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"GENERAL CONFERENCE ASSOCIATION OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS;"

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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 re-published 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,

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.

2

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. 'T is 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.
With long desire my spirit faints To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
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.

Isaac Watts.

5
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.

Thomas Kelly.

6
1 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.
2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove, And fix our hearts on things above; With food divine may we be fed, And satisfied with living bread.
3 To each thy sacred word apply With sovereign power and energy, And may we in thy faith and fear Reduce to practice what we hear.
4 Father, in us thy Son reveal; Teach us to know and do thy will: Thy saving power and love display, And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett.
1. Again our earthly cares we leave, And to Thy courts repair;

Again with joyful feet we haste, To meet our Saviour 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. Jesus, our Lord, make no delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

6. 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.

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

8. 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.”

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

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

11. 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.

Anonymous.

Anne L. Barbauld.
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.

13
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.

14
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.

George F. Handel.

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.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

17

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

2. 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.

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

4. 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."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.
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.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
   Made us of clay, and formed us men;
   And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
   He brought us to his fold again.

3. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
   High as the heavens our voices raise;
   And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
   Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4. Wide as the world is thy command,
   Vast as eternity thy love;
   Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
   When rolling years shall cease to move.

5. 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.

6. 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.

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

8. 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.

9. My God, my King, thy various praise
   Shall fill the remnant of my days,
   Thy love shall tune my thankful tongue
   With humble prayer and grateful song.

10. 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.

11. 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.
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.
Isaac Watts.

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.
Isaac Watts.

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.
Isaac Watts.

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.
Isaac Watts.

24

1. 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.
Isaac Watts.

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

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.
Isaac Watts.

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.
John Pierpont.

25

1. Great God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one-day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
Isaac Watts.

2. Might I enjoy the humblest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
Isaac Watts.

3. God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
Isaac Watts.

4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No needed good from upright souls.
Isaac Watts.

26

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

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.
Isaac Watts.

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.
William Wrangham.
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.

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

1. Come, 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.

5. The living flame
   From his own altar brought,
   To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
   And wing to heaven our thought.

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

—ISAAC WATTS.
1. Praise ye Je-bo-vah's name, Praise through his courts proclaim, Rise and adore. High o'er the heavens a-bore, 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. William Goode.

35. 127, 684, 155.

1. 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.

2. 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. Thomas Hastings.

36. 155, 127, 684.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

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. Charles Wesley.
WORSHIP—PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

ROOT. 7s.

1. Glory, honor, praise, and power Unto God this very hour,
   For the work of grace begun Through his well-beloved Son.

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.

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.

17

17

1 MAGNIFY Jehovah's name;
   For his mercies, ever sure,
   From eternity the same,
   To eternity endure.

2 Let his ransomed flock rejoice,
   Gathered out of every land
   As the people of his choice,
   Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To the Lord their God they cry;
   He inclines a gracious ear,
   Sends deliverance from on high,
   Rescues them from all their fear.

4 O that men would praise the Lord
   For his goodness to their race!
   For the wonders of his word,
   And the riches of his grace!

F. E. Belden.

240, 15, 272.

39

39

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

James Montgomery.
WORSHIP—PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

1. God of light and match-less 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.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him; Praise him, angels in the hight; 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.

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!

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.

162, 92, 277.

43 277, 162, 130.

162, 277, 92.

42 162, 277, 130.

44 162, 277, 92.
1. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, 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.

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

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

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness, He will accept for the Name that is dear;

Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

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

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

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.

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

His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand.

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.

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

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

His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand.
1. High in the heavens, eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines;

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.

1. 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.

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.

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

Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold 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.

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

7 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!

8 Lord! 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.

9 My thoughts, before they are my own,
   Are to my God distinctly known;
   He knows the words I mean to speak
   Ere from my opening lips they break.

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

11 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
   What large extent! what lofty height!
   My soul, with all the powers I boast,
   Is in the boundless prospect lost.

12 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.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Rothwell, L. M.

William Tansur.

1. E-ter-nal depth of love di-vine, In Je-sus, God with us, dis-played, How bright thy
beaming glo- ries shine! How wide thy heal-ing streams are spread, How wide thy heal-ing streams are spread!

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!

5 God, how great thy glory is!
Thy wondrous ways, O who can know?
Thy countless attributes to show?

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

7 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.

8 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!

Harriet Auber.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sub-lime,
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.

Harriet Auber.

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

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf 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.

James Montgomery.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

UXBRIDGE, L. M.

Lowell Mason.

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; 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. 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.

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1. Holy as thou, O Lord, is none; Thy holiness is all thine own; A drop of that unbounded sea Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

2. And when thy purity we share, Thy brightest glory we declare; And, humbled into nothing, own, Holy and pure is God alone.

3. Sole, self-existing God and Lord, By all thy heavenly hosts adored, Let all on earth bow down to thee, And own thy peerless majesty.

4. Thy power unequaled we confess, Established on the rock of peace; The rock that never shall remove, The rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley.

Isaac Watts.

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

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

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.

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

Thy voice ordained the rolling spheres, And bade the countless planets shine; But nothing like thyself appears Through all these spacious works of thine.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

LUTON. L. M. 

George Burder.

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.

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—lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord omnipotent is King!

8. The Lord is King! child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just, Holy and true are all his ways; Let every creature speak his praise.

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.

3. The Lord builds up Jerusalem, And gathers nations to his name; His mercy melts the stubborn soul, And makes the broken spirit whole.

2. He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains, Your God is King, your Father reigns; And he is at the Father's side, The man of love, the Crucified.

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.

4. He dragged your wants, your burdens known, He will present them at the throne; And angel bands are waiting there, His messages of love to bear.

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.

Isaac Watts.
I. 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.

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.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,—
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

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.

6 With deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God to gain.

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.

58, 23, 51.

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.

58, 23, 51.

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.

Anon.

168, 23, 51.

1 With deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Nor men nor angels can explore
Thy hights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
O may thy wisdom be our guide;
And while we live, and when we die,
May thy almighty love be nigh.

Anon.
WORSHIP—ATRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, ethereal sky,
   And spangled heavens, a shining frame. Their great Originl proclaim.

   Th' unwearied sun, from day to day Does his Creator's power display,
   And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
   The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
   And nightly, to the listening earth
   Repeats the story of her birth;
   While all the stars that round her burn,
   And all the planets in their turn,
   Confirm the tidings as they roll,
   And spread the truth from pole to pole.

   Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
   The sun is taught by thee to rise,
   And darkness when to vail the skies

3. What though in solemn silence, all
   Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
   What though no real voice or sound
   Amid their radiant orbs be found?
   In reason's ear they all rejoice,
   And utter forth a glorious voice,
   "The hand that made us is divine."

   The flowery spring, at thy command
   Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
   The summer rays with vigor shine,
   To raise the corn, to cheer the vine:
   Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
   Through all our coasts redundant store;
   And winters, softened by thy care,
   No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
   Demand successive songs of praise;
   And be the grateful homage paid,
   With morning light and evening shade.
   Here in thy house let incense rise,
   And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
   Till to those lofty heights we soar,
   Where days and years revolve no more.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year!

Philip Doddridge.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

ZERAH. C. M.

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.

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 souls he loves.

Isaac Watts.

27, 187, 264.

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.

71, 114, 147, 227.

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.
God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm.

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O, might I hear that heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts.
When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
When all thy mercies, O my God!

Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be!
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

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

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.

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

1. When all thy mercies, O my God! My rising soul surveys,
When all thy mercies, O my God!

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

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

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

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

1. When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
When all thy mercies, O my God!

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!

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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!

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.

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

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

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

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

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

11. While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled.

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

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

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

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

16. My steadfast heart shall know no fear; Because it rests on thee.

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,
'Mid 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 lifts 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 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.

Sir John Bowring.

93 162, 41, 634.
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.

Frederick W. Faber.

94 277, 130, 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.
WORSHIP—ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

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 tip 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!

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.

96

1 Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows; For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

95

FABEN. 8s & 7s. d.

John H. Wilcox.

A.9

Phutas SeVlii Key.

503, 499, 468.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I’d praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows; For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

95

96

Richard Manl.

503, 499, 468.

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.

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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 thunderclouds 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 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!

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

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

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 were 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.

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.
WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

101

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?

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!

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.

103

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 cleanse 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!"

6. What equal honors shall we bring
   To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
   When all the notes that angels sing
   Are far inferior to thy name?

7. Worthy is he that once was slain,
   The Prince of peace that groaned and died,
   Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
   At his almighty Father's side.

8. Blessings forever on the Lamb,
   Who bore the curse for wretched men;
   Let angels sound his sacred name,
   Let every creature say, Amen!

9. 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.

10. 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.

11. In Paradise, within the gates,
    A higher entertainment waits,—
    Fruits new and old laid up in store,
    Where they shall hunger nevermore.

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

13. 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.

14. 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.

15. 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.
1. Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts! Thou font of life! Thou light of men!

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 thy world thy holy light!

6. This is the hidden life I prize,—
   A life of penitential love;
   When most my follies I despise,
   And raise my highest thoughts above;

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

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
   And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
   He justly claims a song from me,
   His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined 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 eveymore.

Samuel Medley.
111

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

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
   A remnant, weak and small,
   Hail him who saved you by his grace,
   And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

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

WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden.

112

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.

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.
1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemers praise!

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.

1. 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.

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

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

4. 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.

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

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
   Stood 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!
1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon 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.

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.
WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

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.

   124 235, 658.
   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,
   Divineh 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.

   235, 658.
125

WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly

 anthology 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.

817, 899.

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.

126

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.

1 "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.
1. Come, all ye saints of God, Wide thro' the earth a-broad Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love hath done, Trust in his name alone, He is the lofty 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!

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!

128 34, 156.
1 Sound, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

129 34, 156.
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!

Thomas Kelly.
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.

John Bowring.

131

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.
WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

132

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love; Jesus reigns, throned above,

See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! Hallelujah! amen.

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth; Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth: When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love divine. Hallelujah! hallelujah! Hallelujah! amen.

3. 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.

4. 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."

Thomas Kelly.

133

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. 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.

O my Saviour! O my Saviour! Grant this gift of love to me.

2. 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.

3. 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!

F. E. Belden.
1. O. Thou 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!

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

5. 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.

135 WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb; Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
   Glory, hallelujah, Praise him, hallelujah; Glory, hallelujah To the Lamb.

2. Saviour, let thy kingdom come! Now the man of sin consume; Bring thy blest millenium, Holy Lamb.

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

Anon.
47, 3, 58.

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;
   Plant holy fear in every heart,
   That we from God may ne'er depart.

3. Lead us to holiness—the road
   That we must take to dwell with God;
   Lead us to Christ, the living way,
   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!

Simon Browne.

WORSHIP—HOLY SPIRIT.

136

WARE. L. M.

George Kingsley.

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;
   Plant holy fear in every heart,
   That we from God may ne'er depart.

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   That we must take to dwell with God;
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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!

Simon Browne.

138

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

2. 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.

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

4. 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.

Benjamin Beddome.

137

1. Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
   Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
   Graces and gifts to each supply,
   And clothe us all with righteousness.

2. 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;

3. 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.

4. 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!

James Montgomery.

139

1. Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
   And fit me to approach my God;
   Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
   And lead me to thy blest abode.

2. 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.

3. 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.

Stewart.
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.

141

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,
And make thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2. Thou God of love and peace divine,
O make thy light within me shine;
For give my sins, my guilt remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

3. Come with thy healing from above,
Fill each and every heart with love;
O turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known!

142

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

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.
WORSHIP—HOLY SPIRIT.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;
   Kindles 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.

ETERNAL Spirit, power of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

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!

Andrew Reed.
1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last farewell,

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.

6. SPIRIT of life, and light, and love,
   Thy heavenly influence give;
   Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
   That we in Christ may live.

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

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

9. 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.

688, 30, 89.

—Joseph Hart.

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

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

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

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

154 89, 191, 236.

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

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From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
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A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney.
1. Come, Holy Ghost, in love, Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray: Divinely good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden 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.

2 Thou, whose almighty word
   Chaos and darkness heard,
   And took their flight,
   Hear us, we humbly pray;
   And where the gospel's day
   Sheds not its glorious ray,
   Let there be light!

3 Thou, who didst come to bring,
   On thy redeeming wing,
   Healing and sight,
   Health to the sick and blind,
   Sight to the darkened mind,
   O now, to all mankind,
   Let there be light!

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.

156 34, 127.
1 Spirit of truth and love,
   Life-giving holy Dove!
   Speed forth thy flight;
   Move o'er the waters' face,
   Bearing the lamp of grace,
   And in earth's darkest place
   Let there be light!

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.

157 [Tune, Promise, No. 772.] 8s & 7s. 61.
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.
WORSHIP—HOLY SPIRIT.

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,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

240, 272, 407.

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.
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, 0 Lord, be weary
   Of the roughness of the way;
   Though the road be often dreary,
   Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

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.

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.

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.
WORSHIP—HOLY SPIRIT.

166

SALISBURY. 7s & 5.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Holy Spirit, lamp of light, Shine up—on 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.

ZEBULON. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.

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.

Worship—Holy Scriptures.

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.

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 illumines the trusting soul
With glory that shall be complete
When days and years have ceased to roll.

F. E. Belden.

169

3, 101, 326.

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 blest 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.

Isaac Watts.

170

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 treacherous 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 presence 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.

6. I was 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.

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.

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

177
1 How blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!
2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth and rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.
3 For them that heavenly light shall spread
Whose cheering rays illumine
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.
4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

178
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.
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.

Samuel Stennett.
WORSHIP—HOLY SCRIPTURES.

MAITLAND, C. M.

How shall the young secure their hearts And guard their lives from sin?

Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts And guard their lives from sin?

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.
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 would dash 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. 'T is 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.

JESUS, thy word is my delight, There grace and truth are seen; O could I study day and night, And meditate therein!

O Lamb of God, the book unseal, And to our hearts explain; Let all its life and spirit feel, And heavenly wisdom gain.

That thou for us didst live and die, Make known to us, dear Lord; To us the promises apply, Recorded in thy word.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast Like seed upon the ground; O let the dew of heaven descend, And shed its influence round.

Let not the foe of Christ and man This holy seed remove; May it take root in every heart, And grow in faith and love.

Let not this life's deceitful cares, Nor worldly wealth and joy, Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast, The rising plant destroy.

65 669, 117, 175.

188 669, 227, 395.

189 201, 227, 183.

187 BLISS. C. M. F. E. BELDEN.
V. And ever in thy promise, Lord, May man securely trust.

193 85, 89, 601.
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, watchful 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.

194 [Tune, Stockwell, No. 162.] 85 & 73.
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 'Tis a fountain ever bursting,
Whence the weary may obtain
Water for the soul that's thirsting,
That it may not thirst again.

3 'Tis 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 'Tis 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

C H E N I E S. 78 & 68, D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. O word of God incarnate, O wisdom from on high, O truth unchanging, unchanged, O light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the radiance 

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.

William How.

WORSHIP—HOLY SCRIPTURES.

196

492, 416.

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!

Josiah Conder.
WORSHIP—LAW OF GOD.

WARREN. L. M.

1. God's law demands one living faith, And not a crowd of lifeless 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.

4. 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.

5. 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?

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.

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

10. 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.

11. 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?

12. 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.

13. Perfect law of the Most High!
    Law ever holy, just, and good!
    No other code with thee can vie,
    Unrivaled thou hast ever stood.

14. Let thy ten words my soul convert
    From every false and sinful way;
    Write thy pure precepts on my heart,
    That from thy truth I may not stray.

15. Then in the glorious world to come,
    No more I'll need the chastening rod;
    For all who reach that blissful home
    Will be in harmony with God.

Mrs. L. D. A. Stutile.

Charlotte Haskins.

R. F. Cottrell.
1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still!

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.

202

1. Thou art my portion, 0 my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
I hasten to obey thy word,
And suffer no delay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3. The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

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

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

203

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.

Isaac Watts.
1. Lord, how secure my conscience was, And felt no inward dread!

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.

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.

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

2. 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.

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

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.
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.

5. How blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

6. How blest, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been,
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favor sought to win!

7. Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfill.

8. O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blest 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. Blest 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. Blest 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. Blest 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.

Thou shalt keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee.
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.

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.

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.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

BURTON. L. M.ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

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;
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3. No more fatigue, no more distress,
No sin nor death can reach that place;
That warble from immortal tongues.

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

5. O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
And go to meet my blessed Lord:

224

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

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

3. For Jesus, too, whom thou didst send
To teach the way of grace and truth,
The thanks of age, the love of youth.

4. O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

225

1. This day the Lord has called his own;
Let us, then, his praise declare!
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2. 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.

3. Now let the world's delusive things
No more our groveling thoughts employ,
And stretch her wings
In search of heaven's unfading joy.

4. O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

226

1. I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
For they are days of holy rest;
That congregate thy people here,
To join their hearts in sweet accord.

75
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.

WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.
HERBERT, C. M.
LOWELL MASON.

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.

70, 80, 147.

229 120, 117, 183.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this thy holy day; 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!

Henry F. Lyle.

WILLIAMS MASON.

76
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

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 't is 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.

Mrs. Follen.

231

1 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.

James Edmeston.

232

1 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 vengeance cursed;
   And let the holy Sabbath shine,
   As glorious as at first.

Anon.

233

1 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.

Anon.
1. Hail, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail; how do thy hours my mind regale With feasts of heavenly joy!

Nor can I half thy blessings name, Which kindle in my soul a flame, And all my powers employ.

2. How shall I best improve thy hours? Lord, on me shed in copious showers Thy Spirit and thy grace; That when thy sacred courts I tread, My soul may eat the heavenly bread, And sing Jehovah's praise.

3. Thou hallowed season of repose, Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes Of this care-stricken breast;

Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet, And with the faithful will I meet, To taste thy holy rest.

4. Thus may the Sabbath pass away, My best, my holiest, happiest day, The sweetest of the seven; But yet a rest for saints remains, The Sabbath free from ills and pains, Eternal, and in heaven.

Anon.
1. Thy ho-ly Sab-bath, Lord, Thy peo-ple hail with joy;
And while we wait to hear thy word, Let praise our hearts em-ploy.

2 With sweet delight the day
That thou hast called thine own
We hail, and all our homage pay
To thine exalted throne.

3 O may thy saints be blessed!
Assist us while we pray;
May we enjoy a holy rest,
And keep the sacred day.

4 When Sabbaths here shall end,
And from these courts we move,
May we an endless Sabbath spend
In heavenly courts above.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
The day believers prize,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and taste his cheer,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has-been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 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.

3 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

PLEYEL, 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL

1. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, To the world in kindness given;
   Welcome to this humble breast, As the beam-ing light from heaven.
   15, 631, 457.

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.

R. F. Cottrell.

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.

R. F. Cottrell.

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.

F. E. Belden.

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.

F. E. Belden.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe-ly through anoth-er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to-day,—Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

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

3. 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?

4. 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.

5. 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.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

EWING. 7s & 6s. d.

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.

Christopher Wordsworth.

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.

Ray Palmer.

248 [Tune, Sabbath, No. 244.] 7s. 6s.

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.

Julia A. Elliot.
WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

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, inclineth 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 hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Through life our surest guardian and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

O meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

P. H. Brown.

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:

G. F. Cottrell.

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.

LENNOX. H. M.

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,

After six days in work employed, Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.

The Sabbath-day was blessed, Hallowed, and sanctified;

It was Jehovah's rest, And so it must abide;

'T was set apart before the fall, 'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

R. F. Cottrell.

H. N. Smith.
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.

Hayward.

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.
WORSHIP—CLOSING HYMNS.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANÇOIS.

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

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

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

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

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

1 BE with us, Lord, where'er we go;
   Teach us what thou wouldst have us do;
   Suggest whate'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, 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.
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.

F. E. Belden.

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.

Anon.

2. 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.

Anon.
266

NARES. S. M.

1. Once more before we part, We'll bless the Saviour's name;
   Re - cord his mer - cies, ev - ery heart; Sing, ev - ery 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.

267

688, 161, 191.

1 LORD, at this closing hour
   Establish every heart
   Upon thy word of truth and power,
   To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give,
   Fill all our hearts with love;
   In faith and patience may we live,
   And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
   We would thy will pursue,
   And toil to spread thy kingdom here
   Till we its glory view.

268

11, 85, 86.

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

191, 151, 688.

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!

271

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 never 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.
HART.

WORSHIP—CLOSING HYMNS.

HART. 7s.

1. For a season called to part, Let us now ourselves commend
   To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-pres-ent Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer; Tender Shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mercy and thy care All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong Sweeten every cross and pain, And our wasting lives prolong Till we meet on earth again.

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.

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 1

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.

240, 457, 37.

20 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.

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.

1 IF 't is sweet to mingle where Christians meet for social prayer, If 't is 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.

3. 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. MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour, 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.
WORSHIP—CLOSING HYMNS.

GRACIOUS TOKEN. P. M.

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; O direct us! O 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.

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.

Fawcett & Kelly.
1. All praise to thee, eternal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;

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.

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.”

4 The angels leave their high abode,
   To learn new mysteries here, and tell
   The love of our descending God,
   The glories of Immanuel.

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.

Anon.

CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

Henry K. Oliver.
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.

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."

7. Mortals, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay; Joy, love, and gratitude combine, To hail the auspicious day.

8. In heaven the rapturous song began, And sweet seraphic fire Through all the shining legions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.

9. 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.

10. His name shall be the Prince of peace, Forevermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord!

11. His power increasing still shall spread, His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.

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**289**

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**290**

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CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.

CAROL. C. M. D.

RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. It came up—on 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.


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.
1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!" Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With the angel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With the angel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

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 man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Charles Wesley.

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1. He has come! the Christ of God Left for us his glad abode, Stooping from his throne of bliss To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of peace; Come to bid our sorrows cease, Come to scatter with his light All the shadows of our night.

2. He, the mighty King, has come! Making this poor earth his home; Come to bear our sin's sad load; Son of David, Son of God! He has come, whose name of grace Speaks deliverance to our race; Left for us his glad abode; Son of Mary, Son of God!

3. Unto us a child is born! Ne'er has earth beheld a morn, Among all the morns of time, Half so glorious in its prime. Unto us a Son is given! He has come from God's own heaven, Bringing with him from above Holy peace and holy love. Horatius Bonar.
1. From the lips of angels spoken, Fell the song with falling dews; Was there ever silence broken

Chorus.

By such joyous welcome news! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! 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."

   F. E. Belden.

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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.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid; So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward beam ing bright; 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? Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

Reginald Heber.

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; 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,

Pure, and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring; Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

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.

Reginald Heber.

Dix. 7s 6l.

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

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.

As they offered gifts most rare At that manger rude and bare; So may we with holy joy,
CHRIST—FIRST ADVENT.

Avson. 11s & 10s.

Shout the glad tidings, exulting-ly sing; ... Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King! 1. Zion, the

Chorus after last verse.

Glo-ry ex-cell ing, He stoops to redeem thee, is born up-on earth! Shout the glad tidings, ex-

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.

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.
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.

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.
Christ—Life and Character.

GERMANY, L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

1. How shall I follow Him I serve? How shall I copy Him I love?

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 died for me!
   Thou camest not thyself to please;
   And, dear though earthly comforts be,
   Shall I not love thee more than these?

Josiah Conder.

1 WHEN the blind suppliant in the way,
   By friendly hands to Jesus led,
   Plead 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,
   Which 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.

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.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Around thy steps below;
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,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
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.

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.

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 HaEla.

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?
1. We may not climb the heaven-ly steeps To bring the Saviour 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,
   Whate'er our name or sign,
   We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
   We test our lives by thine!

1. Jesus wept! those tears are over,
   But his heart is still the same;
   Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
   Is his ever-lasting name.

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.

4. Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
   Are a legacy of love;
   Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
   He the same doth ever prove.

Sir Edward Denny.
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:

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 ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

5 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.

6 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?

7 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.

8 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.
1. "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head, and died:

2. 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run; The battle fought; the victory won.

3. 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice;
Now his incarnate work is done.

4. '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.

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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?

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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;
Exact is the regal pain;
The precious promises are sealed:
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

STELLA. L. M. 6 L.

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. A—las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

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.

1. 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.

4. Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
   On Jesus I'll rely,
   And in the sharp, conflicting hour,
   Repair to Calvary.

5. See! through his holy hands and feet
   The cruel nails they drive:
   Our ransom thus is made complete,
   Our souls are saved alive.

6. And see! the spear has pierced his side,
   And shed that sacred flood—
   That holy, reconciling tide—
   The water and the blood.

7. O holy cross! from thee we learn
   The only way to heaven;
   And O, to thee may sinners turn,
   And look, and be forgiven!

8. There is a dear and hallowed spot,
   Oft present to my eye
   By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
   That place is Calvary.

9. O, what a scene was there displayed,
   Of love and agony,
   When our Redeemer bowed his head,
   And died on Calvary!

10. When fainting under guilt's dread load,
    Unto the cross I'll fly,
    And trust the merits of the blood
    That flowed at Calvary.

11. Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
    On Jesus I'll rely,
    And in the sharp, conflicting hour,
    Repair to Calvary.

12. Our souls are saved alive.
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.

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1. Jesus, thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2. Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer,
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3. Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4. Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

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1. O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

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1. O, loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

2. O, wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail!

3. O, generous love!—that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo!
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.

Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs a-way,
Learn of Jesus how to pray.

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.

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!

Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne,
Ye that feel the tempter’s power;
Your Redeemer’s conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs a-way,
Learn of Jesus how to pray.

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.

Paul Gerhardt.

Richard Redhead.
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

CALVARY, P. M.

1. Come, 0 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.

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 forevermore.

9 His saints shall crown him Lord of all; Before him every foe shall fall, And every knee shall bow.

PLEYEL. 7s.

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.
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; For cruel voices filled the gale That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

1 Bound upon the accursed tree, Faint and bleeding, who is He? By the eyes so pale and dim, Streaming blood, and writhing limb, By the flesh with scourges torn, By the crown of twisted thorn, By the drooping, death-dewed brow; Son of man, 't is thou! 't is thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is He? By the sun at noonday pale, Shivering rocks, and rending vail, By the earth enwrapt in gloom, By the saints who burst their tomb, Lord, our suppliant knees we bow! Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is He? By the prayer for them that slew, "Lord! they know not what they do!" By the spoiled and empty grave, By the souls he died to save, By the rainbow round his brow, Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

Henry H. Milman.
CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead; Our Jesus is gone up on high!

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.

3. He lives, and grants me daily breath;
   He lives, and I shall conquer death;
   He lives my mansion to prepare,
   He lives to bring me safely there.

4. He lives, all glory to his name!
   He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
   What joy the blest assurance gives,—
   I know that my Redeemer lives!

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!
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.

2 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.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow Blessings on his church below.

5 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
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.

1 Christ is risen, our Lord and King,
Let the whole creation sing;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, let earth reply.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ the mighty, to conceal;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
He hath opened paradise.

3 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.

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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.

R. F. Cottrell.
CHRIST—MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

Ward, L. M.

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,
   He sympathizes with our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.

3. In every pang that rends the heart, The Man of sorrows had a part;
   He pursues in heaven his mighty plan, The Saviour and the Friend of man.

4. With boldness, therefore, at the throne Let us make all our sorrows known,
   Let us make all our sorrows known, And ask the aid of heavenly power,
   To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce.

1. Though I should seek to wash me clean In water of the driven snow,
   My soul would yet its spots retain, And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

2. God's law in all its power divine Condemns my erring soul to death;
   It declares the foulness of its sin, And shows the vileness of its worth.

3. There must a Mediator plead Whom God and man may both embrace,
   With God for man to intercede, And offer us the purchased grace.

4. And thus the Son of God is slain To be this Mediator crowned;
   In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain, In him thy righteousness be found.

Anon.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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. Noe.
CHRIST—MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

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WOODLAND. C. M. NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

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.

669, 27, 70.

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.

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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.

R. F. COTTRELL.

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669, 27, 114.

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.

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4 The Jewish priesthood shadowed forth His ministration there, The cleansing of the inner court, His coming to prepare.

Anon.

Alexander Pirrie.
The sprinkled blood is speaking before the Father's throne;
The sprinkled blood is telling the Spirit's power seeking to make its virtues known;
Forgiveness full and free, its wondrous power is breaking each bond of guilt for me;
The sprinkled blood is revealing a Father's smiling face, the Saviour's love is sealing each monument of grace.

The sprinkled blood is pleading its virtue as my own, and there my soul is reading her title to thy throne.
The sprinkled blood is owning the weak one's feeblest plea; 'mid sighs, and tears, and groaning, it pleads, O Lord, with thee.

O wondrous power, that seeketh from sin to set me free!
O precious blood, that speaketh should I not value thee?
The sprinkled blood is shedding its fragrance all around, it gilds the path we're treading, it makes our joys abound.

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.

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.

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.

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!
1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty tears; 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:
Forgive him, O, forgive! they cry,
Nor let the contrite sinner die!

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.

He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
He seals our brotherhood
With his atoning love;
And justice threatens us no more,
But mercy yields her boundless store.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,

A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

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2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
He seals our brotherhood
With his atoning love;
And justice threatens us no more,
But mercy yields her boundless store.

3. No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,

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.

Isaac Watts.

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.

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.

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.
THE SINNER—CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. Heinrich C. Ziwner.

1. When, marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,

One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode;

The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed

One star a lone

The storm was loud, the night was dark,

One star a lone

The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

3. Deep horror then my vitals froze;

Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;

Deep horror then my vitals froze;

When suddenly a star arose,—

When suddenly a star arose,—

It was the Star of Bethlehem.

4. It was my guide, my light, my all;

It led me to the port of peace.

It was my guide, my light, my all;

It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White.

1. Jesus, engrave it on my heart

That thou the one thing needful art;

1 INFINITE Love! what precious stores

Thy mercy has prepared for us!

2. Needful is thy most precious blood,

To reconcile my soul to God;

2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord,

Can draw from suffering souls the sting;

3. Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,

True peace and comfort to afford;

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,

And through the storm and danger's thrall

3 INFINITE Love! what precious stores

Thy mercy has prepared for us!

4. Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,

Through all life's dark and weary way;

4 O then arise, and take the good,

So full and freely proffered thee,

Samuel Medley.

2. Needful is thy indulgent care,

Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

2 Needful is thy indulgent care,

Needful thy promise, to impart

3. Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,

True peace and comfort to afford;

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,

Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4. Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,

Through all life's dark and weary way;

4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,

To bring me home to heaven and thee.

4 O then arise, and take the good,

Remembering that it cost the blood

Jared Waterbury.  

Of Him who died on Calvary.

Jehoida Brewer.
THE SINNER—CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

MELODY. C. M.  I. P. Cole

1. Not all the out-ward 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  179, 201, 147.
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 cast 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  396, 227, 546.
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  546, 396.
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 helpless guilty nature lies, Unconscious of its load!

The heart, unchanged, can never rise To happiness 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.

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1. In vain we seek for peace with God By methods of our own: No other plea than Jesus' blood Can bring us near the throne.

2. The threatenings of the broken law Impress the soul with dread; If God his sword of vengeance draw, It strikes the spirit dead.

3. But thine illustrious sacrifice Hath answered these demands, And peace and pardon from the skies Are offered by thy hands.

4. 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord! 'Tis on thy cross we rest: Forever be thy love adored, Thy name forever blessed.

Isaac Watts.

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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. O for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break; And all harmonious human tongues, The Saviour's praises speak.

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.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

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1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before His feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 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.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

Benjamin Beddome
1. O, where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea-ry soul?

'T were vain the o-cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther 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.

5. Not what these hands have done
   Can save this guilty soul;
   Not what this toiling flesh has borne
   Can make my spirit whole.

6. 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.

7. Thy work alone, O Christ,
   Can ease this weight of sin;
   Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
   Can give me peace within.
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.

6. Is this the kind return,
   Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
   Whence all our blessings flow?

7. To what a stubborn frame
   Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
   And God as strangely kind!

8. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
   And mold our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
   And give us hearts of flesh.

9. My former hopes are fled,
   My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
   In trespasses and sins.

10. Ah! whither shall I fly?
    I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
    And vengeance at the door.

11. When I review my ways,
    I dread impending doom
Until a friendly whisper says,
    "Flee from the wrath to come."

12. Can sinners hope for heaven,
    Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
    While on the road to hell?

13. Shall they hosannas sing,
    With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
    Which does its neighbor wrong?

14. Can sin's deceitful way
    Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
    Who disregard his will?

15. Thy grace, O God, alone,
    Good hopes can e'er afford:
The pardoned and the pure shall see
    The glory of the Lord.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

1. Come, weary souls with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest;

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.

428, 215, 47.

1. 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.

2. 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.

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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.

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428, 215, 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, 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.

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Desire, L. M. Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Come, weary souls with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest;
1. Why do we waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,

While in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is forgot?

2. Shall God invite 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.

5. 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.

BERRA. L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD.

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, And 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.

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, 't is 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, never return: Admit him, or the hour's at hand When at his door denied you'll stand.

Yosefth Grigl.

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. COYLYER.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

BALERMA. C. M.  
Arr. by R. Simpson.

1. Return, 0 wanderer, return,  
And seek thy Father's face;

Those new desires which in thee burn,  
Were kindled by his grace.

2. Return, 0 wanderer, return,  
He hears thy humble sigh;  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.

3. Return, 0 wanderer, return;  
Thy Saviour bids thee live;  
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn  
How freely he'll forgive.

4. Return, 0 wanderer, return,  
And wipe the falling tear;  
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;  
'Tis love invites thee near.

5. Return, 0 wanderer, return;  
Regain thy long-sought rest;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to his breast.

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.

2 It bids you turn to him, and live  
Through his abounding grace;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive  
Of those who seek his face.

3 Bow to the scepter of his word,  
Renouncing every sin;  
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
And bid him reign within.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.

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.

5. 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.

6. The present we should now redeem; This only is our own; The past, alas! is all a dream; The future is unknown.

7. O think what vast concerns depend Upon a moment's space, When life and all its cares shall end In vengeance or in grace.

8. 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.

9. 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.

10. Give us ourselves and thee to know, In this our gracious day; Repentance unto life bestow, And take our sins away.

11. Convince us first of unbelief, And freely then release; Fill every soul with sacred grief, And then with sacred peace.
The day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
The cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

One only hope I see;
O sinner, seize it now
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

"All things are ready," come!
The invitation's given
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God;
For Christ, his Son, has died.

"All things are ready," come!
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come! the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.
1. Sinners, haste to mercy's gate, Strive, O strive to enter there;

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.

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.

3. Heaviness are gathering fast,
Tokens of destruction sure;
Sinner, now before the blast,
Seek a shelter to secure.

4. Thousand voices from afar,
Warn thee of thy coming fate:
Careless sinner, now beware!
Haste thee, ere it be too late!

1. Sinners, haste 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,
Lost thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere thy work of grace be done.

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.

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 bastes 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?
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

412

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; This he gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Joseph Hart.

413

854, 295, 296.

1. Come, ye souls by sin afflicted, Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,

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.

414

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.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

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!

492, 246, 357.

2. O Jesus! thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, Thy name and sign we bear: O, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep thee standing there.

3. O Jesus! thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow encircle, And tears thy face have marred: O, love that passeth knowledge, So patiently to wait! O, sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate!

3. O Jesus! thou art pleading In accents meek and low,— "I died for you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We open now the door: Dear Saviour, enter, enter, And leave us nevermore!

492, 742, 246.

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THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

Josiah Hopkins.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye; for why willye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

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 heavens shall fade,
   The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand;
   What power then, O sinner! will lend thee its aid?

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.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.  

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vently kneel;

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

2. Joy of the com-fortless, light of the stray-ing,
   Hope of the pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure;
   Here speaks the Com-forter, tenderly say-ing,
   "Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not cure."

3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flow-ing
   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 HASTINGS.

AVA. P. M.

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dismay,
   Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day:
   Heaven bids thee come While yet there's room.

D. C.—Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey.

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.

Thomas Hastings

Exiled from home,
   Sadly to roam,
   Child of sin and sorrow,
   Where wilt thou flee?

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.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

Warning. P. M. 

Unknown.

1. Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression, What will thy doom be when arrayed in terror

God shall command thee, covered with pollution, "Up to the judgment, up to the judgment!"

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

God shall command thee, covered with pollution, "Up to the judgment, up to the judgment!"

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.

Warning. P. M. 

Unknown.

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.

Anon.
THE SINNER—WARNING AND INVITATION.

WILL YOU GO? 12s & 11s. p.

Unknown.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love; 
   Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O 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.

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, come; The Saviour invites you today.
   In robes of humility, come; The Saviour invites you (omitted) today.

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.
The Sinner—Warning and Invitation.

The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

—11P—11

1. 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."

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

3. 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."

4. 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.

5. The Saviour invites you to-day.
   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.

   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.

   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.

P. M.

Anon.

[See No. 426, on opposite page.]
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!"

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."
THE SINNER—REPTENANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

431 HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

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.

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.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
The 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.

432 343, 343, 212.

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.

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.

433 212, 171, 28.

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.

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.

434 624, 693, 101.

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.

114, 23.

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.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
The 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.

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.

141

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.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
The 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.

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.

Thomas Moore.

141
HAPPY DAY. L. M. P.

1. O, happy day! that fixed my choice
   On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
And tell its raptures all a-broad.

When Jesus washed my sins away!
And live rejoicing every day;

2. Tis done, the great transaction's done;
   I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
   Nothing but love shall I receive.

He taught me how to watch and pray;
And on the Lord I'll fix my ways.

3. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
   Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
   With him of every good possessed.

I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

4. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
   That vow renewed shall daily hear,
   Nothing but sin have I to give.

The grace and glory of thy name;
My lips thine eager praises wake.

5. And when the bright celestial train,
   From highest heaven to earth shall come;
   The chains of my captivity!

Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign
Forever in that happy home.

---

1. Lord, I was blind: I could not see
   In thy marred visage any grace;
   In radiant vision dawns on me.

2. Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
   The thrilling music of thy voice;
   And all thy uttered words are dear.

3. Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
   The grace and glory of thy name;
   My lips thine eager praises wake.

4. Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
   My lifeless soul to come to thee;
   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 chains of my captivity!

---

THE SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

436

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   In radiant vision dawns on me.

2. The way the holy prophets went,
   The road that leads from banishment,
   The thrill...
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.

439

354, 794, 369.

1 SALVATION!—O, the joyful sound!
   'Tis pleasure to our ears;
   A sovereign balm for every wound,
   A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
   At hell's dark door we lay;
   But we arise by grace divine,
   To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
   The spacious earth around;
   While all the armies of the sky
   Conspire to raise the sound.

Issac Watts.

440

354, 369, 635.

1 O, 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

354, 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 'T was 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.

143
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 What’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.

443
1 JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul!

4 O, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway!
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

Anne Steele.
THE SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

1. 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.

2. The evil of my former state
   Was mine, and only mine;
   The good in which I now rejoice
   Is thine, and only thine.

3. The darkness of my former state,
   The bondage, all was mine;
   The light of life in which I walk,
   The liberty, is thine.

4. 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.

5. 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.

646, 698, 117.

2. The Lord first empties whom he fills,
   Casts down whom he would raise;
   He quickens, when the letter kills,
   Exalting thus his praise.

3. On us he spent his life and blood,
   Our losses to retrieve;
   Mankind's redemption now holds good
   For sinner's who believe.

447  227, 546, 669.

4. And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,
   A thankful heart be mine,—
   A heart that answers to thy call,—
   One that is wholly thine.

448  179, 201, 395.

1. O for that tenderness of heart
   That bows before the Lord;
   That owns how just and good thou art,
   And trembles at thy word!

2. O for those humble, contrite tears
   Which from repentance flow;
   That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
   The long-suspended blow!

3. O, fill my soul with faith and love,
   And strength to do thy will;
   Raise my desires and hopes above,—
   Thyself to me reveal.

449  179, 354, 114.

1. Be merciful to me, O God!
   Be merciful to me;
   For though I sink beneath thy rod,
   Yet do I trust in thee.

2. 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.

3. Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,
   Strong though my spirit be;
   O, then assist, when foes assail,
   The soul that clings to thee!

4. And, gracious Lord, whate'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"

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
   "Behold I freely give
   The living water; thirsty one,
   Stoop down, and drink, and live."

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."

4. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
   "I am that dark world's light;
   Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
   And all thy day be bright."

5. I felt his love, the strongest love
   That mortal ever felt;
   Oh, how it drew my soul above,
   And made my hard heart melt!

6. I saw his face, the fairest face
   That mortal ever saw;
   I longed the Saviour to embrace,
   From him new life to draw,
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.

5. In mercy, not in wrath,
   Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
   I sink beneath thy rod.

6. Touched by thy quickening power,
   My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unsealed
   O let that Spirit heal!

7. In trouble and in gloom,
   Must I forever mourn?
And wilt thou not at length, O God,
   In pitying love return?

8. 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?

9. I seek the mercy-seat,
   Where Thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
   For none can perish there.

10. Thy promise is my plea;
    With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
    And such, O Lord, am I.

11. Bowed down beneath my sin,
    By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without and fears within;
    I come to thee for rest.

12. Be thou my hiding-place;
    That, sheltered near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace—
    In Jesus crucified.

13. Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
    And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
    Burst forth from every eye.

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

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

---

Charles Wesley.

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Anon.

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Anon.

---

Benjamin Beddome.
1. Depth of mercy!—can there be Mercy still reserved for me?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 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.

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.

1. Does the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim;
'Tis that promise speaks to thee.

2. Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

Harassed with tormenting doubt;
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without.

4. All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

5. Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.
1. I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God;
   He bears them all, and frees us From the accursed 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!

1 We stand in deep repentance,
   Before thy throne of love;
   O God of grace, forgive us,
   The stain of guilt remove.

2 Behold us while with weeping
   We lift our eyes to thee;
   And all our sins subduing,
   Our Father, set us free!

3 O, shouldst thou from the fallen
   Withhold thy grace to guide,
   Forever we should wander,
   From thee, and peace, aside.

4 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
   Our only refuge thou!
   Thy cheering words revive us,
   When pressed with grief we bow.

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 even my song.

   D. C.

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; 
   Yee, 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.

828, 567.

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 heav'n'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 repenting, Send, O send me (omit), quick relief!

2. Whither should my soul be flying
   But to him who comfort gives?
   Whither from the dread of dying
   But to him who ever lives?
   While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
   Breathless on the cursed tree,
   Fain I'd feel my heart believing
   Thou didst suffer thus for me.

3. With thy righteousness and Spirit
   I am more than angels blessed;
   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. 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.

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.

2. Ever 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.
THE SINNER—REPENTANCE 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.

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 suffered 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.

Charles Wesley.

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.

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. 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,

7. There, says the Saviour, will I be,
   Amid this little company;
   To them unveil my smiling face,
   And shed my glories round the place.

8. 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.

9. 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.

10. 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.

11. Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
    May we thy true disciples be;
    Speak to each heart the mighty word,—
    Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

12. Command thy blessing in this hour,
    Spirit of truth! and fill the place
    With wounding and with healing power,
    With quickening and confirming grace.

William Cowper

Isaac Watts

Samuel Stennett

Isaac Watts

James Montgomery
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.

1 Grant me within thy courts a place,
   Among thy saints a seat,
   Forever to behold thy face,
   And worship at thy feet,—

2 In thy pavilion to abide
   When storms of trouble blow,
   And in thy tabernacle hide,
   Secure from every foe.

3 "Seek ye my face!" Without delay,
   When thus I hear thee speak,
   My heart would leap for joy, and say,
   "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
   And earthly comforts flee;
   When father, mother, kindred fail,
   My God, remember me!

James Montgomery

179, 147, 117.
1 Wherever two or three may meet
   To worship in Thy 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.

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477

399, 364, 204.
1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,
   Among thy saints a seat,
   Forever to behold thy face,
   And worship at thy feet,—

2 In thy pavilion to abide
   When storms of trouble blow,
   And in thy tabernacle hide,
   Secure from every foe.

3 "Seek ye my face!" Without delay,
   When thus I hear thee speak,
   My heart would leap for joy, and say,
   "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
   And earthly comforts flee;
   When father, mother, kindred fail,
   My God, remember me!

James Montgomery

154
THE CHRISTIAN—HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

480

DURHAM. 7s.

ANCIENT TANTUM ERGO.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

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.

George Burder.

482

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.

John Cennick.

483

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.

Anon.

James Montgomery.

155
### Perseverance

#### 1

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<th>Thou coming One, our wants relieve</th>
<th>In this our evil day;</th>
<th>Long as our fiery trials last, Long as the cross we bear,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To all thy tempted followers give</td>
<td>The power to watch and pray.</td>
<td>O let our souls on thee be cast, In all-prevailing prayer.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The power of interceding grace</th>
<th>Give us in faith to claim;</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To wrestle till we see thy face,</td>
<td>To wrestle till we see thy face,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And know thy hidden name.</td>
<td>And know thy hidden name.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Till then thy perfect love impart;</td>
<td>Till thou appear below</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Till thou appear below</td>
<td>It is the cry of every heart,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be this the cry of every heart,—</td>
<td>“I will not let thee go.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### 3

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I will not let thee go, unless</th>
<th>Thou tell thy name to me;</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>With all thy great salvation bless,</td>
<td>With all thy great salvation bless,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And make me all like thee.</td>
<td>And make me all like thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then let me on the mountain-top</td>
<td>Then let me on the mountain-top</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold thy open face,</td>
<td>Behold thy open face,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where faith in sight is swallowed up,</td>
<td>Where faith in sight is swallowed up,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And prayer in joyful praise.</td>
<td>And prayer in joyful praise.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### I'm but a stranger here

#### 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home;</th>
<th>Danger and sorrow stand round me on every hand, Heaven is my Fatherland, Heaven is my home.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home;</td>
<td>Heaven is my home.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home;</th>
<th>There at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home.</td>
<td>I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time's cold and wintry blast</td>
<td>There'll be the good and blest, Heaven is my home.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soon will be overpast;</td>
<td>Those I love most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.</td>
<td>Heaven is my home.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Unknown.**

**Thomas R. Taylor.**
I want a principle within, Of jealousy, 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 The shield of faith repels the dart That Satan's hand may throw; His arrow cannot reach thy heart If Christ control the bow. The glowing lamp of prayer will light Thee on thy anxious road; 'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight, And guide thee to thy God.

5 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.

6 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.
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’!—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;
Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail.

1 Father, hear thy humble child,
By thy mercy reconciled;
Hear, and all thy graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow
Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail.

3 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move, and spread throughout my soul;
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

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.

Richard Mant.
1. Speak oft-ten to each oth-er, To cheer the fainting mind; And oft-en be your voices
D. S.—Take courage, brother pilgrim,

In pure devotion joined; Though tri-al-s may await you, The crown be-fore 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 lasting 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.

1 FAREWELL, all earthly treasures,
I bid you all adieu;
Farewell, all earthly honor,
I want no more of you.
I want my union grounded
On God’s eternal Son,
Beyond the power of Satan,
Where sin can never come.

2 I want my name engraven
Among the righteous ones,
Who see my Father’s glory,
And wear a starry crown.
For these, the better riches,
I’m willing to pass through
All earthly tribulation,
And count it my just due.

3 I’m willing to be cleansed,
And bear the daily cross;
I’m willing to be purged
From every kind of dross.
I see the fiery furnace,
And feel its cleansing flame;
The fruit of it is holy,
The gold will still remain.

493 246, 836.
1 FAREWELL, all earthly treasures,
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We shall be pure and holy,
And feed on angels’ food,
Rejoicing in bright glory
Around the throne of God.

Anon.
THE CHRISTIAN—HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 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. D. S.

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.

8s & 7s. P. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

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?

Even me. 8s & 7s. P.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;

Refrain.

Even me, even 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.

Elisabeth Codner.

160
1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly—Those hours of toil and danger; For O, we stand 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!

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.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name before his wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, given.

Chorus.
We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed Jesus; For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

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.

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.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;

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

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father’s smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of Heaven, canst thou repine?

4. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven’s eternal day’s before thee;
God’s own hand shall guide thee there.

soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

1. Far from mortal cares retiring,
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.
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.

2. Guide us in the path to heaven,
   Rugged though that path may be;
   Let each bitter cup be 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 before 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.

502  499, 944.

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 B. Ford.
THE CHRISTIAN—HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

**503**

**Come, thou Fount of 
Streams of mercy 
songs of loudest praise.**

_D. C._ 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,**

2 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.

3 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.

**504**

**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.

Robert Robinson.

**Let Me Go.**

1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest; Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared his people's rest: I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for evermore; I would share the joys that wait me on the other shore.

2. 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.

3. 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.

Robert Robinson.
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,
Fine.

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.

506

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?
0 drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

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 home-ward 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, we 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.
1. O brother, be faithful! soon Jesus will come, For whom we have waited so long;

O, soon we shall enter our glorious home, And join in the conqueror's song.

D. S.—Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love—Who died to redeem us his own.

O brother, be faithful! for why should we prove Unfaithful to him who hath shown

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.

Then, brother, prove faithful! not long shall we stay
   In weariness here, and forlorn,
   Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,
   We haste to the glorious morn.

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.

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.

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! the promise is sure,
   That waits for the faithful and tried;
   To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,
   And ever with Jesus abide.

U. Smith.
THE CHRISTIAN HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

510

COME, LET US ANEW; P. M.

Unknown.

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.

511

I LOVE THEE. 11s.

Unknown.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God:

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?

And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, 
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

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, 
Pant for a country by sin undefined.

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; 
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, 
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy; 
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;  
But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, 
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Home, sweet home; 
We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

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.

Home, sweet home; 
We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
THE CHRISTIAN—MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

514

RETREAT. L. M.

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

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
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 molest 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. Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

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.
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.

Then upward to the mercy-seat
Let prayer ascend like incense sweet.

3. And when with reddening blush of morn
The new-born day begins to dawn,

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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.

Then upward to the mercy-seat
Let prayer ascend like incense sweet.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!

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

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief.

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.

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. Watford.
1. I love to steal a while away From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. 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.

3. Our Father, God, who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come; thy will be done All hallowed be thy name; In heaven and earth the same.

4. Give us this day our daily bread; And as we those forgive Who sin against us, so may we Forgiving grace receive.

5. Into temptation lead us not; From evil set us free; And thine the kingdom, thine the power And glory, ever be.

6. That eye is fixed on seraph throngs; That arm upholds the sky; That ear is filled with angel songs; That love is throned on high.

7. 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.

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

9. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore.

10. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes to come; The prospect doth my strength renew While here away from home.

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30. That eye is fixed on seraph throngs; That arm upholds the sky; That ear is filled with angel songs; That love is throned on high.

31. 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.
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.

525

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.

526

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.
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.

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1. **Behold the throne of grace!**
   - The promise calls me near;
   - There Jesus shows a smiling face, And waits my prayer to hear.

2. **That rich atoning blood,**
   - Which sprinkled round I see,
   - Provides for those who come to God An all-prevailing plea.

3. **My soul ask what thou wilt;**
   - Thou canst not be too bold:
   - Since his own blood for thee he spilt, What else can he withhold?

4. **Thine image, Lord, bestow,**
   - Thy presence and thy love;
   - I ask to serve thee here below, And reign with thee above.

5. **Teach me to live by faith;**
   - Conform my will to thine;
   - Let me victorious be in death, And then in glory shine.

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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.

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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.
THE CHRISTIAN—MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

531 SEYMOUR. 7s. C. M. VON WEBER.

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.

533 407, 826, 272.
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
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

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; And our thoughts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.

4. While in grateful contemplation, May we taste thy full salvation, Lord, our eyes are fixed on thee, And, unveil'd, thy glories see.

5. And 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.

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.

Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer. 4 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
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.

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.
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 forgives 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.

539
1 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.

2 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.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure, Enlightening our beclouded eyes; Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure; Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 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.

Isaac Watts.

540
1 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.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone, Nor would receive another guest: Eternal King, erect thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 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.

4 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.

Elizabeth Scott.

541
1 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!

2 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.

3 May grace each idle thought control, And sanctify each wayward soul; May guile depart, and malice cease, And all within be joy and peace.

Anon.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAMILY DEVOTION.

542

HURSLEY. L. M.  
Peter Ritter.

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 eve,
   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.

John Keble.

543

588, 212, 301.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
   For all the blessings of the light;
   Keep me, O mighty King of kings,
   Beneath the shadow of thy wings,

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
   The ills which I this day have done;
   That with the world, myself, and thee,
   I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
   Thy watchful station near me keep;
   My heart with love celestial fill,
   And guard me from the approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my heart forever share
   The bliss of thy paternal care;
   'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
   To see thy face and sing thy love.

Thomas Ken.

544

101, 212, 914.

1 How sweet the light of Sabbath eve!
   How soft the sunbeams lingering there!
   For these blest hours the world I leave,
   Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
   Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
   And while these sacred moments roll,
   Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

3 Nor will our days of toil be long;
   Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
   And we shall join the ceaseless song,
   The endless Sabbath of Our God.

James Edmiston.

545

627, 514, 316.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
   Thy gifts are every evening new;
   And morning mercies from above,
   Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
   Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
   Thy sovereign word restores the light,
   And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
   To thee I consecrate my days;
   Perpetual blessings from thy hand
   Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.
1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;

To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye—

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

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

4. The men that love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes fulfilled; The mighty God will compass them With favor as a shield.

Isaac Watts.

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise Employ my noblest powers, Whose goodness lengthens out my days, And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs, And restless pains and woes, In gentle sleep I closed my eyes, And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same parental care My waking hours attend; From every danger, every snare, My trembling steps defend:

4 Smile on my moments as they roll, And guide my future days; And let thy goodness fill my soul With gratitude and praise.

Anne Steele.

1 How can we see the children, Lord, Whom thou in love hast given, Remain regardless of thy word, Without a hope of heaven?

2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry, And save our children dear; Now send thy Spirit from on high, And fill them with thy fear.

3 O make them love thy holy law, And joyful walk therein; Their hearts to new obedience draw; Save them from every sin.

Anon.
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.

5. The sun rolls down the distant west,
   Soft twilight steals abroad
   To welcome in the day of rest,
   The Sabbath of our Lord.

6. This holy day let us begin
   With songs of praise to God,
   Who pardons all our guilt and sin,
   Through Jesus' precious blood.

7. Now in this tranquil hour we lay
   All worldly cares aside,
   And hallow God's most holy day,
   Though friends or foes may chide.

8. '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.

9. Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
   Of each revolving year;
   How swift the weeks complete their round!
   How short the months appear!

10. So fast eternity comes on,
    And that important day
    When all that mortal life hath done
    God's judgment shall survey.

11. 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.
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.

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;
Submitive 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.

557

688, 810, 236. Philip Doddridge

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.
1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

2 But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find The words of promise sure.

3 Where all things shall be peace, And pleasure without end, And golden harps, that never cease, With joyous hymns shall blend?

4 But may our Sabbaths here Inspire our hearts with love; And prove a blessed foretaste clear, Of that sweet rest above.

5 THE Saviour kindly calls Our children to his breast; He folds them in his gracious arms; Himself declares them blest.

6 With joy we bring them, Lord, Devoting them to thee; Imploring that, as we are thine, Thine may our offspring be.
1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon our sight away;

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.

564

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath-day,
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades,
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath-never close.

Samuel P. Smith.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAMILY DEVOTION.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun hastened 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.

Eventide. 10s.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fall, 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.

John Newton.

Henry F. Lyte.
THE CHRISTIAN—UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

BACA. L. M.

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.

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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. O God! we praise thee for thy grace: How sweet the smiling of thy face! 0 let thy grace our hearts control, And fill with love each longing soul.

5. 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.

6. 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?

7. How long shall my poor troubled breast Be with these anxious thoughts oppress? If thou withhold thy heavenly light, I sleep in everlasting night.

8. 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.

9. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

10. 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?

11. 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.

12. 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.

13. 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.

14. 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?

15. 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.

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19. 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.

20. 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 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.

9. 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!

10. 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, cloudless hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

11. 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.

12. 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.

13. 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?

14. 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.

15. 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.

Bemerton. 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.

5. Jesus, thine all-victorious love
   Shed in my heart abroad:
   Then shall my feet no longer rove,
   Nor leave the heavenly road.

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

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

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

9. 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.

10. 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.

11. O Saviour, in this broken heart
    Confirm the trembling will,
    Which longs to reach thee where thou art,
    Rest in thee, and be still.

12. 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.

13. How oft this wretched, sinful heart
    Has wandered from the Lord!
    How oft my roving thoughts depart,
    Forgetful of his word!

14. Yet mercy calls me now, "Return;"
    Saviour, to thee I come;
    My vile ingratitude I mourn;
    O take the wanderer home!

15. 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.

16. How oft this wretched, sinful heart
    Has wandered from the Lord!
    How oft my roving thoughts depart,
    Forgetful of his word!

17. Yet mercy calls me now, "Return;"
    Saviour, to thee I come;
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    And let me rove no more.

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    Has wandered from the Lord!
    How oft my roving thoughts depart,
    Forgetful of his word!

20. Yet mercy calls me now, "Return;"
    Saviour, to thee I come;
    My vile ingratitude I mourn;
    O take the wanderer home!

21. 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.
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, 0 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, "Awake, awake! And Christ shall make thee whole!"

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.

Charles Wesley.

810, 558, 762.

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.

Charles Wesley.

Anne Steele.

732, 762, 238.

1 O Jesus, full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
"Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,
"Abundantly forgive."

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Charles Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN—UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

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Lovest Thou Me? 7s.

Unknown.

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!

William Cowper.

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.

Jane Taylor.

589

720, 467, 531.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
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 the Lord?

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.
1. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart,
    Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart.

2. For thine own compassion's sake,
    Cast my sins behind thy back,
    And wash me white as snow:
    Give, what I have long implored, A portion of thy grief unknown.

3. See me, Saviour, from above,
    And wash me white as snow:
    Love me freely, seal my peace,
    And bid me sin no more.

4. Clothe me with thy holiness,
    Thy meek humility;
    Let thine image be restored,
    Love me freely, seal my peace,

1 Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear
    Yet once again, I pray;
    From my debt of sin set clear,
    And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
    Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
    But I now my sins confess,
    And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
    A hardness o'er my heart;
    And let thy mercy melt me down;
    And bid me sin no more.

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
    A hardness o'er my heart;
    And let thy mercy melt me down;
    And bid me sin no more.

5...
1. Behold the Christian warrior stand In all the armor of his God;

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.

1. Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
   And gird the gospel armor on;
   Awake and run the heavenly race;
   Let every trembling thought be gone.

2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
   And mortal spirits tire and faint;
   But they forget the mighty God,
   Who is the strength of every saint—

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
   Is ever new and ever young,
   And firm endures, while endless years
   Their everlasting circles run.

4. The terror and the charm repel,
   The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
   The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
   Why should his faithful followers fear?

5. 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?

6. 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.

Anna L. Barbauld.
1. What poor, despised company of travelers are these, Who walk in yonder narrow way, along the rugged maze? Why, that's the way their Leader trod, They love and keep his ways.

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?— Why, that's the way their Leader trod, They love and keep his ways.

5. Why do they shun the pleasing path That worldlings love so well? Because that is the road to death, The open road to hell.

6. What! is there then no other road To Salem's happy ground? Christ is the only way to God, No other can be found.

I'm Going Home

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.

William Hunter.
THE CHRISTIAN—WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne:

1. A-wake, my soul! stretch ev-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 aspi-ring 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 AM I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause? Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, Whilst others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

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.

Philip Doddridge.

Isaac Watts.

Frederick W. Faber.
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.

4. 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.

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.

Charles Wesley.
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THE CHRISTIAN—WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

ROOT. 7s.

1. Sleep not, soldier of the cross; Foes are lurking all around:

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 might of passion down,
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.

606

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.

607

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.

608

1. Oft 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."

4. Come home, come home, Thy Father calls; come home. Come home, come home, Thy (omit.) . . . . . Father calls; come home.

5. When the wily tempter's near, Filling us with doubt and fear,— Jesus, to thy cross we flee; Jesus, we will look to thee.

6. 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.

7. 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.


Anon.
Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; 
Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss: 
From victory unto victory,
His army shall he lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

Though hosts encamp around me, 
Firm in the fight I stand; 
What terror can confound me, 
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance; 
My soul, with courage wait; 
His truth be thine assurance, 
When faint and desolate: 
His might thy heart shall strengthen, 
His love thy joy increase; 
Mercy thy day shall lengthen; 
The Lord will give thee peace!

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.
1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize,—Prize of victory.

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: Gird ye on the armor bright, Warriors of the King of light, Never yield, nor lose by flight Your divine reward.

3. Jesus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell; Now he bids his followers tell Triumphs of his cross.

4. Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Jesus points the victor's rod; Follow where your Leader trod; Soon you'll see his face. Soon, your enemies all slain, Crowns of glory you shall gain, Soon you'll join that glorious train Shouting Jesus' praise.

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.

William H. Haw.
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. Leslie.

I'M A TRAVELER. 7s & 4s. D.  
N. Billings.

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 endear-or; The rest that remain-eth endur-eth for-ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised will falter, no, never;
O trust in the love that endureth forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour can sever;
And soon shalt thou see him and praise him forever.

Joseph Stammers.
Here is no rest, is no rest; alone; Yet I am blest, I am blest.

For I look forward to that glorious day When sin and sorrow will vanish away.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around; Here is no rest, is no rest; Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest, I am blest. Let them revile me, and scoff at my name, Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame; I will go forward, for this is my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest, is no rest; Here I must part with the friends I hold dear; Yet I am blest, I am blest. Sweet is the promise I read in his word,—Blessed are they who have died in the Lord; They will be called to receive their reward; Then there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest, is no rest; Here I must bear from the world all its hate, Yet I am blest, I am blest. Soon shall I be from the wicked released, Soon shall the weary forever be blest, Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast; Then there is rest, there is rest.

5 When they shall see me they shall say, "We had not known that thou wast come." Then shall they that love me rest in my love, And I in theirs; and I shall love them as.”

6 And the Lord said, "Blessed art thou, O Simon Bar-Joan, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Verily I say unto thee, That henceforth thou shalt see the heavens opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."
S Lone - ly and wea - ry, by sor - row oppressed, Onward we hast - en with
Bid - ding a - dieu to the world with its pride, Longing to stand - by Im-
long - ings for rest, | Though we are pilgrims, be - fore us now rise
man - u - el's side. | Vis - ions of glo - ry re - joicing our eyes.

Bright are the
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 best 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.

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—'t is all for the best.

2 Just as the eagle, in teaching to fly,  
Forceth 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—'t is 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— is all for the best.

Annie R. Smith.

203
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, Triumphant-ly 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;
Triumphant-ly 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.

1 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.

2 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.
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.

7. 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?

8. 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!

9. 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.

10. O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
    And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
    Henceforth my chief desire shall be
    To dedicate myself to thee.

11. 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.

12. 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.

13. Renouncing every worldly thing,
    And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
    My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be,
    That all I want I find in thee.
1. My gracious Lord, I own thy right To every service I can pay, 
And call it my supreme delight To hear thy dictates, and obey.

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 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.

6. So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all divine.

7. And is the gospel peace and love? Such let our conversation be; The serpent blended with the dove— Wisdom and meek simplicity.

8. What I never speak one evil word, Or rash, or idle, or unkind? O, how shall I, most gracious Lord, This mark of true perfection find?

9. Thy sinless mind in me reveal; Thy Spirit's plenitude impart; And all my spotless life shall tell That thou hast purified my heart.

PHU, Daddridge.

627  LEBANON, L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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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.
Jesus, my Saviour, let me be more perfectly conformed to thee; Implant each grace, each

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.

Let the envenomed heart and tongue, The hand outstretched to do me wrong, Excite no feelings in my breast, But such as Jesus oft expressed.

To others let me always give What I from others would receive. Nor, when provoked, with anger burn, Nor evil word or act return.

This will proclaim how bright and fair The precepts of the gospel are, And God himself, the God of love, His own resemblance will approve.

Weaned from this earth I fain would be, Of sin, of self, of all but Thee; Reserved for Christ who bled and died, Surrendered to the Crucified.

Securely hid from sin and strife, The lust, the pomp, the pride of life; Prepared for heaven; my noblest care To have my conversation there.

Nothing save Jesus would I know; My friend, and my companion, thou; Constrain my soul thy self to own; Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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!

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.
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.

5. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend his cause, Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross.

6. 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.

7. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure What I've committed to his hands Till the decisive hour.

8. Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face, And in the New Jerusalem Reserve for me a place.

9. Let worldly minds the world pursue: It has no charms for me: Once I admired its trifles too, But grace has set me free.

10. 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.

11. As by the light of opening day The stars are all concealed, So earthly pleasures fade away When Jesus is revealed.
1. O, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God,

Then would my hours glide sweet away, 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.

2. O Saviour, may we never rest
   Till thou art formed within;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin!

2. O, may we gaze upon thy cross,
   Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light!

3. Until, released from carnal ties,
   Our spirit upward springs,
And sees, when earthly glory dies,
True joy in heavenly things.

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.
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.

Charles Wesley.

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 years 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.
THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

647
SILLOAM. C. M.
ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

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.

Reginald Heber.

648
201, 724, 446.
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 lisp 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.

Joseph Strahan.

649
179, 646, 669.
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 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.

Benjamin Beddome.

650
724, 395, 941.
1 How vain are all things here below!
   How false, and yet how fair!
   Each pleasure hath its poison too,
   And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
   Give but a flattering light;
   We should suspect some danger nigh
   Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
   The partners of our blood,—
   How they divide our wavering minds,
   And leave but half for God!

4 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
   My soul's eternal food;
   And grace command my heart away
   From all created good.

Isaac Watts.
THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

1. Jesus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,
   With humble confidence 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.

With humble confidence 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.

Charles Wesley.

652

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

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

654

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
   With heart made glad and free,
   Myself and my remaining days,
   I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy willing servant, I
   Restore to thee thine own;
   And from this moment, live or die,
   Will serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN—GODLY LIFE.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee! Even though it be a cross 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.

Sarah F. Adams.

656

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy; Jesus is mine; Break, every tender tie; Jesus is mine. Dark is the wilderness; Earth has no resting-place; Jesus alone can bless; Jesus is mine.

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

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

4 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!
1. And art thou, gracious Master, gone, A mansion to prepare for me? Shall I behold thee on thy throne?

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, What shame would fill me in that day When thou thy glory shalt display!

3. And what is man, or what his smile? The terror of his anger what? Like grass he flourishes awhile, 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.

5. O, God, my inmost soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtful heart Eternal things impress; | Cause me to feel their solemn weight, | And tremble on the brink of fate, | And wake to righteousness.

6. Before me place in dread array The pomp of that tremendous day When thou with clouds shalt come To judge the nations at thy bar; And tell me, Lord, shall I be there, To hear thy welcome home?

7. Be this my one great business here, With serious industry and fear Eternal bliss t' insure— Thy utmost counsel to fulfill, And suffer all thy righteous will, And to the end endure.

8. 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.
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 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!

659
HEALDSBURG. 6s & 4s.
F. E. Belden.

1. Haste, my dull soul, a-rise, Shake off thy care; Press to thy native skies, Mighty in prayer.

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!

660
TALMAR. 8s & 7s.
Isaac B. Woodbury.

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!"

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.

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
162, 277, 41.

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.

Anon.
Moravian.
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.

4. Ah! why should doubts and fears arise, And sorrow fill my weeping eyes? Too slow, alas! the mind receives The comforts that the gospel gives.

5. O, for a strong, a lasting faith, To rest on what the Almighty saith! To heed the message of his Son, And call the joys of heaven my own.

6. Thou God of hope, to thee we bow! Thou art our Refuge in distress; The Husband of the widow thou, The Father of the fatherless.

7. May we thy law of love fulfill, To bear each other's burdens here, Endure and do thy righteous will, And walk in all thy faith and fear.

8. 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.

9. Though snares and dangers through my path, And earth and hell my course withstand, I triumph over all by faith, Guarded by his almighty hand.

10. 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.

11. 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.

12. 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.

13. His promise, covenant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
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 we 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.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

669  COVENTRY. C. M.  ENGLISH.

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.

Anne Steele.

670  175, 546, 798.

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.

Anne Steele.

671  201, 147, 369.

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.

Anon.

672  179, 201, 204.

1 THINK gently of the erring one,
   And let us not forget,
   However darkly stained by sin,
   He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
   Child of the self-same God;
   He hath but stumbled in the path
   We have in weakness trod.

3 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 to seek a purer rest,
    And trust to holier ties.

5. Happy the heart where graces reign,
    Where love inspires the breast:
    Love is the brightest of the train,
    And strengthens all the rest.

6. Lord, I believe; thy power I own;
    Thy word I would obey;
    I wander comfortless and lone,
    When from thy truth I stray.

7. Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
    Sometimes bedim my sight;
    I look to thee with prayers and tears,
    And cry for strength and light.

8. Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
    My faith is cold and weak:
    My weakness strengthen, and bestow
    The confidence I seek.

9. Lord, I believe; and only thou
    Canst give my soul relief;
    Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
    "Help thou mine unbelief."

10. Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
    And saves us from its snares;
    Its aid, in every duty brings,
    And softens all our cares.

11. Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
    Where deathless pleasures reign;
    And bids us seek our portion there,
    Nor bids us seek in vain.

12. It shows the precious promise sealed
    With the Redeemer's blood,
    And helps our feeble hope to rest
    Upon a faithful God.
1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

2. Though now unseen by outward sense, Faith sees him always near, A guide, a glory, a defense; What, then, have we to fear?

3. As surely as he overcame, And triumphed once for you, So surely you that love his name Shall triumph in him too. Anon.

4. 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;

5. A country far from mortal sight, The land of rest, the saint's delight, Yet, O, by faith I see The heaven prepared for me.

6. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

7. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

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13. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

14. 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;

15. A country far from mortal sight, The land of rest, the saint's delight, Yet, O, by faith I see The heaven prepared for me.

16. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

17. 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;

18. A country far from mortal sight, The land of rest, the saint's delight, Yet, O, by faith I see The heaven prepared for me.

19. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

20. 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;

21. A country far from mortal sight, The land of rest, the saint's delight, Yet, O, by faith I see The heaven prepared for me.

22. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

23. 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;

24. A country far from mortal sight, The land of rest, the saint's delight, Yet, O, by faith I see The heaven prepared for me.

25. A faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink

26. 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;

27. A country far from mortal sight, The land of rest, the saint's delight, Yet, O, by faith I see The heaven prepared for me.
THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Exhortation. C. M.

S. Hibbard.

1. How cheering is the Christian's hope, While toiling
   here below!
   It buoys 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.

179, 308, 446.

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!

Anon.

Frederick Faber.
Come, 0 My com — 1.

1. Toll on a lit- tle longer here, For thy reward a-waits above, | The deeper wound our
Nor droop in sadness or in fear Beneath the rod that's sent in love; 

= SPIRITS FEEL =

spir- its feel, The sweeter heaven's balm to heal, The sweet-er 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.

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 thy name, thy nature know.
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away, O, let me from this day Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

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.

166, 127.

1. Though I speak with angel tongues Bravest words of strength and fire,
D. C.—All the eloquence shall pass As the noise of sounding brass.

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 henceforth be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

Ray Palmer.

Robert R. DeRosset, Jr.
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 erring ones;
    They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so
    O, win them back again!
5 Speak gently; 'tis a little thing,
    Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
    Eternity shall tell.
6 '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 Speak gently; it is better far
    To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
    The good we may do here.
1. There is a blessed hope, More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery The world esteems de-light.

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. Faith is the polar-star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day:

6. Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given:

7. The Faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart:

8. It guides us far from strife,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
And promises eternal life
When we have reached our home.

1. Thou ever-present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2. The soul by faith reclined
Upon thy sheltering breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3. Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4. It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5. O God, to whom I fly,
Do thou my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
Thou art my fountain still.

6. Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in thee alone.

7. Here, then, I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN—COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

691  

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. Wake, for lo, not distant far,  
The rising of the Morning Star;  
O watch to catch the new-born ray  
That ushers in a cloudless day.

MELCOMBE. L. M.  
S. WEBBE.

223, 824, 932.

1. O, deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 WEEPING endures but for a night  
Joy cometh with the morning light;  
Joy cometh of celestial birth,  
Unsullied by the blight of earth.

3. Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze;  
Beyond this dark and thorny maze  
A joy for every tear is found,  
A healing balm for every wound.

4. No sorrow there shall dim the eye,  
No wintry winds or storms are nigh,  
No sighs borne on the fragrant air;  
But all shall in the glory share.

5. Awake, for lo, not distant far,  
The rising of the Morning Star;  
O watch to catch the new-born ray  
That ushers in a cloudless day.

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.

Annie R. Smith.

223, 538, 130.

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.

William Cullen Bryant.

692 212, 301, 347.

1. Weeping endures but for a night,  
Joy cometh with the morning light;  
Joy cometh of celestial birth,  
Unsullied by the blight of earth.

2. Joy comes each faithful heart to thrill,  
That fears of change no more will chill;  
Transporting joy, that fills the soul  
While everlasting ages roll.

3. Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze;  
Beyond this dark and thorny maze  
A joy for every tear is found,  
A healing balm for every wound.

Annie R. Smith.

693 223, 638, 136.

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.

Samuel Stennett.
THE CHRISTIAN—COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

694

MELITA, L. M.
ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

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."

695

1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy day thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

696

1 When in the hours of lonely woe
I give my sorrow leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirits to the dust;

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.

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?

697

1 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper.
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.

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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."

---

1. Is not the way to heavenly gain
   Through earthly grief and loss?
   Rest must be won by toil and pain,—
   The crown repays the cross.

2. In tears and trials thou must sow
   To reap in joy and love;
   We cannot find our home below,
   And hope for one above.

3. As woods, when shaken by the breeze,
   Take deeper, firmer root;
   As winter's frost but makes the trees
   Abound in summer fruit;

4. So every heaven-sent pang and throe
   That Christian firmness tries,
   But nerves us for our work below,
   And forms us for the skies.

---

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.
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  
   Will 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,  
   The heart would overflow,  
   But for that love which died for sin,  
   That love which wept with woe.

1. 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 bliss 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.

1. From lips divine, like healing balm  
   To hearts oppressed and torn,  
   The heavenly consolation fell,  
   "Blessed are they that mourn."

2. Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed  
   A noble faith succeeds;  
   And life, by trials furrowed, bears  
   The fruit of loving deeds.

3. How rich, how sweet, how full of strength  
   Our human spirits are,  
   Baptized into the sanctities  
   Of suffering and of prayer!

4. Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,  
   Breathed through the lips which said,  
   "O blessed are the hearts that mourn;  
   They shall be comforted."

1. 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.
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!

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.

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.

708

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.
Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;

So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Our Father will our footsteps keep,
And his dear love be ours.

When toiling in the narrow way,
By persecution driven,
Beset with treacherous snares that lay
To lead our wayward feet astray,

The anguished heart is riven,
And bitter tears of sorrow flow,

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!

Asnie R. Smith.
1. 'Tis my happiness below Not to live without the cross,
   But the Saviour's power to know, Sanctifying every loss.

2. Trials must and will befall;
   But with humble faith to see
   Love inscribed upon them all,—
   This is happiness to me.

3. Did I meet no trials here,
   No chastisement by the way,
   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.

William Cowper.
1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary 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 rudely pressed;
   Come unto him, all ye who droop in sadness,
   "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

4. There is sweet rest for feet now weary, In the rugged, upward way;
   Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,
   Where life's waters ceaseless flow.

5. For that blest morn our hearts are longing,
   Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,
   When shall end earth's night of woe;
   Where life's waters ceaseless flow.

6. When, thro' those pearly portals thronging,
   Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,
   Mortal cares we'll leave below.
   To those mansions of the blest;

7. Soon to that city, bright, eternal,
   Safe in the Rock of Ages hide us
   Weary pilgrims all shall go;
   Till we gain our final rest.

F. E. Belden.
1. My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,

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—'tis 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!"

5 Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 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.

7 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—'tis ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

8 God, to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

9 Though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise
For all our keenest sufferings here.

10 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 Elliott.

Charlotte Richardson.
1. When, my Saviour, shall I be perfectly resigned to thee?

Poor and vile in my own eyes, Only in thy wisdom wise;

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.

407, 563, 457.

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.

723 821, 272, 826.

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.

Anon.

Mrs. M. F. Mauds.
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 enfold Me from the tempter's snare; And in the book of life enrolled, Be my name written there.

7. Out of the depths to thee I cry Whose fainting footsteps trod The paths of our humanity, Incarnate Son of God!

8. Thou Man of grief, who once apart Didst all our sorrows bear,— The trembling hand, the fainting heart, The agony, and prayer!

9. Is this the consecrated dower, Thy chosen ones obtain, To know thy resurrection power Through fellowship of pain?

10. Then, O my soul, in silence wait; Faint not, O faltering feet; Press onward to that blest estate, In righteousness complete.

11. 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.
THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea,
Which falls like sun-shine 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.

4. When I can trust my all with God
In trial's fearful hour,
I'll bow, resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his saving power.

5. 0, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer.

6. Then blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks.

7. Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

8. Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
0 who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

9. Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

10. Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

11. Thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

12. O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

13. 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.

5. Give to the winds thy fears,
   Hope and be undismayed;
   God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
   He shall lift up thy head.

6. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
   He gently clears thy way;
   Wait thou his time, so shall this night
   Soon end in joyous day.

7. Leave to his sovereign sway
   To choose and to command;
   So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
   How wise, how strong, his hand!

8. Far, far above thy thought
   His counsel shall appear
   When fully he the work hath wrought
   That caused thy needless fear.

   Paul Gerhardt.

9. Thou Refuge of my soul,
   On thee, when sorrows rise,
   On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
   My fainting hope relies.

10. To thee I tell my grief,
   For thou alone canst heal;
   Thy word can bring a sweet relief
   For every pain I feel.

11. But O, when doubts prevail,
   I fear to call thee mine;
   The springs of comfort seem to fail,
   And all my hopes decline.

12. 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.

13. In every trying hour
   My soul to Jesus flies;
   I trust in his almighty power
   When swelling billows rise.

14. His comforts bear me up;
   I trust a faithful God;
   The sure foundation of my hope
   Is in my Saviour's blood.

15. Loud hallelujahs sing
   To our Redeemer's name;
   In joy or sorrow, life or death,
   His love is still the same.
THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

SELVIN. S. M. GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

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 illumine 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.

737 558, 762, 584.
1 “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.

738 88, 236, 946.
1 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.

739 236, 732, 949.
1 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.

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,

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!"

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
And choose the path for me.

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.

Benjamin Schmolke.

Horatius Bonar.

741
Firm. 
D.S.
With healing in his wings: When comforts are declining,
To cheer it after rain.

THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

ELLACOMBE. 7s & 6s. d.
St. Gall's Collection.

1. Sometimes a light surprise the Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises
D.S.—A season of clear shining,

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.

Cowper & Cennick.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.
1. Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me; the changes that are sure to come 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. 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.

5. 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!

6. 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.

7. 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.
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.

5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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.

James Montgomery.

8. 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.

Winterbourne.

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.

E. B. Belden.
1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

Refrain.

his own hand he lead-eth me: His faith-fal fol-lower I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

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

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 't is 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.

750

I. 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, 0 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, 0 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.

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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 appall: Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

8. Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:

Weary and weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

9. Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we sought thy rest in vain; Burdened with doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;

Low at thy feet our sins we lay; Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

by J. M. White.

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THE CHRISTIAN GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

751

Morton. L. M. 6l.

EDWIN BARNES.

752

234, 320.

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.

753

234, 320.

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 appall: Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

Charles Wesley.

Reginald Heber.

754

234, 320.

1. Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:

Weary and weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2. Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we sought thy rest in vain; Burdened with doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest-tossed; Low at thy feet our sins we lay; Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.
1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hills, And fixed as mount-ains 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.

4. Now to the haven of thy breast,
   0 Son of man, I fly;
   Be thou my refuge and my rest,
   For oh! the storm is high.

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.

THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

DUNDEE, C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

755

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.

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.

757

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.

758

724, 681, 360.

1. Unauthor 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.
Communion. C. M.

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.

7. In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,
   We now for succor fly;
   Thine awful judgments are abroad,
   O shield us, lest we die.

8. The fell disease on every side
   Walks forth with tainted breath;
   And pestilence, with rapid stride,
   Bestrews the land with death.

9. O look with pity on the scene
   Of sadness and of dread;
   And let thine angel stand between
   The living and the dead.

10. With contrite hearts, to thee, our King,
    We turn who oft have strayed;
    Accept the sacrifice we bring,
    And let the plague be stayed.

11. We offer thee the incense sweet
    That from the heart doth rise:
    Good works, with true repentance meet,
    Shall be our sacrifice.
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.

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.

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.

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.
The Christian—Guidance and Protection.

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.

And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

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.

Charles S. Robinson.

2. Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causest my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

2. Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3. Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;

3. Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us only on thy love!

720, 821, 631.

4. 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.

5. Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

Charles Wesley.
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.

Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease; 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 hights, 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.

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."
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 the spring of thee; Spring thou up within my heart,
   Rise to all eternity.

Just and holy is thy name, I am all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Charles Wesley.

D. C.—Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

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THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

772

Promise. 8s & 7s. 6l.

Unknown.

I will never, never leave thee, I will never thee forsake;
I will guide, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mercy's sake:

Fear no evil, Fear no evil, Only all my counsel take.

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 aright.

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.

773

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

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

252

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.
THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

775

SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s. D.  

William B. Bradbury.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need thy tender care;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold prepare.

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.

Dorothy A. Thrus.

776

HASTINGS. 10s & 4s.  

F. E. Belden.

Dear Saviour, lead my erring steps aright, I'll follow thee;  
I dare not trust to feeble, mortal sight; I'll follow 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.

F. E. Belden.
2 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!

3 So long thy power hath 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 H. Newman.

778

GUIDE. 7s. d.

Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea-ry souls for e'er re-joice, When they hear that sweet-est voice.

2 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!"

3 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!"

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!
THE CHRISTIAN—GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, say—our for refuge have fled?

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 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trials be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed, he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads,
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come:
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!
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, 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.

James Montgomery.

17

784

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

James Montgomery.

257
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 outshine.

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. When'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, To heaven, my destined place; There, in full sail, my port I'll find, And leave the world and sin behind.

7. Of God I still keep me Near to thy wounded side; 'Tis only there in safety And peace I can abide! What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within! The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.

8. 'Tis only in thee hiding I know my life secure— Only in thee abiding, The conflict can endure: Thine arm the victory gaineth O'er every hateful foe; Thy love my heart sustaineth In all its care and woe.

9. Soon shall my eyes behold thee, With rapture, face to face; One half hath not been told me Of all thy power and grace: Thy beauty, Lord, and glory, The wonders of thy love, Shall be the endless story Of all the saints above.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

1. Behold the Saviour at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,

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.

788

1 A little while, our Lord shall come,
   And we shall wander here no more;
   He'll take us to our Father's home,
   Where he for us has gone before.

2 A little while, he'll come again;
   Let us the precious hours redeem,
   Our only grief to give him pain,
   Our joy to serve and follow him.

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.

R. F. Cottrell.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

HARMONY CHANT. L. M.  
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Behold! expected time draw near, The shades disperse, the dawn appear! Behold the wilderness as some 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.

791 624, 136, 212.
1 How long we've been the heirs of grace! How long desired a crown to win? But still we have not reached the place Where we can say we're free from sin.

2 We patient pray, and gladly sing, "Thy perfect will, O Lord, be done!" Our Captain will the victory bring Which he for us has fairly won.

3 Our works as filthy rags appear, Except as humbly wrought in thee: Jesus, thy righteousness 'tis clear Our righteousness at last must be.

S. O. James.

792 801, 314, 914.
1 Lone pilgrim, cease that mournful sigh: Look up! redemption draweth nigh. Have loved ones gone? does earth look drear? Look up! shed not that bitter tear.

2 What though the heart is saddened now, And shadows gather on thy brow, And grief the bosom heavest still? Look up! submit to Heaven's own will.

3 Do trials unexpected rise? Look up! and view the glorious prize; Let not life's sorrows press you down; Look up! prepare to take the crown.

4 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.

5 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.

1 O happy day! that bursts the tomb, And sets the joyful prisoners free; That lifts the saints from death and gloom To life and immortality.

CHORUS.
Happy day! happy day! For thee we'll wait and watch and pray; We bid thy hours no more delay; O chase the shades of night away.

Happy day! happy day! For thee we'll wait and watch and pray.

2 O happy day! when earth so bright, In Eden robes shall bloom again; Her beauty no decay shall blight, Nor death e'er tread her wide domain.

3 O happy day! when far around, Through all this universal frame, One glorious anthem shall resound Of blessing to Jehovah's name.

4 O happy day! that knows no night; No sorrow with thy joy shall blend; No clouds shall e'er obscure thy light; Thy scenes of glory ne'er shall end.

U. Smith.
1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.

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.

Mrs. M. S. Avery.

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.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

CHOPIN, C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. The glories of that heavenly land I've oftentimes felt before; 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.

799

354, 369, 446.

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; 'T will 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.

800

201, 396, 114.

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.
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.

805, 698, 308.

2 Dear Saviour, we would know thy love Which yet no measure knows;
For us it led thee once to die; From thence salvation flows.

2 Fain would we strike the golden harp, And wear the promised crown,
And at thy feet, while bending low, Would sing what grace hath done.

3 Then leave us not in this dark world, As strangers long to roam;
Come, Lord, and take us to thyself, Come, Jesus, quickly come!

Anon.

804

1 O 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.
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.

7 I long to see thy glorious face,
   And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
   And be forever thine.

807 498, 354, 724.
1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh;
   When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
   And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
   No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
   This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
   He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
   And he'd conduct me home.

4 When by affliction sharply tried,
   Faith tells of scenes to come,—
Those endless joys prepared above,—
   And then I sigh for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and round
   This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the un-hallowed ground,
   And dwell with Christ at home.

Elizabeth Mills.
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.

Long was to be her voyage—the time,
Six thousand years almost.
Ere she would make the highland hights,
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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

1. Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait; Ob-serv-ant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate; Ob-serv-ant of his heavenly word, And watch-ful 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.

Far down the ages now, Much of her journey done, The pilgrim church pursues her way, Until her crown be won.

No slacker grows the fight, No feebler is the foe, Nor less the need of armor tried, Of shield and spear and bow.

Thus onward still we press Through evil and through good, Through pain and poverty and want, Through peril and through blood.

Still faithful to our God, And to our Captain true, We follow where he leads the way, The kingdom in our view.

Let us keep steadfast guard With lighted hearts all night, That when Christ comes, we stand prepared, And meet him with delight.

At midnight's season chill Lay Paul and Silas bound,— Bound and in prison, sang they still, And singing, freedom found.

Our prison is this earth, And yet we sing to thee: Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth, Set us, believing, free!
1. Come, Lord, and tarry not; Bring the long-looked-for day;

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.

7. We laid them down to sleep,
   But not in hope forlorn;
   We left them but to slumber there,
   Till the last glorious morn.

8. 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.

9. Come, Lord, and wipe away
   The curse, the sin, the stain,
   And make this blighted world of ours
   Thine own fair world again.

10. IN expectation sweet,
    We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
    Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
    And see an endless day.

11. He comes! The conqueror comes!
    Death falls beneath his sword;
    The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
    And rise to meet their Lord.

12. The trumpet sounds, Awake!
    The saints the call obey;
    Their joyful upward flight they take
    To realms of endless day.

13. 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.
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall meet the loved who now Are sleeping in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away!

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 struggles 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!

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar severe, With holy joy or guilty dread, We all shall soon appear,— Our cautioned souls prepare For that tremendous day, And fill us now with watchful care, And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour, That awful hour unknown, When, robed in majesty and power, Thou shalt from heaven come down, The immortal Son of man, To judge the human race, With all thy Father's dazzling train, With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we all be found Obedient to thy word, Attentive to the trumpet's sound, And looking for our Lord: O may we thus insure A lot among the blest, And watch a moment to secure An everlasting rest.

Horatius Bonar.

Charles Wesley.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.  
HENRY CARRY.

1. Break, break, et-ernal day, Bid dark-ness 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, 0 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, 
Uncæssing songs of praise, 
Throughout eternal days, 
In realms of light.

LONG TIME AGO. 8s & 4s.  
UNKNOWN.

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain Long time a- go, And sal-va-tion's rolling fountain Now free-ly flow.

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;

Earth has groaned with bloody wars, And the hearts of men have feared.

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.

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!

822

1. Clouds of glory lingering,
   Haste! 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.

823

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. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
   When, beneath Messiah's sway,
   Every nation, every clime,
   Shall his righteous will obey.

3. Then shall wars and tumults cease;
   Then be banished grief and pain;
   Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
   Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

824

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.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

LUBECK. 7s.

1. Come, Desire of nations, come! Hasten, Lord, the general doom!

With thy holy train descend; Then our earthly trials end.

821, 272, 457.

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;
Now 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.

827 Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth
ELTHAM. 7s. 61

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;
Let the little

769, 685, 244.

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.

"Written after the great movement."

LOWELL MASON.
Fine.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

Watchman, 7s. d.

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!

1 Son of God, thy people's shield, Must we still thine absence mourn? Let thy promise be fulfilled; Thou hast said, "I will return." Gracious Master, soon appear Quickly bring thy morning's light; Then will cease the constant tear, Hope be turned to joyful sight.

2 As a woman counts the days Till her absent lord she sees, Longs and watches, weeps and prays, So the church must long for thee.

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. Anon.

830 [Tune, Dawning, No. 842.] 8s & 7s. d.

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. L. D. Santec.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

1. Hark! hark! hear the blest tid-ings; Soon, soon, Je-sus will come, Robed, robed, in hon-er and glo-ry, To
gath-er his ransomed ones home. Yes, yes, O yes, To gath-er 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, cling, fast to his word; Wait, wait, if he should tarry, Patiently wait for the Lord. Yes, yes, O yes, Patiently wait for the Lord.

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.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

WEBB, 7s & 6s. D.  

1. How long, O Lord our Saviour, Wilt thou remain a-way? Our hearts are growing weary D. S.—The sunshine of thy glory.

Of thy so long delay.
Shall the people dawn?

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.

835  

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. When shall I see Jesus, And in his kingdom dwell? Partake its everlasting bliss? When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in?

Refrain.

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

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.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place. Sun, and moon, and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

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; endearing rest in heaven; There will sorrow ever cease, And crowns of joy be given.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place. Sun, and moon, and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

Robert Seagrove.
1. Ye who rose to meet the Lord, Ventured on his faithful word, Faint not now, for your reward Will be quickly given.

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 alound the glad acclaim, To the Lamb that once was slain, Alleluias bring!

6. When shall I see the day That ends my woes? When shall I victory gain O'er all my foes? When will the trumpet sound, That calls me home? The grand, sabbatic year,— When will it come?

7. In yonder realms of light, By faith I see A crown of glory bright, Prepared for me. O may I soon behold That happy day, When sorrow, sin, and pain Shall flee away!

8. O may I ever keep The prize in view, And through the storms of life My way pursue! Jesus, be thou my guide, My steps attend; O keep me near thy side; Be thou my friend.

9. Be thou my shield and sun, Be thou my guard; And, when my work is done, My great reward.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

Contrast. 8s. d.

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.

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.

2 By faith we already behold
   That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
   As crystal her buildings are clear.

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.

Charles Wesley.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear!
   We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
   The day of eternity come.

2 By faith we already behold
   That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
   As crystal her buildings are clear.

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.

Charles Wesley.
I WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

DAWNING. 8s & 7s. d. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY. Fine.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing
Have the signs that mark its com-ing
Yet up-on thy path-way shone?

D. C.—Gird thy bri-dal robes a-round thee,
Morn-ing dawns, a-rise! a-rise!

Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing
Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing

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, Sabbath year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom now is near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious hights 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.

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.
1. Long upon the mountains, weary, Have the scattered flock been torn; 
   Dark the desert paths, and dreary; Grievous trials have they borne. 
   D. C.—Union, faith, and love, abounding, Bid the little flock rejoice.

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.

5. Now the gathering call is sounding, 
   Solemn in its warning voice; 
   Israel’s strength and consolations, 
   Hope of all the saints thou art; 
   Dear Desire of every nation, 
   Joy of every longing heart.

6. 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.

7. 1 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 spot again.

8. 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.

9. 1367, 860, 501.
   845 132, 498, 608.
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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1. 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.

2 Pilgrims, on! the storm is beating,
   Beating wildly on your way:
   Tarry not, the time is fleeting;
   Shall the storm your footsteps stay?
Hasten on, through joy and sorrow,
   Or whatever may betide,
   Wait not for the calm to-morrow,
   Faithful at your work abide.

3 Pilgrims, on! what though in dangers,
   Life's eventful course pursue;
   Labor on, ye friendless strangers,
   Grace will guide you safely through.
What if trials must befall you!
   What if fierce temptations rise!
   Shall earth's bitter strife appall you
   While contending for the prize?

4 Pilgrims, on! there's rest in heaven,
   Rest from every anxious care,
   Rest in Jesus' smiles, forgiven,
   Peaceful and eternal there.
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!

1 Time, thou speedest on but slowly;
   Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with him, the high and holy,
   I hold converse face to face.
Here is naught but care and mourning
   Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
   Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 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!
1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and by thyself revealing,
D. S.—Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day up-on 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 wond'ring 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.

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1. Lift your heads with faith, the ill or row Dawneth brighter than to-day, Chace the gathering gloom away.

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.
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,

Though dangers rise on every side. We shall not be forsaken.

Though thousands calmly slumber on, The last great message spurning, We'll rest our living faith upon His promise of returning.

Then trim your lamps with godly fear; The Master's coming draweth near, Let every lamp be burning.

2. Though thousands calmly slumber on, The last great message spurning, We'll rest our living faith upon His promise of returning.

2 And when that bright morning In splendor shall dawn, Our tears will be ended, Our sorrows all gone.

3. His word our lamp, his truth our guide, We cannot be mistaken;

3 The Bridegroom from glory To earth shall descend, Ten thousand bright angels Around him attend.

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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.

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5 The saints, then immortal, In glory shall reign; The Bride with the Bridegroom Forever remain.
WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

1. Watchmen on the walls of Zion, What, O tell us, of the night?
   Is the day-star now arising?
   Will the morn soon greet our sight?
   O'er your vision shine there now some rays of light?

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 descry?
   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 hastening,
   Soon the haven will appear;
   Let your voices sound aloud your holy cheer.

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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.

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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!

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Anon.

Charles Wesley.

John S. B. Monsell.
1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, 
Welcoming news to Zion bearing—Zion long in hostile lands:

Mourn-ing captive! Mourn-ing captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

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

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee; 
He 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.

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!

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Onward roll, from tongue to tongue; 
Christ is coming! 
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

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2 Lo! another angel follows, 
With another solemn cry; 
"Babylon the great is fallen!" 
Peaches 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.
1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joyful times are near at hand:
   D.C.—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.

6. The coming events of the kingdom of God Cast in glory their shadows before;
   And my being would leap from its prisoned abode, (omit.)

7. The coming events of the kingdom of God
   And the King in his beauty adore;
   And the King in his beauty adore.

8. 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.

9. 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.

Thomas Kelly.

Anon.
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 heights 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. Rusting.

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1. I'm weary of staying; O when shall I rest
In that promised land of the good and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
Ties for ever are fled?

D. S.—Where tears and temp-

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?

R. F. Cottrell.
1. Heir of the kingdom, why dost thou slumber? Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?

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. No more shall ye suffer for Christ, tribulation,
   No more shall ye rudely be scattered and torn;
   Your trials and sorrows, your fears and temptations,
   Will shortly be over; no more shall ye mourn.

7. Earth has not the bliss which in heaven is offered,
   And knows not the joys that await all the blest;
   The saints are the heirs to the kingdom that's proffered,—
   The kingdom of righteousness, kingdom of rest.

8. 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.
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear, Thou glorious Star of day! Shine forth, and chase the dreary night, With all our tears, away. No resting-place we seek on earth, No lovelessness we see; Our eye is on the royal crown, Prepared for us and thee.

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.

1 Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come; Ye wedding-guests draw near, And slumber not in sin, when he, The Son of God, is here! Come, let us haste to meet our Lord, And hail him with delight; Who saves us by his precious blood, From sorrows infinite!

2 Beside him will the patriarchs old, And holy prophets stand; The glorious apostolic choir, And noble martyr band. As brethren dear they'll welcome us, And lead us to the throne, Where angels bow their vailed heads, Before the Eternal One.

3 There we, with all the saints of God, A white-robed multitude, Shall praise our glorious Lord, who deigned To bear our flesh and blood. Our happy lot shall be to share His reign of peace above, And drink, with unexhausted joy, The river of his love.
1. There is a King of glory, Ere long on earth to rise, Sung in prophetic story, Descending from the skies;
   The Babe of Bethlehem, 'tis he; It is the man of Calvary,—Not crowned with thorns, and gory, But crowned with glory now!

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!
1. Long for my Saviour I've been waiting, Long time have watched by night and day; I should lose courage by the way. I

WAITING FOR CHRIST—CLOSING WORK.

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.
Have You Faith? P. M.

PROPHETS HAVE SPOKEN, THEIR WORDS ARE FULL-FILLED;
Have you faith?

1. Jo-sus our Sav-iour says, "I will appear!" Have you faith?
   My trumpet is sounding ma-jes-tic and clear; Have you faith?
The faith-ful a-lone I come to see,
   The plan of salvation faith's eye will see
   And live forever and reign with me;
Only have faith!

2. Prophets have spoken, their words are ful-
   Have you faith?
   My word is established, your anguish is
   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
   To live forever and reign with me;
   Only have faith!

CHOIR: C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

HAPPY ARE THE LITTLE FLOCK WHO SAFE-BENEATH THEIR GUARDIAN ROCK IN ALL COM-BATIONS REST!

1. How hap-py are the lit-tle flock Who safe be-neath their guardian Rock In all com-mo-tions rest!

2. The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
   Our Sav-iour'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;

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.

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.
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.

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.

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.

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.

4. Dark brood the heavens over thee;
   Behold, the Judge of all appears;
   Unnumbered millions throng around,
   Raised from the buried dust of years.

5. Sinner, behold thy dreadful doom!
   Destruction opens wide for thee
   Thy blindly chosen, final home.

1. When thou shalt come with trumpets 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!
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

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 hastes 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.

Anon.

223, 301, 19.

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!

Anon.

639, 136, 336.

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.

Anon.

19, 347, 212.

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.

Anon.
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;

Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole—How welcome to the faithful 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.

The Lord will come! but not the same As once in lowly form he came— A silent Lamb to slaughter led, The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

2. The Lord will come!—a dreadful form, With wreath of flame and robe of storm, On cherub wings and wings of wind, Anointed Judge of human-kind.

3. Can this be He who wont to stray A pilgrim on the world's highway; By power oppressed, and mocked by pride? O'God! is this the Crucified?

4. 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.

5. 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.

Reginald Heber.

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1. The Lord is coming! glad and free Proclaim the note of jubilee. Arouse, ye nations, countless throng, Ring out the tidings loud and long.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

5. 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 his room,

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

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;

4. Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

5. He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

1086, 88, 403.

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.

BEHOLD, the day is come; The righteous Judge is near; And sinners, trembling at their doom, Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire, Conduct him through the skies; Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire, Attend him as he flies.

3 The whole creation groans; But saints arise and sing: They are the ransomed of the Lord, And he their God and King.

Benjamin Beddome.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

MEAR. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,
   When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

2 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!

5 The angel comes,—he comes to reap
   The harvest of the Lord;
   O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
   Wide waves his flaming sword.

6 And who are they in sheaves to bide
   The fire of vengeance, bound?
   The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
   Choked the fair crop around.

7 And who are they reserved in store,
   God's treasure-house to fill?
   The wheat, a hundredfold that bore,
   Amid surrounding ill.

8 O King of mercy! grant us power
   Thy fiery wrath to flee;
   In thy destroying angel's hour
   O, gather us to thee!

9 And must I be to Judgment brought,
   And answer in that day,
   For every vain and idle thought,
   And every word I say?

10 Yes; every secret of my heart
   Shall shortly be made known,
   And I receive my just desert
   For all that I have done.

11 How careful, then, ought I to live,
   With what religious fear
   Who such a strict account must give
   For my behaviour here!

12 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.

13 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
   For all his poor oppressed,
   To save the people of his love,
   And give the weary rest.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

GRANDEUR. C. M. ENGLISH.

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 broken heart to bind, The wounded soul to cure, And, with the treasures of his grace, To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

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1 As Jesus died, and rose again Victorious from the dead; So his disciples rise and reign With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds Christ shall with shouts descend; And the last trumpet's awful voice The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high; The heavenly hosts, with praises loud, Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house With joyful hearts they go; And dwell forever with the Lord, Beyond the reach of woe.

Isaac Watts.

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5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

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1 Each setting sun draws near the day When, at Jehovah's word, The heavens like smoke shall pass away, Revealing Christ our Lord.

2 To speak our doom he will descend, Beheld by every eye; Life or destruction shall attend Those Judgments from on high.

3 Then weigh thyself with anxious care, And seek a throne of grace; Thy soul his Spirit can prepare To stand before his face.

S. Isadore Miner.
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, Inhabiters 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!
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

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. Jesus, faithful to his word,
   Shall with a shout descend; All heaven's host their glorious Lord Shall joyfully attend.
   2 Christ shall come, ye saints, rejoice!
   He'll come with thunders loud,
   With the Archangel's mighty voice,
   And with the trump of God.

5. First the dead in Christ shall rise;
   Then we that yet remain
   Shall be caught up into the skies,
   And see our Lord again.
   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.

6. Who can tell the happiness
   This glorious hope affords?
   Unuttered pleasure we possess
   In these reviving words.

Charles Wesley
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

1. Hark! the song of jubilee; Loud as might-ly thun-ders roar,
   Or the full-ness of the sea When it breaks up-on the shore:
   Hal-le- lu-jah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

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.

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.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

1. Day of Judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, 
   Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round!

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
   How the summons, How the summons
   Will the sinner's heart confound!

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."

904 HENDON. 7s.

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
Lo! He comes; the Archangel's trumpet
Wakes to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand thousand angels,
See their great exalted Head
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

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,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

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!"

Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known;
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

Hark! the Archangel's trumpet is sounding,
Solemn tones break on the ear;
Louder now its echoes bounding,
All the earth astonished hear:
Hallelujah!
Christ our Saviour doth appear.

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.

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.

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.
1. The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;

Lo, self-moving it drives on its path-way of cloud, And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

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.

Henry H. Milman.

5. 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.

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.

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.

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!

W. H. Littlejohn.
SECOND ADVENT—EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT. P. M. 

JOSEPH KLUG.

1 Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things created!
The trumpet sounds; the Judge of man I see appear
On clouds of glory seated:
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.

5 See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised
Now their heads with gladness raise:
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

William B. Colyer.

Tune, Harwell, No. 102.] 8s & 7s. D.

1 Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance 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.

306
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.”
   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.

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,
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?

   3 Where will the sinner hide in that day, in
   That place, will there be there?
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there,
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?

   3 Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will there be there?
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!

   3 Where will the sinner hide in that day, in
   That place, will there be there?
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there,
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?
   Where will the sinner hide in that day?

   3 Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will there be there?
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!
   Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!

307
When death inflicts his fatal wound, When tender friends and kindred die.

The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,

Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought Should with our mourning passions blend,

Nor would our bleeding hearts forget The Almighty, ever-living Friend.

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless? To sink into that soft repose, Then wake to perfect happiness?

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,

When death inflicts his fatal wound, When tender friends and kindred die.

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.

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.

The living saints have yet to meet And brave the tempter's utmost ire; The grave will be a blest retreat While earth is whelmed in troubles dire.

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.

Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the quiet dust.

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.

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.

William Bathurst.

R. F. Cottrell.

Isaac Watts.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

918

Russell, L. M.

Edwin Barnes.

1. Bewhold 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 bowers.

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.

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.

5. Yet these, new rising from the tomb, With luster brighter far shall shine, Revive with ever-during bloom, Safe from diseases and decline.

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.

919

914, 923.

1. The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As careless of the noontide heats, As fearless of the evening cold.

2. Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast, Parched by the sun's direc'ter ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away.

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. 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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

Annie R. Smith.
1. 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 for the tomb.

I know that my Redeemer lives; He lives, and on the earth shall stand;

The King in beauty I shall view; I shall from him receive the prize,

The starry crown to victors due.

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.

I surely shall behold him near,
    Shall see him in the latter day
    In all his majesty appear.

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!

Let gentle Patience smile on pain,
    Till dying Hope revives again;
    She wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,

And Faith points upward to the sky.

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.

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.

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.

Anon.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep
   From which none ever wake to weep;
   A calm and undisturbed reposè,
   Unbroken 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.

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.

Annie Smith

PROTECTION. L. M.

H. Abbott.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies!
   How transient every earthly bliss!
   How slender all the fondest ties
   That bind us to a world like this!

2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,
   The 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, For- ev- er mold- er in the grave?

Canst thou forget thy glo- rious 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.

5 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead un-con-scious lie;
Their powers of thought and sense are gone,
A-like un-know-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.

John W. Cunningham.

DANIEL READ.
1. Gently, dear Saviour, 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!
   Blessed 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.

F. E. Belden.

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.

Anon.

1. Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
   Or clouds that roll successive on,
   Man's busy generations pass, And while we gaze, their forms are gone,

2. 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.

3 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.

Jane Taylor.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS GEORGE NARGELI.

1. How long shall Death, the tyrant, reign, And triumph o'er the just?

2. When shall the tedious night be gone?

3. Let faith arise, and climb the hills,

4. We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"

The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

2. When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3. How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4. And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

Jesus Watts.

I JESUS made known the path of light,
Which righteous men shall tread;
He showed the way, the truth, the life,
In rising from the dead.

2. Then let these fleshly yearnings cease,
Let joy our hearts expand;
Death is to them a peaceful sleep
Who keep their Lord's command.

3. This sleeping dust ere long shall rise,
And these dead bones awake,
When Christ in glory rends the skies,
And all the kingdoms shake.

Anon.

1 A lovely infant sleeps in death;—
How beautiful and fair!
Yes, even now, though void of breath,
God's impress still is there.

2 And if thus fair and lovely here,
Beneath death's icy hand,
O will it not be beauteous there,
'Mid the immortal band?

3 When Jesus bids it rise and live
With all the saints in light,
A glorious body then he'll give,
Resplendent to the sight!

4 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.
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.

   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 vespers star appears;
      So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
      Whose eyes are dim with tears.

   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?

   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.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

LAUREL HILL, C. M.

941

One thought shall check the starting tear: From sorrow thou art free.

933, 147.

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.

942

1 How slender is life's silver cord!
   How soon 't is broken here!
Each moment brings a parting word,
   And many a falling tear.

2 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.

3 O glorious morning! quickly come,
   And wake this slumbering clay;
Touch these pale lips, so cold and dumb,
   With thine immortal ray.

F. E. Belden.

943

LILLIE, C. M.

1. Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blessed;
   How calm their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
   And safe from every snare.

3 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.

Isaac Watts.

Copyrighted 1858

by F. E. Belden.
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.

945

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. There faith lifts up her tearless eye, The heart no longer riven, And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heaven.
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 trumpet 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!

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.

4. Lord, let us put on thee 
   In perfect holiness, 
   And rise prepared thy face to see— 
   Thy bright, unclouded face.

5. Thy grace with glory crown, 
   Who hast the earnest given; 
   And then triumphantly come down, 
   And take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley

948
1. 0, 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, 
   Embalmed with all our hearts can give, 
   Our praises and our tears.

5. 0, 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 BARNES.

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;
   I'll call again the fleeting breath,
   When portals dark are riven.

4. How blessed here to mourn,
   And there be comforted
   When Christ shall call again his own,
   And bring them from the dead!

F. E. Belden.

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,
   And every form and every face
   Look heavenly and divine?

4. O Lord, accept the praise
   Of these our humble songs,
   Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
   With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.
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.

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.  

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re-pose; Thy toils are o'er, 

thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet release, Thine eye-lids gently close, 

thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet release, Thine eye-lids gently close, 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.

Farewell! we meet no more On this side heaven; The part-ing 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 sentence just; Head and tongue, and hand and heart,

All in guilt have born their part: Righteous is the common doom—All must moulder 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,

Mounting victors to the skies.

4. Lord, from nature's gloomy night

Ransomed by thy blood they rise,

Turn we to the gospel's light;

Mounting victors to the skies.

Thou wilt all thy people save;

Anon.

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,

There is a world above,

Beyond this vale of death,

Where parting is unknown;

There surely is some blessed clime

A whole eternity of love

Where life is not a breath,

Formed for the good alone;

Nor life's affection transient fire

O Saviour, hasten to appear!

Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

Translate us to that happy sphere.

James Montgomery.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

1. She hath passed death's chilling billow, 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, To friendship true,
   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;

   Where no wintry winds are blowing,—
   No burial train,
   Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,
   We'll meet again.

FERN DELL.

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;
   Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
   We can sing, "Thy will be done."

3. Though today we're filled with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne;

   With thy smiles of love returning,
   Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
   Evermore thy will be done.

   4 By thy hands the boon was given, Thou hast taken but thine own:
   Thou hast taken but thine own:

   Thomas Hastings.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze;

Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low;

Dearest sister, thou hast left us! Here thy loss we deeply feel;

Yet again we hope to meet thee, When this mortal life is fled;

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."

Horne.
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.

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 pinion, They shall shout from land and sea, "Death, where is thy dark dominion ! Grave, where is thy victory !"

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:

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

1 P A S S E D away from earth forever, Free from all its cares and fears, She again will join us never While we tread this vale of tears.
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.

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.

1. O what is life? 'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour, With all its beauty on;

Death comes, and, like a winter 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: to-day '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;

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,

U. Smith.

[Anon.]
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

GONE TO THE GRAVE. 9s.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Friend and companion, dear to each heart; Tears naught a-va'll us, now we must part.

Death's hand has plucked thee, pillowed thy head, Lowly and lifeless, faded and dead.

2. Now bending o'er thee, sadly we weep;
While o'er our gladness lone shadows creep.
Dark, chilling shadows, bringing a gloom,
Telling of dear ones gone to the tomb.

3. Guarding thy slumbers, cypress shall wave,
Mournful and silent, over thy grave.
Angels their vigils watchful shall keep,
Waiting thy blissful waking from sleep.

4. Ah, we must leave thee, silent in death;
Fond hopes have vanished—flown with thy breath.
Joy turns to sadness, life seems but pain;
O, shall we ever meet thee again?

5. Yes, we shall meet thee on heaven's shore,
Where death and partings come nevermore:
There, will our Saviour dry every tear;
Sorrowful mourner, be of good cheer.

F. E. Belden.

SWEET BE THY REST.  P. M.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Sweet be thy rest, And peaceful thy sleeping; God's way is best, Thou art in his keeping. O blessed sleep Where ills ne'er molest thee! Why should we weep? For heaven hath blessed thee: Sweet be thy rest.

2. Thy work is done,
Thy sowing and reaping;
Thy crown is won,
And hushed is thy weeping.
From tears and woes,
From earth's midnight dreary,
Thine is repose
Where none ever weary:
Sweet be thy rest.

3. Sweet be thy rest;
No more we may greet thee
'Till with the blest
In heaven we meet thee.
O union sweet
That death cannot sever!
There we shall meet,
Where sad tears fall never:
Sweet be thy rest.

F. E. Belden.
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

SCOTLAND. 12s & 11s. John Clarke.

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 'twere 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.

Reginald Heber.

972

1 Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust, We bid each parting saint a brief farewell; Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

2 Softly within that peaceful resting-place We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the clay Press lightly on them till the night be past, And the far east give note of coming day.

3 The day of re-appearing! how it speeds! He who is true and faithful speaks the word: Then shall we ever be with those we love; Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

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.**

Lowell Mason

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1. The time is near when Zi-on's sons, With rapturous joy shall sing the song Fore-told by

2. Open, ye gates! The glorious King Approaches with a holy throng; 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.

5. Lo! round the throne, a glorious band, The saints in countless myriads stand; Of every tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

6. Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame; But now from all their labors rest In God's eternal glory blest.

7. They see the Saviour face to face; They sing the triumph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud hosannas raise.

8. O may we tread the sacred road That holy saints and martyrs trod, Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win, like them, a crown of life!

**Mary L. Duncan.**

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223, 624, 136.

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 They see the Saviour face to face; They sing the triumph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 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.**
REWARD OF SAINTS.

ANDRE, L. M.

1. We've no abiding city here; Sad truth, were this to be our home; But let this thought our

spirits cheer, We seek a city yet to come, We seek a city yet to come.

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.

978

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 earthy skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of suns to rise To dissipate the gloom of night;

4. There sweeps no desolating wind Across that calm, serene abode; The wanderer there a home may find Within the paradise of God.

Gordon Robins.

979

1. When God descends with men to dwell, And all creation wakes anew, What tongue can half the wonders tell? What eye the dazzling glory view?

2. Zion, the desolate, again Shall see her lands with roses bloom, And Carmel's mount and Sharon's plain Shall yield their spices and perfume;

3. Celestial streams shall gently flow, The wilderness shall joyful be, Lilies on parched grounds shall grow, And gladness spring on every tree;

4. The weak be strong, the fearful bold, The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing, The lame shall walk, the blind behold, And joy through all the earth shall ring;

5. The high and low shall meet in love, All pride shall die, and meekness reign,— When Christ descends from worlds above To dwell with men on earth again.

Baldwin.

980

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pastures clothed in living green, Where sultry sun, or stormy day, Or gloomy night is never seen.

2. Far up the everlasting hills In God's own glorious light it lies; His smile its vast dimension fills With joy divine that never dies.

East.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

1. Jo-rua-leam, 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. What are all my sufferings here,
   if, Lord, thou count me meet
   With that enraptured host to appear,
   And worship at thy feet?

8. 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.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

985

No Sorrow There. S. M.

1. There'll be no night in heaven—In that blest world above;
   No anxious toil, no weary hours;
   For labor there is love.

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.

986

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2. Is there a blissful home,
   Where kindred minds shall meet,
   And live, and love, nor ever roam
   From that serene retreat?

3. My soul would thither tend,
   While toilsome years are given;
   Then let me, gracious God, ascend
   To sweet repose in heaven!

Ray Palmer.

987

Silver Street. S. M.

1. What a mighty change Shall Jesus' followers know, When o'er the happy plains they range, In capable 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.

988

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.
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. Isaac Watts.

1. 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.

990 486, 450.
1. 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.

2. 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. Samuel Stennett.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

OAKLEY. C. M. D.

WILLIAM H. OAKLEY.

1. There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies, Where beauty smiles e-

ternal-ly, And pleasure never dies;—My Fa- ther's house, my heavenly home,

Where many mansions stand, Prepared, by hands divine, for all Who seek the better land.

2 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.

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.

993

1 There is a city, fair and bright, That eye hath never seen, Where ever dwelleth pure delight, And heavenly praise serene.

992

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 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. As.

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. Anon.
1. Whence came the armies of the sky, John saw in vision bright, 
   Their crowns, their robes, their palms, too pure for mortal sight? 
   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. 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. 
   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

5. From desert waste, and cities full, 
   They saw the star of Bethlehem, 
   Arise in splendor bright; 
   They followed long its guiding ray, 
   Till beamed a clearer light. 
   From dungeons dark, they've come, 
   They've found their long-sought home.
1. **Beautiful Zion.** 8s. 

Unknown.

**Chorus.**

Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple, God its light—

2. **Beautiful trees forever there,**
   Beautiful fruit they always bear,
   Beautiful rivers gliding by,
   Beautiful fountains never dry—

3. **Beautiful light without the sun,**
   Beautiful day revolving on,
   Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,
   Beautiful streets of shining gold—

4. **Beautiful crowns on every brow,**
   Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
   Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
   Beautiful all who enter there—

5. **Beautiful throne of God, the Lamb,**
   Beautiful seats at his right hand,
   Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
   Beautiful home of perfect peace.


Unknown.

**Chorus.**

Robes for the righteous,
Robes for the righteous,
Wait in the vestry of the Lord, White robes wait for me.

2. **These through fiery trials trod;**
   Through their great Redeemer's might,
   More than conquerors they stand.

3. **Clad in raiment pure and white,**
   God shall wipe away their tears.

4. **Joy and gladness banish sighs;**
   Perfect love dispels all fears.

5. **Victor palms in every hand,**
   And forever from their eyes.

6. **James Montgomery.**
REWARD OF SAINTS.

EWING. 7s & 6s. d.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en, With milk and hon-ey blest, Beneath thy con-tem-

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not

What holy joys are there; What ra - di-ancy of glo - ry, 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.

998

833, 567.

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.

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. Neal.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

WORLD TO COME. P. M.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day.
O! how they sweetly sing,

"Worthy is our Saviour King;" Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

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.

1000

Anon.

1001

1 There is a world to come,
Blessed and pure;
It is the Christian's home,
Long to endure.
O 'tis a world most bright,
No more death, nor woe, nor night,
Faith views it with delight,
Knowing 'tis sure.

2 There Jesus Christ shall reign,
All glorious King!
There music's rapturous strain
Ever will ring:

Anon.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

1002

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. P.  

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest; And my Saviour's gone before me To fulfill my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary.

3. 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.

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.
1. There is a land, a better land than this,—There's my home, there's my home!

2. Far, far I am from my own happy shore,—
I would go, I would go;
But yet my days of exile are not o'er:
I would go, I would go.
I would not stay though earth were mine;
Though all its treasures for me shine,
A captive here I still would pine:
I would go, I would go.

3. Bright visions of that blissful land appear,—
There's my home, there's my home,—
How long a pilgrim must I wander here?
There’s my home, there’s my home.

4. There is a land, a brighter land than this,—
Joys are there, joys are there;
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,
Reaches there, reaches there.
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,
And crystal streams that never dry;
O give me wings! I now would fly,
And be there, and be there.

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.

Anon.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

1004 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!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning: Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.

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.

Thomas Hastings.

1005 DAUGHTER OF ZION. 11s. P. UNKNOWN.

1. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day-star of gladness, A-rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
   And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
   They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
   In vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

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.
REWARD OF SAINTS.

FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

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!—

5. He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for his own abode: On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?

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.

Zion, city of our God! 
REWARD OF SAINTS.

TELL ME OF HEAVEN. P. M. 

1008

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.
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.

O that beautiful home! O that beautiful home!

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.

'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,—
Where 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.
We have heard from the bright, the holy land, We have heard and our hearts are glad;

For we were a lonely pilgrim band, And weary, and worn, and sad.

They tell us the saints have a dwelling there;—No longer are homeless ones;

And we know that the goodly land is fair, Where life's pure river runs.

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 bowers 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.

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.

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.

W. H. Hyde.
1. Awake! Jerusalem, awake! No longer in thy sins lie down; The garment of salvation take, Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hide 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.

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds In sweet communion kindred minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love! what holy fear! How does the generous flame within Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

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.
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 flows.

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.

1014

1015

201, 794, 398.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
   Those friendly brethren prove
   Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
   Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
   Descend on every soul;
   And heavenly peace with balmy wing
   Shades and revives the whole.

3 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
   That fall on Zion's hill,
   Where God his mildest glory shows,
   And makes his grace distill.

—Anon.

1016

179, 114, 364.

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.

—Anon.

1017

399, 794, 364.

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 height of rapture shall we know
   When round his throne we meet!

—Charles Wesley.
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.

2. Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,
   Thy favored children we;
   O may we love each other here
   As we are loved by thee!

3. Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
   Our hopes and fears the same;
   With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
   With mutual love inflame.

4. So may the vain, contentious world
   See how true Christians love,
   And glorify our Saviour's grace,
   And seek that grace to prove.

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.

179, 201, 114.

1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,
   The Father's gracious choice,
   Amid the voices of this earth
   How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock!—so called by Him
   Who bought thee with his blood;
   A little flock, disowned of men,
   But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble ones,
   Not many great or wise;
   They whom God makes his kings and priests
   Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length,
   Their feeble days are o'er,
   No more a handful in the earth,
   A little flock no more.

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 399, 794, 864.

1 O, it is joy for those to meet
   Whom one communion blends,
   Council to hold in converse sweet,
   And talk as Christian friends.

2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
   Who in heaven's temple shine,
   To seek our earthly temples deign,
   And in our anthems join.

3 But chief 'tis joy to think that He
   To whom his church is dear,
   Delights her gathered flock to see,
   Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
   While here such joys are given?
   "This is indeed the house of God,
   And this the gate of heaven!"

5 And if on earth a scene like this
   Our mortal love inspires,
   'Twill be more sweet to taste the bliss
   Of heaven's pure desires.
1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,—The house of thine abode,—

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 praise 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.

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

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

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
   And sin, we shall be free;
   And perfect love and friendship reign
   Through all eternity.

1022
1 Blest be the tie that binds
   Our hearts in Christian love!
   The fellowship of kindred minds
   Is like to that above.

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

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

1023
1 Let party names no more
   The Christian world overspread;
   Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
   Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
   Let mutual love be found,
   Heirs of the same inheritance,
   With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
   Resemble that above,
   Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
   And every heart is love.

4 And, till we reach that place,
   Our daily prayer shall be
   That we may dwell before thee, Lord,
   In love and unity.
THE CHURCH—ZEAL AND UNION.

UNION. 8s & 7s. 6L

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.

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 behooves 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.

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.

Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine; Give we all with one accord Glory to our common Lord; Hands, and hearts, and voices raise, Sing as in the ancient days, Antedate the joys above, Celebrate the feast of love.

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.

ZION stands with hills surrounded, Zion, kept by power divine; All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine: Happy Zion,— What a favored lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove, Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heaven and earth at last remove; But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.

1024

1026
1. Jesus, Lord, we look to thee; Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace; Bid all strife for ever cease.

2. By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3. Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word
Altogether like our Lord.

4. Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5. Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness.

6. Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly
To our mansions in the sky.

3 O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see,
Make, O make us meet for thee;

4 Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

5 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:

6 Love, thine image, love impart,
Stamp it now on every heart;
Only love to us be given;
Love, the crowning grace of heaven.

1 Glory be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:

2 Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb

3 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
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 un-blest; 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.

1031
1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Pattern for thy saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

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.

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.

Isaac Watts.

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!
1. Go, labor on, while yet 'tis day; The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth a-way! 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.

1. Hold up thy light, 0 child of grace!
Be not afraid to let it shine
On all around, but rather fear
To hide this precious light divine.

2. Hold up thy light! Thou canst not tell,
However feeble be its ray,
But some poor soul may catch its beam,
And by it find the narrow way.

3. Hold up thy light with steady hand,
Though it be faint! Who does not know,
Where darkness reigns, how far and clear
Even a little light will show?

4. Hold up thy light! 'Tis God's command,
And till with thee time cease to roll,
His voice thou canst not disobey
But at the peril of thy soul.

Anon.

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.

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.

Wiltiain Cowper.
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.

7. LORD of the harvest, hear Thy needy servants' cry; Answer our faith's effectual prayer, And all our wants supply.

8. On thee we humbly wait; Our wants are in thy view; The harvest, truly, Lord, is great, The laborers are few.

1041 THOMAS. S. M.
1 AND though our bodies part, To different climes afar, Still ever joined as one in heart The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed In Jesus' work below; And, following our triumphant Head, To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord Before his laborers lies, And lo! we see the vast reward Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let them spread thy name, Their mission fully prove; Thy universal grace proclaim, Thine all redeeming love.
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.

1045

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!"

1046

1 The harvest dawn is near, The year delays not long, And he who sows with many a tear Shall reap with many a song.

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.

1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
   Nor deem it void of power;
   That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
   And call it back to life;
   A look of love bid sin depart,
   And still unholy strife.

3 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
   Nor care how small it be;
   God is with all that serve the right,
   The holy, true, and free.

4 Jesus, Friend of dying men,
   Thy presence we implore;
   Without thy blessing all is vain;
   Be with us evermore.

THE CHURCH—MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.
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 sturdily high,
   Till the kingdoms of the world
   Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Charles Wesley.

1. Few in number, little flock, Safe beneath your guardian Rock;

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, Until the night draws round thee;
   D. S.—The golden morn is passing,
   Fine. D. S. •

2. And day begins to fade! Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to come?
   Why sit ye idle, dumb?

3. 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?

4. Mount up the heights 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.

5. Then closed will be thy mission, The harvest will be past The summer quickly ended, And lost thy soul at last.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call as to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile; In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strowed; 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.

**Work.**

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.

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.
1. 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 morning sigh: "Work (sigh) . . . . . . . . . . . .

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 vineyard 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 garnets too.

2. Toiling early in the morning,
    Catching moments through the day,
    Nothing small or lowly scornful
    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.

6. 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;
    Be thou with them;
    'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

7. 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.

8. 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.

9. 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.

Anon.  Thomas Kelly.
THE CHURCH—MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

1060

MESSAGE. 7s & 5s. D.

D. F. E. Belden.

1. Onward speed thy conquering flight, Angel, onward speed; Shed abroad thy radiant light, D. S.—Spread the gospel's holy trust.

2. Onward speed thy conquering flight, Angel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain's height 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; 'T is 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, halt 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, 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.

1061

[Tune, Stockwell, No. 162.] 8s & 7s.

1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer! Not for ease that prayer shall be, But for strength that we may ever Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters Would we idly, quiet stay, But would smite the living fountains From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness, In our wanderings, be our guide; Through endeavor, hardship, danger, Father, be thou at our side!

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.

Anon.

Mrs. Alderson.
1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
    Soft descend the dews of heaven,
    Sweetly though the billows roll;
    As the seed, by billows floated
    Cast thy bread upon the waters,
    Why wilt thou still doubting stand?

2. Goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
    Bright the rays celestial shine;
    Let no fears thy soul annoy;
    See the rising grain appear;
    Wildly though the billows roll;
    To some distant island lone.

3. Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above.
    Precious fruits will thus be given
    Be the prospect ne'er so dreary
    Look again! the fields are whitening
    So to human souls benighted
    That thou sowest may be borne.

4. Cor 1:40
    Through an influence all divine.
    Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
    For the harvest time is near.
    For the harvest time is near.
    That thou sowest may be borne.

5. Give them freely of thy substance; God saith, "Thou shalt gather
    O'er his cause the Lord doth reign:
    Toil with patience,
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.
    It again some future day."

6. 162, 92, 1256.
    Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
    Cast thy bread upon the waters;
    Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
    Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
    Cast thy bread, and toil with patience.

7. ITHAMAR CONKEY

8. Thomas Hastings.

9. 277, 92, 1256.
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.
    Thou shalt labor not in vain.
Lift the voice and sound the trumpet, Watcher on the mount-ain hight,
Roll the clar-ion notes a-round thee. Shout, as fleets the pass-ing night.
D. S.—Cry a-loud, "Be-hold the dawn-ing!" Rouse, and gird to meet the foe!
Lift the voice in words of warn-ing. Wake the slumbering hosts be-low,
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.

2 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.
3 Brother, you may sing for Jesus;
O 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.
4 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 to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting; D. S.—Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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."

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 ebbing 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.

1073

1 Let plentiful 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.

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.
THE CHURCH—BAPTISM.

PEORIA, C. M.  UNKNOWN.

1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand, With all-engaging charms!
   Hark! how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms!

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 I seek his face;
   And fly, with transport, to receive
   The blessings of his grace.

Philip Doddridge.

1076 395, 699, 623.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
   Our souls to sin must die;
   With Christ our Lord we live anew,
   With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by his Father's side he sits,
   Enthroned divinely fair;
   Yet owns himself our Brother still,
   And our forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
   On wings of faith and love;
   Above, our choicest treasure lies,—And be our hearts above.

4 Let not earth's pleasures draw us down;
   Lord, give us strength to rise,
   And through thy strong, attractive power,
   At last to gain the prize.

Anon.

1077 724, 354, 204.

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 179, 1071, 923.

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 to-day To honor thine appointed rite.

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.

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.

1081

914, 927, 108.

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.

1082

331, 431, 914.

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.
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, Trusting 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;

We love the example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.

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.

3. Blest Saviour, we will tread
   In thine appointed way;
   Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
   And smile on us to-day.

1087

1. Here, Saviour, we would come
   In thine appointed way;
   Obedient to thy high commands,
   Our solemn vows we pay.

2. O bless this sacred rite,
   To bring us near to thee;
   And may we find that as our day
   Our strength may also be.

3. As through the world we go,
   So full of care and sin,
   May we by word and action show
   That Jesus reigns within.

3. But, at this peaceful tide,
   Assembled in thy fear,
   The homage of obedient hearts
   We humbly offer here.

1089

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.

1090

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.
1091 [Tune, Martyn, No. 771.] 7s. D.

1. CHRIST, who came my soul to save,
   Entered Jordan’s yielding wave,
   Rose from out the crystal flood,
   Owned and sealed the Son of God
   By the Father’s voice of love,
   By the heaven-descending dove;
   Saviour, Pattern, guide for me,
   I, like him, baptized would be.

2. In the garden, o’er his soul
   Sorrow’s whelming waves did roll;
   And on Calvary’s cruel tree,
   Jesus bowed in death for me.
   I with him am crucified;
   All my hope is—he hath died;
   At his feet my place I take,
   Bear the cross for his dear sake.

3. In the new-made tomb he lay,
   Taking all its dread away;
   Burst he through its rock-bound door,
   Glorious now and evermore.
   I with Christ would buried be
   In this rite required of me,—
   Rising from the mystic flood,
   Living hence anew to God.

S. D. Phelps.

1093 [Tune, Shining Shore, No. 496.] 8s & 7s. v.

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.

1092 [Tune, Chardon, No. 236.] C. P. M.

1. SALEM’s bright King, Jesus by name,
   In ancient time to Jordan came,
   All righteousness to fill;
   ’Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
   Whose name was John, a man of God,
   To do his Master’s will.

2. Down in old Jordan’s rolling stream
   The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
   And there did him baptize;
   Jehovah saw his holy Son,
   And was well pleased in what he’d done,
   And owned him from the skies.

3. This is my Son, Jehovah cries;
   On him, to rest, the Spirit flies;
   O children, hear ye him!
   Hark! ’tis his voice, behold he cries:
   “Repent, believe, and be baptized,
   And Christ will save from sin.”

S. D. Phelps.

1094 [Tune, Promise, No. 772.] 8s & 7s.

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.

1095 [Tune, Webb, No. 839.] 7s & 6s. v.

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;

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. 'Twas 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.

1. At thy command, O Lord, our hope,
   We come around thy table here;
   We break the bread, we bless the cup,
   That show thy death, till thou appear.

2. Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
   And trusts for life in One that died;
   We hope for heavenly crowns above
   From a Redeemer crucified.
THE CHURCH--LORD'S SUPPER

1099

ERAN. L. M.
LOWELL MASON.

1. Thy brok-en bod-y, gra-cious Lord, Is shadowed by this brok-en 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.

746, 932, 923.

1100

316, 431, 47.

1. The sun had set on Syria's plain,
The night had bloomed with stars again,
When, as his fateful hour drew nigh,
The Saviour knew that he must die.

2. As still drew nigh that hour of dread,
Wait his disciples pale and sad,
When he, with love's compassion sweet,
Kneel lowly down and washed their feet.

3. Draw near to us, O Lord, we pray;
We follow in thy steps to-day;
Here with thy saints 't is joy to meet,
And bow, and humbly wash their feet.

4. O thou bright King, within whose hand
The ages glide like grains of sand,
Now hear us pray that we may be
All lowly, meek, and pure, like thee.

5. And when that glorious morn shall break,
And at thy voice each sleeper wake,
Remember us, O Lord, we pray;
Roll from our grave the stone away.
1. For ever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;

This all my hope and all my plea: "For me the Saviour died."

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.

5. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
    And all thy love to me;
    Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
    Will I remember thee.

1105

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

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.
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.

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.
1. Jesus invites his saints to meet around his board, and 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.

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.

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.

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!
THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

1114

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6l.

Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee;
D. C.—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.

1115

768, 956.

1 Thou who on the cross didst make
Sacrifice complete for me;
Thou who didst for my poor sake
Suffer on the cursed tree;
Thou didst teach submission sweet
Washing thy disciples' feet.

2 O my soul! and shalt thou scorn
Thus to do as He hath done?—
Thou a wretched, dying worm:
He the blessed, sinless One!—
Gladly would I wash his feet,
Bowing in submission sweet.

3 Such a joy may not be mine,
Thus to prove my love for thee;
Such a privilege divine
Thou hast never given me;
But, in blest submission sweet,
I may wash thy servant's feet.

Mrs. L. D A Stuttle.

1116

769, 956.

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. 821.]

7s.

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.
1. While in sweet communion feeding
   On this earthly bread and wine,
   Say our, 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.

844, 499, 1063.

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.

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.

380
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

1. Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs With trembling hand, that from thy table fall,
   The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
   Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

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,
   The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
   Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

3. One word from thee, my Lord! one smile,
   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 kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
   Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome guest,
   The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
   Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

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,
   The hour has come! with us in peace sit down;
   Thine own we are, O love us to the end!

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,
   Serve us our banquet, ere the nights dark frown
   Vail from our sight the presence of our Friend.

3. Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
   The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
   Some will betray thee,—"Master, is it I?"
   Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear,—
   Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry

4. I The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
   Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

   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.

   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.

Herbert Bonar.
1. Draw near 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 forsaie;
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.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, 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.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite--
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
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.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!
1. Great King of glory, come, And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home, This people as thine own;
Beneath 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.

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 Ward.
And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.

1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to offer thee;

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. And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.

7. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to offer thee;

8. Thy will was in the builders' thought;
   Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
   Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
   Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.

9. 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.

10. 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.

11. 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.

12. And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.
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.

212, 301, 886.

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.

1133

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.

436.

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.

266.

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."

276.

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

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,

1128, 54, 973.

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.

1135

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.

19, 266, 876. 
James Montgomery.

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.
1. God of the universe, to thee These sacred walls we rear; And now, with songs and bended knee, Invoking 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.

5. To thee this temple we devote, Our Father and our God; Accept it thine, and seal it now Thy Spirit's blest abode.

6. Here may the prayer of faith ascend, The voice of praise arise; And may each lowly service prove Accepted sacrifice.

7. Here may the sinner learn his guilt, And weep before his Lord; Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love, And here his vows record.

8. Peace be within these sacred walls; Prosperity be here; O smile upon thy people, Lord, And evermore be near.

9. Builder of mighty worlds on worlds, How poor the house must be, That with our human, sinful hands We may erect to thee!

10. 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.

11. In thy blest name we gather here, And set apart the ground; The walls that on this rock shall rise, Thy praises shall resound.

12. May erring minds that worship here Be taught the better way; And they who mourn and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.

13. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure devotion rise, While round these hallowed walls the storm Of earth-born passion dies.

Author:
- J. R. Scott.
- William Cullen Bryant.
MARK THAT PILGRIM.

1. Mark that pilgrim—lowly bending, At the shrine of prayer ascending, Praise and sighs together blending
   D. S.—Ever riseth this petition:

   From his lips in mournful strain; Glowing with sincere contrition, And with childlike, blest submission,
   "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,
   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,
   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!"

1141

BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.

1. Together let us sweetly live;—I am bound for the land of Canaan:
   Together 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:

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.
Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, 0, 1 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? 0, 1
I must be a low-fir of the I must be a lover of the
MISsoststtti l...LANEOUS — OL D MELODIES,
1. What sound is this sa-lates my ear? 'Tis Mich-ael's trump me-thinks I hear, 'Tis Michael's trump me-
D. S.—Proclaim the year of
2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem, Illuminated by the Lamb, In glory doth appear. Fair Zion rising from the tombs To meet the Bridgroom: 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.
3 Who suffer with their Master here, Shall soon before his face appear And by his side sit down: To patient faith the prize is sure, And all that to the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown.
4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope! It lifts the fainting spirit up! It brings to life the dead: Our conflicts here shall soon be past, And you and I ascend at last, Triumphant with our Head.
5. •
R. AL
388
DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

JOHN B. MATTHIAS.

Chorus.

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.

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!

1. I saw a way-worn traveler, In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the mountain; His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone, He shouted as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.

2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow, His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow; But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home; Still shouting 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.

JOHN B. MATTHIAS.

Chorus.

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,

1. 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,

1. I long to count my exile o'er, And be where sorrows come no more; There's my home, there's my home.
1. Come to Jesus, 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.
1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;

2. There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;

3. There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!

4. Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone!

5. Father, mother, and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me, I must go!

6. Farewell, drear earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;

Weary pilgrim why this sadness?
Why 'mid sorrow's scene decline?
The tri-al strange, brings joy and gladness;
For all things shall yet be thine!

Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail;

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.

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.

Mary S. B. Dana.

Anonymous.
**MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.**

**SAVIOUR COME.**

**1st.**

1. This sad, sad night on Calvary’s height, When the Lamb of God was slain; Hope’s cheering ray shone bright o’er the day When he rose again.

2. I go, he said, to prepare a place, Blessing 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 myriad 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.

**ARRANGED.**

**2d.**

O Jesus, my Saviour! dear Saviour, come! Our hearts weary grow of thy long delay; Hasten to gather us home.

**ANON.**

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**1153**

1 Lo! the time hastens on, soon the morning will dawn, When the King shall in glory descend: We expect soon to join the bright, holy throng, In the kingdom that never shall end.

Chorus.

O Saviour! dear Saviour! O Saviour, come! Here we mourn and we sigh, And we daily cry, “Come and gather the faithful home.”

2 All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world, And they looked for the same with delight; And apostles have told of a city of gold, Where the Lamb is its glorious light.

3 O we long to be there, where no sorrow or care Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest; And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare In reserve for the good and the blest.

Anon.

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**1154**

**HEAVENLY MUSIC.**

**11s.**

1. What heavenly music steals o’er the seal? Enchanting the senses like D.S.—For me they are singing; their sweet melody? Tis the voice of the angels borne soft on the air; Fine.

2. On the banks of old Jordan, here gazing I stand, And earnestly longing I stretch forth my hand; Send a convoy of angels, dear Jesus, I pray! Let me join in that sweet music; come, take me away.

3. 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.

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE. 11s.

1st. ARRANGED.

1. How prone are profes-sors to rest on their lees, To study their pleasure, their
Though God says, 'Arise, and escape for thy life,' And (omit) . . . . . . .

2d. profit, and ease! Look not behind thee; remember Lot's wife, Remember Lot's wife.

1. Drooping souls, no long-er grieve; Heaven is pro-pitious. If on Christ you do believe, You will find him precious.

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.

DROOPING SOULS.

ARRANGED.

1. Drooping souls, no long-er grieve; Heaven is pro-pitious. If on Christ you do believe, You will find him precious.

Je-sus now is pass-ing by, Calls the wanderers to him; Drooping souls, you need not die, How 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. We shall see a light appear,
   By and by, when he comes;
We shall see a light appear
   And the Saviour there.

2. Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
   Jesus comes, the world controlling;
Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
   And the saints arise.

3. See the sign in heaven appearing,
   And the blazing chariot nearing;
See the sign in heaven appearing,
   With a shining host attending;

4. See the earth in terror shaking,
   And the dead to life awaking;
See the earth in terror shaking,
   With a shining host attending;

5. Now on wings of light ascending,
   With a shining host attending;
Now on wings of light ascending,
   And the saints are there.

6. See, the banner waves in glory,
   While ten thousand tell the story;
See, the banner waves in glory,
   Praise to Him who did deliver;

7. They are saved from death forever,
   Praise to Him who did deliver;
They are saved from death forever,
   To die no more.

Anon.

1158

When He Comes.

1. We shall see a light appear,
   By and by, when he comes;
We shall see a light appear
   And the Saviour there.

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.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1159

BEAR ME ON. C. M.

ARRANGED.

1. O how I long to see that day
When the redeemed shall come
To Zion, clad in 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.

Paradise.

1160

Paradise.

ARRANGED.

1. O 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.—O 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.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

EMERALD GATES.

ARRANGED.

Lo! we lift our longing eyes; Break, ye intervening skies! Sons of righteousness, arise!

Ope the gates of paradise! O, how good it is to be blessed, And dwell where loving Jesus is!

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.

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.

ARRANGED.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies; 

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.

0 that will be joyful, joyful, joyful! 0 that will be joyful When we meet to part no more!
1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain; Come view your home beyond the tide, 
   The land we love is just before us:

2. Soon we'll be on the other side.
   O there are the bright crowns of glory,
   And they who have loved his appearing,

3. Faith now beholds the flowing river,
   Coming from underneath the throne;
   There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
   And he'll welcome the faithful home.

4. 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.
HAIL, HAPPY DAY!

1. 0 hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended; Our Lord has come to take us home,—0 hail, happy day! No more by doubts or fears distressed, We now shall gain our promised rest, And be forever blest; 0 hail, happy day!

2. Awake ye! awake! no time now for resting; 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!

MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1165

ARRANGED.

1. 0 hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended; Our Lord has come to take us home,—0 hail, happy day! No more by doubts or fears distressed, We now shall gain our promised rest, And be forever blest; 0 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.

Anon.
**When the King of Kings Comes.**

_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 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._

_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._

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**Loving-Kindness.**

_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!_
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1169

He's Coming.

ARRANGED.

1. { How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wanders in exile from home! } Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear, (omit.)

Chorus.

And soon will the kingdom come. He's coming, coming, coming soon I know, Coming back to this earth again; And the weary pilgrims will to glory go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

2 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 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:

From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,
And worship our heavenly King.

4 Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

Anon.

1170

Ship Zion. C. M.

Scottish.

1. 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,

Fine.

And Christ our captain's name, And Christ our captain's name, And Christ our captain's name.

2 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 Our compass is the sacred word;
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop sail,
And faith our cable rope.

4 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 And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain."

Anon.
MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1171

THIS GROANING EARTH.

I. This groaning earth is too dark and drear For the saint's eternal home; But the city from heaven will 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.

D.S.—Joyous and bright our music we soon shall hear.

ARRANGED.

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.

Annie R. Smith

1172

WILL YOU GO?

I. Will you, sinner, go to the highlands of heaven, Where the bright, blooming flowers are their odors smelling, Where the eternal river flows, and the long summer's given; D.S.—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 reeding, And the Saviour will soon and forever please.

D. C.

401
2e1,

MISCELLANEOUS—OLD MELODIES.

1173

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

ARRANGED.

1. Must Si - mon bear his cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
   No! there's a cross for ev - ery one, And (omit.) . . . . . . . . .

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.
   Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,
   And cast out all tormenting fear
   Which round my heart is clinging:
   O, that's the love for me, etc.

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.
   Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
   The purchase of my Saviour's love,
   For me at his appearing:
   O, that's the crown for me, etc.

Thomas Shepherd

1174

TIME NOW IS CLOSING.

ARRANGED.

1. Time now is clos-ing; Je - sus will come: Signs are ful - fill - ing earth's pill - lars 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 while, your con-
   flicts now are o'er."

3. Hastening to see thee, my soul would rise
   To meet my Saviour in yonder skies;

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.

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.

Chorus.

We shall rise, we shall rise, When the mighty trumpet rends the aspens; 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.

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.

Chor.—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.

Chor.—Come, and reign, &c.

3. Here disease invades our frame, We sicken, droop, and die; But there eternal youth shall bloom, And bright shall beam each eye.

Chor.—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.

Chor.—Come, and reign, &c.

Arranged.

Anon.
1. And scenes of confuson and creatures complaints, How sweet to my soul in com- (omitted.) man-ion with saints! To find at the banquet of
mer - or there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
D. S. — Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I 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,

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

Flower gently Sweet

1. I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; Where the few sa - rid morn ings (omitted.) dawn on us here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer. I would not live always; no; welcome the tomb, Since Je - sus has

lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise To hail him in triumph descending thankies.

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?

3. There saints of all ages in harmony meet;
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
There anthems of capture 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, quickly will the Saviour come; mark! hear the sound, "he will appear,"

Chorus.

Sweetly falls up on the ear. Then haste, let us work till the day-light is o'er, Our hearts fill'd with love as we

row to the shore; Our earthly labour being done, How sweet the Christian's welcome home! Home, home, home, the

Christian's welcome home; Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home, Welcome home, welcome home, Welcome home.

3 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."

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, brethren, will you meet us? Say, brethren, will you meet us?

Say, brethren, will you meet us (omit.) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . On Canaan's happy shore!

Say, sisters, will you meet us? Say, sisters, will you meet us?

Say, sisters, will you meet us On Canaan's happy shore?

Say, sisters, will you meet us On Canaan's happy shore?

Say, sisters, will you meet us On Canaan's happy shore.

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, On Canaan's happy shore.

4 That will be a happy meeting, That will be a happy meeting, That will be a happy meeting On Canaan's happy shore.

5 Jesus lives and reigns forever, Jesus lives and reigns forever, Jesus lives and reigns forever On Canaan's happy shore.
1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
   In thy blissful region, the haven of rest.
   Where bright, holy angels with welcome shall greet me,
   And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest.

   Da capo

2. Then hail, blessed state shall ye songsters 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.

   Da capo

3. Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,
   Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride.
   Though bitter the cup thy soul has been sharing,
   Let not fond affections from Heaven depart.

4. Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,
   And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore.
   Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,
   Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.

   Da capo

5. Father, I stretch my hands to thee; no other help I know;
   If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
   I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me,
   And that he shed his precious blood From sin to set me free.

   Da capo
1. Are we al-most there? Are we al-most there? Says the wea-ry saint, as he sighs for home; 
   Tor helms been with us, and he still le with us, and he's promised ictbe with us to the end. 

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." 

1185 I CANNOT GO BACK. 11s. 

1. For I Cannan I've started, and on I must go, 'Till all the bright glories of g - 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 ¥ do not draw back. 

2. My soul is enkindled with rapture and love, 
   I faint would ascend to my Jesus above; 
   But may, I must follow in his humble track, 
   And prove my obedience by not drawing back. 

3. Then on 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. 

1186 Other stanzas No. 586. 

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone; Jesus says he will be with us to the end; 
   He whom I fix my hopes up-on; Jesus says he will be with us to the end. 

2. For he has been with us, and he still is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end. 

3. And he has been with us, and he will be with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.
1187

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; 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.

ARRANGED.

D. C.

1. The last call of mercy now lingers for thee; He often has called thee—but thou hast refused;
D. C.—His offered salvation and love are abused.
COME OVER AND HELP US.

Mrs. Nellie M. Haskell.

L. C. Chadwick.

1. "Come over and help us," the cry still comes, From many lands and from many homes, From many hearts that are weary of sin, And long for abiding peace within. D. S. In notes of entreaty, loud and deep, Which upon our ears continually sweet.

Come over and help us," sounds on the air; East, West, North, and South, they all have a share. The souls which grope in the darkness of night; Tell us of the message of truth and love, And show us the path that leads above.

Come over and help us." On every breeze The cry is yet wafted—O, will we not seize The hour so propitious and to them take The words of life for our Saviour's sake?

2 "Come over and help us; lead into light The souls which grope in the darkness of night; Tell us of the message of truth and love, And show us the path that leads above. Come over and help us." On every breeze The cry is yet wafted—O, will we not seize The hour so propitious and to them take The words of life for our Saviour's sake?

3 "Come over and help us:" 'twill not be long That the cry will come from the countless throng; For soon will the night their lives o'ertake, And we cannot work: 'twill be too late. "Come over and help us;" will we refuse To go o'er and help them, and Christ's welcome lose? When he comes again to claim his own, And gather them round his eternal throne.

4 "Come over and help us." May our cry be: "Here am I, dear Lord, send me, send me; I ask not the place nor the work to choose, If I in thy vineyard may be used. I ask for this only—grant that thy power May abide with me ever, each day and each hour; That some seeds of truth which my hand may sow, An abundant harvest for thee may grow."
1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,—For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Savour, and scattered our night.

3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory.

4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Hal-le-lujah! amen; Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory, Revive us again.
I WILL SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

"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.

F. E. B

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je-sus' 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?

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.

"Who his own self bare our sins."—1 Peter 2:24.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

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 Whereby 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;

It had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.
"I'LL STAND BY YOU."

"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: 29-30.

[This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.]

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is raging
   Round a helpless bark,
   On to doom it is swiftly driving
   O'er the waters dark!

2. Weary, helpless, hopeless sea-men,
   Fainting on the deck,
   With what joy they hail their Saviour,
   As he hails the wreck!

3. On a wild and stormy ocean,
   Sinking neath the wave,
   Souls that perish heed the message,—Christ has come to save!
   Leave the wreck, and in him trusting, Thou shalt reach thy home!

4. Daring death thy soul to rescue,
   He in love has come;
   Round a helpless bark,
   Fainting on the deck,
   Sink ing neath the wave,
   Re 
in love has come;

CHORUS.

Joy, ..... behold the Saviour; Joy, ..... the message hear;
Joy, O, joy, behold the Saviour; Joy, O, joy, the message hear;

"I'll standby 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.

MY SONG.

F. E. Belden.

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 throng.

round me, When fall the bit - ter tears. O Jesus, my Redeemer, My
dear - er Than all on earth be - side.

joie - ing The heaven - ly gates with - in.

song shall be of thee; No oth - er friend so con-stant, No friend so dear to me.

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

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"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—Rom. 8: 25.

W. H. BELLAMY.

Wait, and Murmur Not.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot; Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?

journ ç to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a holyer than thou.

day of rest will dawn for thee! Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O wait! meekly wait, and murmur not, O

wait! meekly wait, and murmur not; O, wait! meekly wait,


414
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;

2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may arise, Faith, stronger than sight, looks conquer at length; My weakness in mercy He covers with power,
darkness at all; He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;

3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll
joy, and my song; By day and by night he leads me along; The Lord is my

4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no
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.
How Much I Need Thee!

F. E. B.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

F. E. Belden.

1. Blessed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sinful, poor and blind;
   Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;
   Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—Trusting self, how soon I fall!
   Then what-e'er the future bringeth, Smiles of joy, or tears of grief;

2. 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 clingeth, Thou art still my soul's relief.

3. Refrain.

4. Every hour, every hour, Blessed Lord, how much I need thee!
   Every hour, every hour, Save me, keep me every hour.
DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."—Jer. 30:21.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace;
   Closer by thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am all like thee;
   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;

2. Closer to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more;
   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.

3. Closer within thine arms enfold me, I seek a resting place.
   Fain would I feel thine arms around me, And count my wanderings o'er.
   Closer draw me, To thyself above.
   Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thyself above.

CHORUS.

By permission.

417
IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

"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. 32:2.

F. E. B.  
With expression.

1. I am resting in the shadow Of the cross of Calvary;  
2. O 'twere hard thro' all life's journey, Toil-ing 'neath a burning sun,  
3. Rest is sweet to pilgrims weary, Earnest toil brings calm repose;  

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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WHOLLY THINE.

"Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, * * * that he may bestow upon you a blessing."—Ex. 32:29.

F. E. B.

1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
   What is worldly pleasure, wealth, or fame, Without thee, without thee?
   As I cast earth's transient joys behind, Come thou near, come thou near;

2. 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:
   O Lord, O Lord,

Wholly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, O Lord, just now.
   O Lord, O Lord,

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"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.

D. S. HAKES.

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 tem-pest all past, The face of Je-ho-va-

Still trust in His might, Nor fear for the mor-row, That care will be-tide;
A Help-er is near: An arm- mor for shielding, A ban- ner for guide;
Will com-fort at last; Earth's cares and its sad-ness But short-ly can hide

REFRAIN.

In sickness or sor-row The Lord will provide.
Be faithful, unyielding,—The Lord will provide. The Lord will pro-vide,

The Lord will provide; How precious the promise,—The Lord will pro-vide!

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420
REDEEMED.

"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3: 58.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Redeemed! how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed! and so happy in Jesus! No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I delight;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeemed thro' 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,

Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per.

421
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.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his love; I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true, It satisfies my longing As nothing else can do.

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden dreams; I love to tell the story, To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glory, I did so much for me, And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What Jesus each time said, It satisfies my longing As nothing else can do.

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glory, I

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 The message 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.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story; 'Twill be my theme in glory

To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.
"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.

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 kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Savour, Is my name written there?

2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Savour, Is sufficient for me; For thy promise is glorified beings In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing

3. Oh, that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its silver sands of mansions 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 watching—Is my name written there?

page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

By permission.
1. O Christian, on the billow of life's sea, Think not a down-y pillow thine can be; 
2. Jesus, the faithful Pilot, has command; Firm, at the helm of duty, 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 quiet harbor with a song!
He knows the reefs of danger lying near, He tells the Christian sailor where to steer.
On! bravely onward, then, no more oppressed! On! till you anchor in the harbor blest.

CHORUS.
Keep the helm steady on your upward way,—Watchful and ready every day;
Keep the helm steady! Jesus gives command, He is the Pilot to the better land.
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

"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.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heavy my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, how often they sweep Like tempests down over the soul!
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale,

CHORUS.

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,—To the Rock that is higher than I;

By permission.
Clinging and Resting.

"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. 10:35.

REV. L. B. CARPENTER.

CLINGING AND RESTING.—Concluded.

I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross.

BAPTIZE US ANEW.

"But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 1:5.

1. Baptize us anew With power from on high, With love, O refresh us! Dear Saviour, draw nigh. We humbly beseech thee, Lord Jesus, we pray, With love and the Spirit baptize us today.

2. Unworthy we cry, Un-holy, unclean, O wash us and cleanse us from sin's guilty stain.

3. O heavenly Dove, Descend from on high! We plead thy rich blessing; In mercy draw nigh. (last st.)

4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came: Thou art my beloved, Well pleased I am. We praise thee, we bless thee, dear Jesus, that was slain, We laud and adore thee, Amen and Amen.

CHORUS.

fresh us! Dear Saviour, draw nigh. We humbly beseech thee, Lord

W. A. O.
Spirited.

W. A. Ogden.

By permission.

427
BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"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.

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.

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428
CROWN AFTER CROSS.

"Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—Heb. 12:2.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Light after dark-ness, Gain after loss, Strength after wear-i-ness,
2. Sheaves after sow-ing, Sun after rain, Sight after mys-ter-y,
3. Near after dis-tant, Gleam after gloom, Love after lone-li-ness,

4. Crown after cross; Sweet after bit-ter, Song after sigh,
Peace after pain; Joy after sor-row, Calm after blast,
Life after tomb; Dark though the path-way Lead-ing to this,

CHORUS.

Home after wan-der-ing, Praise after cry.
Rest after wea-ri-ness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping,
Aft-er the ag-o-ny, Rapt-ure of bliss.

Then the glad reap-ing; Now comes the la-ber hard, Then the reward.

From "Gates of Praise," by permission.
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

"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. WM. F. Sherwin.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'ere earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Jesus bids you come;" And tho' 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,

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.

an-gels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

By permission.

480
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.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A
wine-press red? O why this bloody tide? "I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath own arm brought Salvation in my name; I the bloody fight have won, Con-

2. O why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the ran-som gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save. "dark'ning skies; Of the people there was none Mighty to save." quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come,—Mighty to save."

3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How couldst thou bear Mission. With mercy fraught, mine REFRAIN?

Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

By permission.

421
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.

F. E. B.

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;
Fountain of living waters, Fountain of living waters;

Tarry by the living waters, Tarry by the Fountain of Life.
Fountain of living waters,

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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.

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?
Only thee, only thee,

None on earth but thee.

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433
SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee." — Ps. 9: 2.

Mrs. M. T. Haughey.

Melody by M. T. Haughey. Arranged.

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 Sav-lour, thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is thine;

And the golden beams are sleeping, On the soft and verdant lea;
For thou robest 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 dwellest there, my Sav-lour, 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.

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 ever fallneath the tempter's pow'r Whose wamp-on is prayer, and whose strength is Heaven.
Oft as the clouds of temptation rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.

CHORUS.

In a look...there's life for thee, In a look...at Calvary;
In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Calvary;

Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look...at Calvary (at Cal-merry).
Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look....
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.
PILLAR OF FIRE.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34:7.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about us, round about us;
2. When danger hoysers 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,
4. & fund about Safe within Till we reach the sources that fear him, Night and day. O pillar of the mighty shadow Of his wing.

CHORUS.

Round about the souls that fear him, Night and day. O pillar of Safe within the mighty shadow Of his wing. Till we reach the land of promise Just before. O fiery, cloudy

fire, pillar of cloud, Lead me, lead me every day! O pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar, pillar of fire, pillar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way! fiery, cloudy pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,
Washed White as Snow.

"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.

CHORUS.

O, my joy - ful song hence-forth shall be, "'Tis the blood of Jesus cleans - eth me," Cleans - eth, cleans - eth, O, yes, it cleans - eth me.
**Whiter Than the Snow.**

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Ps. 51: 7."

**Mrs. Sus 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
Beneath thy full control.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than 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.
I LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Mrs. E. H. Willis.

1. I left it all with Jesus, long ago; All my sins I brought him, and my woe; When by faith I saw him steal the bitter from life's woes; How to firm—ly trust him, come what may; Half thy story, but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hang—

bleeding on the tree; Heard his still small whisper, "Tis for sor—row with his smile, Make the des—ert gar—den bloom an—chor, found her rest; In the calm, sure ha—ven of his ev—er on his hand; Life and death are wait—ing his com—

thee! From my wea—ry heart the bur—den rolled a—way; Happy while. Then with all my weak—ness lean—ing on his might, All is breast. Love es—teems it joy of heav—en to a—bide; At his mand. Yet his ten—der, lov—ing mer—cy makes thee room; O come

day! . . hap—py day! From my wea—ry heart the light! . . all is light! Then with all my weak—ness side! . . at his side! Love es—teems it joy of home! . O come home! Yes, his ten—der, lov—ing

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I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

burden rolled a-way (rolled a-way); Happy day! Happy day (Happy day).
leaning on his might (on his might), All is light! All is light (All is light).
heaven to abide (to abide), At his side! At his side (At his side).
mercy makes thee room (makes thee room), O come home! O come home (O come home).

I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

burden rolled a-way (rolled a-way); Happy day! Happy day (Happy day).
leaning on his might (on his might), All is light! All is light (All is light).
heaven to abide (to abide), At his side! At his side (At his side).
mercy 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.

F. E. B. (F. E. B. Belden).

Sure is the promise contained in thy word;—Pour out a rich blessing on me.
Add to these blessings thy presence divine,—The dearest of all gifts to me.
Thus would receive a far richer reward Of heavenly 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 heaven for me.

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Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?—Rom. 8:39.

Charles Wesley.

William B. Bradbury.

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.

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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 height, 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.

H. W. HURNS, by per.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

Let me to thy bosom fly,

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past,

Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

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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.

Just and holy is thy name, I am all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

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WHAT SHALL I DO?

"And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do?"—Luke 3:10.

F. E. B.

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 able to help some one to love him,—Jesus, my Lord, who first loved me.

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.

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 foot-steps here below.
CHORUS.

Keep your win-dows o-pen to’ard Je-ru-sa-le-m, Keep your windows o-pen to’ard Je-

ru-sa-le-m; Keep your windows o-pen to’ard Je-ru-sa-le-m, And al-ways pray.

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1. Would you fear to have your win-dows o-pen Three times each day,
2. Would you of-fer up a bold pe-ti-tion, If well you knew
3. Would you kneel be-liev-ing ev-ry prom-ise The Lord has giv’n?
4. The les-son taught is not to of-fer A world-wide prayer:
5. Then kneel at morn-ing, noon, and even-ing, Nor ev-er fear

If sin-ners saw that you were kneel-ing Three times to pray?
That aw-ful den of roar-ing li-ons A-wait-ed you?
Or think-ing si-ent prayer suf-fi-cient For you and heav’n?
'Tis du-ty first, and then the prom-ise Of heav’n-ly care.
That oth-ers who are un-be-liev-ing Your prayer may hear.

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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.

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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 vineyard 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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Crown Him Lord of All.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an gels pros-trate fall;
2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall,
3. O that with yon-der sac-red throng We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll joie the ev'er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

Duet.

Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael'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;

Hall Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, and crown him, And
To him all maj-es-ty as-crIBE, And crown him, and crown him, And
From heav'n to earth the cho-rus rings, Yea, crown him, yea, crown him, Yea,
crown him Lord of all; Hall 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.
Keep Me.

"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.

Keep me, Saviour, be my guide, For the way is dark and drear;
I am weak, Often falls the bitter tear;
Keep me, Saviour of my soul, Day by day, thro' ev'ry year;

1. Saviour, Saviour, be my guide, For the way is dark and drear;
2. I am wayward, I am weak, Often falls the bitter tear;
3. Keep me, Saviour of my soul, Day by day, thro' ev'ry year;

Keep me ev'er 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 betide; 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 ev'ry where.
Keep me in the narrow way, Guide me, guide me everywhere.
KEEPE ME.—Concluded.

Let me never, never stray, Keep me, Blessed One, I pray.

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, . . . Closer, clos-er to thy side; In thy keep-ing safe are we; With us ev-er-more a-side.

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1. When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear, When I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll stand; stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will anchor by and by, by and by; We will anchor by and by, by and by.

We'll Stand the Storm.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 Pet. 1:10.

Isaac Watts.

We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will anchor by and by, by and by; We will anchor by and by, by and by.

CHORUS.

I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will anchor by and by, by and by; We will anchor by and by, by and by.

1. When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear, When I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll stand; stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will anchor by and by, by and by; We will anchor by and by, by and by.

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;

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

May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

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JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30:5.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

Mrs. M. M. Weinland.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. O weary pilgrim, lift your head! For joy cometh in the morning;
2. Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning;
3. Let every tearful eye look up, For joy cometh in the morning;
4. Our God shall wipe our tears away, For joy cometh in the morning;

For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning.
And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morning.
And every trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morning.
Sorrow and sighing cannot stay, For joy cometh in the morning.

CHORUS.

Joy cometh in the morning, Joy cometh in the morning;

Weeping may endure, may endure for a night, But joy cometh in the morning.

From "Notes of Victory," by permission.
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 

any 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.

cause my lamp burns dimly, Or gives no light at all?
on-ly are accepted Who do their duties well.
love to God and neighbor. Should travel hand in hand.

CHORUS. faster.

Where are the brother-keepers, The faithful and the true?

Where are the brother-keepers?—What answer offer you?

Our hearts should long for others The love of Christ to share.

Where are the brothers? The Lord asks, Where?
The Cleansing Wave.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7.


1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fount-ain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin;
4. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap-plied,

Jesus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to his wound-ed side.
It speaks,—pol-luted na-ture dies, Sinks'neath the clean-ing flood.
With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ en-throned with-in.
And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

Chorus.

The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it cleans-eth me!

O praise the Lord! it cleans-eth me, It cleans-eth me, yes, cleanseth me.
"Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"—Luke 17:17.

1. Ten lepers were cleansed, but only one returned to give God glory;
2. The world was redeemed, but 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.
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.

1. I'm kneeling at the cross, The cross of Calvary; All earthly gain is loss That hideth this from me.

2. O sweetest hour of day! O dearest hour of night! When kneeling, thus I pray, "Direct me, Lord, a-right." Kneeling, humbly kneeling; Jesus hears me pray; me.—This is my only cry.

3. His mercy is my plea, No hope in self have I; His blood was shed for plead I feel, his touch divine.

4. When most I feel my need, Then greatest strength is mine; And often as I kneel, monks, fill my heart with prayer.

CHORUS.

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.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I know not why my Saviour Has done so much for me; I know not why his fa-vor Has come so con-stant-ly; But this I know, I love him And Calvary, For sin-ners to a-tone; But this I know, 'tis cer-tain, He sees me, And knows my ev'ry care; But this I know, while pray-ing And needs me My vine-yard place to fill; But this I know, at du-ty, In

2. I know not why my Saviour Should leave a glorious throne, To bleed and die on fa-vor Has come so con-stant-ly; But this I know, I love him And

3. I know not why he bids me breathe forth my wants in prayer, While day by day he sees me, And knows my ev'ry care; But this I know, while pray-ing And

4. I know not where he leads me, And yet I follow still; I know not why he

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Would You Know Why I Am Singing?

F. E. Belden

"Therefore we will sing songs all the days of our life."—Isa. 38:20.

1. Would you know why I am singing, Singing the whole day long?
2. Sometimes a shadow of sadness over my life doth fall;
3. Sometimes a flood of temptation over my path doth roll;
4. Whether in sunshine or shadow, Jesus my song shall be;

'Tis because Jesus, my Saviour, Filleth my heart with song.
Still in my spirit I'm singing; Jesus is all in all.
Still I keep praying and singing; Jesus will keep my soul.
Should I one moment cease singing, That would be loss to me.

CHORUS.

This is just why I am singing, This is just why I am singing;
This is just why I'm singing, This is just why I'm singing;

'Tis because Jesus, my Saviour, Filleth my heart with song.

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O Christian, Awake!  

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, fearless-ly go, back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst e'er throw, zealously and fight to the end; Wherever he leadeth thee, go, valiant-ly go, plying, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, 

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 e'er overthrow, zealously, and fight to the end; Wherever he leadeth thee, go, valiant-ly go, plying, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, 

3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend; Be watchful, be sober-witted; With sword and with shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless-ly go, back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst e'er overthrow, zealously and fight to the end; Wherever he leadeth thee, go, valiant-ly go, plying, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, 

4. Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near, With grace to supply; Shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless-ly go, back, for no armor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst e'er overthrow, zealously and fight to the end; Wherever he leadeth thee, go, valiant-ly go, plying, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, 

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

REFRAIN.

If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue,—O, the
For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

2. There's no time for i-die scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
There's no time for i-die scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

3. One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

4. One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

5. One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

REFRAIN.

good we all may do, While the days are going by!
fall-en brother rise, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,
keep our heart aglow, While the days are going by.

Words by per. S. T. Gordon & Son.
1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, Tokens of the coming Lord; 
2. Fee'fully now they toil in sad'ness, Weeping o'er the waste a-round, 
3. Now, O Lord, ful-fill thy pleas'ure, Breathe up-on thy chos'en band, 
4. Soon shall end the time of weep'ing, Soon the reap-ing time will come, 

O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Loud'er rings the Mas-ter's word: 
Slow-ly gath'ring grains of glad'ness, While the recho'ing cries resound:
And with pen-te-cost'al meas'ure, Send forth reap'ers in our land;
Heav'n and earth to-geth'er keep-ing God's e-ter-nal har-vest home;

Pray for reap'-ers, Pray for reap'-ers, In the har-vest of the Lord. 
Pray that reap'-ers, Pray that reap'-ers, In God's har-vest may a-bound. 
Faith-ful reap'-ers, Faith-ful reap'-ers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand. 
Saints and an-gels, Saints and an-gels, Shout the world's great har-vest 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.

REFRAIN.

Fine.

Ask not to be excused; come, O come, to-day, stand ready to be used.

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:

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461
Is Your Lamp Burning?

1. Are you Christ's light-bearer? Of his joy a sharer? Is this
2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love overflowing, And his
3. Keep your altars burning, Wait your Lord's returning, While your

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. L 13stamnt..

• Are you Christ's light-bearer?
• Is your heart warm, glowing,
• Keep your altars burning,

D. S.—Are you waiting, yearning for your

Fine.

CHORUS.

souls benighted To the land of perfect day?
faithful vanguard, In the safe and narrow way? O brother! is your
light be blended When his glory shall appear.

Lord's returning? Are you watching day by day?

D. S.

lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray?

From "Holy Voices," by permission

462
"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.

**Blow the Trumpet.**

1. Watchman, blow the gospel trumpet, Every soul a warning give;
2. Sound it loud o'er every hill-top, Gloomy shade and sunny plain;
3. Sound it in the hedge and highway, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;
4. Sound it for the heavy laden, Weary, longing to be free;

Who so ever hears the message May repent, and turn, and live.
Ocean depths repeat the message, Full salvation's glad refrain.
Let it tell all things are ready, Father waits to welcome home.
Sound a Saviour's invitation, Sweetly saying, "Come to me."

**Chorus.**

Blow the trumpet, trusty watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and sea;

God commissions, sound the message! Ev'ry captive may be free.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

**Dr. M. L. Gilmour.**

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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.

March movement:

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Lo! 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 - 'ring 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.

By permission.

1246
"Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that treadeth down our enemies."—Ps. 68:12.

F. E. B.

With Energy.

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, Vanily 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?" Victory's near;

Words of battle cheer! tidings from the war! Glorious news of victory! Words of cheer.

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O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?


1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-nner 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 wait-
4. So come with your sick-les ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by;
ing the har-vest tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold-en grain; Toll on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
But gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reap-ers? O
And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "har-vest home."

who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" O,
who will help us to gar-nner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission The John Church Co.
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"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
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Though the loss sustained our

and the dewy 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' en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

By permission.

George A. Minor.
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.

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tears-drops start,

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.
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
Sowing in hope till the reapers come Gladly to gather the harvest home.

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might; Gathered in time or e-
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—Concluded.

1251

WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

"Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—2 Thess. 3:6.


1. Work when the morning shin-eth, Work when the noon-day gleams,
2. Work with a heart in-spir-ing, Work with a read-y hand,
3. Work till the summons com-eth,—Join with the hosts at rest;

Work when the day de-clin-eth, Work with its lat-est beams.
Work for the pure and ho-ly, Work for the true and grand.
So shall thy days be joy-ful, 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 Mas-ter 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.

**LIFT HIM UP.**

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dying look and live; To all weary, thirsty 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 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 foremost, And the old their voices raise; All the deaf shall hear Hosanna; And the blood of Christ shall see.

2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the multitude behold; They with glo-rious Redeemer, All the sins of men did bear; Yes, the young shall bow before him, And shall see salvation sweet. Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High amid the waiting throngs shall bless his name, dumb shall shout his praise.

3. Lift him up in all his glory, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up in all his energy, 'Tis the Son of God in glory; Lift him up in prayer; He, the high and mighty, Shall in his love look down; 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 foremost, And the old their voices raise; All the deaf shall hear Hosanna; And the blood of Christ shall see.

4. O then lift him up in singing, Lift the Saviour up in prayer; He, the high and mighty, Shall in his love look down; 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 foremost, And the old their voices raise; All the deaf shall hear Hosanna; And the blood of Christ shall see.

CHORUS.

Lift him up, 'tis he that speaketh, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

By permission.

470
The time is short, the labor great, O work for Jesus while you wait.
Go forth into the ripened field And there for God the sickle wield;
'Tis he who labors wins the prize, Nolider ever gains the skies.
Lest some one wear eternally The crown of life that was for thee.

Chorus.
Work and wait,
work and wait,
Eternity of rest is near.
work and wait,
work and wait,
work and wait till Christ appear.

O, work and wait till Christ appear.

Work and wait

By permission O. Ditson & Co.
471
Watch and Pray.

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, while the foe is near; Gird well the armor of heaven's eternal rest; Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Watch till thy Lord appear. Now when thy sun is up, thy Savior 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 in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

From "Fresh Laurels," by Rev. Biglow & Main.
1. Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, If at morning, noon, or night,
2. Watch and pray; the tempest 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 every 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 home his loved ones, To the happy vale of song (of song).

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.
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.
CALL THEM IN.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14:23.

MISS ANNA SHIPTON.

Ira D. Sankey, by per.

Moderato.

1. "Call them in;"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold; Peace and pardon freely offer; Can you weigh their worth with

2. "Call them in;"—the Jew, the Gentile; Bid the stranger to the feast; "Call them in,"—the rich, the noble. From the highest to the

3. "Call them in;"—the mere professor, Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink; Nought of life are they possessors, Yet of safety vainly

4. "Call them in;"—the broken-hearted, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame; Speak Love's message low and tender,—"Twas for sinners Jesus

5. "Call them in;"—the mere professors, Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brand of gold? "Call them in,"—the weak, the weary, Laden with the doom of

6. "Call them in;"—the careless scoffers, Pleasant seekers of the least: Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows

7. "Call them in;"—the lost ones; Wait the lost ones; "call them in." think: Bring them in;—the careless scoffers, Pleasure seekers of the came: "See, the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be-

8. "Call them in;"—the lost ones; Wait the lost ones; "call them in." Christ is coming;—"call them in." Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming;—"call them in."
One More Day's Work for Jesus

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 yesterday to me; His love and duty, To speak his beauty; My soul mounts on the wing. At the mere story, To show the glory, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way, And Christ in pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.

2. One more day's work for Jesus; How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for all:— Before his face I fall.

3. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the tale. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the tale. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the tale.

4. One more day's work for Jesus,— O yes, a weary day: But heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way, And Christ in pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.

5. O blessed work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus' feet! These toll seems clear-er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way, And Christ in pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.

Chorus.

Light Fill all my soul to-night. th'o' 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:— Before his face I fall.

By permission Biglow & Main.

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1. Sowing in sadness through long, weary years, Sowing in tears through long, weary years; Wait, only wait, till the harvest appears.
2. Sowing good seed as in sadness we go; Sowing good seed as in sadness we go; Tears on ly wait, till the harvest appears.
3. Sow to the Spirit, and life we shall reap, Sow to the Spirit, and life we shall reap, Tears on ly wait, till the harvest appears.

CHORUS:
Sowing in tears through long, weary years, Wait, only wait, till the harvest appears.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126:5.

F. E. Belden.

D. S. Hakes.

By permission G. Schirmer & Co.
1260

ANYWHERE, DEAR SAVIOUR.

W. A. O.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord."—Ps. 71:16. W. A. Ogden, by per.

1. Anywhere, dear Saviour, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me labor, Lord, there would I abide. Miracle of saving grace, Jesus, O blessed is the spot! Quickly we the tent may fold.

2. Where the night may find us, Surely matters not; If we camp with Ages," Until we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home.

3. All along the journey, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of la-bor.

That thou givest me a place Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee. Cheerful march through storm or cold, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

1261

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." 1 Cor. 6:1. Anon. W. A. Ogden.

1. Working, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee; Un-wor-thy, sin-ful, weak, Though we may be; Our all to thee we give, For thee a-

2. Along the cit-y's waste, Working with thee; Our eager foot-steps haste, Like thee to be; The poor we gather in, The out-casts

3. Saviour, we weary not, Working with thee; As hard as thine our lot Can never be; Our joy and com-fort this, "Thy grace suf-

4. So let us la-bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won, From sin sett free; Till men, from shore to shore, Re-cieve thee,

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission.
WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.—Concluded.

1. God bids his people on the earth, Before 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.

CHORUS.

We’ll live in tents un-till our feet Shall reach the land by sin un-trod,
We’ll live in tents un-till our feet Shall reach the land

Copyrighted 1874 by F. H. Revell. By per.
"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:35.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

THE WORLD'S HARVEST:

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

vit-ly stand; Mark ye the signals, they widely diffuse Tokens of the
sad-ness they wait; Pa-tiently toil-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
skean-kir-ward bring; Saints with the an-gels to-geth-er shall meet; Glo-rious and

CHORUS.

com-ing har-vest, joy-ful the news.
Lord and Mas-ter, reap-ers sup- ply. Pray for help, Christian, pray, pray, pray,
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; Gather the sheaves, bring the

world's har-vest home, Glo-rious and bless-ed harvest, come, Saviour, come.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission.

480
MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

I. B.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

Rev. I. Balfour.

1. On the shore (on the shore) beyond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a call (there's a call), a plaintive plea, I must hasten (I must hasten) to be there.

2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Master say, "Up, ye reap (up, ye reap)ers! why so slow?" To the vineyard, far away, Earthly kin (earthly kin) dred, let me go.

3. Just beyond (just beyond) the rolling tide, The uplifted hand I see; Far across (far across) the waters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do.

4. Father, mother, darling child, I must bid you all adieu; And the lost are calling me. 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.

By permission.
There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the Lord,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far, far from the gates of gold;
—Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.
NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

L. E. A.: "And when he came to it he found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11:13. 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; lo! tares and weeds, Words, idle words, for earnest deeds. Then
as we trace our weary way, And count each lost and misspent 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!

SOWING TO REAP.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Eph. 6:7. 
F. E. Belden.

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.
"None of Self and All of Thee."

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!" All of self and none of thee, All of self and none of thee!

2. Yet he found me; I beheld him bleeding on the accursed tree; And my wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of thee;" Some of self and some of thee, Some of self and some of thee; Brought me lower while I whispered, "Less of self and more of thee;" Less of self and more of thee, Less of self and more of thee.

3. Day by day his tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and deep, That bleeding healing, deeper than the deepest sea, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of thee!" None of self and all of thee, None of self and all of thee.

4. Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea, When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of thee!" Thee, And my wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of thee;" Thee, Brought me lower while I whispered, "Less of self and more of thee;" Thee, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "None of self, and all of thee!"
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.

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 bore Man's path way 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 passes 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 nigh: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

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THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"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.

1. There is a gate that stands ajar, And through its portals gleaming,
   A. radiance from the cross afar, The Saviour's love revealing.
   The rich and poor, the great and small, Of every tribe and nation.
   Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ever - last - ing to - ken.
   And bear the crown of life away, And love Him more in heav - en.

2. That gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation;
   The gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation;
   The gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation;
   The gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation;

3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is open
   Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is open
   Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is open
   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,
   Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given,
   Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given,
   Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given,

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 me, for me?
FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray,"—Ps. 55:17.

S. O'MALLEY CLUFF.

MELODY BY MRS. FLORENCE McCALLUM, ARR.

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

1271

CHORUS.

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-ceiv-ing one too! For you I am pray-ing, for
O that his peace might be giv-en to you!
prayer will be an-swered—'twas an-swered for you!

Copyrighted 1886 by F. E. Beiden.
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102:1.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless 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 renew;
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the victory 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 alone, 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.
"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.

1. Look to the cross, sinner, believe it, Look to the cross, healing is there;
2. Leave all thy sin, humbly confessing, Truly forsake, 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;

Par- don 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.

Copyright 1884 by F. E. Belden.
"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, O 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!"

Receive the glad message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark,"  
Too late, then they turned—every foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark,  
A—las, of your perishing souls 't will 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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Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2:21.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelieving.
3. Trusting only in thy merit, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, broken heart, Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry.
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth besides thee! Whom in heav'n but thee?

CHORUS.

calling, Do not pass me by.
tritation, Help my unbelieving.
spirit, Save me by thy grace.
side 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. Biglow & Main.

491
NOTHING FOR JESUS.

"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 sorrowfully, for he had great possessions."—Matt. 19:21, 22.

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 only worth-less leavies, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Captured by earth's gilded snares, Have you no room for Jesus?
Spending 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, Knocking, knocking, 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?
Bringing 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.

492
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 for ever thine; Our wayward feet incline
4. 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 in-deed. Father, we come to thee,
And on a brighter shore We dwell with thee.

Turn not away; Helpless we come to thee, Hear while we pray.
Come into the Ark.

"And the Lord said unto Noah, Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark."—Gen. 7:5.

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.

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 fearful and how dark, To find the tempest breaking, And we outside the Ark!

3. Shall we be of the number Who seek for souls to save; With in the Ark of rest, The dove of peace shall hover above thee on thy way, And God’s own hands shall cover every day.

4. Then come while hope is offered, Thy coming shall be blest; Eternal life is waiting; O haste to enter in. For sin’s delusive wave! How dread would be the waking, How broad the Creu. The tempest may break tomorrow, Come into the Ark today;
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.

F. E. Belden.

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 bountiful heavenly store. He will lead you, Ever will feed you, Jesus in sin and by shame; O we implore you, Let him restore you, Comewhile he delights to tend to the poor cripple's call; Now he is passing, is passing for all.

3. Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing, Come, all ye poor, to the plentiful store; Now he will lead you, Ever will feed you, Jesus in sin and by shame; O we implore you, Let him restore you, Comewhile he delights to tend to the poor cripple's call; Now he is passing, is passing for all.

4. Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing, Come, ye afflicted by He will restore you, He will exchange all your darkness for light; Come, and the Saviour will give you your sight.

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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. B.

1. Why not come to Jesus? There is hope for thee; There is wondrous pardon, Offered full and free. On - ly trust his mer - cy, Je - sus? He is the way to heav'n.
2. Doubt his love no longer, Count all else but loss; Faith and hope grow strong'er Taking up the cross. 'Tis a bur - den pre - cious, Je - sus? And leave thy load of sin?
3. Who has love so con - stant, Love so tried and true, Thus to die for near you Bid you speak the same. Speak it while he's wait - ing, Je - sus? Why not come to - day?
4. Now the Ho - ly Spir - it Whis - pers his dear name, An - gels bend - ing Ask and be for - given; Why not come to Je - sus? He is the way to heav'n.

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1281

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Ps. 103:3.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus; I love the bless - ed Sav - iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
3. His name dis - pel - s my guilt and fear; No oth - er name but Je - sus; O, how my soul de - light - es to hear The pre - cious name of Je - sus!
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.
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.—Concluded.

Sweet-est note in seraph song,
Sweet-est name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung,—Jesus, blessed Je-su-s!

1282

CALLING.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live." —Isa. 55: 3.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON, by par.

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 plead-ing, 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;

At the heart's por-tal he's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we sin-ger and heed not his mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-ering and death's night is com-ing, 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!
1283

**Almost Persuaded.**

*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; barvest is past; 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-derer 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.


1. The waters are troubled, The angel is here; The fountain of mercy Flows healing and clear; O, come in your sorrow, And
2. The waters are troubled, No longer delay; The fountain of mercy Has healing to-day; Then why will you linger, Since
3. The waters are troubled, The angel still waits; He pauses in mercy Who bails and debates: Give over your faltering, Your
THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.—Concluded.

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!

come in your sin; 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.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

ENGLISH.

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 into 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.

499
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.

1. There's room for you to anchor Within the port of rest, Where tempests all are over, And calms no more molest; How sweet to weary voyagers, This paring, O ask not Why nor How. His boundless love and mercy No precious promise given: There's room for you to anchor Safe in heaven.

2. There's room for you to anchor; The ship is waiting now,—The ship of God's pre-greet us As in the long ago. Then hush! Ye murm'ring waters, Ye headlands I see its shining dome. There, there my fainting spirit No tongue can ever tell,—If you but trust his promise, All is well.

3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved below; The same sweet voices more for rest shall sigh; 'Tis there I hope to anchor By and by.

4. O heaving, swelling billows, Bear onward to my home! Be ye more for rest shall sigh; 'Tis there I hope to anchor By and by.

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 heaven.

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SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23:9.

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

Saviour, Made every offering sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help
of-fered, The poorest counted good; And he was filled with long-ing, A
give thee, My sinful wayward 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; At last all empty-handed He stood before 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.

501
1288  **LIFT! BROTHER, LIFT!**

“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”—Matt. 16:24.

F. E. Belden.

*Spirited.*

1. When the cross seems hard to carry, Lift! brother, lift! O’er the burden lies in trying, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the longest, Lift! brother, lift!
2. Duty’s call is self-denying, Lift! brother, lift! Half the battle lifts the cross and clasp it tighter, Lift! brother, lift!
3. When the evil seems the strongest, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the hardest, Lift! brother, lift!

**CHORUS.**

Lift! brother, lift! Lifting makes the burden lighter, Lift! brother, lift!

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1289  **I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.**


Wm. G. Fischer.

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 fill salvation find.
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._

By permission.

503
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, Come, sinner, come!

2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

3. O - hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!

4. O - hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!

Lead Them to Thee.

1. Lead them, my God to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav - est me;
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no de - li - cious snare, Lure them a - stray;
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones, Christ came a child, And thro' this world of sin Moved un - de - filed;
4. Yea, though my faith be dim, I would be - lieve That thou this precious gift Wilt now re - ceive;

O, by thy love di - vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee. But from temptation's power, 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.
1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I cannot count, That
2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I cannot tell; No
3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has giv'n, That
4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own; O

all may cleansed be, In the once opened Fount: I bring them,
words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well: I bring the
each may be a wing To lift me nearer heav'n: I bring them,
Saviour, let me be Thine, ever thine alone. My heart, my

Saviour, all to thee; The burden is too great for me.
sorrow laid on me, O suffering Saviour! all to thee.
Saviour, all to thee, Who hast procured them all for me.
life, my all, I bring To thee, my Saviour and my King.

1293

WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE?

"For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous."—1 John 5:3.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. I hear thy voice, O Lord, It tells me of thy love!
2. And thou didst suffer much, And shed thy precious blood
3. 'Twas all that I might have, Salvation, full and free:
4. I'll bring my heart, dear Lord; 'Tis all that I can do:

How thou, to save lost man, Didst leave thy home above;
To save me from my sins, Thou blessed Lamb of God!
Rich are the gifts indeed, That thou hast brought to me,
Though vile, I pray that thou Wilt cleanse it through and through:
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. P. PALMER,

**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.

**4.** 
Patiently pleading with my sad heart; O shall I let him in?

**5.** 
Meekly accepting my gracious Lord, O shall I let him in?

**6.** 
Gladly I'll welcome him evermore; O, yes, I'll let him in.

**7.** 
Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheerless is all within;

**8.** 
He can infinite love impart, He can pardon this rebel heart;

**9.** 
Blessed Saviour, abide with me, Cares and trials will lighter be;

**10.** 
Christ is bidding me turn unto him; O shall I let him in?

**11.** 
Shall I bid him for ever depart, Or shall I let him in?

**12.** 
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.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st transomed be, What hast thou given for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me? I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me

And quick-ened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What thy tongue can tell, Of bit-rest ag-o-ny,

For wand'ring sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

To rescue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

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.

1. Like as a father pit-ies his child, So the Lord pit-ies the sinner de-filed;
2. Like as a father when we be-lieve, Mer-ci-ful still, he will glad-ly re-ceive;
3. Like as a father, ev - er the same, He hath cre-at-ed, and knoweth our frame;
4. Like as a father, constant 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 stray-ing, 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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CHORUS.

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 Freely 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.
Ready, 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?

From "Heavenly Carols," by permission.
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. Belden.

Tenderly, with expression. (Respectfully dedicated to James McGowan.)

1. The golden light is fading Up on the mountains gray.
2. I'll count the dear ones over, The tender Shepherd said,
3. With tender, anxious glance, He counts them o'er with care,
4. The midnight dews are falling, Yet through the mountains wild

And twilight's purple shadow Falls o'er the dying day.
My own warm fold shall cover Each lamb that I have led.
And vain his hopeful fancies,—But ninety-nine are there.
He seeks the lost one calling: "Come back, come back, my child;"

As to the fold for slumber The weary flock draws near:
If one has wandered blindly Or willingly a-way,
Then forth into the shadows, All else by him forgot,
His voice is sad with pleading, His locks are damp and cold,

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 meadow, And searching find-eth not.
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 searches moor and meadows, And searching, findeth not.
His feet are torn and bleeding,—There's 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.

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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510
Give Me the Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105.

Priscilla J. Owens

1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wan-d'r'ry
2. Give me the Bible when my heart is bro-ken, When sin and grief have
3. Give me the Bible, all my steps en-light-en, Teach me the dan-ger
4. Give me the Bible, lamp of life im-mor-tal, Hold up that splen-dor

Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost,
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav'ry near. Give me the Bible—
That light a-lone the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo-ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

Till night shall van-ish in e-ter-nal day.

Fine.

D. S.—Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin-ing,

From "Holy Voices," by permission.

511
Hold to the helm, hold to the helm, Hold to the guiding

1. Hold to the helm, sail or, when the skies are clear, Hold more
2. Thousands have launched on the change ful sea of life Who have
3. Greater the danger, the broader flies the sail, Trusting

firmly when the storms appear; Begin the watch ere you
perished in the awful strife; Thousands to day flaunt a
this alone, you're sure to fall; Signal the life boat be-

leave the shores of youth, And always keep hold of the helm of truth
broad profession sail, But where is the helm for the fearful gale?
fore the waves overwhelm, And ask for the Bible, the guiding helm.

CHORUS.

Hold to the helm, hold to the helm, Hold to the guiding
HOLD TO THE HELM.—Concluded.

Helm of truth; Hold to the helm on the sunny seas of youth,

And all through the voyage let us hold to the truth.

MUSIC—“HOLD TO THE HELM.”

1 Stand by the law once proclaimed from Sinai;
   Some of 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.

Ten are its precepts,—consider them again,—
Love to God, and love to fellow-men:
Your point to God and the duty that we owe,
And to our relation to mortals show.

8 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 law, and the devil goes to heaven!
   No need of a Saviour, or sins forgiven!

THEY were written during the speech of an Antinomian minister, when the subject of the law was being discussed publicly, and sung with good effect at the close of the meeting. Although the last stanza is a conclusion truthfully drawn from the arguments of those who endeavor to show that God’s law is no longer binding, yet it is designed to be sung only on occasions when it will be most effectual to present the absurdity of the no-law theory, and it is hoped that no offense will be taken at the expressions of truth which these lines contain.

1302

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 committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law.”

—1 John 8: 4.

“They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith it; whereas ye say, The Lord saith it; albeit I have spoken.”—Eze. 18: 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.
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.  P. P. Bliss.

1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, un-
fail- ing and true; Care-less one, prayer-less one, hear and re-
mem- ber, prom- is-es, too; Hear-ing them, fear-ing them, nev-
er can save us, sor-
row and strife, Sancti-fied, glo-
ri-fied, now and for-
ev-er,

2. All in vain we hear his com-
mand-ments, All in vain his

3. They with joy may en-
ter the cit-y, Free from sin, from

CHORUS.

Je-sus says, "Bless-ed are they that do."
Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do. Bless-ed are they that
They may have right to the tree of life.

do his com-
mand-ments, Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they;

Bless-ed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, bless-ed, bless-ed 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.

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, Sorrow and sighing o'er;
4. Would you be among the number Jesus will honor then?

From my Father's ten commandments Ever shall pass away.
Who have kept the ten commandments, Owning the Saviour too.
Eating of life's fair tree for ever, Never to hunger more.
Faith in him can only save you Heeding the precepts ten.

Him will I exalt in heaven: Do you believe it true?

CHORUS.

Blessed are they, blessed are they, Blessed are they that do;

Blessed are they, blessed 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.

1. What says the Bible, the blessed Bible? This should my
on-ly question be; Teachings of men so often 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"?

2. Few ever study the law e-ter-nal, Few ey-er
Touch-ing the fourth commandment too.
An-swer the ques-tion, each of you.

3. What says the book of God to me? What says the Bi-ble? few can

CHORUS.

What says the book of God to me? What says the Bi-ble? few can
Tell; What says the Bi-ble? study it well. Keep the com-
mandments, the ten commandments, Look for the com-ing Sav-iour too.

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W. A. O. “Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life.”—John 5:39. W. A. Oman.

Go and Inquire.

CHORUS.

What does the blessed Bible say? Go and inquire, . . . the King com-
mandeth, Ask of the Lord . . . for me and thee; Knock at the

mandent, Ask of the Lord . . .

O - pen door of mercy Where there is par - don full and free.
Knock at the open

By permission.
617
"Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; make me to go in the path of thy commandments." —Ps. 119:33, 35.

W. R. Day

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; make me to go in the path of thy commandments, forevermore, forevermore. Amen, Amen.

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,

Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments for ever-more;

Make me to walk, Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments, forevermore, forevermore. Amen, Amen.

318
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 do-ers of the word are blest; 'Tis well to hear and believe, and to 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.

CHORUS.

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Ask for the Guide Book,
For our salvation its pages were given;
Thou shalt not trust the false guides who seek only gain;
Thou shalt not trust the false guides who seek only gain;
Thousands are traveling in death's downward way;
Though you may teach that the Saviour has died,
Claim to be just, and appear sanctified,
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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Ask for the Old Paths.

"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;
4. If you are traveling 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.
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. 3:8.

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 for Jehovah Stood those noble men, simple story Of the faithful three.

2. 'Twas a heathen king's commandment Governed conscience then; Yet how brave-ly path of duty, Fear-less, firm, and bold.

3. So when earthly creeds of error Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the fore the image At the world's decree.

4. God is able to deliver As in days of old, All who walk the image. We will follow their example, Brave and faithful three, Bowing not before the image At the world's decree.

CHORUS.

fiery furnace, And the faithful three. Stand for the right Where for Jehovah Stood those noble men, simple story Of the faithful three.

ever you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faithful three.

D. C.—We will follow their example, Brave and faithful three, Bowing not before the image At the world's decree.

FAITHFUL THREE.

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1312

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. Then tell the old, old story, answer That this alone will do? Then tell the blessed Who God's commandments do.

2. It is a precious story, And we believe it true; But who of us can answer That this alone will do? Then tell the blessed Who God's commandments do.

3. Let faith repeat the story, Let works proclaim it true; For they alone are salvation. Without obedience too. Then tell the old, old story, answer That this alone will do? Then tell the blessed Who God's commandments do.

CHORUS.

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MORE TO DO.—Concluded.

And heed its precepts, too; 'Tis well to tell the stor-y, 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. Ho-ly day, Je-ho-va's Rest, Of Cre-a-tion's week the best;
2. First his six days' work was done, Then the Sab-bath hour be-gun;
3. Thousands have his plan re-versed, Rest-ing now up-on 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 On-ly one great Sab-bath law,

Last of all the cho-sen sev'n, Blessed of God, to man 'twas giv'n.
Thus he blessed the sev-enth day, Thus in rest-ing we o-bey.
Search the Book and you shall know There's no script-ure tells them so.
In God's word no change ap-pear's Through the whole six thou-san-d years!
Then I has-tened to o-bey,—Plain-ly, 'twas the on-ly way.

CHORUS.

Wel come, wel come, wel come, wel come;
Welcome, welcome, ev-er wel-come, wel-come, wel-come, ev-er wel-come;

Glad we hail its pres-ence blest, 'Tis the great Je-ho-va's Rest.

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528
Open Thou Mine Eyes,

"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.

That I may behold wondrous things out of thy law: Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things, wondrous things out of thy law. Amen.

THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light, a light unto my path! How sweet are thy words unto my taste—yea, sweeter than honey to 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.
FEAR GOD, fear God, 

Fear God, fear God, and keep his law; Fear God, fear God, and keep the ten commandments; For this is the duty of man, the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring ev'ry work into judgment, With ev'ry secret thing, Whether good or evil; With ev'ry secret thing, Whether good or evil. Amen, Amen.
Are You Doers of the Word?

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 if the bless-ing we would gain.

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."—James 1:22.

H. R. Trickett,

J. H. Fillmore.

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.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is break- ing, That Jesus will come in the chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into light in the sadness, no dread, and no crying, Caught up thro' the clouds with our fullness of glory To receive from the world his own.

2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-

3. O joy! O delight! should we go without dying, No sickness, no darkness and shadow is break- ing, That Jesus will come in the chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into light in the sadness, no dread, and no crying, Caught up thro' the clouds with our fullness of glory To receive from the world his own.

CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ returneth, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.
**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. REVEREND 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 wherethethorns have been, Gloried he who once
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

3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
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

4. Joyful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding
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

5. Endless the sad separation then, Bitter the cry of det
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

6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to await thee each
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

**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
When the King comes in.
Christ the King, comes in.
When thou comest in.

When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by permission.
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 announced 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?


From “The Garmer,” by per. John J. Hood,
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 foretell that the moment is nearing When he shall return,

book of the Lord's Revelation, Each prophecy points to the great consumption,—But we know not the hour.

2. There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation, There's truth in the promise most cheering,—But we know not the hour.

3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning, We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's returning, We'll sing and rejoice,

every omen discerning,—But we know not the hour.

CHORUS.

'tis a promise most cheering,—But we know not the hour.

every omen discerning,—But we know not the hour.

tis a promise most cheering,—But we know not the hour.

He will come... hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come in the hour.

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WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.—Concluded.

clounds of his Father's bright glo - ry,—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. 3:3-14.

F. E. BELDEN.

Allegretto.

1. O Chris - tian! have you heard it? He's com - ing soon; Though thou - sands
2. Does now thy heart be - lieve it? He's com - ing soon; Do you with
3. O day of joy - and glad - ness! He's com - ing soon; O day of

have de - ferred it, He's com - ing soon. Let not thy heart grow wea - ry,
joy re - ceive it? He's com - ing soon. Prize not this world's pos - ses - sions,
gloom and sad - ness! He's com - ing soon. It may be night or morn - ing,

He's com - ing soon; Morn follows midnight dreary, He's com - ing soon. Leave all earth's
He's com - ing soon; Trust not to vain professions, He's com - ing soon. Work on, with
He's com - ing soon; Do not re - ject the warning, He's com - ing soon. Are you pre-

sin - ful pleasures, He's coming soon; Lay up in heav'n your treasures, He's coming soon.
zeal in - creas - ing, He's coming soon; Pray always, without ceas - ing, He's coming soon.
pared to meet him? He's coming soon; Can you look up and greet him? He's coming soon.

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"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.

WILL H. PONTIUS.

1. We know not the time when he cometh, At even, or midnight, or morn;
2. I think of his wonderful pity, The price our salvation hath cost;
3. O Jesus, my loving Redeemer, Thou knowest I cherish as dear

It may be at deepening twilight, It may be at earliest dawn.
He left the bright mansions of glory To suffer and die for the lost.
The hope that mine eyes shall behold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear!

He bids us to watch and be ready, Nor suffer our lights to grow dim;
And sometimes I think it will please him, When those whom he died to redeem
If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy presence would flee,

That when he shall come, he may find us All waiting and watching for him.
Rejoice in the hope of his coming By waiting and watching for him.
A Friend most beloved I'll greet thee, I'm waiting and watching for thee.

CHORUS.

Waiting and watching, Waiting and watching;
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for thee, Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for thee;

From "Songs of Gratitude," by W. Fillmore Bros.

534
WAITING AND WATCHING.—Concluded.

_Song._

WAITING AND WATCHING,
Still waiting and watching for thee.
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting and watching,

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.

By permission.

533
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 coming King is at the door Who once the cross for sinners bore;
2. The signs that show his coming near Are fast fulfilling year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not below for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages through;

But now the righteous ones alone He comes to gather home,
And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heav'n's eternal morn.
Until the Saviour comes again To banish death and sin.
This mortal shall immortal be, And time, eternity.

CHORUS.

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door;

He is coming, he is coming, He is even at the door.
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 Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al-le-lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

D. S.—Be-hold, he com-eth!

Fine.

be-hold, he com-eth! Be robed and read-y; for the Bridegroom comes.
be quick-ly com-eth! O soul, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.
be 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.

CHORUS.

D. S.

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.

587
"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

Mrs. Frances L. Mack.

Waiting.

1. On-ly wait-ing till the shad-ows Are a lit-tle long-er grown,
   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.

2. On-ly wait-ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath-ered home;
   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- late;
   Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev-er green;
   From the heart once full of day, All the ripe hours of my heart;
   Even now I hear their foot-steps, And their voi-ces far a-way;
   Waiting for my full re-demp-tion, When my Sav-ior shall re-store

3. On-ly wait-ing till the an-gels O-pen wide the pearl-y gate,
   Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev-er green;
   From the heart once full of day, All the ripe hours of my heart;
   Even now I hear their foot-steps, And their voi-ces far a-way;
   Waiting for my full re-demp-tion, When my Sav-ior shall re-store

4. On-ly wait-ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath-ered home;
   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- late;
   Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev-er green;
   From the heart once full of day, All the ripe hours of my heart;
   Even now I hear their foot-steps, And their voi-ces far a-way;
   Waiting for my full re-demp-tion, When my Sav-ior shall re-store

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538
THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest." — Lev. 25: 4

1. Oh, glo-ry to God! it is com-ing again, 'Tis the glad ju-bil-lee of the
2. 'Tis the glad an-ti-type of that day long a-go When the hosts of the Lord might not
3. Yes, glad-der by far is that rest by and by, When on wings like the eagle we

chil-dren of men; Then blow ye the trump- pet, shout glo-ry, 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

Soon shall the saints be free;
Glo - ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Haste on the ju - bi- lee.
WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE!

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea (crystal sea): When the gathered, and the saved and ransomed see (gladly see): Then to Lord in all his glory we shall see (we shall see); At the umphant strains the glorious jubilee (jubilee); Then to

2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall Lord himself from heaven to his glory bids them come, What a meet again to gether, on the bright, celestial shore, What a bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right." What a meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a

3. At the great and final Judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord meets with one another, At the sounding of the glorious jubilee,

4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim In triumph bids them come, What a gathering of the faithful that will be! What a gathering of the loved ones, when we

From 'The Song Treasury,' by permission.
540
WHAT A GATHERING.—Concluded.

What a gathering, jubilee! What a gathering, when the friends and all the

gathering,
dear ones meet each other; What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

1330

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

Jesus E. Strout. "The day of the Lord cometh, it is nigh at hand."—Joel 2:1.
Geo. E. Lee.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Jesus is coming again!
2. Ech-o 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, woe'ring throng; Jesus is coming again!
5. Nations are angry,—by this we do know Jesus is coming again!

CHORUS.

Coming again, coming again, Jesus is coming again!
HAPPY DAY.

"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. 4:2.

F. E. B.

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 wicked 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 day!

Come quickly Lord, no more delay; Come quickly, happy day.

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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;

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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. WORX.

1. O'er all the land have the signs now appeared, Telling us soon our dear Savio'ur will come; Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, great day is near; Nations dis-tressed by the rumors of wars, life's gloom'y way; All, all pro-claim that the Savio'ur is near, Lord's lov'ing voice; Those who will now all their er-rors for-sake,

2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, Faith-ful-ly show that the signs now appeared, Tell-ing us soon our dear Savio'ur will come; Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, great day is near; Nations dis-tressed by the rumors of wars, life's gloom'y way; All, all pro-claim that the Savio'ur is near, Lord's lov'ing voice; Those who will now all their er-rors for-sake,

3. These, to the pil-grim, are o- mens of cheer, Toil-ing and sigh-ing in the signs now appeared, Tell-ing us soon our dear Savio'ur will come; Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, great day is near; Nations dis-tressed by the rumors of wars, life's gloom'y way; All, all pro-claim that the Savio'ur is near, Lord's lov'ing voice; Those who will now all their er-rors for-sake,

4. Then let us ral-ly, and fresh cour-age take; Soon will we hear our dear Savio'ur will come; Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, great day is near; Nations dis-tressed by the rumors of wars, life's gloom'y way; All, all pro-claim that the Savio'ur is near, Lord's lov'ing voice; Those who will now all their er-rors for-sake,

CHORUS.

"Quick-ly come, O bless-ed Je-sus, come, Savio'ur, come."

Music by permission S. Brainard's Sons.

544
JESUS COMES.

"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.  WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids 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 stately; Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly;
5. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he’s interceding;

Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, Read ye for your Lord’s returning.
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption’s story.
Tell, O tell of grace-abounding, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her latest pangs is summing; Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Haste, ere grace and time diminished Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

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.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per.

545
NEARER MY HOME.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." —Heb. 11:16.

S. J. GRAHAM.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been before.
2. Jesus reigns, nearer the crystal sea. Near-er my home, near-er my home; heavy grief, wearing my starry crown.
3. Near-er my going home, laying my burdens down, Leav-ing my cross of day, to-day, Than e'er I've been before.

CHORUS.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." —Matt. 24:30.

GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. G.

1. The golden morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come To take his faithful and happy children to their promised home.
2. The gospel summons will soon be carried To the nations round; The Bridegroom then will cease to tar-ry and the trumpet sound. O, we see the gleams of the golden morning take his people where they will not die.
3. Attended by all the shining angels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will broken-hearted will be wiped away.
4. There those lov'd ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day; The tears of those who are

CHORUS.
GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.—Concluded.

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. B.

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. 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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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.

D. S.-"Come, enter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright REFRAIN.

D. S.-"Prom- ise of heav'n,—"The king-dom re-stored, to you shall be giv'n."
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, only waiting, waiting for my welcome, for my welcome, From my Saviour on the other shore.

"The Lord direct your hearts into ... the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3:5.

W. G. Irving.
J. H. Fillmore.

By permission Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati.
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

2. How I long to be roaming the blest fields of light, With the dear, loving family in the palace of Jesus on high.

3. Roll along, then, sweet moments, and bear me away To my beautiful 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 for thee, I am waiting, dear Jesus, for thee;

Of redemption through Jesus' blood! Waiting, dear Jesus, yes, ever longing, ever longing, dear Jesus, I'm longing All the beauties of heaven to see.

By permission David C. Cook.
"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 be about him fire and tempest shall devour: Yes, with more than pageant splendor as he angels and the trump of God most high. Then the dead in Christ will hear his voice and action naught but righteousness shall be; Then the moon shall be confounded, and the glory, and believe his kingdom near; We have waited for him patiently, and all the world be preached For a witness to all nations, and its final triumph reached. rides upon the cloud, While the saints and holy angels shout with hallelujahs loud. from their graves arise, And with all the living righteous they shall meet him in the skies. sun ashamed to shine,—When the Lord in dazzling glory reigns in righteousness divine. still our faith is strong, And we almost hear the angels shout "hosannas," loud and long.

CHORUS.

He is coming, coming, coming on the cloud, With a shout of triumph, and with trumpet loud;

All the dead shall hear his voice, all the righteous shall rejoice; For he's coming in glory soon to reign.
"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.

**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; Only they who, obeying, have toiled, striving, praying,

**CHORUS.**

To the glorious kingdom for ever to last? Who in glory triumphant mount up to the skies? Shall we stand at His coming, His glorious coming, When he gathers the wheat to his garner above? When in glory descending, with the angels attending, He returns for his jewels, the price of his love?

**2.** When the Arch-angel's trumpet shall rend the broad heavens, And the millions who

**3.** When the loud lamentation breaks forth from creation, That the day of God's

**4.** Then the hope of possession will not be profession, For the lover of

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Look for the Way-Marks.

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
vid-ed, 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 today?
glorious drama be? Christ and his coming, And eternity.

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Look for the Way-Marks.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-marks, the journey's almost o'er.

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: 32-36.

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 483, 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, inasmuch 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 thigh 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 last 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.

555
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,
2. Shall we hear the glad words spoken: "Faithful servant," and "well done,"
3. Shall we heed the Spirit's pleading, While for mercy we may call,
4. Shall we stand as gold before him, Or as vile and worthless dross?
5. Or the dread and awful sentence, "Thou art wanting," sinful one?
6. Or delay till God's handwriting Seals the final doom of all?

REFRAIN.

Weighed in the balance of the Lord, Weighed, weighed, and wanting;

Weighed by the standard of his word, Weighed, weighed, and wanting.

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556
**BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.**

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51:3.

**Rev. W. O. Cushing.**

**WM. F. SHERWIN.**

1. **Beautiful valley of Eden,** Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. **Over the heart of the mourner** Shin-eth the gold-en day,
3. **There is the home of my Saviour,** There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

**REFRAIN.**

**Beautiful valley of Eden,** Home of the pure and blest, How

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**Over the hearts of the weary,** Breathing thy waves of balm.

**Waft-ing the songs of the angels** Down from the far a-way.

**Over the high-lands of glory** Roll-eth the great new song.

---

**Often amid the wild billows** I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!

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By permission.

557
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 sleeping, I shall be soon. Sleep, sleep, beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon. Shading, shading, beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the pulse's fever-beating, I shall be soon. Greeting, greeting, beyond the pulse's fever-beating, I shall be soon.

4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon. River, river, beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet hope! Lord, tarry not; Lord, tarry not, but come.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAiL.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green, And the living waters flowing Shores where heavenly 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 flowing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

CHORUS.

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When on that eternal shore; Drop the anchor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks; The summer morn I've sighed for,—The fair, sweet morning awakes. Dark, dark has been the like a weary traveller That leant on his guide, Amid the shades of these lie all behind me:—O for a well-tuned harp! O for the "hallelujah!" But dayspring is at hand: And glory, glory dwellth evening. While sinks life's lingering sand, I hail the glory dawning, Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwellth In Immanuel's land. From Immanuel's land, I hail the glory dawning, From Immanuel's land. In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwellth, In Immanuel's land.

2. I've wrestled on to'ward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide; Now, I've waked from sleep to serenade. My spirit's grown strong. If hope is my shield, I'll sing above the clouds. Glory is my throne, O for a well-tuned harp! O for the "hallelujah!" With yon triumphant band! Who sing where glory dwellth, Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwellth In Immanuel's land.

3. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now, The joys that once were mine, I've found within the vail:—O for a well-tuned harp! O for the "hallelujah!" In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwellth In Immanuel's land. From Immanuel's land, I hail the glory dawning, From Immanuel's land. In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwellth, In Immanuel's land. Copyrighted 1888 by F. R. Belton.
"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."—2 Cor. 2:9.

1. I'll sing you a song of a city Which mortals have never yet seen,
   I'll sing of those beautiful mansions The Saviour has gone to prepare;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   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;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   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,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old.

2. I'll sing you a song of a city Which mortals have never yet seen,
   I'll sing of those beautiful mansions The Saviour has gone to prepare;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   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;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old.

3. I'll sing you a song of a city Which mortals have never yet seen,
   I'll sing of those beautiful mansions The Saviour has gone to prepare;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   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;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old.

4. I'll sing you a song of a city Which mortals have never yet seen,
   I'll sing of those beautiful mansions The Saviour has gone to prepare;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   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;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old.

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   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   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;
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   I'll sing of the noon-tide of glory That lingers eternally there;
   I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beautiful plains,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old,
   I'll sing of the life that's unending, Of songs that shall never grow old.

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CHORUS.

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.

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.

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 illumine, And nothing of ill can betide. We must carefully lift every cross that appears, And joyfully follow our Lord.

There sorrow and tears are forever unknown, And joys never ending find room; Tho' the road lead thro' toiling and suffering here, We must drink of the cup that is given;

There the brow wears the impress of heavenly peace, And the cheek immortality's bloom. Through much tribulation his chosen must pass, If they enter 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.

**Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.**

1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome,
   Shall we know each other there? Shall we know each other there?

2. When the holy angels meet us, As we go to join their band,
   Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fondly round us as before?

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices, And my weary heart grows light;
   Shall we be with the heirs of glory, And we'll know as we are known.

4. O ye weary, sad, and tossed ones! Droop not, faint not by the way;
   Ever more their sweet song singing, "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.

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.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar;
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore, The melodious songs of the blest;
3. To our bountiful Father above We will offer a tribute of praise,

For our Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
For the glorious gift of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

CHORUS.

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

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
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

2. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust, If we lose 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

3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows his own, Face to face in human blindness, And for-get that we are dust, If 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

We shall know . . . as we are known . . . Never-
mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,

more . . . to walk alone, In the dawn - - - - ing of the Nevermore to walk alone, In the dawn- ing of the

CHORUS.

mists have cleared away.

We shall know . . . as we are known . . . Never-

mists have cleared away.

By per. B. Brainard's Sons.
WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

morn-ing, When the mists . . . have cleared a-way; In the
When the mists have cleared a-way;

dawn - - - ing of the morning, When the mists . . have cleared away (have cleared away).
In the dawning

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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. B.

1. When Je-sus calls his jew-els From ev-ery land and sea, And takes them home to
2. We'll meet the friends depart-ed, The loved ones laid a-way: Not one will be for-
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of a-ges long a-go, And all the faith-ful
4. We'll meet in all his beau-ty The One whom we a-dore, Who died that we, be-
5. 0, hope of all the faith-ful! With longing hearts we say, "Come quickly, blessed

REFRAIN.

glo-ry, What a meet-ing that will be!
got-ten On the res-ur-re-c tion day. We'll meet . . them-in glo-ry,
mar-tyrs Whb bled for truth be-low.
lev-ing, Might live for ev-er-more. We'll meet them all in glo-ry,
Sav-lour, And bring the prom-ised day."

Meet . . them in glo-ry, Meet . . them in glo-ry; What a meet-ing that will be!
Meet them all in glo-ry, Meet them all in glo-ry;

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"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.

2. My Sav-lour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends soon shall rest; Then a-
   way from my sor-row and care Let me fly to the land of the blest, over there.

3. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see; And to
   bear me from earth o-ver there The an-gels are com-ing for me, over there.

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, over there;
Over there, over there, My Sav-lour 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, Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
Over there, over there, o-ver there, My Sav-lour is now o-ver there.
Over there, over there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.
Home of the Soul

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, The far away
2. O, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Jesus of
4. O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land, So free from all

While the years of eternity roll, While the years of eternity roll;
Till I see the King of all forever, He is He, He holdeth our crowns in his hands;
To meet one another again! 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 veil 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.

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.
Forever with the Lord.

"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.

1. "Forever with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be; Life for the dead is immortal-ity. Here in this bod-y pent, spir-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates appear! Ah, then my spir-it faints cape the tomb, And life eternal gain; Then know-ing "as I'm known," faith-ful word E'en now to me ful-fill. Be thou at my right hand.

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's as-

3. And when the morn shall come That ends earth's night of pain, Thro' grace I shall es-

4. "Forever with the Lord!" Fa-ther, if 'tis thy will, The prom-ise of that

Ab-sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
To reach the land I love; The bright in- her-it-ance of saints, Je-
How shall I love that word, And oft re-pet be-before the throne, "For-
Then I can nev-er 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.

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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 Grows brighter 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 ready made, With-in fair 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.
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

"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.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, T. C. O'KANE.

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?
The Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, by and by, 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.

By permission.

570
BEULAH LAND!

"Thy land shall be called Beulah, for the-Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62:4.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENNEY.

There is a land of corn and wine, And all its joys will soon be mine;
2. My Sav - lour then will walk with me; O sweet com-mu-nion that will be!
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze, Will come from ev - er-ver nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs then will la - den be With sounds of sweet-est mel - o - dy,

A. A. A. A.

There shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For earth's dark night has passed a-way.
He'll, gent - ly lead me by the hand, In that ce - les - tial, hap - py land.
And flowers that nev - er-fad - ing grow, Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels, with the ransomed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp - tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land! sweet Beu - lah land! Up - on thy hights I long to stand,

And view the ra - diant, jas - per sea, And mansions fair, prepared for me;

And find on that e - ter - nal shore My heaven, my home, for - ev - er-more.

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.
THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE SUN.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. 13:43.

W. T. G.

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. Of the right-eous 'tis said, They shall shine as the sun In the realm of e-ter-nal years.
4. By the sword of his word and the pow'r of his might, God will help you the cross to bear.

Of the right-eous '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.

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. Of the right-eous 'tis said, They shall shine as the sun In the realm of e-ter-nal years.
4. By the sword of his word and the pow'r of his might, God will help you the cross to bear.

Of the right-eous '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.

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, 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, All they who their Mas-ter o-bey;
They shall shine as the sun When their work is done,

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"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.

Heaven at Last.

Horatius Bonar, D. D.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Angel voices sweetly singing, Echos 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 falleth, Not a pleasure ever
5. Christ, himself, the living splendor, Christ the sunlight, mild and

Angel voices sweetly singing, Echos thro' the blue dome
On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safely
Softest voices, silver pealing, Freshest fragrance, spirit-
Not a tear-drop ever falleth, Not a pleasure ever
Christ, himself, the living splendor, Christ the sunlight, mild and

REFRAIN.

Heaven at last, heaven at last; O, the joyful story of heaven at last!

Heaven at last, heaven at last; Endless, boundless glory, In heaven at last.

Small notes for final ending.

From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

574
THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before."—Phil. 3:13

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. We are joyously voyaging over the main, Bound for the ever-green shore,
2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Under our Saviour's command;
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls; 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-heaving billows and mountainous wave, Fearfully overhead break;

Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain, And never see death anymore.
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Jesus will bring us to land.
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls, Can make the loud tempest be still.
Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon, Will drive all our terror away.
There is One by our side that can comfort and save, There is One who will never forsake.

CHORUS.

Then let the hurricane roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We will roar

weather the blast, and we'll land at last Safe on the ever-green shore.


575
THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

J. G. C. Arr.

JAMES G. CLARK, by per.

1. **O** the beautiful hills where the saints will rest, When the Lord has made all things new;
2. The cit - ies of yore that were reared in crime, And re - nowned by the praise of seers,
3. We dream of rest on the beau - ti - ful hills, Where the trav - yer shall thirst no more;
4. Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling To our feet this load of ours;

Where we shall for - get, In the smiles of God, The toils we have journeyed through.
Went down in the tramp of old King Time, To sleep with his grey - haired years;
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills That wan - der the green glens o'er.
The winds of spring to the val - leys sing, And the turf re - plies with flowers,—

We have seen those hills in their brightness rise By the eye of faith be - low,
But the beau - ti - ful 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 win - try way That our Father rules as he wills;

And we've felt the thrill of im - mor - tal eyes In the night of our dark - est woe.
As on that day when the first deep song Rolled up from the morn-in g stars. And shout with them o'er the vict'ry gained, And the crown of im - mor - tal life.
And the breath of God on our souls shall play Till we reach those ra - diant hills.

CHORUS.

Then sing of the beau - ti - ful hills, . . That rise from the ever green shore;

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THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.

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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 along;
4. Soon we pass this desert dreary, 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.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

REFRAIN.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
BEYOND THE RIVER.

J. H. ROSNCRANS, by per.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll? Shall we meet Where the surges

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

3. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet When our stormy

4. Shall we meet and cast our an-chor, By the fair, ce-les-tial 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 for-ev-er,

Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul! Shall we meet? Yes! be-yond the riv-er.

By permission.

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We shall meet beyond the river,
In that glorious land of bliss,
Where the Son shall reign for ever
As the King of Righteousness;
Meet no longer broken-hearted,
But with an eternal life.
Then we'll share his blessed favor,
And shall know as we are known;
We shall meet in yonder city,
With its walls of jasper, bright,
We shall meet and share the glory
Of that countless, happy throng;
O the joy, the exultation,
Of the saints, then truly his!
We shall shout our songs of triumph,
No more sorrow, pain, nor night.
We shall tell redemption's story,
Sing his praises, loud and long.
O the glorious transformation,
When we see him as he is.

REFRAIN.
We shall meet in yonder city
By and by, and by and by;

By permission O. Ditson & Co.
**Go Bury Thy Sorrow.**

"His disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 21

**Anon.**

**P. P. Bliss.**

1. Go bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share:
2. Go tell it to Jesus; He knoweth thy grief;
3. Hearts growing a weary With heavier woe,

Go bury it deeply, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calmly
Go tell it to Jesus; He'll send thee relief; Go gather the sunshine
Now drooping mid the darkness: Go comfort them, go! Go bury thy sorrows,

When curtained by night; Go tell it to Jesus, And all will be right.
He sheds on the way; He'll lighten thy burden; Go, weary one, pray.
Let others be blest; Go give them the sunshine, Tell Jesus the rest.

By permission The John Church Co.

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"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55:18.

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrow like a soul be rolled;

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,

3. My sin—O the bliss of the glorious thought!—My sin—not in sea-billows, roll; What-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to surface control, That Christ hath regarded my helpless 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-

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled...

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, "Even 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
SOMETIMES

The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30:10.

F. E. Belden.

D. S. Hakes.

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 seek the city fair Some-time, some-time; We shall dwell forever there,
4. We shall meet to part no more Some-time, some-time; On that blest immortal shore,
5. In that bright, eternal day Some-time, some-time; Tears shall all be wiped away,

In that city of renown, We shall sing, some-time, some-time.
Through the endless ages long, We shall sing, some-time, some-time.
Free from sorrow, sin and care, In the glad some-time, some-time.
Where the reign of death is o'er, We shall meet, some-time, some-time.
And we never-more shall say "We shall sing, some-time," some-time,

REFRAIN.

We shall sing, some-time, We shall sing, some-time, Where the heart is never sad,

Where the dwellers all are glad; In that happy, Eden clime, We shall meet, some-time.
HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep.—Ps. 127:2.

[Solo or Quartette.]

FRANZ A. ABE.

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 raging flight; Grief may oppress the
3. In childhood's winsome page, In manhood's joyous bloom, In feeble-ness and

REFRAIN.

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.

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* 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. Sor-rowful mourner, si-lent-ly weep; Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
2. Bear her away, friends, to her last home; Peace-ful-ly lay her down in the tomb.
3. Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave; Gent-ly ye pine-boughs, o-ver her wave;

Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed; Now in the dust it must be entombed.
Light-ly, tread light-ly, round the low bed; Sweetly now sleeps the beau-ti-ful dead.
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring; Mu-sic-al rill, your re-qui-em sing.

*"He or she," as desired.

From "Coronet," by per. Root & Cady.

584
Sor-rowful mourn-er, si-lent-ly 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 beau-ti-ful 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,

And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee;

He will sustain thee, and 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.

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 heav-en like jew-els of light, Fall-ing for you and me;
Give me pure wa-ter so health-ful and cold, Fill up this cup of mine;
This is the drink for the youth-ful and strong, Pure as the morning dew.

Fresh from the boun- ti-ful Giv-er of all, Noth-ing so pure can be;
Sweet is the breath of the blos-soming spring, Kissed by the sil-ver rain;
This is the gift from our Father's own hand, In ev-ery land it is found;

This is the song of the showers that fall O-ver the lake and lea;
Gay is the song that the lit-tle birds sing O-ver the hill and plain;
This is the song of the tem-perance band Echoed the world a-round:

CHORUS.

Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter, Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter, Drink, drink, drink.

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WATER, PURE WATER.—Concluded.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink pure water.

CHORUS.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink pure water.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S.

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 holy 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 Before thy face.

CHORUS.

Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along;

Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

By permission.

587
RING IT OUT!

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions."—Jer. 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 wine and beer. With ale and gin and whisky too; Then join in our union, never fear,

2. Ring the bells in the East and in the West; Ref-or ma-tion has be-gun. All u-nite in the war-cry—do your best; Let the work be grandly done. Then raise up the standard, swell the song, And press the foe on ev'ry field, Till justice shall triumph over wrong, work at noon, Nor rest when ev'ning shadows fall; For victory grand shall crown us soon,

3. Ring it out! ring it out in ev'ry home; Ref-or ma-tion has be-gun. Let the ev'ry hand; Refor ma- tion has be-gun. Ring it out! ring it out with a shout! Tem-per ance is bound to win!

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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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: Not in play (not in play), not in play, not in play; It shall be a sturdy fray. Pray and vote (pray and vote, pray and vote, pray and vote, pray and vote, pray and vote, pray and vote, And ring out a grand key-note. Loud and long (loud and long), loud and long, loud and long; Strike the key-note bold and strong. 

2. Think it not a skirmishlight (skirmish light, skirmish light), 'Tis to be a nation's fight (nation's fight, nation's light)! Cities, towns, shall feel the stroke, Hills be darkened with the smoke. free (land and free, land and free); Brothers, let the key-note ring, Mothers, pray, and children, sing;  

3. Hail! Columbia, 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;
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10:13.

H. R. PALMER.

CHorus.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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,

Dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus, He’ll carry you through.

Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus, He’ll carry you through.

Our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus, He’ll carry you through.

171
"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,
   Beneath its ruddy glow. No happiness it bringeth, At last it only stingeth;
   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,

2. Behold the giant fiend Wholaughs in mockery; He binds the strongest heart,
   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,

3. Go thou, unveil his form, And bid the erring flee; O lift the demon's mask,
   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,

4. Lift up the tempted soul Now fallen in despair, Direct his thoughts above,
   O shun the glowing cup! A demon's arms entwine The souls of those who sup.

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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. B.

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 sun-ny wa-vers Hid-den shoals of dan-ger lie;

3. Oft upon life's dark and storm-y o-cean Stur-dy manhood's bark is tossed;

4. O for hearts to love as did the Mas-ter Those who sad-ly fall in life!

Launch the life-boat from the gos-pel land-ing! The storm is on the wave.

Where's the pi-lot for our sons and daughters, To guide them safe-ly by?

Where's the faith that stills the wild com-mo-tion Be-fore a soul is lost?

O for will-ing hands that la-bor fast-er The fierce-er grows the strife!

CHORUS.

Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat! The surges roar; Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat

From the gos-pel shore! Wrecks of manhood on the rocks of e-vil, Wrecks of youth up-

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592
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.

1. Standing by a purpose true, Heeding God's command,
2. Many mighty men are lost, Darling not to stand,
3. Many giants great and tall, Stalking through the land,
4. Hold the temperance banner high! On to victory grand!

Honor them, the faithful few, All hail to Daniel's band!
Who for God had been a host By joining Daniel's band!
Headlong 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.

1. Pure, cold water! We would recommend cold water; 'Tis the best of drinks for ev'ry son and daughter.

2. On the valley, or the plain, or the mountain, There's no other drink compares with the fountain:

3. Bear away your wine and beer, and your cider; Nature's right to rule must never be denied her.

4. We would recommend cold water, cold water, cold water, Cold 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.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  
FRANK M. DAVIS.

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;
   Let us be careful that slumber Press not our turning, Scouts are abroad everywhere;
   We must be watchful and ready, See every ry nev-er Join in the coward's retreat;
   Wa-ry and watchful be keeping, Tho' the task be ever so hard, Knowing what dangers come creeping When we are sleeping on guard.

2. Yonder Ruin's camp-lights are burning; Hark to the revelry there!
   Waiting the conflict re- turning, Scouts are abroad everywhere;
   We must be watchful and ready, See every ry nev-er Join in the coward's retreat;
   Wa-ry and watchful be keeping, Tho' the task be ever so hard, Knowing what dangers come creeping When we are 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,

No! surely not one of our number Must be found sleeping on guard.
INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE HYMN.

“Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.”—Prov. 14:34.

Rev. Dwight Williams.

With energy.

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-sw-er with heart of de-votion, na-tions to run;—A tyrant 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!

2. Co-lum-bia, fresh as the glow of the morn-ing, And strong in the race of the 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-ult-ant and long; The waves of the sea

3. And thou, Young Dominion! crowned in earth’s sto-ry, And bathed in the light of the And lion 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-ult-ant and long; The waves of the sea

4. Brit-tan-nia, hast-en! Co-lum-bia, speed thee! The wide world is wait-ing a 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.
1. Raise the standard high, Sound the gathering cry, Let the evil kingdom fall;
2. Over seas 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

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597
Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging,
And whosoever 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,
Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
Death lingereth there;
And it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder;
Look not thou upon the wine.
"WINE IS A MOCKER."—Concluded.

It bit-eth like a ser-pent, Like a ser-pent, 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.

ANON.

1. Hear the temp'rance call, Freemen one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry; See your na-tive 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 Fa-ther-land; Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u-nited, true; In the temp'rance cause

CHORUS.

Lift her 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

shores, Let his cru-el reign be o'er,

599
How canst thou lie asleep, When each moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep? Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I perish! I perish! dear Master; O hasten, and take control.

Leave me alone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

CHORUS.

"The winds and the waves shall obey my will, Peace, be still! Whether the wrath of the

storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or whatever it be, No water can swallow the

peace, be still!"
Peace, Be Still!—Concluded.

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey my will; Peace, peace, be still!

Concluded.

We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

"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 ach-ing 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,

REFRAIN.

He know-eth best.
Till wakes the dawn. O Fa-ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.
Should dread to go?
Be-neth the sun.

601
"And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified."—Mark 15:15.

ANON.

DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

(1) It was not sleep that bound my sight Upon that well remembered night;
(2) Before my wondering eyes there stood A vast, a countless multitude;
(3) As o'er the crowd-ed scene I gazed, Against the lurid, eastern sky,
(4) Then softly from that gath'ring 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;

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! hadst 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, prophet-ic trance, Revealed its treasures to my glance.
And all, wher-e'er I turned to see, In hum-ble si-lence 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 liv-ing and the dead."
That deed of horror would not be A stain to thine—a curse to thee!
But nev-er shall my heart for-get The Crucified of Gal-i-lee!
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12:10.


1. Let us gather up the sunbeams, lying all around our path; Let us keep the wheat and roses, casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest comforts in the blessings of to-day. With a patient hand removing all the sunshine never seem one half so fair as when winter's snowy pinions shake the darling catch the frown upon our brow? Would the prints of rosy fingers vex us mind us, as in snow-y grace they lie, not to scatter thorns—but roses—For our kind-ness, then scatter seeds of kindness. Then scatter seeds of kindness. For our reaping by and by.

2. Strange we never prize the music till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that summer skies and cold and stiff to-morrow—never trouble us again—Would the bright eyes of our happy words and actions strew along our backward track! How those little hands re-

3. If we knew the baby fingers, pressed against the window pane. Would be if we knew the baby fingers, pressed against the window pane. Would be. Would the bright eyes of our happy words and actions strew along our backward track! How those little hands re-

4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, how they point our memories back to the keep the wheat and roses, casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest comforts in the blessings of to-day. With a patient hand removing all the sunshine never seem one half so fair as when winter's snowy pinions shake the darling catch the frown upon our brow? Would the prints of rosy fingers vex us mind us, as in snow-y grace they lie, not to scatter thorns—but roses—For our kind-ness, then scatter seeds of kindness. Then scatter seeds of kindness. For our reaping by and by.
GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE.

"When the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus."—John 21:4.

MRS. C. L. SCHACKLOCK.

E. H. BAILEY.

1. O' Gal-i-lee, (O Gal-i-lee) sweet Gal-i-lee, (sweet Gal-i-lee)
2. Thy waves which once (Thy waves which once) his ves-sel bore (his ves-sel bore)
3. Thro' a-ges yet (Thro' a-ges yet) to come, thy name (to come, thy name)

What mem'-ries rise (What mem'-ries rise) at thought of thee! (at thought of thee)
Will sound his praise (Will sound his praise) for-ev-er-more; (for-ev-er-more)
An hom-age true (An hom-age true) will ev-er claim; (will ev-er claim)

In mor-tal guise (In mor-tal guise) up-on thy shore (up-on thy shore)
And from thy depths, (And from thy depths) be-loved sea, (be-loved sea)
'Tis hal-low'd ground (Tis hal-low'd ground) where once he trod, (where once he trod)

CHORUS.

The Saviour trod whom we a-dore.
We hear the call, "Come, follow me." O Gal-i-lee, . . . sweet Gal-i-
The Prince of peace, the Son of God. O Gal-i-lee,

lee, . . . Thy bless-ed name . . . will sacred be . . .
sweet Gal-i-lee, Thy blessed name will sacred be

From "Carols of Joy," by permission Frank M. Davis.

604
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.  SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward into battle, See, his ban-ners go!

2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-dations quiv-er At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.

3. Like a might-y arm-y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod- y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-ac-tre, Onward, Christian sol-diers!

4. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the Church of Je-sus March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore; Men and an-gels sing.

5. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic-es In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, praise, and hon-or Un-to Christ the King, This through count-less a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

In ev 'ry clime, on ev 'ry shore, Till suns shall set to rise no more.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore.
O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on; Slowly drops the gentle twilight,

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun; For the goal is one day nearer,

Near-er home! yes, one day nearer To our Father's house on high,—To the green fields and the fountains,

For another day is gone. Gone for aye, its race is over, Soon the darker shades will come;

And his journey nearer done. Thus we feel, when o'er Life's desert, Heart and sandal worn we roam;

The land beyond the sky; For the heavens grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at even, We are one day nearer home. In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home!" Nearer home, nearer home,

As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer 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, To the green fields and the fountains, To the

fountains Of the land beyond the sky.

green fields and the fountains Of the land beyond the sky, beyond the sky.
The Lord in Zion Reigneth.

Fanny Crosby.


H. P. Danks.

1. The Lord in Zion reigneth, Let all the world rejoice,
And come before his throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;

2. The Lord in Zion reigneth, And who so great as he?
The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the mighty sea;

3. The Lord in Zion reigneth, These hours to him belong;
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 beneath 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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Sound an alarm, all ye watch-men, for the day of the Lord is near; Sing to the Lord, ye his people, and be glad in his holy name; Blow ye the trumpet, the Great is his goodness to - ward us, his children, - sing and rejoice. Sing praises 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 praises to him, for he is good, Sing praises to him, for he is good. 

Awake! awake! awake! awake! Blow ye the trumpet in Zion; Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Sing to the Lord, and be joyful; Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Choral. 

Blow ye the trumpet, and sound an alarm. Rend your hearts and not your garments, Sing to the Lord, and be joyful in him. Bow before him with thanksgiv-ing, 

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. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!
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, 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
"GREAT IS THE LORD."—Concluded.

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; 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.


611
Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Behold, what manner of love, the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

That we should be called the sons of God, therefore the world knoweth us called the sons of God, that we should be called the sons of God, not, because it knew him not, it knew him not.
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, for we shall see him, etc. is, we shall see him as he is, we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.
"JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME."

Allegretto.

JE - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When,

When shall my la - bers have an end, In joy, . . . In joy and peace, In

joy, . . . In joy and peace, In joy, . . . . and peace with thee!

Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-

Oh, when shall I, thy courts,

Oh, when shall I thy courts ascend:

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - - baths

thy courts ascend:

Oh, when shall I

have no end? There hap - pier bowers than E - den's

the courts, thy courts ascend? There hap - pier bowers
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 press

I onward press to you, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Name ever 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 endless
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.

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.

Dr. Boyce.

1405

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.

Dr. Boyce.

616
1. One sweetly solemn thought
   Comes to me o'er and o'er;
   I'm nearer to my parting hour
   Than ever I've been before.
   Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be;

2. Nearer my going home,
   Leaving my cross down,
   I'm nearer my Father than ever I've been before.
   Where many mansions be;
   Strengthen my feeble faith;

CHORUS.

Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crystal sea.
Support me when at last I stand Upon the shore of death.

From "Anthem Treasures," by permission.

1407

"His Mercy Endureth Forever."

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy endureth forever.
2. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; For his mercy endureth forever.
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens; For his mercy endureth forever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mercy endureth forever.
To him who alone doeth great wonders; For his mercy endureth forever. Amen.
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters; For his mercy endureth forever.

By permission.
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.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad, your reward is in heaven.

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.
Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed
Give us this day our
And lead us 'not into temptation, but de-

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 kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever. A - men.

By permission.
I 2d.

las! was his fall; but he died at his post. Soon, las! was his fall; but he died at his post.

The Burial of Mrs. Judson.

L. Heath.
(Published by request.)

1. Mournfully, tenderly, bear on the dead, Where the warrior has lain, let the Christian be laid; No place more befitting—O Rock of the sea! Never such treasure was hidden in thee.

2. Mournfully, tenderly, solemn and slow, Tears are bedewing the path as we go; Kindred and strangers are mourners to-day, Gently, so gently, O! bear her away.

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. So have ye buried her—up! and depart, To life and to duty with undismayed heart: Fear not—for the love of the stranger will keep, The casket that lies in the Rock of the deep.

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!
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<td>24</td>
<td>Forever</td>
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<td>“Hold Fast till I Come”</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>Hold Fast to the Helm</td>
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<td>27</td>
<td>Home of the Soul</td>
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<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>How Much I Need</td>
<td>1198</td>
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<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Thee</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>How Shall We Stand in the Judgment?</td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>I am Coming to the Cross</td>
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<td>32</td>
<td>I Have Set Watchmen</td>
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<td>33</td>
<td>I Know not Why</td>
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<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>I Left it All with Jesus</td>
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<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>I'll Stand by You</td>
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<td>36</td>
<td>I Love to Tell the Story</td>
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<td>37</td>
<td>Immanuel's Land</td>
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<td>38</td>
<td>International Temperance Song</td>
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<td>39</td>
<td>In the Shadow of the Cross</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>Is My Name Written on Thee?</td>
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<td>41</td>
<td>Is Your Lamp Burning?</td>
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<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>It is Well With My Soul</td>
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<td>43</td>
<td>I Will Sing of Jesus Love</td>
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<td>44</td>
<td>Jehovah's Rest</td>
<td>1818</td>
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<td>45</td>
<td>Jerusalem My Glorious Home</td>
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<td>46</td>
<td>Jesus Comes</td>
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<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Jesus is coming again</td>
<td>1830</td>
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**Bible Songs Department**
# METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

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<thead>
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<th>L. M.</th>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>NO.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All Saints</td>
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<td>I Do Believe</td>
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<td>Alway</td>
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<td>Hamburg</td>
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<td>Happy Day (with Cho.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zephyr</td>
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## L. M. 6 lines.

| Eaton | 677 | Leighton | 814 |
| Morton | 731 | Leighton | 814 |
| Nashville | 324 | Leighton | 814 |
| Selena | 882 | Leighton | 814 |
| Solid Rock | 682 | Leighton | 814 |
| Stella | 820 | Leighton | 814 |
| Yoskley | 706 | Leighton | 814 |

## L. M. 8 lines.

| Creation | 66 | Leighton | 814 |
| Duane | 687 | Leighton | 814 |
| Ethan | 954 | Leighton | 814 |
| Le Meledeth Me | 749 | Leighton | 814 |
| Sweet Hour of Prayer | 818 | Leighton | 814 |

## C. M.

| Ahrudge | 601 | Leighton | 814 |
| Antioch | 888 | Leighton | 814 |
| Arlington | 392,938 | Leighton | 814 |
| Avon | 304 | Leighton | 814 |
| Balmera | 836 | Leighton | 814 |
| Bear Me On (with Cho.) | 1159 | Leighton | 814 |
| Belmont | 837 | Leighton | 814 |
| Bermondsey | 1,168 | Leighton | 814 |
| Bis | 187 | Leighton | 814 |
| Bradford | 833 | Leighton | 814 |
| Brown | 519 | Leighton | 814 |
| Caddo | 344 | Leighton | 814 |
| China | 326,937 | Leighton | 814 |
| Carol | 327 | Leighton | 814 |
| China | 326,937 | Leighton | 814 |
| Christmas | 288 | Leighton | 814 |
| Communion | 759 | Leighton | 814 |
| Coronation | 111 | Leighton | 814 |
| Coventry | 699 | Leighton | 814 |
| Denfield | 1,751,716 | Leighton | 814 |
| Denton | 446 | Leighton | 814 |
| Devezes | 1,803 | Leighton | 814 |
| Downs | 442 | Leighton | 814 |
| Dunce | 74,755 | Leighton | 814 |
| Elizabithtown | 230 | Leighton | 814 |
| Evan | 308 | Leighton | 814 |
| Exhoration | 480 | Leighton | 814 |
| Fairport | 127 | Leighton | 814 |
| Fountains | 177 | Leighton | 814 |
| Geneva | 682 | Leighton | 814 |
| Grandeur | 77 | Leighton | 814 |
| Grigg | 702 | Leighton | 814 |
| Hallowell | 1,164 | Leighton | 814 |
| Harveys Chant | 57,399 | Leighton | 814 |
| Herbert | 327,742 | Leighton | 814 |
| Holy Cross | 377 | Leighton | 814 |
| Howard | 114 | Leighton | 814 |
| Hummel | 1,047 | Leighton | 814 |

## S. M.

| Badesa | 299 | Leighton | 814 |
| Boylston | 151,558 | Leighton | 814 |
| Boylston | 151,558 | Leighton | 814 |
| Contrition | 453 | Leighton | 814 |
| Day | 191,732 | Leighton | 814 |
| Dennis | 888,1086 | Leighton | 814 |

## S. M. 8 lines.

| Bonar | 817 | Leighton | 814 |
| Diademais | 325 | Leighton | 814 |
| Verdi | 399 | Leighton | 814 |

## 6s. 8 lines.

| Steele | .740 | Leighton | 814 |

## 6s & 4s. 4 lines.

| To-day | .414 | Leighton | 814 |

## 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

| America | .34,819 | Leighton | 814 |
| Italy | .127 | Leighton | 814 |
| New Haven | .155 | Leighton | 814 |
| Olivet | .684 | Leighton | 814 |
| 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. | .34,819 | Leighton | 814 |

## Bethany.

| Hadsel | 655 | Leighton | 814 |
| 659 | Leighton | 814 |
| 685 | Leighton | 814 |

## 6s & 5s. 4 lines.

| Comfort | .711 | Leighton | 814 |

## Last Lovely Morning (P).

| 6s & 5s. 8 lines.

| 853 | Leighton | 814 |
| Repose | .965 | Leighton | 814 |

## 6s & 5s. 6. 6. 5.

<p>| Unity | .270 | Leighton | 814 |</p>
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<td>Durham 480</td>
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<td>Disk 462</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grand 467</td>
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<td>Hart 272</td>
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<tr>
<td>Heddow 15 984</td>
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<td>Holley 730</td>
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<td>Horton 687</td>
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<td>Non kindly 1151</td>
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<td>Nuremberg 1087</td>
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<td>Plagel 240 388 821</td>
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<td>Scudamore 713</td>
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<td>Seymour 599</td>
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<td>Vienna 839</td>
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<tr>
<td>White Robes (with Cho.) 997</td>
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<p>| 7s. 6s. &amp; 4. NO.         |
| Glad Tidings... 851     |
| Beautiful Zion... 966    |
| Contrast 595 840       |
| Long Time Ago... 815     |
| Sunshine 931           |
| Warfog 744             |
| Courage 629            |
| Restoration 1120       |
| Auber 1056             |
| Diligence (P. with Cho.) 853 |
| Even Me (with Cho.) 483 |
| Fern Dell 563          |
| Good Cheer (with Cho.) 851 |
| I Will Follow Thee (with Cho.) 404 |
| Montant Vernon 900     |
| Phiomer 534            |
| Rathiun 41 963         |
| Rest for the Weary (P) 1025 |
| Shining Shore (P) 496   |
| Shirley 130             |
| Sleep 592              |
| Stockton 172           |
| Talman 660             |
| Wellesley 92           |
| Wilmot 877             |
| Bavaria 590            |
| Neander 168            |
| Promise 773            |
| Regent Square 285      |
| Singing 1049           |
| Standley 1085          |
| Tamworth 857          |
| Union 1034             |
| Autumn 501             |
| Come, Ye Sinners... 412 |
| Converse 585          |
| Dawning 542            |
| Descharme 486          |
| Edieville 496          |
| Faben 95               |
| Fillmore 1095          |
| Greenville 844         |
| Havil 1124            |
| Illini 1159           |
| Let Me Go (with Cho.) 545 |
| Love Divine 350        |
| Melttton 305           |
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| Resurrection 264       |
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<td>No voices can sin 536</td>
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<td>No, may our wills 344</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Long, thy steps are 1388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Over the mountains 466</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>May the sun 1388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>May I not sin 335</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>May, or for thine own 444</td>
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<td>Long, which is to be 1388</td>
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