the King of kings comes.

Anon.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

He's Coming.

ARRANGED.

1169

1. \( \text{How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wanders in exile from home!} \)

He's coming, arranged.

And soon will the Saviour in glory appear, (omit.)

2. \( \text{The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep}\)

Shall be open as wide as before,

And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep

Shall live on this earth once more.

3. \( \text{There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,}\)

Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:

1170

Ship Zion.

C. M.

Scottish.

1. \( \text{What vessel are you sailing in? Declare to us the same. Our vessel is the church of God,}\)

D. S.—Our vessel is the church of God,

2. \( \text{And are you not afraid some storm Your bark will overwhelm?}\)

No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;

Our Father's at the helm.

3. \( \text{Our compass is the sacred word; Our anchor, blooming hope; The love of God our maintop sail, And faith our cable rope.}\)

4. \( \text{The sun is up, the clouds are gone, The heavens above are clear; The city bright, appears in sight; We're getting round the pier.}\)

5. \( \text{And when we all are landed safe On the celestial plain, Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb For rebel sinners slain."}\)
1171

MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

THIS GROANING EARTH.

ARRANGED.

1. This groaning earth is too dark and drear For the saint's eternal home; But the city from heaven will D. S.— joy ous and bright our soon appear, And we know that the moment is drawing near When she in her glory shall come. home shall be, And we'll walk in the shadow of Life's fair tree With our Saviour forever more.

2. We'll gladly exchange a world like this, Where death triumphant reigns, For a beautiful home in that land of bliss, Where all is happiness, joy, and peace, And nothing can enter that pains. There is no more sorrow and no more night, For the darkness shall flee away; The crucified Lamb is its glorious light, And the saints shall walk with him in white In that happy, eternal day.

3. O, there the loved of earth shall meet, Whom death has sundered here; The prophets and patriarchs there we'll greet. And all shall worship at Jesus' feet, No more separation to fear. Though trials and griefs await us here, The conflict will soon be o'er; This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer, For we know that the Saviour will soon appear. And then we shall grieve no more.

1172

WILL YOU GO?

ARRANGED.

1. Will you go, sinner, go to the highlands of heaven, Where the storms never blow, and the long summer's given; D. C.— And the leaves of the bowers, in the breezes are flitting?

2. Where the rich golden fruit is in bright clusters pending, And the deep-laden boughs of life's fair tree are bending, And where life's crystal stream is unceasingly flowing, And the verdure of spring is eternally growing.

3. Now while pardon's last hour is expiring in heaven, And the last gracious call is on earth being given, O haste! sinner haste, leave thy sinful behavior, The commandments embrace and the faith of the Saviour.

4. Look by faith to the cross, and behold Jesus bleeding, Then, ascended on high, at the throne interceding, O, secure pardon now, while sweet mercy's extended, Ere the harvest is past and the summer is ended.

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

Anon.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

1. Must Simon bear his cross a lone, And all the world go free? There's a cross for me.

2 How faithful does the Saviour prove To those who serve him here! They now may taste his perfect love, And joy to hail him near.

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross Till from the cross we're free, And then go home to wear the crown; For there's a crown for me.

1174

TIME NOW IS CLOSING.

1. Time now is closing; Jesus will come: Signs are fulfilling earth's pillars groan:

2 See slumbering millions rise from the earth; Christ calls his people from south, from north: "Come home, my people, time is no more; You've washed your robes white, your conflicts now are o'er."

3 Hastening to see thee, my soul would rise To meet my Saviour in yonder skies;

With all the faithful who've lived before, There I shall hail thee on that peaceful shore.

4 O, there'll be glory, joy, peace, and love; Nothing to harm us in heaven above: O, let us be faithful, and we'll be blest, When Jesus calls us to eternal rest.

Thomas Shepherd.

Anon.
Resurrection Morning.

1. In the resurrection morning we shall see the Saviour coming, And the sons of God a-shouting in the Kingdom of the Lord.

We shall rise, we shall rise, When the mighty trumpet rends the azure skies; we shall rise,

We shall rise, we shall rise, In the resurrection morning we shall rise.

2. We feel the advent glory; while the vision seems to tarry
And we'll shortly hail each other, on fair Canaan's happy shore.

We will comfort one another with the words of Holy Writ.

3. By faith we can discover that our warfare 'll soon be over,
And we'll keep ourselves all ready for to hail the Heavenly King.

By disease invades our frame,

But there eternal youth shall bloom,

We sicken, droop, and die;

But there shall beam each eye.

Come and Reign.

1. Here I see the falling tear, As pilgrim now I roam, An exile from my father's house; But soon he'll call me home.

Cho.—Come, and reign, &c.

2. Here I grieve the friends I love, And they in turn grieve me; But, O my Saviour! grant me grace, That I may not grieve thee.

Cho.—Come, and reign, &c.

3. Here disease invades our frame, We sicken, droop, and die;

Cho.—Come, and reign, &c.

4. Here we meet and part again, As far and near we roam; But there we'll meet to part no more, And sweetly rest at home.

Cho.—Come, and reign, &c. Anon.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1177

HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is company with saints! To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; D. S.—Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

D. S.

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 long to behold thee in glory, at home.

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

4. While here in this valley of conflict I stay, O give me submission and strength as my day! In all my afflictions to thee would I come, Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5. The days of my exile are passing away; The time is approaching when Jesus will say, "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne, And dwell in my presence, forever at home." David Denham.

1178

AFTON. 11s. D.

ARRANGED.

1. I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer. I would not live alway; no; welcome the tomb, Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

2. Who, who would live always, away from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory eternally reigns? There saints of all ages in harmony meet; Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet; There anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. William A. Muhlenberg.
Welcome Home.

1. See, brethren, see how the day rolls on, Quick-ly will the Sav-iour come; Hark! hear the sound, "he will ap-pear,"

2 Lift up your heads, and rejoice in God; Shout his praises all abroad; Soon shall we hear the voice, "Tis done; Child, your Father calls; come home."

3 Come, sinners, come, let us all awake! And the Spirit's truths partake;

Soon will appear, and O how bright! Prayer to praise and faith to sight.

4 Hail, brethren, hail! it's the new-born year; Michael's trump we soon shall hear, Then will the saints and angels sing, "Glory be to heaven's King."

Will You Meet Us?

1. Say, broth-ers, will you meet us? Say, broth-ers, will you meet us? Say, broth-ers, will you meet us?

2 Say, sisters, will you meet us? Say, sisters, will you meet us?

3 By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll meet you,

4 That will be a happy meeting, That will be a happy meeting, That will be a happy meeting

5 Jesus lives and reigns forever, Jesus lives and reigns forever, Jesus lives and reigns forever
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1181

EDEN. 12s & 11s. p.

Arranged.

Fine.

1 How sweet to re-flect on those joys that a-wait me In you bliss-ful re-gion, the ha-ven of rest;
Where bright, ho-ly an-gels with wel-come shall greet me, And lead me to man-sions pre-pared for the best.

D. S.—bathe in the o-cean of pleas-ure un-bounded, And range with delight through the Eden of love.

En-cir-cled with light, and with glo-ry en-shrouded, My hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky un-clouded, I'll

2 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songstiers of glory! Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story, Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love.
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation, Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation; My heart's now in hea-ven, the Eden of love.

1182

Anon.

Be patient, be patient, no longer despairing,
Though bright hope de-ferred fills with sorrow thy heart;
Though bitter the cup thy soul has been shar-ing,
Let not fond affections from Hea-ven depart.
Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving;
He'll come for his children who for him are grief-ing,
Oh, wait for the promise of glory receiving,
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

2 Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,
Will guide through the shades that encompass the way;
The Saviour has trod the rough pathway before thee;
Let not sore afflictions and trials dismay.

1183

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

Arranged.

1. Father, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er help I know; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
Cho.—I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me, And that he shed his precious blood For sin to set me free.

2 On thy dear Son I now believe,
O let me feel thy power;
And all my varied wants relieve,
In this accepted hour.

3 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

4 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearyed lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

5 How would my fainting soul re-joice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

Annie R. Smith.

Charles Wesley.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1184

Almost There.
Arranged.

1. Are we almost there? are we almost there? Says the weary saint, as he sighs for home;
Are those the verdant trees that rear Their stately forms 'mid heav'n's bright dome?

2. Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream
That flows through the paradise of God;
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
To walk those golden streets abroad.

3. He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;
To glow with the vigor of endless life,
And be compassed no more by the bounds of time.

4. 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?"

5. They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—
But ah! how vain do they all appear!

6. For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks, "Are we almost there?"

7. He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet the Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns, soon with joyous bound
He can say indeed, "We are almost there."

Anon.

1185

I Cannot Go Back. 11s.
Arranged.

1. For Canaan I've started, and on I must go, 'Till all the bright glories of E- den I know; I've made no reserve, and I'm sure I'll not lack, While onward I journey, and do not draw back; and I do not draw back.

2. My soul is enkindled with rapture and love,
I fain would ascend to my Jesus above;
But nay, I must follow in his humble track,
And prove my obedience by not drawing back.

3. Then let us press; for Jesus is near;
And strengthen each other with words of good cheer;
With zeal ever buoyant and courage ne'er slack,
Let's be true to our King and never draw back.

Anon.

1186

Other stanzas No. 436.

The Promise.
Arranged.

1. Je-sus, my all, to heaven is gone; Je-sus says he will be with us to the end;
He whom I fix my hopes up-on; Je-sus says he will be with us to the end.

For he has been with us, and he still is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.
1187

MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

OLD MELODIES.

Melton. 10s.

Arranged.

1. An angel's voice now breaks upon the ear, In solemn tones, a message loud and clear,

To every nation, kindred, people, tongue: "Fear God and give him praise—his judgment's come.

2 Another angel follows in the train; Listen, O earth, and catch another strain: Great Babylon is fallen in her pride; Nations have shared her wine—her Lord denied.

3 Now the third angel lifts his voice, O, hark! If any worship beast, or bear his mark,

The same, unmingled wrath shall surely drink, And in the lake of fire at last shall sink.

4 Here is the patience of the saints who wait Till Jesus comes and ends their mortal state; They God's commandments keep, pure from above, And faith of Jesus, in the bond of love.

R. F. Cottrell.

1188

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Arranged.

1. There are angels hovering round, There are angels hovering round, There are angels, angels hovering round.

2 They will carry tidings home, They will carry tidings home, They will carry, carry tidings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, To the new Jerusalem, To the new, the new Jerusalem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

1189

WISH YOU WELL.

Arranged.

1. My brother, I wish you well, My brother, I wish you well; When my Lord comes I trust I shall Be mentioned in the promised land.

2 My sister, I wish you well, etc.

3 My parents, I wish you well, etc.

4 My neighbors, I wish you well, etc.

5 Poor sinner, I wish you well, etc.

1190

THE LAST CALL. 11s.

Fine.

D. C. Arranged.

D. C.—His offered salvation and love are abused.

408
REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. PATON MACKAY.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3:2.

ARR. FROM THE ENGLISH.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,—For Jesus who
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone above.
Saved, and scattered our night.
sins and has cleansed every stain. Hallelujah! thine the glory,
sought us, and guided our ways.
kindled with fire from above.

Hallelujah! amen; Hallelujah! thine the glory, Revive us again.
"I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Ps. 59:16. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—Eph. 1:7.

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Jesus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first loved me;
2. Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Je-sus' tears (Je-sus' tears) for me did flow;
3. O the depths (O the depths) of love divine! Earth or heav'n (earth or heav'n) can nev-er know
4. Nothing good (nothing good) for him I've done; How could he (how could he) such love bestow?

For he left (for he left) bright worlds a-bove, And died on Cal - va - ry.
Ere my first (ere my first) faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
How that sins (how that sins) as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
Lord, I own (Lord, I own) my heart is won, Help me now my love to show.

REFRAIN.

I will sing (I will sing) of Je-sus' love, Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give;

He has died (he has died) that I might live,—I will sing his love to me.

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All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

"Who his own self bare our sins."—1 Peter 2:24.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone,
3. Since nothing good have I Where-by thy grace to claim,
4. And when before the throne I stand in him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe;

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

By permission.

411
"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. So he bringeth them into their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 28-30.

[This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.]

W. W. D.

CHORUS.

Joy, . . . . behold the Saviour; Joy, . . . . the message hear;
Joy, O, joy, behold the Saviour; Joy, O, joy, the message hear;

"I'll stand by until the morning: I've come to save you, do not fear;" Yes,

By permission The John Church Co.
I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.

I'll stand by until the morning; I've come to save you; do not fear, do not fear.

1195

My Song.

F. E. Belden.  
"The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118:14.  
D. S. Hakes.

1. O Jesus, my Redeemer, Thou art my Joy and Song, My Saviour and my
2. Thou art my Hope and Comfort Through all the weary years, When shadows dark sur-
3. I trust in thee, my Saviour, My faithful Friend and Guide; For thou to me art
4. My Song and my Rejoicing While in this world of sin, My Song and my Re-

CHORUS.

So lace When griefs a-round me thronг.
round me, When fall the bitter tears. O Jesus, my Redeemer, My
dear-er Than all on earth be-side.
joicing The heavenly gates with-in.

song shall be of thee; No other friend so con-stant, No friend so dear to me.
"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—Rom. 8:25.

W. H. BELLAMY.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes! wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By Heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot; Thou hast to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a holier than thou.
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The day of rest will dawn for thee! Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his presence is near; He is my salvation from sorrow and sin; up to the skies Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign; conquer at length; My weakness in mercy he covers with power, darkness at all; He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;

2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may rise, Faith, stronger than sight, looks faith, stronger than sight, looks up to the skies Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign;

3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll

4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no joy, and my song; By day and by night he leads me along; The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song; By day and by night he leads me along.

**CHORUS.**

This blessed persuasion the Spirit brings in. Then how can I ever in darkness remain? The Lord is my light, my And, walking by faith, he upholds me each hour. With saints and with angels his praises I sing.

By permission.
How Much I Need Thee!

F. E. Belden.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

1. Blessed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sinful, poor and blind;
2. Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;
3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—Trust-ing self, how soon I fall!
4. Then what-e'er the future bring-eth, Smiles of joy, or tears of grief,

Take my trembling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.
Teach me first to feel my weakness, Then to plead for strength divine.
Walk life's rugged way beside me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
Still to thee my spirit cling-eth, Thou art still my soul's relief.

REFRAIN.

Ev'ry hour, ev'ry hour, Blessed Lord, how much I need thee!
Ev'ry hour, ev'ry hour, Saviour, keep me ev'ry hour.

Copyrighted 1888 by F. E. Belden.
"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."—Jer. 30:21.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

By permission.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace;
2. Closer to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more;
3. Closer by thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am all like thee;

CLOSER WITH IN thine arms en-fold me, I seek a resting place.
Fain would I feel thine arms around me, And count my wan-d'ring s'er.
Quick'en, re-fine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.

CHORUS.

CLOSER WITH the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above;
CLOSER, CLOSER with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thyself above;

Closer draw me, To thyself above.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thyself above.
"An hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32:1.

F. E. B. Eelden.

With expression.

1. I am resting in the shadow of the cross of Calvary;
2. 'Twere hard thro' all life's journey, Toiling 'neath a burning sun,
3. Rest is sweet to pilgrims weary, Earnest toil brings calm rest;

Long I shunned its shade inviting, Now so grateful unto me.
Hard to think no rest is offered Till the long, long day is done.
They who wait for day's declining, Find no pleasure at its close.

Worldly gain and worldly pleasure—Once declared my joy to be—
Hush! my heart, there is a solace, 'Tis this precious thought to me:
Rest not, then, though but a moment, In the shade that self may cast:

Are eclipsed beyond all measure While my dying Lord I see.
I will kneel, and rest a moment In the shade of Calvary.
Lift the cross, and in its shadow Find eternal rest at last.

REFRAIN.

I am resting, sweetly resting: 'Tis the safest place for me

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418
Shadow of the Cross.—Concluded.

To be resting in the shadow of the cross of Calvary.

1201

WHOLLY THINE.

"Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, * * * that he may bestow upon you a blessing."—Ex. 32:29.

F. E. Belden.

1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth, or fame, Without thee, without thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys behind, Come thou near, come thou near;

I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine; Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In thy presence all in all I find, 'Tis my comfort here.

REFRAIN.

Wholly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, this is my vow;
Wholly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, O Lord, just now.

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419
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5:7. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Luke 12:6, 7.

James Hungerford.

1. O laden and weary, Who strive for the right, Tho' earth be all dreary,
2. Tho' friends look but coldly, And speak not to cheer, Act firmly, speak boldly,
3. The battle once o-ver, The tempest all past, The face of Jehovah

Still trust in His might, Nor fear for the mor-row, That care will be-tide;
A Helper is near: An armor for shielding, A banner for guide;
Will comfort at last; Earth's cares and its sadness But shortly can hide

REFRAIN.

In sickness or sorrow The Lord will provide.
Be faithful, unyielding,—The Lord will provide. The Lord will provide,
Heaven's glory and gladness,—The Lord will provide.

The Lord will provide; How precious the promise,—The Lord will provide!
Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed! and so happy in Jesus! No language my rapture can tell;
I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long;
I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I delight,
I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeemed through his infinite mercy, His child, and forever, I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing; for I cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Redeemed, redeemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per.
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love; I love to tell the story, Beliefs Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the story, It cause I know 'tis true, It satisfies my longing As nothing else can do. did so much for me, And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee. some have never heard Themes-sage of salvation From God's own holy word. sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long.

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden story, More wonderfully sweet; I love to tell the story, For thirsting To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glory, I

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each time I

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hungering and

By permission.

429
"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels."—Rev. 3:5. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20:15.

M. A. K.  Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of thy blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient for me; For thy promise is glorified beings In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my written In bright letters that glow, "Thou' your sins be as cometh To despoil what is fair, Where the angels are

CHORUS.

Saviour, Is my name written there? scarlet, I will make them like snow." Is my name written there, On the watch-ing.- Is my name written there?

Page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?
"For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end."
—Heb. 3:14.
"For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."—James 1:6.
F. E. B.

1. O Christian, on the bil-low of life's sea, Think not a down-y pil-low thine can be;
2. Je - sus, the faithful Pi-lot, has command; Firm, at the helm of du-ty, we must stand.
3. Peaceful the voyage, or stormy, God knows best, Sure is the precious promise,—home and rest.

First brave the roaring tempest, fierce and long, Then gain the qui-et har-bor with a song!
He knows the reefs of danger ly-ing near, He tells the Christian sailor where to steer.
On! brave-ly onward, then, no more opprest! On! till you anchor in the har-bor blest.

CHORUS.

Keep the helm steady on your upward way,—Watchful and ready ev'ry day;

Keep the helm stead-y! Jesus gives command, He is the Pi-lot to the bet-ter land.

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424
"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Ps. 61:2.

E. Johnson.

W. G. Fischer.

CHORUS.

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,—To the Rock that is higher than I;
"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." — Heb. 10:35.

1208

CLINGING AND RESTING.

Rev. L. B. Carpenter.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. To the cross I long was clinging As a refuge from despair,
2. To that cross I cling no longer, Doubts and fears no longer feel;
3. O what needless griefs I've carried, And what needless burdens borne!

Found relief from guilt of sinning While I lingered, clinging there.
Faith, and hope, and love, are stronger, Jesus' blood doth fully heal.
All because I, clinging, tarried, While the resting was unknown.

Still life's waves and storms as-sailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distressed,
Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,
Years of clinging were not wasted, Tho' they seem to me but loss,

And with all the cross availed me, Clinging gave no perfect rest.
When with heart and voice I'm singing, "I am resting at the cross.
Since divine sweats I've tasted In the resting at the cross.

CHORUS.

I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross;


426
Clinging and Resting.—Concluded.

I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross.

1209

Baptize Us Anew.

"But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 1:5.

W. A. Ogden.

W. A. O.

Spirited.

1. Baptize us anew With pow'r from on high, With love, O re-
2. Un-worth-y we cry, Un-holy, un-clean, O wash us and
3. O heav-en-ly Dove, De-scend from on high! We plead thy rich
4. O list the glad voice! From heav-en it came: Thou art my be-

CHORUS.

fresh us! Dear Sav-iour, draw nigh. We hum-bly be-seech thee, Lord
cleanse us From sin's guilt-y stain.
blas-ting; In mer-cy draw nigh. (Last vs.)
lov-ed, Well pleas-ed I am. We praise thee, we bless thee, dear

Je-sus, we pray, With love and the Spir-it bap-tize us to-day.
Lamb that was slain, We laud and a-dore thee, A-men, and A-men.
"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 7:24, 25.

F. E. B. Belden.

1. We'll build on the Rock, the living Rock, On Jesus, the Rock of Ages;
2. Some build on the sinking sands of life, On visions of earthly treasure;
3. O build on the Rock forever sure, The firm and the true foundation;

So shall we abide the fearful shock, When loud the tempest rages.
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and worldly pleasure.
Its hope is the hope which shall endure, The hope of our salvation.

CHORUS.

We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock;

We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.
"Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—Heb. 12:2.

Frances R. Havergal.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weariness,
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery,
3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness,

Crown after cross; Sweet after bitter, Song after sigh,
Peace after pain; Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast,
Life after tomb; Dark though the pathway leading to this,

CHORUS.

Home after wandering, Praise after cry.
Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping,
After the agony, Rapture of bliss.

Then the glad reaping; Now comes the labor hard, Then the reward.

From "Gates of Praise," by permission.
'And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'—Luke 2:13, 14.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The music of the gospel leads us home. Angels of Jesus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Jesus bids you come! And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing, sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing, of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come weary souls, for far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus An-gels, sing on! your faithful watch-kes keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments

3. The music of the gospel leads us home. Angels of Jesus, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee. And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

4. And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing, sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing, of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

5. Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Jesus bids you come! And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing, sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing, of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
Mighty to Save.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, * * traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63:1.

Rev. R. W. Todd.

Harry Sanders.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with greatness of his strength? I that speak in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save.

2. O why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the crimson plain, With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the crimson plain?

3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine garments dyed? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine garments dyed? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A

REFRAIN.

Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.
Tarry by the Living Waters.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6.

1. We'll tarry by the living waters, The fountain pure and free;
2. When weary with the toil-some journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a while.
3. Then come to Christ, the living water, Thy strength will he restore;

There Jesus waits to give us welcome, A welcome sweet 'twill be.
Where crystal waters gently murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
Come, taste the joy of his salvation, And drink to thirst no more.

CHORUS.

We'll tarry by the living waters, 
Tarry by the living waters;

Tarry by the living waters, 
Tarry by the Fount of Life.

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Only Thee.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8:36, 37.

Corie F. Davis.

Dr. W. O. Perkins.

1. Have I need of aught, O Saviour! Aught on earth but thee?
2. Though I have of friends so many, Love, and gold, and health,
3. Is there heart so kind and patient With my failings all?
4. Not for worlds would I exchange it,—This sweet faith in thee!

CHORUS.

Only thee, only thee, O the wondrous love shown me!

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1216

**SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.**

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9:1.


1. There is sunlight on the hill-top, There is sunlight on the sea;
2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of other days;
3. Loving Saviour, thou has bought me, And my life, my all, is thine;

And the golden beams are sleeping, On the soft and verdant lea;
For thou restest me with gladness, And thou fillest me with praise;
Let the lamp thy love hath lighted To thy praise and glory shine;

But a richer light is filling All the chambers of my heart;
And to that bright home of glory Which thy love hath won for me,
And to that bright home of glory Which thy love hath won for me,

For thou dwell-est there, my Saviour, And 'tis sunlight where thou art.
In my heart and mind ascending, My glad spirit follows thee.
In my heart and mind ascending, My glad spirit follows thee.

REFRAIN.

O the sunlight! beautiful sunlight! O the sunlight in the heart!
Sunlight in the Heart.—Concluded.

Jesus' smile can banish sadness; It is sunlight in the heart.

1217

There's Life in a Look.

F. E. B.  

“Look unto me, and be ye saved.”—Isa. 45: 22.  

F. E. Belden.

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Jesus has said, “Look unto me;”
2. I'll look to the cross ev'-ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given;
3. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me;

Earth with its riches is only dross, Bright treasures beyond through the cross I see.
None ev'er fall neath the tempter's pow'r Whose weapon is prayer, and whose strength is Heaven.
Oft as the clouds of temp-ta-tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.

CHORUS.

In a look there's life for thee, In a look there's life for thee,
In a look at Calvary; In a look at Calvary;

Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look at Calvary (at Cal-va-ry).
Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look

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435
**Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!**

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1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah! Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
2. Open now the crystal fountain Whence the healing waters flow,
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;

---

I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey through.
Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

---

Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,

---

Feed me till I want no more, want no more; Feed me till I want no more.
Be thou still my strength and shield, strength and shield; Be thou still my strength and shield.
I will ever give to thee, give to thee; I will ever give to thee.

---

By permission.

436
"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34:7.

PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B.  F. E. Belden.

1. The angel of the Lord encampeth Roundabout us, round about us;

2. When danger hovers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us,

3. We'll trust thee as we onward journey, God of Israel, God of Israel,

CHORUS.

Round about the souls that fear him, Night and day. O pillar of fire, pillar of cloud, Lead me, lead me every day! O pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,

Safe with in the mighty shadow Of his wing. Till we reach the land of promise Just before. O fiery, cloudy fire, pillar of cloud, Lead me on my heavenly way! Fiery, cloudy pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,
"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1: 18.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led;
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin;
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,

In the precious blood my Saviour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm, sweet peace did I receive!—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing beyond death's chilling wave, "He washed me white as snow."

CHORUS.

O, my joyful song henceforth shall be, "Tis the blood of Jesus cleanseth me," Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me.

By permission John J. Hood.
Whiter Than the Snow.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Ps. 51: 7."

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.

1. Come, my Redeemer, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and thy right assume,
2. Exert thy mighty power, And banish all my sin; In this auspicious hour
3. Rule thou in every thought And passion of my soul, Till all my powers are brought

CHORUS

And bid thy rivals flee. Bring all thy graces in. Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart thy lasting
Be-neath thy full control.

home; Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow, the snow;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, the snow.

By permission

439
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5:7.

1. I left it all with Jesus, long ago; All my sins I brought him, and my woe;
2. I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows; How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
3. I leave it all with Jesus, day by day; Faith can make the desert garden bloom again;
4. O, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul; Tell not Hope has dropp'd for aye her half thy story, but the whole;

bleeding on the tree; Heard his still small whisper, "Tis for sorrow with his smile, Make the desert garden bloom an-chor, found her rest; In the calm, sure haven of his ever-on his hand; Life and death are wait-ing his com-

From my weary heart the burden rolled away: Happy while. Then with all my weakness leaning on his might, All is breast. Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide. At his mand. Yet his tender, loving mercy makes thee room: O come day! Happy day! happy day! From my weary heart the light! All is light! all is light! Then with all my weakness side! At his side! At his side! Love esteems it joy of home! O come home! O come home! Yes, his tender, loving

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bur-den rolled a-way (rolled a-way); Happy day! happy day (hap-py day).
lean-ing on his might (on his might), All is light! all is light (all is light).
heav-en to a-bide (to a-bide), At his side! at his side (at his side).
mer-cy makes thee room (makes thee room), O come home! O come home (O come home).

1223

OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse * * * and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it."—Mal. 3:10.

1. O-pen the win-dows of heav'n, O Lord, Here are my tithes for thee:
2. All that I have I would hold as thine, Lent in thy love so free;
3. Thus would I prove thee, in faith, O Lord; Bring-ing my tithe of all;

Sure is the prom-ise con-tained in thy word;—Pour out a rich blessing on me.
Add to these blessings thy presence di-vine,—The dearest of all gifts to me.
Thus would receive a far rich-er re-ward Of heaven-ly blessings that fall.

CHORUS.

O-pen the windows of heaven for me, O-pen the windows of heaven for me;
O-pen, O Lord, o-pen, O Lord, The windows of heav-en for me.

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441
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

Charles Wesley.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me,

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me,

O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past... Safe into the haven guide,...

O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last, Safe into the haven guide,... O receive my soul at last.

O receive my soul at last, Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

From "Fresh Laurels" by per. Biglow & Main.

442
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor hight, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8: 39.

Charles Wesley.

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1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,
   While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

   Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past,
   Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
   Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
   Leave, O leave me not alone!
   Still support and comfort me;
   All my trust on thee is stayed,
   All my help from thee I bring;
   Cover my defenseless head
   With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
   More than all in thee I find:
   Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
   Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—
   Grace to pardon all my sin;
   Let the healing streams abound,
   Make and keep me pure within;
   Thou of life the Fountain art,
   Freely let me take of thee;
   Spring thou up within my heart,
   Rise to all eternity.
What Shall I Do?

"And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do?"—Luke 3:10.

F. E. Belden.

1. What shall I do for Christ, my Saviour? How shall I pay the debt I owe?
2. First will I tell him I have wandered, Ask him to take me back again,
3. Then will I take the blessed Bible, Searching it well, that I may be

He has redeemed me out of bondage, What shall I do my love to show?
Ask him that I may be forgiven, Ask him to take away my sin.
Able to help some one to love him,—Jesus, my Lord, who first loved me.

CHORUS.

This will I do for Jesus, my Saviour, This will I do my love to show:

Tell of his goodness, tell of his mercy, Walk in his footsteps here below.

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"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."—Dan. 6:10.

F. E. B.

Keep Your Windows Open.

1. Would you fear to have your windows open Three times each day,
2. Would you offer up a bold petition, If well you knew,
3. Would you kneel believing every promise The Lord has giv'n?
4. The lesson taught is not to offer A world-wide prayer:
5. Then kneel at morning, noon, and evening, Nor ever fear

If sinners saw that you were kneeling Three times to pray?
That awful den of roaring lions Awaited you?
Or thinking silent prayer sufficient For you and heav'n?
'Tis duty first, and then the promise Of heav'nly care.
That others who are unbelieving Your prayer may hear.

CHORUS.

Keep your windows open to'ard Jerusalem, Keep your windows open to'ard Jerusalem; Keep your windows open to'ard Jerusalem, And always pray.
"There's no other name like Jesus.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

F. E. Belden.

1. There's no other name like Jesus, 'Tis the dearest name we know,
2. There's no other name like Jesus When the heart with grief is sad,
3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see him When in glory he appears,
4. If he wills that I should labor In his vine-yard day by day,
5. If he wills that death's cold finger Touch my feeble, mortal clay,

'Tis the angel's joy in heaven, 'Tis the Christian's joy below.
There's no other name like Jesus When the heart is free and glad.
'Tis the hope to hear his welcome That my fainting spirit cheers.
Then 'tis well if only Jesus Blesses all I do or say.
Then 'tis well if only Jesus Is my dying trust and stay.

REFRAIN.

Sweet name (sweet name), dear name (dear name), There's no other name like Jesus;

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"And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2:8-11.

Edward Perronet.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget, The worm-wood and the gall,
3. O that with yon-der sacred throng, We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ever-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

Duet.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
Let ev'-ry kin-dred, ev'-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
Him Lord of lords, and King of kings, Let ev'-ry na-tion call;

Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, and crown him, And
To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him, and crown him, And
From heav'n to earth the chorus rings, Yea, crown him, yea, crown him, Yea,

crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all; To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all; From heav'n to earth the chorus rings, Yea, crown him Lord of all.
"The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."
—Phil. 4:7. "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."—1 Pet. 4:19.

F. E. Belden.

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Keep Me.

1. Saviour, Saviour, be my guide, For the way is dark and drear;
2. I am way-ward, I am weak, Often falls the bitter tear;
3. Keep me, Saviour of my soul, Day by day, thro' every year;

Keep me ever near thy side, I am pressed by doubt and fear.
To my soul sweet comfort speak, As my helper, Lord, appear.
Self I yield to thy control, In my heart thy standard rear.

Sorrows deep, and ills be-tide; O my faint petition hear!
Make me pure, and make me strong, And thy precepts to revere;
O impart thy peace divine; To my prayer now lend thine ear;

Come, and in my heart abide, O forever be thou near!
Fill my heart with joy and song, Give my spirit hope and cheer.
Own me as a child of thine, Keep me, keep me, Saviour dear.

CHORUS.

Keep me in the narrow way, Guide me, guide me every
Keep me in the narrow way, Guide me, guide me

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Keep Me.—Concluded.

day;  Let me never, never stray, Keep me, Blessed One, I pray.

Let me never, never stray,

1231

Nearer Thee.

"Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts ye double-minded."—James 4:8. "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:22

F. E. Belden.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Near-er thee and ev-er near-er, O thou constant, might-y Friend!

2. Thou canst save us and de-liv-er When the e-vil hosts as-sail:

3. We ac-cept of thy sal-va-tion, And like thee would per-fect be;

Thou to me art more and dear-er Than all joys that earth can lend.

Thou of mer-cies art the giv-er, Thro' thy prom-ise we pre-vail.

Oh, de-liv-er from temp-ta-tion, Draw us near-er, near-er thee.

CHORUS.

Near-er thee, near-er thee, Clos-er, clos-er to thy side; In thy keep-ing safe are we; With us ev-er-more a-bide.

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"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." — 2 Pet. 1:10.

We'll Stand the Storm.

Isaac Watts.

When I can read my title clear (title clear), When I can read my title clear (title clear), When I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear (ev'ry fear), I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear (ev'ry fear), I'll

CHORUS.

I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, We will stand ... the bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. We will stand, stand the storm, It will

storm, ... We will anchor by and by, by and by; We will not be very long, We will anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by; We will

stand ... the storm, ... We will anchor by and by (by and by).
stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long,

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.
JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. O wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head! For joy com-eth in the morning;
2. Ye fee-ble saints, dis-miss your fears, For joy com-eth in the morning;
3. Let ev'-ry tear-ful eye look up, For joy com-eth in the morning;
4. Our God shall wipe our tears a-way, For joy com-eth in the morning;

For God in his own word has said That joy com-eth in the morning.
And weep-ing mourners, dry your tears, For joy com-eth in the morning.
And ev'-ry trembl-ing sin-ner hope, For joy com-eth in the morning.
Sor-row and sigh-ing can-not stay, For joy com-eth in the morning.

CHORUS.

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Joy com-eth in the morn-ing;

Weeping may endure, may en-dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morning.

From "Notes of Victory," by permission.
"For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."—1 John 3:12, 13.

"The Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper?"—Gen. 4:9.

(SOLO, OR QUARTETTE.)

F. E. Belden.

With expression.

1. Am I my brother's keeper? Or serving self alone? Are

2. If envy rules the spirit, Perhaps it is because A

3. Are there no words of comfort To cheer the hearts that mourn? Or

none around me better Since I the way have known? Do

brother's gift is better, As Abel's offering was! This

for the weak and erring No burdens to be borne? God

an y faint or falter, And in the darkness fall, Be-

rule of truth eternal Shall hidden motives tell: They

help us to be brothers, And firm as brothers stand: For

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Am I My Brother's Keeper?—Concluded.

Where are the brother-keepers, The faithful and the true?

Our hearts should long for others The love of Christ to share.

Where are the brother-keepers?—What answer offer you?

Where are the brothers? The Lord asks, Where?
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new creation rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin;
4. Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied,

Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.
It speaks,—polluted nature dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
And Jesus, only Jesus, know, My Jesus crucified.

CHORUS.

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

O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

By permission.
The Ungrateful Nine.

"Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"—Luke 17:17.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Ten lepers were cleansed, but only one Returned to give God glory;
2. The world was re-deemed, but O how few Accept the great salvation!
3. If you have been healed and purified, Tell others the glad story;
4. Be not like the nine, be like the one, Ye who from Christ still tarry;

O, where are the nine, ungrateful nine? One only tells the story.
Unmindful of Him who died to save Each tribe, and tongue, and nation.
Remember 'tis sin not to return And give to God the glory.
There's pardon for you, O, come today! Christ will your burden carry.

CHORUS.

Ye whose sins have been forgiven, Glorify the Lord;

Jesus is the great Physician, Praise his holy name.

By permission.
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KNEELING AT THE CROSS.
"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Eph. 6: 14.

F. E. B. Belden.

1. I'm kneeling at the cross, The cross of Calvary; All earthly gain is
2. O sweetest hour of day! O dearest hour of night! When kneeling, thus I
3. His mercy is my plea, No hope in self have I; His blood was shed for
4. When most I feel my need, Then greatest strength is mine; And often as I

CHORUS.

loss That hideth this from me.
pray, "Direct me, Lord, a-right." Kneeling, humbly kneeling; Jesus hears me pray;
plead I feel, his touch divine.

And now, his love revealing, He takes my guilt away.

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I KNOW NOT WHY.
"The love of Christ passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

Grace E. Lovelight.

Copyrighted 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
trust him day by day, And cast my care up-on him, And watch and praise and pray.
ful-ly ransomed me, And in that truth be-liev-ing, I feel that I am free.
trust-ing in his word, My soul, refreshed, and strengthened, Rests sweet-ly on the Lord.
prayer or ho-ly song, My heart keeps o-ver-flow-ing With rapt-ure all day long!

1. Would you know why I am sing-ing, Sing-ing the whole day long?
2. Some-times a shad-ow of sad-ness O-ver my life doth fall;
3. Some-times a flood of tem-pa-tion O-ver my path doth roll;
4. Wheth-er in sun-shine or shad-ow, Je-sus my song shall be;

'Tis be-cause Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Fill-eth my heart with song.
Still in my spir-it I'm sing-ing; Je-sus is all in all.
Still I keep pray-ing and sing-ing; Je-sus will keep my soul.
Should I one mo-ment cease sing-ing, That would be loss to me.

CHORUS.

This is just why I am sing-ing, This is just why I am sing-ing;
This is just why I'm singing, This is just why I'm singing;

'Tis be-cause Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Fill-eth my heart with song.

Copyrighted 1886 by F. E. Belden.
Christian, Awake!

"It is high time to awake; let us therefore put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13:11, 12.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. O Christian, awake! 'tis the Master's command; With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand, To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go, back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow, zealous, and fight to the end; Wherever he leadst thee, go, valiantly go, ply, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

2. Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware, And turn not thy back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow, zealous, and fight to the end; Wherever he leadst thee, go, valiantly go, ply, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend; Be watchful, be valiantly go, And turn not thy back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow, zealous, and fight to the end; Wherever he leadst thee, go, valiantly go, ply, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

4. Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near, With grace to support and shield, and a sword in thy hand, To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go, back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow, zealous, and fight to the end; Wherever he leadst thee, go, valiantly go, ply, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

CHORUS.

And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. Stand like the brave, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
While the Days are Going By.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9:10.

George Cooper.

Ira D. Sankey, by per.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;  
2. There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by;  
3. There's no time for idle scorning, While the days are going by;  
4. Let your face be like the morning, While the days are going by;  
   All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by,  
   One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by;

If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue,—O, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

REFRAIN.

good we all may do, While the days are going by!  
fallen brother rise, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,  
keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by. going by, going by,

Go-ing by, go-ing by; O, the good we all may do, While the days are going by!

Words by per. S. T. Gordon & Son.

459
Pray for Reapers.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."—Luke 10:2.

ANON.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, Tokens of the coming Lord;
2. Fee-bly now they toil in sadness, Weeping o'er the waste around,
3. Now, O Lord, fulfill thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy chosen band,
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come,

O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Louder rings the Master's word:
Slowly gathering grains of gladness, While their echoing cries resound:
And with pen-te-cost-al measure, Send forth reapers in our land;
Heav'n and earth together keeping God's eternal harvest home;

Pray for reapers, Pray for reapers, In the harvest of the Lord.
Pray that reapers, Pray that reapers, In God's harvest may abound.
Faith-ful reapers, Faith-ful reapers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand.
Saints and angels, Saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home.

Copyrighted 1878 by J. E. White.
"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many; and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. * * So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. * * For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."—Luke 14:16-24.

F. E. Belden.

Staccato movement.

1. Ask not to be excused, There's earnest work to do; Stand ready to be used
2. Ask not to be excused, The Master calls to-day; Too long hast thou refused,
3. Ask not to be excused, There's danger in delay; That wondrous love abused,

Where God may station you. His invitation kind To thee has oft been given;
Now hasten to obey. The harvest fields are white, The laborers are few;
Forever turns away. While Mercy gently pleads And points the way to heav'n,

D. S.—Ask not to be excused, This answer may be given:

REFRAIN.

Accept, and thou shalt find 'Tis sweet to work for heav'n. Come, O come,
Let this be thy delight, The Master's work to do.
While Jesus intercedes, O come and be forgiv'n.

Thou hast my love abused, Thou art excused from heav'n.

Ask not to be excused; Come, O come (to-day), Stand ready to be used.

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Is Your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

Priscilla J. Owens.

I. Baltzell.

1. Are you Christ's light-bearer? Of his joy a sharer? Is this dark world fairer For your cheering ray? Is your beacon lighted, Guiding good-ness showing More and more each day? Are you pressing on-ward With his heart's deep yearning, Draw him ever near; With his radiance splendid Shall your

2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love over-flowing, And his faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and narrow way? O brother! is your light be blended When his glory shall appear.

3. Keep your altars burning, Wait your Lord's return, While your souls be-nighted To the land of perfect day? Are you waiting, yearning For your brother's Lord's return? Are you watching day by day?

D. S.—Are you waiting, yearning For your Lord's returning? Are you watching day by day?

CHORUS.

From "Holy Voices," by permission

163
Blow the Trumpet.

"Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul."—Eze. 33:4, 5.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour.  Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watchman, blow the gospel trumpet, Ev'ry soul a warning give;
2. Sound it loud o'er ev'ry hill-top, Gloomy shade and sun-ny plain;
3. Sound it in the hedge and high-way, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;
4. Sound it for the heavy laden, Wea-ry, long-ing to be free;

Who-so-ever hears the message May re-pent, and turn and live.
Ocean depths re-pet the message, Full sal-va-tion's glad re-frain.
Let it tell all things are read-y, Fa-ther waits to wel-come home.
Sound a Sav-iour's in- vi-ta-tion, Sweet-ly say-ing, "Come to me."

CHORUS.

Blow the trum-pet, trust- y watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and sea;

God com-mis-sions, sound the mes-sage! Ev-ry cap-tive may be free.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

463
HEAR THE CALL.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."—Eph. 6:13.

W. F. S. W. F. Sherwin.

March movement.

1. Lol! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a-far!
2. Trust in him who is your Cap-tain; Let no heart in ter-ror quail;
3. On-ward march-ing, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa-tan’s frown,
4. Conq’ring hosts with ban-ners wav-ing, Sweep-ing on o’er hill and plain,

Sons of earth, from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the bright and Morn-ing Star.
Je-sus leads the gath-er-ing leg-ions, In his name we shall pre-vail.
For the Lord is with you al-ways, Till you wear the vic-tor’s crown.
Ne’er shall halt till swells the an-them, “Christ o’er all the world doth reign!”

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your ar-mor on; Grasp the Spir-it’s migh-ty Sword,

Take the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord.
"Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that treadeth down our enemies."—Ps. 60:12.

1. Words of cheer from the battle-field of life, Welcome tidings from the war;  
2. Fierce and long has the struggle been with sin, Still the church moves on below;  
3. Stand like men! there's a battle to be fought; Persecution's pow'r will rage;  
4. Who so strong as to trust in self alone 'Gainst a foe so swift and sure?

Glorious news from the grand and holy strife, Soon the conflict will be o'er.  
War without, and temptation from within, Vainly seek her overthrow.  
Trust in God! he deliverance has wrought For his saints in every age.  
Who so weak that he cannot grasp the throne And the promised help secure?

CHORUS.

Words of battle cheer! tidings from the war! "How has gone the conflict?" Victor's near;  
Words of battle cheer! tidings from the war! Glorious news of victory! Words of cheer.
1. Where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good.
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there.
3. The fields all are ripening and far and wide The world now is waiting.
4. So come with your sickles ye sons of men, And gather together.

from the fields of sin? With sickles of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by;
ing the harvest tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
er the golden grain; Toll on till the Lord of the harvest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
But gather from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."

who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home?" O,
who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission the John Church Co.
"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13:39.

Knowles Shaw.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, spirit oft-engrieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves; Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bring-ing in the sheaves;
What Shall the Harvest Be?

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

F. E. Belden.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
   Sowing the seed by the fading light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
   Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil.

2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
   Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
   Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain.

3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
   Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain.
   Sowing in hope till the reapers come Gladly to gather the harvest home.

4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
   Sowing in hope till the reapers come Gladly to gather the harvest home.
   Sowing in hope till the reapers come Gladly to gather the harvest home.
   Scribing the seed of a tarnished name, Scribing the seed of eternal shame.

Chorus.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might; Gathered in time or e-

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468
"Work, Watch, Pray."

"Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—2 Thess. 5: 6.

Grace Glenn.

J. H. Fillmore,

1. Work when the morning shineth, Work when the noon-day gleams,
   Work when the day declineth, Work with its latest beams.

2. Work with a heart inspiring, Work with a ready hand,
   Work for the pure and holy, Work for the true and grand.

3. Work till the summons cometh,—Join with the hosts at rest;
   So shall thy days be joyful, So shall thy nights be blest.

CHORUS.

Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;

Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Master come.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission.
"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:14, 15.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dying look and live; To all weary, thirsting sinners, Living waters will he give; And though once so meek and willing hearts shall seek him, He will draw them to his fold; They shall gather from the up, his love shall draw them, Even the careless shall draw nigh; Let them hear again the glorious Redeemer, All the sins of men did bear; Yes, the young shall bow before him, And the old their voices raise; All the deaf shall hear hosanna; And the dumb shall shout his praise.

2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the multitude behold; They with lowly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he; And the blind, who grope in darkness, Through the wayside, Hast'ning on with joyous feet, They shall bear the cross of Jesus, And shall story Of the cross, the death of shame; And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty fore him, And the old their voices raise; All the deaf shall hear hosanna; And the

3. Lift him up in all his glory, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the multitude behold; They with lowly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he; And the blind, who grope in darkness, Through the wayside, Hast'ning on with joyous feet, They shall bear the cross of Jesus, And shall story Of the cross, the death of shame; And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty fore him, And the old their voices raise; All the deaf shall hear hosanna; And the

4. O then lift him up in singing, Lift the Saviour up in prayer; He, the blood of Christ shall see. find salvation sweet. Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High amid the waiting throngs shall bless his name. dumb shall shout his praise.

CHORUS.

Lift him up, 'tis he that speaketh, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

By permission.
1253

WORK AND WAIT.

"Work * * while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."—John 9:4.

F. E. Belden.

j. H. Tenney.

1. O Christian, i-dle all the day! 'Tis not e-nough to wait and pray;
The time is short, the la-bor great, O work for Je-sus while you wait.
work and wait till Christ appear, O, work and wait till Christ appear.

2. O, stand not i-dly waiting by When sounds abroad the har-vest cry!
Go forth in-to the rip-ened field And there for God the sick-le wield.
work and wait, E-ter-ni-ty of rest is near.

3. O, work in ear-nest for the Lord And trust him for the great re-ward;
'Tis he who la-bors wins the prize, No i-dier ev-er gains the skies.
work and wait, work and wait, work and wait,

4. Then to thy task! no more de-lay! Lest oth-ers bear thy sheaves a-way;
Lest some one wear e-ter-nal-ly The crown of life that was for thee.

CHORUS.

Work and wait, work and wait, E-ter-ni-ty of rest is near.

The time is short, the la-bor great, O work for Je-sus while you wait.
work and wait, work and wait, work and wait,

work and wait till Christ appear.

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

471
**Watch and Pray.**

Anon.  "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13.  R. Lowry.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch, lest the world prevail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, though he tarry long.

2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promised prize of heaven's eternal rest; Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Watch, for the Bridegroom come; Watch, though he tarry long. Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured great drops of agony. Make thou no more delay, In this accepted time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

3. Take Jesus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the armor on; Watch till thy Lord appear. Now when thy sun is up, Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch, lest the world prevail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Watch, for the Bridegroom come; Watch, though he tarry long. Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured great drops of agony. Make thou no more delay, In this accepted time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

**CHORUS.**

O watch and pray; O watch and pray; O watch and pray; O watch and pray; O watch and pray; O watch and pray; O watch and pray.

O watch and pray; O watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

From "Fresh Laurels," by per. Biglow & Main.

472
Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, If at morning, noon, or night,
2. Watch and pray; the temper may be near us; Keep the heart with jealous care,
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ever weary; Jesus watched and prayed alone:
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty, Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice:

He may find a lamp in ev'ry window, Trimmed and burning, clear and bright.
Lest the door a moment left unguarded, Evil thoughts may enter there.
Prayed for us when only stars beheld him, While on Olive's brow they shone.
Then with him the marriage feast partaking, We shall ever more rejoice.

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and pray,
'twill not be long: Soon he'll gather his loved ones,

home his loved ones To the happy vale of song (of song).

Soon he'll gather home his loved ones the happy vale of song.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

473
Harvest Time.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126:6.

Thomas Hastings.

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
2. Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays celestial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be never weary, Let no fears thy soul annoy;

Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above. Precious fruits will thus be given, Thro' an influence all divine. Be the prospect ne'er so dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.

Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning! See the rising grain appear; Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning! See the rising grain appear;

Look! the waving fields are whit'ning, For the harvest time is near. Look! the waving fields are whit'ning,

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission.

C. S. Cable.
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." —Luke 14:23.

**Miss Anna Shipton.**

*Ira D. Sankey, by per.*

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1. "Call them in;"—the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wan-d’ers from the fold; Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with feast; "Call them in,"—the rich, the no-ble, From the high-est to the brink; Nought of life are they pos-sess-or-s, Yet of safe-ty vain-ly shame; Speak Love’s mes-sage low and tender,—"’Twas for sin-ners Je-sus
gold? "Call them in,"—the weak, the wea-ry, Lad-en with the doom of least; Forth the Fa-ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor-rows
came;" See, the shad-ows length-en round us, Soon the day-dawn will be-

sin; Bid them come and rest in Je-sus; He is wait-ing;—"call them in." seen; Robe, and ring, and roy-al san-dails, Wait the lost ones;—"call them in." earth: Tell of God’s most gracious of-fer-s, And of Je-sus’ price-less worth.
gin; Can you leave them lost and lone-ly? Christ is com-ing;—"call them in."
One more Day's Work for Jesus.

Anna Warner.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me: But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and duty, To speak his beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere sto-ry, To show the glo-ry, When Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did clear-er, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way, And Christ in pleasure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I

CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night.
tho't How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for all;— Be-fore his face I fall.
may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.

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

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—John 9:4.

By permission Biglow & Main.

476
SOWING IN TEARS.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126:5.

1. Sowing in sadness through long, weary years; Scatter ing seed with the fast-falling tears;
   O how we long for the glad harvest day, When sheaves are gathered, and tears wiped away!

2. Sowing good seed as in sadness we go; Sure is the promise, to reap what we sow;
   Tears only water the grain that we cast, God will bestow us the increase at last.

3. Sowing to the Spirit, and life we shall reap; Life ever-long, where none ever weep;
   Heaven will yield us a harvest of peace, When all the labors of summer shall cease.

CHORUS.

Sowing in tears through long, weary years; Wait, only wait, till the harvest appears.
1. Anywhere, dear Saviour, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me
2. Where the night may find us, Sure-ly mat-ters not; If we camp with
3. All a-long the jour-ney, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of

la- bor, Lord, there would I a-bide. Mir-a-cle of sav-ing grace,
Je-sus, O bless-ed is the spot! Quick-ly we the tent may fold,
A- ges," Un-til we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home,

That thou giv-est me a place A- nywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Cheer-ful march thro' storm or cold, A- nywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Will-ing led by thee to roam, A- nywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

1. Work-ing, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee; Un-wor-thy, sin-ful, weak,
2. A-long the cit-y's waste, Working with thee; Our ea-ger foot-steps haste,
3. Sav-iour, we wea-ry not, Working with thee; As hard as thine our lot
4. So let us la-bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won,

Tho' we may be; Our all to thee we give, For thee a-
Like thee to be; The poor we gath-er in, The out-casts
Can nev-er be; Our joy and com-fort this, "Thy grace suf-
From sin set free; Till men, from shore to shore, Re-eive thee,

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission.

478
Working, O Christ, with Thee.—Concluded.

lone we live, And by thy grace a-chieve, Working with thee.
raise from sin, And la-bor souls to win, Working with thee.
fi-cient is; This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
and ad-ore, And join us ev-er-more, Working with thee.

1262

We'll Live in Tents.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11:13, 14.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep-rate and a-side
3. He'd have us rear no state-ly towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone,
4. O broth-er, what-so-ev-er chain Binds us to flesh-ly lust and strife,

To live un-knit to home and hearth, Like far-bound trav-el-ers—in tents.
From all the vain and world-ly mass That crowd the Bab-y-lons of pride.
But camp each night a few short hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
Here let us rend it in God's name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

CHORUS.

We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land by sin un-trod,
We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land

The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Mak-er, God.

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"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:35.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

1. Servants of Jesus, the day is at hand, Fields for our labor in-

2. Work is abundant, the promise is great, Few are the reapers, in

3. Men who are faithful are fainting to-day, Worn with their labors, they

4. Hasten the time when the reapers shall sing, And with rejoicing, their

viting ly stand; Mark ye the signals, they widely diffuse Tokens of the sad-ness they wait; Pa-tient-ly toll-ing, yet dai-ly they cry, Pray ye that our fall by the way; Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand Gather in the sheaves home-ward bring; Saints with the an-gels to-geth-er shall meet: Glo-ri-ous and

CHORUS.

com-ing har-vest, joy-ful the news.

bless-ed har-vest, Christ gives command.

bless-ed meet-ing round Je-sus' feet.

Yes, pray for help in the fields white to-day; Gath-er the sheaves, bring the

world's har-vest home, Glo-ri-ous and bless-ed harvest, come, Sav-iour, come.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission
MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.
I. B.
"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.
REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. On the shore beyond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair.
2. Hark! I hear the Master say, "Up, ye reap-ers! why so slow?"
3. Just beyond the rolling tide, The up-lifted hand I see;
4. Father, mother, dear darling child, I must bid you all a-dieu;

There's a call, a plaintive plea, I must haste to be there.
To the vineyard, Earthly kin-dred, let me go.
Lo! the gates are open wide, And the lost are calling me.
Far across the waters wild, There's a work for me to do.

CHORUS.

Let me go, I cannot stay, 'Tis the Master calling me; Let me go, I must obey.

Native land, fare-well to thee,
The Ninety and Nine.

"I say unto you, there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety nine just persons that need no repentance."—Luke 15:7.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.
(To be sung as a Solo.)

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far, far from the gates of thee? But the Shepherd made answer: "One of mine Has wandered away from gold; A way on the mountains wild and bare, A way from the tender me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.

By permission

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through Ere he found his sheep that was lost. Far out in the desert he heard its cry,—Fainting and helpless and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray, Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice, I have found my sheep!" And the angels sang around the throne, "Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!"
1266

**NOTHING BUT LEAVES.**

L. E. A.  "And when he came to it he found nothing but leaves."—Mark xi: 13.  Silas J. Vail.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life; O'er
2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripening grain; We
3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves No veil to hide the past; And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah,

 sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promises unkept, And
sow our seeds; let tares and weeds—Words, die words, for earnest deeds.—Then
as we trace our way, And count each lost and mispent day, We
who shall at the Saviour's feet, Before the awful judgment seat Lay

reaps from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
sadly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
down for golden sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

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1267

**SOWING TO REAP.**

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Eph. 6: 7.  D. S. Hakes.

1. Sowing to death or life, Sowing to reap! Sowing to joy or strife, Which shall we reap?
2. Now is the sowing time. Life's blooming spring; Age is the winter clime, When joys take wing.
3. Sad, sad, the reaping day, If ill is sown; Vain, vain to weep and pray, Hopeless and lone.

Now let good seed be cast: Sowing will soon be past. Harvest will come at last: What shall we reap?
Sow to the Spirit now, Here make thy solemn vow; Un to thy Maker bow; Repentance bring.
Sowing for thee is o'er; Summer will come no more, Autumn will yield no store; Harvest is flown.

By permission O. Ditson & Co.
"None of Self and All of Thee."


But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

James McGranahan.

1. O, the bitter pain and sorrow, That a time could ever be, When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of thee!"

2. Yet he found me; I beheld him bleeding on th' accursed tree; And my wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of thee,"

3. Day by day his tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and deep, Day by day his tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and deep, When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of thee,"

4. Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of thee,"

By permission.

484
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark 10:47.

Emma Campbell.

Theo. E. Perkins, by per.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng Which moves with busy haste along,—
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should he The city move so mightily?
3. Jesus! 'tis he who once he low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. To-day, as then, from place to place His holy footprints we can trace;
5. Ho! all ye heavy laden come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
6. But if you still this call refuse, And all his wondrous love abuse,

These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A passing stranger, has he skill To move the multitude at will?
And burdened ones, where'er he came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
He pauses at our threshold,—nay, He enters,—concedes to stay;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face, Return, accept his proffered grace.
Soon will he sadly from you turn, Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

In accents hushed the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
Again the stirring notes reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by;"

In accents hushed the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
Again the stirring notes reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by;"
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." — Rev. 21:25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

S. J. Vail, by per. Philip Phillips.

1. There is a gate that stands ajar, And through its portals gleaming,

2. That gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation;

3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is open

4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given,

A radiance from the cross afar, The Saviour's love revealing,
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev'ry tribe and nation.
Accept the cross, and win the crown, Love's everlasting token.
And bear the crown of life a-way, And love Him more in heaven.

REFRAIN.

O depth of mercy! can it be That gate was left ajar for me?

For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left ajar for me?
FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Ps. 55:17.

Melody by Mrs. Florence McCallum, Arr.

For You I am Praying.

S. O'Mally Cluff.

1. I have a Sav-iour, he's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, though
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
3. A robe fair and spotless, resplendent in whiteness, Is wait-ing in glo-ry my
4. To me has been given sweet peace like a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is

O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!
O that he'd let me bring you with me too!
friend, I would see you re-celv-ing one too! For you I am pray-ing, for
O that his peace might be giv-en to you!
prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

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487
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102:1.

E. H. H.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow before thy mercy seat, Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re-new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the vic'try won;

O bring thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am.
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work begin, thy work complete, And take me as I am.
And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Lord, take me as I am.

CHORUS

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

Lord, I give myself to thee, O take me as I am.
Look and Live.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."—Num. 21:8.

F. E. Belden.

Tenderly.

1. Look to the cross, sinner, believe it, Look to the cross, healing is there;
2. Leave all thy sin, humbly confessing, Truly for-sake, turn and obey;
3. Ask of the Lord, now he is willing Strength to impart, grace to bestow;
4. Look to the cross, trusting in Jesus, Mighty to help, mighty to save;

Pardon is thine, only receive it, Look to the cross in prayer.
Jesus will give freely his blessing, Ask and receive today.
Promises sweet, ever fulfilling, Prove the great debt we owe.
From all our guilt gladly he frees us, For us his life he gave.

REFRAIN.

Look to the cross, look to the cross, Jesus believing, pardon receiving;

Look to the cross, look to the cross, Look, and thy soul shall live.
OUT OF THE ARK.

"But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."—Matt. 24:37.

KATE HARRINGTON, ARR.

[May be sung as a Solo.]

F. E. Belden.

1. They dreamed not of danger, those sinners of old, Whom Noah was chosen to warn;
2. He could not arouse them; unheeding they stood, Unmoved by his warning and prayer;
3. O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore, They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
4. And now while this message—"Christ's coming is near"—God's servants by thousands proclaim,

By frequent transgression their hearts had grown cold; They laughed his entreaties to scorn:
The prophet passed in from the oncoming flood, And left them to hopeless despair:
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore, Enter while yet there is room!
Say not like those sinners of old, with a sneer, "All things shall continue the same,"

Yet daily he called them, "O come, sinners, come, Believe, and prepare to embark!"
The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came on, The heavens as midnight grew dark,
The storm-cloud of justice rolls dark over head, And when by its fury you're tossed,
The prophets have spoken; their words are unsealed; The judgment will shortly be o'er;

Receive the glad message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark;"
Too late, then they turned—ev'ry foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said, "They heard—they refused—and were lost."
The arm of God's justice will soon be revealed, And mercy invite you no more,

Receive the glad message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark;"
Too late, then they turned, ev'ry foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said, "They heard—they refused—and were lost!"
The arm of God's justice will soon be revealed, And mercy invite you no more.

*Added.

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490
CHORUS.

OUT OF THE ARK.—Concluded.

Then come, no more delaying, The gracious call obeying; O
Today the word believing, Today the truth receiving, No
hear the Spirit saying, "There's room for you to-day." Enter while you may.
more the Spirit grieving,— O (omit.)

1275

PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2:21.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep confusion
3. Trusting only in thy merit, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, broken
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth been

CHORUS.

calling, Do not pass me by.
tri- tion, Help my un-belief. Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
spir-it, Save me by thy grace. slide thee! Whom in heav'n but thee?

cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per. Bigelow & Main.

491
"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Matt. 19:21, 22.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Crowded is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Jesus?
2. Wasting all your precious hours, Have you no work for Jesus?
3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Jesus?
4. Bearing onl y worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Captured by earth's gilded snares, Have you no room for Jesus?
Spend ing those God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Jesus?
None for gracious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Jesus?
In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Lo! he's standing at your door, Knock ing, knock ing, o'er and o'er;
Striving not to conquer sin, Seeking not a soul to win,
Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
Not a grain to store away, Naught your labor to repay,

Hear him pleading evermore; Have you no room for Jesus?
Bring ing not a wanderer in; Have you no work for Jesus?
Striving only self to please; Have you no time for Jesus?
Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Jesus.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.
Father, We Come to Thee.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46:1.

F. E. Belden.

1. Father, we come to thee, No other help have we; Thou wilt our refuge be,
2. Save from our many foes, Save from our earthly woes; Be thou our soul's repose,
3. Give us thy grace divine, Seal us forever thine; Our wayward feet incline

On thee we call. Earth is but dark and drear Without thy presence near;
In time of need. Doubting are we, and weak, To us sweet courage speak;
From sin to flee. Oh, guide us, we implore, Till weary life is o'er,

CHORUS.

Be thou our comfort here, Father of all.
Thy mighty arm we seek For strength indeed. Father, we come to thee,
And on a brighter shore We dwell with thee.

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492.
COME INTO THE ARK.

F. E. B.

"And the Lord said unto Noah, Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark."—Gen. 7:1.

1278

1. On time's wide waste of waters There floats a kindly bark; O earth's lost sons and daughters, It is Salvation's Ark! The wreck of self will strand you before the voyage is o'er: Salvation's Ark will land you On heaven's peaceful shore.

2. O trust in self no longer, For self will surely fail; Temptations will grow stronger, And evil will prevail. Come, all thy fears abating, For slumber On sin's delusive wave? How dread would be the waking, How fearful and how dark, To find the tempest breaking, And we outside the Ark! Come into the Ark of safety, Come in and be saved to-day; Cres.

3. Shall we be of the number Who seek for souls to save; Or shall we sink to sink to the number Who seek for souls to save; Or shall we sink to suffer and be lost? Shall we be of the number Who seek for souls to save; Or shall we sink to suffer and be lost? The dove of peace shall hover above thee on thy way, And God's own hands shall cover And keep thee every day.

4. Then come while hope is offered, Thy coming shall be blest; Eternal life is suffer and be lost? Shall we be of the number Who seek for souls to save; Or shall we sink to suffer and be lost? The dove of peace shall hover above thee on thy way, And God's own hands shall cover And keep thee every day.

REFRAIN.

Come into the Ark of safety, Come in and be saved to-day; The tempest may break tomorrow, Come into the Ark to-day; Cres.

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Come into the Ark.—Concluded.

The tempest may break tomorrow, Come into the Ark today.

1279  Jesus is Passing.

"And, behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David."—Matt. 20:30.


1. Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing, Come, all ye blind, and receive now your sight; He will bend o'er you, He will restore you, He will exchange all your darkness for light; Come, and the Saviour will give you your sight.

2. Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing, Come now, ye lame, to the Healer of all; His life he gave you, Onelook will save you, He will anticipate store; Now he will lead you, Ever will feed you, Jesus in sin and by shame; O we implore you, Let him restore you, "Come while he invites you to hunger no more; Come to the bountiful heavenly store.

3. Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing, Come, all ye poor, to the He will bend o'er you, He will restore you, He will examine for light; Come, and the Saviour will give you your sight. 

4. Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing, Come, ye afflicted by Ev-er will feed you, Jesus in sin and by shame; O we implore you, Let him restore you, "Come while he invites you to hunger no more; Come to the bountiful heavenly store.

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1280  WHY NOT COME TO JESUS?

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22:17.

F. E. Belden.

1. Why not come to Jesus? There is hope for thee; There is wondrous pardon, Offered full and free. Only trust his mercy, strong-er Taking up the cross. 'Tis a burden precious, sin-ners, Thus to die for you? At your heart he's knock-ing,

2. Doubt his love no long-er, Count all else but loss; Faith and hope grow near you Bid you speak the same. Speak it while he's wait-ing,

3. Who has love so con-stant, Love so tried and true, Thus to die for you? At your heart he's knock-ing,

4. Now the Holy Spirit Whispers his dear name, Angels bend-ing

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1281  THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

—"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Ps. 103:3.

William Hunter.

Arr. by J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sym-pathizing Jesus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus.

2. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now believe in Jesus; I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.

3. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear; No other name but Jesus; O how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus!

4. And when he comes to bring the crown,—The crown of life and glo-ry;

Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re-demp-tion's sto-ry.
CHORUS.

The Great Physician.—Concluded.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;
5. At the heart’s por-tal he’s wait-ing and watching, Watch-ing for you and for me.

At the heart’s portal he’s waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering and death’s night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho’ we have sinned, he has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

Come home, ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Earn-est-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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1283

Almost Persuaded.
P. P. B.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26:28.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Almost persuaded now to believe; Almost persuaded.
2. Almost persuaded, come, come today; Almost persuaded;
3. Almost persuaded; harvest is past; Almost persuaded;

Christ to receive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spirit, turn not away. Jesus invites you here, Angels are doom comes at last! "Almost" can not avail; "Almost" is

go thy way, Some more convenient day On thee I'll call."

ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wand'ter come!

but to fail! Sad, sad that bitter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

By permission The John Church Co.

1284

The Waters are Troubled.

"An angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."—John 5:4.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

Rev. S. Morrison.

1. The waters are troubled, The angel is here; The fountain of
2. The waters are troubled, No longer delay; The fountain of
3. The waters are troubled, The angel still waits; He pauses in

mercy Flows healing and clear; O come in your sorrow, And
mercy Has healing today; Then why will you linger, Since
peril Who halts and debates: Give over your fail'tring, Your

By permission.
498
THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.—Concluded.

come in your sin; The waters are troubled: Step in, O step in!
life you may win? The waters are troubled: Step in, O step in!
struggles within; The waters are troubled: Step in, O step in!

1285

NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6:2.

ENGLISH.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the gateway Where voices whisper and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the music That floats so sweetly along;
4. They're in the dark and the danger, They're in the night and the cold,

How many are coming and going, How few are entering in!
But fearing to enter in boldly, They linger still at the gate.
Tho' knowing the song they are singing, Yet joining not in the song.
Tho' Jesus is longing to lead them So kindly in to his fold.

CHORUS.

Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet lingering still at the gateway; O wait not to get nearer, But enter while you may.

By permission.
There's Room for You to Anchor.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." —John 14:2.

F. E. B. (DUET, OR QUARTETTE.)

F. E. Belden.

1. There's room for you to anchor, Within the port of rest, Where tempests all are o'er, And calms no more molest; How sweet to weary voyagers, This precious promise given: There's room for you to anchor Safe in heav'n.

2. There's room for you to anchor; The ship is waiting now, — The ship of God's preparing, O ask not why nor how. His boundless love and mercy No more for rest shall sigh; 'Tis there I hope to anchor By and by.

3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved below; The same sweet voices, greeting, O ask not why nor how. Then hush ye murm'ring waters, Ye headlands I see its shining dome. There, there my fainting spirit No room for you.

4. O heavily, swelling billows, Bear onward to my home! Beyond these dreary headlands I see its shining dome. How sweet to weary voyagers, This precious promise given: There's room for you to anchor Safe in heav'n.

REFRAIN.

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room (for you), there's room (for you). There's room for you to anchor Safe in heav'n.

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My son, give me thine heart.”—Prov. 23:26.

1. They brought their gifts to Jesus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear
2. Apart from other givers A poor wayfarer stood, He saw the gifts they
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to

Say - iour, Made ev - ry of - f'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help
off - ered, The poor - est count - ed good; And he was filled with long-ing. A
give thee, My sin - ful way - ward heart.” Then Jesus answered softly, "Count

for the poor of earth, And not a gift among them Was thought of lit - tle worth.
gift, tho' poor, to bring; A - las! all empt - y - hand - ed He stood be - fore the King.
not the gift as small, Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.”

CHORUS.

Wouldst bring a gift to Jesus, That he will count most sweet?

Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

From "Church and Prayer-Meeting Songs," by permission.
1. When the cross seems hard to carry, Lift! brother, lift! O'er the burden
2. Duty's call is self-denying, Lift! brother, lift! Half the battle
3. When the evil seems the strongest, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the hardest,

CHORUS.

never tarry, Lift! brother, lift!
lies in trying, Lift! brother, lift!
Lift the cross and clasp it tighter,
Lifting makes the burden lighter, Lift! brother, lift!

Lift! brother, lift!
Lifting makes the burden lighter, Lift! brother, lift!

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1289

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS,
REV. WM. MCDONALD. "They forsook all, and followed him."—Luke 5:11.

1. I am coming to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has evil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earthly store;
4. In thy promises I trust, Now I feel the blood applied;

D. C.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, O thou Lamb of Calvary!

I am counting all but dross, I shall find salvation
Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin
Soul and body thine to be, Wholly thine forevermore
I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am crucified.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.
Come, Sinner, Come!

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28.

Will E. Witter.

H. R. Palmer, by per.

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1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own him, bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you, receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come! Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come! Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

LEAD THEM TO THEE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18:16.

Frank M. Davis, by per.

Copyrighted 1879 by H. R. Palmer.

1. Lead them, my God to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gayest me;
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no de-lusive snare, Lure them astray;
3. E'en for such little ones, Christ came a child, And thro' this world of sin Moved un-defiled;
4. Yea, though my faith be dim, I would believe That thou this precious gift Wilt now receive;

O, by thy love divine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee. O, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.

O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.

503
"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

MY ALL TO THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVEROAL.

T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I cannot count, That all may cleansed be, In the once opened Fount: I bring them, words shall need ed be, Thou know est all so well: I bring the each may be a wing To lift me nearer er heav'n: I bring them, Sav iour, let me be Thine, ev er thine a lone. My heart, my

2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I cannot tell; No Sav iour, all to thee; The bur den is too great for me.
sor row laid on me, O suf fering Sav iour! all to thee.

3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has giv'n, That life, my all, I bring To thee, my Sav iour and my King.

4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own: O
What Can I Do for Thee?—Concluded.

Thy glory thou didst leave for me; What shall I leave for thee?
Yes, thou didst give thy life for me; What can I do for thee?
Yes, thou hast brought rich gifts to me; What shall I bring to thee?
Yes, I'll forsake my sins for thee—My Saviour, help thou me.

1294

SHALL I LET HIM IN?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3:20.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in?
2. Shall I send him the loving word? Shall I let him in?
3. Yes, I'll open this proud heart's door, Yes, I'll let him in.

Patiently pleading with my sad heart; O shall I let him in?
Meekly accepting my gracious Lord, O shall I let him in?
Gladly I'll welcome him evermore; O, yes, I'll let him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheerless is all within;
He can infinite love impart, He can pardon this rebel heart;
Blessed Saviour, abide with me, Cares and trials will lighter be;

Christ is bidding me turn unto him; O shall I let him in?
Shall I bid him forever depart, Or shall I let him in?
I am safe if I'm only with thee, O, blessed Lord, come in!
1295

**WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?**

"This is a faithful saying, * * that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1:15.

**Miss F. R. Havergal.**

J. E. White, by per.

### 1295

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,
   My Father's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne, I left for earth-ly night,
2. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-rest a-gony,
   And quick-ened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What
   For wand'ring sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast
   To rescue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What

### 1296

**LIKE AS A FATHER.**

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. 103:13.

**F. E. Belden.**

D. S. Hakes.

1. Like as a father pit-ies his child, So the Lord pit-ies the sin-ner de-filed;
2. Like as a father when we be-lieve, Mer-ci-ful still, he will glad-ly re-cieve;
3. Like as a father, ev-er the same, He hath cre-at-ed, and knoweth our frame;
4. Like as a father, con-stant is he, God in compassion re-gard-eth our plea;

Waiteth in kindness, Pit-ies our blindness, Longeth to welcome, tho' oft-en re-viled.
List-en to hear us, Bless-es to cheer us, Pit-ies when-ev-er his Spir-it we grieve.
Watcheth the straying, Guardeth the praying, Bids us to trust in his al-might-y name.
In need he cometh, Precious his promise: Father in heav-en for-ev-er to be.

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Are You Ready?

J. W. Slaughenhaupt.

"Art thou ready?"—Matt. 24:44.

Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Soon the evening shadows, falling, Close the day of mortal life;
2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne;
3. O how fatal 'tis to linger! Art thou ready—ready now?
4. Priceless love and free salvation Free still are offered thee;

Soon the hand of death appalling Draws thee from its weary strife.
Now prepare; for love abounding Yet has left thee not alone.
Read-y, should Death's icy finger Lay its chill upon thy brow?
Yield no longer to temptation, But from sin and sorrow flee.

CHORUS.

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready? 'Tis the

Spirit calling, why delay? Are you ready? Are you ready?

Are you ready? Do not linger longer, come today.
Are You Within the Fold To-night?

"If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"—Matt. 18:12.

F. E. B. Tenderly, with expression. [Respectfully dedicated to James McGranahan.] F. E. Belden.

1. The golden light is fading Up on the mountains gray,
   And twilight's purple shadow Falls o'er the dying day.
   As to the fold for slumber The weary flock draws near:
   One hundred was the number.—Are there one hundred here?

2. I'll count the dear ones o'er, The tender Shepherd said,
   My own warm fold shall cover Each lamb that I have led;
   If one has wandered blindly Or willfully away,
   I'll seek it long and kindly, Nor wait till break of day.

3. With tender, anxious glances, He counts them o'er with care,
   And vain his hopeful fancies.—But ninety-nine are there.
   Then forth into the shadow, All else by him forgot,
   He search-es moor and meadows, And search-ing find-eth not.

4. The midnight dews are falling, Yet through the mountains wild
   His voice is sad with pleading, His locks are damp and cold,
   His feet are torn and bleeding,—There's one without the fold.

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Are You within the Fold To-night?—Concluded.

One hundred was the number,—Are there one hundred here?
I'll seek it long and kindly, Nor wait till break of day.
He search-es moor and meadows, And search-ing, find-eth not.
His feet are torn and bleed-ing,—There is one without the fold.

REFRAIN.

Are you within the fold to-night, The fold of Christ, the fold of light?

The gentle Shepherd calls you now, With tearful eyes and saddened brow;

Wilt thou not come? O come just now, There's room in Jesus' fold.
WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32:26.

F. E. B.  

F. E. Belden.

1. Who is on the Lord's side, Always true? There's a right and wrong side,—
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 'tis not the strong side,
3. Come and join the Lord's side: Ask you why? 'Tis the only safe side

CHORUS.

Where stand you? Choose now, choose now: True and grand.
By and by, Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

On the right or wrong side,—False or true? Choose now, Who is on the Lord's side?
choose now: On the right or wrong side,—Where stand you? Who is on the Lord's side?

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1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand’rer lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beaming, filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken, of these realms below; That lamp of safety, o’er the gloom shall brighten, by the open grave; Show me the light from heaven’s shining portal,

2. Give me the Bible when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have filled my steps enlighten, Teach me the danger, by the open grave; Teach me the song of these realms below; That lamp of safety, o’er the gloom shall brighten,

3. Give me the Bible, all my steps enlighten, Teach me the danger by the open grave; Show me the light from heaven’s shining portal,

4. Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal, Hold up that splendor, o’er the gloom shall brighten, by the open grave; Show me the light from heaven’s shining portal,

D. S.—Precept and promise, law and love combining,

Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost, Hold up faith’s lamp to show my Saviour near. Give me the Bible, That light alone the path of peace can show, Show me the glory gilding Jordan’s wave.

Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

ho - ly mes - sage shin - ing, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way.

From "Holy Voices," by permission.
"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John 16:13.
"Thy word is truth."—John 17:17.
"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. 73:24.

1. Hold to the helm, sail-or, when the skies are clear,
   Hold more firmly when the storms appear;
   Begin the watch ere you perished in the awful strife;
   Thou-sands to-day flaunt a this a-lone, you're sure to fail;
   Sig-nal the life-boat be-

2. Thou-sands have launched on the change-ful sea of life
   Who have leave the shores of youth, And al-ways keep hold of the helm of truth.
   Broad pro-fes-sion sail, But where is the helm for the fear-ful gale?
   Fore the waves o'er-whelm, And ask for the Bi-b-le, the guid-ing helm.

3. Great-er the dan-ger, the broad-er flies the sail,
   Trust-ing

CHORUS.

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**Hold to the Helm.---Concluded.**

Hold to the helm on the sunny seas of youth,

And all through the voyage let us hold to the truth.

**Stand by the Law.**

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."—Ps. 19:7.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5:17-19.

"Whosoever comitteth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law."

—1 John 3:4.

"Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good."—Rom. 7:12.

"Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law."—Rom. 3:31.

"It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law."—Ps. 119:126.

"Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men."—Mark 7:8.

"O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. * * * They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith: and the Lord hath not sent them: and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word; * * whereas ye say, The Lord saith it; albeit I have not spoken."—Eze. 13:4-8.

"To the law and to the testimony: If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isa. 8:20.

**Music—"Hold to the Helm."**

1 Stand by the law once proclaimed from Sinai;
   Some its teachings and its force deny:
   What says the Saviour? now hearken and obey:
   "Not one jot or tittle shall pass away."

Chorus:
Stand by the law, stand by the law:
Jesus the law did magnify;
Stand by the law if you hope to enter heaven:
The law proves us sinners; through Christ we're forgiven.

2 Ten are its precepts, consider them again,
   Love to God, and love to fellow-men:
   Four point to God and the duty that we owe,
   And six, our relation to mortals show.

3 Since by the law we are sinners proved to be,
   Christ has died that we may all be free:
   Free from the death which the broken law demands,
   But not from obedience to its commands.

4 Now if the law was unknown till Sinai,
   All were righteous who before did die!
   And, if its precepts by Christ were done away,
   There lives not a sinner on earth to-day!

5 All yearly sabbaths, and offerings the same,
   Lost their meaning when the Saviour came:
   But kill the love, and the devil goes to heaven!
   No need of a Saviour, or sins forgiven!

F. E. Belden.
Blessed are They that Do.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2:13.

P. P. B.

1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, unfalling and true; Careless one, prayer-less one, hear and remember, promises too; Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us, sorrow and strife, Sanctified, glorified, now and forever,

2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his failings and true; Careless one, prayer-less one, hear and remember, promises too; Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us, sorrow and strife, Sanctified, glorified, now and forever,

3. They with joy may enter the city, Free from sin, from failings and true; Careless one, prayer-less one, hear and remember, promises too; Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us, sorrow and strife, Sanctified, glorified, now and forever,

CHORUS.

Jesus says, "Blessed are they that do." Blessed, O blessed are they that do. Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they, blessed are they;

Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

By permission The John Church Co.

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"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. 22:14.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law. * * * Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5:17-19.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. Not one single jot or tittle—Hear the great Teacher say—
2. They shall gain the golden city, Dwell on the earth made new,
3. They shall drink of life's pure river, Sor-row and sigh-ing o'er;
4. Would you be among the number Je-sus will hon-or then?

D. C.—Who-so-ev-er shalt ex-alt them, Teach-ing men so to do,

*de-ny

From my Fa-ther's ten commandments Ev-er shall pass a-way.
Who have kept the ten commandments, Own-ing the Sav-tour too.
Eat of life's fair tree for-ev-er, Nev-er to hun-ger more.
Faith in him can on-ly save you Heed-ing the pre-cepts ten.

Him will I ex-alt in heav-en: Do you be-lieve it true?

CHORUS.

Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they, Bless-ed are they that do;

Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they: Can it be said of you?

*Use in D. C. to stanzas 2 and 4, in place of "exalt."

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"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—Matt. 15:9.

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isa. 8:20.

F. E. B.

1. What says the Bible, the blessed Bible? This should my

2. Few ever study the law eternal, Few ever

3. How will you answer at Jesus' coming—Ye who Je-

on-ly question be; Teachings of men so oft-en mis-lead us,—
seek to know or do; Yet there are some who try to improve it,
ho-vah's law con-strue? Can you re-ply, "I've kept the commandments"?

CHORUS.

What says the book of God to me? What says the Bi-ble? few can

Touch-ing the fourth commandment too.
An-swering the ques-tion, each of you.

tell; What says the Bi-ble? study it well. Keep the com-

mandments, the ten commandments, Look for the com-ing Sav-iour too.
Go and Inquire.

W. A. O. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life."—John 5:39. W. A. Ogden.

1. Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures, Seeking the
2. Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures, Seeking to
3. Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures, Seeking the

Saviour day by day, Striving to learn the wondrous story,
know the heav'n-ly way, Trying to reach the golden city,
wand'ers by the way, Trying to point a soul to Jesus,

CHORUS.

What does the blessed Bible say? Go and inquire, the King com-
What does the blessed Bible say? Go and inquire,
What does the blessed Bible say? Go and inquire,

mandeth, Ask of the Lord for me and thee; Knock at the
Ask of the Lord

o - pen door of mercy Where there is pardon full and free. Knock at the open
Where there is pardon

By permission.

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Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; Teach me, O Lord, the way, the way of thy statutes; Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments, forevermore.

Make me to walk, Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments, forevermore.

Make me to walk, Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments, forevermore. Amen, Amen.
**To Obey is Better than Sacrifice.**

"Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." —1 Sam. 15:22.

1. To obey is better than sacrifice, the Lord hath said; To hearken when he commandeth, than an offering made.
2. All ye who say, "There is naught to do since Christ doth save," Remember what he commanded you in the Book he gave. Turn to the Lord, and he will be gracious, believe it, but to do is best.
3. Remember only the doers of the word are blest; 'Tis well to hear and believe it, but to do is best.

**CHORUS.**

Walk in the way of his commandments. To obey is better than sacrifice, the Lord hath said; To hearken when he commandeth, than an offering made.

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Ask for the Guide Book.

"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth. * * * Thy word is truth."—John 16:13; 17:17.

F. E. Belden.

If of a truth you are seeking the way, Ask for the Guide Book, believe, and obey. Ask for the Guide Book,—its teachings are true,—Heeding it daily will carry you through. One ends in darkness, and one ends in light,—One is the wrong way, and one is the right. Still, if the law of the Lord you deny, "Vain your profession," the Lord will reply.

CHORUS.

Ask for the Guide Book, search the blessed Guide Book; Read it, heed it, on your upward way;

Ask for the Guide Book, search the blessed Guide Book; Read your Bible every day.

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"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jer. 6:16.

1. Ask for the old paths, by the prophets trod; Ask for the old paths, leading up to God;
2. Christ and the prophets traveled hand in hand; Heeding the Bible, we with them must stand;
3. Then, being honest, search, and you shall find Christ by his teaching proves the law divine;

If you are trav'ling in a pathway new, 'Tis not the Bible that's guiding you. But when we walk with custom for a guide, How soon to error we turn aside! He by the prophets showed his gospel true; So law and gospel we offer you.

CHORUS.

Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths; Christ and the prophets trod the way before:

Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths, Leading away to the better shore.

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The Faithful Three.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13:8.

F. E. Belden.
Moderato.

1. Look up on the golden image, Hear the king's decree; See the burning fiery furnace, And the faithful three. Stand for the right Where ever you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faithful three.

2. 'Twas a heathen king's commandment Governed conscience then; Yet how bravely so when earthy creeds of error Bid you bend the knee; Turn and read the path of duty, Fearless, firm, and bold.

3. God is able to deliver As in days of old, All who walk the simpie story Of the faithful three. For Jehovah Stood those noble men! Then tell the old, old story, Answer That this alone will do? Then tell the

4. We will follow their example, Brave and faithful three, Bowing not before you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faithful three.

Chorus.

More to Do.

"Know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead."—James 2:20.

F. E. Belden.

1. We love to tell the story; Yet there is more to do; For faith brings no salvation Without obedience too. Then tell the old, old story, Answer That this alone will do? Then tell the

2. It is a precious story, And we believe it true; But who of us can Let faith repeat the story, Let works proclaim it true; For they alone are blessed Who God's commandments do.

Chorus.
MORE TO DO.—Concluded.

And heed its precepts, too; 'Tis well to tell the story. Yet there is more to do.
And heed it.

1313

JEHOVAH'S REST.
"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."—Gen. 2:3.

F. E. Belden.

1. Holy day, Jehovah's Rest, Of Creation's week the best;
2. First his six days' work was done, Then the Sabbath hour begun;
3. Thousands have his plan reversed, Resting now upon the first;
4. All who speak the truth must say It was man who changed the day:
5. Thus I searched; and when I saw Only one great Sabbath law,

Last of all the chosen sev'n, Blessed of God, to man 'twas given.
Thus he blessed the seventh day, Thus in resting we obey.
Search the Book and you shall know There's no scripture tells them so.
In God's word no change appears Through the whole six thousand years!
Then I hastened to obey Plainly, 'twas the only way.

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome;
Welcome, welcome, ever welcome, welcome, welcome;

Glad we hail its presence blest, 'Tis the great Jehovah's Rest.

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"Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Ps. 119:18.

[Anthem.]

F. E. Belden.

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Open Thou Mine Eyes.—Concluded.

Thou Mine Eyes—

I may behold wondrous things out of thy law; open thou mine eyes, that

Thy Word is a Lamp unto My Feet.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light, a light unto my path, a light unto my mouth! Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law, for therein do I delight, O Lord, my God. Amen.
"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."—Eccl. 12:13.

[Anthem.]  
F. E. Belden.
Hear the conclusion.—Concluded.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, fear God, Fear God, fear God, and keep the ten commandments; For this is the duty of man, the whole duty of man.

1st. time,—Soprano and Alto duet. 2d. time,—Tenor and Base.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, With every secret thing, Whether good or evil; With every secret thing, Whether good or evil. Amen, Amen.
ARE YOU DOERS OF THE WORD?

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."—James 1:22.

H. R. TRICKETT.

1. Are you do-ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you keep-ers of the say-ings of the Lord? All in vain are your pro-fes-sions, O my brothers!

2. Are you do-ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you walk-ing in the footsteps of the Lord? You are build-ing on the quicksands, O my brothers!

3. Are you do-ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you keep-ing the com-mand-ments of the Lord? Do not tell me of your feel-ings, O my brothers!

4. Are you do-ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you look-ing for the com-ing of the Lord? All in vain your ex-pec-ta-tions, O my brothers!

CHORUS.

If you be not do-ers of the word. Are you do-ers (of the word)? Are you do-ers (of the word)? For our hear-ing with-out do-ing is in vain; Christ has told us—will you heed it, O my brothers!—We must do it if the bless-ing we would gain.

From "Grateful Praise," by permission.

528
"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

H. L. Turner.

James McGranahan.
1319

When the King Comes In.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25:34.

J. E. Landor. Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where his people be; How will it fare, friend, with thee and me died for men; Splendid the vision before us then, friend and foe; Just what we are will each neighbor know, garments dressed; Ah! well for us if we stand the test, lusted men, Awful that moment of anguish when in his place, That we may fear not to see thy face

2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Gloried he who once

3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hid-den long from both

4. Joyful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed-ding

5. Endless the sad sep-a-ra-tion then, Bit-ter the cry of de-

6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to a-wait thee each

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in?
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in!
When Christ the King, comes in.
When thou com-est in.

From "Songs of Grace," by permission.
530
He Will Gather the Wheat in His Garner.

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." — Luke 3:17.

Harriet B. M'Keever.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When Jesus shall gather the nations, Before him at last to appear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "Faithful servant, well done,"
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransom'd his seal;
4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steady and bright;
5. Thus living with hearts fixed on heaven, In patience we wait for the time.

Then how shall we stand in the Judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne?
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty, As low at his footstool they kneel.
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding O may we be ready for flight!
When the days of our pilgrimage ended, We'll bask in the presence divine.

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his garner, But the chaff will he scatter away;

Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day?
WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. * * For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. * * * Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24:36-42.

F. E. B.

Allegretto.

1. We know not the hour of the Master's appearing, Yet signs all fore-
2. There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation, There's truth in the
3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning, We'll work and we'll

tell that the moment is nearing When he shall return,
book of the Lord's Revelation, Each prophecy points
wait till the Master's returning, We'll sing and rejoice,

'tis a promise most cheering, But we know not the hour.
to the great consummation, But we know not the hour.
every omen discerning, But we know not the hour.

CHORUS.

He will come, let us watch and be ready; He will
He will come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come in the
He will come,
We Know not the Hour.—Concluded.

clouds of his Father's bright glory.—But we know not the hour.

1322

He's Coming Soon.

"There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lust, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? * * But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. * * Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless."—2 Pet. 2:3-14.

F. E. Belden.

Allegretto.

1. O Christian! have you heard it? He's coming soon; Though thousands have deferred it, He's coming soon. Let not thy heart grow weary, joy receive it? He's coming soon. Prize not this world's possessions, gloom and sadness! He's coming soon. It may be night or morning, He's coming soon; Morn follows midnight dreary, He's coming soon. Leave all earth's sinful pleasures, He's coming soon; Lay up in heav'n your treasures, He's coming soon.

2. Does now thy heart believe it? He's coming soon; Do you with zeal increasing, He's coming soon; Pray always, without ceasing, He's coming soon. Work on, with He's coming soon; Do not reject the warning, He's coming soon. Are you prepared to meet him? He's coming soon; Can you look up and greet him? He's coming soon.

3. O day of joy and gladness! He's coming soon; O day of

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Waiting and Watching.

"Let your loins be girt about and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord. **Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke 12:35-37.

S. M. H. Will H. Pontius.

1. We know not the time when he cometh, At e-ven, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deep-en-ing twi-light, It may be at ear-li-est dawn.

2. I think of his won-der-ful pit-y, The price our sal-va-tion hath cost; He left the bright mansions of glo-ry To suf-fer and die for the lost. He bids us to watch and be read-y, Nor suf-fer our lights to grow dim; And sometimes I think it will please him, When those whom he died to re-deem If to some as a Judge thou ap-pear-est, Who forth from thy presence would flee,

3. O Je-sus, my lov-ing Re-deemer, Thou knowest I cher-ish as dear The hope that mine eys shall be-hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear! That when he shall come, he may find us All wait-ing and watch-ing for him. Re乔ice in the hope of his coming By wait-ing and watch-ing for him. A Friend most be-loved I'll greet thee, I'm wait-ing and watch-ing for thee.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing and watch-ing, Wait-ing and watch-ing; Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for thee;

From "Songs of Gratitude," by per. Fillmore Bros.
WAITING AND WATCHING.—Concluded.

Waiting and watching, Still waiting and watching for thee.
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting and watching.

1. When thou comest in thy kingdom, Jesus, Lord, remember me,
2. When thou comest in thy kingdom, Sinful tho' my heart may be,
3. When thou comest in thy kingdom, Mounting upward to the skies,

Thus the penitent thief entreated Christ, the Lord, on Calvary.
Like the penitent thief, I pray thee, Jesus, Lord, remember me.
Like the penitent thief, I pray to Be with thee in Paradise.

CHORUS.

Never in vain, never in vain, Faith inspires this wonderful strain.

When thou comest in thy kingdom, Jesus, Lord, remember me.
Even at the Door.

"So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."—Matt. 24:33, 34.

1. The com-ing king is at the door, Who once the cross for sin-ners bore,
2. The signs that show his com-ing near Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glo-rious earth made new We'll dwell the countless a-ges through;

But now the right-eous ones a-lone, He comes to gath-er home.
And soon we'll hail the glori-ous dawn Of heav'n's e-ter-nal morn.
Un-til the Sav-iour comes a-gain To ban-ish death and sin.
This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, e-ven at the door;
He is com-ing, he is com-ing, He is e-ven at the door.

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Behold the Bridegroom.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."—Matt. 25:10.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes?

2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes;

3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes;

4. We will chant al-le-lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al-le-lu-ias When he comes, when he comes;

D. S.—Be-hold, he com-eth!

be-hold, he com-eth! Be robed and read-y; for the Bridegroom comes.

he quick-ly com-eth! O soul, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

he sure-ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.

lo! now he com-eth! Sing al-le-lu-ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

be-hold, he com-eth! Be robed and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Be-hold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for he comes! Be-hold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for he comes.

From "Gems of Gospel Song," by permission.
1. Onely wait-ing till the shad-ows Are a lit-tle long-er grown,
2. Onely wait-ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath-ered home;
3. Onely wait-ing till the an-gels O-pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Waiting for a bright-er dwell-ing Than I ev-er yet have seen,

Onely wait-ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown,
For the sum-mer-time has fad-ed, And the au-tumn winds have come.
At whose por-tals long I've lin-gered, Wea-ry, poor, and des-o-rate:
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev-er green;

Till the night of death has fad-ed From the heart once full of day,
Quickly, reap-ers! gath-er quick-ly, All the ripe hours of my heart;
E-ven now I hear their foot-steps, And their voi-ces far a-way;
Wait-ing for my full re-demp-tion, When my Sav-iour shall re-store

Till the stars of heaven are break-ing Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is with-ered, And I hast-en to de-part.
If they call me, I am wait-ing, On-ly wait-ing to o bey.
All that sin has caused to with-er On this drear-y, mor-tal shore.

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**The Year of Jubilee.**

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."—Lev. 25: 4

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, glory to God! it is coming again,'Tis the glad jubilee of the
2. 'Tis the glad antitype of that day long ago When the hosts of the Lord might not
3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest by and by, When on wings like the eagle we

chil-dren of men; Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glory, and sing, And
gath-er or sow; When the min-ions of Is-rael from la-bor were free, And the
mount to the sky; We shall dwell ev-er-more in that land of the blest, In that

CHORUS.

join in the pra-is-es of Je-sus the King.
land was to rest in the glad jubilee. Shout with the voice of triumph,
grand jubilee, in that sab-bath of rest.

Soon shall the saints be free; Glo-ry to the Lord! hal-le-lu-jah! Hast-en the jubilee.

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What a Gathering That will Be!

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. i:5.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea; When the Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the Lord himself from heaven to his glory bids them come, What a

2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall meet again together, on the bright, celestial shore, What a bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right." What a

3. At the great and final Judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the Lord himself from heaven to his glory bids them come, What a

4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim In triumph the strains the glorious jubilee; Then to Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the Lord himself from heaven to his glory bids them come, What a

CHORUS.

What a gathering, gathering of the faithful that will be! What a gathering of the loved ones, when we

gathering, meet with one another, At the sounding of the glorious jubilee.
WHAT A GATHERING.—Concluded.

1330

JEFFERSON E. STROUT. “The day of the Lord cometh, it is nigh at hand.”—Joel 2:1.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Jesus is coming again!
2. Echo it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Jesus is coming again!
3. Sound it, old ocean, in each mighty wave; Jesus is coming again!
4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond’ring throng; Jesus is coming again!
5. Nations are angry,—by this we do know Jesus is coming again!

Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing; Jesus is coming again!

CHORUS.

Coming again, coming again, Jesus is coming again!
"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. 4:2.

1. Sweet promise,—"I will come again; Go preach this gospel to all men;"
2. The righteous dead shall then arise, With living saints ascend the skies;
3. The city bright shall then appear, The wick-ed then be raised to hear
4. Then shall it blossom as of old, In beauty glorious to behold;

"Come quickly, Lord," my soul doth say, "And bring that happy day."
And Satan in this vale of tears Be bound a thousand years.
The Judge's awful sentence dire, And earth shall melt with fire.
And sin and death be found no more On that immortal shore.

CHORUS.

Happy day, ... O happy day! Happy day, O happy
Happy day, O happy day! happy day, Happy day, O happy

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542
When the King shall Claim His Own.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16:27.

L. D. Santee.

When the King shall take his scepter, And to judge the world appear,
With their hearts e'er turning home-ward, Rich in faith and love to God.
Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens In the glad millennial years;
Every heart-ache will be banished When the Saviour shall appear;

Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand before the throne;
They will share the life immortal, They will know as they are known,
They will share the bliss of heaven, Never more to sigh or moan;
Never grieved with sin or sorrow, Never weary or alone;

Just awards will then be given, When the King shall claim his own.
They will pass the pearly portal, When the King shall claim his own.
Starry crowns will then be given, When the King shall claim his own.
O, we long for that glad morrow When the King shall claim his own.

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**Come, Saviour, Come.**

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."—Luke 21:25, 26.

W. C. Gage.

**HENRY C. WORK.**

1. O'er all the land have the signs now appeared, Telling us soon our dear Saviour will come; Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, great day is near; Nations distressed by the rumors of wars, life's gloomy way; All, all proclaim that the Saviour is near, Lord's loving voice; Those who will now all their errors forsake,

2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, Faithfully show that the D. S.—All hearts respond as we long for our home,

3. These, to the pilgrim, are omens of cheer, Toiling and sighing in

4. Then let us rally, and fresh courage take; Soon will we hear our dear CHORUS.

"Quickly come, O blessed Jesus, come, Saviour, come."

long, loud, and clear; Jesus is coming, and soon will appear;
"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids waking; Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Mark! his chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and state-ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly;
5. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he's interceding;

Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return-ing,
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's story.
Tell, O tell of grace a-bounding, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her lastest pangs is summing: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-ing.
Haste, ere grace and time diminished Shall proclaim the mystery fin-ished.

REFRAIN.

Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!

Jesus comes to reign victorious, Lo! he comes, yes, Jesus comes.
Nearer My Home.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." —Heb. 11:16.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to-
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y mansions be; Nearer the throne where
3. Near-er my go-ing home, Lay-ing my burdens down, Leav-ing my cross of

CHORUS.

day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore. Jesus reigns, Near-er the crys-tal sea. Near-er my home, Near-er my home;
heav-y grief, Wear-ing my star-ry crown.

Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-

Gleams of the Golden Morning.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." —Matt. 24:30.

S. J. G. S. J. GRAHAM.

1. The gold-en morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come To take his faith-ful and
2. The gospel summons will soon be car-ried To the nations round: The Bridegroom then will
3. At-tended by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will
4. There those lov'd ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day; The tears of those who are

CHORUS.

hap-py children To their promised home.
cease to tar-ry And the trumpet sound. O, we see the gleams of the gold-en morn-ing
take his peo-ple Where they will not die.
brok-en-heart-ed Will be wiped a-way.

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Piercing thro' this night of gloom! O, we see the gleams of the golden morning That will burst the tomb.

1337

**HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?**

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. 12:36.

"For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?"—1 Pet. 4:17.

F. E. Belden.

1. The judgment has set, the books have been opened; How shall we stand in that great day
2. The work is begun with those who are sleeping, Soon will the living here be tried,
3. O, how shall we stand that moment of searching, When all our sins those books reveal?

When every thought, and word, and action, God, the righteous Judge, shall weigh?
Out of the books of God's remembrance, His decision to abide.
When from that court, each case decided, Shall be granted no appeal?

REFRAIN.

How shall we stand in that great day? How shall we stand in that great day?

Shall we be found before him wanting? Or with our sins all washed away?

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The Three Messages.
Rev. 14: 6-12.
H. P. Pierce, by per.

1. These words, said the Master, "I'm coming again," That with me my
people forever may reign; That they may be ready my
glory; his Judgment's at hand; And worship the Maker of
read-y her Master to greet; She's fallen, back-slidden, de-
gain, dying sinners to heav'n: "If any the beast or his
Church all united as one; The mark of rebellion re-

2. The first with this message was sent through the land: "Fear God, and give
com-ing to see, I send forth my angels with messages three.
earth, sea, and sky, And the fountains of waters, who ruleth on high."
part-ed from Heav'n, And her love to earth's kings has unlawful ly giv'n."
im-age adore, On him shall God's judgments abide ever-more."
fuse to receive, Be sealed with God's seal, and eternally live.

3. The second this message of woe did repeat: "The Church is not

4. The second this message of woe did repeat: "The Church is not

5. The third message follows, the last to be given, To point, once a-

CHORUS.
The Master is coming, he's coming for thee; O haste to be ready thy Master to see!
The Master is coming, he's coming for thee; O haste to be ready thy Master to see!

**1339**

"**HOLD FAST TILL I COME.**"

"Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3:11.

F. E. Belden.

1. Sweet promise is given to all who believe,—"Behold I come quickly, mine own to receive; Hold fast till I come; the danger is great; Sleep 'thief in the night.' We know he is near, but know not the day.—As Jesus, our Lord; Of promises all, it stands as the sum: "Be-

2. We'll "watch unto prayer" with lamps burning bright; He comes to all others a spring shows that summer is not far away. "Hold fast till I come;" sweet hold I come quickly, hold fast till I come."

3. Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word,—The glorious appearing of crowns are in waiting; hold fast till I come."

D. S.—"Come, enter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright REFRAIN.

not as do others; be watchful, and wait." prom-ise of heav'n,—"The kingdom restored, to you shall be given."

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"The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3:5.

W. G. Irvin.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting, worn and weary With the battle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ever, For a home of boundless love,
4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the many mansions be,

When the sorrow and the sadness Of this changeful life are gone,
Hoping, when the warfare's over, To receive a crown of life,
Like a pilgrim looking forward To the land of bliss above,
Longing for the happy welcome When my Saviour comes for me.

CHORUS.

I am waiting, only waiting, Till this weary life is o'er;
I am waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this weary life is o'er;

weary, weary, weary, Till this weary life is o'er;

welcome, for my welcome, From my Saviour on the other shore.

By permission Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati.
Waiting for Thee.

"That ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

J. G. Joseph Garrison.

1. I am waiting for Jesus to welcome me home, To the place he has gone to prepare, To the mansion of light and the robe, pure and white, children of God, And to sing the sweet song as we're marching along, home in the sky, To the land of the blest, where I sweetly shall rest.

CHORUS.

To the harp and the crown for me there. Waiting, Of redemption thro' Jesus' blood! Waiting, dear Jesus, yes, In the palace of Jesus on high.

wait - ing, wait - ing for thee, I am wait - ing, dear Je - sus, for thee;

Ev - er long - ing, Ev - er I'm longing, dear Jesus, I'm longing All the beauties of heaven to see.

By permission David O. Cook.

551
Coming on the Cloud.

"A cloud received him out of their sight. **This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."—Acts 1:9, 11. "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1:7.

WILLIAM BRICKLEY.

F. E. Belden.

1. He is coming, yes, he's coming, with the holy angel band, We rejoice to hear the message as it speeds by sea and land, When the gospel of the kingdom shall in

2. He is coming, yes, he's coming with great majesty and power, While before and roundabout him fire and tempest shall devour: Yes, with more than pageant splendor as he

3. He is coming, not in secret, but like lightning in the sky, With the voice of the Archangels naught but righteousness shall be; Then the moon shall be confounded, and the
glo-ry, and believe his kingdom near; We have waited for him patiently, and

4. He is coming, yes, he's coming; heaven and earth before him flee, But in all the new creation all the world be preached. For a witness to all nations, and its final triumph reached.

5. He is coming! O what rapture! O what music to the ear! We anticipate his coming, coming, coming on the cloud, With a shout of triumph, and with trumpet loud;

CHORUS.

All the dead shall hear his voice, all the righteous shall rejoice; For he's coming in glory soon to reign.

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Shall We Stand at His Coming?

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 7:21.

F. E. Belden.

Edwin Barnes, by per.

1. Shall we stand at His coming, His glorious coming, When the summer is o'er, and harvest is past? When the sheaves of his choosing he takes for his using, slumber immortal arise, Shall we stand with the holy, the meek and the lowly, wrath and his fury has come, Shall we join that sad chorus while death hovers o'er us? self will his motives behold; On - ly they who, obeying, have toiled, striving, praying,

CHORUS.

To the glorious kingdom for-ev-er to last? Who in glory triumphant mount up to the skies? Shall we stand at His coming, His

or in terror unbounded stand trembling and dumb? Shall ascend with the saints to the cit-y of gold.

glo-ri-ous coming, When he gathers the wheat to his garner above? When in glo-ry de-

scending, with the an-gels at-tending, He re-turns for his jewels,—the price of his love?
Look for the Way-Marks.

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children, forever."—Deut. 29:29.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3:7

"For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Pet. 1:21.

"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2:28.

F. E. B.

1. Look for the way-marks as you journey on, Look for the
2. First, the Assyrian kingdom ruled the world, Then Medo-
3. Down in the feet of iron and of clay, Weak and di-

way-marks, passing one by one; Down through the ages,
Persia's banners were unfurled; And after Greece held
vided, soon to pass away; What will the next great,
past the kingdoms four,—Where are we standing? Look the way-marks o'er.
universal sway, Rome seized the scepter,—Where are we to-day?
glorious drama be? Christ and his coming, And eternity.
Look for the Way-Marks.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-marks,

Down through the ages, past the kingdoms four. Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-marks; The journey's almost o'er.

THE FOUR UNIVERSAL KINGDOMS.

"Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee, and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. This is the dream; and we will tell the interpretation thereof before the king."—Dan. 2:31-36.

Interpretation of the Dream.

"Thou, O king (Nebuchadnezzar), art a king of kings; for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom (Assyrian, or Babylonian kingdom), power, and strength, and glory. Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee (Medo-Persia), and another third kingdom of brass (Grecia), which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom (Rome) shall be strong as iron; forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things, and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise.

* * * * And as the toes of the feet (the ten divisions of the Roman kingdom, formed between the years 356 and 433, A. D.) were part of iron and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay. [For over fourteen hundred years the ten kingdoms of Europe, with few changes, have remained distinct and separate from each other, notwithstanding the efforts of emperors and generals to unite them, both by marriage and by force of arms.] And in the days of these kings (or kingdoms, as used in the preceding interpretation of the head of gold and the kingdom that was to follow) shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."—Dan. 2:37-44. It is evident that the kingdom of the God of heaven was not set up at the first advent of Christ, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, insomuch as the image was to be smitten upon the feet by the setting up of that kingdom; and the feet were not formed by Rome's division into ten parts, represented by the ten toes, until 483 years after Christ. If his first advent was the smiting of the image, it should have been smitten near the thighs instead of upon the feet; for Rome became absolute mistress of the world (by the conquest of Egypt) only 30 years before the birth of our Saviour; and hence, that part of the image should have been smitten which represented the intermediate period of Rome's existence, instead of that which represented the last, if, indeed, the smiting was the first, and not the second, advent of Christ. The "smiting" results in total destruction and annihilation of all earthly kingdoms, which will occur at the second coming of Christ.

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WEIGHED AND WANTING.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—Dan. 5:27.

1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives For eternal gain or loss,
   Shall we stand as gold before him, Or as vile and worth-less dross?
   Or the dread and aw-ful sen-tence, "Thou art wanting," sin-ful one?
   Or de-lay till God's hand-writ-ing Seals the fi-nal doom of all?

2. Shall we hear the glad words spo-ken: "Faithful servant," and "well done,"
   Or de-lay till God's hand-writ-ing Seals the fi-nal doom of all?

3. Shall we heed the Spir-it's pleading, While for mer-cy we may call,
   Weighed in the bal-ance of the Lord, Weighed, weighed, and wanting;
   Weighed by the stand-ard of his word, Weighed, weighed, and wanting.

REFRAIN.

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Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51:3.


1. Beautiful valley of Eden, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. Over the heart of the mourner Shin-eth the golden day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O-ver the hearts of the wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the angels Down from the far a-way.
O-ver the high-lands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

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

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

By permission.
Beyond.

Horatius Bonar. "And the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—Isa. 60: 20. Edwin Barnes.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleep- ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home!

2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon. Sweet, sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, Lord, tarry not, but come.

3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, I shall be soon. Praise the living waters laving Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Beyond the fever and the river, I shall be soon. Harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, Rock of our salvation, We are safe at home at last.

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Safe within the Vail.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9. J. M. Evans.

1. "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green, And the living waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.

2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, Rock of our salvation, We are safe at home at last.

3. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past; Praise the living waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.—Concluded.

When on that eternal shore; Drop the anchor! furl the sail! I am safe within the vail.

1349

IMMANUEL’S LAND.

“The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, * * and they shall see the glory of the Lord.”—Isa. 35:1, 2.

Annie R. Cousin.

Melody by Mrs. Florence L. McCallum. Arranged.

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks; The summer morn I’ve sighed for,—The fair, sweet morn, a-wakes. Dark, dark has been the like a weary trav’ler That leaneth on his guide, A mid the shades of these lie all behind me;—O for a well-tuned harp! O for the “hallelujah,” With yon triumph band! Who sing where glory dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel’s land, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Im-man-uel’s land.

2. I’ve wrestled on to’ard heaven, ’Gainst storm and wind and tide; Now, mid-night; But dayspring is at hand: And glory, glory dwell-eth evening. While sinks life’s lingering sand, I hail the glory dawning, glory dwell-eth, glory dwell-eth, glory dwell-eth.

3. Deep waters crossed life’s pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now, In Im-man-uel’s land, I hail the glory dawning, From Im-man-uel’s land. In Im-man-uel’s land, Who sing where glory dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel’s land.

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The Half has Never been Told.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2:9.

F. E. B.

Andante with expression. (Respectfully dedicated to Ira D. Sankey.)

1. I'll sing you a song of a city Which mortals have never yet seen,
2. I'll sing of those beautiful mansions The Saviour has gone to prepare;
3. I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
4. But hark! there is something more precious Than all of these pleasures so rare,—

I'll sing you a song of a country Whose valleys forever are green;
I'll sing of the noon-tide of glory That lingers eternally there;
Wheresoever and death can not enter, Where friendship for evermore reigns;
The hope of beholding my Saviour,—The promise of knowing him there

Whose murmuring streamlets and fountains The ransomed ones soon shall behold,
I'll sing of life's tree and life's river, I'll sing of the streets of pure gold:
I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old,
Who trod the rough pathway before us Those portals of bliss to unfold—

The glorious light of whose mountains No tongue has ever yet told.
Tho' thousands have sung of these glories, The half has never been told.
Whose heavenly harmonies blending, Are robed in beauty untold.
Who suffered and died to restore us: His love can never be told.

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The Half Has Never Been Told.—Concluded.

The half has never been told, ... The half has never been told; ... no, never been told, no, never been told;

O, wonderful kingdom of glory! The half has never been told.

1351

Kingdom of Rest.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—Rev. 21:1.

Mrs. M. T. Haughey.

M. T. Haughey.

1. I think of a home in the kingdom of rest, Where the loved of the Lord will abide;

2. O kingdom of rest! would we taste of thy bliss, And share in the promised reward,

'Tis a home which the glory of God doth il-lume, And nothing of ill can betide. We must careful-ly lift ev-ry cross that appears, And joy-ful-ly fol-low our Lord.

There sorrow and tears are for-ev-er unknown, And joys nev-er end-ing find room; Tho' the road lead thro'tolling and suf-fer-ing here, We must drink of the cup that is giv'n;

There the brow wears the im-press of heav-en-ly peace, And the cheek im-mor-tal-ly's bloom. Through much trib-u-tion his chosen must pass, If they en-ter the kingdom of heav'n.
SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13:13.

W. M.

Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome,  
2. When the holy angels meet us, As we go to join their band,  
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices, And my weary heart grows light;  
4. O ye weary, sad, and tossed ones! Droop not, faint not by the way;

When sweet angel voices, singing, Gladly bid us welcome home,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glorious, happy land?  
For the sweet immortal voices And th'angelic faces bright  
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones In the land of perfect day.

To the land of ancient story, Where the dwellers know no care,—  
Shall we see the same eyes shining, On us as in days of yore?  
That shall sing with us the story Of redemption round the throne,  
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers, Murmur in my raptured ear;

In that land of light and glory,—Shall we know each other there?  
Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fondly round us as before?  
Are with us the heirs of glory, And we'll know as we are known.  
Evermore their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each other there!"

CHORUS.

Shall we know . . . . each other? Shall we know . . . . each other?  
*We shall  

Shall we know  

* For last two stanzas.
**SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—Concluded.**

Shall we know . . . each other? Shall we know each other there?

**SWEET BY AND BY.**

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isa. 33:24. J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest;
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove We will of-fer a trib-ute of praise,

For our Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more,—Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
For the glo-ri-ous gift of his love, And the blessings that hal-low our days.

**CHORUS.**

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

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
WE SHALL KNOW.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." — 1 Cor. 13:13.

Annie Herbert.

J. H. Anderson.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills, We may read love's shining miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Far beyond the orient letter In the rainbow of the spray; We shall know each other better When the cov'er All the plain that hides away, When the weary watch is over, And the meadows Floats the golden fringe of day; Heart to heart we hide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

2. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust, If we When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows his own, Face to face.

3. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills, We may read love's shining miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Far beyond the orient letter In the rainbow of the spray; We shall know each other better When the cov'er All the plain that hides away, When the weary watch is over, And the meadows Floats the golden fringe of day; Heart to heart we hide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

mists have cleared away. We shall know... as we are known... Nevermore... to walk alone, In the dawning of the Nev-er-more... to walk alone, In the dawning of the

By per. S. Brainard's Sons.

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We shall Know.—Concluded.

morning, When the mists have cleared away; In the
dawning of the morning, When the mists have cleared away.

What a Meeting That Will Be!

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 4:17.

F. E. Belden.

1. When Jesus calls his jewels From every land and sea, And takes them home to
2. We'll meet the friends departed, The loved ones laid away; Not one will be for-
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of ages long ago, And all the faithful
4. We'll meet in all his beauty The One whom we adore, Who died that we, be-
5. O, hope of all the faithful! With longing hearts we say, "Come quickly, blessed

REFRAIN.

glory, What a meeting that will be!
gotten On the resurrection day. We'll meet them in glory,
 martyrs Who bled for truth below, living, Might live for evermore, We'll meet them all in glory,
Saviour, And bring the promised day."

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The Home over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest."—Ps. 55:6.


1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the
saints all im-mor-tal and fair, Will be robed in their garments of white, over there.
way from my sor-row and care Let me fly to the land of the blest, over there.
bear me from earth o-ver there The an-gels are com-ing for me, over there.

2. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends soon shall rest; Then a-

3. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see; And to

Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, over there;
Over there, over there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, over there;
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there, over there;

Over there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
Over there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Saviour is now o-ver there.
Over there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

By permission.

566
"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."—Rev. 21:1-3.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
Walls I can see, Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms forever, is he,
Sorrow and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

While the years of eternity roll,
Between the fair city and me,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands,
To meet one another again!

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll. Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes Between the fair city and me. The King of all kingdoms forever, is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one another again!

Philip Phillips, by per.
"Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ: which is far better."—Phil. 1:23. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. 3:4.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

"Forever with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be; Life for the dead is 

In that word: 'Tis immortality. Here in this body pent, 

Absent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A 

To reach the land I love; The bright inheritance of saints, Je-

How shall I love that word, And oft repeat before the throne, "For-

Then I can never fail; Up-hold thou me, and I shall stand, And 

CHORUS.

day's march nearer home.
ru-sa-lem a-bove. Near-er home, near-er home, A day's march nearer home.
ev-er with the Lord!" in thy strength prevail.
GOING HOME.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—Isa. 51:11.

ANON.

1. I'm going home; the tidings come, And sweetly fall upon my ear;
2. I'm going home; this wilderness Growsbrighter when my mind recalls
3. I'm going home, and cold, pale death Has lost its terrors, since I know
4. I'm going home, I'm going home, My heart leaps high while thus I sing;

A little longer here I'll roam, And then my Saviour will appear.
The glorious mansions readymade, Within Zion's jasper walls.
My long-lost friends shall meet me there, Where life's fair tree shall ever grow.
O happy day! it soon will come, And I shall see our glorious King.

CHORUS.

Hail! happy day, hail! holy rest, Hail! angels, saints, and Saviour too;

I'm going home, ye sighs and tears, I bid you now a long adieu.

By permission.
"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. 11:13.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. O'er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
There Christ, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his kingdom rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

CHORUS.
We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a-
cross on the ever-green shore; Sing the song of Moses and the
ever-green shore;
Lamb by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.
Beulah Land.

"Thy land shall be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62:4.

1. There is a land of corn and wine, And all its joys will soon be mine;
2. My Saviour then will walk with me; O sweet communion that will be!
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze, Will come from ever-vernal trees,
4. The zephyrs then will laden be With sounds of sweetest melody,

There shines undimm'd one blissful day, For earth's dark night has passed away,
He'll gently lead me by the hand, In that celestial, happy land.
And flowers that never-fading grow, Where streams of life forever flow.
As angels, with the ransomed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land! sweet Beulah land! Up upon thy hights I long to stand,

And view the radiant, jasper sea, And mansions fair, prepared for me;

And find on that eternal shore My heaven, my home, forevermore.


571
1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel-feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease,

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river;

Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.
"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. 13:43.

1. Cheer up, wea-ry heart, with joy you may run The race that be-fore you ap-pears;
2. Stand firm, fainting heart, be brave in the right, The hel-met of faith you should wear;
3. Sweet prom-ise of God! It rings in my ear Like mu-sic I can-not de-scribe;

Of the right-cous 'tis said, They shall shine as the sun In the realm of e-ter-nal years.
By the sword of his word and the pow'r of his might, God will help you the cross to bear.
I may shine as the sun if I on-ly draw near To the Lamb who on Calv'ry died.

CHORUS.

They shall shine . . . as the sun, All they who their Mas-ter o-bey;
They shall shine as the sun When their work is done,

They shall shine . . . as the sun, With Je-sus thro' end-less day.
They shall shine as the sun When their work is done,

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Heaven at Last.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21:4.

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Angel voices sweetly singing, Echoes thro' the blue dome
2. On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safely
3. Softest voices, silver pealing, Freshest fragrance, spirit-
4. Not a tear-drop ever fall-eth, Not a pleasure ever
5. Christ, himself, the living splendor, Christ the sunlight, mild and

ring- ing, News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
land-ing, See the strange bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
heal-ing, Happy hymns around us stealing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
pall-eth, Song to song forever calling; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
tender; Praises to the Lamb we render; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

REFRAIN.

Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joyful story of heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glory, In heav'n at last.

From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

574
FORGETTING THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND, AND REACHING FORTH UNTO THOSE THINGS THAT ARE BEFORE.”—PHIL. 3:13.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. We are joy-ous-ly voy-ag-ing o-ver the main, Bound for the evergreen shore,
2. We have noth-ing to fear from the wind and the wave, Under our Saviour's command;
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander con-trols; Nothing can baffle his skill:
4. In the thick, murky night, when the stars and the moon Send not a glimmering ray,
5. Let the high-heav-ing bil-lows and mountainous wave, Fear-ful-ly o-verhead break;

Whose in-hab-it-ants nev-er of sickness complain, And never see death an-y more. And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Jesus will bring us to land. And his voice when the thundering hur-ri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tempest be still. Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon, Will drive all our terror a-way. There is One by our side that can comfort and save, There is One who will never forsake.

CHORUS.

Then let the hur-ri-cane roar, It will the soon-er be o'er, We will roar

weather the blast, and we'll land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.

From “The Golden Chain,” by permission of Biglow & Main.

575
"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?"—Ps. 24:3.

J. G. C. Arr.  
James G. Clark, by per.

The Beautiful Hills.

1. O the beautiful hills where the saints will rest, When the Lord has made all things new;  
2. The cities of yore that were reared in crime, And renowned by the praise of seers;  
3. We dream of rest on the beautiful hills, Where the traveler shall thirst no more;  
4. Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling To our feet this load of ours;  

Where we shall forget, In the smiles of God, The toils we have journeyed through.  
Went down in the tramp of old King Time, To sleep with his gray-haired years;  
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills That wander the green glens o'er.  
The winds of spring to the valley singing, And the turf replies with flowers,—

We have seen those hills in their brightness rise By the eye of faith below,  
But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars,  
We'll grasp the hands of the martyred ones, Who have braved the world's rude strife,  
And thus we learn on our wintry way That our Father rules as He wills;

And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes In the night of our darkest woe,  
As on that day when the first deep song Rolled up from the morning stars,  
And shout with them o'er the victory gained, And the crown of immortal life,  
And the breath of God on our souls shall play Till we reach those radiant hills.

CHORUS.

Then sing of the beautiful hills, That rise from the ever green shore;
The Beautiful Hills.—Concluded.

sing of the beautiful hills, . When the weary shall toll . no more.

REST YONDER.

Horatius Bonar. "We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4:3. E. W. Kellogg.

1. This is not my place of resting. Mine's a city yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glory. O'er it shines a nightless day;
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a-long;
4. Soon we pass this desert drear-y, Soon we bid farewell to pain,

Onward to it I am hast'ning, On to my eternal home.
Every trace of sin's sad story— All the curse has passed away.
On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.
Never more are sad and weary, Never, never sin again!

REFRAIN.

There is rest yonder, there is rest yonder, There is rest in that happy land;

There is rest yonder, there is rest yonder, There is rest in that happy land.
"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. 8:18.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der city, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know his bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on his throne?

REFRAIN.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the river?

Shall we meet be-yond the river, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
Beyond the River.

J. H. Rosencrans, by per.

1. Shall we meet... beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
   Shall we meet Where the surges

Where in all... the bright forever, Sorrow ne'er... shall press the soul?
Where in all Sorrow ne'er

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

Shall we meet... and cast our anchor, By the fair... celestial shore?
Shall we meet By the fair,

Beyond the River.

David A. Warden.

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll, Where in all the bright forever,

Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Yes! beyond the river.

By permission.
"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21:4.

Mrs. E. W. Sawyer.

D. S. Hakes.

1. We shall meet beyond the river, In that glorious land of bliss,
Where the Son shall reign forever, As the King of Righteousness;
We shall meet in yonder city, With its walls of jasper, bright,
We shall shout our songs of triumph, No more sorrow, pain, nor night.
REFRAIN.

2. We shall meet with those departed, From this world of sin and strife,
Meet no longer broken hearted, But with an eternal life.
We shall meet and share the glory, Of that countless, happy throng;
We shall tell redemption's story, Sing his praises, loud and long.

3. We shall meet with Christ our Saviour, Soon to come and take his own;
Then we'll share his blessed favor, And shall know as we are known;
O the joy, the exultation, Of that countless, happy throng;
O the glorious transformation, When we see him as he is.

By permission O. Ditson & Co.
We shall sing our songs for-ev-er Round our Sav-lour's throne on high.

We shall sing our songs for-ev-er Round our Sav-lour's throne on high.

Go bury thy sorrow.

"His disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:12.

Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:

Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:

Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:

Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:

Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:

Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous thought!—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de-

REFRAIN.

say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well ...
tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend; "E-ven so"—it is well with my soul.
It is

With my soul ...
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

By permission The John Church Co.

582
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." — Isa. 30:10.

1. When we lay our burdens down, Some-time, some-time; When we take the harp and crown
2. We shall join the angel throng, Some-time, some-time; We shall raise a joyful song
3. We shall see the cit-y fair, Some-time, some-time; We shall dwell for-er-er there,
4. We shall meet to part no more, Some-time, some-time; On that blest im-mor-tal shore,
5. In that bright, e-ter-nal day, Some-time, some-time; Tears shall all be wiped a-way,

In that cit-y of re-nown, We shall sing, some-time, Some-time, some-time.
Through the endless a-ges long, We shall sing, some-time, Some-time, some-time.
Free from sorrow, sin and care, In the glad some-time, Some-time, some-time.
Where the reign of death is o'er, We shall meet, some-time, Some-time, some-time.
And we nev-er-more shall say "We shall sing, some-time," Some-time, some-time.

We shall sing, some-time, We shall sing, some-time, Where the heart is nev-er sad,
Where the dwellers all are glad; In that hap-py, E-den clime, We shall meet, some-time.

REFRAIN.

1374

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

583
HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep. —Ps. 127:2.

[Solo or Quartette.]

FRANZ ABT. ARR.

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may lower, The surge of sin may
2. The din of war may roll With all its raving flight; Grief may oppress the
3. In childhood’s winsome page, In manhood’s joyous bloom, In feeble-ness and

beat Up on earth’s troubled shore;
soul Throughout the weary night; God doth his own in safety keep;
age In death’s dark, gathering gloom;

He giveth his beloved sleep, He giveth his beloved sleep.

REFRAIN.

*SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” —1 Thess. 4:14.

E. C. RIGGS.

1. Sorrowful mourner, silently weep; Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
2. Bear her away, friends, to her last home; Peaceful lay her down in the tomb.
3. Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave; Gently ye pine-boughs, over her wave;

Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed; Now in the dust it must be entombed.
Lightly, tread lightly, round the low bed; Sweetly now sleeps the beautiful dead.
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring; Musical rill, your requiem sing.

*"He or ‘she,’ as desired. From “Coronet,” by per. Root & Cady.

584
She Sleeps Her Last Sleep.—Concluded.

Sorrowful mourner, silently weep; Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep. Last stanza. Soon shall we meet her, weeping no more, Meet her up on yon beautiful shore.

1377

“Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.”

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. 55:22. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord,

burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee;

He will sustain thee, and comfort thee, He will sustain thee, and comfort thee.

He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee: Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.
Water, Pure Water.

"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—Matt. 5:45.

F. E. Belden.

D. S. Hakes.

1. Water, pure water, that sparkles so bright, Beautiful, fresh and free!

2. Water, pure water, for young and for old, Poured by the hand divine;

3. Water, pure water, yes this is the song, This is the theme for you;

Fall ing from heaven like jewels of light, Falling for you and me;
Give me pure water so healthful and cold, Fill up this cup of mine;
This is the drink for the youthful and strong, Pure as the morning dew.

Fresh from the bountiful Giver of all, Nothing so pure can be (can be);
Sweet is the breath of the blossoming spring, Kissed by the silver rain (silver rain);
This is the gift from our Father's own hand, In every land it is found (it is found);

This is the song of the showers that fall Over the lake and lea (over the lea);
Gay is the song that the little birds sing Over the hill and plain (over the plain);
This is the song of the temperance band Echoed the world around (alla-round);

CHORUS.

Drink water, pure water, Drink water, pure water, Drink, drink, drink,
WATER, PURE WATER.—Concluded.

Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink pure water.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

1379

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8:31. Wm. F. Sherwin.

Vigorously.

1. Sound the battle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail;
3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace;

Gird your armor on, Stand firm, ev'ry one, Rest your cause upon His ho-ly word.
Shield and banner bright, Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail.
When the battle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be-fore thy face.

CHORUS.

Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along;

Onward, forward, shout a-loud Hosanna! Christ is Cap-tain of the mighty throng.

By permission.

587
"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression."—Isa. 58:1.

E. P. Hakes.

D. S. Hakes.

1. Ring it out! ring it out on ev'-ry hand; Ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun. Ring it out! ring it out through all the land; Vic-to-ry is almost won. 'Tis war to the death with nite in the war-cry—do your best; Let the work be grandly done. Then raise up the standard, young hear the call, let old age come, Ev'ry heart should join as one. Then la-bor at morn and

wine and beer, With ale and gin and whis-ky too; Then join in our un-ion, nev-er fear,—swell the song, And press the foe on ev'-ry field, Till justice shall triumph o-ver wrong, work at noon, Nor rest when ev'ning shadows fall; For vict-ory grand shall crown us soon,

2. Ring the bells in the East and in the West; Ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun. All u-

3. Ring it out! ring it out in ev'-ry home; Ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun. Let the

CHORUS.

Be earn-est, faith-ful, firm, and true. And all the hosts of e-vil yield. Ring it out! ring it out! Let the And truth and right shall reign o'er all.

reign of peace be-gin! Ring it out with a shout! Tem-per-ance is bound to win!

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Be not afraid nor dismayed; * * for the battle is not yours, but God's."—2 Chron. 20:15.

Dwight Williams.  

W. J. Bostwick.

KEY NOTE SONG.

1. There's a battle song to sing (song, to sing, song to sing), An alarm bell loud to ring (loud to ring, loud to ring); There's a drum-beat to be heard, And a nation to be stirred; fight (nation's fight, nation's fight)!

2. Think it not a skirmish light (skirmish light, skirmish light), 'Tis to be a nation's fight, Light (loyal shout, loyal shout), Send it with a loyal shout (loyal shout, loyal shout); meet (clashing meet, clashing meet), Shall to-geth-er clashing meet (clashing meet, clashing meet); all (shout it, all, shout it, all), Pro-hi-bi-tion! shout it, all (shout it, all, shout it, all);

3. Hail! Co-lum-bia, dare to be (dare to be, dare to be) God's peculiar land and free (land and free, land and free); Brothers, let the key-note ring, Mothers, pray, and children, sing;}

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589
"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10:13.

H. R. PALMER.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you Some other to win; Fight manfully onward,

2. Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest,

3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, Though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.
"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23:31,32.

F. E. Belden.

D. S. Hakes.

1. Look not upon the wine That sparkles in its flow, For death is slumbering there, And boasts of victory. No human hand can sever His bands that loosen never, And let the tempted see. Implore them to awaken Ere happiness be taken, To God, who heareth prayer. His arm in mighty power Can bid the demon cower,

2. Behold the giant fiend Who laughs in mockery; He binds the strongest heart, And in temptation's hour Will an escape prepare. 

3. Go thou, un-veil his form, And bid the erring flee; O lift the demon's mask, While fetters may be shaken, While yet they may go free. 

4. Lift up the tempted soul Now fallen in despair, Direct his thoughts above, And let the tempted see. Implore them to awaken Ere happiness be taken, To God, who heareth prayer. His arm in mighty power Can bid the demon cower,

Chorus.

It biteth, and it wringeth The heart with bitter woe. 

Until the soul foreverRests in eternity. Look not upon the wine, While fetters may be shaken, While yet they may go free. And in temptation's hour Will an escape prepare.

O shun the glowing cup! A demon's arms entwine The souls of those who sup.
Launch the Life-Boat!

"Because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin; * * but his blood will I require at thine hand."—Ezek. 3:18-20.

F. E. Belden.

With energy.

1. Launch the life-boat! see; the ship is stranding! There are loved ones you may save:

2. Oft beneath youth's mild and sunny waters Hidden shoals of danger lie;

3. Oft upon life's dark and stormy ocean Sturdy manhood's bark is tossed;

4. O for hearts to love as did the Master Those who sadly fail in life!

Launch the life-boat from the gospel landing! The storm is on the wave.

Where's the pilot for our sons and daughters, To guide them safely by?

Where's the faith that stills the wild commotion Before a soul is lost?

O for willing hands that labor faster The fiercer grows the strife!

CHORUS.

Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat! Tho' the surges roar; Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat

From the gospel shore! Wrecks of manhood on the rocks of evil, Wrecks of youth up-
LAUNCH THE LIFE-BOAT!—Concluded.

on the shoals: Quickly launch the blessed gospel life-boat, And gather in the souls.

1385

DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—Dan. 1:8.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Standing by a purpose true, Heeding God's command,
2. Many mighty men are lost, Daring not to stand,
3. Many giants great and tall, Stalking thro' the land,
4. Hold the temperance banner high! On to victory grand!

Hon - or them, the faithful few, All hail to Daniel's band!
Who for God had been a host By joining Daniel's band!
Head - long to the earth would fall If met by Daniel's band!
Satan and his host defy, And shout for Daniel's band!

CHORUS.

Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!
pure, cold water.

"he sendeth the springs into the valleys; * * they give drink to every beast of the field."—ps. 104:10, 11.

f. e. b.

arranged from the german.

pure, cold water! we would recommend cold water; 'tis the best of drinks for ev'ry son and daughter.

p duet.

on the valley, or the plain, or the mountain, there's no other drink compares with the fountain:

cold water, cold water; there is health in pure, cold water, there is wealth in pure, cold water.

bear away your wine and beer, and your cider; nature's right to rule must never be denied her.

we would recommend cold water, cold water, cold water.

we would recommend, yes, we would recommend cold water.

water, cold water, cold water,—we would recommend the pure, cold water!

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"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." — 2 Thess. 5:6.

1. Out from the camp-fire's red glowing, Cheerfully shedding its light, On to the pickets we're going, For the long watches of night; Entrance is barred, Keeping our heads cool and steady;—All is lost, sleeping on guard.

2. Yonder Rum's camp-lights are burning; Hark to the revelry there! Waiting the conflict retreating, Scouts are abroad every-where; Keeping our heads cool and steady;—All is lost, sleeping on guard.

3. Our aim is vigilance ever, We can allow no defeat; True hearted soldiers will be e'er so hard, Knowing what dangers come creeping When we are sleeping on guard.

CHORUS.

Yes, sleeping on guard, Sleeping on guard, Sleeping on guard, Sleeping on guard, Sleeping on guard,

No! surely not one of our number Must be found sleeping on guard.

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1. Brit-tan-nia, rouse thee! Queen Isle of the O-cean, And strike for the millions that boast of thy fame; Co-lum-bia, an-swering with heart of de-votion, na-tions to run;—A tyr-ant is ris-ing, look well to the warn-ing, Tem-per-ance Star, Dost shine as a bride in her cor-o-nal glo-ry, new, ho-ly song; Be brave in the strug-gle, and on-ward God lead thee!

And march to the strife in the Con-quer-or’s name. Old land of the brave, And hon-or the name of thine own Wash-ing-ton; Young land of the free, Our sis-ter-land, greet-ed and praised from a-far; Shout back o’er the sea, Till ju-bi-lee com-eth, ex-ul-tant and long; The waves of the sea

Thy flag on the wave, O long may it ride o’er thy en-e-my’s grave! Let all the world see The rapt-ure of free-dom still dwell-ing in thee! To the Queen of the Free, Vic-to-ri-ous splen-dor still lin-gers o’er thee. Shall chime with the free,—To God in the heav-en’s the glo-ry shall be.

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RAISE THE STANDARD HIGH.

"Lift up a standard for the people."—Isa. 62:10.

(FEMALE QUARTETTE.)

1. Raise the standard high, Sound the gathering cry, Let the evil kingdom fall;
2. Over sea and land, With an iron hand, Has the monarch held his sway;
3. Let the right prevail, Let the evil fall In the conflict fierce and long,

With a purpose true, And a will to do, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
But his rule shall cease, And the reign of peace Usher in the golden day.
Till the land is free, And the victory Crowns the temperance army strong.

CHORUS.

Raise the temperance standard high, Shout the mighty battle
Raise the temperance standard high, on high, Shout the mighty temperance

cry; Let the evil kingdom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
battle cry; Let the evil kingdom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.

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507
Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, And who-so-ever is deceived thereby is not wise. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at wine, They that tarry long at wine, They that tarry long at wine, Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, Death ingereth there; And it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder; Look not thou upon the wine,
It bit-eth like a ser- pen-t, Like a ser- pen-t, It bit-eth like a serpent, And stingeth like an adder.

Look not thou up-on the wine, up-on the wine, up-on the wine.

1391

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." — 1 Cor. 9:25.

FRANZ ABBT.

1. Hear the temp'reance call, Freemen one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry; See your native land
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! the land to save; Let your leaders be
3. Hail! our Fath-er-land, Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u-nited, true; In the temp'reance cause

CHORUS.

Lifter beck'ning hand: — Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.
True and noble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave. Chase the monster from our shore, Let his
Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow. Chase the monster from our cruisel reign be o'er;
shore, Let his cruisel reign be o'er, be o'er.
1. Master, the tem-pest is raging! The bil-lows are toss-ing high! The sky is o'er-
shadowed with blackness; No shelter or help is nigh; “Car-est thou not that we perish?”—
sad heart are trou-bled; O, waken and save, I pray! Tor- rents of sin and of anguish
calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's within my breast; Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er,

2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my
How canst thou lie asleep, When each moment so madly is threat'ning A grave in the angry deep?
Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I perish! I perish! dear Mas-ter; O hasten, and take con-trol.
Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-men-ts sweet-ly rest; Earth's sun in the
storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-ev-er it be, No water can swallow the

CHORUS.

"The winds and the waves shall obey my will, Peace, . . be still! . . Whether the wrath of the
be still! peace, be still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace be still!"—Mark 4:39.

Miss M. A. Baker.

H. R. Palmer, by per.
Peace, Be Still!—Concluded.

ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly obey my will;

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey my will; Peace, peace, bestill!

1393 We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

Anon. “Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings.”—Ps. 37: 8.
Arranged from Schumann’s “Traumerei.”

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and leave To God the rest;
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twilight dim Comes silent on,
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching head So cool and low?
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best,—the task By us be-gun;

Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on time’s fair shore, He knoweth best,
So fades the world’s most luring prize On eyes that close in deep re-pose Till wakes the dawn, Have we found life so passing fair, So grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go?
No work for which we need to wake In joy or grief, for life so brief, Beneath the sun, He know-eth best.

REFRAIN

Till wakes the dawn. O Fa-ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.
Should dread to go?
Be-neath the sun.
1. It was not sleep that bound my sight
   Upon that well remembered night;
2. Before my wondering eyes therestood
   A vast, a countless multitude;
3. As o'er the crowded scene I gazed,
   Against the lurid, eastern sky,
4. Then softly from that gathering throng
   Arose the sound of solemn song;
5. I woke; thou wast not by my side,
   I heard a loud exulting cry:
6. Our early days of joy are past;
   Our youthful spring is withered all;

It was not fancy's fitful power
   Beguiled me in that solemn hour:
The hoary sire, the prattling child,
   The mother, and the maid-en mild,
I saw the shameful cross upraised,
   I saw the sufferer doomed to die.
And while I caught the swelling lay,
   The myriad voices seemed to say—
I heard the scornful priests deride,
   The elders murmur, "Cru-ci-fy!"
A far from Rome our lot is cast,
   Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul;

But o'er the vision of my soul
   The mystic future seemed to roll;
The gladsome youth, and man of care—
   All tribes, all ages, mingled there;
'Twas He whom late with sorrowing mien
   In Zion's streets I oft had seen;
"And we believe in Him that died,
   By Pontius Pilate crucified—
O Pilate! hast thou marked my prayer,
   That guiltless blood to shield and spare,
The thoughts that memory treasures yet
   Of other days, begin to flee;

And in the deep, prophetical trance,
   Revealed its treasures to my glance.
And all, wher-e'er I turned to see,
   In humble silence bent the knee.
And now in blood and agony,
   He turned a dying look on me.
That he shall come, when time is fled,
   To judge the living and the dead."
That deed of horror would not be
   A stain to thine—a curse to thee!
But never shall my heart forget
   The Crucified of Galilee!
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12:10.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

S. J. VAIL, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all around our path; Let us

2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that

3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed against the window pane, Would be

4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem’ries back To the

keep the wheat and roses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet-est
wes should slight the violets Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
cold and stiff to-morrow—Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—Would the bright eyes of our
has-ty words and actions Strewn along our backward track! How those lit-tle hands re-

com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day, With a patient hand re-mov-ing All the
sun-shine Nev-er seem one half so fair As when winter’s snow-y pin-ions Shake the
dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow? Would the prints of ros- y fin-gers Vex us
mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns—but ros-es—For our

bri-ers from the way.
white down in the air. Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of
then as they do now?
reap-ing by and by!

kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.

CHORUS.

ad lib.
1. O Galilee, (O Galilee) sweet Galilee, (sweet Galilee)
2. Thy waves which once (Thy waves which once) his vessel bore (his vessel bore)
3. Thro' ages yet (Thro' ages yet) to come, thy name (to come, thy name)

What memories rise (What memories rise) at thought of thee! (at thought of thee)
Will sound his praise (Will sound his praise) for evermore; (for evermore)
An hommage true (An hommage true) will ever claim; (will ever claim)

In mortal guise (In mortal guise) up on thy shore (up on thy shore)
And from thy depths, (And from thy depths) beloved sea, (beloved sea)
'Tis hallowed ground ('Tis hallowed ground) where once he trod, (where once he trod)

CHORUS.

The Saviour trod whom we adore.
We hear the call, "Come, follow me." O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
The Prince of peace, the Son of God.
O Galilee,

sweet Galilee,
Thy blessed name. will sacred be.

From "Carols of Joy," by permission Frank M. Davis. 604
In ev'ry clime, on ev'ry shore, Till suns shall set to rise no more.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle."—Ps. 18:39.

SARINIE BARING-GOULD.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the Church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

CHORUS.

Forward into battle, See, his banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity. Onward, Christian soldiers!
We have Christ's own promise, That can never fail.
This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.

605
"Nearer Home."

Anon. "For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Rom. 13:11.

As J. McG. McGranahan.

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twilight,

2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy-ing,

3. Worn and wea-ry, o'er the pilgrim Hails the set-ting of the sun; For the goal is one day near-er,

4. Near-er home! yes, one day near-er To our Father's house on high,—To the green fields and the fountains,

For an-o- ther day is gone. Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come;

On his dis-tant native shore. Thus the Christian on Life's ocean, As his light boat cuts the foam,

And his jour-ney nearer done. Thus we feel, when o'er Life's desert, Heart and san-dal-worn we roam;

Of the land be-yond the sky; For the heavens grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

CHORUS.

Still 'tis sweet to know at even, We are one day near-er home,

In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day near-er home!" Nearer home, nearer home,

As the twi-light gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.

And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home. Beautiful home, heavenly home,

Near-er to our home on high, Near-er to our home on high, To the green fields and the fountains, To the

foun-tains Of the land be-yond the sky.

green fields and the foun-tains Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky, beyond the sky.

By permission The John Church Co.

606
The Lord in Zion Reigneth.

The Lord in Zion reigneth, Let all the world rejoice,
And who so great as he?
These hours to him belong;

And come before his throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;
The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the mighty sea;
Oh, enter now his temple gates, And fill his courts with song;

The Lord in Zion reigneth, And there his praise shall ring,
Oh, crown his name with honor, And let his standard wave,
Be neath his royal banner Let every creature fall,

To him shall princes bend the knee, And kings their glory bring.
Till distant isles beyond the deep Shall own his pow'r to save.
Exalt the King of heav'n and earth, And crown him Lord of all.

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1399
Union Anthem.

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand. ** Rend your hearts and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."—Joel 2:1, 13.

"Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God."—Joel 2:23.

F. E. B.  
[Either set of words may be sung as best suits the occasion.]  F. E. Belden.

With energy.

Sound an alarm, all ye watch-men, for the day of the Lord is near; Blow ye the trumpet, the
Sing to the Lord, ye his peo - ple, and be glad in his ho - ly name; Great is his good-ness to-

trump-et in Zi-on, sound an a - larm. The day of the Lord is nigh at hand,  
ward us, his chil-dren,—sing and re-joice. Sing prais-es to him, for he is good,

The day of the Lord is nigh at hand, The day of the Lord is nigh at hand.  
Sing prais-es to him, for he is good, Sing prais-es to him, for he is good.

Awake! awake! awake! awake! Blow ye the trumpet in Zion; Awake! awake! awake! awake!  
Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Sing to the Lord, and be joyful; Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!

Blow ye the trump-et, and sound an a - larm. Rend your hearts and not your garments,  
Sing to the Lord, and be joy - ful in him. Bow be - fore him with thanks-giv - ing,

Turn un-to the Lord. Wak-en, wak-en, wak-en, waken! Wake ye and sound an a - larm.  
Mag - ni - fy his name. Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him! Sing, and rejoice in the Lord.
"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN."

Isaac B. Woodbury.

Fast, and in Chanting Style.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem! which shall never hold their peace, day nor night.

Go through the gates, prepare ye the way, prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gather out the stones. Lift up a standard, lift up a standard, lift up a standard among the people. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Amen! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

A-men! . . . . . . . . . .

"GREAT IS THE LORD."
Ps. 48:1.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;

Great, great, great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness, In the city of our God, In the mountain of his holiness. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness, in the
"Great is the Lord."—Concluded.

"Great is the Lord,"—Concluded.

City of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Great is the

Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the

mountain of his holiness; Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness;

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

"Behold, What Manner of Love."

William B. Bradbury.

Behold, what manner of love, the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us, not, because it knew him not, it knew him not.
"BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE."—Concluded.

A little Faster.

**Beloved,** now are we the sons of God, the sons of God. And it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know, that when he shall appear, we know, that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, we shall see him as he is, we shall see him as he is, for we shall see him, etc.

**Slower.**

is, we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.
"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."

When shall my labors have an end, In joy, In joy and peace, In joy, In joy and peace, In joy, In joy and peace, In joy, In joy and peace with thee?

Oh, when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend: Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths thy courts ascend: Oh, when shall I have no end? There happier bowers than Eden's the courts, thy courts ascend? There happier bowers.
"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."—Continued.

bloom: No sin, nor sorrow know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy
than Eden's bloom, nor sorrow know;

scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I onward
I onward press to you, I onward press

press to you, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Name ev'ry dear to me!

Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay? I've

I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms... of endless

Canaan's goodly land... in view, And realms of

I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms... of endless
day... .

endless day. Jerusalem, my glorious home! My soul still pants, My
day... .
Jerusalem, My Glorious Home.—Concluded.

... then, then shall my labors have an end, when I... When

I thy joys, thy joys shall see,
thy joys shall see, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
thy joys,... thy joys shall see,
thy joys shall see, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

O Come, Let Us Sing!

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Salvation.
2. For the Lord is a great God; And a great King above all gods.
3. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands prepared the dry land.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
In his hand are all the corners of the earth; And the strength of the hills is his also.
O come, let us worship and fall down, And kneel before the Lord our Maker.
1. One sweetly solemn thought
   Comes to me o'er and o'er; parting hour Than'er I've been be-fore. Nearer my Father's
   house, Where many mansions be;

2. Nearer my going home,
   Lay-ing my bur-den down, of heavy grief, Wearing my star-ry crown. Father, perfect my
   trust, Strengthen my fee-ble faith;

CHORUS.

Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Near-er the crys-tal sea. My home, my home
Support me when at last I stand Up- on the shore of death.

beam-ti-ful heaven-ly home, I am near-er my home to-day, Than ev-er I've been be-fore.

From "Anthem Treasures," by permission.

1407

"HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER."

D. S. HAKES.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, For his mer-cy en-dureth for-ev-er.
2. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; For his mer-cy en-dureth for-ev-er.
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens; For his mer-cy en-dureth for-ev-er.

O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mer-cy en-dureth for-ev-er.
To him who alone doeth great wonders; For his mer-cy en-dureth for-ev-er.
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters; For his mercy en-dureth for-ev-er.

A-men.

By permission.
Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called God’s children.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and speak all manner of evil against you, falsely for my sake.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. A-men, A-men.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, your reward is in heaven.

1409

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

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

Refrain.

Love, rest and home! sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse’s fever beating, I shall be soon.
My Mother's Bible.

1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bidden start; With fal-ter-ing lip and
2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone
3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To broth-ers, sis-ters, dear;—How calm was my poor
4. Thou true-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried; When all were false I've

throb- ing brow, I press it to my heart; For ma-ny gen-er-a-tions past Here
used to close, Af-ter the even-ing pray-er, And speak of what these pa- ges said. In
mother's look, Who loved God's word to hear. Her an-gel face—I see it yet! What
found thee true My coun-sel-lor and guide. The mines of earth no treas-ures give That

is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
ton es my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si-lent dead Yet are they liv-ing still.
thronging memories come! Again that lit-tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.
could this volume buy—In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed
Give us this day our
dai-ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but de-
liver us from evil;
be thy name,
and the power and the glory, for-ever.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us;
For thine is the king-dom, and the power, A - men. A - men.

By permission.
1. Away from his home and the friends of his youth, He hastened, the herald of mercy and truth; 
   For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a—(omit.)

2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
   One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb:
   For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
   And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

3. He wept not, himself, that his warfare was done:
   The battle was fought, and the victory won;
   But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,
   "Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."

4. He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
   He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
   But he asked as a boon,—this he coveted most—
   That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5. How can we the words of our brother forget?
   Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
   And example so sacred shall never be lost,
   We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

**THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON.**

1. Mournfully, tenderly, bear on the dead, Where the warrior has lain, let the Christian be laid;
   No place more befitting—0 Rock of the sea! Never such treasure was hidden in thee.

2. Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow, Beautiful is it in quietude now:
   One look! and then settle the loved to her rest, The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

3. Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow, Beautiful is it in quietude now:
   One look! and then settle the loved to her rest, The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

4. Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow, Beautiful is it in quietude now:
   One look! and then settle the loved to her rest, The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

5. Peace to thy bosom, thou servant of God!
   The vale thou art treading, before, thou hast trod;
   Precious dust thou hast laid by the Hopia tree,
   And treasure as precious in the Rock of the sea!

**ARRANGED.**

**FAITHFUL SENTINEL.**

(Published by request.)

L. Heath.

H. S. Washburn.
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Dare our dearest Son be a Father's love,
Daughter and join her in the blissful band,
Dear Saints, set your hearts on high,
Dear Saints, set your hearts on high.

Every blessing, every gift, every care,
Every blessing, every gift, every care,
Every blessing, every gift, every care,
Every blessing, every gift, every care,
Every blessing, every gift, every care,
Every blessing, every gift, every care.

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From every place, from every land,
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From every place, from every land,
From every place, from every land.

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Gospel's song can I 1103
Gospel's song can I 1103
Gospel's song can I 1103
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Gospel's song can I 1103
Gospel's song can I 1103.

Good! good! good! good! good! good!
Good! good! good! good! good! good!
Good! good! good! good! good! good!
Good! good! good! good! good! good!
Good! good! good! good! good! good!
Good! good! good! good! good! good!

Great is our God, great is our God,
Great is our God, great is our God,
Great is our God, great is our God,
Great is our God, great is our God,
Great is our God, great is our God,
Great is our God, great is our God.

Green pastures we'll go, green pastures we'll go,
Green pastures we'll go, green pastures we'll go,
Green pastures we'll go, green pastures we'll go,
Green pastures we'll go, green pastures we'll go,
Green pastures we'll go, green pastures we'll go,
Green pastures we'll go, green pastures we'll go.

Guide us in the path that is right,
Guide us in the path that is right,
Guide us in the path that is right,
Guide us in the path that is right,
Guide us in the path that is right,
Guide us in the path that is right.

Hail, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark!
Hail, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark!
Hail, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark!
Hail, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark!
Hail, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark!
Hail, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark!

High is the heavens, high is the heavens,
High is the heavens, high is the heavens,
High is the heavens, high is the heavens,
High is the heavens, high is the heavens,
High is the heavens, high is the heavens,
High is the heavens, high is the heavens.

Himself he is, himself he is,
Himself he is, himself he is,
Himself he is, himself he is,
Himself he is, himself he is,
Himself he is, himself he is,
Himself he is, himself he is.

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His love, his love, his love, his love, his love, his love,
His love, his love, his love, his love, his love, his love,
His love, his love, his love, his love, his love, his love,
His love, his love, his love, his love, his love, his love,
His love, his love, his love, his love, his love, his love.

Humbly in this world we'll live,
Humbly in this world we'll live,
Humbly in this world we'll live,
Humbly in this world we'll live,
Humbly in this world we'll live,
Humbly in this world we'll live.
FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

Hail, Holy ONE, the Life of Righteousness, from whom are all virtues of grace and of glory!

1. I am not worthy (112)
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### FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
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<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abide with me! Fast falls the</td>
<td>Are vain desires within</td>
<td>Behold, the expected time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>According to thy gracious...</td>
<td>Are we almost there?</td>
<td>Behold the Lord of earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acquaint thyself quickly</td>
<td>Are you Christ's light-bearer</td>
<td>Behold the Saviour at the door!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A day of awful grandeur</td>
<td>Are you doers of the word,</td>
<td>Behold the Saviour of man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A few more years shall</td>
<td>Are you ready for the</td>
<td>Behold the throne of grace!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Against the God that</td>
<td></td>
<td>Behold the western evening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again the day returns of</td>
<td></td>
<td>Behold what manner of love...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A glory gilds the sacred</td>
<td></td>
<td>Behold, where, in a mortal...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be joyful in God all ye lands of...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah how shall fallen man</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be patient, be patient, no...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! whither should I go</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be perfect; holiness pursue;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! why should doubts</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be merciful unto me, O God!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alas! and did my Saviour</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be still, my heart! these...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little while, our Lord</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be tranquil, O my soul,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All half the power of</td>
<td></td>
<td>Be with us, Lord, where'er...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All praise to our redeeming...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Beyond the smiling...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All praise to thee, eternal Lord</td>
<td></td>
<td>Beyond the starry skies,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All that I was, my sin, my</td>
<td></td>
<td>Beyond this gloomy night,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All ye nations, praise the...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessed are the poor in spirit...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All you that are weary</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessed are they henceforth...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almighty Father, bless the...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessed Bible, how I love it...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almighty God, thy word is</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessed Jesus, heavenly Lamb,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almost persuaded now to...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessed Jesus, meek and...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A lovely infant sleeps in</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessed Lord, how much I...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amazing grace! how sweet...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bluest are the pure in heart...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Am I a soldier of the cross</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bluest are the unbeheld in...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Am I my brother's keeper...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bluest be the tie that binds...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Among the mountain trees</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bluest Comforter divine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An angel's voice now breaks.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bluest hour, when mortal...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And art thou, gracious Master.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bluest Saviour, we thy...</td>
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<tr>
<td>And is the gospel peace</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bound upon the accursed tree...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And is there, Lord, a rest...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Break, break, eternal day...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And must I be to Judgment</td>
<td></td>
<td>Breast the wave, Christian...</td>
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<tr>
<td>And must I part with...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brethren, let us walk.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And must this body die?</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brethren, while we sojourn here...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And though our bodies...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brightest and best of the...</td>
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<tr>
<td>And will the Judge</td>
<td></td>
<td>Britannia, rouse thee! queen...</td>
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<tr>
<td>And wilt thou, O eternal...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Broad is the road that leads...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Angels, from the realms...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brother pilgrim, be not weary...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angels! roll the rock...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Brother, you may work...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angel voices sweetly singing.</td>
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<td>Builder of mighty worlds...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Another day is gone,</td>
<td></td>
<td>Buried beneath the yielding...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Another six days' work is...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Buried with Christ I yes...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anywhere, dear Saviour...</td>
<td></td>
<td>Burst, ye emerald gates,</td>
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<tr>
<td>A parting hymn we sing...</td>
<td></td>
<td>By Christ redeemed, in...</td>
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<tr>
<td>A pilgrim through this...</td>
<td></td>
<td>By cool Siloam's shady rill...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baptized into our Saviour's...</td>
<td></td>
<td>By faith in Christ I walk...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baptize us anew, with fire...</td>
<td></td>
<td>By living faith we now can see,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beautiful valley of Eden</td>
<td></td>
<td>Called to the feast by the King</td>
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<td>Beautiful Zion, built.</td>
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<td>Call them in; the poor,...</td>
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<td>Before Jehovah's awful</td>
<td></td>
<td>1319</td>
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<tr>
<td>Before the heavens were</td>
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<td>1257</td>
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FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

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<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Calm on the listening ear</th>
<th>292</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faith adds new charms</td>
<td>673</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Can sinners hope for heaven</td>
<td>387</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Faith is the polar star</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Cast thy bread upon the</td>
<td>1031</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Farewell, all earthly treasures</td>
<td>493</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Cast thy burden on the</td>
<td>1077</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Farewell! we meet no more.</td>
<td>535</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Cheer up, weary heart</td>
<td>1093</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Far from mortal cares</td>
<td>590</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Cheer up, ye soldiers of</td>
<td>623</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Far from my thoughts, vain.</td>
<td>472</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Chief of sinners though I</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Far with the world, O Lord, I.</td>
<td>533</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Child of sin and sorrow</td>
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<td>Father, hear the prayer</td>
<td>1061</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Child of sin and sorrow</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Father, hear thy humble child, 400</td>
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<td>Children of the heavenly King</td>
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<td>Father, how wide thy glory!</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Christ, from whom all</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Father, I know all my</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Christian brethren, ere we</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Father, I stretch my hands.1183</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Christian, seek not yet.</td>
<td>615</td>
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<td>Father of mercies, bow thine.1063</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Christian, the morn breaks</td>
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<td>Father of mercies, in thy...175</td>
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<td>Christian, thy warfare will</td>
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<td>Father, supreme, whose...2</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Christian, wherefore yield</td>
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<td>Father, we come to thee...1277</td>
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<td>Christ is coming! let</td>
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<td>Father, what'ever of earthly bliss 643</td>
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<td>Christ is knocking at my</td>
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<td>Fear not, little flock...867</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Christ is risen, our Lord</td>
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<td>Few in number, little...1052</td>
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<td>Christ, the Lord, will come</td>
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<td>Fierce and wild the storm is...1194</td>
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<td>Christ, who came my...1091</td>
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<td>For a season called to...272</td>
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<td>Choose ye his cross to</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Forbid them not, the Saviour.1078</td>
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<td>Church of the ever-living</td>
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<td>For Caanan I've started...1185</td>
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<td>Closer to thee, my Father...1199</td>
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<td>Forever here my rest shall...1103</td>
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<td>Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon 245</td>
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<td>Forever with the Lord...1358</td>
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<td>Clouds of glory lingering...822</td>
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<td>Forgive us, Lord, to thee...432</td>
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<td>Come, all ye saints, to</td>
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<td>For the mercies of the day...273</td>
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<td>Come, all ye saints of God...127</td>
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<td>Forth from the dark and...754</td>
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<td>Come, and let us sweetly join</td>
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<td>Friend after friend departs...957</td>
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<td>Come and reign; come and...176</td>
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<td>Friend and companion, dear...969</td>
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<td>Come, blessed Spirit, source..138</td>
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<td>From all that dwell below...23</td>
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<td>Come, Desire of nations</td>
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<td>From every stormy wind...514</td>
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<td>Come, divine and peaceful...160</td>
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<td>From Greenland's icy...1055</td>
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<td>Come, gracious Spirit...136</td>
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<td>From lips divine, like...704</td>
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<td>Come hither, all ye weary...392</td>
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<td>From the lips of angels spoken 395</td>
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<td>Come, Holy Ghost, in love...155</td>
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<td>From the table now...1119</td>
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<td>Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts...149</td>
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<td>Gently, dear Saviour, now...930</td>
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<td>Come, Holy Spirit, calm...139</td>
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<td>Give me the Bible, star...1300</td>
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<td>Come, Holy Spirit, come...151</td>
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<td>Give to the winds thy fears...733</td>
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<td>Come, Holy Spirit, Dove...1090</td>
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<td>Giver and Guardian of...550</td>
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<td>Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly G...141</td>
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<td>Shall I, for fear of feeble.</td>
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<td>Shall man, O God of.</td>
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<td>Shall this vile race of flesh.</td>
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<td>Shall we gather at the river.</td>
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<td>Shall we meet beyond the.</td>
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<td>Shall we meet beyond.</td>
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<td>Shall we stand at His coming.</td>
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<td>She hath passed death's chilling kisst.</td>
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<td>Shepherd divine, thou leadest.</td>
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<td>Shout the glad tidings.</td>
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<td>Show pity, Lord; O Lord.</td>
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<td>Since all the varying scenes.</td>
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<td>Sing of Jesus, sing forever.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1410</td>
<td>Sing to the Lord, ye his.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1400</td>
<td>Sing to the Lord, our Might.</td>
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<td>33</td>
<td>Sinner, art thou still secure.</td>
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<td>411</td>
<td>Sinner, haste to mercy's gate.</td>
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<td>407</td>
<td>Sinner, the call obey.</td>
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<td>Sister, thou wast mild.</td>
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<td>Sister, thou art sweetly.</td>
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<td>Six days of toil and care.</td>
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<td>Sleep not, soldier of the cross.</td>
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<td>So fades the lovely, blooming.</td>
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<td>Softly and tenderly Jesus is.</td>
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<td>Softly fades the twilight ray.</td>
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<td>Softly now the light of day.</td>
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<td>Soldiers in the holy strife.</td>
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<td>Soldiers of Christ, arise.</td>
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<td>Soldiers of the cross, arise.</td>
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<td>1051</td>
<td>Soldiers of the cross, arise.</td>
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<td>So let our lives and lips.</td>
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<td>628</td>
<td>Sometimes a light surprises.</td>
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<td>Son of God, thy people's shield.</td>
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<td>629</td>
<td>Soon the evening shadows.</td>
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<td>Soon will the heavenly.</td>
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<td>Sorrow and care may meet.</td>
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<td>Sorrowful mourner, silently.</td>
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<td>Sound an alarm, all ye.</td>
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<td>Sound, sound the truth abroad!</td>
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<td>Sound the battle cry.</td>
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<td>Sowing in the morning.</td>
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<td>Sow in the morn thy seed.</td>
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<td>Speak gently; it is better.</td>
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<td>Speak often to each other.</td>
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<td>492</td>
<td>Speed thy servants, Saviour.</td>
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<td>Spirit divine, attend our.</td>
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<td>Spirit of life, and light, and.</td>
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<td>Spirit of truth and love.</td>
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<td>Stand by the law.</td>
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<td>Standing by a purpose true.</td>
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<td>Stand up, and bless the Lord.</td>
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<td>1319</td>
<td>Stand up, my soul! shake.</td>
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<td>593</td>
<td>Stand up! stand up for Jesus.</td>
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<td>611</td>
<td>Star of our hope! he'll soon.</td>
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<td>883</td>
<td>Still with thee, O my God!.</td>
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<td>Strait is the way, the door.</td>
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<td>372</td>
<td>Submissive to thy will.</td>
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<td>725</td>
<td>Sun of my soul, O Saviour.</td>
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<td>542</td>
<td>Sweet be thy rest, and.</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
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<td>Sweet is the Sabbath of.</td>
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<td>Sweet is the work, my God.</td>
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<td>219</td>
<td>Sweet is the work, O Lord.</td>
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<td>Sweet promise is given to.</td>
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<td>Sweet promise, I will come.</td>
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<td>Sweetly the holy hymn.</td>
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<td>Sweet rivers of redeeming.</td>
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<td>Sweet the moments, rich in.</td>
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<td>Sweet the time, exceeding.</td>
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<td>Sweet was the time when.</td>
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<td>Take my heart, O Father.</td>
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<td>468</td>
<td>Take up thy cross, the Saviour.</td>
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<td>Talk with us, Lord, thyself.</td>
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<td>Teach me, O Lord, the way.</td>
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<td>Ten lepers were cleansed.</td>
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<td>The angel comes—he comes to.</td>
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<td>The God who rules on high.</td>
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<td>The saints may rest within</td>
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<td>The sands of time are</td>
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<td>801</td>
<td>The Saviour bids us watch</td>
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<td>396</td>
<td>The Saviour calls; let every</td>
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<td>The Saviour comes, his</td>
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<td>The Saviour is coming, O</td>
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<td>562</td>
<td>The Saviour kindly calls</td>
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<td>The Saviour! O what endless</td>
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<td>These words said the Master</td>
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<td>The spacious firmament</td>
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<td>The Spirit in our hearts</td>
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<td>The starry firmament</td>
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<td>To-day the Saviour calls</td>
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<td>The sun rolls down the</td>
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FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.
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